

WESTERN RECORDER

Faith, Hope and Love, these three.

83rd YEAR

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Dr. R. A. Torrey is carrying on a meeting in Chicago, preaching in a large tent. But at noon he speaks in a down town theater, and these speeches are arguments in defense of the Bible. Yet in Chicago day after day business men fill the theater to hear this defense. The interest in the Bible is not dead.

The Interior says: "Plenty of people master the art of saying platitudes so they sound like profundities.—It is a great reputation maker, this art of ponderousness."

The Presbyterian Brotherhood had their meeting in Philadelphia. They passed resolutions condemning the taking "In God We Trust" off from the ten-dollar gold pieces and demanding that it be put back.

In speaking of Prof. Foster's utterances, the *Journal and Messenger* translates what it supposes he meant into clear language and adds: "But Prof. Foster could never have said that. Such a statement would not bear the stamp of profundity. Ordinary readers could understand it and that would never do. A philosopher must not use words in their ordinary sense, else he would be only a common sort of man."

The *London Freeman* gives this record of the Wellington church, Somerset, England: The church was constituted in 1746, and these are the dates of its pastors: Robert Day, 1746-1791; John Cherry, 1793-1820; Joseph Baynes, 1820-1862; G. W. Humphreys, 1862-1900; Sidney J. Jones, 1900.—Can any church equal that?

The Presbyterian Presbytery of Cincinnati removed Prof. Henry D. Smith from Lane Seminary for teaching error, and they were duly denounced as Pharisees, etc. He was said not to be very wrong. Now he has been made professor in the Unitarian Theological Seminary at Meadville, Pa., where he ought to have been all the time.

We hear much of the new theory of evolution which is to be in accord with the most orthodox Christianity. It must be in accord with the Bible account of the creation of Eve. That is accurately infallibly true, and so far we have never heard of any theory of evolution consistent with it.

HE IS YET HEALING.

REV. A. C. DIXON, D.D.

The body has been redeemed. It is God's temple. Disease is an intruder that deserves to be cast out. And Jesus Christ is the Lord, our healer. He is the great physician who uses remedies or not, as He sees fit. He wills it and the centurion's servant is healed. In other cases He uses the finger touch or the clay and spittle. But with remedies or without remedies, Christ is the healer. Who would think of praising the piece of clay for restored sight?

Some say, "Take what is nearest to you. If God be nearer than medicine, take God. If medicine, take medicine." But why place the Creator in rivalry with the creature? Is it not akin to blasphemy to compare Jesus with the piece of clay in His hand? What sane Christian ever thought of substituting the medicine for God?

Every good and perfect gift is from above, and it is to be received with thanksgiving. Quinine is God's revelation for chills, and surgical skill is God's revelation for mending broken bones and removing tumors. When I go into a malarial district I take quinine, grateful to God that he has revealed an antidote for malarial poison, while I abhor the idea that quinine should receive one iota of praise. If my arm should be broken, I would send for the best physician in reach, not thus ignoring God, but really recognizing God as the giver of surgical knowledge and skill. A dear friend of mine went to a hospital, submitting to a painful operation for a malady which makes life a burden, and, as a result, is now well. We praise God together for hospitals and surgeons, and it is a misstatement to assert that surgeons and hospitals have come between us and God. They have brought us nearer to Him.

God of course, could have healed without the surgeons or hospitals and thus saved us a doctor's bill, but we verily believe that the experience in the hospital was a greater blessing to the patient than would have been a sudden miraculous cure. So God could have healed Hezekiah without the fig poultice and the blind man without the clay or the washing in the pool of Siloam, but He knew that for Hezekiah the poultice was best and for the blind man the clay and washing were best. Certainly the poultice did not come between Hezekiah and his God and the clay did not come between the man with restored sight and his Savior.

Dr. Foster, of Clifton Springs, told me that the most helpless cases that came to that sanitarium are the sick people who have been taught that it dishonors God to use remedies. Many of them live and die in the darkness of despair. They are like starving people in the midst of food refusing to eat because they believe that God, by the use of omnipotent power, can satisfy hunger without food and some one has told them that eating dishonors God.

The visible Christ healed the sick by the use of means and without the use of means, and the invisible Christ continues to do likewise. When you find yourself sick, ask Him what you ought to do. He sees fit to heal you without remedies, thank Him; if He makes it plain that you should use surgical skill, do so and thank Him just as heartily. Beware of asking God to work miracles, that people may wonder at your faith or that you may be saved expense and patience.

Christ works through men who pray. "Peter and John went up in the temple at the hour of prayer." Men who in the spir-

it of prayer go to God always go up. Every place of prayer is on a hill top. The incline to it is upward; from it is downward. The Christian who turns his back on the house of God and goes away from it at the hour of prayer is on the spiritual downgrade. Those who delight to go to the place of prayer are always on the upgrade.

Peter and John had formed a fraternity of prayer. They were old friends. They had been boys together and then fishermen on the lake together. They had become Christians about the same time. Peter in the shadow of the denial of his Lord had not gone with John to the crucifixion, but they are together at the open sepulchre. Peter doubtless found in the gentle, loving John a support, and John found in the brave, impulsive Peter an inspiration. They remember the words of Jesus: "If two of you agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them." After the great revivals heavy responsibilities are upon them. They must train the converts and lead the campaign for the evangelization of the world. Answered prayer creates need for more prayer. It is a complaint not uncommon that after the great revivals comes reaction—a sort of spiritual drought that follows a flood. Such a reaction never comes after a God-given revival. It is the man-made revival produced by a series of mechanical or emotional gymnastics that brings reaction. A grape-grower has discovered that the sap in his vines ebbs and flows with the tides of the ocean. He grafts his vines at highest tide because there is then more abundant life. So there is greatest spiritual life in the individual when in the whole church there is a high tide of power. It is hard for the hand or foot to maintain vigorous life when the other members of the body are withered and weak.

While Moses prays, Israel prevails, and all great spiritual victories are gained in answer to prayer. Daniel was more powerful than the King, because he prayed. And his three friends walked through the fiery furnace in a panoply of prayer. Elijah carried with him the keys that locked the heavens and prevented rain, and with the same key he unlocked the heavens and rain poured upon the earth. When he needed fire out of the heavens, he used the same key and the fire fell upon the altar. While Paul and Silas pray, the earth shakes and the jail doors open. John Livingston preaches and five hundred are converted; he had spent the previous night in prayer. Johnathan Edwards preaches and awkwardly holds up his manuscript to the light while the people hold to the backs of the pews and tremble with fear. A little band of members had been praying all night before and continued their prayer till the hour of service. Spurgeon's prayers in the little room above his pulpit explained his tongue of fire as he preached to the thousands in the tabernacle. George Muller prays and six millions of dollars come for the support and training of orphans. Luther was sometimes so busy that he was compelled to spend two or three hours in prayer. His motto was, "To have prayed well is to have studied well." And when Melancthon, his co-worker, died, his knee was calloused from much kneeling.

God works in answer to prayer. If we desire what God can give, let us go together in the place of prayer. Let Peter and John keep together. Form circles of prayer as the means for obtaining what you need.

Christ uses men who unite work with

prayer. While their eyes are up toward God, their hands are toward their suffering fellows. They do not make prayer a substitute for work nor work a substitute for prayer. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." This man at the beautiful gate had to be carried by his friends. That was the best they could do for him, and such help was not to be despised. It put him in the way of supporting himself in his poverty. There are people who have to be carried, and it blesses those who carry them.

"Unitarian sunshine," penetrating and permeating the Presbyterian church in England, proved to be as deadly as the escape of illuminating gas. Under its influence the church became extinct and so remained until it was reintroduced from another region. Evangelical churches will not be saved from similar calamity by mere external adherence to ancient standards. Their standards must be maintained with good will from the heart and defended courageously from enemies within, as well as without. Churches with articles, creeds and confessions they do not defend and dare not reject, are like confidence men who travel with an array of luggage, containing nothing of any value to themselves, but useful in securing lodging and entertainment at the best hotels. On the foundations of the apostles and the prophets and the corner-stone Jesus Christ, it is impossible to erect a spiritual structure in which living stones are both believers and unbelievers. Thus far in ecclesiastical history a liberalized orthodox church has proved a spiritual hybrid with the mule's sterility and without his endurance or his usefulness. Buyers soon lose confidence in those shrewd salesmen who present their goods with assurances that if too small they will stretch, and if too large they will shrink. Works without faith are as dead as faith without works. For this reason the sincerity of the people's faith is soon tested by the requirements of missionary work. Missionary advocates plead for more knowledge of the work among the people, more system in the gathering of offerings, more consecration of time, strength and means. All these are excellent or essential, but all are vain unless the people are rooted, grounded and settled in their convictions that the gospel they send is the wisdom of God and the power of God to every one that believeth, that the men whom they send will preach this gospel and none other. Whatever in theological seminaries, church congresses, religious assemblies, Christian pulpits, tends to weaken these convictions inevitably weakens the force with which the evangelical churches press the conflict with the world's unbelief and sin. Missionary treasuries are full of faith in the divine message, hope in the divine prospect and love for the divine Saviour.—Wendell.

Seek Heaven only by Jesus Christ. Christ tells us that is the way, and the truth and the life. He tells us that he is the door of the sheep: "I am the door; by me if any man enter in he shall be saved; and shall go in and out and find pasture." If we, therefore, would improve our lives as a journey toward Heaven, we must seek it by Him, and not by our own righteousness; as expecting to obtain it only for his sake, looking to him, having our dependence on him, who has procured it for us by his merit. And expect strength to walk in holiness, the way that leads to Heaven, only from him.—Jonathan Edwards.

SELECTIONS FROM QUOTATIONS
COLLECTED AND RECORDED BY
DR. EATON, UNDER THE
TITLE "BOOKS."

It does not matter how many but how good books you have.—*Seneca*.

Every good writer is to be read and diligently; and when the volume is finished is to be gone through again from the beginning.—*Quintilian*.

To divert myself from a troublesome fancy, 'tis but to run to my books. They always receive me with the same kindness.—*Montaigne*.

Old wood best to burn; old wine to drink; old friends to trust; and old authors to read.—*Alonso of Arragon*.

When there is no recreation or business for thee abroad, thou may'st have a company of honest old fellows in their leathern jackets in thy study who will find thee excellent divertisement at home.—*Thomas Fuller*.

A few books well studied and thoroughly digested, nourish the understanding more than hundreds but gargled in the mouth.—*Francis Osborne*.

If a book came from the heart, it will continue to reach other hearts: all art and author craft are of small account to that.—*Carlyle*.

Whitfield and Dr. Johnson were converted by reading Law's Serious Call.

Many books require no thought from those who read them, and for a very simple reason—they make no such demand on those who wrote them.—*Charles C. Colton*.

For my own part, I have ever gained the most profit and the most pleasure also, from the books which have made me think the most. In the sweat of the brow, is the mind as well as the body to eat its bread.—*Julius C. Hare*.

Many blessings be upon the head of Cadmus, the Phoenicians, or whoever it was that invented books!

No book that will not improve by repeated readings, deserves to be read at all.

All that mankind has done, thought, gained or been, it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books.

The true University of these days is a collection of books.—*Carlyle*.

To any one acquainted with really great works in our own or any other language, it has long been obvious that modern books are adapted simply to modern taste, and that probably at no time has the amount of intellect or knowledge requisite for literary success been so small as at the present hour. Year after year the material becomes thinner and weaker. English popular books are not vicious like the French, at least not generally so; but, if possible, they are more utterly empty. They are constructed on the principles of homoeopathy, the smallest globule of wit being diluted with unlimited water. Yet they are such as the age requires; the public stomach is unequal to stronger diet.—*Froude*.

A Roman author was burned on a funeral pile of his own writings.—*Matthews*.

Franklin traced his entire career to Cotton Mathers Essays to do good.—*Matthews*.

The prevailing pestilence of slovenly, desultory, effeminate reading.—*Sir Wm. Hamilton*.

A library is but the soul's burying ground. It is the land of shadows.—*H. W. Beecher*.

A bad book never sells unless it be addressed to the passions, and in that case

the severest criticism will never impede its circulation; Malignity and curiosity being passions so much stronger and less delicate than taste or truth.—*D. Israeli*.

A Yorkshire man started to tell Ruskin how he enjoyed his books. Ruskin interrupted him with, "I don't care how you enjoyed them: did they do you any good?"

Callimachus (Alexandria 250 B. C.) wrote 800 books and said, "A great book is a great evil."—*Quackenbos*.

O, thou who art able to write a book, which once in the two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do; envy not him whom they name City-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name Conquerer, or City-burner.—*Carlyle*.

He who has published an injurious book, sins, as it were, in his very grave; corrupts others while he is nothing himself.—*Robert South*.

A man may as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wiser by always reading. 'Tis thought and digestion which make books serviceable and give health and vigor to the mind.—*Jeremy Collier*.

No entertainment is so cheap as reading nor is any pleasure so lasting.—*Mary Wortley Montagu*.

The first time I read an excellent book, it is to me just as if I had gained a new friend: when I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one.—*Oliver Goldsmith*.

In books we have the choicest thoughts of the ablest men in their best dress. We can at pleasure exclude dullness and impertinence and open our doors to wit and good sense alone.—*John Aikin*.

Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn.—*Addison*.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—*Bacon*.

In books lies the soul of the whole Past Time; the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream.—*Carlyle*.

There is no book so bad, but something good may be found in it.—*Cervantes*.

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.—*Fuller*.

No matter what his rank or position may be the lover of books is the richest and the happiest of the children of men.—*Langford*.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond a life.—*Milton*.

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye.—*Milton*.

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficiency and extraction of that living intellect that bred them.—*Milton*.

Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself.—*Milton*.

For books are as meat and viands are: some of good, some of evil substance.—*Milton*.

Books the children of the brain.—*Swift*.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CONFLICT.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

Paul was no perfectionist. He understood himself as well as the Gospel quite too thoroughly to fall into such a delusion. He not only disclaimed any such pretensions when he said, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect," but he describes his own life as one of constant conflict. "So fight I," he exclaims, "not as one that beateth the air." It is no sham fight, but a desperate encounter. Using the phraseology of the boxing match, he tells us—in the ninth chapter of his letter to the Corinthians—how he bruises and beats down his unruly carnal nature and gives it "a black eye." The experience of the great apostle has been the experience of the strongest and maturest Christians ever since his day. Spurgeon, when writing to a friend about his repeated attacks of disease, said, "The tendency of my sickness to return still abides—like original sin in the regenerate."

Paul's conflict was just like ours: it was with that insidious demon—or "house-devil," as Rutherford calls it—of selfishness, which kept rising up in new disguises after he had smitten it down with sturdy blows. No one can become a true Christian until Jesus has been admitted into the soul. If this single process—which we call conversion—were the end of it, then the Christian life would be comparatively easy. But "self" is adroit and cunning, and persists in stealing back into the heart under all kinds of subtle disguises. We sometimes gain a victory over it and imagine that we have attended its funeral, and lo! there it is again up and lively as ever. This is the battle which we have to fight every day of our lives; it is the ceaseless conflict between self in some form and the claims of our Lord and Saviour.

For example: A church member goes off after morning prayers to his place of business. A friend comes in and offers him a chance to go into some "cornering" operation or some illegitimate speculation which promises a quick and liberal profit. It looks very much like a bit of gambling, but conscience is quieted by the promise of the big profit and the plea that "everybody else is doing these same things." In that battle self has carried the day. When evening comes this professed follower of Christ comes home richer in money, but poorer in grace, than he was when he started in the morning. He remembers that it is the evening for his church prayer meeting. It is the very place that he ought to go to and offer such a prayer as David put into his Fifty-first Psalm. But self begins to plead excuses, "I am too tired to go to-night," or "The weather is too bad," or else "My neighbor A—has an appointment to call on me." Self carries the point and there is a vacant seat that night in the meeting. A bad day's work that, and it ends with a guilty conscience that leaves its possessor in poor mood for secret prayer when he retires to his pillow. Can that man be a Christian? Yes, he is just the sort of Christian that Simon Peter was when cowardly self stammered out a falsehood in Pilate's courtyard. His besetting sin has tripped him up and he has got a terrible fall.

This contest with the "old Adam" of self is renewed at a thousand points. The sight of the Lord's contribution box on a Sunday in church arouses the irrepressible conflict. When the appeal for funds to carry forward some scheme of Christian benevolence is made, self begins to put in its cunning pleas. "These are hard times," or "My family expenses are too heavy," or else, perhaps self mutters out, "There is no end to this eternal begging for the missionaries or something else every Sunday." Self has got hold of the purse-strings and the Lord is likely to be robbed of his dues. That is the real secret of diminished contributions in our churches, and that accounts for the fact that, while God's Church is growing richer at a rapid rate, so many grand institutions for the spread of his kingdom are often at

starvation point.

There is another side to all this, a side that angels must delight to look upon. The victories which true grace is winning every day in human hearts are the trophies which will make the stars in the diadem of the conquering Christ. The story of self-denials and self-sacrificing runs like a thread of gold through the books of the Acts of the Apostles—it is the record that no scoffing sceptic can gainsay. Christ's people are never so exalted as when their pride is down in the dust; they are never so rich as when giving the most abundantly; they are never so full as when emptied of self; they never advance so nobly as when their ambitions of a worldly kind are set back; they never win such glorious crowns as those which are woven out of crosses borne for Christ Jesus.

Why has God ordered it that every Christian life shall be one of ceaseless conflict? If Paul is sinless today in Heaven, why was he left to do battle with inward and outward foes at every step of his heroic career? Certainly for this one reason (whatever others there may be), that this life is only the preparatory training school for another world, and no man shall wear a crown unless he strive for it. No true child of God should be discouraged because his Christian life is an incessant conflict with self in a hundred forms, or with the assaults of the adversary, or with hard storm of afflictions. Fight without ceasing means "pray without ceasing," too.

THE GRACE OF SILENCE.

The grace of silence under trial is one of the most rare and difficult graces; but it is one of the most pleasing to God and most conducive to strength and beauty of Christian character.

None of us loves to suffer, and we all shudder at the sight of the probe or the amputating knife. But when the infinite love is engaged in cutting out a selfish lust or cutting off a diseased limb, our duty is to submit. "Keep still, my friend," says the surgeon to the patient in the hospital; "for restlessness may produce false cuts and aggravate the process."

If the brave fellow is wise, he will say: "Doctor, go as deep as you choose; only be sure to fetch out the bullet." Ah, the battlefield often requires less courage than the hospital! The onset of service, with drums beating and bugles sounding, does not so test the metal of our graces as to be thrown down wounded, or to be commanded to lie still and suffer. To shout a battle cry at the mouth of the cannon is easier than to put our hands on our mouths and be silent because "God did it." If he is silent as to explanations of trying providences, let us be silent in our filial submission. God knows what is best for us; that is enough.—*Exchange*.

