

WESTERN RECORDER

Faith, Hope and Love, these three.

"CONTEND EARNESTLY (*επαγασθεσθαι*) FOR THE FAITH WHICH WAS ONCE FOR ALL DELIVERED UNTO THE SAINTS."—JUDE 3.—T. T. EATON.

83rd YEAR

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1908.

No. 7

Published Weekly by
THE BAPTIST BOOK CONCERN,
(Incorporated.)

642 Fourth Ave. (Opposite New Postoffice), Louisville

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PRICE.—Per year in advance, \$2.00; after three months, \$2.25; after six months, \$2.50. Single copies, 5 cents.

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Rev. J. G. Greenhough has been a most successful city pastor. But he is far from the "institutional" church, for he says: "We give entertainments and coals and blankets and billiards in an insane attempt to find the soul of the degenerated, while the great redeeming power, the power of the Cross is lying practically disused."

Joseph Parker said words his successor R. J. Campbell would do well to ponder: "In the past thirty-three years I have seen enough dead theories and discarded hypotheses to fill a full-sized cemetery. They entered the world like an amateur military band, with much noise and swagger, and coughed their way out of it like a squad of consumptive tramps. Whenever a preacher is parading a new theory in religion, I know the first nail in his coffin has been driven and clinched. The one thing that is forever new and fresh is the old Gospel which is, in fact, from everlasting to everlasting."

The missionaries are having trouble in many fields in keeping the unconverted out of the churches. The heathen credit the Christian religion with the superiority in civilization of the western nations, and they wish to be nominal Christians on account of the earthly advantage they hope to gain.

The awakening in Korea does not seem to be of the earthly kind. When the colporteurs go about the men eagerly buy the Bible and then run around to any one who they think can teach them begging to "be told the meaning." In Korea in the last year the number of Christians has grown from 90,000 to 150,000.

A prominent business man in New York City says the preachers have been giving the reasons why men do not go to church. But the real reason, as he and others see it, is that preachers have lost the spirituality that once characterized the pulpit. Brethren, is this true.

This business man goes on to say: "This lack of spiritual conviction has given rise to the use of bizarre and apparently impious title to sermons. Such a title, for example, as 'If Christ Came to Chicago,' conveys to me an impression not compatible with the Christian tradition.

FISHERS OF MEN.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

Jesus Christ commissions His servants to be "fishers of men." A good motto for ministers and Christian people everywhere, anxious for largest results, lies in Christ's command to Peter on the shore of Galilee: "Launch out into the deep!" Peter's reply to his Master was that they had been toiling all night and had caught no fish; "nevertheless, Lord," he says, "at Thy word I will let down the net." He was despondent, but not despairing. The command of his Lord is enough to rally his faith. To the eye of faith many things are clear that to the eye of sense are exceedingly dark. Faith sets the bow of Peter's little smack toward the deep water; the fish are there, and not in the shoal water near the shore. So out into the deep they pull; down goes the net, and lo! such a great multitude of fishes are enclosed that boats are required to bring the abundant haul safely to land.

Here is a lesson for pastors, Sunday-school teachers, parents and all who long for the salvation of souls. Perhaps last year was not a year of success. Failure in any good undertaking is a calamity; it often breaks the back of a weak Christian's courage. Failure ought to provoke a true Christian to fresh ardor and new attempts to retrieve the losses of the past. Failure has a reason for it, and it ought to stir every honest heart to the solemn inquiry: Whose fault was it? God does not break His promises. His injunction is: Be not weary in your work, for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.

The first duty of faith is to make a new venture. Christ's command is to "launch out," and make the effort. I would not make too much of a word which originally had only a local and temporary intention; but that word "deep" has a great spiritual significance. There must be a deep down faith in our hearts, and a deep insatiable desire for the salvation of the souls with whom we labor. God grants to a fervent desire what He denies to a faint and feeble desire. "I will not let Thee go unless Thou bless me;" that is the temper of a Christian who is in dead earnest for a revival in his church, or for the conversion of the friend he or she is laboring with. Shallow interest, shallow feeling, shallow praying, catch no fish for the Master.

The minister who longs to convert souls must lay hold of the deep truths of God and strive to penetrate the depths of the hearts before him. Down in the bottom of the unconverted heart is the lurking depravity, the besetting sin, or the unbelief that keeps the sinner from Christ; and the truth must go deep to reach the roots. It must uproot the sin to make conversion thorough. My brother, you will need strong doctrine to do this. Phillips Brooks well said that "no exhortation to a good life that does not put behind it some truth as deep as eternity can seize and hold the conscience." Preach all the doctrine your Bible gives you, and in love to the sinner's soul.

Fishing for souls is a personal work. It is not confined to the pulpit; every man or woman who possesses faith and ardent love of Jesus should engage in it. It is not a "professional" business, restricted to a few, and to be done in a set fashion. Nor is it to be accomplished only by a whole church employing a huge net to bring in a multitude of converts at a single draught.

Sometimes a powerful and general revival does this. But conversions follow individual effort with individual hearts. A pastor often accomplishes as much by an hour of close friendly conversation as by an hour of public preaching. The Sunday-school teacher can reach his or her scholars most effectually by a private visit and a faithful talk with each member of the class. Personal work does the business; each fisher must drop his hook, baited with love. No one is scolded to Christ; yet an unconverted person will bear a tremendously searching talk if it is conducted in a frank, tender spirit, and unmistakably prompted by affection. The real aim must be persuasion; that is, to persuade the sinner to let go his sin and to lay hold of Jesus. He is wise that winneth souls.

WANTED, MEN FOR GIDEON'S BAND.

BY NOLAN R. BEST.

"Gideon's Band" of three hundred attacking an invading army of more than a hundred thousand has always been with Bible-readers a favorite illustration of the courage which undertakes duty in the face of odds and against all visible probabilities of success.

Prudence is a virtue, and genuine bravery does not cast it off. The courage which is simply a bald determination to have one's own way at any cost, and the vainglorious courage which expects to win great reputation by doing things that other men consider impossible, do not have any such results as the courage of Gideon and his men had. When we see such reckless daring go down in defeat, we make a very great mistake if we consider that the Lord has failed. The real explanation of the failure is in the false quality of the bravery displayed; the Lord simply knew it was counterfeit and unfit for his blessing.

