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Faith, Hope and Love, these three.

82nd YEAR

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Christian Work says: "It is an axiomatic truth that all of God's laws, natural, moral and spiritual, have for their object and end the glory of his name and the highest and best interests of man." True. But we are sorry that too many in these days leave out the first and infinitely the greatest thing—the glory of God.

At the recent Episcopal Convocation in Richmond a resolution was introduced into the House of Deputies favoring the use of the revised version in the Episcopal churches, and was voted down. The accepted version is the best. Spurgeon said the revised made a useful commentary on the accepted one and as such he would use it in his study, but not in the pulpit.

Twelve Northern Baptists have been visiting their foreign mission fields. Coming back they advocate the appointment of a bishop to take charge of the foreign missions and reside in his diocese. Of course, they do not use the word "bishop." It remains to be seen whether the Northern Baptists will not see that calling him another name does not change the fact that he would be as really a bishop as any Episcopal or Methodist one.

It is one of Chesterton's striking sayings that "in old times there was more unity in one hundred men than there is unity now in one man; then a city was like one man; now one man is like a city in civil war."

When the Synod met in the Lafayette avenue church, of which he was so long pastor, Dr. Cuyler sent them a message, in which he said: "Palsied be the arm that strives to lower the faith of the people in the sovereign authority and supreme infallibility of God's glorious Word. Let us make our church as broad as the redeeming love on Calvary, but in defense of God's precious truth let us be as narrow as the sharp edge of the sword of the Spirit."

The Kuravars are a wild people in South India. Eighteen months ago a mission was started among them. Rev. William Robinson writes that sixty-one of them have been baptized. Another company of them, through their head man, asked for a teacher and declare they are determined to worship the God of the missionaries.

SELECTIONS FROM DR. EATON'S COMMON PLACE BOOK UNDER THE TITLE "LIFE."

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best. —Baily.

It matters not how long we live, but how. —Baily.

An aged student, in one of Lucian's dialogues, confessed to have spent sixty years in comparing the schools, of philosophy, still hoping that he would find the truth, and still unable to decide in which one of them the truth was to be found. Lucian tells him that he has missed his road, that life is action, not speculation; that one good deed is better than a thousand syllogisms.

Life! We've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear:
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear,
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not Good-night—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning.

But what do you suppose makes all men look back to the time of childhood with so much regret? That rich charm which the least possession had for us, was in consequence of the poorness of our treasures. That miraculous aspect of the nature around us, was because we had seen little and knew less. Every increased possession loads us with a new weariness; every piece of new knowledge diminishes the faculty of admiration; and Death is at last appointed to take us from a scene in which, if we were to stay longer, no gift could satisfy us, and no miracle surprise. —Ruskin.

They say that at the sight of Apollo the body erects itself and assumes a more dignified attitude; in the same way the soul should feel itself raised and ennobled by the recollection of a good man's life. —Southey.

Life is but a day at most. —Burns.

Live as long as you may, the first twenty years are the longest half of your life; they appear so while they are passing; they seem to have been so when we look back upon them; and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that succeeded them. —Southey.

"Live while you live," the epicure would say,
"And seize the pleasures of the present day."
"Live while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it lies."
Lord, in my views let both united be:
It is pleasure when I live to Thee. —Philip Doddridge.

Much of our lives is spent in marring our own influence and turning others' belief in us into a widely concluding unbelief, which they call knowledge of the world; while it is really disappointment in you or me. —George Eliot.

Time is often said to be money, but it is more, it is life; and yet many who cling

desperately to life, think nothing of wasting time. —Lubbock.

Doth thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of. —Benjamin Franklin.

God hath anointed us with holy oil,
To wrestle, not to reign. —Mrs. Browning.

When I am gone, said Mirabeau to Dumont, they will know what the value of me was. The miseries I have held back will burst from all sides on France.

Every moment of life is a step towards the grave. —Crebillon.

Ofttimes the test of courage becomes rather to live than to die. —Alfieri.

Catch, then, oh! catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies:
Life's a short summer—man a flower;
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!
—Samuel Johnson.

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth. —Ugo Bossi.

It is in the completeness of his daily life that the true Christian appears. —William Collins.

A handful of good life is worth a bushel of learning. —George Herbert.

To love abundantly is to live abundantly; to love forever is to live forever. —Drummond.

All the paths of life lead to the grave and the utmost that we can do is to avoid the short cuts. —J. D. Macon.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to the ages—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken and the deeds I have done.

Every one of us has to fight his own Marathon and Thermopylae; every one meets the Sphinx sitting by the road he has to pass; to each of us, as to Hercules, is offered the choice of Vice or Virtue; we may, like Paris, give the apple of life to Venus, or Juno or Minerva. —Lubbock.

A SPIRITUAL INUNDATION.

BY REV. S. E. WISHARD, D. D.

Traveling through the deserts of Utah, one gets a new impression concerning the spiritual deserts that mark many ecclesiastical plains. For a whole day that wriggling "jerkey," that calls itself a stage wheels through dust, sand and gravel. The dearth of rain has left the plain bald and bleak. Nature has infiltrated marrow into the soil. The seeds of vegetation have been carried by the winds from more favorable regions, but they lie lifeless. No moisture comes to thrust life out from the withered seed.

Recognizing all that God has accomplished where he has had a chance to work, yet many of his ministers are becoming alarmed at the extent of the arid church life of today. It is seen in the walk of many who call themselves Christians, in their exchange of the place of prayer for the place of amusement. That is a desert place, an arid land, where a church of five hundred members can furnish only thirty or forty who come together to plead

for a lost world, and gird themselves for the daily conflict with the world, the flesh and the devil.

The need of a spiritual inundation is seen in the riotous living that continues to lavish on surfeited self every luxury that can be invented, while the cause of the world's redemption is turned away with a pittance.

The arid fields need a spiritual inundation, in view of the spawn of attempted diversions and amusement that are crying for admission at the church doors. New inventions for entertainment multiply like the frogs of Egypt. And "the mixed multitude" cry after them. The odor of the hecks and onions is on every breeze, and stimulates the uncurbed appetite. The cry of the old Hebrew rebels is still heard here and there in the camp of Israel: "Who shall give us flesh to eat: for it was well with us in Egypt!"

There is just one remedy for such conditions, and that will be found in shedding abroad in our pulpits and churches the Holy Spirit. Let us not deery the necessity. The apostles who lived, walked and talked with our Lord made very little progress in the knowledge of the spiritual kingdom until the inundation came on the day of pentecost and opened their understanding. Indeed, they did not understand the Master at all, even after the resurrection.

When, however, the fullness of the Spirit came, they needed not to ask the Master any more questions. The Teacher who was to teach them all things had come, and had done his work. Every true minister of Christ has found himself before a congregation that could not, or would not receive the spiritual truth, until the Holy Spirit began to do his work of convicting and convincing of sin. It will ever be so. While it has pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe, yet Paul may plant, and Apollos may water, but God only can give the increase, and he does that by the Holy Spirit that takes the things of Christ and shows them to eyes hitherto blind. A young man who had been in the Church for years, but could not see anything out of harmony with the Christian life in card-playing and dancing, finally was regenerated and taught by the Spirit. He then said to his pastor: "I don't see how I could have engaged in those things while calling myself a Christian. Instead of spending his evenings in such vain amusements, he now preferred to go and visit some poor family and tell them what a Savior he had found. He preferred witnessing for Christ. How could it be otherwise?"

If—Oh! if God should give all Christian churches, of all denominations, a great spiritual inundation! if God should be pleased to flood the ministers and churches of our land with the Holy Spirit, teaching us and separating us wholly to God, what power and glory would come to this sin-soaked world!

And why not? "If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him!" "Wonderful words of life!" For the asking. Great gift, to meet all the wants of this perishing world, since Christ has died. "Yet will I be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them."

"Come Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers."
—Herald and Presbyter.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

BY SENEX.

"Has Isaiah 62:2 any connection whatever with acts 11:26?" None whatever, except that they are both parts of the Scriptures. It seems a Campbellite minister put up claims for his church arguing that the name promised in Isaiah was the name Christian, and it was a God-given name.

On the contrary it was a heathen-given name. Whether it was given as a reproach by the heathen, as Methodist was to Wesley's followers, cannot be said with certainty, but is probable. The name was evidently given by the Romans. The Jews would never even in reproach have connected the disciples and their Lord with the name of the Messiah. The termination is not that which Greeks would have used, but is a Latin one, showing the name was given by the Romans.

We are told that the apostles taught much people. It may be the Gentiles came to see the disciples had a religion distinct from that of the Jews. The apostles always began their preaching to the Jews when they went into a city, and in the synagogues when they were allowed to do so. Hence, they were considered a sect of the Jews. But they were numerous in Antioch and no doubt had taken many Gentiles into their fellowship. Hence, they were seen to be distinct and the Romans called them Christians to distinguish them from the Jews.

But while the Romans unquestionably gave them the name it does not appear certain why they did it, and the general impression is that they did it to deride them. It was not a name they took themselves, still less one that God gave them. In either case it would have been used more frequently. As it is, it only appears in two other places and, as Alexander points out, in both places as a term used by enemies and strangers.

King Agrippa used it in his sneer at Paul's idea he could be easily moved from his Jewish faith, and taken in connection with Paul's reply it is evident the king considered a Christian a person held in contempt and liable to be put in prison. In I. Peter 4:16, "as a Christian" seems to be the charge brought against them by their enemies just as in the previous verse "as a murderer."

The disciples did not adopt the name during the first century, but they did not object to it, and that was the name by which they were generally known by outsiders, gradually they adopted it. It was a very appropriate name for all those who received the Lord Jesus as God.

But God did not give it to them. The names He gave them were the elect and the saints, the latter being more generally used. If Isaiah 62:2 has any reference to the names given the disciples in the first century evidently it is "the saints" which is meant. But that it refers to those days is very questionable. It may refer to the new name, of which we are told in Revelation.

"What ought to be done by a church who elect a pastor and promise him a certain salary every month, and he gets into difficulties and does not preach but five months, can he sue the church and get full pay?" That depends on the nature of the difficulties and the laws of the State on the subject of contracts. And I am told nothing of the nature of the difficulties, so I will suppose two cases and these will pretty well cover all probable circumstances.

If the difficulty is a quarrel which he has had with some of the members and the church refuses to allow him to finish out his year, when he is himself ready and willing to do so, then the church ought to pay him his salary for the year. But if the difficulty arose from his being guilty of conduct which disgraced his position, then the church is under no obligations to pay his salary beyond the time that he

preached. Churches sometimes in such circumstances pay the salary because they are sorry for the man's family. But that is charity and not because it was a just debt.

"Six Baptist church members, one being a licentiate, moved from Missouri to Arizona, carrying their church letters with them. Having arrived at their destination they organized themselves into a church. After some time the church desired the ordination of the licentiate. There was only one other minister, Missionary Baptist, in the territory at the time. The church desired him to ordain their licentiate, which he did. Was the ordination valid?"

I see no reason to question its validity. The presbytery usually consists of more than one man, and had I been a member I should have requested the church to add one or two of its deacons to the minister. Still if the church chose to appoint one man to do the ordaining I do not doubt its right to do so. And all that the one ordained has done, baptizing, performing marriage ceremonies, etc., is valid.

TESTING GOD.

BY REV. O. P. EACHES, D.D.

Joshua leaned with all his heart on God's promise. There seemed to be no relevancy between a quiet march around the city and the fall of the walls. Had he been authorized to assault it that would seem to be the natural thing for a brave general to do. Had Joshua devised the daily marching himself and then expected and announced that the walls would soon fall, that would not have been faith, but fanaticism. Had Joshua himself devised this plan, and then called upon Jehovah to stand by him lest his name should be dishonored, it would have been impiety and presumption. Men have no right to make promises for Jehovah and then expect him to ratify and perform them.

In that great contest on Mt. Carmel between Elijah and the priests of Baal (I. Kings 18), was it of Elijah's devising or was it Jehovah's? Would it be wise or safe for a good man, representing the true faith, to make a public contest and utter the challenge, "If Jehovah does not send down fire from Heaven, he is not the true Lord?" Would Morrison, beginning his work in China, or Clough in India, have been warranted in putting the truth of Christianity to a test of this kind? It would be exceedingly unwise for the missionaries to say, in a time of famine, "If God does not send rain in a week then Christianity is inferior to Brahminism." No one has a right to bind God to a certain line of action unless there is a specific warrant for it. When Shelley was in the university, there was a time of uncertainty as to the existence of a God. Other young men have passed through the time of stress and suffering. It is said that he put God's existence to this test: He shot an arrow at a tree; if he hit the tree that would be the assurance that there was a personal God. No man has any right to presume that God will guide every arrow shot at a target. There are rational ways of ascertaining whether there be a person above whom we call God.

A rational faith in God's promises may insensibly pass into fanaticism. The faith-eurist, to throw honor upon God, throws aside the remedies that a good God has made. He will show his faith and magnify God's power and presence by expecting God to deal directly with disease. But no farmer may expect God to send a harvest of wheat in answer to prayer, if the sowing of the wheat be neglected. God could answer that prayer, but he will not. It is not a reasonable faith that will put God to such a test. In New Jersey recently a father and mother were convicted in the court of criminal neglect for not furnishing a child with medical attendance. They prayed for the child—and this was right. They said they would not dishonor God by using remedies—they would lean upon God alone. This was not faith, but presumption. They would have shown their faith

in honoring God's appointed agencies. Joshua honored God by obeying him. Even Jesus, our Lord, in his early life, would not unduly put God to a test. It would have been presumption in Jesus to throw himself from a pinnacle of the temple for the sake of display, to show his confidence in God, or put the Father to a test. Faith in God would have a godly man to make use of a stairway—fanaticism would cause a man to leap from the roof and then call upon God to save him. The faith in God which made Abraham great was underneath Morrison and Judson and George Miller and scores of others who devised good things and attempted great things for God, making use of every indication of God's will and employing all rational agencies. But recent years have shown how wide the gulf between a reverent and reasonable faith in God and fads and fanaticisms that have claimed a lofty faith—at the same time making uncalled-for tests of God, and degrading the use of God's established agencies.—*Examiner.*

A SMILING RELIGION.

A noted Socialist clergyman of the Church of England, preaching in Westminster Abbey some months ago, took occasion to contrast the popular theology at the beginning of the nineteenth century with the view of life and religion widely held at the beginning of the twentieth century. He thought that the popular theology of the nineteenth century was in error, in a mistaken view of God and his truth. But he felt that the present conception of religious truth is essentially superficial and mistakenly cheerful. He said that the popular theory of the nineteenth century "saddled us with the popular theology of the twentieth century, because an extraordinary reaction at every point has gone on, a reaction which has surely gone too far in the other direction. If the God of the nineteenth century was always frowning, the God of the twentieth century is always smiling. Religion has become a kind of fixed smile that sometimes nauseates one almost as much as the smile on the faces of popular actresses."

The clergyman's language is a trifle severe. We do not agree that the God of the nineteenth century was always frowning. Nor do we think that the reaction has gone so far as the preacher feels. But we confess to some sympathy with his criticism of the undue superficial cheerfulness of much present religious talk and conduct. It is not to be denied that the teaching of the "Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man," which has been so emphasized in recent years has produced a conception of God as an easy-going, rather good-natured Deity, who always regards his children with a smile, no matter what they do, and whose children, therefore, should always view smilingly their own relation to him. Because of this view, it has become easy to think that God smiles upon forms of life and conduct which at other times have been felt unworthy of one of his true children.

It would be interesting to trace the origin of the conception of "the smile of God." We hear the phrase not infrequently. But to the surprise of some who have sought it in the Scriptures, it is not there. The Bible has much to say of the grace, the favor, the mercy of God, but does not portray him as smiling upon even the best-loved of his children. It is difficult to avoid the impression that the anthropomorphism has been attributed to God by a rather sentimental conception of his Fatherhood.

The sincere Christian has abundant reason to be cheerful and to wear a smiling face. He is himself redeemed and, according to God's own word, under his favor and gracious care. All things are sure to work together for good to him. He has a message of love and mercy to deliver to his brethren who do not yet know Jesus Christ. He ought, indeed, to "rejoice in the Lord." But his cheerfulness is not of the sort that simply disregards serious and awful considerations and assumes that the heavenly Father cares little for them also. Modern

religious feeling cannot smile sin out of existence, nor subordinate Christ's death to his gracious social life. Salvation is no easier a thing now than it was when Jesus died to secure it. God is still holy and the Judge of unholiness. The word of Jesus himself is still a call to striving to enter in at the strait gate. The cross is still the symbol of men's redemption. While, therefore, it is right to act upon the ancient word which invites the righteous to rejoice in the Lord and the upright in heart to shout for joy, it is appropriate that the smiling conception of religious truth and life should be based upon a very serious and solemn consideration of the tremendous realities involved. Our God is not always frowning, as the English clergyman expressed it. But so also, he is not always wearing a simple and good-natured smile. The one who knows him best and loves him most, as he is revealed in Jesus Christ, will the most deeply understand the severity as well as the goodness of God, and rejoice in him with reverence and godly fear.—*Presbyterian.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BEING ON TIME.

BY PHILETUS H. McDOWELL.

What pastor has not made a study of the "on time" question? Some people will, some will not, some do, some do not come on time. What is the reason? Can the philosophy of promptness and tardiness be shown? Observations can be made, facts can be faced, and by process of induction principles controlling conduct can be established.

Now for the observations and facts. The pastor is on time at the regular church services. It may be a case like that of the man delayed in going to his own hanging who calmed himself with the recollection that the event could not take place without him. The pastor simply must be on time. Yet this same pastoral paragon of promptness is often late to the young people's meeting and other church appointments. The Sunday school superintendent will be on hand for the opening of the Sunday-school. Yet an "evil have I seen under the sun." This same superintendent comes late, frequently late, sometimes shamefully late, to the church services. The chorister is on hand always before time for the voluntary. "Old Faithful" is he. But this same chorister has come late to prayer-meeting more times than he has arrived on time.

The president of the ladies' aid society is concerned about being on time, and beginning on time. Next week the woman's mission circle meets. The president of the ladies' aid society is there, to be sure, but fifteen to twenty-five minutes late. The president of the mission circle is on hand and anxious about those who are tardy, yet last week this same prompt woman walked complacently into a meeting of the aid society twenty minutes late. These are observations from life. These facts are observable on every church field.

The philosophy of being on time is a simple philosophy. It is this: "I will be on time at my own meeting." When there is personal interest, keen and alive, and when there is personal responsibility, real and acknowledged, there will be "ontimeness." "This is my service; I have a personal interest in it and acknowledge a personal responsibility to it; I must be on hand, and that on time."

Why, then, are people late? Because they lack that personal interest and have not that personal responsibility. Tardiness is a tell-tale. Yes, and promptness is, too. One or the other thing is telling on us—telling out about us.

Principles underlie conduct. By chance people do not come late to church nor by chance do they come on time. There is a philosophy of being on time.—*The Standard.*

We reduce life to the pettiness of our daily living; we should exalt our living to the grandeur of life.—*Phillips Brooks.*

DR. HATCHER'S APPEAL.

WESTERN RECORDER:

I have read with pleasure Dr. Hatcher's circular, entitled "The Crown of the Hill." With pleasure, but not unmixed pleasure. The second paragraph weakens an exceptionally great plea.

The Louisville Seminary needs additional endowment, needs it now and doubtless will get it. And, apart from the apparent meaning of the aforesaid second paragraph, the argument of Dr. Hatcher is strong and convincing.