REPENTANCE.

What is true repentance, then? Listen! It is not promises to be better. It is not emotion. It is not excitement. It is not sensationalism. It is not hanging after evangelists and evangelization. It is not tramping from church to church to hear a man speak or sing or pray. There is something infinitely better than all these things. It is not church fellowship or communions. It is not self-elected work. It is not getting busy about religious things. It goes deeper than all these things, and it should precede all these things. It is the one great, deliberate act of the soul.—It is the command of God to be willing and obedient, and it is the response of the awakened, intelligent, redeemed soul to the call of its God. True repentance is turning from sin to God, from sin to God. That is repentance—from, to. It is putting your hand on your heart and getting hold of the thing that has been your curse, the enslaving passion, the captivity, the predominating force in your existence, the blackening thing, the hellish thing, the damning thing of your soul and dragging it out, and saying, "There, Lord Jesus, that is it, and I will die before I will commit it again. I turn from it now, and forever. That is repentance; that is, Bible repentance.—*Gipsy Smith*.

WALKING UPRIGHTLY.

To whom is the Lord a sun and a shield? To whom will he give grace and glory? They who walk uprightly.

We know what it means to walk uprightly in a physical sense. Many a time have we looked upon some poor stooped creature who was doomed to a life of suffering on account of his physical deformity. He could not walk or enjoy life as we do. Many a blessing of life, many an opportunity, is he deprived of on account of his deformity. No power on earth, no good resolution of his, no good deed that he may do can make him straight unless it pleases God to perform a miracle and make him straight, he must go to his grave in deformity. So in the spiritual world, except that in their natural state all men are totally depraved? "There is none that doeth good no not one." See also Isa. 1:6.

This disease called sin is a very dangerous disease, so much so indeed, that no earthly power can effect a cure. Only the power of Almighty God can heal the soul afflicted with this terrible disease. So malignant is it that it produces eternal death. No effort of the will, no submitting to ordinances, no ingenuity of man can cleanse the soul afflicted with this disease. Notwithstanding the awful condition into which the soul is brought by sin, God can, by Jesus Christ, cleanse, purify and redeem such a soul and make it upright in his sight. Atonement was made by our Lord for such as would accept the terms of the atonement. These terms are simple and reasonable and such that any one can accept. There must be a complete and unconditional surrender of "Manson" to the good King "Shaddai."

These terms the good "King Shaddai" himself has ordained as follows

"Repent ye therefore that your sins may be blotted out." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." These are God's terms and must be complied with.

Not all the good that I can do,
Can for one sin atone,
The precious blood of Jesus Christ
Must save and that alone.

An earnest, true repentance of sin with a belief from the heart in Jesus as the Saviour results in the salvation of the soul and a complete deliverance from sin. The disease is healed and the soul is created anew and placed in an upright position before God. A perfect salvation without the need of a "Second Definite work of grace to make it perfect in His sight. Having now been made upright in His sight our text suggests that he walk "Uprightly." This means a moving forward in the work of the Master. There is no standstill in the christian life. We either go forward or backward. It is the duty of every child of God to follow the Saviour whithersoever he goeth. Down through the waters of Jordan and then to every good word and work. This is "Walking Uprightly," and to such it is said "The Lord is a sun and a shield." As the natural sun gives light and life to the world, so God gives a spiritual light and life to the soul that keeps his mind steady on him.

In times of war the shield was carried over and in front of the heart to protect it from injury from the darts of the enemy. So God is a shield to the upright soul and protects it from the evil darts of the devil.

"The Lord will give grace and glory." While we live in the world and put our trust in God, He gives us grace upon grace and will continue to do so until His time shall come to call us to himself, then He has promised to give glory. O what precious words from an omnipotent God to poor weak worms of the dust. Brethren, readers, are we living for God? Are we walking uprightly in his sight? Are we spending our lives for him and for his glory? If we are then God says no good thing will He withhold from us.

But say Brother, we must let God be the judge of what things are good for us.

Are we "unlucky" and do we have troubles for which we can give no cause? Does it seem that the hand of the Lord is against us? Does the way sometimes grow dark before us? Brother, maybe we are not walking uprightly. God cannot lie and he has said "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."

Brother, let us live for God. Let us do more for Him each day that we live. Let us strive with all our might to bring lost souls to Him and when the great day shall come we will hear the Saviour say: "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

W. C. MATLOCK.

THE DANGER OF HALF-CURE.

BY REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D.

It is a very noticeable feature in the exhortations of the Hebrew prophets that they laid so much stress upon the necessity of doing thorough work. The false prophets were chided by the true for their superficial work. They "healed the wound of the daughter of my people slightly." There was a mere surface amendment, but the sore burned below the skin.

Is this warning out of date? We think not. Too many of the schemes proposed for the curing of the ills of our time savor of quack doctorism. They pay no heed to what is beneath the surface. The social ills from which we suffer need attacking at their foundation, at their source and not upon their surface only. It is never superfluous, either, to remind ourselves that in specifically spiritual work the danger of a half-cure threatens

us. In all that concerns the human soul there must be thoroughness if the life is to be what it should be. The half-cure is more speedy and showy, but it is infinitely more dangerous.

There is danger of healing the wounds of the soul slightly. It is not a pleasant thing for people to realize that they are sinners. They do not willingly look upon the depth, the exceeding sinfulness, of their sins. And they quite willingly shut the eyes of their understanding from the realization of the awful consequences of their sins. Most people are willing to try a good many quack remedies for the hurt of sin before they will apply to the Great Physician who alone can cure the soul. They work at one sin after another, seeking to change their lives. They attempt to convince themselves that simply being sorry for their sins will save them. They start out to do some good works, thinking that thus they can commend themselves to God, in spite of their sins. They resort to all sorts of expedients, but not to the One who is "of sin the double cure, cleansing from its guilt and power." They are willing to do almost anything short of making thorough work of their cure. They heal the wound of sin slightly.

There is danger of healing the wounds of the church slightly. "Judgment must begin at the house of God." It is easy to apologize for the sins of the church, and to get into an attitude of willingness to tolerate many things that ought not to be tolerated. There is a tremendous loss from half-cure work in the church. It was reported at our last General Assembly that there were more conversions the last two years than in any two preceding years in the history of the world. The great Assembly was decidedly optimistic. Every thing about it was a great success. Especially was the evangelistic work prominent in its presentation and influence. The accounts of the evangelistic meetings in several of the large cities of the land were inspiring. Let us give thanks for all the encouragement contained in the statements made, and for all the good really accomplished. But there is an unpleasant surprise in store for us when we come to study the official statistics. The additions on confession this year were 66,056, or 2,177 less than last year, and only 259 more than the preceding year and 167 more than in 1901-2. Moreover, the total of communicants is 1,111,756—only 16,818 more than last year, and the smallest increase that has been for years. Does it not appear from these figures that a very large proportion of the claimed converts do not enter the church as communicants? That a very large proportion of the reported cures are half-cures? We doubt not at the meetings many sign cards, express sorrow for their sins, promise to follow Christ. But it is plain that a large proportion of the cures are half-cures. There is a lack of thorough work both on the part of the evangelists, and on the part of those who hear them and yield, at least for the time, to their persuasions. We believe there is a call for more thorough work in dealing with the sins of the church and with the sins of individuals who listen to the Gospel as proclaimed by the church. Too often we heal the wound of the daughter of his people slightly, saying, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace."

There is danger of healing the wounds of society slightly. As has been said, the social ills from which we suffer need attacking at their foundation, and not upon the surface only. We hear a good deal in these days about "saving the city," with little reference to the importance of saving the individuals that constitute the city. We are told that to make the environment good is the way to make the people good. Then, too, much emphasis is laid upon the saving virtue of education and intelligence, and civilization in general. We forget that some of the most highly civilized people have been the most degenerate. We believe in making environment good, and in education and civilization; but if our work goes no deeper than that we will surely be healing the wound of society but slightly; we will be satisfying ourselves with a half-cure.

In all that concerns the human soul; in all that concerns the church; in all that concerns society, there must be thoroughness if the life is to be what it should be. Let us not be satisfied with half-cures. Let us do thorough work. *Herald and Presbyterian.*

THANKSGIVING FOR ALL THINGS—SAVE DOUBT.

BY WILLIAM E. McLENNAN, D.D.

I am now quite convinced that there is but one thing for which we should not be grateful, and that is the doubt of God's unfailing goodness and his power to make all things work together for good to those who love him. Once I looked at the matter in quite a different way. The so-called blessings I accepted as either my right—in which case I had no one to thank but myself—or as the gift of others, possibly in a very remote way as coming from God, whose dignity I had in some way offended. Unusual trials, for which I could see no adequate cause, I was disposed to accept with the feeling that the "Great Controller" had made a mistake or had forgotten to be just.

That God is always good, always wise; that our so-called blessings on the one hand and our alleged misfortunes on the other, are not infallible signs of either God's favor or his wrath; that, indeed, the blessings and misfortunes themselves can be regarded as blessings and misfortunes only in an accommodated sense and may be the reverse of what they appear—constitute, of course, no new discovery of mine. It was worked out for his own good and for the ages by the author of the book of Job, whose argument in brief is that man cannot understand the plot by looking at a few of the preliminary scenes; he must patiently wait until

the curtain is rung down and the drama is finished. Then he will see, as did the patriarch, that God is both just and wise, and that all things have happened in accordance with the divine plan—a plan whose purpose is the good of all his creatures.

How poorly the lesson was learned by the Jewish nation—the difficulty of meeting current error even when the corrective is a masterpiece such as this story of Job—is well shown by the incident in our Lord's life when he was asked whether the parents of a certain man blind from his birth, or the man himself, had sinned, that he was born blind. The Lord's reply, it will be remembered, was in line with the answer of the author of Job—that neither had this man nor his parents sinned that he was born blind, but that the works of God should be made manifest.

It has been said—and there is truth in the saying—that every generation stands on the shoulders of its predecessors. There are lessons which the race has so thoroughly learned that the child of Christendom, at least, may be said to know them at its birth. But after all is granted that may be on this point, it will remain true that some things, the deepest things, must be learned by each individual for himself. We may believe that the average child of today is born with more of the spiritual perceptions than the child of yesterday; still, the child of today and also the child of tomorrow must be born anew to see the kingdom of Heaven. There is a knowledge that comes from books and there is a knowledge that comes only through a personal trial of the realities of life. We know something of God through what we see and what we are told, but the deeper knowledge of him we can gain only by lying quiet within the furnace, wading deep the rivers or waiting patiently the turning of the shadows. This will explain in part why the young, the immature and the sheltered fail to understand the deeper meanings of life, and in consequence are always looking to their surroundings and circumstances to find evidences for thanksgiving or the opposite.

But whatever the process may be by which we come to a true knowledge of God, that knowledge we must have before we can be genuinely thankful; that is, before we can possess the spirit of real thanksgiving, which dwells not so much on the possession of this or that, nor makes so much of special days and seasons, but exhales like an atmosphere through all the days. The spirit of true praise, let us never forget, is not a manufactured article. No man can say, "Go to, I will be thankful today." Praise is the result of a conviction—or perhaps it would be more correct to say, of something more vital than a conviction that however things go, God's is his heaven and in his earth, too, and that with him there is no variability, neither shadow of turning; and that even if all's not quite right with the world, as an exuberant optimism would maintain, still all's in process of being made right. Yes, all is right with me, or will be if I but yield myself to Him who promises to perfect what he has begun.—*Interior.*

IN THE MIDST OF HIS TEMPLE.

How few persons go to the house of God expecting to meet the Lord! What multitudes go for some other purpose! If all men and women who go to church should keep this thought uppermost as they journey to the sanctuary, what rich blessings they would carry away with them! How can it be expected that those who go merely to hear fine music or a fine sermon or to meet their neighbors should derive much benefit from the visit? The mercy of God does sometimes touch the hearts of these careless people, and turn their minds from the lower to the higher level, and send them away filled with the Spirit. But multitudes not only miss a blessing, but also miss an opportunity to do much good by going to church in a careless mood or worldly frame of mind.

Some go with minds full of the Sunday morning paper. On their way they discuss politics, trade, social affairs, or scientific subjects. Their minds are not prepared for the word of the Lord. The seed often falls on ground which is pre-occupied with thorns and briars of worldly care. Some men go to church with a spirit of criticism and faultfinding. Perhaps some go with a spirit of hatred and malice. If the heart of each person in the congregation could be laid open so that every thought and feeling could be read and known of all, what shame would be awakened! Many would hide their faces who now march boldly down the aisle as though they owned the place.

The church is a sacred place. Enter into the courts of the Lord with a thoughtful mind and a sincere heart. God is there waiting to meet His people. Let us not be superstitious. Do not treat the church as though the walls were more sacred than the souls of the worshippers. A stranger visiting St. Paul's, in London, was conducted into the basement, where the ashes of Christopher Wren, the Duke of Wellington, and other great men of England repose, and, feeling the chilly currents of air sweeping about his uncovered head, he inquired of the guide whether men were required to keep their heads bare in the basement. The guide looked at him with an air of pity for his stupidity, and said, "The basement is consecrated." The visitor replied, "My head is consecrated also, and out of regard for my health I will take the liberty to put on my hat." He was right. The consecration of a building is nothing if the worshippers are not consecrated. Health and life are more than brick and mortar. The true temple is the heart of man.

This thought may be misinterpreted. Let no one say that the church is nothing, that one may worship quite as well in the woods as in the sanctuary, that prayers offered at home are just as

acceptable to God as prayers offered in the best church in the world. This is true so long as one is in the right place when he is at home or in the forest. If it is your duty to be at home you can pray as well there as anywhere. But if it is your duty to be in the church at a certain hour, then your prayer at home will not be so acceptable as it will be in the place where duty calls. You cannot receive the blessing of the Lord as well at home as in the sanctuary at that particular time when you ought to be in the sanctuary. "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go up to the house of the Lord." If the call of God to come and worship in the midst of His holy temple should be disregarded there will be loss and sin. Blessed is the man who can see the power and glory of the Lord in the sanctuary! Where others see nothing but fine windows and artistic decorations and noble architecture he sees the beauty of the Lord.—*N. Y. Advocate.*

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.

Days Off. By Henry Van Dyke. Illustrated 322 pp. Price \$1.50. New York City—Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke is a versatile writer, and whatever he writes is able, instructive and interesting. When we read his poems we think he ought to devote his time to writing poetry. Just now we think he does best in such essays as are in this volume.

The book is charming; it is brilliant. Every page has on it strong thoughts, bits of wisdom and fun which would make apt quotations. We give the list of subjects: *Days Off; A Holiday in a Vacation; Books that I Loved as a Boy; His Other Engagement; Among the Quantock Hills; Between the Lupin and the Laurel; Little Red Tom; Silverhorn; Notions About Novels; Some Remarks on Gulls; Leviathan; The Art of Leaving Off.*

Woodrow Wilson, in the November (semi-centennial) number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, reviews "Politics" in the United States during the last fifty years, from the founding of the *Atlantic* in 1857 till the present time. Mr. Wilson's position and reputation as a historian and public man of the first rank add to the importance of the essay. It is interesting, furthermore, in the light of recent events, to have in compact, readable form a summary of the vital issues which half a century has brought into being. This article, with "Art," by Hamilton Wright Mahie, "Science," by Henry S. Pritchett, and "Literature," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, is an integral part of a brilliant series.

"The Recollections of Lady Randolph Churchill," one of *The Century's* strongest features for 1908, deal with many of the most important events and personages of the years from 1874 to 1895—the time of Lord Randolph Churchill's brilliant social and political life. As the wife of one of England's most notable statesmen, as the guest and hostess of royalties, as the friend of leading personages in Europe, as a traveler in many countries, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West's story of her life as Lady Randolph Churchill is full of rare color and charm, and rich in judicious comment on social affairs and in anecdotes of prominent people.

George Meredith, the distinguished English novelist, now in his eightieth year, will contribute to the *Christmas Scribner* a poem entitled "The Wild Rose."

Josiah Wedgwood, the famous maker of pottery, produced in the latter part of the eighteenth century a wonderful series of portraits in relief of contemporary celebrities, including important American Revolutionary patriots. R. T. H. Halsey has the finest collection of these medallions in this country or in England. He has written an article, containing unpublished letters, about Wedgwood, as an American Sympathizer and Portrait Maker, and twenty of these wonderful medallions, including Washington and Franklin, will be reproduced in the *Christmas Scribner* with the blue background of the originals.

Sarah S. Stillwell has made a series of drawings entitled "The Child in Fairyland," which will be reproduced in full color for the *Christmas Scribner*. The verses accompanying them are by Edith B. Sturgis, a sister of James Barnes, the author.

Keep true to your best faith and let the days with deeds which love and kindness prompt. Be just in your dealings, and keep from stain of sin in thought and word, and you shall wear the crown of an approving conscience and know the secret of the happy life.—*I. Metch Chambers.*

No cloud can overshadow a true Christian, but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.—*Bishop Thorne.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30TH.

Ruth's wise choice.—Ruth 1:14-22.

Motto Text.—"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."—Ruth 1:16.

Coming after the wars and tumults and bloodshed of the book of Judges, the tender and beautiful story in this short book is all the more striking. Yet the events took place in those stormy times. The Holy Spirit lifts the veil from the home life of the people of Israel and behold! this beautiful picture of love and faithfulness.

The story which precedes the lesson can be briefly told. There was a famine in the land, no doubt on some of the times of Israel's apostasy. Elimelech, a prominent man in Bethlehem Judah, went into the land of Moab to avoid it, taking his family with him. There his two sons married Moabitish women. Although there is no blame attached to Elimelech for his move in the brief history, yet we cannot avoid connecting his death, and especially the death of his two sons without children, with his leaving the land of Judah, and allowing his two sons to marry strange women. But that Naomi maintained her piety unshaken even in a strange land is evident throughout the whole story.

The greater part of the attention and comment on this story has been given to Ruth's character. It is, indeed, a beautiful character, and worthy of commendation. But for all that Naomi's is the noblest and greatest, and she is the real heroine of the book.