But Gideon succeeded, first of all, because he had a great and true cause. He had not gone prowling around to find some daredevil feat at which he could distinguish himself. He was not "out looking for trouble." The duty which he attempted was a real duty—the rescue of his native land from a despoiling foe. And it was a duty which overtook him and thrust itself upon him. When he got face to face with it, he simply went square at the task, sure that somehow the Lord would make possible the work to which he had called him. In all these things Gideon is an exact model for the young man of today.

If we cannot understand precisely the reason why the queer and seemingly inappropriate test about drinking water was applied to reduce the Israelitish army, we can certainly understand why those that were "fearful and trembling" were first weeded out. No man is fit to be soldier in any great cause who doesn't "go in for all he's worth" when once he has been convinced that he has found his duty. Cool calculation on the wisdom of a dangerous course of action is right and proper before the duty is undertaken, but after the conflict has begun, there's no more time for calculation; the only thing to do is to drive on and win out.

The fight may prove a hundred times warmer than one expected, and it may involve consequences of suffering that one had not imagined. But a man of the Gideon type can't falter; he must keep on trembling and unafraid. He must keep on

not only for his own sake but for the sake of his comrades. One man who begins to doubt—one man who begins to wish he was out of the struggle with a whole skin—demoralizes the whole force. Many a battle has been lost on the eve of victory just because one fighter who hadn't the stuff in him to stand punishment, got frightened and sneaked away. He took the heart out of everybody else and so was responsible for the whole defeat.

The man who has studied history carefully will hold his confidence in God even in the midst of apparent defeat. For all history is full of incidents where for a time the course of events seemed to be going against all that is true, honorable and of good report, but in every case the final outcome has been in favor of things sound, honest and righteous. The man who fights on God's side may be perfectly sure of winning, even though the strongest visible forces are ranged on the other side.

But let us notice that all Gideon's confidence in God did not make him careless about the use of his own wisdom. He put all his native shrewdness at work. He planned his battle with a very admirable strategy. So, too, we in all that we undertake for our Master ought to use our most thoughtful wisdom in analyzing the difficulties we have to overcome and in laying plans to circumvent the foes of righteousness—always honorable plans but just as shrewd as we can make them. Then having done the best we can for ourselves, we have the more right to put confidence in the divine help. This was the proverbial wisdom of our revolutionary forefathers: "Trust in God and keep your powder dry."—Interior.

As the touch of genius lifts the Master above the mere musician, so this sense of the Unseen lifts the ideal minister above the mere preacher of sermons. It is the investiture of a priesthood verified not by tradition, but by experience. It is immediately of access to the eternal fountains of salvation. He lives among men as one of them, simple, unselfish, human, hopeful; yet they know that he walks with God.

And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended.

He is a scholar, but criticism has never violated that shrine of the Spirit where the pure in heart see God. The unfading newness of everlasting truth gives to his speech the freshness of springtime. The unsearchable mystery of Infinite Holiness gives to his thought and conduct gravity and reserve, as one who has beheld things which it is not possible for a man to utter. The demands of social service have not stamped him with the professionalism of a reformer. The ardor of churchmanship has not made him an ecclesiastic. He remains a prophet of the Highest. When he speaks men feel that he is standing on holy ground. When he prays, men perceive that he is prostrating himself before the risen Christ.—Dr. Cuthbert Hall, in *The Atlantic*.

Let no one flee from his affliction. Let him not fear tribulation. Terrible as it may seem, grace is more than a match for it. The power of Christ is the chief thing. We may be weak and helpless in ourselves, but nothing is too hard for us if the power of Christ shall rest upon us.—Christian Advocate.

SELECTIONS FROM DR. EATON'S
COMMON-PLACE BOOK, UNDER
THE TITLE "LOVE."

FURNISHED BY JOSEPH H. EATON.

II.

I don't think lovers know much about each other's characters. It is not character that they fall in love with, usually. A man falls in love with a woman's beauty, or, more than that, her grace. You see a girl who is graceful and she is a great captivator. A plain face and grace are much more powerful than beauty without it. It may be grace of manner, movement, carriage of the head or body, or grace of speech—the girl that has grace is pretty sure to have suitors.—*W. D. Howells.*

Who would not choose to be loved better, rather than to be more esteemed.—*Dryden.*

He who loves aright, without doubt believes and hopes aright.—*St. Augustine.*

Our world must grow by love's slow conquest.—*E. Arnold.*

In order to be satisfied even with the best people, we need to be content with little, and to bear a great deal. Even the most perfect people have many imperfections, and we ourselves have no fewer. Our faults combined with theirs make mutual toleration a difficult matter, but we can only "fulfill the law of Christ" by "bearing one another's burdens." There must be a mutual, loving forbearance.—*Fenelon.*

Ah, how skillful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain;
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far exceedeth all the rest!
—*Longfellow.*

We may, if we choose, make the worst of one another. Everyone has his weak points; everyone has his faults; we may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly upon these. But we may also make the best of one another. By loving whatever is lovable in those around us, love will flow back from them to us, and life will become a pleasure instead of a pain; and earth will become like Heaven; and we shall become not unworthy followers of Him whose name is love.—*Dean Stanley.*

To love and be wise is impossible.—*Spanish Proverb.*

To love and win is the best thing; to love and lose is the next best.—*Thackeray.*

You cannot interpret classic marbles without knowing and loving your Pindar and Aeschylus, neither can you interpret Christian pictures without knowing and loving your Isaiah and Matthew.—*Ruskin.*

Who is content from that which debaseth, except he love that which ennobleth?—*St. Augustine.*

God's treasury, where He keeps His children's gifts will be like many a mother's store of her children's relics; full of things of no value, but precious in His eyes for the love's sake that was in them.—*Fenelon.*

When McCall began his mission work in France, all the French he knew was "God loves you" and "I love you." This has been the keynote of the preaching of all the McCall mission workers.

Carey found that the people of Bengal had no words for "love" and "repent."