The unnecessary and weakening paragraph reads as follows: "Let it be said at the outset that the Southern Baptists (1) have only one Theological Seminary. On this one they are well united, and (2) desire no other. There are other strong and well equipped theological schools in our country, owned and operated by Baptists, and doing excellent work, but the Baptists of the South—about two millions of them—(3) are agreed in having just one Seminary of their own."

I have underscored the objectionable expressions in the paragraph, and numbered them for comment.

First, it is not a fact that Southern Baptists have only one Theological Seminary, if Texas Baptists be included in "Southern Baptists."

Second, it is not a fact that Southern Baptists "desire no other."

Third, it is not a fact that "Southern Baptists—two millions of them—are agreed in having just one Seminary of their own."

If Dr. Hatcher had said that our Seminary at Louisville is the only one in the South whose trustees are nominated by the Southern Baptist Convention and which reports to that convention, the saying would be indisputable. But it is a fact that a Theological Seminary owned and operated by Southern Baptists exists in Texas and made its report to the last Baptist General Convention, as sufficiently appears in the last convention annual. That report shows that this Seminary employed and paid promptly five regular professors for full time, not counting special lecturers, and that it matriculated two hundred and fifteen students—one hundred and fifty-three of them preachers.

The matriculations this year, judging from the opening will far exceed last year. The work done will compare well with the work in any other Seminary. Indeed, in some respects the requirements are higher. No other Baptist Seminary known to history has done so well the first two years. And this Seminary, like the one at Louisville, developed in a natural way from a Bible department of a University.

I infer from the context of the paragraph that Dr. Hatcher does not include Baylor Theological Seminary in his reference to "other strong and well equipped theological schools in our country," for though he says they are "operated by Baptists" his contrast is strong between them and "Southern Baptists."

In raising the much needed additional endowment for our great school at Louisville, it is unnecessary to thrust at this school, or any other. The merits of the Louisville Seminary and its evident needs of enlargement constitute an all-sufficient plea. When another Seminary seeks organic connection with the Southern Baptist Convention it will be time enough to consider the practical wisdom of having two or more schools bearing that relation.

Dr. Hatcher assumes too much in saying that Southern Baptists "desire no other." It is doubtless true that many Southern Baptists have no such desire. But there are many other Southern Baptists who have such desire. Indeed, it is every way better that there should be more than one—better even for our Louisville Seminary. Just one may ultimately take too many things for granted. Just one might be tempted in the future to rely on exclusive position more than merit. And it is just possible it might be tempted to assume the role of master. When there is occasion for two there ought to be two. Indeed, no one Theological Seminary, however well endowed, or rich in buildings and equipments can possibly supply the needed theological training for the Baptist ministry of the South. West of the Mississippi river all the Baptist Seminaries, north and south, touch only the hem of the outskirts of the need.

Moreover, Dr. Hatcher forgets the history he has read. When Dr. Boyce and his great co-laborers were endeavoring to establish the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary he was met with the quite natural objection based on the fear of centralization.

In his immortal epoch-making address, suggesting three great changes in theological seminary methods he thus meets the objections: "The object is not centralization of power in a single institution, for I believe the adoption of these changes will make many seminaries necessary. I advocate a single one now, because the demand for more than one does not exist."

Let these weighty words of wisdom sink deep into every Baptist heart. Taken as a whole the address from which I have quoted is, in my judgment, the ablest discussion on theological seminaries in a thousand years. I would gladly contribute toward putting a copy of it in the hands of every Baptist in America. The three changes were: 1. Giving theological training to the great mass of preachers who are not graduates of colleges, and many of whom will never be. 2. Inviting the most promising students to remain after receiving their degrees for special and advanced graduate work. 3. The subscription by professors to the vital and fundamental articles of the faith.

But it was the first change proposed that would make many seminaries necessary. In this argu-

ment Dr. Wayland and Spurgeon were the pioneers. And for one I do not hesitate to affirm that theological training of the great mass of preachers who are not collegiates is incalculably more important than the training of the comparatively few collegiates.

So that the founder of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary not only thought others would be desirable but that his theory and policy would make many seminaries necessary. In this he was pre-eminently wise. It is true, as he says, that then there was no demand for but one. He might have said more, that he and his friends created that demand, fighting hard for every inch of ground.

Conditions are widely different now. The South then was not only but little developed, but was impoverished to the depths of bankruptcy. Who does not recall how hard his struggle to raise the five years' emergency fund to support the school until endowment could be secured and become available.

In this State alone two summers ago I raised a thirty thousand dollar emergency fund in six weeks. And this summer in forty-eight days raised over fifty thousand dollars endowment. Why this contrast? Because, first, Dr. Boyce had to create his demand for a seminary, and, second, under adverse conditions to raise his funds.

Here and now the demand is great and widespread—the people are able and willing to contribute.

It will seriously handicap the canvass for additional endowment of the Louisville Seminary if injudicious advocates seek to overturn Dr. Boyce's great plan and theory.

To say: "We have but one—we desire but one—we are agreed to have just one, not only contravenes the facts, not only is purely gratuitous and unnecessary, but will, if persisted in, revive the formidable objection of centralization and monopoly.

Virtually they have a seminary at William Jewell now, and if signs are not misleading will openly have it soon. And who should object, who would not rejoice if the occasion be there, the demand there and the constituency there? And having climbed to success on the ladder of Dr. Boyce's great theory and argument, it would be little the Louisville Seminary to kick the ladder down lest some other should climb it to a wide field of usefulness. After all is done by all the demand will be greater than the supply. Why seek to dam up the stream of life? Let each institution live its own life, stand on its own merits and bless God that it does not stand alone.

Moreover, when and where did Southern Baptists agree in having just one seminary of their own? Many people have missed reading the record of any such proceeding. And by what reason or law are Southern Baptists or any portion of them stopped from having another seminary if they need it and are able to build it?

With Dr. Hatcher, I am a trustee of the Louisville Seminary and heartily commend the wisdom of increasing the endowment to a million dollars. But can never subscribe to his objectionable paragraph; nor count it valuable as canvassing literature.

To have only one means to abandon the one, unanswerable plea of Dr. Boyce for having any. Dr. Wayland's great argument on this line, in his "Principles and Practices of the Baptists" needs republication and wide diffusion. Spurgeon's reasons for establishing his pastoral college call for new reading. The several schools of the Prophets in Old Testament times and the Apostolic College established by our Lord call for reconsideration.

But if we hold with Samuel, Elisha, Christ, Wayland, Spurgeon and Boyce on the literary qualifications essential to entrance into ministerial training then it is downright folly to say, we have but one—we desire but one—we are agreed to have just one. If we do not stand with them, then it would become us to openly disavow the Baptist theory and practice and go over openly to the old Presbyterian idea of the ministry.

B. H. CARROLL,
Dean of Baylor Theological Seminary.

"DEMAS."

That was a sorrowful thing for Timothy to learn, that Demas had departed from Rome and returned to Thessalonica—"having loved this present world." He was a fine young fellow, we may be sure, and of affectionate disposition. His name occurs a number of times in the epistles of Paul, and always coupled with the names of those we know to have been young and intimate favorites of Paul, such as Mark and Luke and Timothy.

But the sorrowful thing is that he had the defects of his fine qualities. The world still had attractions for him which it had lost, if it ever possessed, for Paul. And so he had gone off to the Newport of that day, the seat of wealth and fashion and the scene of profuse entertainment, "to have a good time." For Thessalonica was situated upon the shores of that wonderful sea which no one can view to this day without admiration; and the coast abounded in palaces, and villas, and rose gardens, and all those attractions which wealth and military life draw about them. These things did not greatly affect Paul, but they did affect Demas, and entangled him in their witchery to his hurt.

But we should note that Paul speaks of Demas very differently from the way in which he tells of the "evil" which Alexander the coppersmith had done. It is evident that Paul speaks of the young man "more in sorrow than in anger." Demas had not plunged into all the dissipations of the Greek social circle to which he evidently belonged, but the old life with its wealth and cul-

ture and beauty drew him back to the circle which for that time and place constituted his "world." He had not gone "to the bad." Even today there may be many "backsliders," but there are few apostates. Men who have once belonged to the church may become lukewarm, but they seldom become hostile. It was so with Demas. He had not become a prodigal, but he had left his Father's home. He had not, so far as we can know, fallen into immoralities or identified himself with idolatrous rites and customs, but he had lost his interest in holy things, and his life was without aspiration, or aim, or high purpose. It might not be a wicked life but it was a worldly life.

That describes it exactly, as Paul felt. Its horizon was limited by "the things that are." Demas was not supported or restrained by the things invisible. He did not seek pleasures that are imperishable, but pleasures that pertain to the day. He did not build eternal mansions for his soul, but only a summer house. He returned to that charming city by the sea which he had formerly known; and here beside the dancing waves, under old olives and amid leafy vineyards, surrounded by pleasure and lapped in luxury, we lose sight of him who was before a companion of Paul in his Roman prison—a solace by the freshness of his youth and the sweetness of his personality.

Put such a case under the "X-rays," and one will find that the first sign of that worldliness which finally conquered the non-resisting soul is giving up Christian activities. That was why Demas "forsook" Paul and Rome. No one could remain long with Paul who would not "keep the pace." It was not an easy-going age for Christians then. Wherever they went—and they went everywhere—they "went preaching the word." Every Christian was an evangelist. And in the same line which tells one that Demas has gone back to Thessalonica, Paul says that Crescens has undertaken a preaching tour to Asia; and Titus to the little-known region of Dalmatia; while he, unable to leave the bounds of his prison, was busy writing letters to Galatia, Ephesus, Philippi and Colosse. When a man begins to shirk his Christian activities, he is likely to end where Demas ended. He will go back to the world sooner or later.

And then he avoided the fellowship of the saints. To be with some men is almost equivalent to a liberal education. They inspire one with such zeal in their specialties. No man could long be with Agassiz without becoming interested in zoology, or with Dana without finding geology absorbing, or with Gray without finding himself in love with flowers. It is just so with men great in the faith. The religious life seeks the religious atmosphere, but a worldly life shrinks from it. So Demas stole away from Paul and his fellow-Christians. Whenever we discover worldliness creeping into the heart, we find the man ceasing to frequent the temple where God's people meet.

And, of course, he soon found the fellowships of the world. No man can sit forever upon the fence. Demas would, little by little, give a freer rein to his appetites. He would not gamble, but he might venture a few seaterces on the races "just for fun." He loved the exciting scenes of the theater and the circus; and so, little by little, he fell back into the old ways again. And he was gone. Gone but not lost, let us hope. For we do not see the closing scene, and we may still believe that in his last, sad, thoughtful moments his heart turned once more to the Christ of Nazareth,—to him who is forgiving, pitiful and divine.

There are superb churches, rich with mosaics and jeweled glass and glittering marble, erected to keep fresh the name of Mark, but no church bears the name of Demas. There are noble hospitals for the world's healing in the name of Luke but no hospital is called by the name of Demas. That day when Demas sailed down the bay from Puteoli by Capri and Paestum and Stromboli on his way back to Thessalonica, he sailed out of the world's history and lost the great opportunity of his life—an opportunity to live in the grateful memory of a Christian world whose innumerable multitudes will seek in the Heavenly Jerusalem for Mark and Timothy and Luke, but no one will ask for Demas. For he who turns his back upon his Lord falls out of step with the great progress of the race and the purposes of God.—Interior.

DEPRESSED THOUGHTS.

"Have no depressed thoughts"—so said Confucius, the sage. That this is good and wise advice no one can for an instant doubt. For depressed thoughts lower the tone of life, physical, mental and moral. They unfit one for the best work and becloud all his relations with his fellows. How to rid one's self of depressed thoughts—with all the wrong and sorrow that one sees about him and in himself—that is the question. And that question Confucius does not answer for us. We must listen for the voice of One who has gone deeper into the secret of life than Confucius. That trumpet call that drives away depression comes to us in the word of Him who said, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." To know that Truth and Goodness and Joy are winning the day, and to be on the winning side with the Conqueror—that will dispel depressed thoughts, and fill one's pathway with the sunlight of divine love.—Wellspring.

PRAY THROUGH.

I was standing at a bank counter in Liverpool, England, waiting for a clerk to come. I picked up a pen and began to print on a blotter in large letters, two words which had gripped me like a vice—"Pray Through." I kept talking to a friend and printing until I had the big blotter filled from top to bottom with a column. I transacted my business and went away. The next day my

friend came to see me, and said he had a striking story to tell me.

A business man came into the bank soon after we had gone. He had grown discouraged with business troubles. He started to transact some business with the same clerk over that blotter, when his eye caught the long column of "Pray Through." He asked who wrote those words, and when he was told, exclaimed, "That is the very message I needed. I will pray through. I have tried to worry through in my own strength, and have merely mentioned my troubles to God. Now I am going to pray the situation through until I get the light."—Charles M. Alexander.

LITERARY.

Any Book noticed in these columns will be sent at publishers' prices by The BAPTIST BOOK CONCERN, Louisville, Ky., postpaid to any address, upon receipt of the price.

"Look Alive." Stories of Some Wide Awake Young People. By Amos R. Wells. Published by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau street, New York. Price 75 cents.

Amos R. Wells needs no introduction. His work in Christian Endeavor has made him known. These stories are simply a delight. He tells the stories of his own boyhood. They are natural, they are interesting. They are useful. A better book to please and instruct a growing boy would be hard to find. It has twelve stories, and all are good.

Uanda, Queen of Sheba. Cloth. 195 pp. Price \$1.25 net.

Seldom does a book appear which has a more peculiar history in the making, than this one, translated from the Abyssinian manuscript into the French by Hugues Le Roux, and from the French into the English by Mrs. John Van Vorst. It is known that King Menelik II. claims to be the only living descendant of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. The manuscript supporting this claim was long in the careful custody of the priests of Ethiopia, but through a combination of circumstances it found its way to the British Museum. By another strange chain of events it was restored to its Abyssinian home, and in a highly interesting manner was given to Le Roux for translation into the French. That King Menelik is a direct descendant of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba is impossible to prove. In all probability the story was conjured up for political purposes, and treasured by the priests to give it both a national and religious significance.

Gail Weston. By Mrs. S. R. G. Clark. Cloth. 431 pp. Price \$1.25. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

The story opens with Gail, the heroic daughter in a fatherless home. She gives her strength and labor to helping secure for the family the barest necessities of life.

A brother, who has been adopted into the home of a rich grandfather, comes back on a visit and learns for the first time of the narrow poverty and the struggles of mother and sister. The effect which this has on him, in freeing him from selfish indifference and making him ready to devote his life to the work Gail was doing so nobly, is told by author with marked literary ability.

The book is wholesome and interesting, with a fine moral tone throughout.

A HANDY TREE.

Did you ever hear of the thread-and-needle tree? Rather a handy tree to have growing in the back yard, don't you think? especially when there are boys in the house, with buttons coming off about every other minute.

This strange tree grows in nearly all tropical countries, and the climate is warm and even. In Mexico it is found in great numbers, and the Mexicans call it the "magway," which is pronounced "magway." It gets the name by which we know it from the curious formation of its leaves. At the tip of the leaf there is a sharp thorn, which is the needle. If you grasp it firmly and pull it out, a long thread of fiber comes with it, and there you are—with a needle already threaded for your sewing. This fiber thread is very strong, and the Mexicans use it for weaving a coarse kind of cloth as well as for sewing. The leaves of the tree they use for roofing their homes, instead of tiles, and a fine roof they make with them, strong and water proof—just the sort of roof that is needed in a country where the rain pours down in sheets.

Let us see that whenever we have failed to be loving, we have also failed to be wise; that whenever we have been blind to our neighbors' interests, we have also been blind to our own; whenever we have hurt others, we have hurt ourselves much more.

True sacrifice is unconscious. To lose one's self in another's good is the highest form of service. The loss is a gain, and the gain is Christ-like.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1ST.

The Death of Samson.—Judges 16:21-31.

Motto Text.—“Be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.”—Eph. 6:10.

Samson's history is one of unequalled interest among all the narratives in the book of Judges. His physical strength and his moral weakness, and yet through all his unflinching faith in God, make him a strange character and one hard to comprehend. His vile and persistent immorality, his slavish subjection to women, and especially to “strange women” make the mention of his name in the list of the heroes of faith in Hebrews seem strange.

We must be careful in the case of Samson not to attempt to condone his offense by the age of the world in which he lived, nor by representing that we live under a different standard of morality. The ten commandments were the law then as well as now. We must remember that God's promises of blessings to Israel as a nation were solely conditioned on their keeping entirely free from their one sin of idolatry. Regenerated individuals then had to have repentance, faith and godly character as they do now.

Samson in the darkest days when apostasy was prevalent everywhere, maintained unshaken his faith in the one true God, and never once bowed down to idols. And his name appears among the heroes of faith either because of his entire freedom from idolatry, or because in his prison cell he truly repented and was renewed by the Holy Spirit. We must be careful to keep children from thinking that any human being can be excused for violating the least of the commands of God because of the age in which he lived.

“But the Philistines took him, and put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza.” Teachers, of course, should state or cause their scholars to state, the occasion on which Samson was taken and blinded. “Bored out his eyes,” which was a form of torture well known in those days. We must not think of Samson as a burly giant like Goliath. He was probably little, if any, over the average size of men. Gaza was one of the five large cities of the Philistines, and was situated in the southwestern corner of Palestine near the Egyptian frontier. It is a very old city, is mentioned in Genesis as in Acts, and is still a place larger than Jerusalem.

“And he did grind in the prison house.” He had made himself a slave to the lowest of women, and now by a well deserved retribution he is put to the work of the lowest women slaves. If anything could

bring him to repentance his affliction, his humiliation and his silent hours of loneliness would do so. God's greatest kindness to Samson was shutting him up in prison, blinded and working at the task of slaves.

“Howbeit, the hair of his head began to grow again after he was shaven.” The length of his hair was not the cause of his strength, but only the token of his consecration, and that was the means of his strength, which, of course, was the direct and miraculous gift of God.

Verse 23. Dagon was the god of the Philistines to whom they looked for protection on the sea and its coast. His images were made half man and half fish. We hear of him again in I. Samuel 5. There were five great Lords of the Philistines. All the princes and great men of that powerful people were gathered to do honor to the victory of Dagon over the Lord. Those heathen of the long ago were superior to some who call themselves highly civilized in that they gave the glory of success to their god. Samson's strength had evidently been growing, but they did not realize to what extent he had recovered his power. Had he not have recovered some of his strength it is difficult to see how he could have made sport for them.

“Our god hath delivered into our hands our enemy.” It has always been dangerous to men to vaunt the power of any god as against the Almighty, and these Philistines found it so, although the Lord had no worshipper among them but one blinded and chained prisoner; and their warriors were gathered by the thousands. “And they set him between the pillars”—the best place no doubt for all to see him. Nothing brings surer destruction upon men than the mocking of the servants of God in their humiliation. No matter if God has himself humbled them; he punishes his own children but will not permit their enemies to exult over them with impunity.

Verse 26. A very innocent request for a weary man to make, that he might be allowed to lean against the pillars to rest. “Now the house was full of men and women.” We can gain some idea of how many there were from the fact that there were three thousand of the common people upon the roof. All the Lords and rulers and captains were there, and their destruction would crush the nation far more than a defeat of their army in the field.