Ten years passed away in Moab. It is probable that Elimelech died soon after they settled in that country, and that the two sons lived till a short time before their mother's going back to her old home. Poor and bereft of husband and children Naomi decides to return to her people and the worship of her God. She shows her humility and her piety in this resolve. She had gone out "full" and pride would have made her unwilling that those who saw her in her prosperity should see her now in her desolate poverty. But she cares not for that, she is going back to her people and her God. Her two daughters-in-law resolve to go with her. Nothing shows alike the beauty and strength of Naomi's character more plainly than the love with which she had inspired these young women. All they could look forward to in the strange land to which they were going was to lives of hard labor in support of their mother-in-law. Yet they loved her so they were willing to leave their homes and kindred to labor for her in poverty. Naomi allows them to accompany her for a part of the way,

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but then she stops and insists firmly upon their returning home. She was not applying a "test" to see if they were resolute about going with her. She was in earnest about their going back, and did her best to persuade them to do so. And in this she showed that she had indeed a true love for them. For genuine love is unselfish; it thinks of the interests, the happiness and the good of the one loved, and not of its own enjoyment. Those who cannot bear to be separated from their loved ones when business or interest or the pleasure of those loved ones calls them away for awhile, should compare their love with that of Naomi for her daughters-in-law.

For this was to be a lasting separation from the two whom she most tenderly loved in this world. She needed their care in the infirmities of age which were coming upon her, and she needed their help to keep her from starvation.

"Orpha kissed her mother-in-law." Sad and weeping and loving, she is reluctant to go, but she goes. And then Naomi turns to Ruth, the only remaining stay of her old age, and urges her also to return.

"Entreat me not to leave thee," is Ruth's beautiful reply. Here is love worthy of that of Naomi. She sees through Naomi's unselfish tenderness, perceives what she is to the unselfish heart of the lonely woman, and meets her unselfishness with an equal one. Naomi needs Ruth's care and help, her friends and relatives in Moab do not, therefore she will go with her husband's mother. Ruth's choice was an entirely free one, prompted only by her love. Naomi had dealt faithfully with her, laying the privations and hardships fully before her. While we do not believe in allegorizing except in plain cases in which the Spirit has Himself shown an allegory was intended, yet it is allowable to use histories as illustrations of Gospel truth, and they are the best of all illustrations. Naomi's faithfulness in showing them the difficulties in the way naturally brings to our mind the faithfulness of Jesus in sifting out those who would follow Him, and contrasts terribly with the unfaithfulness of too many modern evangelists in urging men to "accept Jesus." These evangelists would have urged Orpha to come on, and would have encouraged the scribe who offered to follow the Lord.

"Where thou lodgest, I will lodge." She answers all the objections which Naomi might have made by covering all the points in her earnest pledge. Naomi was to be very poor; Ruth will share her humble home. She is leaving her people, but Naomi's shall be hers. She is leaving her gods, but she has not known her mother-in-law, deeply pious as Naomi was, all these years without learning much of the God of Israel. And her choice of "thy God" must have done more to silence Naomi's objections than anything else. She would not dare to send one who had chosen thus back to idolatry.

"The Lord do so to me, and more also; if aught but death part thee and me." Ruth closes with this solemn oath in the name of Jehovah. She has chosen deliberately and freely and her choice is irrevocable. "When she saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her." And so will those who are urging us to any course, good or bad. When we are tempted to do wrong, it is because the tempters

see signs of yielding in us that they keep up their temptations. Let us show them that we are indeed steadfastly minded to do right and they will let us alone.

"So they two went." Naomi was not utterly desolate while she had such love as Ruth's, nor could Ruth be unhappy with such unselfish love as Naomi's to bless her life. They were poor, and traveled on foot from Moab to Bethlehem, but they loved each other and they were together. Bethlehem means "house of bread," and it shows how sore was the famine that Elimelech had left even that most fertile spot of Judea. "All the city was moved about them." Bethlehem was only a village in which life moved on quietly, with but few changes in ten years. All knew Naomi and were moved with surprise and compassion when they saw her come in, foot sore and weary and poor, with no possessions save what she could carry. And who was this fair young stranger who walked by her side? And where were her husband and sons? "Is this Naomi?" They could not believe the evidence of their own eyes, so changed was their old townswoman in ten years. The Hebrew word is feminine, showing it was the women who were aroused and curious, and who asked this question. "And she said unto them, call me not Naomi, call me Mara." There is some little difference of opinion in regard to the meaning of "Naomi," but the probable translation of it is "God is sweetness." Her name seemed a mocking to her in her present desolation, and she bids them call her instead a name which signifies bitter. We have not sufficient data to determine the spirit in which Naomi uttered the words in this verse, nor to know to what extent she charged God foolishly. If she acknowledged, as from her character we would suppose, that God's judgments had not been so severe as she deserved, then she was not finding fault with God, but only stating a fact with regard to his dealings with her and hers.

"I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home empty." Naomi's grand unselfishness shows itself in these words. She takes all the blame of her going upon herself, casting none upon her dead husband. And she sees God's hand in everything which has happened to her. "And they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest." This was the first of the harvests. It introduces well the story of Ruth's labors for their support, as found in the succeeding chapter. How grandly God rewarded the devotion of Ruth to her mother-in-law in making her the ancestress of David and of David's greater Son.

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THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

BY GEO. VARDEN, PH.D., LL. D.

Dr. John A. Broadus used to recommend the reading of different translations of the Scriptures not only in English but also in Latin, German, Dutch, French and other languages. We have long pursued this course and have derived profit therefrom. The perusal of translations in languages whose structure and idioms differ among themselves as well as from the Hebrew and Greek texts, gives mastery of language and zest and freshness to the study of the original by disclosing its possibilities of meaning. And even when a translation indulges in paraphrases, enlarging on the words of the text, sometimes even assuming the office of exegete and commentator, he furnishes at times excellent food for thought.

In Gen. 2:7, the common version runs: "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." The Chaldee targum of Onkelos, which, on the whole, is quite simple and exact, here adds, "and a speaking spirit." Though this added predicate is not expressed in the Hebrew text we must believe from the record as it proceeds that man was created a speaking spirit. Onkelos, who translated the Hebrew pentateuch into Chaldee as early as the first century of our era, here gives a check in advance to the theory of evolution.

The account that immediately follows in this second chapter of Genesis contains by implication the fact here expressed by the targumist. "Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field. And whatsoever Adam called every living creature that was the name thereof." So again: "Adam said: 'This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman.'" Since it is here stated that Adam said so and so, why we have no better sense than to believe that he did say so, however pictorial the representation may be, as is suggested by the destructive critics.

No facts have as yet been adduced and marshaled by philologists and ethnologists to furnish the weakest hint that Adam had to pass through a period of muteness followed by a gradual training in language before he was capable of speaking. There are, to be sure, supposed to be some facts connected with the early development of the race which seem to give some color to certain theories of language and which have been painfully elaborated by some scientific students. But these theories, which labor under the weight of great learning and of great ignorance, are all of them beset with harder difficulties than the biblical statement that God made man a living soul and, as the related facts show, a speaking spirit. The Mosaic record attests that human speech was created by God as truly as was life itself.

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Both have the same origin. Complete and perfect at his very first appearance on the earth, man makes use of his intellectual faculties and at once speaks.

Allow the *argumentum ex auctoritate* in support of the Chaldee paraphrase. One of the distinguished names on the German professorial roster is Jacob Grimm. In his *Ursprung der Sprache* he writes: "The first man never was an infant *i. e.*, according to its etymology, one incapable of speaking. For a greater reason, therefore, he could never have been the whelp or cub of even the highest order of the lower animals. His speech is spontaneous. Not the result of deliberation, convention or invention. He speaks by virtue of those laws which presided over that special organization, which he received from creative power, without there being, after his creation, a revelation or new intervention of the divinity to communicate speech."

And Maury, of the French Institute, in *La Terre et l'homme*, in similar vein: "The creation of language is not the work of an arbitrary invention, the artificial product of the need that man experiences of communicating with his fellow beings; it is the consequence of a faculty altogether spontaneous, intimately bound to our moral organization. Language is the result of an instinct which in the highest degree manifested itself when our race first appeared on earth. It was the work of creative power. Without effort and without reflection, the first man spontaneously created language, otherwise called his *langue*."

Such is, we believe, the correct

view of the origin of language as recorded in Genesis and as expressed by the paraphrase of Onkelos. This interpretation at once effaces the peculiar characteristic of Darwinism and directly opposes the whole theory of development.

But enough for the present writing. We may jot down some additional facts illustrative of the suggestive character of different versions of the Bible.

DRIFTING.

Some weeks ago I read an article in the Recorder from Dr. Cuyler on "Preaching to Save Souls." I may be mistaken, but it seems to me there is less of deep, earnest, heartfelt desire, both on the part of preacher and people for the salvation of the lost than in former years. We get a preacher to come and help the pastor. He entertains the people with fine sermons, delivered almost without fault, and generally full of valuable thought; but how much of real heartfelt yearning for the salvation of souls? How long since you saw pastor or preacher so full of love and desire for the people that they would earnestly warn every one, like Paul, "with tears?"

Instead, how often do we hear it said: "It is my duty to preach the Gospel and leave results with God." That is true primarily; but there is little if any heart yearning for the salvation of the lost in the man that makes the expression at protracted meetings. The way the Gospel is preached has much to do with its effectiveness.

The sermon may be every word true, good theology and grammar, but if it comes from the head without heart and soul earnestness, it is like pouring water on a duck's back. "Like preacher, like people," is generally true.

One of the most impressive sights ever witnessed in this world is that of a preacher standing up in the dignity of Christian manhood, delivering God's message, and weeping over his dying hearers. Paul in tears, is what Dr. Chalmers calls a "picturesque argument." Oh, for more of this kind of argument in these days! Then, too, are we not drifting in regard to Sabbath desecration and neglect of wholesome discipline? Sunday trains make more money and noise on Sunday than any other day. Preacher and people board the trains on Sunday, go and come without any compunction of conscience. They say, "What's the harm?" "Thou shalt," and "Thou shalt not," seems to be out of date.

Drifting toward the broad and liberal idea: "Others do so, why may not I?" Baseball is played on Sunday, and some church members attend these games on Sunday and no protest or admonition from the church. Drifting! Some years ago a Baptist deacon returned an ungodly man to the grand jury for plowing his corn on Sunday after a long wet spell. That deacon's grandson is now in the government service, distributing mail on Sunday from a Sunday train for a money consideration alone. He is in full fellowship in a Baptist church, too. And the church justifies him in his Sunday money making job. Question: If he is doing wrong is not the whole church as guilty as he?

Stop the pay the Sunday traffic gets, and the "necessity" will cease about the same time. But "money makes the mare go." Sunday trains and traffic, saloons six if not seven days in the week are

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Have You Kidney, Liver or Bladder Trouble?

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

DANGER SIGNALS.

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

The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable cures in the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine, you should have the best.

LAME BACK.

Lame back is only one of many symptoms of kidney trouble. Other symptoms showing that you need Swamp-Root are, being obliged to pass water often during the day and to get up many times during the night.

CATARRH OF THE BLADDER.

Inability to hold urine, smarting in passing, uric acid, headache, dizziness, indigestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, sometimes the heart acts badly, rheumatism, blotting, lack of ambition, may be loss of flesh, sallow complexion.

PREVALENCY OF KIDNEY DISEASE.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalence of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are the most common diseases that afflict, they are almost the last recognized by patient and physician, who neglect themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease undermines the system.

A TRIAL WILL CONVINC ANYONE.

In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that has yet been discovered.

SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE—To prove the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands of letters received from men and women who found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy they needed. The value of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in the WESTERN RECORDER.



Swamp-Root is always kept up to its high standard of purity and excellence. A sworn certificate of purity with every bottle.

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

running because the professed Christians allow it. There are many Christians who firmly believe the commandments will not bulge to suit the false ideas and fancies so common. But, alas! there are many who do. Will the Holy Spirit effectively accompany the word preached under such conditions?

S. C. McELROY.

PROJECTED LIFE.

W. C. MARSHALL, PH. D.

Just what Life is, man does not know. It may be the continuous adjustment of internal to external conditions, as Mr. Spencer says. Yes, it is that, and it is more. We are forced to the conclusion that life may be defined and known only by categories unknowable to, and unattainable by, the human mind. It is that, in the light, and by means of which we may know "in part" its inferior. It is that from which the scaffoldings of life, in the sense of living, are suspended. We live on the scaffoldings as we ourselves make them. The scaffoldings may fall; the life remains. This explains why we have our successes and failures. In reverses, disasters, life does not become extinct. God gives life and He sustains it. The scaffoldings may all fall, and become extinct. These are largely the creations of man. It is, in proportion as these abide that life, on the human side, is a success or a failure. As life, pure life, exists in a realm unknowable to, and inaccessible by, the human mind, than it is apparent that our living, which means our scaffoldings, must

necessarily be accomplished by and through other than mere intellectual faculties. These are faith, hope, soul discernment, etc.

Through these, life and living are projected beyond the ken of mere human vision. That which will enable one to do this must inevitably be, and partake of, the essential elements of both realms—knowledge by intellectual processes and knowledge by faith, hope, perception, etc. Only a personality which is both human and Divine, can answer this purpose. This personality is Jesus Christ.

As ascending a ladder, we begin in the human of Him and ascend upward into the Divine. In the early part of life, near the thirties, we are living in the philosophical; human reason is liable to rule. In more advanced life, the ascent in Him having been well accomplished, purely human reasoning is liable to be supplanted by faith, hope and soul-discernment. The critical stage, where the two coalesce has now been safely passed over. Atheism and infidelity have but little chance at us here. These things sought to accomplish their destructive work in our life at the crucial point of junction between the two realms of purely intellectual knowledge and knowing, and that knowledge and knowing which are by faith, hope and soul-discernment. Once this critical point is passed, the danger is comparatively small. The life has been well projected, and it is the projected life that makes life, at any point, worth while—the life, I mean, which is consciously projected in Him. Lebanon Junction, Ky.

Hooping-Cough CROUP ROCHE'S Herbal Embrocation will also be found very efficacious in cases of BRONCHITIS, LUMBAGO and RHEUMATISM. W. C. HARRIS & SON, 170 Nassau St., New York, N.Y.

OUR GOD IS CALLING.

(The anniversary of the San Francisco earthquake.)

Silent in quivering sorrow, When the hurried message came, The earthquake's fearful story Writ out in burning flame— "Awe-struck, our souls looked up to God And called upon His name." For God was calling to us!

Then, the wail of starving thousands, It was filling heart and brain; Forgot was selfish struggle And cries of loss and gain; "All stretching hurried hands of help To reach them not in vain," For God was calling to us!

He was calling by the earthquake— He was calling through the flame! He is calling, Oh, my People! Look up in solemn shame. "Oh, ye hearts absorbed by pleasure, By money, and by fame!" Our God is calling to us!

His feet upon the sea and land— The mightiest angel stands— God has called us by tempest, And earthquake-shaken lands— "Now the hush! the voice of Silence! He holds us in His hands!" Our God is calling to us! —Elizabeth R. George.

Our Pulpit

JACOB'S MODEL PRAYER.

C. H. SPURGEON.

"And Jacob said, O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, the Lord which saidst unto me, Return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee: I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant: for with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands. Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau: for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children. And thou saidst I will surely do thee good, and make thy seed as the sand of the sea, which cannot be numbered for multitude."— Genesis 32:9-12.

I. First, then, concerning Jacob's Model Prayer, which is one of the earliest that is recorded in Holy Scripture; at least, in such detail.

I commend it for your imitation, my dear friends, first, because of the plainness of its matter. Jacob does not come before God with a long roundabout story, telling in general terms the fact that he was in some sort of trouble, out of which he wished to be divinely helped; but he distinctly mentions the perilous circumstances in which he found himself. He says, "O God, . . . deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau." Of course, God knew that the name of Jacob's brother was Esau; yet Jacob thought it was necessary to mention his brother's name in order that his prayer should be definite and clear. So he pleaded, "Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of

Esau; for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children." He was probably then alluding to his dearly-beloved Rachel and her son Joseph, though he may also have referred to the other mothers in the company, for he was a tender father, and cared for his children, and he mentioned them as being very near his heart, and especially needing divine protection. So you see that Jacob is very clear as to what he asks of God; and I urge you, my brethren, to imitate him in this respect.

When we pray, we sometimes use very roundabout expressions; we do not come straight to the point; we seem to imagine that a kind of religious etiquette forbids us from speaking plainly at the throne of grace. I am persuaded that this notion is altogether wrong; and instead of God approving this mode of speaking to him in prayer, he would much rather have us speak to him as a child speaks to his earthly father—respectfully, reverently, remembering that he is in heaven, and we are on earth, yet simply and plainly, for our Heavenly Father needs no garnishing of our speech; and the poor tawdry flowers of eloquence, with which some of our brethren at times adorn their prayers, must be displeasing to God rather than acceptable to him. Especially must you unconverted ones imitate Jacob in this matter of plainness of speech: when you pray, never mind about the mode of your expression, but come to the main point at once. Tell the Lord that you have grievously offended him; and mention your sins to him in private, by name. If your great sin has been drunkenness, call it by that name; if it has been uncleanness, call it by that name. Do not endeavour to dissemble before the Lord, or to cloak your sin before the all-seeing Jehovah. You need not reach down a prayer-book to see how the bishops would have you pray, nor borrow somebody's Morning Devotions to see how a certain eminent divine prayed; but go straight

WHAT WAS IT

The Woman Feared?

What a comfort to find it is not "the awful thing" feared, but only chronic indigestion, which proper food can relieve.

A woman in Ohio says: "I was troubled for years with indigestion and chronic constipation. At times I would have such a gnawing in my stomach that I actually feared I had a—I dislike to write or even think of what I feared.

"Seeing an account of Grape-Nuts, I decided to try it. After a short time I was satisfied the trouble was not the awful thing I feared but was still bad enough. However I was relieved of a bad case of dyspepsia, by changing from improper food to Grape-Nuts.

"Since that time my bowels have been as regular as a clock. I had also noticed before I began to eat Grape-Nuts that I was becoming forgetful of where I put little things about the house, which was very annoying.

"But since the digestive organs have become strong from eating Grape-Nuts, my memory is good and my mind as clear as when I was young, and I am thankful." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a Reason."

Woman Became Rich In a Year

By Her Own Efforts Amasses a Fortune.

Indiana is the home of a woman who until a few months ago lived in a small frame cottage, but who now resides in her own palatial, brownstone residence, purchased from the profits of her business earned in less than a year.

Until a few years ago Mrs. Miller's lot in life was not unlike that of the average American woman residing in a small town. She had her family to care for, including three small children. Today the business, which was first conducted from her cottage, requires almost all of the principal office building of the town, and a hundred clerks and stenographers are required in conducting the details.