Love does not spring up and grow great and become perfect all at once, but requires time and the nourishment of thoughts.—*Dante.*

Only in the agony of parting we look into the depths of love.—*George Eliot.*

The wealth of a man is the number of things he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.—*Carlyle.*

There are two things which we need never economize, love and thought; since the generous use of each but increases its fountain.—*Margaret Fuller.*

Mysterious love, uncertain treasure,
Hast thou more of pain or pleasure!

Endless torments dwell about thee;
Yet who would live, and live without thee!
—*Addison.*

The intellect is finite; but the affections
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.
—*Longfellow.*

I could not love thee, dear so much,
Loved I not honor more!
—*Lovelace.*

The law ordained, thou shalt love, and love ordained that law. Man could not keep it. Then love ordained the gospel, God so loved. Thus, thou shalt love, is the whole of the law; and God so loved is the whole of the gospel. This is so clear, that it is at once law and gospel for children and for savages; and yet it is so deep in its limpid clearness that no philosopher can fathom it.—*Duncan.*

Half light, half shadow, let my spirit sleep;
They never learned to love who never knew
to weep.
—*Tennyson.*

Bless God for starlight and He will give you moonlight; praise Him for moonlight and He will give you sunlight; thank Him for sunlight and you shall yet come to that land where they need not the light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light forever and ever.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

So soon forsaken; young men's love, then,
lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
—*Romeo and Juliet.*

Love all; trust few.—*All's Well That Ends Well.*

Epaminondas is said to have given as his main reason for rejoicing at the victory of Leuctra, that it would give so much pleasure to his father and mother.

We are so constituted that we cannot fully enjoy ourselves, or anything else, unless some one we love enjoys it with us. Even if we are alone, we store up our enjoyment in hope of sharing it hereafter with those we love.—*Lubbock.*

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.
—*Wordsworth.*

Flowers flourish rightly only in the garden of some one who loves them.—*Ruskin.*

Competition is not a thing much encouraged in the Best of Books, and by the Divinest of Teachers. There is a command—the great command—about loving one another, but none about competing with one another. Yes; perhaps there is (at any rate an implied command) to compete for the lower place.—*Helps.*

The heart has reasons that reason does not know.—*Fuscal.*

One has only to love a single creature with all one's heart, and the whole world at once looks lovely.—*Goethe.*

A piece of iron is magnetic so long as it is side by side with a permanent magnet. So one should be close to Christ to be filled with love.

She loves me best, whenever I sing
The songs that make her grieve.
—*Coleridge.*

Faith is the gift that saves mankind; hope is the gift that cheers mankind; and love is the gift that makes man kind.—*Roman World.*

"THE BEST VERSION!"

"King James" and "American" are not "rival versions," except as a few advocates of the American Version are making them so by contending for its exclusive use. Most of the differences between the two are slight, often of no importance whatever, and sometimes the one is a commentary on the other. To assent to the Interior's demand that the American Version only be used would put the church at the mercy of the publishing firm which owns the copyright of that version. It is a copyrighted book. No board, or society, or private publisher can print a copy of it without permission. This alone should prevent any advocacy of its exclusive use. Hundreds of firms now print Bibles, and sell them at the lowest possible price. We want no command to use only a copyrighted version, upon which every publisher must pay a royalty to the owner of the copyright.

We do not agree that the American Version is the best version. This claim for it is made by the publishers and echoed with parrot-like precision by various other advocates. A systematic campaign is being carried on to get assemblies and conferences to enforce its exclusive use by their publishing boards. This naturally produces some antagonism. We are informed that the Methodist Church South has declared against its use. Other churches may take similar action. It is easy for the publishers to find scholars to declare it the best version, and a list of fifteen or twenty of these is quite impressive. We remember, moreover, that there are hundreds of thousands of scholars, and that many of these have declared that it is not the best.

It was not regarded as the best by the Revision Committee as a whole, but only by the American section, which was a minority. The revision of twenty-five years ago, sometimes called the English Revision, was approved by the committee, and had a far greater weight of scholarship in its favor than the American Revision. The latter was printed with the former, but attracted no special commendations. Now, however, it has behind it a great business concern, and is pushed as a business enterprise. Where there are important differences between the old version and the American, the old is better. It is better English. The American Revision is really a German Revision. Often the language of the old version is changed only by the transposition of words, the effect being to Germanize the English.

One of the important objections raised to the American is that it has a bias toward Unitarianism. Two of our most esteemed missionaries, men who have devoted years to the translation of the Bible, say that it has. I. Tim. 3:16, is cited as an illustration. The familiar text, "God manifest in the flesh," is translated "He who was manifest in the flesh."

It will do no harm, but rather good for scholars to study two versions together, but to exclude the old familiar version and use only the American Revision would be a serious blunder.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

TRUTH IN THE INWARD PARTS.

There can be no successful pretence in our dealings with God. There can be only a temporary and unsatisfactory success in dishonest dealing even with our fellowmen. The only satisfying and promising way to live is to be honest, truthful and just, through and through, in inner as well as outward life.

In God's conception of manhood there must be strict, conscientious, self-exacting integrity. It matters not to a good man whether any other human being is watching him or not, or whether he will ever be called to account before any human tribunal for his doings. Truth is in his inward parts, and he lives honorably, because he respects himself and has regard for God.

At one time General Garfield, in an address to young men, spoke of the fact that in every true man there was an element which made him adhere to integrity, what ever might be the circumstances in which he was placed. He said he must live so

as to be able to look himself in the eye. A man is to live with himself and to know himself, and if he has any regard for truth and justice and purity he must cultivate and perpetuate these qualities in himself, or become, in his own estimation, a reprobate and outcast.

Every religious man carries about with himself, in his consciousness of God, an infinite deterrent from evil. "How can I do this wickedness and sin against God?" He who has this dominating sense of God will not neglect and trample upon known duty. He who is ruled in his inner life by God and his divine law may be depended on to be true to righteousness in places where human law and influences can not touch and bind. A young man gave up a position because he was not willing to violate God's law, and work on the Sabbath day. His employer learned of it, and, after a time, when a place of great responsibility needed to be filled, he secured this young man, rightly arguing that he who was so exactly true to God in the matter of the Sabbath might be depended on to be a man of integrity through and through. When men have positions of great responsibility, involving large interests, they like to have them filled by men who have truth in their inward parts.