“And Samson called unto the Lord.” When the hero begins praying thus, the hour of his triumph is near. Few words are more eloquent in their earnestness. Samson no longer put trust in himself and his hair; he knows his weakness at last and feels his dependence upon God. “He uses all the names of God with which he is acquainted and confesses him in the darkness which surrounds him more deeply and fervently than when enjoying the light of the sun.”—Lange. There is deep penitence in this prayer, this dying prayer of earth's strongest man. “That I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes.” There is nothing in this request of Samson which God granted albeit there is all the difference between man and God as between this prayer and the “Father forgive them,” on the cross. They had put out Samson's eyes because he was the champion of Israel, and it is for Israel's deliverance from their enemies that these thousands should

perish. Had Samson been influenced by personal anger and spite he would have prayed rather for the destruction of the despicable, traitorous woman, the men who had bribed her, and the person who had actually put out his eyes.

“And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood.” Much ingenuity has been wasted in guesses in regard to the architecture of this house. It was enough to know it was so constructed and that Samson understood its construction. “And Samson said let me die with the Philistines.” To try to make a suicide out of this is ridiculous. It was a heroic death for his country like any soldier who leads a forlorn hope. He died that his country might live, a patriot and in one sense a martyr. Never was a man further from the cowardly death of a suicide. “And he bowed himself with all his might.” Small protection could Dagon afford to the thousands who had just been rejoicing before him. In a moment they lie crushed and dead by the falling of the great house.

Verse 31. The utter overwhelming of the Philistines as well as the story of Samson's death, is graphically shown in this brief account of his burial. Gaza attempted no resistance when the brethren of Samson came quickly for his body and bore it away. There is danger of efforts to allegorize this story of Samson. The lessons of his shameful fall and his heroic death are surely sufficient without trying, by far fetched analogies, to make him a type of Christ. The resemblances between Samson and our Lord are few, the contrasts many and striking. But the important thing for us is to learn to avoid his sins, especially his putting himself in the way of temptation and making entangling alliances with God's enemies, and to imitate that true repentance and faith through which his terrible punishment and humiliation brought him nearer to God.

Self-denial is the first lesson to be learned in Christ's school and poverty of spirit is entitled to the first beatitude. The foundation of all other graces is laid in humanity. Those who would build high must begin low.—Matthew Henry.

What To Do If You Have Catarrh.

If you suffer from chronic catarrh of the head, nose, throat or lungs, you must get down to some treatment more reasonable than sprays, douches, blood remedies, ointments and inhalations, for all of these have proven failures.

A treatment entirely different from any of the above consists of a warm medicated smoke-vapor, which being inhaled reaches directly every affected spot. This is certainly the most practical and reasonable method, for as catarrh gets into the air passages by the inhalation of cold or raw air, dust, etc., so it can be reached by medicine in the same manner.

Dr. J. W. Blosser, who originated this new form of treatment, has made catarrh a specialty for many years and his remedy has been so successful in the cure of catarrh, bronchitis, catarrhal deafness, asthma, and all catarrhal affections, that it is now being used in all parts of the country.

If any reader who suffers from catarrh would like to give this remedy a test, and will write to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 115 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga., he will send by mail a free trial sample of the remedy, and also a free booklet telling all about the treatment.



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THE POWER OF CHRIST.

There is an invisible source of energy of which every one may avail himself; but this energy is available only for good; never for evil. It is more than a match for all the evil forces which combine to turn us away from the right way. It is abundantly sufficient to support us in all the adversities of this world. It is fully adequate to any burdens of duty which may be laid upon us.

Paul was greatly afflicted. He calls his affliction a thorn in the flesh. What that was we know not,

except that it was some exceedingly sharp pain. He prayed three times for its removal, and this is the answer he received, “My grace is sufficient for thee.” The grace of Christ is an inward energy which he bestows upon all those who follow him and trust in him. Paul felt himself stronger with his affliction than without it, because of the support of this grace. Therefore he says, “I will glory in my infirmity.”

If your mind is wrongly made up, by all means change it. But be prepared to suffer the consequence.

Catarrh

Whether it is of the nose, throat, stomach, bowels, or more delicate organs, catarrh is always debilitating and should have attention.

The discharge from the mucous membrane is because this is kept in a state of inflammation by an impure condition of the blood. Therefore, to cure, take the best blood purifier,

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In usual liquid form or chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs. 100 doses \$1.

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PRESENT-DAY CRIME.

We had the subject up at our breakfast table. We have to settle a good many things for ourselves, besides our coffee, at our quiet morning meal. First of all, the questions were asked, Is there an increase of crime at the present time? Are the crimes of to-day worse than the crimes of other days? In answer to the first question there was some doubt. Our State prisons are full, but then our population has increased, and has been swollen by an undesirable foreign element. That part of the subject was referred back to the committee, with the request to make further inquiry.

On the second question, there was just a little doubt. On the one hand, it was put forward that the crimes of to-day were all of them known in the past, only we hear more about them now. Some years ago they had police gazettes which circulated freely in saloons and low-down circles; today we have great city papers that send out special reporters to burrow in the slime of corrupt social life, and fill the columns of their journals with the garbage of the gutter. So the people know more about it than they once did. In some disreputable journals the crimes are dealt with in great fullness of detail. Is there a murder, or is there a divorce, or is there some outbreathing offence against decency, all of it appears wrought up in extravagant language. These papers sell and exceed decent papers immensely in their circulation. Too many peo-

A Fortune Spent.

Indiana Woman Gives Thousands of Dollars to Aid Suffering Women.

In the past few years Mrs. Cora B. Miller has spent \$125,000 in giving medicine to afflicted women.

Some time ago we announced in the columns of this paper that she would give to women who suffered from female diseases another \$10,000.00 worth of her medicine. Having fulfilled this promise, and as she is still receiving requests from thousands of women from all parts of the world, who have not yet used her remedy, she has decided to give away \$20,000.00 more to those who are suffering and unable to find relief. This is the simple mild treatment that has cured so many women in the privacy of their own homes after physicians and other remedies failed.

It is especially prepared for the speedy and permanent cure of leucorrhoea or whitish discharges, ulceration, displacements or falling of the womb, profuse, scanty or painful periods, uterine or ovarian tumors or growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness and piles from any cause or no matter of how long standing.

Every woman sufferer, unable to find relief, who will write Mrs. Miller now without delay will receive by mail free of charge a 50 cent box of her simple home remedy, also her book with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer and how they can easily cure themselves at home without the aid of a physician.

Don't suffer another day, but write at once to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 9149, Kokomo, Ind.

ple who would not take them into their homes will read them in the shops.

As to the children of to-day, it was agreed that there is far more of crime than was known two or three generations ago. It is not an uncommon thing nowadays to hear of organized bands of thieves and plunderers among children. The other day, in the city of Toledo, Ohio, we saw several boys brought up, arraigned for house-breaking. The leader of the gang was only 11 years old; this was not their first offence. The judge said to me they were incorrigible. On the interest of a person employed to represent the children, they were allowed to go free, on the assurance of their mothers that they would keep them off the streets at night. They were dismissed to their mothers' care, that night they broke into another shop, and the next day all had to be sent off to the Reform School.

In addition to this, crimes are of a darker grade than they used to be. Dishonesty is everywhere present, under the name of "graft." Where people once stole hundreds they now steal thousands, and where they stole thousands they now steal hundreds of thousands.

There is a fearful responsibility somewhere. First of all, people ought to inquire how it has come about; and why is the ethical standard so low; and what is to be done to raise it?—William Ashmore.

GOING SOUTH FOR THE WINTER.

DEAR RECORDER:

It has been about thirty-five years since I ceased to be your editor, transferring my right of ownership to the lamented Caperton, who, with my predecessors, Dudley and Rust, has gone to his eternal Home. We all remember the sudden and unanticipated death of Eaton, the bright, gifted, defender of "the faith once for all delivered to the saints." And yet the writer has been spared!

Well, the last week in October, I left Louisville for the Southland, where, if the Lord will, I hope to spend the winter; not in some fine hotel and in idleness, but in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ; urging sinners to repent of their sins and accept Christ as their Saviour, and persuading Christians to appropriate their wonderful privileges and rights in Christ, to the end that they may be at their best for God along all lines of service possible to them, that so they may all do their part in the speedy evangelization of the world.

NASHVILLE.

I stopped about two days in Nashville, having a delightful visit with our esteemed Bro. Van Ness, the editor-in-chief of Southern Baptist Sunday-school literature; regretting much my failure to meet the Secretary of the S. B. S. S. Board, Bro. J. M. Frost; and being royally entertained by other beloved friends in Nashville.

MURFREESBORO.

Our next stopping place was Murfreesboro, Tenn., where once was located Union University, where fifty-one years ago last September, the writer was enrolled among the faculty of said university as "Professor of Greek and Hebrew," under the presidency of J. H. Eaton, the father of the late T. T. Eaton.

Having learned that "Mont Jor-

dan" was the agent at the railroad depot, the writer called for him, and, instead of the slender boy of fifty years ago, he found a large, portly gentleman, who, with but a slight hint, readily recognized the writer, and offered him unstinted entertainment in his hotel.

Being desirous of seeing the old campus and the new college building erected there for girls, he started down, or up, Main street toward the said campus. The shade trees had grown so much in half a century and the houses had been so changed, that nothing but the ground, after leaving the business part of the city, seemed natural; being able to recognize but few of the buildings of fifty years ago.

On learning that Pastor A. C. Davidson was at home (whom I had known from a school boy in Georgetown College, forty years ago), the writer called on him, and we together visited the magnificent three-story college buildings that was built so as to occupy a portion of the space once occupied by the university building, but fronting main street, rather than the city, as the former building had done.

After passing through the long hall, and looking into some of the rooms on the first floor, we met our esteemed brother, J. Henry Burnett, formerly of the Baptist Book Concern, Louisville, Ky., but now business manager of this flourishing young college, and a little later the President, Geo. J. Burnett, came in, whom I now met for the first time. These brethren were very cordial, and would not hear to us going on our journey till I had spent a day or more with them. So I surrendered, and had the great pleasure of looking through this vast building, that possesses all modern conveniences, and combines with these much architectural beauty also.

The visitor was delighted with the manifest thoroughness of the faculty in general, and with the business like attitude of the more than 160 students, 108 of these being boarders. A fine beginning for the first term! It was a delight to attend the large dining-room, whose ten or more tables were laden with good, solid, well cooked food, so abundant that there was no chance for a school girl there to go hungry, and with such clean table linen. Upon the whole, I was delighted with the school.

A VISIT TO THE EATON HOME.

Often, when I was a young professor, did I visit the Eaton home. The house, except a large porch in front, appears very much as it did half a century ago. The large oak trees still stand, or many of them, very much as they did, only a few of them in the Eaton lawn and on the college campus adjacent have died; and the others are much larger. How many reflections were occasioned by this visit! How few of my old friends, who were grown when I taught in Union University, are still living! How many of the beloved students I once taught

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there, have gone to their eternal reward! And how earnestly should all of us, who still survive, seek to do well the work that still remains for us to do!

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WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD.

Paul writes in Romans viii. 28. that "all things work together for good to them that love God." The author of that statement loved God and believed that he was "called according to his purpose." But when we turn to his brief biography, as he gives it to us in 2 Corinthians xi. 23-27, we learn that his life was one of incessant toil, suffering and peril—imprisoned, stoned, beaten with rods, shipwrecked. Did all these things work together for his good? Yes; for he tells us that he took pleasure in infirmities, reproaches, necessities, persecutions, and distresses, for Christ's sake (2 Cor. xii. 10), and that he was exceeding joyful in all his tribulation (2 Cor. vii. 4). It is evident, then, that Paul did not mean what the world calls good, but something far higher and better; that he believed in an overruling Providence, in a divine guidance and guardianship of love, which would work out from these afflictive dispensations "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." The lapidary, as he toils day after day with his file upon the diamond, seems to be trying to injure or destroy it, but the result of all his work is to bring out its beauty, and prepare it to shine.

"All things work together." Go into a great factory. See how many wheels are revolving, and often apparently in opposite directions. To the ignorant spectator much of that motion seems discordant. But there is a superintendent, under whose skillful control every force and movement unites in producing a definite and desirable result. So it is in these lives of ours. If we lovingly commit them to God, He will make every event in them contribute to our "meekness for the inheritance of the saints of light." Sir Richard Hill, in his book entitled "The Deep Things of God," says:

To a believing soul there is something wonderfully sweet in viewing all his trials, troubles, afflictions, temptations, desertions, spiritual conflicts, ups and downs of every kind as ordained of God for his good; decreed to come upon him just at such a time and place as his heavenly Father's wisdom sees fit and meet; to remain with him just so long and not a moment longer than till they have

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accomplished some salutary purpose for his soul's good; that, however sore and grievous these things may be to flesh and blood, however thwarting to his own will and wishes, yet, however contrary to what he could judge to be for his spiritual welfare, yet he who "ordereth all things after the counsel of his own will, causeth them to work together for his good;" and that they are all the effects and emanations of infinite love and infinite power, united to accomplish his salvation, in the way that shall be best for him, and most for his Heavenly Father's glory.—Selected.

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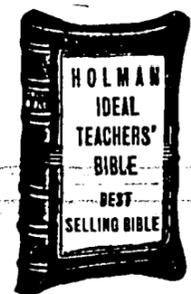
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The valley which hides the "here"
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The boundary of that land so fair?
I think I'd do what I've done today
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perchance—
A vision of Christ I might see:
His face, I am sure, my soul would
entrance,
As He reached out to shelter me—
Then suddenly I might find myself
there,
"At home" with the King, in His
palace fair.
MRS. J. E. GATES.

Our Pulpit

REGENERATION THE AIM OF THE GOSPEL.

BY THE LATE RICHARD S. STORRS,
D.D., LL. D.

Regeneration is the key-word to the gospel. Men sometimes speak of the gospel as if it were intended simply to bring to us the discovery of God, a clearer and higher manifestation of Him than had been made in nature. That is its office in part; and yet the thought of God has been in the human soul from the beginning of history, from the beginning of personal experience on the earth; and he who has felt the powers of nature working around, and seen the great arch of stars above him in the night, has had a sense—vague, perhaps, yet powerful—of an unseen personal force, pervading, governing, energizing all: an apprehension of God, that has come out in the time of his peril, that has come out most clearly as the hour of death drew near. The stubbornest infidel, on the deck of the ship about to sink, bends his reluctant knee, and breaks into prayer to this Supreme Power which is overhead. The gospel, therefore, does not make manifest to man the reality of God, although it throws a new, more beautiful and surpassing light upon His character, His wisdom, and His purposes of grace.

It does not come to declare to men their own sinfulness. Christ came not into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved. Consciousness of sin has been in the heart has existed on the earth, this side the gates of Paradise; and out of this has come the offering even of human sacrifice, that God might be propitiated. Out of this has come blighted despair, bitter remorse when there has been no way found, by the most anxious spirit in its most anxious quest, in which it could be harmonized again with the God from whom it had departed. You do not need to go to the Scripture to learn of sin. You see it in all pages of human history: traced in lines so lurid that no light from the Divine Word can surpass it. You hear it in the moan which arises from human

society, all whose voices in the upper air—whatever the sounds of gayety or of enterprise may be beneath—commingle on the minor key. There is a sound of wailing in history, and in society, which represents the presence, and the recognition of the presence, of this element of sin. Every human heart feels it in itself. When it contemplates eternity, under the light thereof this hidden writing comes flashing into exhibition; and the man knows himself weak, knows himself in all his weakness a rebel and a sinner against the Most High. No: what the gospel comes to do is neither so much to teach us concerning God, though it illustrates the character of it, the evil effect of it, the condemnation of it; but what it comes to do is to show how the sinner may be harmonized again, sympathetically harmonized, in the spirit of his mind and heart, with the eternal God, against whom he has offended. The new birth is therefore the burden, and the lesson, and the promise of the gospel. Not education. Education of the intellectual forces is important in its place, important in its relations; but it is subordinate to this—the regeneration, by the inward energy of the Holy Spirit. Not ethical teaching, so that a right exterior life may be fashioned by the power of the gospel. That, as well, is important in its place: but the gospel contemplates a man's becoming right before doing right, contemplates his being holy in heart before he can be holy in conduct.

Most radical is the aim of the gospel in its operation upon man: to bring him into harmony through the new birth with the spirit of the Most High. Not even civilization is the word which unlocks to us the meaning of the Scripture: although wherever the gospel goes, thither civilization goes in its train. It scatters the emoluments, the industries, and the arts of civilization around its path as the prince may scatter the diamonds and pearls from his royal robe. These inventions which multiply power, which multiply wealth, which span the spaces of earth and contract them, which curb and conquer the seas, which make the winds and the lightnings the messengers of man—they are a fruit of the gospel, but they are not the end of the gospel. There is a subordinate and incidental argument for the divinity of the gospel in its effect upon civilization; but that is not the purpose, prime, paramount, supreme, for which it comes into the world. Nor does it come for the advancement of social orders or civil liberty, important as these are in their places. Nor does it come to give men salvation, independently of this new birth of the soul. There is no such detestable antinomianism in the gospel. It does not offer a man eternal life on the condition that he will do certain outward acts, or entertain certain intellectual convictions, that he will form his life according to the law of certain practices and rituals. It offers him salvation, as the outgrowth of regeneration: as the development, into the perfect fruit and flower, of that germ which is implanted of spiritual and divine life when the new birth takes place within him. But there is no salvation possible, according to the gospel, to any man in whom this radical spiritual change, by the power of the Holy Ghost, has not been accomplished. If you were to crowd such a man through the gates of pearl, the crystal pavement would be darkened, by the shadow of his selfishness. Heaven itself would blast him into

blindness with its celestial splendors encircling and surrounding him. There is no salvation for any man, except as the new birth precedes it, and is the germ of it; and so that new birth—regeneration by the Holy Spirit—is the key-word of this book of truth and life.

It is thus transcendent in its aim. Where is there a philosophy which contemplates an ideal like this? Where has there been any most elaborate system of ethics, or of ritual, except where they have been formed by the gospel, that has contemplated so amazing a change for man? Take the child and train him; take the community and equip it, arm its hand and enlighten its eyes, by telescope and microscope; give it new faculty for transmitting thought; give it new power the energies of nature—that is the aim of civilization, the aim of statesmanship, the aim of philosophy. But the gospel proposes this radical spiritual, immortal change within the man, whereby not only his sins are forgiven for the past, but he is started anew, to begin his moral life again with his past experiences for his warning, with God's promise of the future for his inspiration. This new birth, by which the soul is harmonized with God, and man in his feebleness and the fewness of his years upon the earth, is made sympathetic with Him who has the eternal years, and before whose creative will the universe has risen as a temple in the spaces—this is the aim of the gospel.

Then observe, further, what follows of course, that he who most distinctly apprehends and understands this new birth—having not merely discerned it intellectually, having experienced it spiritually—will best understand and interpret the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is not intellectual equipment, or intellectual practice, that can prepare him for such a comprehensive intuition of the gospel. It is not conference with other minds, training his to proper views, giving him freshness of faculty, a fine stimulation of each power. It is not travel in distinct lands, with the observation of geographical or social phenomena which exist there today as they did a lifetime, which is to qualify a man to be an interpreter of the gospel, to apprehend its mysteries, and to speak them to others. What he needs for this is a spirit born of the Holy Spirit, into harmony with God. Then the mystery becomes, not intelligible, since the human faculty cannot comprehend the divine thought, but it becomes probable beforehand, and is easily accepted by the renewed, illuminated mind. As St. Bernard says, nobly and sweetly: "The same things which are within us by the subtlety of their spiritual nature, are also above us, by the sublimity of their essence and their being;" and he who has these things within him here, upon the earth, will understand those things above him, filling the heavens, as no one else possibly can. He will know what sin is, more than the moralist or the historian, because he has felt within himself how powerless he was against its forces and vicious tendencies, until the energy of the Holy Ghost came, stimulating him, and co-operating with his effort to overcome the evil power. He has seen what God is, in His affectionate holiness, His loving justice, His perfect immortal splendor of purity. He has seen the interior life of God, as no scientist can who observes merely the works of nature.