And this great success is the outgrowth of energy and merit and not wealth, for Mrs. Miller was a poor woman only a few years ago. Her opportunity came shortly after her marriage when she found a simple home remedy for women which restored her health and strength. This remedy was so good in the treatment of all cases of female weakness and piles that she was called upon to furnish it to her friends. The demand grew. Persons living at a distance heard of the wonderful vegetable treatment and requests by mail for the remedy increased so rapidly that she was compelled to take quarters in an office building down town. The fame of the remedy has spread rapidly, and now it is doubtful if there is a county in all this country where grateful and cured users of the treatment do not reside. She has sent her remedy, free of charge, to more than a million women. Such a great demand and such universal reputation must surely be the result of many cures. In fact, the treatment seldom fails to affect a quick and permanent cure.

This year Mrs. Miller has planned to give away to women who have not yet used her remedy, 50,000 boxes of her regular 50 cent size of treatment. All she asks is that every woman suffering from female weakness or piles, write her at once giving full name and address, and she will immediately mail a 50 cent box of the 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. If you suffer in any manner from these afflictions, send at once. Address: Mrs. Corn B. Miller, Box 9153, Kokomo, Indiana.

to God, and say, "O Lord, thou knowest what I want! I am a poor guilty sinner, and I cannot express myself in such a way as to please my fellow-creatures; but thou knowest what I am, and what I need. Wilt thou graciously give me the pardon of my sin, O thou who alone canst forgive the guilty? Wilt thou receive me to thy bosom, thou blessed Savior of the lost?" Come to the point with God, dear friends; be explicit with him; let it be seen that you are not praying for the mere sake of performing a certain religious ceremony, but that you have real business to transact with the Most High. You know what your request is, and you do not intend to leave the mercy-seat until your request is granted.

So I commend Jacob's prayer to you because of the plainness of its speech.

Next, it is to be commended for the humility of its spirit. Notice especially these words of the patriarch, "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant: for with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands." If you even hint that there is any worthiness in yourself, the power of your prayer is at once destroyed; but if you plead your unworthiness, you will then be standing where the publican stood when he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and you know how "he went down to his house justified rather than the" Pharisee, who said that he fasted twice in the week, gave tithes of all he possessed, and was not like other men, especially that publican! In that way he destroyed any power that his prayer might otherwise have possessed. His self-conceit tore the chariot wheels from his prayer, so that it dragged heavily, and soon could not move even an inch. On the other hand, a deep sense of sin, a full consciousness of utter undesert, will enable you, like Jacob, to wrestle with the great Angel of the covenant, and to prevail over him.

Possibly, you have not succeeded with God because you have not sunk low enough before him. You unconverted ones especially, if you put your mouths in the very dust, that will be the best attitude for you to assume. If you still have some relics of strength, you will not receive divine strength. If there are some remnants of the pristine idea of human merit tolerated in your heart, the robe of Christ's righteousness will not be wrapped around you. Ask the Lord to strip you of every rag of self-righteousness, to enable you to trust in Jesus alone, and to have no confidence in the flesh, either in feelings which you experience or in the works which you do. Your time of uplifting will follow close upon your time of falling down flat upon your face. The dawn of day succeeds the darkest hour of the night, so ask God to bring you down to that dark hour in which the night covers every hope that is born of human confidence, for then will the Lord appear to you in his brightness. So, imitate the prayer of Jacob in its humility of spirit.

In this short prayer of the patriarch, no less than four arguments are used. The first is the argument from the covenant: "O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac." God had entered into covenant relationship with Abraham, and made solemn promises to him and to his seed, so Jacob prays, "O Lord, thou hast pledged thyself to be the God of the seed of Abraham, whose grandson I am, and of the seed of Isaac, whose son I am—now, therefore, by thy faithfulness to thy covenant promise, help me in this dark hour of my life!" Beloved friends, this is the kind of plea that we can use with the Lord: "O God, hast thou not made a covenant with the Lord Jesus by which thou hast promised that thou wilt save all them that trust in him? Hast thou not said, 'I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people?' Then, Lord, though guilty, I trust to the merits of thy dear Son, and I ask to be absolved by virtue of his great atoning sacrifice. Behold, as the earthen vessel hangs upon the nail, so hang I upon him, and upon him alone. Now, by the covenant of thy grace, which is ordered in all things and sure, I beseech thee to manifest thy love to me." If you use such gracious pleading as that with the Lord, you will surely prevail with him. And I urge you also, children of God, to do the same, for the everlasting covenant is a mighty plea with God.

"In every dark distressful hour, When sin and Satan join their power."

Then we pass on to the next use which Jacob makes of the promise which God had given him: "Thou saidst unto me, Return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee." If you and I know that we are walking in the path of duty, if we are where the Lord has bidden us go, we can always claim the divine promise. The Lord is bound to protect his servants when they are in the path of obedience to his command. If you follow your own counsel, you must manage to take care of yourselves; but if you go where the Bible and the clear indications of divine providence guide you, you may always reckon that the Master who sent you will protect his obedient servants, let the dangers of the way be whatever they may. If God should command you to go to the utmost verge of this green earth, to rivers unknown to song,

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS—RUIN SKIN

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Make Your Skin Clear, Smooth and Free From Impurities As Soon As Possible. Because if You Allow Eruptions To Continue Your Face May Become Diseased and Disfigured For Life.

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The continued eruptions of the impurities of the blood through the skin of the face and other parts of the body in the form of pimples, blackheads, boils, fleshworms, eczema, blotches, blemishes, scabby crusts, scrofula, salt rheum, simple and chronic acne, poisoned skin, red skin or rash or spots, ulcers, carbuncles, etc., if allowed to continue indefinitely will eventually destroy the skin so as to permanently disfigure your face and body. The glands in the skin, containing fluids and fatty secretions necessary for the nourishment of the skin, are often destroyed by continued eruptions, thus causing fissures, cracks and scars, and leaving the skin in a dried and shrunken condition.

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Why should you go around any longer with a disgusting looking face and have strangers stare at you and your friends avoid you, when you might just as well have a nice, smooth, attractive face. Stuart's Calcium Wafers have in many cases cured boils and pimples in five days.

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or if he should bid you travel through distant deserts, as Mungo Park journeyed through the midst of Africa, yet he could preserve your life there as well as here in England; and being there, sent by him, you may rest assured that you shall hear the sound of your Master's feet behind you, or have other unmistakable evidences of his presence with you.

And, sinner, this is a good plea for you to use. You can say, "Lord, thou didst tell me to believe in Jesus Christ, thy Son; then, wilt thou not accept me, for his sake, for I have done what thou didst bid me do? Thou hast said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble;' Lord,

this is a day of trouble with me, and I do call upon thee; so wilt thou not answer me?" If you argue with the Lord in such a style as this, you will find that this kind of pleading is potent with him who is omnipotent.

Then, further, Jacob argued with God from his past history. He said that he was not worthy of the least of God's mercies, yet he had received many of them. Though he went over the river Jordan, when he left his home, a sad and solitary man, with nothing but his walking-staff in his hand, yet he had come back with wives and children, and so great a number of servants, and cattle, and camels, and goats, and sheep, and asses that he had become like two bands. "Now, Lord," says he, "after all thy past mercies to me, I beseech thee, do not leave me now. Hast thou blessed thy servant up to this moment, and canst thou leave him now?" I cannot tell you how often I have been comforted by the truth implied in John Newton's words:--

"Determined to save, he watch'd o'er my path
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death:
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame!"

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

So Jacob prayed, in effect, "Lord, thou hast often been my Helper in the past; so now deliver me. I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau." You, my unconverted friend, may even adopt this form of pleading, for you can say, "Lord, thou hast spared my life many a time when I have provoked thee. Let thy longsuffering, which now leads me to repentance, also move thee to forgive my sin. I remember what thou didst on Calvary for sinners in ages long past. Didst thou give thy well-beloved and only-begotten Son to die for sinners, and wilt thou not now accept every trembling sinner who seeks thy favour?" This also shall prove to be the kind of pleading that will cause the gates of God's grace to open.

The fourth argument that Jacob used was perhaps the best of all: "Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good," and so on. Ah, that was the masterstroke; and, in like manner, if you would succeed at the mercy-seat, you must bring down the hammer of the promise upon the head of the nail of prayer, and then clinch it, as Jacob did, by saying to the Lord, "Thou saidst" so and so, and so-and-so. David once said to God in prayer, "Do as thou hast said." When a man has promised you something that you really need, you take him by the button-hole, and you say to him, "Now, you promised to give me that;" and if he is an honest man, you can hold him by his own word; and shall the God of truth ever fail to perform his promise? No; that is one of the things that God cannot do; he cannot lie, and he cannot run back from his promise, nor does he want to do so. O Christian, if you would get anything from God, find a promise of it in his Word, and then thou mayest count the thing as good as received. When a man of means gives you his cheque, you count it

just as good as hard cash; and God's promises are even better than cheques or bank notes. We have only to take them, and plead them before him, and we may rest assured that he will honour them.

II. Thus I have tried to place before you the points in which Jacob's prayer is worthy of both commendation and imitation; and now I want to say something concerning his last plea, which seems to me to be very suggestive: "Thou saidst."

Believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, I need not say more to you upon this matter, for you know the value of the promises of God, and you know how to use them. But to those who are not converted, I may perhaps speak a few words suggested by Jacob's last plea: "Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good." Sinner, lay hold, as fast as thou canst, of the promise of God, and then plead it with him. To this end, I would say to every unconverted one here who desires to obtain the priceless blessing of salvation--study the Word of God very diligently, and always read it with the view of finding a promise that may suit your special case; and when you read it, study it with the firm conviction that it is God's Word and that, in each promise, God is truly speaking to you as though he had sent an angel to apply that promise personally to you. Take a text which you find to be applicable to yourself, and say, "This is what the Lord says to me as certainly as though he now spoke it in my ear."

Next, I beseech you to remember that God's Word is absolutely true. Fix that fact in your memory, and then say to yourself that the promise, being true, must be fulfilled. Next to the person of the Lord Jesus Christ, the great object of faith is the promise of God; and if we were more familiar with his promises, we should more speedily get out of that Slough of Despond, in which so many of us flounder so long. Bunyan says that "there are, by the direction of the Lawgiver, certain good and substantial steps, placed even through the very midst of this Slough... but these steps are hardly seen; or if they be, men, through the dizziness of their heads, step besides, and then they are benimed to purpose, notwithstanding the steps be there." Look out for these steps of promise, my friend. There is, in the Bible, a promise just exactly suited to your case, so mind that you find it. Did you never send for a locksmith to open a drawer because you had lost the key, and could not open it? He comes with a great bunch of rusty keys--very like God's promises which you have allowed to get rusty through not using them--and first he tries one key, and then another, and another, till, at last, he gets the right one, and the treasures in your drawers are spread open before you. It is just so with the treasures of God's mercy. There is one special promise in Scripture which will fit the wards of the lock of your experience; and you must try promise after promise till, at last, you get the right one, and then you can say to Lord, as Jacob did, "Thou saidst." That is the main matter, what God has said. Never mind what anybody else has said; but let your one concern be to know what God says.

Good Mr. William Jay, of Bath, writing upon this passage, "Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good," makes four observations which I commend to both saints and sinners. The first is, *God has the ability to do you good.* Whatever

good it is you need, God can give it to you. Pardon of sin, help in trouble, comfort in distress, whatever it is that you really need, God has the ability to give it to you, and so to do you good. In the second place, *God has the inclination to do you good.* You need not speak to him as if he were unwilling to bless you; it is according to His nature to be gracious. Love is one of his chief attributes, and his loving-kindness and tender mercies greatly abound. He as much delights to show kindness to the needy as a generous man delights to relieve the wants of the poor. In the next place, *God is under an engagement to do you good.* "Thou saidst, surely I will do thee good." God has given a promise to seeking sinners, that he will be found of them; to repentant sinners, that he will pardon them; to believing sinners, that they shall find eternal life. And then, the fourth thing is, *God has already done good to you.* This fact ought to strengthen your faith. The Lord has the ability, and the inclination, and he is under engagement to do you good, and he has already begun to do it.

I may say to you, my hearers, that the Lord has done you some good in bringing you here to listen to the Gospel, and in making that Gospel so sweet and so generous a Gospel as it is a Gospel for those who labour, and are heavy laden, and who can find no rest anywhere else--a Gospel for the very chief of sinners, as Paul wrote to Timothy, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." I put into your hands this plea of Jacob, "Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good." Go and plead it, and the Lord do unto you according to your faith!

III. My last words--which must be very few--concern the answer which Jacob's prayer received.

His prayer was answered, but it was not answered in the way he expected it would be. When he had done praying, he found that all his plans had been knocked on the head; so you need not wonder if you find the same thing happen to you when you have done praying.

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Do not be astonished, my dear hearers if, when you have gone to God in prayer, you should seem to feel worse than you did before. There is a young friend I daresay he is here now--who told me that he came to hear me for many months, that he became outwardly reformed, and was, as he thought, going on well, till there came, one Lord's day morning, a sermon about the corruption of the human heart which knocked all to pieces his pretty castle in the air, upset all his hopes, and utterly destroyed his self-confidence. I am very glad it did, for his hopes and trust were all false; and afterwards, by God's grace, he began to build up on a far firmer foundation. Sometimes, when you have been praying for salvation, God answers you by destroying all your hopes. You asked him to save you, and you thought he would do it in a way that would make you happy; but, instead of that, he plucked up all your fine plants by the roots, and turned your pretty garden into a desert, because he knew that the flowers you were growing were all poisonous, and must be cleared away before he could plant there those which would be the plants of his right hand planting.

When God answered Jacob, he met him, not as his Friend but as his wrestling Opponent. Jacob had a fierce duel, which lasted all night long, by Jabbok's brook; and if God really appears to you, I should not be surprised if he comes at first like an enemy; and if you should have to say to him as Job did, "Thou humbled me as a fierce lion." God's choicest mercies often come to us under the guise of adversities. God sends his love-letters to us in black-edged envelopes, and sometimes we are afraid to open them. If we would but do so, we would soon know the loving-kindness of the Lord. Jacob was to have an answer to his prayer; but, before the answer came, he had to wrestle; nay, worse than that, be-

fore Jacob was fully delivered, he had to be made to limp, and all his life afterwards he went halting upon his thigh. You, poor sinner, may be made to feel your sinful mess so much that you will be driven almost to despair; and you, believer, will have to fight with Satan, possibly as long as you are in this body.

Although Jacob's own plans were put on one side, and God met him as though he were his enemy, and the poor patriarch went on limping when the sun rose over Peniel, yet, for all that, he did get his prayer answered. His brother Esau ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." So, beloved, trust ye in the Lord, and wait patiently for him, and your enemies shall become your friends, your doubts shall end in joy, your tribulations shall melt away into the glory, and you shall prove that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."

Brothers, the pith of the whole matter is this, "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." As for you who know him not, I pray you to trust in the sacrifice of his dear Son, Jesus Christ. As the doves hide themselves in the clefts of the rock, hide yourself in the wounds of Jesus by trusting in his atoning sacrifice. And as for you, the saints of the Lord, return unto your rest, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with you; therefore, "rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him," remembering that "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint."

May the Lord graciously give all of us his blessing and benediction, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

Editorial

This week contains a day that has become a fixture in National life—it is Thanksgiving Day. And surely that is an alien heart that cannot evoke the spirit of gratitude and give hearty expressions of praise and thanksgiving for the bounties and blessings of the closing year. Peace and plenty have been in evidence on all sides. No where on earth are there so many happy homes and creature comforts, so universally enjoyed, as in our own fair land. Then, too, the great and wide-spread revival of civic righteousness and the partial overthrow of the political demagogue furnish an additional cause for thanksgiving. The child of God should feel doubly grateful for the religious and civil liberty enjoyed and also for the abounding fruits of a practical Christianity.

Reasons, however, for thankfulness will be as numerous and diversified as are human hearts. Long years ago the angel Gabriel came to Zacharias and indicated how God was going to do apparently the impossible for him. Unbelief staggered him for a while, but at last the hour arrived when he said, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel: for he hath visited and redeemed his people." At this season there are those who, like the aged priest, will be grateful to God for reversing the operation of law and bestowing a greatly prized and long sought blessing. Holy and thrilling was the joy when that same angel revealed to Mary that her life was an important factor in the great plan of God. With humble and becoming reverence she said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word." And as she realized the sacredness of this honor she sang: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Surely profound and grateful will be the thanksgiving of those who this year have realized that their lives are involved in the unfolding and developing of God's plans.

Some, like the aged Simeon, will thank Him for the fulfillment of the promise of years, and others who have throbbing heads and aching hearts, will whisper their gratitude at His footstool.

In the day of prosperity and the hour of joy the rendering of thanks is not an irksome or trying task. There be few, however, who can say with Moses, "Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil." It is hard to bestow benediction on the year that brought reverses or say "blessed be the day" that enshrouds a great sorrow. Over this office, as in many other places, a shadow still lingers. The stalwart form of one dearly loved is no longer seen and our Thanksgiving Day is sanctified by tears from the heart's purest fountain.

"Thus thou' oft depressed and lonely.

All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only,
Such as these have lived and died."

Let it be borne in mind, however,

that a thankful disposition reveals character and indicates attainment.

To the question "what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" such a disposition answers nothing, and by that answer cheerfully recognizes in all things the guiding hand of an Omnipotent God. A thankful heart is, itself, a great blessing.

Nor should the method of expressing thankfulness be ignored. The occasion ought to be far removed from sinful indulgences and harmful amusements.

Thankful heart, think of the less fortunate, and "remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, it is more blessed to give than to receive." "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord.

But above all let gratitude abound toward that One on whom "the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

That wonderful old man, Gen. William Booth, of the Salvation Army, has concluded a three-months' trip in this country and zone back to England. He is seventy-eight, and was reported at one time during his stay to be seriously ill. But on the last Sunday he preached in New York City, in the New Amsterdam Theater, three times, and his sermons were forty-five to sixty minutes in length.

His voice was clearly heard in all parts of the crowded theater. Dr. Cannon wrote a most interesting account of these to the *New York Christian Advocate*, and we are glad to give our readers a little of what he says:

"Three times that day he preached—not a simple exhortation, not a series of 'Come to Jesus,' 'Quit your meanness,' 'Give up your sins,' but three clear, strong sermons, of from forty-five minutes to an hour each. The sermons were not a series of anecdotes or of incidents—in fact it was very surprising that a man of his wonderful varied experience should relate so few personal things. They were sermons that grew properly out of the text; they were logical and well reasoned; they were comprehensive in their sweep of the range of incentive and motive, and they were extraordinary in their power of appeal. The texts were: 'He shall see the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied.' 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven;' and 'What shall I do then with Jesus?' The theme of all three was the same, salvation. The power of the meetings centered in that thought. The man on the stage was crying out to the man in the pit, to the man in the gallery, that all men are lost, that Christ has come to save them, that Christ will save them now, and begging, entreating them to trust themselves fully to him for today and forever. The earnestness of the man, his confidence in the power of his Master to save the vilest wretch, the insistent love of the man that will take no denial—these were his springs of power.