Our real life and character, in which are involved our spiritual and eternal destiny, deals directly and personally with God. There is no room here save for the most absolute sincerity. He who will undertake the role of the hypocrite, sustaining a false relation to the church and society which has no counterpart relation to God, is a sharper who is consciously cheating himself out of all that makes life worth living, and who is knowingly driving himself on to the rocks of eternal destruction. He who consents thus to cheat and destroy himself is an incomparable and inexplicable anomaly.

A simple and straightforward life of obedience is, by the grace of God, possible for each one of us. It is the only life worth living. Let the fear and love of God fill the heart, and evil will be expelled as darkness flees before the light. The abiding sense of the divine presence in the soul will hold it true to righteousness, despite all temporary human waverings and quiverings, as the needle to the pole. Deep in the life is the power of the living God, creating there the clean heart, renewing there the right spirit, and in the inward parts insuring the pure and holy life of truth.—*Ex.*

In one of the famous lace-shops of Brussels there are certain retired rooms devoted to the spinning of the finest and most delicate lace patterns. These rooms are altogether darkened; save for the light from one very small window falling directly upon the pattern. There is only one spinner in the room, and he sits where the narrow stream of light falls upon the threads that he is weaving. "Thus," you are told by your guide, "do we secure our choicest products. Lace is always more delicately and beautifully woven when the worker himself is in the dark, and only his pattern is in the light." Does not the same beautiful and mysterious result appear in work of any kind, when surrounding shadows compel the toiler to fix his attention solely upon the task in hand—the task upon which falls the concentrated light of life? When a soul finds itself shut in by disappointments, trials, bereavements, disciplines, or physical limitations, to its divinely appointed task, the one thing it is best fitted to do or to teach in this world, how marvelously the pattern is wrought! What new power and beauty appear in both work and character! That one small window through which falls the light of heaven full upon our task is, how often, the essential condition of highest achievement!—*James Hucham.*

Work every day as though you expected to live forever. Live every day as though you expected to die tomorrow. Make all you can honestly. Save all you can prudently. Give all you can justly.

There is "fullness" in Christ Jesus to fill all the sermons any minister can preach.

TWO ESSENTIALS OF ORTHODOXY.

BY A. S. WORRELL.

In these days of latitudinarianism, when Satan, through various agencies, is trying to destroy the ancient landmarks of true Christianity, it is proper to keep the main points of the faith, once for all delivered to the saints, before the Christian public. In this paper the writer would emphasize two of the most radically essential doctrines underlying the whole structure of Christianity, viz.: the essential Deity of Jesus; and His vicarious suffering. If He were not God, it is self-evident that He could not have "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9:26); for no mere creature, who owes to God all the service he can possibly render, could have any excessive virtue in himself, or in his own doings, or in his death, wherewith to cancel the sins of mankind! In fact, the death of a mere creature could have no bearing upon the guilt of earth's countless millions. No one less than God could manage the infinite evil of sin as it is interwoven with the human family; for as much as a finite creature, who is under the law and a sinful being himself (as Jesus was, if He were not God), could, by no possible means, remove the infinite weight and curse of sin from the human family. Hence, it is a logical and moral necessity that, if man is to be redeemed at all, it must be done by one essentially Divine, or by one partaking of the God-head. Was Jesus a partaker of the God-head? Let the Scriptures speak: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God" (John 1:1—see also 2-4). In Col. 1:15-17 His essential Deity is implied: "Who is the image of the invisible God, primal source (or Primal Creator) of all creation, because in Him were all things created, in the heavens, and upon the earth, the visible and the invisible, whether thrones or dominions, or principalities, or powers—all things have been created in Him, and for Him; and He is before all things, and in Him have all things held together." The Father (Heb. 1:8-12), speaks thus to the Son: "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever," and "A sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of Thy Kingdom. . . Thou, Lord, in the beginning didst lay the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the works of Thy hand. . . Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail." If these Scriptures are true, Jesus was God. But He was also the Son of Man, having been begotten by the Holy Spirit. (See Matt. 1:20-23; Luke 1:35.) Jesus, therefore, was the God-Man. It was in His two fold nature, that He redeemed man.

This is the Scripture view of Jesus Christ; the Jesus of Unitarians, Christian Scientists, Russellites, and of other isms and ites, is not, at all, the Jesus of the New Testament Scriptures; and so there is nothing in common between these isms and orthodox Christians.

II. Were the sufferings of Christ vicarious? Or did He suffer to expiate human guilt? Did He die to put away the sins of others? And is it alone because of His death in behalf of sinners, that they can be pardoned and saved? All orthodox Christians will answer these questions affirmatively; the unorthodox, except Universalists, answer them negatively. Some Universalists teach that, because Jesus put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, all will be saved; but they ignore the Scripture conditions of salvation, viz.: repentance and faith.

That the sufferings of Christ were vicarious, and with the view of making it possible for men to get rid of their sins, is perfectly obvious, it would seem, to every one not wedded to some false theory. Take Isaiah 53:4-6: "Surely He hath borne our sicknesses, and our pains He hath carried them (yours); yet we did esteem Him stricken of God and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

If this language does not plainly bring to view the vicarious suffering of Christ, it would be impossible to express such a conception in either the Hebrew or the English language. The most likely explanation of the inability of any one to see the vicarious sufferings of Christ in this Scripture, is to be found in the fact that such a person—be he a big pastor or a learned editor—has never felt the pressure of his own guilt, nor experienced the forgiveness of his sins through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is, therefore, most likely that all such unbelievers are Satan's own agents, whom he has placed among God's people for the express purpose of undermining their faith. The writer knew a very scholarly young man, who was a favorite professor in a Baptist Theological Seminary, who lost his position because of a wrong interpretation of the above Scripture. There was some backbone among the Baptists at that time; and because the young professor knew that there was no compromise among the Baptist people in regard to such a vital doctrine, he resigned. Possibly, the said professor was naturally too noble a man, notwithstanding his great theological error, to teach for a people and receive pay for it, when he knew that his teaching was not in harmony with their beliefs.