What can you tell of the character of the engineer, whose ingenu-

ity has driven the drill through mountain-rock, until he has hollowed there a passage, for the trains of travel of commerce to sweep through, from land to land? You know his foresight of difficulty, his superb skill; you know the energy with which he arranges mechanisms to master difficulty. Do you know whether he is generous, or not? chaste, or not? truthful, or not? humane, or not? devout, or not? What can you tell of the man who has fashioned for you the watch, in respect to that which is essential and supreme in every man, his spiritual character, his moral relation to God, the Most High? What can you tell of the temper of the architect, from his constructions? What can you tell, even, of the heroism of the historian from the narrative which he gives of great events, and the characters he portrays? How much can you tell of the spirit of God from these physical structures round about us? I can find His wisdom in the balancing of the stars. I find His constructive skill in the arrangement and interlocking of terrestrial forces. I can find His love of beauty declared, not merely in the vase of the lily, in the lining of the shell, in the sunset fires, but in the mosses and lichens, in the grain of the wood hidden in the centre of the trunk of the tree. I can find here His love of beauty; but I do not find His holiness manifested, in its tenderness, in its eternal and spotless glory of perfect righteousness. This is never radiantly declared, on every side, until there is in me something sympathetic with it, wrought by the Holy Spirit.

Then I know God, and am no more an orphan in the universe. I am allied filially to Him; and the universe is illuminated and glorified. It becomes to me what the

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body of Christ became to the disciples on the Mount, in the darkness of the night—luminous with the radiance flashing from itself, the very travel-worn robes, the mud-stained garments, so brilliant with celestial light that they scattered the dark before them. The universe becomes luminous with the light of God's character when once the new birth has interpreted that character.

One understands then why Christ came; not to be a teacher merely, though a teacher grandly; nor mainly as an example. Indeed, how is Christ an example to us? In this sense He is: He represents to us the perfect ideal toward which we are to stagger and to struggle, forward and upward. But he does not show the staggering step by which we are to reach it. He does not show the stiff and stubborn striving against nature by which you and I are to climb to those heights, to dwell on which to Him was native.

We speak loosely of Christ as our example, and in this sense He is: He reveals to us the utmost spiritual attainment of a divine nature, coming into the humiliation of an alliance with human nature. But He does not show us, as Paul did, how we ought to work to overcome the taints that are in us as they were in Paul. He does not show us, as Peter did, what the virtue of repentance is, when bitter tears burst from the eyes by reason of it. He does not show us, as John did, what a man like ourselves may become, when, after his impassioned and impetuous youth, the passion becomes merged in a perfect love toward Christ, and the impetuosity aspires into the flight of the eagle toward the heavens! He did not come, solely or principally, to be our teacher, or our example; and in his death He was no example for us. He died voluntarily, and we have no right to. He died in an agony unspeakable; and it is the Christian's privilege to die in a joyful hope, and a triumphant expectation. He was not our example, except in this sense of revealing to us the ideal holiness, in His life and in His death! But He came to be more than teacher, more than example—the Mediator between us and God—communicating this divine life to our hearts; the Head of a regenerate race. And who has felt in his own heart the power of this regeneration knows what Christ came for, knows who Christ is.

He knows the power of the Holy Spirit. He knows the nature of repentance: which is not merely regretting the past and determining to do better in future, but an inward recoil of the soul against that which it has preferred, in its new allegiance to Him who is the Holiest of the holy. He knows the nature of faith: which is not an intellectual assent to certain propositions: which is the cleaving of the heart, in all the fulness of its love, in all the grandeur of its self-consecration, unto Him who is Lord and King in Heaven and in earth. He who has experienced the new birth has all these facts and wonders interpreted to his soul; and so he stands at the centre, from which all the lines diverge. He stands at the point from which the landscape opens; and sometimes the converted ruffian becomes thus, naturally, the most effective teacher, as well as the most discerning scholar, of the gospel. The Magdalen knows more than the Pharisee. The devout soul is wiser than the wisest of skeptical philosophers.

Thus you see the perfection of

the knowledge which will be ours by and by, if we have experienced this. Expansion of power—undoubtedly that shall have something to do with our perfect knowledge. There are powers in each of us greater than we know, ourselves. Put a man in an emergency—how inventive he is. Put a woman in sudden peril—how she stands unperturbed, full of courage and full of expedient. There are powers in us that may break by and by into the richness of rhythm, when we go up yonder; into the splendor of philosophic intuition, when we stand on high; powers suddenly to be unfolded, in new circumstances, as we pass into the presence of God, under the smile of His Son, under the infinite penetration of the soul by the power of the Holy Ghost.

But, after all, lay that aside, and think that there the soul shall be perfected in this new life, which began in its new birth; and, being in sympathy with God, shall share His intuition of the Universe! There is perfect knowledge. Not that there shall not be mysteries, still, beyond those which now we think of—mysteries still to unfold this power of faith in us; for that is to be an element of immortal progress with each of us. There shall be mysteries, on which our faith must be fastened.

Now, my friends, you look upon the acorn, and wonder at the final oak. You look upon the tiny egg, so fragile and small, and wonder, by and by, at the eagle soaring above the clouds, breasting the tempest, riding over the hurricane, seeking the sun! You look into this spirit of man, in which is the new birth, in which is the infant soul just converted into Christ and it seems a slight thing; but all the vision and the ecstasy of heaven all the immortal experience, all the unsearchable glory, are folded in that tiny experience of love. And if we have known this earthly thing—this birth by the power of the Holy Ghost—then we shall know, by any by—for Christ Himself will teach them to us—all the wonder and the mystery of those heavenly things which are here prophesied, and there fulfilled.

AN OLD EMPHASIS REPLACED.

At least two of the speakers at the recent Indiana Baptist Convention—Evangelists Bryan and Landis—made special mention of the great disparity between the number of persons baptized in our churches and the number of those walking "in the light," giving evidence that they are "children of the light." If one were to judge by the testimony borne by these honored and highly esteemed brethren, hardly more than one-half of those baptized and gathered into our churches have been truly born of God. Their names encumber our church rolls, but they are not to be so found, unless they repent and turn to Christ.

It was held by one of the speakers, and was confirmed by the other that there is need of a "change of emphasis," a going back to the ideas and practices of the fathers, who held firmly that there must be a conviction of sin, a repentance of sin, and a yielding of the entire being to Jesus Christ, else there can be no salvation, and ought to be no baptism. The present writer, who happened to be present, was greatly pleased with the position taken by these brethren, and feels that they are, in this respect, ideal evangelists. Indeed, we want no other kind, though it is to be

feared that they are to be had in abundance. We are estimating the value of men, whether evangelists or pastors, by the number of baptisms administered. Thus the evangelists and the pastor both are made anxious about the baptisms, and are hastening so-called "converts" into the churches.

We do not want to say a word to discourage evangelists, or to make any of them feel that their work is discounted. Yet, when we hear such reports as are made concerning the "dead wood" in our churches: the hindrances in the way of any special work of grace; the objections raised by ungodly men who claim that they are "as good" as are the majority, if not the totality of church members, we are moved to raise a signal of warning and to expostulate with our brethren, pastors and evangelists, beseeching them to be true to our Baptist faith and traditions relative to encouraging "converts" to be baptized and unite with the churches.

How shall they repent of sins if they have not been shown what sin is and what is its condemnation? How shall men be won to Christ unless they have come to feel their need of salvation by grace? It may be well to sit down by an indifferent sinner and tell him that he is a sinner, and that he can be saved only by divine power. But there are few men who can do that. Indeed, we do not understand that such was the method of Jesus, or of Paul, or of the evangelists of the New Testament. They heralded the message, first of sin, and then of grace. They first told men of their sins. That is what Peter did at Pentecost, and what Stephen did before his death. Take those two sermons as models and add to them the sermon of Peter, as recorded in Acts iii and iv, when five thousand were added to them (Acts 4:4). It was by charging home upon those people their sin in their treatment of the Lord Jesus that they convinced them of their need, the

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Holy Spirit doing what man cannot do. It is such preaching God honors and the Holy Spirit accompanies. The preacher is a herald, and a herald does not sit down with one man alone and deliver his message to him in private. He cries aloud, he lifts up his voice like a trumpet and tells the multitude of sin, of righteousness, and of judgement, and then of Christ Jesus, Savior.

The man who can not stand in the pulpit, or on a box, and declare to men "the whole counsel of God," whether they hear or forbear may be a failure. He is not doing what men are sent of God to do. The Holy Spirit does not do great works through such preachers. Their day is gone, for they never had a day. But the preaching which God honors is something more than a private conversation with men. It is a sowing of seed broadcast, the sower not knowing whether shall prosper either this or that. God knows, and he will give the increase as seems good to himself. We believe in an "election of grace," but it must be of God and not of man. It is not for a man to say that he is going to save this man, and leave others unsaved. It is not for a preacher to say whom of a given number he will win and whom he will leave unsaved. God may do it; but no preacher is authorized to do it. Preaching is not private conversation; it is open, and loud, and true to facts and principles. The preacher proclaims. He does not coddle men; he does not win men by soft words. He is rarely personal. The result of preaching is now, as it was in that early day: "As many as are ordained to eternal life believe," now as in the days when Paul preached to the Gentiles in the Pisidian Antioch (Acts xiii. 48). It is ours to preach; it is God's to work repentance, faith and salvation. A failure to recognize this principle may be what is filling our churches with unconverted people and making us weak where we might be strong. Let us think on these things—*Journal and Messenger*.

A SAFE COUNSELOR.

That man is to be pitied who thinks he is wise enough to manage all of his own affairs without advice. A sensible man will take no important step without taking counsel of his wife, and a prudent wife will always ask advice of her husband before entering upon any important enterprise. Some take counsel of their father. We often find it necessary to seek the advice of a physician, or a lawyer, or an experienced business man, concerning our own business. One who has made one department of life a special study will usually know more about it than others. Each one should be able to give good counsel in his specialty.

After all the pains we take to get the best advice, we are often misled. The wisest counselors may be mistaken. No man is infallible. Men often sustain serious loss by taking the advice of their best friends. If there were one whose knowledge is perfect, whose wisdom is infinite, whose heart is right to whom we could go for counsel every day in everything, how safe we should feel!

We may have such a counselor. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." We have found it so. We have seen times when our way was hedged up, and we did not know where to turn.

And in the darkest hour we have asked counsel of God, and the clouds have been dispersed, the barriers have been broken down, the way has been made plain before our eyes. "As ointment and perfume rejoice the heart, so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel." But no ointment was ever so refreshing as the counsel of the Friend who sticketh closer than a brother. We may take counsel of Him in prayer. We may find His counsel in the Holy Scriptures. He may send us His message by the mouth of a neighbor. He will not leave us in darkness. We shall have the light of life.

We may take counsel of Him in all things. "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." "In everything." Little things as well as great things, secular things as well as spiritual things, domestic things as well as ecclesiastical things, the things of public life, may be made subjects of prayer, and the promise is that the Lord will show us the right way.

How foolish we are! How often we worry and fret on account of trouble and disappointment! We try to study out the problem alone. We become discouraged and go to a friend for counsel. We struggle on, sinking deeper and deeper into the mire at every step. And all this time there is an all-wise Counselor at hand, but we have not said one word to Him about our need. At last, in sheer desperation, we have ventured to offer a little prayer for help, but going away from the mercy seat we have fretted and doubted as much as before. We asked Him, but did not trust Him. Had we trusted Him we should have left the throne of grace with a light heart and shining face. The peace of God would have filled our hearts. So foolish are we and ignorant.

"O, what peace we often forfeit,
O, what needless pain we bear;
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer."

It is perfectly safe to trust Him fully at all times. No one ever fell into an emergency so dire that this Counselor could not manage it. Put the case into his hand and leave it there, singing with the psalmist: "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." *Christian Advocate*.

WOMEN AND WOMEN ONLY

Are Most Competent to Appreciate The Purity, Debeacy, and Efficacy of Cuticura Soap.

And to discover new uses for it daily. It combines delicate, medicinal, emollient, sanative, and antiseptic properties derived from Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, with the purest of saponaceous ingredients and most refreshing of flower odors. For preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands, for irritations, inflammations, and abrasions, for sanative, antiseptic cleansing, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery, Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, is priceless.

Making up one's mind ought to forecast consequences and forestall change.

Gan't Miss It

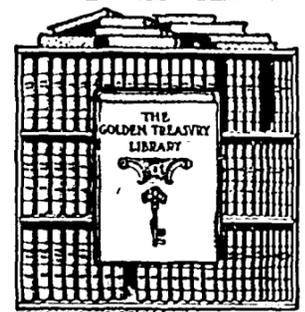
So many ailments are purely nervous affections, that you can hardly miss it if you try Dr. Miles' Nervine. It restores nervous energy—and through its invigorating influence upon the nervous system, the organs are strengthened. The heart action is better; digestion improved, the sluggish condition overcome, and healthy activity re-established.

"Dr. Miles' Nervine is worth its weight in gold to me. I did not know what ailed me. I had a good physician but got no relief. I could not eat, sleep, work, sit or stand. I was nearly crazy. One day I picked up a paper and the first thing that met my eyes was an advertisement of Dr. Miles' Nervine. I concluded to try it and let the doctor go, and I did so. After taking two bottles I could dress myself. Then I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and now I can work and go out, and have told many the benefit I have received from these remedies and several of them have been cured by it since. I am fifty-nine years old and pretty good yet." ANNA R. PALMER, Lewistown, Pa.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails, he will refund your money. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Would it not be better to leave tomorrow's cares and anxieties with God. That is what is troubling men: tomorrow's temptations, tomorrow's difficulties, tomorrow's burdens, tomorrow's duties. Martin Luther, in his autobiography, says: "I have one preacher that I love better than any other on earth; it is my little tame robin, who preaches to me daily. I put his crumbs upon my window sill, specially at night. He hops on to the sill when he wants his supply, and takes as much as he desires to satisfy his needs. From thence he always hops to a little tree close by and lifts up his voice to God and sings his carol of praise and gratitude, tucks his little head under his wing, and goes fast to sleep, and leaves tomorrow to look after itself. He is the best preacher that I have on earth."

A NEW LIBRARY



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The Golden Treasury Library
Containing sixty volumes. Send for an illustrated circular of titles and authors. Price, in wooden case, ready for use, \$25.00 net. Freight extra. Schools wishing to purchase this set on the installment plan can do so by sending for our agreement blank, which requires \$10.00 cash with order and \$4.00 per month for five months thereafter.
AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY
ST. LOUIS HOME
311 N. Grand Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Editorial

With this issue of the paper my relation with the RECORDER as editor pro tem. closes. I, at the request of the President and Board of Directors took charge of the editorship for a month or two, but circumstances have rendered it necessary for me to hold the position for five months. I have done the best I could and am thankful for the many kind words written to me in private letters and in our exchanges in regard to my work. In handing it over to my successors, Rev. Calvin M. Thompson and Dr. J. G. Bow, I would take this occasion to commend them to our readers as worthy and able men, and predict for our old paper a brilliant future. Its high standard will be sustained.

J. M. WEAVER.

In the time of Christ on earth the Pharisees were the most numerous and influential sect of the Jews, they were also the most inveterate enemies of Christ. They sought in every way to oppose Him and destroy His influence over the people. They held many councils in which they sought to "entangle" Him in his talk. They sent the Herodians, courtiers of Herod, who believed in the right of a foreign prince to rule the Jews, they were strong supporters of Herod and his master, Caesar. These two sects hated each other but to ruin Jesus they united in their efforts. They asked Him a question which they supposed was unanswerable without putting Him in antagonism with either the Roman government or the Jews: "Is it lawful to pay tribute to Caesar?" They thought they had Him upon the horns of a dilemma, either of which would gore Him, answer as He would. His answer shows His great wisdom: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." The answer was crushing! No wonder they "marveled." He taught them and us that we all have civil duties. As citizens all men have civil duties growing out of their relations to government. These duties cannot be neglected without injury both to the government and to the citizens. In a free government by the people, as is ours, there are several duties devolving upon every citizen. These ignored and unmet will bring disaster to our government and country. Every good citizen must keep himself posted as to the political condition of affairs. Of course we use the word in its good sense. Ignorance here is criminal. We should study the methods of administering the government advocated by each party so that we may vote in an intelligent manner. We should seek to put good men in office. Simply because a certain party nominates a man should not lead us to support him. This is mere partisan politics and leads to the greatest evils. Every citizen should take time to vote for the best man and use his influence to have others to do so. Disregard to this has led to filling many civil offices with bad men and rendered the government weak and unstable. All men should be true to their rulers, obeying the laws.

It is their highest civil duties and their best interests to see that these rulers are good and honorable men. The people are responsible for the character of their rulers as they by their votes put them in office in our government. These

are the "things of Caesar" which all good citizens should render unto him.

Along with these civil duties are religious, or as Jesus tells us, "the things that are God's." Some who are good citizens and meet their obligations to the State yet neglect their religious duties. To meet these each citizen should religiously support his government in paying his taxes. He must also support all religious organizations in harmony with the Word of God. The Lord's Day should be regarded as He has commanded. To violate the Lord's Day is to do an unchristian act. Yet how often it is done by great corporations composed of and controlled by professed Christian men? Our railroads, steam and electric, do this and thus rob their employes of their religious privileges. Let us listen to and obey Jesus in this.

Here is another confirmation of the truthfulness of the Bible. This comes from astronomy.

In answering Bildad, the Shuhite, Job said of God: "Which maketh Arcturus, Orion and Pleiades and the chambers of the south." By chambers of the south it is well understood Job referred to the Southern Cross. But the Southern Cross is not visible in the latitude of Palestine. Therefore, the critics said the book of Job was evidently not written in the circumstances, etc., in which the Bible puts it. Its date must be moved down to a later period when men traveled to the regions of the South.

Sir David Gill explains this. As all know the solar systems are moving through space. Astronomical calculations of their rate of progress and their present and past positions show that 3,000 years ago the Southern Cross was visible from Palestine. It was low down on the horizon but it was in plain sight in all its beauty. Therefore, the book of Job was written by one who lived about 3,000 years ago.

A minister said in a sermon in Chicago that while drinking was decreasing among the men, it was increasing among the women, and that was worse. His statement was questioned, and he undertook to make an investigation. He went to some of the leading restaurants in the city one night, saw several hundred well dressed ladies and two-thirds of them had glasses with alcoholic liquors in them?

One of the papers said that was not a fair test, for he only went to restaurants patronized by the fashionable people. But it was of ladies of means and position of whom he had spoken in his sermon. And for that reason he chose the fashionable restaurants.

What the outcome of this fearful thing will be is shown in statements which come from Berlin. The German government does all that it does with a most admirable thoroughness. When it investigates it investigates. There has been a thorough investigation into the vague complaints of the degeneracy of the German people, and the government resolved to know the truth.