"The effectiveness of this preaching and of the thorough systematic work of the officers in the audience was abundantly manifested by the numbers who came streaming down from the top gallery, the first gallery balcony, and out from the dress circle to the stage. About two hundred people, nearly all grown men and women, responded to the appeal and went to the 'Mersey seat.'"

Gen. William Booth is now recognized all over the world as not only a good man, but as among the

greatest men of the century. An English paper said that when he began his tours years ago, he was pelted with mud. Now, going to the same places, he is pelted with bank notes. And high and low delight to do him honor. Oxford University conferred the degree of D. C. L. upon him.

He says he has made arrangements for the continuation of the Salvation Army after his death. It is understood his third son, a man with much of his father's great ability is to be the General. But many prayers are going up that it may be years yet, if God sees best, ere William Booth is called to his reward.

When Gipsy Smith went back to England from his tour in this country, he was questioned as to what he thought of religious affairs here, and what progress the churches had made since he was here eighteen years ago. But alas! for American self complacency, he had found the progress to be retrogression. For with Gipsy Smith fine buildings, eloquent orators, operatic choirs and big amounts are as nothing. The spirituality of the saints is what he delights in.

He says of the average of church members whom he met: "They are moral but not spiritual, refined but not godly." The reason he gives for this is the decline of the prayer meeting.

When he was here eighteen years ago he was greatly impressed and delighted with the fact "it was no uncommon thing to see half, if not two-thirds of the church membership at the week night service." But he found there had been a great change for the worse in this. He says: "It is far more difficult to get the people who call themselves Christians to prayer-meeting. The prayer-meeting is the life of the church; she stands or falls as she prays. Let me see the week-night prayer-meeting of any church and feel its pulse and I will gauge its life and tell what it stands for in any community. One of the lost arts is the power to pray and the love of prayer, for this alone can give passion for souls and keep passion alive."

Gipsy Smith regretted also the great decrease in the attendance of the church members themselves upon the worship on Sunday. Along with this he found a mad craze for pleasure and he adds: "These things are eating the life out of the churches."

"The power to pray and the love of prayer." Gipsy Smith reaches the heart of religion in these words. We fear that if he had attended many prayer-meetings in the churches he would have found the small number present not the only change. We fear he would have found the prayer-meeting not a meeting for prayer. The name remains; the vital thing is gone.

Let any brother who reads this test the matter for himself. At the next prayer-meeting in his church let him note with his watch how much time is spent in prayer. He will be amazed at the result of keeping an accurate account by the watch of the little time spent in prayer. There is sad reason for Gipsy Smith's putting the love of prayer among the lost arts of too many American churches.

Recently Mr. John Norris, of the *New York Times*, appeared before arbitrators to whom the paper and the stereotypers had agreed to leave the question of increased wages. Mr. Norris said: "I can safely assert that newspapers in New York City show less return

than any other business. Most of the papers show deficits."

This frank acknowledgment created much interest in the public mind. Too many had taken it for granted the papers, especially those of large circulation were rolling in wealth.

The trouble is the enormous increase in expenses with no increase in the subscription price. The price of white paper has gone up and is still going up. So has the pay of the printers, and, in fact, every expense. The *New York World* says its expense is 40 per cent. more than it was five years ago, and the same is true for other papers.

An editorial he read in which ministers were exhorted to get nearer to men moved Rev. J. W. McDonald to write letters to seventy-five men in his city. He wrote to laborers, clerks, bankers, merchants, lawyers, physicians, etc., taking the widest range. He did not know whether these men belonged to any church, or believed in any church, simply choosing what he considered representative men in the different lines of business.

He asked three questions. The first of these was: "What do you consider the most dangerous tendencies and dominating sins of our times?" And the greater number of answers gave three as the dangerous tendencies and sins. First, the inordinate desire to get money, regardless of methods and consequences.

Second, the decay of the home.

Third, the disregard of law.

That these are three of the greatest evils of the times is unquestionable. The disregard of law among the "better class" is appalling. Too many think laws are not to be obeyed, if they interfere with their pleasure or convenience in any way.

Men who stand high in the church will wilfully violate the law by driving automobiles beyond the legal speed limit, because they enjoy the rapid motion. Churches in cities will place chairs in the aisles when a crowd is expected in violation of the law against this. The regard of law as law, seems to have disappeared from the minds of this generation. But this regard must be restored or we shall surely end in anarchy followed by military despotism.

Another one of the instances which God's people delight to hear. A committee of business men met in Boston to transact some business. One of the committee was absent. The others knew that he was burdened with business anxieties, and that the outlook for him was dark. He could find no way to save himself from financial disaster.

One of the committee suggested that they pray to God to relieve their friend of his trouble and to make his business a success. They all agreed and earnest prayers were offered for help for him.

A short time afterwards he met some of these friends. He was rejoicing in the improvement in his affairs. He said he had discovered a way which would enable him to conquer his difficulties. They asked him if he remembered when that way occurred to his mind, and he did. It was the very hour when they were praying for him.

The Red Cross Society was formed at Geneva and, in compliment to Switzerland, the flag of that country, the red cross upon a white ground was adopted as the symbol of the society.

EDITORIAL VARIETIES

Pastor J. S. Wilson, the enterprising and successful pastor at Lagrange, was a welcome visitor in our office this week. Of course, things are moving in the right direction under his wise leadership.

Prof. James Orr in a late volume declares that the assaults upon the Bible, which cause much anxiety at the present time, are those which come "from a popular monistic philosophy, from evolutionary theories in science and from the absorbing interest" which is shown in the "study of comparative religion and mythology."

A German paper recently affirmed that the New York brewers were not brewers but simply chemists.

The total pledges to the National Prohibition work for 1907 to date now aggregate \$25,365, which has been subscribed by 4,964 friends, representing every section of the country.

The Brown Alumni monthly for November reports a total of 935 students this year, as against 915 of last year.

In 1882 there were 737 Y. M. C. A.'s in North America, now there are 1,767; then the membership was 95,977, now it is 437,175. The officers employed have increased from 341 to 2,392; the investment in buildings from \$2,900,750 to \$31,132,245.

Dr. James I. Good, professor in the Central Theological Seminary (Reformed), in a recent address on "Sound Text Books in Colleges and Seminaries" asked, "What has the church to do with theological text books for her theological seminaries?" Here is his wise and timely answer. "The church has a right to inquire about this subject and so have Christians." "The seminary is the child of the church, but also a parent, for out of it come the teachers and leaders." Amen!

The second conference of the Pittsburgh branch of the Bible League of North America was held early in this month. Large attendance characterized the meetings from the first, and a deep interest prevailed at every session. Eminent speakers discussed topics of a vital nature and a profound impression was made. This branch hopes to secure two thousand members during the coming year.

We are delighted to learn that Dr. Wm. C. Minife, so well and favorably known in this city, is being abundantly blessed in his Boston work. Some time since he became pastor of the great Clarendon Street Baptist church, where increasing congregations wait upon his ministry and the outlook is exceedingly bright and hopeful.

Rev. E. B. Farrar has accepted the position as evangelist for Long Run Association, and will move his family to this city at an early date. Bro. Farrar is a faithful minister of the Word and has a great work before him in the Association.

Bro. Bunyan Stephens honored our office with a call this week. The Lord is crowning his efforts with success.

The First Baptist church, Paducah, Ky., extended a hearty and unanimous call to the Rev. M. E. Dodd, to succeed Dr. C. M. Thompson as pastor. Bro. Dodd has been the successful pastor, for four years, of the First Baptist church of Fulton, Ky. A splendid house of worship has been erected and paid for, besides substantial advance being made along all lines of church work.

Representatives of the Laymen's Missionary Movement made a tour of the Middle West during October. The meetings held were international, but it was plainly stated that every dollar raised was to be given through regular denominational channels. A similar tour is to be made at once through the South. We trust the outcome will be all that could be desired.

A manufacturer who is disagreeable to his employees tells this on himself. The joke was too good to keep. A Quaker called on him one day to ask for work. The merchant asked if he had any recommendations. He said he had not, but could easily get them, and he put his bag down and went after them. An hour afterwards he returned, took up his bag and started out without saying anything. "Did you not get your character?" asked the employer. The Quaker replied, "Nay, master, but I got thine."

AMONG THE Churches.

Walnut St. (Third and St. Catherine) - Pastor Henry A. Porter: Things that last; A prodigal who did not come home. Two for baptism, four by letter. Broadway - Bro. Wm. E. Hatcher supplied both hours. Beechland - Pastor C. M. Johnson. Jesus in search; The Challenge of Jesus. Chestnut St. - Pastor J. M. Weaver: The Holy Spirit as an advocate: A precious saying. Calvary - Pastor J. S. Detweiler: United Effort: None cast out. Clifton - Pastor Wm. E. Foster: Self-mastery; Results of Sin. East - Pastor L. T. Wilson: Christianity's Challenge: Consider thy ways. One for baptism, two by letter, two baptized. Our meeting closed Thursday evening with a total of eight accessions to the church. Our congregations were cut down on account of street car strike, but the work done for the church will tell in days to come. Dr. Pinkham did us excellent work. East Mead - Pastor R. L. Brandenburg: Joy restored: The Lord's Supper. Eighteenth St. - Pastor Everett Rawlings: The two natures. German - Pastor A. Janzen: Uncertain Conversions; The great Saviour. Hazelwood - Pastor Chas. B. Althoff: The person of Christ: Temperance. Highland Park - Pastor L. B. Arvin: Faith; Jesus only Saviour. One by letter. Highland - Bro. J. N. Prestridge: No so, Lord. Immanuel - Pastor Thos. A. Johnson: Christ's attitude toward the cross; The deciding point. One by letter. Pewee Valley - Pastor J. M. Walker: Spiritual prosperity. Recall Pastor J. M. Walker for ensuing year. Portland Ave. - Pastor L. W. Smith: Brotherly love; The call of the Master. Two for baptism, one by letter, one by relation. Salem - Pastor H. W. Grizzard: Acts 9:6; Psalms 14:1-3. Thanksgiving services will be held at church. Twenty-sixth and Market - Pastor R. E. Reed: Grieving the spirit; revival of sanity. Twenty-second and Walnut - Pastor M. P. Hunt: What the indwelling of the Spirit means; Anniversary message to the Daughters of Liberty. One by baptism; one by letter; one by relation. Returned from a gracious meeting at Harmony, the little country church in Callaway county, Missouri, where I was baptized twenty-six years ago. Third Ave. - Pastor S. J. Cannon: Thanksgiving; A Sunday evening meeting. One for baptism, one by letter, one by relation, four baptized. Meeting closed; sixty-four additions since meeting began; eighty-three during present pastorate. Van Buren St. - Pastor E. G. Sills: Personal responsibility; Esther's request. Three by letter. Tabernacle (New Albany) - Pastor E. T. Poulson: A young man's vision; Son, remember. Culbertson Ave. (New Albany) - Pastor U. S. Clutton: Thanklessness versus Thankfulness; Opportunity. Raised \$700 toward our \$1,000 building fund.

SEMINARY NOTES.

ARTHUR H. MAHAFFEY.

It was quite a pleasure to have Dr. Sampey to take tea at New York Hall this last Tuesday evening was a week. After the supper hour he addressed the Missionary Band on the subject, "The Devotional Reading of the Bible as a Factor in Character Building." N. R. Stone, the superintendent of the City Limits Mission, spent the noon hour at New York Hall recently. The weekly prayer-meeting of the married students of the Seminary was a very interesting meeting last week, conducted by Mr. Tuttle, a returned missionary. Dr. Payer on his return from the Virginia and Columbia Associations made fine reports. Dr. W. E. Hatcher, of Richmond, a faithful friend to the Seminary, took dinner with the students at New York Hall Friday, and, as usual, gave us a fine talk. It was also a pleasure to have Rev. J. P. Seraggs, pastor of the Baptist church at Midway, Ky., present one day recently. T. J. Halcom, after a very successful day at West Point, Ky., resigned as pastor last Sunday. It is indeed gratifying to know that the mission study classes of the Seminary are doing fine work. The classes meet

New Pastor's Memorable Beginning.



DR. HENRY ALFORD PORTER.

A noteworthy day was Sunday, November 17th, with Walnut Street Baptist church, that being the initial Sunday of the new pastorate. Dr. Porter, the new pastor, in a short talk to the Sunday-school spoke words of edification, and congratulated Bro. S. L. Simmons on the thriftiness of the school. Large and appreciative audiences heard the new pastor at both the morning and evening services. The morning hymn was taken from Hebrews 11:30. Dr. Porter preached with feeling and power. He drew a parallel between the text and the present situation, saying that we could take our own grand city by united faith and effort, even as Israel conquered the walled city of Jericho. This grand old historic church has wrought well and effectually in times past; see to it that a march is now started that all will keep step with. Walk and faint not; and so go on from victory to victory. Notwithstanding the rain and the street car strike, a full house heard the evening sermon. The subject was, "The Prodigal that Returned Not." Dr. Porter drew a strong lesson from the text and the determination that remained in the prodigal son's heart, although he had spent such a season in wastefulness and dissipation. He made a soulful and eloquent appeal to the un saved, and warned them of the black and yawning pit of sin and eternal damnation. He entreated them to look out upon the mountains of God's promises, see the bleeding, dying Saviour on Calvary's tree and accept God's toning grace. Two came forward for prayer, and our united with the church by letter. On Thursday, November 21st, at 8 p.

m., an informal reception was tendered Dr. and Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Brethorst, his mother-in-law, as Dr. Porter beautifully called her. The deacons and their wives acted as hosts. Dr. P. T. Hale presided over the following order of the evening: Prayer - Dr. B. H. Dement. Vocal Solo - Miss Price. Address - Bro. W. D. Major. Violin Duet - Misses Barnhill and McKinney. Address - Supt. S. M. Simmons. Vocal Solo - Miss Wilkerson. Address - Dr. P. T. Hale. Address - Dr. H. A. Porter. Mr. F. L. Spiden presided at the piano. The tasteful and beautiful distribution of flowers and evergreens reflected praiseworthy credit upon the ladies of the church. The music was never sweeter and more pleasing. Brethren Major and Simmons were at their best as they represented respectively, the church and the Sunday-school, and the different societies in their heart and soul of welcome to the new pastor and his family. Dr. Hale was timely and happy in his introduction of the new pastor. In his beautiful response, Dr. Porter's talk was significant in its wisdom, mirth and wholesome sentiment. Not less than five hundred gave the pastor and his own the glad hand of welcome. The joys and delicacies served proved that the ladies had not overlooked an important factor in making the reception a magnificent success. The relationship between Walnut Street church and the new pastor has had a most memorable beginning, and it promises much for God's glory.

in the various rooms at a convenient time, and spent an hour in an informal way in the discussion of a lesson assigned at the previous meeting. It was a very great treat to have several visitors present at the chapel our last Friday. Among that number were Dr. Hatcher, several members of the faculty of the Presbyterian Seminary, a group of students from the same Seminary, and other friends. Addresses were delivered by Mr. William T. Ellis, the Philadelphia journalist, who has been abroad to study missions from a layman's point of view. His address was along the line of what he had seen in the foreign field, and the obligation of the home people to supply these needs. A second address was delivered by Mr. J. Campbell White, of New York, the General Secretary of the International Laymen's Missionary Movement. His talk was about the missionary problem as it now stands before the churches of all the Christian world. Suffice it to say, that an hour and half was used to a great advantage. Supplies for last Sunday: J. E. Baird, Fisherville, Ky.; B. E. Dunn, Shepherdsville, Ky.; W. E. Abram, Jeffersonville, Ind.; W. F. Wagner, Hickory Grove, Ky.; E. O. Cottrell, Evergreen, Ky.; Coakley, Perea; W. N. Rose, Saunders; Joseph Connell, Simpsonville, Ky.; R. W. Grizzard, Salem; Navphe, West Point, morning; E. E. Burdock, Dupont, Ind. S. S. Stenhenson is at present carrying on a very interesting meeting at Eleventh and Jefferson, mission of Chestnut Street

Baptist church. Rev. J. A. Davis has just closed a very successful meeting at Germantown, Ky., with Pastor Hudson; eight additions. THE STATE. Pastor Wm H. Williams writes from Springfield: Rejoice with us in the great shower of blessings which we have enjoyed. Tonight we closed what is probably the greatest meeting in the history of our church. As the brother who was to assist me could not come, I did the preaching, and the people realizing that I could not well do the visiting and teaching, did most of the visiting. God blessed our work and added to us thirty-six by baptism and nineteen by letter. Few pastors are blessed with a more united, loyal, consecrated and energetic membership, than is the pastor of the Springfield church. Pastor W. R. Eriseow, Mt. Vernon, writes: I leave this field for my home near Bardonia at the close of this month. Therefore, change the "old reliable" from Mt. Vernon to Bardonia with the issue of Nov. 28th. I leave my field in good condition. Baptized two last Sunday, and received one by letter at Mt. Vernon. Livingston leads the mission churches of the State in gifts to benevolence. Pastor W. F. Wagner writes: Hickory Grove church in Kenton county, of which I have the honor of being pastor, has recently had a glorious meeting of

THE CONVENTION'S PERIODICALS

Table with 2 columns: PRICE LIST PER QUARTER and B. Y. P. U. SUPPLIES. Lists various publications and their prices.

BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD NASHVILLE, TENN.

ten days. We never preached to a more attentive and respectful congregation since we have been in the ministry. God richly blessed our cooperation as church and pastor in laboring for the advancement of His cause and kingdom. Eight new names were added to our church roll, and many others seemed to have received that conviction which we are expecting to mean their decision for God and His church in the near future. Our Ladies' Aid Society has recently had our church papered in such an artistic and becoming style, that we feel now it is a thing of beauty. May God have all the praise for His many benedictions.

With the incoming pastors to our State we should be able to continue the advancement of the past several years in our mission and denominational work. J. G. Bow.

The C. S. Bell Co., Hillsboro, Ohio, announce their new artistic STEEL ALLOY BELLS catalogue, No. 908, is off the press and ready for distribution. Catalogue will be sent free upon request to anyone interested in the purchase of a Bell.

A MID-WINTER SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL METHOD. BY PRESIDENT E. Y. MULLINS.