Take a few more Scriptures: I. Peter 2:24: "Who Himself bore our sins in His own body on the tree." 1:3-19: "For Christ hath also once suffered for sins; the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." I. Cor. 15:3: "For I delivered to you, first of all, that which I also received, that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures." (This is exactly what the Scriptures teach, both by the sin and trespass offerings

under the law, and in the plainest language that could be used.)

I. Peter 1:18, 19: "For as much as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold. . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb, without blemish and without spot."

I. Cor. 6: "Ye were bought with a price."

II. Cor. 5:14, 15: "For the love of Christ constrains us; having judged this, that One died for all, consequently all died; and He died for all, that those who live should no longer live for themselves, but for Him who died for them, and rose again."

II. Cor. 5:21: Him (Christ) who knew no sin He (the Father) made to be sin on our behalf, that we may become the righteousness of God in Him."

The foregoing Scriptures do not, by any means, exhaust the texts that might be produced in vindication of the doctrine of the vicarious atonement of Christ; but the person who does not see that the Scriptures above do emphatically teach that salvation comes to our race through the vicarious sufferings of Christ on the cross, must be either very feeble in intellect, or wonderfully perverse in heart, or else he is blinded by Satan. And the man that denies that we are redeemed, if at all, by the blood of Jesus Christ, is no more fit to preach the Gospel than any other infidel. In fact, there is no Gospel, if the doctrine of the vicarious atonement of Christ is not true.

Now the fact that there are preachers, falsely so-called, who occupy prominent pulpits in the Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist denominations, who deny the vicarious atonement of Christ, and are still permitted to hold their places, furnishes undoubted proof of the moral and spiritual decadence of these denominations, that should stir whatever of Christian virtue remains among them and cause such a rally as will suffice to purge them from such rottenness and hypocrisy!

But how can it be otherwise, so long as Chicago University is permitted to remain, unrebuked for its foul and open infidelity? It would be far better for the cause of Christ, if Chicago University had never been. This fearful octopus is snipping the spiritual life from many of the churches in Chicago and the Northwest. But all infidelity does not originate in this university. It is springing up in many other places; and the infection is spreading far and wide. Are the strong, brave, and doctrinally sound leaders in the Southland all dead? If there are any left, they are needed now to eliminate such poisonous teachers from any place or recognition among the people who believe the Bible and stand for the essential truths of Christianity; for, in the absence of either a divine Saviour or of His vicarious sufferings, there is no Christianity that is worth the name.

THE HUMAN MINISTER.

LIFE'S LITTLE HOLD-UPS.

"I wish," said the Human Minister, as he opened a closet door on the day after Christmas, and fell into a mountain of boxes from which descended avalanches of paper, rivulets of ribbon and streams of string, "I wish this happy and beautiful season of Christmas did not partake of the nature of a hold-up. I am kept poor by remembering violently on one day of the year all the remote twigs on my family tree that I studiously forgot the rest of the time. I never see Second Cousin Sarah's little boy, nor have I the least idea how old he is.

For years and years we have referred tenderly once a year to "Second Cousin Sarah's little boy." He is the image of perennial youth. He never changes nor grows old. He still likes pen-knives and dollar watches. At least so we fatuously suppose, for I always notice something of the kind on the list against his name. A little round-collar picture is all I know of him, yet once a year for a few brief hours he possesses all my fancy and gets a dollar or two that ought to go to buy books for this poor parson.

The present for Second Cousin Sarah's little boy I resentfully regard as a hold-up. And it is one conjured from those dark corners where lurks the shame-faced Christmas conscience. No one in the family holds me up. Second Cousin Sarah never mentions her little boy; he himself makes no sign nor sound. And when his annual present comes I dresary he unwraps it languidly and exclaims, "O, yes—the usual little remembrance from that old duffer of a parson!"

Now will some one tell me why I cannot do better than this in the name of the Spirit of Christmas?

And then, there's the iceman, the milkman, the buttermilk man, the postman, the expressman. They are not those whom I love, nor those to whom I must do good because for them nothing is prepared. They are prosperous, and the buttermilk man is richer than I, and in this case the hold-up is public opinion. Everybody contributes to the Christmas gaiety of the iceman, the milkman and the other men, and why not I? More books gone to fill in the yawning abyss of Christmas cheer!

Then there came a subscription paper beseeching a Christmas gift for a certain public charity, and every minister's name was down, so there I signed away some more books. And at the back door stood old black John, with the plantation habit strong upon him, murmuring, "Yes, Sah—a Merry Christmas, Sah—Chris'mas gif!" Which meant that John was politely demanding his annual blackmail.

That's the way it goes at Christmas time, and it is with a depleted pocket-book that I seek the stores that will supply the wants of those I love. The week before Christmas I begin to "charge it." Desperate necessity drives me to provide

for my dear ones on credit, my cash having been taken from me in the never-ending series of little hold-ups. Picture to yourself, O fellow-sufferer, for you are a fellow-sufferer no matter how innocent you look—picture a Christmas when you gave only two kinds of gifts—gifts for the sake of charity and gifts for the dearer sake of love!

And now the New Year ushers in another series of hold-ups. All the children's friends are having birthdays and birthday parties, and all my children go to your children's parties bearing "gifts," like the Greeks, and all your children must in return bring gifts at the time of the birthday parties of my children. A number of children, going to an increasing number of parties, bearing every year more elaborate gifts! Is not this of the nature of a hold-up? Our children take presents because other children do, and we provide them because we do not want to have our children feel uncomfortable.

By the time the parties are well under way the sales begin, and every day some one telephones my wife for cake or candy—or both. She may not know the name of the society for which it is asked, but a friend made the request, and the friendly hold-up receives proper recognition.

Then I begin my own campaigns, and I sally forth to hold up my brethren, to do unto them as they have done unto me; to get from them advertisements for a church paper, or for a missionary cook-book or a Band of Hope concert program, and I expect them to pay good money for the privilege of announcing to their own customers and church people that they are still engaged in selling shoes or coal or coffee.