This is what a medical journal in Berlin reports they found as undeniable signs of degeneracy: "The decline of the ability of women to nurse their infants, the increase of dental caries, of nervousness in children; of mental diseases, of youthful criminals; of children who are backward in study and difficult to control, the great number of epileptics and idiots, and lastly, the increasing craze for the pursuit of

pleasure."

Then the scientists set themselves with true German thoroughness and patience to investigate the cause or the causes. Prof. Gerwin, in the *Medizinsch Klinik*, gives the results. The chief cause is alcoholic drinking, especially among the mothers. He shows at length the physiological connections between the diseased cells of the bodies of drinkers and the degeneracy of their offspring.

He tells of experiments which have been tried. The scientists had eggs hatched out in air containing alcoholic vapour. The result invariably was that the chickens were weak and had epileptic fits.

They found on examining the children who were stupid at learning that they had alcoholic mothers. Almost all the child criminals had one or both parents who drank. These are the facts discovered by scientific and thorough investigations. Read over carefully that test of the proofs of degeneracy and remember that alcohol is the chief cause of them.

Could any comment add force to these cold facts? These are the more remote effects of drinking which are not always connected with it even in the minds of temperance workers. Yet these effects ought to be kept before the minds of the people. Alas! for this country if drinking increases among the women!

A writer in an exchange tells of an incident of God's answer to prayer which is interesting and helpful. It was told the writer by a merchant conducting then a large business, a man of much wealth, earned in that business.

When he first made a start in the lumber business, his capital was very limited and he found it sometimes difficult to make his payments.

On one occasion he had to meet a note in bank for \$3,000 or be ruined by having it go to protest. He had tried in every conceivable way to raise the money but when the day came had only succeeded in getting together \$2,500.

He started to his office with a heavy heart. Although he was a Christian he had never believed in special providence, and had not asked God to help him in this trouble. On the way to the office the thought flashed into his mind, and he prayed for help in his distress.

He stepped at the postoffice and found a letter from an entire stranger, containing a large order for lumber for a new mill. The stranger did not wish a stick of the lumber for three months, but he enclosed a check for \$500 for advanced payment. There was no apparent reason why the payment should have been made then at all, for the lumber if not in stock was quickly obtainable. Never before nor since had he received such an order making a payment three months before a single stick was to be delivered.

This answer to his prayer almost overpowered him. It made him a believer in special providence. That he had ever doubted special providence seems strange in view of what our Lord said of the fall of a sparrow and the numbering of the hairs.

The Professor of Homiletics in a Congregational Theological School was appointed to deliver an address at the meeting of the Congregational National Council at Cleveland. He made an address with a vengeance.

The *Advance* said of his effort:

"A more bold and bald declaration of infidelity was perhaps never before made in the presence of a religious body in this country than that which he gave to the National Council." He declared teaching that the Bible is the inspired word of God is a harmful superstition, and said there could be no atonement and there was no need of any.

The *Advance* further has this to say: "He can show more scorn in a minute for the faith that has transformed and transfigured the lives of millions of men than the most sarcastic politician can show for the opposite party in a whole campaign. He has just about all the late Col. Ingersoll's willingness to pitch into the beliefs and doctrines of the Christian religion, without the Colonel's fairness to stand on the outside while he does it."

And this man is a Theological professor! The difference between him and Ingersoll is that Ingersoll had some of the old-fashioned ideas of honesty and honor. The professor has the "progressive" idea of freedom. This means only and always freedom to require other men to pay him to teach and to preach things which those men consider false. No very exalted freedom this. No freedom consistent with a keen sense of honor, even as worldly men hold honor. But it is just what progressives mean when they shout for freedom. Men of all shades of religious belief and of no belief will have more respect for this professor if he will "stand on the outside" as Ingersoll did.

We have heard of late years much denunciation of the education of the day poured out by the irate presidents of our universities. But here is as strong a scolding from a practical man of business, Mr. N. J. West, who is among the most distinguished of engineers.

He spoke of the education which boys ought to receive before they begin the study of engineering. His wrath over the bad spelling and the execrable handwriting of the boys who come to the schools of engineering reads like the wrath of President Elliott over the same thing in boys who enter Yale.

But he was especially severe on the fact that boys had not been trained to think. Education consists in just two things—the power of concentrating attention on any subject and holding it there, and of reasoning accurately. The man who can do these two things has the highest education though he cannot read a letter. And the man who cannot is uneducated, though he can read fifty languages. It is because of this that mathematics and classics hold their high places in the training of minds.

Mr. West concluded his speech with these strong words: "It is a fact that a large number of youths leave school without the slightest idea how to reason out quite simple matters, and their powers of exercising their common sense are of the crudest description. A boy was never too young to be taught to think for himself and problems and other mathematical matters should be placed before him."

Taking it broadly it is not the boy from the larger public school but rather the one from one of the smaller public schools or from a private school who is a reasonable being. That points to the fact that the forms at many of our large public schools are too big and that in consequence a master cannot give anything approaching to individual attention to the boys under him."

EDITORIAL VARIETIES

Brothers W. H. Cooke, of Smith's Grove, and J. B. Hunt, of Glendale, were welcome visitors to our office this week. Both were looking fine and report their churches in same state of health.

Bro. J. W. Porter, Newport News, Va., also looked in on us. Bro. Porter looks happy and, as usual, has plenty of work on hand and ahead of him. We enjoy seeing our brethren at all times.

The Rev. W. R. Ivey, pastor of the First Baptist church of Maysville, Ky., tendered his resignation on November 8th. We would be sorry to lose Bro. Ivey from the State. He was the leader in the late temperance move in that city. We understand he goes to Tennessee. Our loss would be gain to Tennessee.

The Virginia Baptists are holding their anniversary meetings this week at Danville. They are making enthusiastic efforts to establish and endow a Woman's College, and are succeeding admirably. The great agency in the promotion of this work is the *Religious Herald*.

Dr. J. F. Williams, of Versailles, Ky., has been called to the pastorate of the church at Clinton, Mo., and he will doubtless accept the call from present indications. We regret to lose Bro. Williams from our State.

Union Thanksgiving services will be held by the Baptists of the city at East Baptist church. The sermon will be preached by Dr. H. A. Porter, pastor of Walnut street Baptist church.

Rev. J. H. Butler, of Marion, Ky., called at the office on the 13th to congratulate Dr. Bow. Bro. Butler is one of the RECORDER's best friends.

In the *American Citizen*, of Boston, Mass., under date of October 12, 1907, is found this peculiar item: "In Denver, Col., a Romanist priest is building what he calls a Catholic church for Protestants. He says that so many Protestants come to him to find out about Roman Catholic doctrine, that he loses much valuable time; and, therefore, he is building a church for these inquirers."

Bro. Don Singletary, of Clinton, Ky., sets a good example to other Baptists. He sends a subscription for his son, Dr. Guy Singletary, of St. Louis, Mo., and writes: "This is my youngest and last of my family to take the WESTERN RECORDER. I have been a regular subscriber for over a quarter of a century and have started all my children out in life with the Lord, the Bible and WESTERN RECORDER to guide them, the best leaders I know." No wonder God has blessed Bro. Singletary and his family.

Showing the onward progress and influence of the temperance sentiment, we notice the advertisement of many saloons in the secular papers. One of the ads contains the following: "Centrally located, under no obligation to brewery; average receipts \$50 to \$60 every day in the year, including Sunday; excellent reasons for selling." "Including Sunday." This man, at least, has been violating the law and expects it to continue under the successor.

The Rev. Victor I. Masters will be added as a member of the editorial staff of the *Religious Herald*, to be called the "Associate Editor." He is said to be a gifted newspaper man. Success to him.

Bro. Thomas Dixon, pastor of Prospect church for sixty years, the father of Rev. Thomas Dixon, the famous writer, recently protracted a meeting under a brush arbor and at the end of a week baptized forty-six members. In his old age he is still bearing fruit to the glory of God.

Kents says: "I have met with women who would like to be married to a Poem, and to be given away by a Novel." This is hard upon the women, yet is it not true? But are men any better?

Richter says: "No man can either live piously or die righteously without a wife." But is it not a fact that some who marry neither live piously nor die righteously? Some men and some women should never marry.

The *Religious Herald* truly says: "If all the millions of earth's population were to unite in a simultaneous chorus of applause for any one person, it would be less a true measure of his deserving than the quiet 'well done' of the Father in Heaven."

AMONG THE Churches.

Walnut St. (Third and St. Catherine)—Pastor Henry A. Porter: The Taking of Jericho; A Prodigal who Came Home. Two by baptism, twelve by letter.

Broadway—Bro. A. T. Robertson: The Apostle John; A Young Man That Jesus Loved.

Clifton—Pastor W. E. Foster: The Lord and Gideon; Wages of Sin. One for baptism, two by letter; five baptized; one converted.

Chestnut St.—Pastor J. M. Weaver: Church Prosperity; A Definite Prayer. One for baptism.

City Limits—Pastor N. B. Stone: steadfastness. Raised \$82.50 on a new chapel.

Eighteenth St.—Pastor Everett Rawlings: Deception.

East End Mission—Bro. Lloyd preached. Sunday-school large and interest increasing.

East—Pastor Lloyd T. Wilson: Phil. 3:12; Isaiah 53:6. Two for baptism; two by letter; one by relation. Rev. Herman Spencer Pinkham, of Somerville, Mass., is with us and is doing a fine work. He is a very strong Gospel preacher.

German—Pastor A. Jansen: Open eyes a young man's best gift; What is truth? Raised \$6 for Capt. Bickel's mission.

Hope Rescue Mission—Pastor Wm M. Bruce: Acts 4:5. Fine services in jail and workhouse. Preached at Highland church at 11 a. m., subject, "Faith."

Harrod's Creek—Pastor W. R. Hill: The Lord's Supper.

Hazelwood—Pastor Chas. B. Althoff: How to be kept; The loss that saved.

Immanuel—Pastor Thos. A. Johnson: Why does God leave us here; A question that demands immediate answer. One for baptism. One received under watch-care until letter can be secured. Offering made to Kentucky Children's Home Society.

Portland—Pastor L. W. Smith: Conversion; The new birth. Three by baptism.

Pewee Valley—Pastor J. M. Walker: Willing workers. Elected three deacons, R. T. Collins, J. M. Kirk and John B. Floyd.

Third Ave.—Pastor S. J. Cannon: Hell; Heaven. Six for baptism, eight by letter, two by relation. Meeting continues every evening at 7:30 except Saturday.

Twenty-second and Walnut—Bro. Powell: The Glorious Church; I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.

Twenty-sixth and Market—Pastor R. E. Reed: Peter's denial of Jesus; Christ and the Cross. Two baptized. Pastor returned from meeting with Sulphur Springs church, Simpson county; sixteen professions, nine baptized, two restored, one received by letter; a splendid church with a good pastor.

Jeffersonville—Pastor A. V. Sizemore: The spirit witness; Rewards for service. Two for baptism.

Culbertson Ave. (New Albany)—Pastor L. S. Clifton: Be Good but be Good for Something; Sleeping in the Church.

SEMINARY NOTES.

ARTHUR H. MAHATFEY.

It is gratifying to have the visits of any old student of the Seminary at any time, as well as visits of those who are our friends. Recently C. D. Wood, of Arkansas; J. M. Franklin, of Lynchburg, Va., and Rev. Hughes, all recent graduates of the Seminary, paid the students of New York Hall a visit.

Rev. J. M. Franklin, of Lynchburg, Va., and Miss Edith Allen, of Garrettsburg, Ky., were married Thursday, November 14th. It was quite a pleasure to their friends in Louisville to have them spend a day or two with them. After the first Sunday in December the bride and groom expect to reach Lynchburg, where Bro. Franklin is pastor of the West Lynchburg Baptist church.

Some members of the faculty were away last week. This week Dr. Mullins is attending the State Convention of Georgia and Dr. Gardner the State Convention of Arkansas. Dr. McGlothlin is away delivering a series of lectures in Jackson and Clinton, Miss.

Last Friday evening the Volunteer Band of the Seminary and the band of the Woman's Training School had a union meeting and had a very interesting address by ex-Priest Piani.

Supplies for last Sunday: Dr. Robertson, Broadway; T. Riley Davis, Waterford; G. B. Smalley, Glenview; Bro.

Lloyd, East End Mission; J. L. Barrette, Pigeon Fork, Ky.; E. E. Burdick, Thirteenth and Kentucky; W. F. Wagner, Osgood, Ind.

THE STATE.

Bro. M. L. Blankenship writes from Kensec: It is understood that Bro. J. A. Taylor of Shelbyville, Tenn., has accepted the call of the First Baptist church of Jellico, Tenn., and will take charge of the work about December 1st. At a joint meeting of the Executive Boards of East Union and Mt. Zion Associations, Dr. A. F. Baker, of Jellico, was unanimously elected Missionary Evangelist for the two Associations.

Pastor E. N. Dicken writes: Pastor W. W. Payne, of Gallatin, Tenn., assisted me in a meeting at Woodburn. Bro. Payne did the preaching, and did it well. The church was edified and greatly revived. There were three additions by letter. On the fifth of November we began a meeting in my Sulphur Spring church. Pastor R. E. Reed, of Louisville, did the preaching. He did it in an able and convincing manner. The church was delighted and greatly revived. There were sixteen professions of religion, two restored, and one received by letter. On the last day of the meeting Bro. Reed baptized nine for me, I being unable to baptize owing to my broken arm.

Pastor S. A. Owen writes: I have just closed a good meeting at Pleasant Valley church, in which I had the assistance of Rev. S. N. Mohler, of Louisville. There were about twelve conversions, twelve additions to the church, seven of them by baptism. Bro. Mohler is a fine voice-fellow in a meeting. His preaching is not sensational, but is an honest effort to give the people the truth. The Lord be praised for the blessings. He gave our church through the earnest preaching of His servant, Bro. Mohler.

Pastor J. B. Ferrell writes: I just closed a good meeting at Pleasant Valley church, in Green county, lasting twenty days, and resulting in twenty-one conversions and three restored. The church was also much revived. We raised \$60.86 for State Missions, and I think the church will soon go to two Sundays' preaching instead of one. We had State Evangelist E. W. Coakely with us, who greatly endeared himself to both pastor and church.

Bro. R. H. Spillman writes from Rex, (Zion church) Hart county: Assisted Pastor Bruce and Bro. J. G. Taylor one week at this church. There were fourteen or fifteen professions of faith, and the church revived. Went from Zion to Three Springs and preached a week and a half; twenty additions when I left. J. M. Bruce is the pastor. The meeting was a great one, and the power of God was upon the people. To God be the praise.

OTHER STATES.

Bro. T. O. Reese, Geneva, Ala., has accepted a call to the church at Hartford, Ala., and entered upon his work.

Pastor G. H. Dorris writes from Gallatin, Tenn.: I will give the full results of the Mount Pisga meeting. Thirty-three professed faith in Christ. Not one of the Sam Jones kind, just throwing up their hands in their sins and saying that "they are ready for salvation and service." But all of the thirty-three repented like I said the ten did. And the twenty-five that I baptized told the church of the conscious salvation that they received when they were "born again." (And no others ought to be received into the Baptist churches.) The ages of those baptized were from eleven to seventy years. Sickness and some other causes prevented the others being baptized. Our meeting continued three weeks; closed last Monday night. I commenced another meeting last night in Hart county.

Bro. J. D. Gunter was set apart to the full work of the Gospel ministry by the Cedar Grove church, Mo.

Keansville, N. C., rejoices over their great meeting; fourteen added to the church. Among the number were three of Pastor Jones' own boys.

Pastor R. B. Davis held a meeting in his church at Monville, Tenn., aided by Bro. L. S. Ewton. Sixty-nine were approved for baptism, two joined by letter and one was restored. The whole community became mightily stirred.

Pastor Adcock and the saints at Leesville, La., are happy. Bro. W. H. Sledge conducted their meeting and 105 were added to their fellowship. From six or seven men who would lead in prayer, the

number was increased to more than fifty. The Sunday-school was increased from sixty-five in the main school to two hundred.

The church at Bell Buckle, Tenn., closed a good meeting, with fourteen additions to the church, eleven for baptism.

A meeting at Hillsdale, Tenn., resulted in twenty-three accessions to the membership.

The meeting at West Union church, Mo., resulted in twenty additions for baptism and five by letter.

At Garfield, Ark., the meeting resulted in nineteen additions.

A meeting at Monett, Mo., closed with twenty-eight additions, twenty-two of them for baptism.

Up to latest reports, fifty-seven had united with the church at Brookfield, Mo., and the meeting continues with increasing power.

Bro. P. I. Newman has been set apart to the full work of the Gospel ministry by the church at Trenton, Mo.

DEAR RECORDER:

By request I gladly occupied Pastor W. M. Kuykendal's Mt. Zion, Todd county pulpit last Sunday in his absence assisting Pastor W. M. Vaughn in a meeting with his Caskey church, Christian county. Bro. Kuykendal has a strong hold upon the hearts of his people, and is doing a good work in the community. I enjoyed my visit, and shall be glad to repeat it again.

I spent two nights with Evangelist E. B. Farrar, who is conducting a revival meeting with Pastor B. F. Hagan's Trenton church. There had been twenty professions of faith, and sixteen had been approved for baptism. A number had expressed desire for prayers, and hopes of a great meeting were entertained. I found Pastor Hagan a most congenial and lovable brother, and the universal esteem in which he is held is most conspicuous. This fact, together with the superior qualities of his excellent wife, and charming young daughter, have won the Trenton people completely. Bro. Farrar is soon to leave this end of the State and take up Evangelistic work in Louisville. We regret to lose him, but pray for his success in his new field.

DEAR RECORDER:

We have enjoyed your weekly visits. I came here from the Seminary in June. I was preaching here then two Sundays in the month, but now I am preaching here every Sunday. We have not had our meeting yet, but we have baptized six and received as many by letter. We are to have our meeting in December, and Bro. T. T. Martin is to do the preaching. We are expecting great things.

The greatest meeting that has ever taken place in this part of the State has just closed at Greenwood, Miss., conducted by Bro. Geo. C. Cates. He is truly a great man—God's man. He preaches the old-time gospel, a bottomless hell and a topless heaven, saved from the one to the other by the blood of Jesus. If your soul is not washed in the Lamb's blood you will spend eternity in hell, but if washed in the blood of the Lamb all the devils in hell and men on earth can't keep you out of heaven. He insists on the converts in making their professions to God not to tell a lie; that Ananias told God a lie and was buried the same day. But to speak from the abundance of the heart.

Greenwood is a new city, and the country a new one.

At Bona, Miss.

DEAR RECORDER:

We have just closed a two week's meeting with our church here at Berea, Bro. A. B. Willett, pastor of the East Hickman and Providence churches, did the preaching. He preached with loving faithfulness, and the church was greatly strengthened and encouraged. Thirty were added to our number; twenty were received for baptism upon a profession of faith, one restored, and sixteen by letter. Of the twenty received for baptism two were from the Current Reformation, one from the Presbyterians and one from the Union Church (this is sometimes called the College Church, and is, so far as I know, peculiar to this town.)

I came here a little more than two years ago, and the growth of our church in that time has been most gratifying. More than one hundred have been added to the church, and by these additions the financial strength of our church has been

more than doubled. Although in the past fourteen months we have paid off an old debt, purchased a splendid bell, and improved our church property, thus expending in all over \$400, the mission spirit so abounds that we have raised nearly four times as much for missions as ever before in our history. The Lord be praised for His goodness to us, and may He continue His loving favor, in my earnest prayer.