It gives me pleasure to announce to the brethren that arrangements are being made for our mid-winter lecture courses, which give promise of being far more interesting and profitable than any we have had in the Seminary hitherto. We will have, as usual, the course of lectures on the Gay foundation, and the Sunday-school Board lectures, and the course of lectures on Evangelism. But in addition to these we are arranging to have a series of lectures on practical subjects, by way of connecting theological teaching with actual conditions in the churches. We desire to present at this early date the opportunity of attending these lectures, so that pastors and others who wish to do so can make their arrangements to be present. The lecture courses will begin February 17th and continue two weeks. There will be two or three lectures each day. It is probable that there will be a Sunday school institute in connection with the courses of lectures, which will be of great practical interest. Full particulars as to these lectures will be announced in the near future.

We are also considering the question of making some changes in the arrangements for examinations in our classes, so that brethren can take any portion of the session of eight months desired and receive credit for the same, even where they are unable to spend the whole session of eight months in the Seminary. This plan is not yet mature, but is being considered, and if it is found practicable, it will be announced later. The hint is thrown out now with a view to suggesting to any brethren who may have a couple of months that they can give to Seminary work, and only this time, that they might be planning to enter January 27th for this purpose. On this point further announcements will follow.

Dr. McGlothlin then introduced Dr. W. B. Beauchamp, pastor of the Fourth Avenue Methodist church, who welcomed the new pastor in behalf of the Christian community. Then the welcome from the Baptists of Louisville was delivered by Dr. Lloyd T. Wilson. The welcome to the church was given by Dr. E. Y. Mullins.

Dr. C. S. Alderman, the incoming pastor, then made a brief but appropriate response. Prayer for the church and pastor was made by Rev. T. A. Johnson, of Broadway church. Benediction by Rev. J. E. Williams, of Ormsby Avenue church.

The congregation heartily welcomes Dr. Alderman to the city and the State.

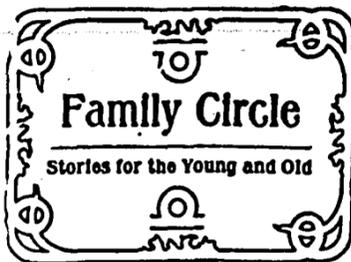
BURNING WOOD

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 appreciate Christmas Gifts 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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"VINDICATRIX."

(LINES SUGGESTED BY THE SYMBOLIC FIGURE ON THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.)

The mighty dead take up their march
once more
And trend exultant o'er our virgin sod;
Their ringing shouts in billowy volume
swell,
Their shimmering ranks of Statehood's
valor tell.
And civic faith in God.

But not on earth we see and hear them
now;
Their cause and ours has winged its
flight on high;
On heavenly plains the grand review
appears.
There vindication crowns disastrous
years
And patriots cease to sigh.

We dare not wish that war had never
blazed
Its ruthless path throughout our fair
domain.
The night it brought has added star to
star;
The day it brought effulgent shines afar;
And well redeems the pain.

'Tis meet, indeed, that heaven and earth
unite
To shrine the dust where fallen heroes
lie,
Lest memory palsy in the rush of time,
And all forgotten thought and deed sub-
lime
Pass from our Southern sky.

Hail, fair, "Vindicatrix!" thy pose is
very truth,
To heaven thy hand is raised in mute
appeal—
That heaven to which our sires addressed
their prayer,
That heaven which sent them strength to
do and dare
In days of woe and weal.

Oh God, the past is with the past and
Thee,
And thou alone canst order good and
ill.
Redress, Oh Lord, the bloodshed and the
tears
Of those far distant, unremembered years,
And make them serve Thy will.
T. D. D. C. in Religious Herald.

LITTLE NUMBER NINE.

BY FRANCIS MARGARET FOX

Little number Nine had one friend who
trusted him in spite of his dirty face and
ragged hair. That was Bobs, who lived in the
big stone house on the avenue. If Bobs's
folks had known that he used to meet
Little Number Nine in the alley, there
might have been trouble. Only the Ash
Man knew that the two played together
and he saw no harm in allowing a friend-
less boy an occasional romp with a dog.
The Ash Man had known them both all
their lives.

"You couldn't steal his ears, nor his
tail, could you, Sonny? As for keeping the
whole dog, that wouldn't be safe."
"I don't steal," replied the boy, a
sullen look overshadowed his bright face.

"You'll bear watching," declared the
Ash Man, as he trudged down the alley.
Number Nine put his arms around
Bobs and buried his face in the silken
coat. "You're the only one that knows
I wouldn't steal," he sobbed, "and
perhaps if you knew more you'd be
afraid, too. I never stole anything,
Bobs, and if my mother wasn't dead,
she'd tell you. She used to say 'I've
great hopes for you, Georgie,' but nobody
else has, 'cause my father went to prison
for being a burglar."

"Aunt Deb says I'd steal and that's
why she locks the house when she goes
washing. She says she's an awful good
woman 'cause she took one of us 'leven
children, but I tell you, Bobs, I wish
something else had happened. Grand-
mother Washington would have taken me
with Martha and Mary only she was
afraid I would turn out bad on account
of my being a boy. My name's George
Washington, but I came after eight
others so Pa called me Number Nine.
But, Bobs, I wouldn't steal. I prom-
ised my mother I never would, nor lie."

Bobs wagged his tail, squirmed, licked

the boy's face and begged so hard for a
frollic, little Number Nine wiped his
eyes.

Next day no small dog came bounding
into the alley, although Number Nine
watched from morning until night, nor
did he appear the day after. Had the
Ash Man told?

The following morning when Aunt Deb
had gone forth with the key in her
pocket, little Number Nine wandered the
length of the alley, then turned into a
narrow lane leading past the garden of
the stone house. Outside a thick hedge
he paused to listen. A child was talk-
ing to Bobs and Bobs was answering in
short, sharp barks. The boy peeped
through the hedge. The child in the
garden was a cripple in a wheeled chair.

"Now Bobs, go way back!" com-
manded the little girl. "Go back! Now
stand up and walk!"

It was all Number Nine could do to
keep from shouting as the dog took six
or seven steps, receiving a bit of cooky
in reward.

"Now sir," continued the child,
"sav your prayers!"

The dog folded his front paws upon
the chair and buried his head, nor did he
raise it until the little girl said, "Amen!"

"Now, sir," she went on, "roll over,
once, twice, over sir, clear over! Three,
four times! Here's your cooky. Now
be dead dog!"

The boy outside the hedge danced for
joy. "I never knew it was a trick dog,"
he whispered as he watched Bobs per-
form.

At last the little girl's mother ap-
peared. Number Nine knew who she was
by her way of touching the child's hair
as she said: "There! Rosebud, you
and Bobs have played long enough. You
musn't get tired."

Fearing he might be seen, Number
Nine returned to his alley. Next day
he saved part of his dinner for Bobs,
who cheerfully went through his tricks.

"Now sir, go home to Rosebud!"
Number Nine commanded, and straight
to the garden trotted the small dog, fol-
lowed later by the boy, who took his
post behind the hedge.

As the days went by Number Nine for-
got his troubles. It was a new world he
saw through the hedge, a world of joy
and brightness. One afternoon little
Number Nine even forgot that he was
the stranger outside the gates. The
gardener was telling Rosebud's father
that he needed help and should prefer a
small boy.

"Why don't you take me?" piped
a shrill voice.

The family and the gardener looked
astonished. "Who are you, and where
are you?" some one demanded.

"I'm the boy they call Number Nine
and I'm looking through the hedge. You
can't see me."

Number Nine was invited to walk
into the garden. Aunt Deb didn't own a
mirror, so the boy had no idea how he
looked or he might have guessed why
Rosebud smiled when she saw him.

"Is there any one around here who
knows you, my boy?" asked the little
girl's father.

"Yes, the Ash Man, he does," was
the reply. The next minute the child
was sorry he mentioned the Ash Man.

"All right," assented Rosebud's father.
"I'll have a talk with your friend.
Call again tomorrow."

But on the morning Number Nine was
turned away. "I'm afraid you won't
do," announced Rosebud's father.

The boy waited in the alley for the
Ash Man. "What'd you tell 'em?" he
demanded, standing in the way of the
enemy's wheelbarrow.

"Don't take it so hard, youngster,"
began the Ash Man; "I did but warn
them that you'd bear watching seem'
as how you're the son of your father."

"You might have give me a chance
to earn some money," insisted the boy.
"What for?"

Number Nine wouldn't tell the Ash
Man that he wished for a chance to
reach his grandmother's home. She
would keep him when she knew how hard
he tried to be good.

One morning in late summer Bobs
failed to visit the alley. Three days
passed and no Bobs. Number Nine
crept to the hedge and peeped into the
garden for a glimpse of the dog. In-
stead, he saw Rosebud in tears.

"He's lost, I know he's lost," she
cried.

That minute Number Nine began
searching for the lost dog. Day after
day he trudged up one street and down
another, always reaching home shortly
before Aunt Deb.

It was on circus day that the friends
finally met, one ragged as the other.
Aunt Deb had gone to work earlier than
usual, giving Number Nine a chance to
join the small boys who meant to see all
they could for nothing. Little Number
Nine was watching the cook and his as-
sistants get breakfast when he heard a
yelp of pain. One of the men had
kicked a dog, and the dog was Bobs.

Only Number Nine or Rosebud would
have known him, he was so ragged and
dirty.

Urchins began making fun of Bobs.
"You're a nice looking pair!" said
a tall boy. "Can't tell which is which!"
"Where'd he git so much tail!" said
another.

"Is his name Mop-rag?" demanded
a third.

"Ain't he plump's a kittin' needle!"
put in a youngster on the edge of the
crowd.

"He can do tricks," suggested little
Number Nine, "and if one of the circus
men'll give us a bite, we'll show you."

"Here, take this!" and the tall boy
offered a sandwich.

Bobs needed no urging. He performed
one trick after another until the last
crumb was gone.

"He beats all I ever saw!" declared
the tall boy. "I'll beg something more
to feed him."

Thus Bobs worked for his breakfast
and amused a crowd at the same time.

"How much will you take for your
dog?" asked a young man as Number
Nine lifted Bobs in his arms.

"He's manager of the whole show,"
whispered the tall boy. "Say fifty dol-
lars and you'll get it!"

"I can't sell Bobs," replied little
Number Nine.

"Come," said the manager. "here's
ten dollars."

Little number Nine was tempted. Ten
dollars seemed a fortune to a boy who
needed but one dollar and seventy-five
cent to buy a ticket to his grand-
mother's home. Suddenly little Number
Nine, keeping tight hold of Bobs,
slipped through the crowd, nor stopped
running until safely beyond the grounds.
At last the boy thrust Bobs through his
own gate. From his hiding-place he
saw Rosebud in the garden.

"O namma, Mamma!" she cried.
"Bobs has come home! You dear, dear
Goggie!"

Outside the hedge a ragged little boy
was so happy he scarcely noticed when
the Ash Man entered the gate, interrupt-
ing the fuss the assembled family were
making over the runaway.

"Your dog didn't come back alone,"
said he. "That little Number Nine
brought him home. I happened to be on
the circus grounds this morning in time
to see for sure that boy'll stand watch-
ing. You'd know he was the son of his
mother. Why, I'd trust him any-
where!"

Little Number Nine ran home too
happy to think, and sat on the steps
waiting for Aunt Deb. He was so
dazed that when the Ash Man came soon
after and sat beside him he felt no sur-
prise.

"They want a boy to live with them
up to the big house," began the Ash
Man, slowly, "and they want a boy they
can trust. He's to do chores and help
the gardener and the coachman. For
pay he's to have good, comfortable
clothes, some money in the bank every
month and a chance to go to school.
Says I, if you want a boy you can trust
take little Number Nine; he'll bear
watching."

"You was telling them about me,"
agreed the child, whereupon the Ash Man
offered to shake hands.—*Congregational-
ist.*

A CHILD'S PRAYERS.

A young mother left her guests one
evening to go up and bid good night
to the small daughter whom the nurse
had just left.

"Why, Esther, you haven't said your
prayers!" exclaimed the mother, as the
child climbed into bed.

It was a perfunctory reminder, for she
was anxious to be downstairs again. She
herself had almost given up the custom
of saying her prayers, but her two chil-
dren had been taught to observe the cere-
mony at bed-time.

"No mother, I'm so very sleepy to-
night. You knew our Sabbath-school
prayer begins:

"To say my prayer is not to pray
Unless I mean the words I say,
Unless I think to Whom I speak,
And with my heart His favor seek."

The mother did not like making ex-
cuses, and she little understood the spir-
itual life of this child of hers.

"Do you think it's nec to go all day
without saying your prayers?" she
asked.

Esther sat up in bed, surprised and
hurt, and her blue eyes widened as she
exclaimed, "Why, mother, dear, you
don't suppose, you don't think, that this
is the only time I pray, do you?" She
was wide awake now.

"When do you pray?" demanded the
mother, in her turn.

"Oh, many times in the day," an-
swered the child, "whenever I need to."
The mother's glance fell before that

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of her child, and a tinge of crimson
mounted to her cheek.
"Whenever I need to." Could she
say as much with the same simple truth-
fulness? Were there not many times
when the fretfulness, the selfishness, the
sordidness had persisted, times when her
better nature might have overcome if she
had prayed "whenever she needed to?"
"What do you pray about?" she
asked again, with a strange sense of dis-
tance between her heart and that of the
child.
"Oh, I talk to God about the things
I'm doing," said Esther, falling back
on her pillow, "and when I do wrong
I ask his forgiveness and his help to do
better next time. Because he under-
stands and is so great, you know,"
she added.

Yes, her mother knew; she had known
for many years; but was she as con-
scious of that Presence and Power in
her own daily life, or had her own pray-
ing degenerated into a more or less per-
functory "saying of prayers" at stated
times, or a petulant demand for some-
thing which she could not secure through
mortal assistance?

"And then," continued Esther, uncon-
scious of the long pause, "sometimes I
pray because I'm so happy. I just have
to."
The mother suddenly felt her soul to
be a small, darkened thing compared to
the clear shining of her child's. How
undeveloped her own spiritual nature
seemed in that moment! She was a good
woman; she cared for the little family;
she took them to church on Sabbath; she
made her contribution indifferently when
she was asked to give something for mis-
sions; but beyond that her life was
mostly one of pleasure. And her pleas-
ures were many, but were they the sort
which made her "pray because she was
so happy?" Was it not usually only a
trial or a disappointment that reminded
her for a moment of her dependence on
a higher Power?

Esther's idea of praying was surely
a very different thing from the "saying
of prayers." Where had she learned
the difference?

Her head dropped in self-accusation.
Like many mothers, she had taught her
child to repeat a child's prayer, but
had she ever really taught her to pray?
Now it seemed, in some strange way, the
child was to lead her.
She stooped to kiss the earnest little
face on the pillow. "We will talk about
it more," she said, "and if you are
sleepy you need not say 'Now I lay me'
tonight, for God likes waking prayers
best, we know. But," she added, wist-
fully, "won't you just pray one prayer
for mother before you go to sleep? She
needs it."—*Youth's Companion.*

OUT OF STOCK.

It takes a great deal to shatter the
composure of a head waiter and to re-
duce him to the level of an ordinary,
apologetic mortal, but the feat was ac-
complished in Washington, says the
Post, and in a very simple way. A law-
yer went to supper at a certain cafe
after the theatre, and ordered a cup of
coffee.
"Please bring it in a cup with the
handle on the left side," he said, confi-
dentially to the waiter. "I'm left-
handed, and I don't like any other kind
of a cup."
"Yes, sir," stammered the waiter;
"I will, sir."
He was seen to hasten away and con-
fer with the head waiter. Then the
head waiter bore down on the party.
"What sort of a cup was that you
wanted, sir?" he said.
"Cup with the handle on the left side.

I'm left-handed," returned the lawyer.

The head waiter disappeared, to re-
turn a little later obviously perturbed.

"The cup you—" he began.

"What?" exclaimed the lawyer. "Do
you mean to tell me that in a first-class
cafe like this you haven't such a thing
as a cup with a handle on the left side?
Absurd! Why, how am I to use any
other kind? You must have plenty of
them."

"Well," said the head waiter, "we
usually has, but I'm sorry, sir; do last
we had was broke this morning."

HE LEARNED THEIR NAMES.

The late Professor Summerville, of the
University of Pennsylvania, who was a
great Oriental traveler, told of the fol-
lowing amusing mistake made by a
French explorer:

This explorer had made a journey to
Kairuan, and had drawn a map of the
country he passed through. The singular
thing about this map was that the name
"Maarifsh" appeared so many times on
it. A river would be the "Maarifsh
River;" a mountain would be "Mount
Maarifsh;" a village, a lake, a valley,
each would be called "Maarifsh."

When Professor Summerville saw this
map he laughed.

"Don't you know," he said to the
traveler, "what 'maarifsh' means in
Arabic?"

"No," said the other. "What does it
mean?"

"It means 'Don't know.'"

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STORIES FOR LITTLE ONES

A WISE LITTLE MOTHER.

MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

"Tom, please do clean out those swallows' nests from the chimney today. I scarcely slept a wink last night for the racket they made."

"The case of Morpheus Versus Swallow & Co., is it? All right, ma'am, I fly to do your bidding." A half hour later a long ladder was up against the roof, and Tom's long legs were doing him good service in climbing.

The entire family were out to watch proceedings. Not a swallow was to be seen, and Vera openly expressed her doubts. "I don't believe there's a bit of a nest there. She dreams ghosts, and then believes in them," she said, with a giggle. It did her naughty heart good to get a joke on Sister Sue.

"Swallows aren't ghosts, Miss Flipperty," Sue said severely. "You would hear them yourself, if you weren't such a dead sleeper."

Tom raised himself, and took a careful survey of the interior of the haunted chimney. Four bright, little eyes met his when they became accustomed to the gloom, nestled down in a nest of leaves and sticks, and a warninb "ch-r-r" sounded up shrilly from the depths.

Tom came down laughing. "Ma'am Bunny and her husband have a nest there," he said, "and no doubt there are twinnies, more or less. I wonder you could mis take them for swallows, Sue."

"I never once thought of the squirrels," Sue declared, with chagrin. "I thought the swallows were more than usually talkative, but the squirrels have always before made their nest in the fir tree."

"This season has been so backward and cold, that no doubt little Madam thought it was too shivery for her babies in the trees," Mrs. Chase remarked, quietly. She was very fond of the squirrels which roamed about the place, so tame that it was a delight to watch their antics, and interesting to observe the intelligence with which they built for and reared their young.

"Well, Sue, shall I smoke them out?" asked Tom.

"Of course not, Tom Chase. What an idea."

"But they keep you awake, you remember," Tom replied, teasingly.

"Well, I'd change my room rather than have the dear little things disturbed; you know I would."