It won't do them any good. They know it and I know it and they know I know it, but we all preserve the polite fiction that we are doing business, and not that I too have gone over to the great majority, and am engaged in furthering my own prospects by engineering a few little hold-ups of my own.—*Congregationalist.*

SALT-CELLARS.

BY REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

COLLECTED BY REV. ALFRED J. M'ELWAIN, DAYTON, OHIO.

A bridle for the tongue is a fine piece of harness.

And all the more so because when this is secured all is right, for the whole man is harnessed when the tongue is under due command.

A cake in peace is worth a loaf in trouble.

We must have patience with young people and learners, who will grow to something if we give them time.

A careless watchman invites thieves.

A carnal heart can not like truth, because it is not like to truth.

"A cat may look at a king." Surely there is no harm in looking; but no one should stare in a rude manner either at kings or clowns. No doubt a cat would sooner see a mouse than a monarch.

A cat must not always keep her back up. If now and then a man has to assert himself and be on the warpath, let him come to his usual level as soon as possible.

A cat with a silver collar in none the better mouset. Fine dress, learned degrees, high titles and grand offices do not give ability. We have heard of doctors of divinity who were duller preachers than the generality of the clergy.

A cheerful wife is the joy of life.

A child is a burden as well as a blessing.

A clear conscience gives sound sleep.

A clear conscience is a coat of mail.

A clear conscience is a good pillow. One said that he had a conscience which was as good as new, for he had never used it; and he is the representative of man.

A clear head is desirable; but a clean heart is essential.

A clever head is all the better for a close mouth. Then the man will act rather than gossip; and he will not disclose his plans before the proper time for carrying them out.

A cloudy morning may bring a clear day.

We may begin work with trouble, and yet the business may bring us great joy as it proceeds. A cow does not know what her tail is worth till she has lost it. Neither do any of us value our mercies till we lose them.

A cow in a parlor does best when she makes for the door. When one gets into the wrong place it is his wisdom to get out of it quickly.

A cow is not ashamed because she can not fly. Let no man blush because he can not do what he was never made for. The coachman on the Bath coach could not tell the names of the gentry who owned the mansions along the road, but he gave a fine answer to the angry passenger who asked, "What do you know?" when he replied, "I know how to drive this coach to Bath."

It is when we get into wilderness experience that we are put to the test as to the real measure of our acquaintance with God and with our own hearts. There is freshness and an exuberance of joy connected with the opening of our Christian career which very soon receives a check from the keen blast of the desert; and then, unless there is a deep sense of what God is to us, above and beyond everything else, we are apt to break down, and "in our hearts turn back again into Egypt." This discipline of the wilderness is needful, not to furnish us with a title to Canaan, but to make us acquainted with God and with our own hearts; to enable us to enter into the power of our relationship, and to enlarge our capacity for the enjoyment of Canaan when we actually get there.—*C. H. McIntosh.*

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.

Rev. C. C. Marshall has a volume entitled "Sunday Addresses for Special Occasions." We have only had one of these addresses. He sent us the one on Thanksgiving. If they are all as good as that the book is a valuable one.

This book is published by K. P. Bickel, German Baptist Publication Society, Cleveland, Ohio. It contains 279 pages. Price \$1.50.

The contents for the *Atlantic Monthly* for January are as follows:

Turning the New Leaves, B. P.; A Second Motor-Flight Through France (I), Edith Wharton; Justice to the Corporations, Henry L. Higginson; Rose MacLeod (a novel), Alice Brown; To One Who Went to Caracassonne (poem), Julia C. R. Dorr; Notes from a Persian Diary, "Diplomatist"; The Unconquerable Hope (a story), Elsie Singmaster; Industrial Education, Paul H. Hanus; The Home of Barleque, Rollin L. Hartt; The Winter Warriors (poem), W. S. Hineman; Confessions of a Railroad Signalman (I), J. O. Fagan; La Tristesse (a story), Marjorie L. C. Pickthall; The Industry of Music-Making, William E. Walter; The World's Wealth in Negotiable Securities, Charles A. Conant; Reati Mortui (poem), Louise I. Guiney; The Ticket for Ona (a story), E. S. Johnson; The Peace-Teaching of History, J. N. Larned; The Word (a poem), John K. Bangs; A New Life of Goethe, Christian Gauss; Beaumont and Fletcher, Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.; The Contributors' Club.

The contents of *The American Review of Reviews* for January are as follows:

The Progress of the World; Record of Current Events (with portraits and other illustrations); Some of the Recent Cartoons; Currency Reform, A Central Bank, by Robert E. Fretton; Oscar II., a Democratic Monarch (with portrait), by Swedish-American; A Nobel Prize for American Science (with portrait of Albert A. Michelson), by Herbert T. Wade; William James, Man and Thinker, (with portrait), by Edwin Bjorkman; Electricity's Latest Triumphs (with illustrations), by George Hies; Lord Kelvin (portrait); The Coming Conquest of the Air (with illustrations), by Ernest La Rue Jones; How the Cuban Problem might be Solved, by Capt. John H. Parker, U. S. A.; The Newspaper and the Forest, by W. S. Rossiter; The Gold Flood and Its Problems, by J. Pease Norton; The Story of the Hoarders, by William J. Boies; The European Business Man in Retirement, by Andre Tridon; Leading Articles of the Month (with portraits and other illustrations); Leading Financial Articles; The New Books; The Novels of the Season.

The Form of Baptism in Sculpture and Art. By John T. Christian, A. M., D. D., LL. D. Baptist Book Concern, Louisville, Ky., 1907.

This is the title of a very neatly printed volume of 250 pages. The author has already proved himself a master of the subject of baptism, by publishing, some years ago, one of the best handbooks on the subject now before the public. He is both a logician and an antiquarian. When the subjects which he discusses require research into ancient documents, he spares no pains in the scrutiny of original sources. In the present instance he has obtained fullness of information with respect to the pictures found in the various catacombs of Rome, and respecting both painted and sculptured representations of baptism preserved in the old cathedrals and museums of Europe. He has also consulted the books written about these by both Baptists and pedo-baptists, Catholics and Protestants; and he quotes liberal extracts from a large number of them. A Bibliography occupying the last eight pages of the book contains an astonishing list of about two hundred authors who have written on this subject. It is a subject, after all this writing, on which too little is generally known.