AMOS STOUT.

DEAR RECORDER:

I have just closed a good meeting at Little Bethel church, in which I had the able assistance of my brother, C. S. Gregston, of Princeton. This is the third time he has been with me there in succession, and he has not lost any of his influence over the people by being there so often. The church was greatly revived and strengthened by his strong gospel sermons. Results, seven additions by experience and baptism, one by letter, and one restored. My brother went from us to Cherokee Springs to assist Bro. R. W. Morehead in a two-weeks' meeting. We pray the Lord will greatly bless them there. It is now my intention to go to Watonga, Oklahoma, to take charge of the church there, and I begin my work with them the first Sunday in January.

Yours truly,
C. H. GREGSTON.

DEAR RECORDER:

I wish to congratulate the editor on his promotion to the editorial staff of Southern Baptists' best paper. I have been at Pleasant Grove, Daviess county, six miles from Owensboro, in an eight days' meeting with Rev. T. M. Morton, in which there were forty-nine additions to the church, forty of whom were by baptism. Bro. Morton is one of our best men, and is doing splendid work for our denomination. He has many splendid gifts. His church at Pleasant Grove is located in one of the best farming sections of the State. The bluegrass section of the State cannot excel it for productiveness. The church has already voted to build a new church in the early spring. They have a desire to do something worthy of their cause, and will erect a modern church. It is a delight to visit such a community. They have asked me to dedicate the new church, and I have promised.

Very fraternally,
W. M. Wood.

Covington, Ky.

DEAR RECORDER:

Please announce our Furman banquet to be held in Atlanta on the 28th. Any of Furman's sons in your State are invited to be present or send letters of greeting. The banquet will be held in the dining hall of Cox College, College Park, suburb of Atlanta, and two hundred college girls will sit down as our guests. We hope to have five hundred Baptists present.

If any of her sons in your State wish to attend, send one dollar for plate, and communicate with a member of the Committee as early as possible.

Sincerely yours,
SIDNEY C. TAPP.

Atlanta, Ga.

FROM BROWN UNIVERSITY.

The John Carter Brown Library has just made several very interesting purchases abroad. At the auction sale of the Earl of Sheffield's library, it secured a very rare tract relating to King Philip's War, printed in London 1676. This was the first published account of the "Great Swamp Fight" which broke the

Wonderful Success Of "Actina" IN THE TREATMENT OF AFFLICTIONS OF THE EYE

Every person with impaired eyesight or suffering from weak or diseased eyes should write for latest free booklet, entitled "Positive Evidence."

The records of phenomenal "cures" by the "Actina" treatment, as described therein, by grateful patients themselves—names and addresses given—will satisfy the most skeptical that "Actina" is not only a remarkable, simple and harmless invention, but restores eyesight even after specialists have pronounced cases incurable.

Following are a few of the successes produced by "Actina," but more fully described in free booklet.

A Chicago gentleman after suffering twelve months with inflammation of the iris, used "Actina" a few weeks. He says he can now see as well and as far as anybody.

An Iowa lady writes that after being under treatment of specialists for fifteen years, "Actina" completely restored her eyesight and she no longer uses glasses. Astigmatism and granulated iris impaired the eyesight of a Hartford (Conn.) lady. Specialists failed to cure. As a last resort, against advice of friends, she tried "Actina." She writes: "For many months I have written almost daily without glasses. No more pain in my eyes and drooping eyelids is restored."

"Actina" removed a cataract from the eye of an Oklahoma lady; relieved the closure of a tear duct for a well-known Chicago lady, and in scores of instances people have been able to discard eyeglasses through the faithful use of "Actina." To get an idea of the enthusiasm of our patients the entire letters as printed in our book should be read.

"Actina" is made on common sense principles. Its simplicity, effectiveness and lasting qualities will appeal to anyone that will investigate. Let us send you one or two weeks' trial. Use it as often as you please and if you are not benefited, or for any other reason are dissatisfied, send it back and no charge will be made. Write today. Address Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 88W, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

power of the Narragansett Indians in Southern Rhode Island, and it completes the library's set of the original thirteen narratives containing the contemporaneous accounts of the Indian war which so nearly destroyed the New England settlements. The John Carter Brown Library can now boast the only complete collection of these tracts in any single library. At this same sale the library obtained two very rare Virginia tracts—one describing a severe tempest in 1667, and the other giving a report of the Indian troubles ten years later. In addition to these purchases, the library has received a large invoice of books from Paris, which are of unusual interest in the facts that they show regarding French interest in the early United States, the working of trans-Atlantic business, and West Indian matters.

Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, of New York, has presented to Brown University, in honor of her father, Colonel William Goddard, late chancellor of the university, a Memorial Gate to be placed at the entrance to the campus on George street, near Rhode Island Hall. Mrs. Iselin will have the iron work made by Italian artists while she is in Italy during the coming winter. It is especially gratifying to the university to have the memorial to William Goddard, since there is now nothing on the campus which bears his name. Although he was a most generous giver, none of his gifts except his portrait in Sayles Hall, can serve as a memorial, and it will give peculiar pleasure to all his friends to have his long career and valuable service recalled by some visible structure.

BURNING WOOD

Is a Great Fancy These Days Among Women Folks

It's instructive, as well as a good thing to pass away leisure hours. And, my, what pretty, useful and appreciative Christmas Gifts of Burnt Wood make—and they are very inexpensive. We have just issued a catalog of pyrography goods, or wood to burn. This catalog contains a world of novelties in wood to burn, burning outfits and sundries for burning wood. We will be pleased to send you this catalog FREE OF CHARGE. Just send us your name and tell us where you saw this ad, and you will receive the catalog by return mail.

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A NURSERY SONG.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

Now take off his stockings,
And take of his shoes;
How happy he looks,
How softly he coos.
Undo all the fastenings,
I'll off the long clothes;
There he is, pink and white,
Like a newly-blown rose.

Throw him into the tub
While the pure water flashes;
How he frolics and laughs,
How he tumbles and splashes.
All jimple and buoy,
All motion and curve;
It's a great pity, baby,
That dress is a duty.

Take him out of the water,
He mustn't stay long;
Put on his white gown,
And sing him a song.
Then open his crib,
It's own little crib,
His own little nest;
And give him a kiss
From the one he loves best.

What a pretty white bed—
What a darling within it;
His lashes are drooping,
He's off in a minute.
Be careful, don't wake him,
I'm going away;
'Tis the first time I've taken
A long breath today.—*The Pansy.*



WHERE THE ROSES LED.

BY MADEL NELSON THURSTON.

From her shop window Miss Loann Peckham saw the new minister coming up the path, and a curious expression came about her lips. She was a small, sandy woman, with penetrating grey eyes under the dusty lashes, and a manner of business-like brevity. She had the name in the village of being close-fisted, although always scrupulously honest. Everybody trusted Loann Peckham, but nobody ever thought of running in to "visit" with her in the homely neighborhood fashion.

At the minister's knock she slipped through the shop and opened the side door into her little sitting-room. The whole room was full of roses. They all were crowded tightly into "bunches" and jammed into blue and purple vases, yet not even so could they lose entirely their birthright of beauty, and their fragrance wandered freely.

Miss Loann gave the minister the best chair and took her seat stiffly opposite. He talked easily of one thing after another; she answered with brief monosyllables. In the dim room he did not see the red climbing higher and higher and higher in her thin cheeks. So it was a surprise when she suddenly took the conversation.

"You know that sermon that you preached last Sunday, about there being joy for everybody if they'd take it?"

"Yes," replied the minister.

"Well, 'tain't so—that's all. I wanted to tell you so then; I wanted to get right up in meetin' and say it to your face. It's leading folks astray—that 'tis. I ain't sayin' you meant to. You're young, and it hasn't come to you yet. But I guess I know. It ain't true."

"I think that I don't quite understand," the minister answered quietly.

The woman opposite him drew a hard breath; her words came angrily:

"And I ain't the only one, either. There's that Hawkins girl—I watched her Sunday while you was preachin'. She looked as if she'd like to bite somebody, an' I knew just how she felt. There she is, both parents dead—not that I should think that counted much, for they was a shiftless pair as ever was, but I s'pose 'twas somethin' to her—an' she livin' with an uncle that's got a houseful of his own, an' at their beck an' call the whole time. She goes 'round lookin' like a ragbag, an' her face as peaked as if she didn't have more'n a meal a week.

"Then there's Mis' Bailey—her husband an' boys all gone, an' jest Har-

riet left to be a burden an' a care."

"And yet," the minister interrupted, "Mrs. Bailey came and thanked me for that sermon after church, Miss Peckham."

"I guess the Hawkins girl didn't," said Miss Loann, grimly.

"No," he replied, seriously, "the Hawkins girl didn't." He had risen to go, but remained standing a minute. "And yet, do you know," he said, with his warm, winning smile, "I can not retract my sermon. I believe that God sends happiness to us every day of our lives if we would but see it. I believe that it has been at your door today, and will come again tomorrow, and the day after, and the day after that. But that is not the last word; if it should be that there are souls to whom God has denied happiness, there is never one upon whom he is not longing to bestow a higher gift, and that is Victory."

He opened the door as he spoke, and the brilliant June beauty flooded the room. "Your roses are so beautiful, Miss Peckham—I don't know any in the village like them. You must enjoy giving your tenth of such exquisite harvests."

Miss Loann stared at him if she did not understand. "My tenth—of roses!"

"Why, yes," he laughed. "You didn't suppose that the command applied only to farmers did you?"

"But I never have given any," she said, bluntly.

"Then," answered the minister, with a laugh in his eyes, "what a great deal you have to pay up, Miss Peckham!"

Five minutes later the minister was almost out of sight down the green-arched street, but Miss Peckham still stood as he had left her among the roses.

They were her roses—the one beautiful thing in her life. Besides, how could she give them? She couldn't go round offering them to people, and folks never asked for any—that is, not often; a sudden memory of the answer she had given Mrs. Babbitt's little girl, when her mother sent her for a few flowers one day when she expected company, rose and condemned her. She had never liked Mrs. Babbitt, and she had told the child sharply to tell her mother that when she put flowers in her store she'd have them to sell, and not till then. When she put flowers in her store—well, why shouldn't she—not to sell, but to give to any one who cared for them? The more she thought of it, the more the idea seemed to please her.

She brought out her garden scissors and cut a great armful of blossoms. She had no vase that would hold them, so she put them into her largest mixing bowl and set them on her counter.

But when six o'clock came—Miss Loann always closed her shop at six—the perplexity was as large as before; for through the whole long summer afternoon the shop bell had jingled but once, and that was Teddy Morley, whose mother had sent him for a spool of number sixty black cotton; and Teddy's anxiety to get the errand done as speedily as possible was so very evident that she did not dare offer roses. She stood looking down at the flowers after she had locked her store door and closed the shutters.

"Guess it's likely happiness will be coming along to my door today," she said, ironically. "I guess—" She stopped short, staring in amazement. There was some one on her doorstep!

"If 'tain't that Hawkins girl!" she exclaimed. For one second Miss Loann had a glimpse of a face looking over to the roses that she never would have recognized; the next moment the Hawkins girl was staring at her with the familiar frown.

"I wasn't hurting your old flowers," she said, defiantly. "I guess anybody can look at 'em."

Miss Loann spoke hurriedly, before her courage should forsake her: "You can have some, if you want. They bloom better if you cut them," she added, lamely.

"You mean it honest?" the girl cried, incredulously.

"Yes, I do," Miss Loann returned. The girl drew a long breath. Then the light died from her face, and she shook her head.

"'Twouldn't be any use. I ain't got any place to put 'em. They'd be torn to pieces in five minutes, at—where I live."

A strange sympathy swept across her; she knew so well what it meant to be alone and left out. She stepped down and opened the garden gate. "Mebbe you'd like to come in," she said. "You can stay just as long as you want to. It ain't botherin' any."

The girl gave her one swift look, then, without a word, slipped into the beautiful, welcoming place.

"You don't know anybody that would like to have some flowers, do you?"

"There's Mis' Bailey," she said; she likes 'em awfully, but she can't have

a garden because Harriet pulls things up."

"Well, there!" Miss Loann exclaimed in intense relief; "I dunno why I didn't think of her. Can you take her some when you go back? I'll bring you the scissors to cut them."

"I'd like to," the girl cried, eagerly, "Mis' Bailey's good—she is!"

Miss Loann nodded, and hurried into the house. A minute later she appeared at the side door with the scissors.

"How many shall I cut?" the girl inquired.

"Enough to make a big bunch," Miss Loann responded, promptly.

As Miss Loann stepped about her kitchen she kept glancing out into the garden. The Hawkins girl was tiptoeing about as if she were in a parlor. Once Miss Loann saw her kiss a rose. She cut very slowly, and only after long deliberation. Miss Loann had an inspiration.

"Don't you want to fill my vases?" she asked. "I dunno's I'll get time today."

"I'd just love to," the girl replied.

Miss Loann nodded. "You can come an get them when you're through there," she said; "then you'll know where to set them. Don't you want to come in to supper?"

She stood aghast at herself when the words were out; she hadn't had the least idea that she was going to say them; she wondered in dismay how she could talk to the Hawkins girl at the table. It seemed easy out in the garden, but anywhere else!

But she need not have worried. The Hawkins girl shook her head hastily. "No'm, I couldn't," she said; "I guess I've got to be getting back. But I'd love to fill your vases first."

So while Miss Loann sat eating, the Hawkins girl filled the vases. When she brought them in, Miss Loann looked at them in amazement.

"Why, you've fixed them all loose!" she exclaimed. "And only one color in each. I never thought about doing them that way."

"Don't you like them?" the girl asked, anxiously. "I didn't know how you did it, so I tried to fix them the way they look growing. I thought they'd hate to be crowded all in together; seem's if they must feel about it like people. But I can fix 'em over if you tell me how."

"I don't want them fixed over," Miss Loann returned, promptly. The sentiment was one that appealed to her sympathy.

The Hawkins girl picked up Mrs. Bailey's roses; her old air of indifference had fallen suddenly upon her. "Well, I guess I'll be going," she said. She hesitated a moment, flushing darkly; politeness had so seldom been demanded by the exigencies of her poor little life that she didn't know how to achieve it.

"I—I'm real obliged to you for lettin' me come in," she stammered, finally.

Miss Loann was busy over her roses, and did not glance up. "Don't you want to come tomorrow?" she asked. "You can just reach over and unlatch the gate, and come in any time you feel like it."

The Hawkins girl stood and looked at her. "Any time?" he replied.

"That's what I said," Miss Loann returned, briskly.

"But mebbe—s'posin' 'twas every day?"

"Well?" Miss Loann responded.

The Hawkins girl stood as if petrified, the color deepening in her face; suddenly, without a word, the gate had slammed behind her, and she was gone.

The next morning she did come, and the morning after that; before two weeks had passed, she had become as regular a visitor to the garden as daybreak itself. By slow degrees, with many relapses into embarrassing monosyllabic periods, the two began to know each other. Before a month was over the Hawkins girl had divined Miss Loann's intent in regard to her flowers and was carrying them to sick or tired or lonely ones all over the village. Somehow—Miss Loann could not in the least understand, how it was—people seemed to have changed; they stopped to chat when they came for needles and ribbons, they even began to drop in to "set a while," and twice within ten days Miss Loann had been invited out to tea.

So the summer grew happier and happier, and Miss Loann for the first time in her life was too busy to notice the passing of the flowers. It was when she found the Hawkins girl standing a desolate, lonely figure in frost-blackened garden one morning, that she suddenly realized that the summer had vanished and the summer's guest would follow. A sudden wave of loneliness swept upon her.

The Hawkins girl looked up at her, trying to smile. "I Guess there won't be any good of my coming any more," she said.

Then, at last, Miss Loann knew with a strange, wonderful certainty. She didn't even ask; she said it with a triumphant ring in her voice: "No, there ain't any need of comin' for any more, because you ain't goin' away. You're going to live with me, and go to school and have a good time like other girls. I never had any folks in my life, since I can remember. You're going to stay and be my folks."

The Hawkins girl stood before her, perfectly still. "Miss Loann," she said slowly, "I'd work my fingers off for you."

Miss Loann laughed. Nobody would have noticed that her hair was sandy and her lashes dust-colored, so transformed was she by the great magician, Joy.

"No, you'll not!" she declared. "I've worked all my life, and I couldn't stop if I tried; but it's going to be different with you. You're going to be a girl. You're going to have pretty dresses on 'good times, an' go about like other girls. I never had any of those things when I was young, but you're goin' to have them for me."

It was an afternoon a few weeks later that the minister called. Miss Loann greeted him brightly. The little sitting-room was flooded with autumn sunshine, and, though the garden was bare, geraniums and begonias made cheer at all the windows. There was the sound of girls' voices upstairs, and once a peal of merry laughter in half a dozen different keys.

Miss Loann looked at the minister.

"You know that sermon on happiness you preached last summer?"

"Yes?" he said expectantly.

"I wish you'd preach it over some Sunday," she replied. "I was thinking just the other day I'd like to hear it again."—*Forward.*

THEIR "PLEDGE"—A TRUE THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY KATE UPSON CLARKE.

Looking at the pretty farmhouse of the Reeds you would have said that there could not be any trouble in such a delightful spot. It stood on a knoll. Not far away were several maples and tall pines. There was a pleasant piazza, and vines twined around them. Back of the house and on either side stretched a fine, fertile farm. In and out of the doors of this cottage frolicked all day long the three Reed boys. Their names were DeWitt, James and Warren, and there were no brighter, merrier children to be found.

Yet a terrible shadow hung over this beautiful home, and on a certain Thanksgiving morning, about twenty years ago, Mrs. Reed, as she moved about her neat kitchen, preparing the Thanksgiving dinner, was weeping. She did not mean that anybody should see how badly she felt; but suddenly DeWitt, who was ten years old and very observing, came bursting in at the door. She wiped her eyes and tried to put on her usual look, but he had seen the tears.

"What's the matter?" he cried, with a sharp pain in his voice.

"Never mind, dear," she said, smiling. "Get the hammer, or whatever it is that you want, and run out again. It is Thanksgiving Day—and we must think only of our mercies."

"I saw you crying the other day, too," the boy went on. "It was in the arbor, when you were shelling the beans out there. You didn't know that I saw you, but I did. Say, mother, 'lowering his voice—"is it—is it—father?"

"You must not talk about it," she said, hurriedly. "There he comes now. You must laugh and play. He will not like it if you don't."

Mr. Reed's heavy step sounded just outside the door and the boy, after a moment's hesitation, ran away. Mr. Reed's voice was loud and tremulous and his face was red. It was easy to guess that he was a drunkard. Seeing him, anybody could understand his good wife's tears.

DeWitt went slowly back to the barn where he had been playing with his brother. He remembered when his father had been very different and when his mother had laughed and sung from morning to night. He thought of the loads of apples which he had helped his father to pick over and take to the cider-press; and of the barrels of cider which were growing "hard" and "strong" in the cellar. He thought of the great demijohn of whiskey which his father kept in a certain closet, and how he himself had liked to scrape the sugar from the bottom of the glass in which his father mixed his "sling." He remembered, too, how his mother had looked very white when she saw him, and how she had whispered, "Please don't."

There was so much going on all the time, and he had been so busy in school that he had not had time to think of all these things. Now he could see that his father was getting worse very fast—and it was making his mother cry! It was no

wonder that DeWitt looked sober as he opened the barn door. Of course, the others noticed it at once.