"The mother will bring them out as soon as the weather is warmer," Mrs. Chase observed. "She loves the tree too well to desert it for a dark, dirty chimney."

Her words proved true, for in a few weeks, as the weather became warm and mild, there was a commotion in the chimney home. "Oh, mamma, come quickly and see," Vera cried, in great excitement.

"Mother Bunny is getting her babies out of the chimney." The entire family came also to witness the performance. There were four large fir trees in the yard in front of the house, forming a square, and the branches reached out well over

the roof, one of them lying so close that it was evidently the intention of the mother to use it as a bridge, and to coax the little ones across it to the safe shelter of the snug nest in the thick crotch of the branches.

"There are four of them, the darlings," cried Vera, pointing "and they are afraid to venture down the side of the chimney." There they were, timid and shrinking, their bright eyes looking out on the big world of sight and hearing of which they were getting their first glimpse. The parent squirrels were whisking up and down, chattering in great excitement.

"She is telling them to follow her and no harm shall come to them," Sue said, as one of the little ones with evident fear and trembling came to the very verge of the chimney and reached one little paw over. The mother ran up and down the chimney side several times.

"She is showing it how very easy and safe it is," Vera exclaimed, with breathless interest, as the little one ventured to follow. "Oh, he's down, he's down," and she jumped up and down in her excitement, and in a very few moments the little one was following the mother across the branch, with little protesting squeaks of terror.

The next one followed more slowly, but at nightfall there were two obstinate, frightened little fellows sitting on the ledge of the chimney, while the parents ran back and forth distractedly, using all the arguments possible to squirrel language to lure them down, and out into the tree.

"Oh, you silly little creature," Vera said. "Why don't you mind your mamma? I have to." But the squirrel babies only looked at each other dejectedly, and clung to their post. They were there in the morning, but perhaps Mother Squirrel had thought of something new in the way of inducement, or she might have defined her views on corporal punishment, but at any rate by noon the chimney was deserted, and four little squirrels cast bright eyes about them in the securely built shelter in the tree.

Mrs. Chase was an invalid, and spent much of her time in suitable weather upon the porch. The little squirrel mother became very tame, and would readily come and pick nuts out of her hand. In fact, she seemed to understand that the family were her friends and protectors, and went on with her domestic duties in their presence quite unconcerned.

One of the baby squirrels fell out of the nest one day, and the whole family came out to see what would happen. "See, she is licking it, just as Tabby licks her kittens," Vera remarked in a whisper. It was evidently more of a comforting process than for cleanliness, and the little red tongue caressed the frightened little one over and over; then she took it by the neck, as a cat carries her kittens, except that the little one curled its body and tail around the mother's neck, and away she went up the tree.

Long before the winter set in the young ones were full grown, but not so tame and approachable as the parents. Selected.

"GATHER OUT THE STONES"

"It is such a stony little path between here and Mrs Harvey's that I can't bear to go over it," said Jim.

"And Dick Harvey doesn't like it any better when he comes over

here," said Frank. "I heard him say he had got over so many bruises in that path. He was grumbling about it yesterday."

"Why don't you clear the way between here and your neighbor's?" asked Mr. Morris. "Much better do that than keep grumbling about it."

"Why, we should never get all the stones out of that path," cried Jim.

"Not all in one day, nor by taking all the stones at once," said the father. "But if each of the boys who crosses there would take a stone out of the way every time he goes, the work would be done. Try it."

The boys did try it. Half a dozen young lads who used the path helped, and the path was cleared.

This is the exactly the way to make it easier and pleasanter for others in this world. Let each one make it his business as he goes through life, to take some little hindrance out of the way whenever he can. Little faults should be cured, and little temptations that cause unwary feet to stumble should be removed.—Children's Friend.

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THE ARKANSAS STATE CONVENTION.

This body met at Little Rock, Ark., in the First Baptist church house on Friday morning, Nov. 15th. It was a fine looking body of men. They were earnest and enthusiastic.

Gen. Wm. E. Atchison was elected President; Dr. J. B. Searey and H. T. Bradford were elected Vice-Presidents; John Jeter Hurt and W. F. Dorris were elected Secretaries, J. H. Kitchens, Treasurer, and A. H. Autrey, Auditor.

We saw many familiar faces in the Convention. There was Ben Cox, pastor of the First church; Dr. John T. Christian, pastor of the Second church; U. S. Thomas, Jonesboro; W. A. Whittle, Fayetteville; E. P. J. Garrott, Batesville; R. W. McGee, Mammoth Springs; T. C. Mahan, Texarkana; Tillman B. Johnson, Texarkana; W. T. Amis, Hot Springs, and others.

The usual topics were discussed, and great enthusiasm manifested in regard to many subjects.

Dr. A. U. Boone, of Memphis, Tenn., and P. H. Hurt, of the same city, were present, seeking to enlist Arkansas Baptists in a great Tri-State Sanitarium to be located at Memphis for the benefit of Tennessee, Mississippi and Arkansas. The matter was considered with favor, and the request made for the appointment of Trustees to confer with brethren from other States.

The great subjects of Missions, Education, Temperance, Sunday-school work, and the Orphans were duly considered.

Dr. J. F. Lowe, of the Home Board, was present to plead with eloquence and burning zeal for the great work he represents.

Dr. S. J. Porter reached high-water mark in his brief, pointed plea for men and money to carry the gospel to the "utmost parts of the earth."

Dr. I. J. Van Ness represented the Sunday school board, and made a fine impression upon the Convention.

Dr. R. G. Bowers, the Corresponding Secretary of Missions, made a most excellent report of the year's work.

Arkansas Baptists gave about \$30,000 to State Missions. They believe in developing their home resources that they may the better sustain the work abroad. They closed the year with a debt of about \$2,000, which was given at the close of this report.

Arkansas has now 100,000 white Baptists. They had more than 3,000 baptisms this year on their mission fields, and made an increase in the State of about 10,000.

Rev. H. L. Winburne preached the annual sermon, on Salvation.

Dr. C. S. Gardner represented the Seminary, and after a brief speech called for a collection, which was responded to with considerable liberality.

The Convention is a fine body of men. They are Baptists. It was truly gratifying to hear them ring out clearly on the doctrines of grace, the keeping of the ordinances as they were delivered unto us, and the firm stand taken against the inroads of ritualism, lax practices and corrupt doctrine. They treated the RECORDER man royally, giving him a good opportunity to present the old reliable paper. He urged them all to take the best paper published in the State, and then be sure to take the best paper published out of the State. Many showed their appreciation by re-

viewing and subscribing. Several took occasion to say the WESTERN RECORDER was the best paper published. Very many expressed themselves highly gratified at the arrangement with Dr. C. M. Thompson as editor-in-chief, who is to give all his time, his splendid energy and brilliant talent to the editorial work.

We shall always be glad to attend the Arkansas State Convention. J. G. Bow.

TO MY BRETHREN IN KENTUCKY.

My election, by the Kentucky State Board, to be your Sunday school Secretary was a very great surprise to me, for I had no idea that I was even thought of in connection with this responsible position. The first intimation I received was the letter from Dr. Bow notifying me that I had been chosen by the State Board to serve the Baptists of Kentucky in this most important office. After prayerful consideration, I have decided to accept, and, the Lord willing, I will enter upon my new work the first of December. I leave an important field here and surrender the pastorate because I realize the fundamental importance of the great work to which I am called, and because I recognize the hand of the Lord leading in the matter. I am sure that it is almost needless for me to say that I am coming to serve the entire brotherhood as earnestly as I may; that I propose to be loyal to my Lord and His truth; and that I shall be faithful to all the interests of our great Baptist Cause.

It is a great work that you have placed upon me, brethren, and I beg your prayerful sympathy, earnest co-operation and united support. If I am to be Secretary for the whole State in fact as well as in name, it is needful that you accord me all this. I have nothing to say as to my plans until I have begun my work. But I may say this, that I do want to get into personal touch with every pastor, Sunday school worker, missionary and colporteur in the State. And, brethren, I would appreciate it if I should find letters from many of you when I arrive in Louisville next week. Some of the brethren have already written me here, and I want to get into touch with you. Please let me hear from you. For the present, address me care our State Mission Secretary, Dr. W. D. Powell. I pray the Lord's choicest blessings upon you all.

Fraternally,
WM. D. MAHONEY.

New Orleans, La.

MOUNTAIN MEANDERINGS.

Leaving Louisville at 8 a. m., Nov. 12th, I arrived at London about 3 p. m., where I was compelled to spend the night. Had a pleasant talk with Bishop Brock, who reports the work in London moving on nicely.

Wednesday at 6:30 a. m. mounted the road wagon, called a mail hack—drawn by two little, old, worn-out mules, carrying the driver and three passengers and something over 500 pounds of mail and baggage. It soon developed that we were making about two miles per hour, and almost freezing. So we walked most of the way, over roads too intolerable to be called roads, reached Manchester, twenty-four miles, about 3 p. m. Bishop McClendon soon harnessed your scribe for a sermon that night. He drummed up a nice congregation,

RESOLVED:

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and we had a delightful service. His people appreciate him much.

Early the next morning I procured a horse, as no other conveyance could be found, with suitcase and grip stacked up before me, I mounted for a thirty-six miles ride to Hyden. But such a ride! The merest excuse for a road, either climbing up or down the mountains, over huge gullies and boulders, or wading the creeks. Often, the so-called road became so dangerous, even for horseback riding, that I was compelled to dismount and lead the jaded horse. So dark overtook me before I was halted by Bishop Lyttle, who is so zealously shepherding the little flock at Hyden. I was too much worried even to go to sleep; but I suppose it will make no difference with me in coming years.

I shall not attempt to give a description of Hyden, more than to say it is the county seat of Leslie county, and appears to be a good business point. There is not a church house in the place, and I am reliably informed, but one church building in the county. So we are worshipping in the court house. The Presbyterians are putting \$10,000 into a school building here, not the Presbyterians of the town or county, for they are but a feeble few; it is the rich Northern Presbyterians thus making a desperate effort to take the mountain region, even if they are making slow headway at it. The sentiment of the people here is distinctly Baptist, and they are not of the sort to be bought.

Our congregations, so far, are excellent, and attention first-class, and we have strong hopes of a great meeting. We confidently expect that from our work from this we can report cash and subscriptions to build a neat Baptist church house in Hyden. We have the most desirable lot in the place, and already about half enough money is in sight to build the house, and we shall stir things generally until we get enough to complete the work.

There is only one church build-

ing in the county, and that far out of the way. No wonder there have been eight murder cases in a little over one year in the county. We ought to build an average of one house each week until the great destitution is supplied. Our board can easily find a place for a \$10,000 building fund, and with it could easily build \$100,000 worth of church houses such as are sorely needed. The Lord direct every reader to send a contribution to Secretary W. D. Powell for the church building fund before Christmas. In this (Three Forks) Association only five of the twelve churches have houses in which to worship. More anon.

W. H. SMITH,
State Evangelist.

DREAMS AGAIN.

Having read the article in the RECORDER from B. W. N. Simms on Dreams, Their Place and Power in Past Times, it calls to my mind very forcibly a dream I dreamt some ten or twelve years ago, and I will here give it to the reader for what it is worth. This, to my mind, is one of those uncommon dreams we hear of; at least it seems so to me. All the comment I have to offer is I know of no reason why I should have dreamed such a dream, and that I have never been able to understand its meaning if it ever had any, though it has caused me to have many anxious thoughts on dreams. I am really not a believer in dreams to the extent our future is unfolded to us by them. But that is by the way—here's the dream, which is in four parts, as follows:

First. In my dream I was on the old home farm on a grass plot, when there appeared before me three knives, the first a small pen-knife; the second, a common bar-knife; the third, a large hawk-bill-knife, used by orchardists to prune trees. These all stood before me with points down.

Second. Then I saw four pairs of shears appear before me: one small pair, such as a dry goods clerk uses; another pair of common scissors, such as is used in our families for general purposes; and the next pair was of extra heavy weight, used in cutting tin, etc., and they were very large. These all lay before me on the ground.

Third. There then appeared before me three pairs of spectacles: one small pair that would fit the head of an infant; while another was a common, ordinary pair; but the third pair I have never seen a head that would fit them, because of their enormous size. The lens of this pair were eight-cornered, or octave, and the frame was solid gold. These all lay before me.

Fourth. Then in my dream I seemed to be sexton of the church where I now live, and was cleaning and setting in order the house for services in a protracted meeting which in my dreams I thought was being carried on at the time. As I was sweeping I found a breast or stick-pin, as you might say, of some little value, and farther on I found another. These two I was anxious should be returned to the proper owners; but on still further I found one of the most beautiful breast-pins my eyes ever beheld. Its frame work was of beaten gold, all decked with jewels and of the most exquisite workmanship, and most beautiful to behold. This I tried every way to hide for I coveted it and wanted to keep it. So while I was giving it a closer examination and trying to find a place to put it I found my initials carved

MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN

A Scientific Reason for the Trouble From Which Women Suffer, at a Certain Age, and How to Prevent and Cure Them.

SYSTEM IS CHANGING

Help Is Needed, to Strengthen the Organs and Constitution for the Strain They Have to Endure.

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Free Advice to Ladies Who Require Help at This Time.

Simply stated, the reason you feel out of sorts, sick, miserable, melancholy, at middle life, is because your organs and functions are undergoing a wonderful change, and the change is bound to affect you physically and mentally.

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As a result, many a woman, by not taking special care of her general health at this time, has allowed herself to become an invalid for life.

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on it, in an obscure place, and hope began to arise. By this time in my dream the house was well filled with people gathering for services, and I finally got the consent of my mind to let the preacher decide whose it should be, and then I awoke without ever knowing any more about it.

Now, this was my dream. Can anyone tell its meaning, or has it any?

C. P. POLK.

Skillman, Ky.

When shall a man dare to say that God has done all He can—*George Macdonald.*

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We hear so much of "the simple gospel." There is no "simple gospel." It is as high as heaven; it is as deep as hell. We can not gather into the grasp of normal intelligence the mystery of the gospel. We only secure it by faith. It is we who must be simple. We must surrender in simplicity of soul to the mystery of this salvation.

No life is all that the liver of it meant it to be when he began. We dream of building palaces or temples and we have to content ourselves if we can put up some little shed in which we may shelter.—*Alexander MacLaren.*

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DEAR RECORDER:

A word or two about some salient and significant features of the Baptist General Association of Virginia, which met at Danville, November 12-16, and the Columbia Association of Baptist churches, which convened in Washington, D. C., November 18-21, which it was my privilege to attend. The General Association of Virginia again elected an honored layman to be its Moderator, and this time an educator, Prof. J. T. Henderson, of Bristol, and he proved himself eminently worthy of the choice. The meeting was largely attended by ministers and laymen, and grew in interest to the last. The high-water mark of attendance and popular interest was attained on Thursday night in the session devoted to the Laymen's Movement, in which addresses of exceptional merit and power were delivered by Prof. J. T. Henderson on "Its Significance," by Mr. J. Harry Tyler, of Baltimore, on "Its Immediate Task," and by Mr. J. Campbell White, of New York, on "The Movement as Seen from the Standpoint of the National Secretary." One immediate result was the organization of Virginia Baptist Laymen.

But it was in the final session, on Friday night, that the interest of the Association grew most intense, to the pastors and educators and denominational leaders at least, and seemed to me to be fullest of the promise and potency of far-reaching results in the immediate future. It was devoted to the discussion in a vital, inspiring and practical way of the question, "What Should Baptists Seek to Achieve in this Century?" Hon. A. J. Montague, ex-Governor of Virginia, considered it as a Christian publicist, "In the Line of Social Reform;" Prof. S. C. Mitchell, of Richmond College, "Educationally;" and Dr. D. B. Gray, of the Home Board, "In Missionary Endeavor." The total effect was profound and must prove far-reaching and abiding in effects for good.

One of the most delightful and enthusiastic hours of the meeting was that well and worthily devoted to the celebration of the eightieth anniversary of the *Religious Herald*.

One of the best hours of the meeting was given to the representation of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, with at least one happy result on the spot.

The Columbia Association, which held its thirteenth annual meeting in Calvary church, Washington, of which Dr. Greene is the beloved and efficient pastor, impressed the visitor greatly and most favorably on first acquaintance. Dr. E. Hez Swen, the unique Moderator, now serving his third term, is a live wire. He made things move and made them move on time. He was down on the crowded program for an address on Tuesday night as "The Retiring Moderator." On re-election he interpreted this to mean "The Modest Moderator," and to prove it gave up his precious time on the programme to this visitor from the South, stipulating that he devote the time to the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary and its claims. The visitor accepted the conditions with thanks and used his golden-half-hour as best he could. The next day also he spoke by request on the much debated question, "The Shortage in the Ministry," using his opportunity to tell how little we are troubled on that subject in these parts. I was struck with and keenly interested in several features of the meetings, but nothing else ap-

pealed to me so profoundly and inspiringly as the addresses on Missions by Dr. C. H. Dodd, of Eutaw Place church, Baltimore, and Dr. B. C. Whitman, formerly of Washington, but now of Philadelphia. The one representing the Southern and the other the Northern Missionary Boards and fields. Two more unheeded, informing and thrilling addresses on missions I have never heard. Dr. Dodd's tribute to the greatness of the Southern Baptist Convention as a missionary organization surpassed anything I have ever heard from any other, and his interpretation of and hopes for the Laymen's Movement impressed me as singularly sane, well-grounded and full of cheer.

GEO. B. EAGER,
Louisville, Ky.

DEAR RECORDER:

Although no one reported the last session of the North Concord Association, the appearance of the printed minutes enables us to give you a few items which may not be unappreciated by your readers.

The North Concord Association is composed of twenty-three churches twenty being located in Knox county, and three in Bell county. These twenty-three churches were in charge of fifteen pastors, the other preachers in its bounds not being pastors of churches. The number of baptisms reported was 174; the entire membership (three churches not reporting), 2,008, which is a net gain of 94 for the year.

Only one of these churches (Barbourville, \$10) reported any contributions for foreign missions, this one church reporting something for Orphans' Home (\$20) and Ministers' Aid Society (\$6), both of which causes were overlooked by each of the other churches, though a public collection at the Association resulted in a contribution for these two causes of \$30.80. Three churches reported collections for State missions, \$42.50; three reported for District Missions \$49.67.

Six churches reported Sunday-schools, with 334 teachers and pupils; one other church has a school with two teachers, but neglected to state the number of pupils.

But conditions are gradually improving in Baptist circles, and the future has vast possibilities here for our cause.

MR. J. WEBB,
Barbourville, Ky.