Pedo-baptists have made much of their argument from this source, and many eminent men among them have considered it worthy of elaboration; but I think that Bro. Christian has successfully assailed their presentations of the case, and made it clear that only such of these pictures and sculptured figures as were made after sprinkling was substituted for immersion in the Roman Catholic church, give the least intimation that sprinkling was understood by the artists as being the act of baptism. All students of the subject should have this book.—*Dr. J. W. McGarvey.*

The Master wants us to be great and to do great things. But there are mistaken opinions, about what it is to be great. Jesus' disciples thought if they held high positions in the world they would be great. Jesus told them that child-likeness was the highest greatness. We are greatest when we are not aware of being great at all. Simplicity, trust, the absence of ambition, contentment—these are marks of greatness.—*Dr. J. E. Miller.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON

SUNDAY, JANUARY 19TH.

The Lord and the First Disciples.—John 1:35-51.

Motto Text.—“We have found him, of whom Moses in the law and the prophets, wrote Jesus of Nazareth.”—John 1:45.

“The next day after.” After the words of John spoken in the previous verses. “And two of his disciples.” One of these is said to have been Andrew. The other is believed by every one to have been the Apostle John, though there is no express mention of that fact.

“And looking upon Jesus as he walked.” Our Lord has returned from the forty days’ temptation in the wilderness. “Behold the Lamb of God.” The sacrifice for sin who died in our stead that we may live. John’s hearers were familiar with the sacrifices of lambs, two of which were regularly offered in the temple every day.

“And the two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus.” Just what John wished them to do. Followed him, hardly knowing in their own hearts why they did so. Turning and seeing the young men following him, our Lord stops his walk and waits for them to come up to him and asks them kindly, “What seek ye?” Not “whom seek ye.” It was evident they were seeking him. For they were following him.

But it is all important what we follow Jesus for. Some follow him for the loaves and fishes. Just as in these days some join the church because it is respectable to belong to the church. Some seek him as an example, some as a moral reformer. But there is but one true seeking of Jesus, and that is as a vicarious sacrifice which makes atonement for sin. It is the fashion now among infidels to compliment him. He will accept no seeking except from those who are looking for the Lamb of God.

“They said unto him, Rabbi, (which is to say, being interpreted, Master.)” John’s readers were mostly those who did not understand Hebrew. Hence, he translated the Hebrew words into Greek for them. Rabbi was used as a token of respect. “Where dwellest thou?” With a desire to go and see him at some time and to be instructed by him. He tells them to come now. He is always ready to receive those coming in a right spirit. His home was in Galilee, and he returned there the next

day. But he took these two young men to his temporary lodging place, which may have been a cave, and talked with them there.

“And abode with him that day; for it was about the tenth hour.” Four o’clock in the evening according to the Jewish reckoning from sunset to sunset. They probably spent the night in converse, as the day was far spent, and the words “abode with him” indicate a protracted stay. One of these young men was Andrew, John explains. The other, as we have said, was, in all probability, John himself. Andrew is a Greek name and signifies man.

“His first findeth his own brother, Simon.” The first indicates that Andrew went right off after his brother, and John went for his brother, James; Andrew found his brother first. A young man who is truly converted will be filled with a desire to bring those he loves to the Saviour. If he does not go after them it is strong proof he does not love either his Saviour or his brother.

“We have found the Messiah.” Startling message this with which Andrew breaks in upon his brother. The devout James had been longing for his coming; and all their race were eager for the great Deliverer, who should rescue them from the Roman yoke. The ardent Peter does not stop to argue or to question. He goes with Andrew promptly.

“Thou art Simon, the son of Jona; thou shalt be called Cephas.” Cephas is an Aramaic word—that being the common language of Palestine. John interprets for his Greek readers, giving the meaning, “a stone.” Peter is the Greek equivalent for Cephas. Our Lord afterwards named John and James “Boanerges,” “sons of thunder.”

“The day following Jesus would go forth into Galilee.” “Started on his way thither.” “And findeth Philip.” Whether he sought for him or met him as he went, cannot be said. Seeing his fellow-townsmen and acquaintances with Jesus, Philip’s attention would naturally be attracted. This Philip was afterwards an apostle. John is giving an account of their first meeting with their Lord. Not of their call to the apostleship, which occurred afterwards, and of which Matthew tells. Bethsaida was situated on both sides of the river Jordan, where it enters the sea of Galilee.

“Philip findeth Nathaniel.” A friend, not a brother. John and Andrew had brothers for whom they went. Philip is eager to bring others to his Lord and finds his personal friend. This is the way in which to work. Go to those who can feel you take a personal interest in them and you will do them good. “We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write.” The promised Messiah who was to sit on the throne of David. By the law is meant the Pentateuch. Moses’ book contains several prophecies in regard to the Messiah. The prophets contain others: “Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph.” Thus it was that Philip knew him, for it is Philip and not the evangelist who is writing who calls Jesus the son of Joseph. “Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?” That Nathaniel should be surprised at the declaration of Philip is not to be wondered at. There was nothing about Nazareth in the prophets. “Out of Galilee ariseth no prophets,” was a common saying. And Nathaniel knew as a de-

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vout Israelite that the Messiah was to be born in Bethlehem of Judea, not in Nazareth of Galilee. Besides Nazareth had acquired a very unenviable reputation, which Nathaniel knew well, for Cana, his home, was only three miles from Nazareth.

“Come and see.” That was the quickest and best way for Nathaniel to be convinced. He would have answered any arguments Philip could have brought forward. If he saw for himself he would know. Yet still is it ever true, “Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.”

In one thing Nathaniel was right—The Messiah must be born in Bethlehem—God’s word was pledged for that. And no matter what Jesus might have been, no matter what great miracles he had wrought, had he been born in Nazareth he would not have been the promised one.

“Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.” A true son of Abraham. Guileless does not mean sinless, but sincere, honorable, free from hypocrisy. Little is told us of Nathaniel, but this commendation from his Lord is enough. He was the gentle and mild apostle and does not seem to have accomplished as much as the strong and fiery men with whom he was numbered. Sons of thunder did more but God has need of all sorts.