"What's up?" cried little Warren, jumping down from a great hay-mow almost upon DeWitt's head. Warren was only eight, but he was very thoughtful. "Is the mortgage going to be closed up, or whatever you call it?"

"I wouldn't wonder," said DeWitt, gravely.

James had been jumping on the hay, too, but presently they all stopped and sat down together, talking in low tones, and with a worried look on their faces.

None of them fully understood what a mortgage was, but they knew that it was something dreadful, in their mother's opinion. They knew, too, that within a few years the Reed family had come to possess one, and that "interest" had to be paid on it. They knew that if this interest was not paid that they would sooner or later have to lose their pleasant home.

Even little Warren dimly connected this chain of terrible facts with the right cause; for he put in briskly, while his brothers were talking, "Mother said not to drink the cider out of father's pitcher."

As they talked, the boys grew soberer and soberer. If they had not soon heard their father's voice calling them in to dinner they might all have fallen to crying.

That night, when their mother went upstairs with them at bedtime, they all knelt together and said their prayers. It had been her custom when these were done, to undress Warren, while the other boys undressed themselves. Then she would lie down for a few moments beside each one, and talk softly with him about the events of the day.

Something had kept her, during these talks, from speaking of anything which might seem to condemn her husband. It had been like a knife to her soul, to see her beautiful boys drinking from the cider pitcher, and scraping, with zest, the sugar from their father's tumbler.

"But if I forb'd them, how can I enforce obedience?" she had said to herself. "I must not take any stand until I can hold it. And I must not nag them constantly. If I do, my words will have no weight."

So their wise mother had delayed, giving only an occasional word of counsel and reproof on the subject which most tried her soul. She prayed for help and guidance, and it came.

To-night, she saw that the boys acted strangely. They looked at each other meaningly. Several times they made disjointed remarks to each other which she could not understand.

At last, they were all in bed. She felt that her time had come. To-night she must speak. It had been the most trying day of her life. Her husband had lain almost ever since dinner in a drunken stupor upon the couch. She felt as though she could bear no more. She must speak plainly to her boys.

Before she could speak a word, DeWitt said: "Is it time now, fellers?"

"Yes!" they cried.

And from under his pillow the dear little eldest brother produced a piece of coarse, torn brown wrapping paper, carefully, but not quite neatly folded.

"Read it, mother!" he commanded joyously.

"Taking it to the lamp, she read, scrawled in a big, boyish hand, these words: "Pledge. We ain't never going to drink no cider. DeWitt Reed, James Reed, Warren Reed, 8 cents."

"You see," said James, "we thought we'd give you some Thanksgiving."

Happy tears rolled down their mother's face, as she kissed and thanked them all.

"But what does the '8 cents' mean?" she asked them.

"Oh, if any one of us does drink cider, he has got to pay the others eight cents," laughed DeWitt.

"Trouble after trouble came upon us," Mrs. Reed was in the habit of saying in later times. "We lost our pleasant home—and for years we scarcely knew from one day to another where we were to get our daily bread. But the joy of that happy Thanksgiving made all those sorrows light. For my boys kept their 'pledge,' and that rough, torn scrap of brown paper is the dearest thing that I own, and will be till I die."—*Christian Works.*

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STORIES FOR LITTLE ONES

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

When the first class in geography was called, Polly Carter stepped out into the aisle and up to the front with the other children, her shoes squeaking at every step? The girls smiled at each other.

To be sure, they did not mean to be unkind, but Polly Carter was a new girl, her people had just moved to the old farmhouse on the marsh road.

"I'm glad you're the one that lives her way," said one of the other girls to Dorothy May, when school was over. "You'll have to walk home with her and be polite. My, don't her shoes squeak!"

Dorothy's face flushed, and she poked the dirt in front of the school house step with her slim little shoe. "I guess I sha'n't walk with her!" she pouted. "I don't like squeaky shoes any more than the rest of you!"

The teacher had been talking to Polly Carter; they thought she was out of hearing, but just at that minute she walked out of the door with her head held high, and hurried along the broad walk toward the corner.

"There, she heard what you said," whispered one of the other children.

Then they all ran off up the road, followed by the teacher.

"Come along with us and get some blueberries!" But Dorothy did not stir. Her way led by the board walk toward the corner, and she did not seem to care much for blueberries just then.

"If she heard, I can't help it," said Dorothy, as she started slowly along. "Nobody ought to wear such squeaky shoes."

When she had almost reached the corner, Dorothy's foot slipped where there was a broken place in the board. Her foot slid into the rough hole, and her poor little ankle had a twist that hurt. The foot would not come out. "Won't somebody help me? Won't somebody help me?" cried Dorothy.

Suddenly, squeak! squeak! came the sound of hurrying steps.

"What's the matter?" asked Polly Carter. Her eyes were red, but her round, freckled face look pleasant. "Is your foot caught? I'll get it out."

One strong, little hand pulled the board up just enough for the other hand to lift out the poor foot.

"You've hurt it, twisted it so," said Polly Carter. "You sit down and let me look at it. Oh, your ankle's all swollen! You can't wear that shoe home."

She hesitated a moment; then she sat down and put her shoe on Dorothy's lame foot. "I'll go bare-foot—I don't mind a bit. Now you stand up, and I'll put my arm round you, so you won't have to bear your weight on that foot."

"Polly Carter," said Dorothy, with a little catch in her voice. I'm just as ashamed! I'm going to love you, and I shall love squeaky shoes, too, forever, after this!"

Polly Carter laughed as she put her arm around Dorothy. "You needn't," she said. "Mine won't squak when father has had a chance to fix them. I don't like squeaky shoes a bit, but sometimes I like

people that are in them—that is, when they are kind."

"So do I," said Dorothy, squeezing her arm.—Elizabeth L. Gould, in *Youth's Companion*.

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Other people notice your bad breath where you would not notice it at all. It is nauseating to other people to stand before them and while you are talking, give them a whiff or two of your bad breath. It usually comes from food fermenting on your stomach. Sometimes you have it in the morning,—that awful sour, bilious, bad breath. You can stop that at once by swallowing one or two Stuart Charcoal Lozenges, the most powerful gas and odor absorbers ever prepared.

Sometimes your meals will reveal themselves in your breath to those who talk with you. "You've had onions," or "You've been eating cabbage," and all of a sudden you blush in the face of your friend. Charcoal is a wonderful absorber of odors, as every one knows. That is why Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges are so quick to stop all gasses and odors of odorous foods, or gas from indigestion.

Don't use breath perfumes. They never conceal the odor, and never absorb the gas that causes the odor. Besides, the very fact of using them reveals the reason for their use. Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges in the first place stop for good all sour brash and belching of gas, and make your breath pure, fresh and sweet, just after you've eaten. Then no one will turn his face away from you when you breathe or talk: your breath will be pure and fresh, and besides your food will taste so much better to you at your next meal. Just try it.

Charcoal does other wonderful things, too. It carries away from your stomach and intestines, all the impurities there massed together and which causes the bad breath. Charcoal is a purifier as well as an absorber.

Charcoal is now by far the best, most easy and mild laxative known. A whole boxful will do no harm; in fact, the more you take the better. Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges are made of pure willow charcoal and mixed with just a faint flavor of honey to make them palatable for you, not too sweet. You just chew them like candy. They are absolutely harmless.

Get a new, pure, sweet breath, freshen your stomach for your next meal, and keep the intestines in good working order. These two things are the secret of good health and long life. You can get all the charcoal necessary to do these wonderful but simple things by getting Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges. We want you to test these little wonder workers yourself before you buy them. So send us your full name and address for a free sample of Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges. Then after you have tried the sample, and been convinced, go to your druggist and get a 25c box of them. You'll feel better all over more comfortable, and "cleaner" inside.

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THE FOOLISH ROSE.

While I was walking in the garden one bright morning, a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves a-flutter. Now that is the way flowers talk, so I pricked up my ears and listened.

Presently an elder tree said: "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen all together, for they were like some children who always say 'Why' when they are told to do anything.

The elder said: "If you don't they'll gobble you up."

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose who shook off all but one, and she said to herself: "O, that's a beauty; I keep that one."

The elder overheard her and called: "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings afterwards I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her. Her beauty was gone; she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dew drops on the tattered leaves.

"Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me."

One sin indulged has ruined many a boy and girl. This is an old story, but a true lesson.—*Morning Star*.

A LOST SHOEMAKER.

In a village near the sea coast in the south of England, there lived, a year or two ago, a self-righteous old shoemaker. One day, after a long conversation with him, I perceived that all I said was of no use, and, pausing for a moment, lifted up my heart in prayer to God that He would help me to set forth the truth so as to strike the conscience. With my cane I then drew a line on the sand of the cottage floor, and, looking up, said, "Do you see that line?" He had watched my action, wondering what I was about, and answered, "Yes, sir." "Well, then, mark," said I. "On this side is death, loss, hell, darkness, damnation, Satan. On the other side is life, peace, heaven, light, salvation, God. On which side of the line are you, my friend?" I paused, perceiving that I had at length caught his attention. Then, on my repeating, "On which side are you?" he slowly replied, "On the lost side!" "I am not sorry to hear you say so," I continued. "These are the first words of truth concerning yourself that I have heard you utter; and as you are on the lost side, there is only one other side on which you can be, and that is the saved. Altogether lost now, you may be at once and forever saved by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. His own words are, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' The old shoemaker found this true by blessed experience, and now he has gone to be forever with the Lord. My dear reader, let me ask on which side are you?"

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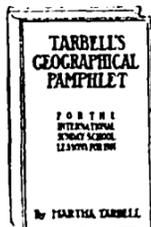
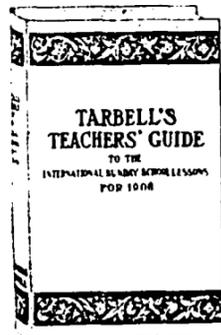
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THE TEXAS BAPTIST STATE CONVENTION.

On November 7th this great body of Baptists met in San Antonio in their annual convention.

Dr. R. C. Buckner was re-elected President of the Convention. Owing to the meeting being held in the extreme southern part of the State and also to the financial crisis in the country, the attendance was not as large as usual, yet the interest and enthusiasm ran very high.

Dr. W. S. Splawn, of Bonham, preached the annual sermon. He was preaching when your scribe arrived at the great Market Hall, where the meeting was held. His theme pertained to the power of the churches in the Apostolic age.

The reports on the various phases of the missions were inspiring, as well as the reports on education, their Seminary, Orphans' Home and Sanitarium. Collections seemed to be the order of the day and the subscriptions rolled up until in amazement we would almost hold our breath. The subscriptions for the Buckner Orphans' Home amounted to nearly \$25,000, and for the Sanitarium and their Theological Seminary ran up into the tens of thousands. The most unique affair was the discussions and the exercises following the report on State Missions. They had raised over \$104,000 for State Missions the past year, and they had a regular jubilee over the results of the year's work. They sang and laughed and cried, shook hands and hugged. Finally, when order was restored and it looked like things might settle down to a normal state, Bro. West got the floor and in a touching speech he presented Dr. J. B. Gambrell, the Superintendent of Missions, a handsome gold watch.

Dr. Gambrell said: "It was a rear attack I was not prepared for. Sit down now and I will say something. You will all have to come to time." He then paid a well deserved compliment to Mrs. Gambrell, who had kept tab on affairs in the office, and, like the Kentucky Secretary, realized that much of the success attending the work was due to the better half. Then Mrs. Gambrell was presented with a purse containing \$50 in gold.

Texas do not do things by halves. The onlooker feels like joining in the jubilation and almost forgets he is not one of them. Time would fail me to tell of the many ex-Kentuckians we met in Texas. How much Texas owes to Kentucky will never be known. We found many staunch friends to the old reliable, safe and sound WESTERN RECORDER.

We left before adjournment, but the opinion was that the convention would meet next year in Dallas.

J. G. Bow.

STATE MISSION FACTS.

WM. D. POWELL, COR. SEC.

Our Missionaries and Evangelists during the past six months have had 1,180 conversions, 783 baptisms, 434 added by letter and 95 by relation. That is a fine showing. God is blessing our labors abundantly.

ENLARGEMENT.

Our force of workers must be increased. We want more evangelists, more missionaries and more colporters. The last General Association ordered the Board to expend \$30,000 in State Mission work and we must do it. When we have done that economically all

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HOUSES OF WORSHIP.

Missionary Gates is finishing a magnificent house of worship in Mt. Olivet. It is acknowledged to be the finest house in the county. Such a house was made possible by ex-Senator Kenton giving \$1,000 and his son, Judge Kenton, giving \$500. Others are following nobly and if every member will do his duty there will be no debt. The whole State is watching Mt. Olivet. This church has one of the best Sunday-schools in Kentucky.

Evangelist Smith is now holding a meeting in the mountains, far from any railroad, at a county-seat where they are trying to build a Baptist church. Keep your eye on him! He is likely to send us good news.

Evangelist Farrar is closing one of the best meetings held in Trenton in many years. His next meeting will be in a famous mountain town.

Evangelist McFarland has just closed a glorious meeting at Polard, Ky., in the mountains. There were sixteen accessions and over \$100 given for State Missions.

Evangelist Argabrite is rejoicing over a great meeting he has just closed with Bullittsburg church, the mother of churches. There were ten for baptism, two by letter and the church thoroughly awakened.

Missionary Owens writes of a fine meeting Evangelist Coakley has just held at Rocky Ford church. There were ten baptisms and eight by restoration and renewal.

Missionary Owens is now holding a meeting at Flat Lick, in Pulaski county.

Missionary Martin is striving to conclude the meeting house at Paintsville.

Our State Missionaries must often endure for Christ's sake. The school trustees at Pikeville refuse to allow the Baptists to keep a Sunday-school any longer in the school house. Baptists of Kentucky give us the money to help those people build a house of worship!

Missionary Howerton is rejoicing over a fine meeting at Olive Hill.

Prestonsburg has a school, now we must build a Baptist church there.

When you are reading these lines the Secretary will be aiding one of our missionaries to pay off an indebtedness on a new church so that it can be dedicated.

A mountain colporter has secured a lot for a Baptist church. \$400 in cash and \$600 in pledges. They will need some help.

DEAR RECORDER:

When I was apprised of the changes that had been made in connection with the WESTERN RECORDER, the Baptist Book Concern and the State Secretaryship, I was both pleased and displeased. I am well pleased with the selection you have made for editor. In my humble judgment, there are few men in the State, or out, who would have met with a more hearty welcome to this most important place left vacant by the death of Dr. Eaton than Calvin Thompson. Strong in intellect, brave in utterance, sane, sober and safe in thought, making few statements to be taken back, indeed a safe leader, one in whose soundness of wisdom and good judgment I feel we may all trust. May the Blessings of the Most High rest upon him as he takes up this great and important work.

And now while I am so well pleased with this choice, and very much displeased when apprised of Dr. Bow's resignation as State Secretary, for, with all due respect to the noble Secretaries who have preceded him, and the splendid choice in the man who shall succeed him, Dr. Powell, there are few men who have wrought more nobly and valiantly than J. G. Bow. Yet I was much pleased when I received the intelligence that Dr. Bow had been made business manager of this great paper. Certainly under the leadership of these wise and safe leaders the dear old RECORDER will remain as it has been for more than a quarter of a century the strongest denominational paper in all our Southland.

The first paper that I have any recollection of being in our home thirty odd years ago was the WESTERN RECORDER. I would feel as if I had lost a very dear friend and a mighty safe guide were I to have to give it up.

So once again we ask the divine favors of Heaven to be upon it in the great work of "contending earnestly for the faith once for all delivered unto the saints."

And now a word in regard to the other change that has been made, that of State Secretary. While I confess that I was somewhat displeased with the removal of our Dr. Powell from the State evangelistic work, for in that work he wrought nobly. I am very much pleased that so strong a man was

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available, and could be secured as State Secretary to take up the work where Dr. Bow lays it down. I know of no other man anywhere in whose hands I had rather see this office than in the hands of Dr. Powell, and inasmuch as Dr. Bow knew no weariness or ever seemed to become tired until the State is in so prosperous a condition along all missionary lines, our new Secretary will have to, and I am sure he will, be wide awake, for he, too,

has learned how to bring things to pass, since he has been in Kentucky.

May the blessings of the Lord be upon him in all his labors.

L. B. ARVIN.

He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not reveals a character of strength and probity. A dodger is always a weakling.

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This is not theory; it is fact. Or if it is theory, it is based on a real experience which has sounded, if not the depths, at least the deeps of trial. This is said not to make parade of sorrow, but simply in illustration of a great truth and for the greater glory of God. Since our last Thanksgiving Day I have felt something of the thick darkness known only to those who have seen what was dearest to them, and seemed most necessary not only to their happiness but to their very existence, pass out of mortal sight forever. But never for a moment could I find it in heart or reason to question him who, in spite of all appearances, is always the supremely good and wise God, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort.

And I am thankful—thankful for life and home and friends; for my work; for heaven, which has become quite as much a reality as earth; for the joys and sorrows that reciprocally help each other; for the dear hearts loved long since and lost awhile, but living still; thankful for being thankful.

A few years since, I called on a

parishioner of mine, a man who had long been recognized as one of the leaders of religious journalism in this country. He was quite ill, though neither he himself nor his friends supposed he was in any immediate danger—a belief which was found to be without foundation. Though a man of great activity and ambitious to excel at the work to which he had given his life and which he almost passionately loved, he was accepting his enforced removal from his desk with something more than stoical resoluteness. He was sitting by a window overlooking the busy street when I arrived, and appeared to be in deep meditation. I was quite at a loss to know what to say, when he began the conversation somewhat abruptly with the words: "I know why I am here; it is to learn how to be thankful. As I sit here and look at the crowds passing, I wonder how many remember to be grateful. This is the trouble with all of us; we are too busy to think of our blessings."

A few months later I found him dying with a combination of diseases which, besides causing intense pain, had wrenched and twisted his body almost beyond recognition. His condition was truly pitiable. But between the paroxysms of pain he managed, with many pauses, to say: "There's one thing I know: the Lord does take care of us." That seemed to me then, and seems to me now, to represent about all the philosophy of life we need to know. Certainly it is the basis of all true philosophy of life, human and divine, on earth or in heaven. He who can say, "I know God does care for me," has found the open sesame to all successful endeavor, to a comfort that never fails, to a joy that, whether mixed or unmixed with sorrow, abides in growing power and increasing satisfaction. And he is thankful.—Interior.

TRIP NOTES.

T. E. RICHEY.

October 27th I enjoyed the privilege of occupying Pastor Chas. S. Gregston's Earlington pulpit. Some of earth's choicest spirits worship here. This is a mining town, infested by a large percentage of Catholic population, which, with other antagonisms, render it a difficult field to work, but Bro. Gregston appears to have the situation well in hand and possesses a firm hold upon the hearts of his people. An open door, with encouraging prospects are before him.

October 30th and 31st I attended Graves County Association in the Recorder's interest, and found it universally prized as it is everywhere. The body organized by re-electing the former officers, viz.: W. F. Lowe, Moderator; J. P. Riley, Clerk and C. M. Wilson, Treasurer. Among the visitors I recall the names of Dr. J. D. Maddox, of the Ministers' Aid Society, and Dr. H. Boyce Taylor, representing the State Board for Dr. Bow.