DEAR RECORDER:

What Senex says in last week's Recorder on the "higher life" doctrine interests me very much. Now I want Senex to answer a question for me. *What do the Scriptures mean by being filled by the Holy Spirit, or rather with the Holy Spirit,* when they speak of it in such passages as Acts 2:4, Acts 4:8, Acts 4:36, Acts 6:5, Acts 11:24, Acts 13:52; Eph. 4:18? Is that something in these and similar passages a something that Christians have in this modern age? I think it is not. I believe it is a gift to work miracles and to understand and speak languages they had never been taught which the Christians of the Apostolic age had. I do not believe Christians have this gift now. I do not believe men are filled or baptized with the Holy Spirit in this modern age. I think all that belonged only to the apostolic age. Am I correct? I have read a great deal on "the baptism of the Holy Spirit" or "the Spirit-filled life" as written by A. J. Gordon, John MacNeil, R. A. Torrey, and I have finally concluded that

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all they say on this subject is a lot of mysticism and bosh. Am I right about that? It is true these men flatly deny the doctrine of sinless perfection. But that just makes their writings that much more apt to mislead. If they taught sinless perfection nothing but very weak intellects would pay much attention to it. As they have it, it is all the more seductive.

[The brother answered his own question so well himself, that instead of giving the question to Senex we publish his letter.—Ed.]

LOVE'S GUEST.

The evidence of love is obedience to the wishes of the person loved. Wherever true love exists deference must be paid to the feelings and purposes of the person loved.

Hence, Jesus says, "If a man love Me he will keep My word." Of such a man the Lord says, "My Father will love him and We will come unto him and make our abode with him." This is considered one of the most wonderful Scriptures in the whole Bible: The Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, coming to make their abode in the hearts of the believers. A few weeks ago some foolish women in Newport had unseemly contentions, as to who should entertain the heir to the throne of Sweden. Not one of them, probably, ever thought of the greater honor of having the Father, Son and Holy Spirit as permanent guests, not only in their homes, but in their hearts.—*Watchword and Truth.*

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The Farm & Household

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

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 yearling mules for \$200, and a pair of two-year-old mules for \$250.

Nine of Hardin county mules were sold at public auction at the court house recently. The prices paid by the purchasers were one to Rod Warfield, for \$141; three to W. R. Routt, for \$160, \$170 and \$149; four to W. T. Brown, for \$100, \$136, \$139 and \$140, and one to Fuller Gross, for \$111, bringing a total of \$1,246, or an average of \$138 per head.

John Squires bought one fine sow and twelve pigs as fine as ever came to Russell Creek. This purchase was from Penick Smith, price \$25. Sam Smith sold a nice team of mules to Coffey Bros. for \$200; same party bought a team of mules on Green river from Mr. Williams for \$300. Mr. Charley Hutchison bought a mule in Columbia for \$146.—*Adair County News.*

G. Matt Taylor, a grain dealer of Georgetown, this year raised the largest crop of millet ever raised in Scott county. He had sown fifteen acres, from which he threshed 1,100 bushels. He has not yet made any disposition of it. He has sold fifty tons to Simon Weil at \$8 per ton, to be delivered at the forks of Elkhorn. Mr. Weil intends to feed the straw to slop cattle. Mr. Taylor does not think this experiment was profitable.

Number, size and stock considered it is safe to say that a more attractive bunch of cattle was never seen in the county than that which was brought to the McGinnis-Elliston plantation last week. Dr. I. W. McGinnis having in mind a certain kind of cattle, went to St. Louis in quest of the same. Not finding what he wanted there he went on to Kansas City where he purchased 200 young Herefords, so uniform in size and so similarly marked that they were the object of much admiration while being taken from Eminence to their new home.—*Henry County News.*

Duke Smith sold to Col. E. F. Clay 330 barrels of corn at \$2.50 per barrel, and John Brophy sold to J. T. Hinton, delivered in Paris, 100 barrels of corn at \$2.75 per barrel. Corn is finding a ready market and every farmer who has a surplus has a buyer. The price remains steady at \$2.50 per barrel, in the field, with an advance of 25 cents a barrel for delivery.—*Bourbon News.*

W. L. Graham, of Harrodsburg, bought of B. T. Sims, of Springfield, two two-year-old jacks for \$1,000.

Ed. Allen sold to S. Weil, of Lexington, fifty-six head of export cattle at \$5.50 per hundred. He sold twenty head of hogs, averaging 200 lbs., to J. S. Johnston at \$4.60.—*Danville Advocate.*

DAINTY SAVOURIES.

BY JESSIE J. WILLIAMS.

No one can regard themselves as being a really capable cook unless they can give the final pleasing note to a dinner by serving up a dainty savoury. There is great scope for change and variety in the matter of savouries. So many inexpensive odds and ends may be utilized in the making of a dainty "bonne bouche," which gives such finish to a menu.

Darioles of Haddock.

Ingredients: One-half pound of cooked dried haddock, one gill of whipped cream, one-half ounce of gelatine, one gill of good white sauce, salt, cayenne, and lemon juice to taste. About one-half pint of aspic jelly.

Mask some small dariole moulds with aspic jelly, decorating them with truffles and the thin green skin of cucumber cut into shapes. Set these on the ice until required. Free the haddock from all bones and skin, and chop it very finely, then season to taste with salt and cayenne. Put the gelatine into a stewpan with enough cold water to just cover it. Stir over a mild heat until melted, and then stir it to the whipped cream and add the white sauce, the fish and the lemon juice. Fill the prepared moulds with this mixture, put a thin layer of liquid aspic jelly on the top, and put on the ice until set. When required turn each mould out into a small square paper case and decorate round the mould with chopped aspic jelly and strips of truffle.

Anchovy Straws.

Ingredients: Two ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, three ounces of Parmesan cheese, the yolk of one egg, one dessertspoonful of cold water, anchovy paste, salt and cayenne to taste. Sift the flour into a basin, and rub in the butter very lightly, then add the cheese and salt and cayenne to taste. Add the beaten yolk of egg and the water and knead, all together to a smooth paste. Roll out very thin, and cut into narrow strips. Spread a little anchovy paste on a strip of the pastry, put another strip on top, sandwich way, and bake in a moderate oven until a golden brown color.

Marrow Toast.

After getting the marrow out of the bones, let it soak for about three-quarters of an hour in tepid water. Tie it up in a piece of buttered linen, and let it cook very gently in a stewpan of water for about twenty minutes. Then take it out of the cloth, draining it well. Break it up with a fork, and put it on small rounds of hot toast. Sprinkle over a little pepper, salt, finely-chopped parsley, and chives, and put into the oven until very hot. Serve at once.

Sardine Fingers.

Ingredients: Three or four sardines, a small piece of shallot, one teaspoonful of dried parsley, a little salad oil, cayenne, salt, and lemon juice to taste, some finely minced olives, and a little Parmesan cheese.

Free the sardines from skin and bones, and pound them in a mortar with the shallot, dried parsley, salad oil, cayenne, salt and lemon juice. Have ready some neat fingers of bread which have been fried a golden brown color in hot fat. Spread these with the mixture, put

them in the oven, and make them very hot. Sprinkle with a mixture of Parmesan cheese and finely chopped olives, and serve at once.

Devilled biscuits are quickly prepared and make an appropriate finish to a simple menu. For these, soak some water biscuits in slightly warmed milk, for about eight or ten minutes. Take them out, put a small slice of cheese on each, and return them to the oven for another six minutes. Garnish each with a tiny sprig of watercress and serve at once.

Stables in which horses or other stock must stand during the day should be cleaned at night as well as in the morning. Then provide plenty of dry bedding and you will rest better yourself with the knowledge that you have made your dumb dependents comfortable for the night.

Difficult Breathing

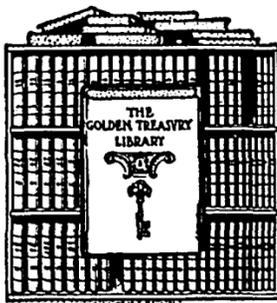
Short breath, fluttering palpitation, sinking spells are symptoms of a weak heart, struggling to do its work. It must keep the blood in circulation to carry nourishment to make flesh, bone and muscle, and remove the worn-out particles. When it cannot do this, it must have help. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure gives strength to the heart nerves and muscles, and increases the heart action.

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BURNETT.

Heaven has its joys, earth its sorrows. Sorrow sometimes comes when we are least ready for it, yet it comes and we must meet it as best we can with trust in God.

Sadness and gloom have come to Grand River Academy. Mary Belle Burnett, one of our teachers, died in Kansas City, where she had been taken for treatment, on November 9, 1907.

Miss Burnett had been with us but seven weeks; yet she had won a place in the hearts of both faculty and students. In her special work, Expression and Physical Culture, she was especially proficient. Her words were chaste and pure, being an index to a truly great character. She did not talk much, but when she did it counted always for good. She was quiet and unassuming, yet aggressive and forceful, bringing to pass whatever she undertook.

In her bearing she was always pleasant, not mechanical, but perfectly natural; she did not try to seem what she was not for effect, but was what she was for the honor of God and for the good of others. Every deed of her life was to conserve good. It was her aim and desire to be and then to do, and she stuck to her aim till God called her home. There was no sham of piety—she hated shams—but a real devotion, a passion, to help the needy and honor her Lord. The strongest point in her life was to live for her God, and serve Him. She was not strong, but used her strength far beyond its real power, and used it all to help others.

Hers was a beautiful Christian life. I have not known a purer and more unselfish character than hers. Her life was such that it could be said, "She let her light so shine that they could see her good works and glorify her Father which is in Heaven." Earth is poorer, the school is impoverished, her friends are bereft, but Heaven is richer for her going.

It was with sad hearts we met on Tuesday morning, November 11th, for a special memorial service. Many were the words expressing sorrow and sadness, as given by both faculty and students. All feel keenly the loss of this, our beloved teacher, but we can only promise God to live better lives, and are inspired to follow Miss Burnett as she followed Jesus. She cannot come to us, but we can go to her. Heaven is nearer now for her going, and we only hide the time when we shall go, too, to be at Home.

"For though from out this bourne of time and place

The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

PRINCIPAL O. L. WOOD,
Grand River Academy, Gallatin, Mo.

NOE.

After a life of faithful service, our beloved and aged sister, Margaret A. Noe, passed peacefully into glory on the night of November 14th, in her seventy-seventh year.

Sister Noe was one of the charter members of the Springfield church, and through its entire history has been one of the most consistent members.

She leaves one daughter, Mrs. Thomas Comstock, of Springfield, two sons, Mr. Charles Noe, of Springfield, and Prof. Cotton Noe, of Lexington; a sister and several grand-children, to mourn her departure.

The funeral sermon was preached by her pastor in the church that she loved, on the morning of the 16th. She was faithful unto death, and in victory received the crown of life.

W. H. W.
Springfield, Ky.

What the particular thoughts or temptations are that disquiet you, I know not; but whatsoever they are, look above them, and labor to fix your eye on that infinite goodness which never faileth them that, by faith, do absolutely rely and rest upon it.—Robert Leighton.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

News the World Over.

The Mauretania, the new ship of the Cunard Line, made her first trip to New York City last week. She is the largest vessels on the seas. She was expected to break the record of the Lusitania, but encountered stormy seas and heavy fog and was thus delayed. However, in one day she ran 671 miles, which breaks all records for speed.

The Railroad Employers' Union in England demanded that the railroad companies recognize the union and deal with it. The companies refused, saying they would deal with their own men and but not with the union. The union then resolved to strike. Mr. Lloyd George, president of the Board of Trade, tried to make peace and finally persuaded both parties to agree to the terms he suggested. There is to be a conciliation board in which the company and its employes are to be equally represented. But all the employes, both union and non-union are to vote for the representatives. So the union is not recognized, but the men have agreed not to strike.

Explosions are getting to be too much a matter of daily occurrence. The nitroglycerine factory, mile and a half from Bradner, O., blew up with terrible force. Nothing remains of it but a huge hole in the ground. A house near by was completely destroyed. Fortunately the loss of life was small, as it came at a time when only three men were there. These were killed.

Brigadier-General Thomas E. Rose has died in Washington City. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1830, and volun-

teered as a private at the beginning of the war. He fought in many of the leading battles and won rapid promotion. He is chiefly remembered as having dug his way out of Libbey prison, in which exploit his adventures were thrilling. It required weeks of desperate work to dig the tunnel.

It is thought this is the only case of the kind that has ever happened. In Isonbolge, a village of Hungary, a couple named Szathmaro have just celebrated the hundredth anniversary of their wedding. The man is 120 years old, and the wife 118. Twenty years ago when he was 100 a pension was asked for him. The Hungarian government had his age officially investigated and granted the pension. Four years afterwards a pension was given his wife. This couple has hundreds of descendants. They are neither bed-ridden, but they are nearly blind, very deaf, and sleep the greater part of the time.

A lawsuit has just ended in Virginia which recalls Dickens' famous Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce. It was the case of Borden vs. Borden, in the court at Staunton. The estate was valued at \$100,000, but the lawsuit went on one hundred years, and the costs left the heirs nothing. One heir who was an infant when the suit began, died before its end, aged ninety-six.

The "revolutionists" in Cuba, when captured by the Cuban government, were treated as prisoners of war, and sent with their gaudy uniforms into fortresses. Gov. Magoon sends them to jail and then to hard work in striped clothes in the penitentiary. The former was fun and made them "heroes," when at last they were released. But there is no fun in Magoon's dealing and no glory, and the number of revolutionists is decreasing rapidly.

A source of Paul's power was that he knew he was preaching verities.

THE LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

A meeting of exceptional interest was held in the chapel of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary last Friday morning. It was in furtherance of the great world-wide Laymen's Missionary Movement now commanding universal attention. It was addressed by Mr. W. T. Ellis, of *The Philadelphia Press*, and Mr. J. Campbell White, General Secretary of the Laymen's Organization. The meeting was presided over by Dr. George B. Eager, of the Baptist Seminary, and was attended by the faculties and students of the Baptist and Presbyterian Seminaries of the city. Rev. Dr. Marquess, of the Presbyterian Seminary, led in prayer, and for an hour the visiting speakers held their audience in thrall, in an awed silence, broken only by occasional bursts of applause. "The Morning Light is Breaking" was sung with spirit, and the closing prayer was offered by Dr. W. E. Hatcher, of Richmond, Va.

THE COMPANION CALENDAR.

The publishers of *The Youth's Companion*, in accordance with their custom at this season, send to every subscriber for 1908 a beautiful Calendar for the new year. There are four panels to the 1908 Calendar, and on each the reproduction of a painting by an artist of distinction. One is a "Girl with Roses"—exquisite in expression and color. Another is a cattle piece. The third is an old mill at Zaandam—typically Dutch. Then there is a sea scene, full of the keen beauty of the wide ocean and sky and the joyous rush of the homeward-bound ship. The process of color-printing used for this Calendar has been recently brought to remarkable excellence, and reproduces most faithfully the rich tones of the original canvases. The panels will be found worthy of preservation long after the year 1908 is looked back upon as part of the good old times.

Live Stock Markets.

CATTLE.

Good to choice export steers	45 00a 5 25
Light shipping steers	4 50a 5 00
Good to choice butch steers	4 25a 4 75
Med. to good butch. steers	3 65a 4 15
Com. to med. butch. steers	3 00a 3 50
Good to choice butch. heifers	3 50a 4 25
Med. to choice butch. heifers	3 00a 3 50
Com. to med. butch. heifers	2 50a 3 00
Good to choice butcher cows	3 50a 4 00
Med. to good butcher cows	3 00a 3 50
Com. to med. butch. cows	2 25a 3 00
Canners	1 00a 2 25
Good to choice fat oxen	4 25a 4 75
Medium to good oxen	3 90a 4 40
Good to choice bulls	3 00a 3 50
Med. to good bulls	2 50a 3 00
Common to medium bulls	2 00a 2 50
Good to choice veal calves	6 00a 6 50
Med. to good veal calves	4 00a 5 00
Common to rough calves	2 50a 3 50
Good to choice feeders	4 00a 4 40
Med. to good feeders	3 50a 4 00
Common and rough feeders	3 00a 3 50
Good to choice stock steers	3 75a 4 00
Med. to good stock steers	3 25a 3 75
Good to choice stock heifers	3 00a 3 50
Med. to good stock heifers	2 50a 3 00
Com. and plain mxd stockers	2 50a 3 00
Good to choice milch cows	35 00a40 00
Med. to good milch cows	25 00a30 00
Com. and plain milch cows	10 00a20 00

HOGS.

Good to choice pack, and brs.	
200 to 300 lbs.	5 25a 5 45
Med. prs. & brs., 160 to 200	5 35a 5 45
Light ship., 120 to 160	5 25
Choice pigs, 90 to 120	5 25
Light pigs, 50 to 90	5 00a 5 25
Roughs, 150 to 500 lbs	3 00a 4 65

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

Good to choice fat sheep	3 50a 4 00
Medium to good sheep	3 00a 3 50
Common Sheep	2 00a 3 00
Bncks	2 00a 3 00
Choice spring lambs	5 00a 5 50
Good butcher lambs	4 50a 5 00

Seconds	5 00a 5 25
Cull and tail-ends	3 00a 4 00

TOBACCO.

BURLEY—Dark Red.

Trash (green or mixed)	8 50a 8 50
Trash (sound)	8 50a 8 75
Common lugs	8 75a 9 50
Medium lugs	9 75a10 00
Good lugs	10 00a10 50
Common leaf (short)	9 50a10 25
Common leaf	10 50a11 50
Medium leaf	11 50a12 00
Good leaf	13 00a14 50
Fine and selections	15 00a16 00

BURLEY—Bright Red.

Trash (green or mixed)	8 50a 9 00
Trash (sound)	9 00a 9 50
Common lugs	9 50a10 00
Medium lugs	10 25a11 50
Good lugs	11 50a12 00
Common leaf (short)	10 50a11 25
Common leaf	11 50a12 50
Medium leaf	13 00a15 00
Good leaf	15 50a17 00
Fine and selections	18 00a20 00

DARK.

Trash (green or mixed)	8 00a 6 50
Trash (sound)	6 50a 7 25
Common lugs	7 50a 7 75
Medium lugs	7 75a 8 50
Good lugs	8 50a 9 00
Common leaf (short)	8 50a 9 50
Medium leaf	10 50a11 00
Good leaf	11 00a12 00
Fine and selections	12 00a12 75

BUTTER.

Packing, 16 1/2 to 17c per lb.

POULTRY.

Hens, 8c per lb.; roosters, 4c; young chickens, 10 to 12c; ducks, 9 to 10c; geese, 8c; old turkeys, 9 to 10c; young turkeys 11 to 12c.

EGGS.

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