A good collection was taken by Dr. Maddox for the old ministers. Besides a moderate collection taken for the Orphans' Home, a vote was passed requesting each of the churches in the Association to take collections during the year.

President H. E. Waters, of Hall-Moody Institute, made a masterly address, setting forth the menace to America and American institutions resulting from the alarming influx to our shores of the Catholic, pagan and mixed hordes of the populations of other lands. The

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warning note is but the voice that needs to be echoed and re-echoed over all the hills and dales of this great country until our statesmen and legislators are aroused to a realizing sense of the dangers threatening us.

The questions of missions and temperance received special attention. Among other matters connected with the mission subject was the special interest taken in the destitution in the bounds of the Association. Subscriptions aggregating \$125 were made to supply the destitution existing at the Catholic village of Fancy Farm.

Strong emphasis was placed upon the purpose of the body to support no candidate for any office of State who will not declare his purpose to antagonize the saloon in every legitimate way. The writer asked the body to vote on the following resolution:

"Resolved, That we, the Graves County Association of Baptists, petition the Representatives in both houses of the Legislature to pass an act submitting to a vote of the people an amendment to the constitution of the State prohibiting both the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors of all kinds."

This was adopted unanimously, by a rising vote, the entire congregation voting with the Association by special permission.

This makes five, and all the Associations I have visited during the season, I have asked to vote on this resolution, and all voted unanimously. These Associations represent an aggregate membership of fully 25,000, and if the promiscuous congregations had in all cases as in this last voted, there would have been likely a total of 100,000 votes cast. Can the Legislature refuse to heed an appeal so loud and so urgent? Let it remember that this loud voice from Western Kentucky is but the echo of the wishes of the entire great host of Baptists of the whole State, and I believe also of the mighty aggregate of all the other religious bodies as well. If it turns a deaf ear, let it know that at the next succeeding election each member guilty will be remembered by his constituency accordingly.

On last Sabbath morning and evening it was my pleasure to preach for Pastor Gregston's Depoy people and to enjoy a feast of fat things at every turn made while in the community.

It was a special joy to grasp the warm hand of the venerable Rev. George Terry, D.D., now in his eighty-second year, but still preaching the glorious Gospel of Christ with surprising vigor. Near four decades ago he visited his native

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KENTUCKY

Muhlenberg county home last, and has just come in from his adopted Indiana home to pay, perhaps, his last visit to the few remaining friends of his youth. It is a sweetly solemn feast he and they are enjoying. May he and they and all gone before be reunited at last in an infinitely happier existence than even this or any other it has been their's to enjoy in all this life! Princeton, Ky.

loveliness, and drink it simply and earnestly with all your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.—Charles Kingsley.

The religious system that makes light of sin brings no joy to human souls in the midst of their trials.

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Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank him for it who is the fountain of all

The Farm & Household

Caywood & Thomasson, of Bourbon county, bought an extra pair of six year-old mules for \$380.

Young & Coffey bought in Russell county, recently four mules at from \$60 to \$170 per head.

I. H. Thurman, of Springfield, bought of Will Clark a horse mule colt for \$140. This is the finest mule colt in Washington county.

Crawford Bros., of Lebanon, sold to W. S. Gibbs, of Springfield, an extra yearling mare mule for \$150. Tom Sims, Jr. bought of Gibbs & Birch five yearling mules for \$110 each.

Mr. A. H. Turner, of Anderson county, bought on county court day forty-seven mule colts, at an average price of \$50; also one pair of yearling mules for \$200, and a pair of two-year-old mules for \$250.

J. D. Edwards, of Taylor county, sold W. O. Daniels, of Marion county, one pair of mules for \$320. *Adair County News.*

Mr. W. E. McAfee, of this county, has planted a crop of Speltz, a Russian grain that resembles barley, but is very hardy and is used in feeding purposes. This grain is said to yield from fifty to eighty bushels to the acre and will stand any kind of soil and climate. The trial of this grain will be watched with interest by the farmers of this county. *Danville Advocate.*

A few weeks ago in Scott county a sale of new corn was made at \$2.25 per barrel, but at this time it is held at \$2.50 with very little being offered. The crop is good, but the acreage is short of an average year. Wheat and rye are coming up nicely and were greatly benefited by the recent rain.

Farmers in Henry county have commenced cribbing corn. New corn is selling at \$2.25 a barrel shucked in the field, or \$2.50 a barrel delivered. Fat cattle weighing 1,200 to 1,365 pounds, selling at \$4.60 a hundred. There has been quite a great deal of complaint about calves dying of black-leg.

With the increase in the price of corn this year compared with last the farmers in Hardin county have a crop which will bring 40 per cent. more than last year. Wheat sowing was finished last week. The ground was in extra condition and the weather was perfect. As a result a larger acreage than usual was sown. The mule interest in this county will show a very great falling off this year.

The boss pumpkin of the season is reported by Elijah Hart, of Poplar Plains, it being 2 1/2 feet long by 4 feet 5 inches in diameter, and weighs 94 pounds. Wm. Wilson delivered recently thirteen head of cattle to Blair & Hood, gross weight 11,410 pounds, at \$3.45 per hundred. R. W. Darnall sold and delivered to James T. Garey, twelve 1,150 pound cattle at 4 1/2 cents. Also to same six 1,000 pound cattle at 4 1/2 cents.

A. R. Perkins bought two sows and pigs from Edmond Lisle for \$25. *Adair County News.*

AMATEUR TOMATO GROWING.

I consider the Ponderosa the best family tomato now obtainable. Its flavor is good—not over acid. It is fairly early and of extraordinary size: growth strong and sturdy. The market gardener may have well-grounded objections to it; I only claim it is excellent as a part of the private family garden. Aside from its quality and size, it has the distinct merit of fewer seeds and great solidity than any other variety, easily appreciated by those who have wallowed in the slop of "putting up" the average tomato.

Most writers present infinitely fussy rules as to raising the tomato. No intellectual or muscular common sense, (which, by the way, is so uncommon) is sufficient. Just plug away without any brain storms or scientific colic. Good strong plants, set in hills about four by three feet, plenty of fertility and sunlight, and a few efforts as hereinafter suggested will enable each one to establish a vegetable kindergarden in his backyard. We have in all states a law against cruelty to animals. If there is ever a similar law in vogue against cruelty to plants, an amateur gardener who lets his tomato vines sprawl over the ground and grow hit or miss will be guilty of felony. The main requirement for raising large, sound tomatoes in the kitchen garden, and lots of them, is trellising and trimming the plant so that nature will "hump itself" and show off to the best advantage.

All sorts of devices are suggested. I have tried about all but have found everything in the way of wire, stakes, hoops, slats, etc., unnatural, awkward and inadequate to the full capacity of the plant. I have finally evolved from my inner consciousness the following plan. From the limbs of trees, select those about 1 1/2 or 2 inches in diameter and cut about one foot below the fork. This will leave from two to four limbs branching from the fork which spread in a natural manner. Cut off and trim these limbs about four feet high above the forks. When the plants are 6 or 8 inches high, take a crowbar and drive holes about two inches from the plants, sharpen the lower end of the aforesaid "limbs" and drive them and tamp them firmly upright into the ground. If the forks do not present limbs enough to accommodate three to four branches from the vine, insert others. As the vine grows, tie it from time to time, say once a week, keeping it so fastened that the brittle tops will be supported. The tomato naturally branches so that its main shoots may be easily adjusted to the rustic contrivance, and from three to four main branches may be tied as they progress. Trim without mercy all extra branches and laterals. If you have not the heart to do it, turn an unfeeling neighbor loose while you go in and read the paper. About Aug. 1, clip the tops, so that nature may use its efforts in directing all its energies to perfecting the fruit in sight. I have never found at the end of the season that I had trimmed too much, although the neighbors leaned over the fence and groaned for me.

I have said fertility is a desideratum. Any amateur gardener who has any other kind of soil in his "patch" after two years, should be sentenced to seven years under water. If his garden is not manured each year he does not trot in my class. As to special fertility

for the tomato, I generally place in the bottom of the hill a couple of quarts of coarse manure and cover it up usually two or three weeks before setting out. This to get up a circus among the bacteria and furnish late food for the plant. In addition to the general richness of the soil, I feed each plant two or three times, while small, with a half pint or so of liquid manure to enable it to get up and hump itself.

Twenty vines will take little room, and ten bushels of Ponderosa tomatoes ought to satisfy any reasonable family, make most of the neighbors happy, and console them because they didn't do likewise. I would rather have the proceeds of six plants so treated than of twenty raised in the usual way. No one will be disappointed but the bugs, and their feelings are immaterial. By this plan not six hours' work is necessary, and the material is accessible everywhere. In the East where chemicals are used, I suppose they may be applied.

L. B. CROOKER.

LaSalle County, Ill.

Birds cannot tell their feelings, hence we must judge and prescribe from symptoms alone.

The causes of malignant colds are filth, dampness, drafts, neglect and improper food.

Ducks seldom become broody; geese are not apt to become broody after laying the first litter.

Eggs from yearling ducks hatch well, but geese must be about three years old to show strong fertility.

A cockerel can be distinguished from a pullet at three months of age, as he will be crowing by that time.

Do not make the hen's nest too deep so that the hen will have to jump down on the eggs in getting on the nest.

The pullets hatched in March will make good layers for the late fall, and then they can be handled so they will lay all winter.

When a fowl sneezes, waters slightly at eyes and nostrils and dumps it has a common cold, not regarded as a germ disease.

Geese cannot be profitably hatched and reared artificially, while incubators and brooders have revolutionized the duck business.

American turkeys are preferred by the British market, as it is claimed they have a whiter flesh and it is sweeter and more highly flavored.

If you have a scratching room in which to drive the flock, fumigate with sulphur their lodging room. If you have no suitable place for them to go burn oil of tar or resin in their presence.

The poultry house is better to have too few birds than too many in it during the winter. Crowding means disease, imperfect ventilation, lack of exercise, uneven distribution of feed, feather eating, broken eggs and other losses.

The profit in handling hogs depends greatly on the kind of hogs one keeps. Without good stock no amount of feed and care will enable you to make the most out of hogs. With good stock, liberal feeding and proper care the hog is a money-maker everywhere.

In churning at a low temperature the churn should be stopped when the butter is in granules about the size of rice or grains of wheat. Draw off the buttermilk and wash the butter in good, pure water. Salt the butter at the rate of 3-4 ounces of salt to the pound, or slightly more, as the market may demand. Then work and pack into packages ready for delivery.

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Lice on cattle indicate lack of attention and poor feed. Grease of any kind will destroy lice on cattle but should not be used if it can be avoided. First wash the animal with kerosene emulsion and follow with clear water. When the skin is dry dust every portion of the body with a mixture of a peck of carbonate of lime and a bushel of clean, dry dirt. If a single animal is infested with lice, the others will soon be in the same condition unless remedies are used as preventives.

In some parts of Europe farmers are conducting profitable dairies on land worth \$400 to \$1,000 per acre. They retain only cows that will yield 300 pounds of butter annually, while American dairy herds average about 140 pounds per cow.

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BARRETT.

Whereas, God in his wisdom has seen fit to remove from our midst our sister, Mrs. J. L. Barrett, who by her gentleness and kindness of heart, bright and cheerful spirit, and beautiful Christian character won our love and respect; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Mrs. Barrett, the "Married Women's Missionary Society of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary" has lost a faithful and efficient member.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved husband our tenderest sympathy.

Resolved, That a page in our minutes be dedicated to her memory.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to her husband, one to the WESTERN RECORDER and the Baptist Argus for publication.

Mrs. W. H. F. JONES,
Mrs. J. F. HOSKINS,
Mrs. W. R. McMILLIAN,
Committee.

BENTON.

Please allow me a little space in your paper to speak a few words in memory of one of the "old guard."

My father, William T. Benton, was born in McLean county, Ky., June 20, 1834. He was called to his eternal home October 15, 1907. He was converted under the preaching of the late Dr. J. S. Coleman, and was baptized by him in Green river many years ago. He was a constant reader of the WESTERN RECORDER. I cannot remember when the grand old paper first came into our home. He was a warm friend and a great admirer of Dr. Eaton, and was much affected by his unexpected death. He was a man who could reprove a fault as well as commend a virtue, he lived up to his profession and men did not consider that he was going beyond his privilege when he earnestly contended for the right. His friends were numbered by his acquaintances. There are ten children of us, eight boys and two girls. Father lived to see all of us members of Baptist churches. He was always a warm friend and a strong supporter of his pastor.

His earthly remains were laid to rest by the side of dear mother at Old Buck Creek church, of which he was long a member, after fitting words of tribute had been spoken by Rev. T. J. Rateliff. We trust that our family will be reunited in "the sweet by and by."

J. B. BENTON.

Trenton, Mo.

ONE CHRISTMAS GIFT WHICH ALWAYS PLEASURES.

Don't waste the precious Christmas time scouring the town for a present of uncertain value and acceptability. There never was a household yet to which a Christmas present of a year's subscription for The Youth's Companion did not bring unfeigned pleasure. Given to one of the younger members of the household, the older ones will share in it. There is no better present for so little money.

UNBELIEF NOT A THING TO BOAST OF.

Some men are wont to boast of their unbelief. The late G. J. Romanes, one of the ablest modern scientists, well said, "Unbelief is usually due to indolence, often to prejudice, and never is a thing to be proud of." Between doubt and unbelief there is this difference. Doubt has been well defined as "cannot believe," and unbelief as "will not believe." To the honest doubter Christ gives evidence to enable him to believe, but the proud, unbelieving Pharisee he passes by.

Annihilate not the mercies of God by the oblivion of ingratitude. Let thy diaries stand thick with dutiful mementos and asterisks of acknowledgement.—Thomas Browne.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

News the World Over.

The Bishop of London said when he got home he had learned in America the danger of handshaking. He said: "I saw an American brother bishop with his hand limp and useless. I asked him if he had had an operation. 'Oh, no', he said, 'My hand has been useless for some years now. It came from shaking hands.' If they were not brother bishops one would suspect the American was having his little joke.

Gresons is the largest canon in Switzerland and it has never allowed automobiles within its limits. Recently the government decided to let them run on certain of the public roads. A petition was gotten up and signed by a large number asking the government to put the question to a vote. They did so, and the people, 10,000 to 2,000 voted against the automobiles.

Robert N. Carson, of Philadelphia, has willed \$5,000,000 to establish a school for orphan girls similar to Girard College, which receives boys only. Orphan white girls are to be received, but only those are to be called orphans who have lost both parents. Girard was an infidel, and his will forbade any preacher from entering his college. Mr. Carson wishes religious instruction to the girls, but it must not be denominational.

As a general thing when Mr. Edison claims to have made a discovery he has done it. Wherein he differs from some other electricians and scientists. He says he has now perfected an electric storage battery for automobiles, at which he has been at work for five years. He says his battery is compact and of unlimited capacity. If so, let us hope that the day of the gasoline automobile with its smell, will soon be ended.

It seems the Washington estate has never been entirely settled up, but has been lying dormant in the Circuit Court of Fairfax county for more than 100 years. His heirs, great-grand-nephews, have asked for the distribution of the undistributed assets. These are three bodies of land in Ohio, which were granted to Washington by the British government for his services before the war, and were afterwards confirmed to him by Congress. One of the pieces is the ground upon which Cincinnati is built, and one is at the mouth of the Kanawha River.

This last piece is very valuable for its coal and oil. In his will Washington says: "This tract was taken up by General Lewis and myself on account of the bituminous spring which it contains, of so inflammable a nature as to burn as freely as spirits, and is nearly as difficult to extinguish." So Washington was the first discoverer of petroleum. In his will he requested his heirs not to dispose of this land, as the bituminous spring would be of great value.

There was an earthquake at Karatagh, in Turkestan, which was very severe, and which caused a landslide that was disastrous. This buried two-thirds of the town. Many people made their escape, but 200 were killed. The earthquake shook down all the other houses, leaving the people without shelter.

Secretary Taft seems to have been converted to a willingness to give the Filipinos their independence. In a speech in Manila he expressed his belief that the Filipino Republic would give Americans the right of citizenship. Always heretofore he has talked as if the independence was something to be looked forward to in the dim and distant future.

The law closing cafes and saloons where liquors are sold went into effect in Spain on Sunday, October 20. Many saloons remained open in the lowest parts of the city. But the women came to the help of the police and showed them the places where their husbands were drinking up their week's wages. This enabled the police to close them all.

Mr. D. M. Ferry, of Detroit, retired one night in apparent good health, and was found dead in his bed in the morning. He was born near Rochester, N. Y., in 1838, and went to Detroit when a young man. He had amassed a large fortune, being at the head of one of the greatest seed firms in the country. Mr. Ferry was a Baptist and a personal friend of Dr. John A. Broadus.

BAPTISTS' MEETING CLOSED.

The Baptists at Mt. Washington church, Marion county, closed a great meeting, after being in session thirteen days and nights. The meeting was the most helpful and successful in the history of the church. Splendid interest was taken in the series of meetings. The Rev. H. T. Huber, pastor, had the help of Rev. J. French part of the time. Bro. Huber preached some strong and convincing sermons. The attendance has been unusually large, many people in other communities being attracted by the preaching. During the closing day Bro. Huber took under consideration for some time, the way the Christian should live, and he gave some excellent advice to a audience along morals, temperance, honor, humbleness and faithfulness. He then turned his attention to the new converts, advising them to so conduct themselves as to make certain the home in heaven. Before leaving the church he sought out all the members who had been with him in the meeting, and in bidding farewell thanked each one for the part he or she had taken in making the meeting a success. Bro. Huber was accompanied to Salt Lick Creek by a very large crowd of people, where nineteen were baptized by immersion.

B. F. SKAGGS.

Maple, Ky.

MARRIAGE ANNOUNCEMENT.

Rev. M. J. Hoover, pastor of the First Baptist church of Newport, Ky., and Miss Daisy Belle Cooper of Alexandria, La., will be married at 8 o'clock p. m., on Thursday, November 21st. The ceremony will be performed at the home of the bride, Rev. J. E. Hixson officiating.

The WESTERN RECORDER extends congratulations.

It is when sins of thought and feeling are indulged that they grow into sins of life and conduct; and, after all, our great sins—the main things we have to confess and seek pardon for—are sins of thought and feeling.

The weariness and sadness of life come from persistently closing our eyes to its greatness.—Lucy Larcom.

He who speaks honestly need not care, though his words be preserved to remotest times.

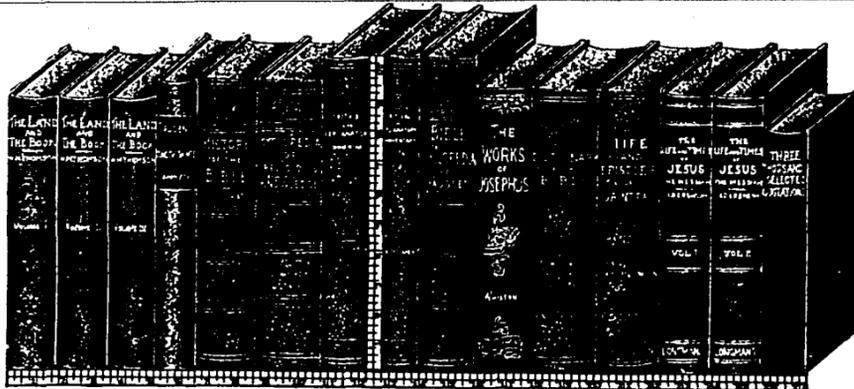
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