“Whence knowest thou me?” Our Lord spoke to the others; Nathaniel heard as he was approaching. He is surprised that Jesus should thus assert his power of seeing into the heart of a stranger.

“Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee.” Our Lord admits by implication that seeing into Nathaniel’s heart was a supernatural act. He proves his power by showing he had a miraculous power of sight. It is probable that Nathaniel was praying under the fig tree, hidden from the sight of men.

The proof is sufficient, whose heart God had opened answers promptly, going beyond anything which the others had yet said of Jesus. “Thou art the Son of God; thou art the king of Israel.” And therefore doubly entitled to the obedience and love of this Israelite in whom there was no guile.

“Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig tree, believest thou?” It was a miraculous knowledge of Nathaniel’s movements, but it was nothing in comparison to the miracles our Lord afterwards wrought.

Verses 51. Refers to Jacob’s vision of the ladder form earth to Heaven. Our Lord is the connecting link between earth and Heaven, the Mediator between God and man.

EXPERTS AND JURIES.

The trend of our epoch up to this time has been consistently towards specialism and professionalism. We tend to have trained soldiers because they fight better, trained singers because they sing better, trained dancers because they dance better, specially instructed laughers because they laugh better, and so on and so on. The principle has been applied to law and politics by innumerable modern writers. Many Fabians have insisted that a greater part of our political work should be performed by experts. Many legalists have declared that the untrained jury should be altogether supplanted by the trained Judge.

Now, if this world of ours were really what is called reasonable, I do not know that there would be any fault to find with this. But the true result of all experience and the true foundation of all religion is this. That the four or five things that it is most practically essential that a man should know are all of them what people call paradoxes. That is to say, that though we all find them in life to be mere plain truths, yet we cannot easily state them in words without being guilty of seeming verbal contradictions. One of them, for instance, is the unimpeachable platitude that the man who finds most pleasure for himself is often the man who least hunts for it. Another is the paradox of courage; the fact that the way to avoid death is not to have too much aversion to it. Whoever is careless enough of his bones to climb some hopeless cliff above the tide may save his bones by that carelessness. Whoever will lose his life, the same shall save it; an entirely practical and prosaic statement.

Now, one of these four or five paradoxes which should be taught to every infant prattling at his mother’s knee is the following: That the more a man looks at a thing, the less he can see it, and the more a man learns a thing the less he knows it. The Fabian argument of the expert, that the man who is trained should be the man who is trusted would be absolutely unanswerable if it were really true that a man who studied a thing and practised it every day went on seeing more and more of its significance. But he does not. He goes on seeing less and less of its significance. In the same way, alas! we all go on every day, unless we are continually goading ourselves into gratitude and humility, seeing less and less of the significance of the sky or the stones.

Now, it is a terrible business to mark a man out for the vengeance of men. But it is a thing to which a man can grow accustomed, as he can to other terrible things: he can even grow accustomed to the sin. And the horrible thing about all legal officials, even the best, about judges, magistrates, barristers, de-

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tectives, and policemen, is not that they are wicked (some of them are good), not that they are stupid (several of them are quite intelligent), it is simply that they have got used to it.

Strictly they do not see the prisoner in the dock; all they see is the usual man in the usual place. They do not see the awful court of judgment; they only see their own work-shop. Therefore, the instinct of Christian civilization has most wisely declared that into their judgments there shall upon every occasion be infused fresh blood and fresh thoughts from the street. Men shall come in who can see the court and the crowd, and the coarse faces of the policemen and the professional criminals, the wasted faces of the wastrels, the unreal faces of the gesticulating counsel, and see it all as one sees a new picture or a ballet hitherto unvisited.

Our civilization has decided, and very justly decided, that determining the guilt or innocence of men is a thing too important to be trusted to trained men. If it wishes for light upon that awful matter, it asks men who know more law than I know, but who can feel the things that I felt in the jury box. When it wants a library catalogued, or the solar system discovered, or any trifle of that kind, it uses up its specialists. But when it wishes anything done which is really serious, it collects twelve of the ordinary men standing round. The same thing was done, if I remember right, by the Founder of Christianity.—G. K. Chesterton.

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SIN AND THE ATONEMENT.

Law has its penalties. It commands but it threatens at the same time. If the command is not obeyed, or is disobeyed, the penalty follows. We disregard law then upon our own peril, and violation brings consequences that may involve us in great sorrow and pain and loss. He who violates the law as to fire is burned, and he who disregards the law of the attraction of gravitation may be crushed.

Human government could not exist without laws regulating the relations and dealings of men, and these laws have their penal sanctions, with officers and courts for passing judgment and administering penalties. If men were permitted to live and act as they chose neither person nor property would be safe; violence would prevail; evil would reign, and society would be involved in ruin. Laws must be made and enforced to hold evil in check and to protect the innocent, defenceless and law-abiding.

The divine government cannot exist without law. God is good, but he is wise and he is just. In carrying on his moral and spiritual government wisdom and justice are as necessary as goodness. There could be no goodness without these other attributes, as without them his government would perish, and all would be involved in ruin.

Sin is a terrible thing. He who does not think so has no proper conceptions of right and wrong, of God's nature and authority, or of our relations and duties. Sin is rebellious. Sin is atheistic in its essence. It strives to rob God of his throne and crown. Sin is destructive to moral order, and if permitted to go on unrestrained and unchecked, would bring disaster and ruin to the universe. But sin will not go unpunished. God reigns and will reign and must reign. The soul that sins against him and his holy laws must die. But it is a terrible thing to receive the sentence of death and all are sinners. To punish all sinners would mean blackness of darkness eternal for all.

God is not willing that all should perish. He takes no pleasure in the death of any sinner, and would rather that each and all would turn to him and live. He cries from his loving heart, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" He invites us to turn from our sins in repentance. If we only heed his words, we must be startled and led to realize our terrible condition. Why should we not be sorry for our sin, as well as horrified at the knowledge of the results of our sin? When we stop and listen to the pleadings and warnings of God we see that he is grieved over our course and our condition, and we see the terrible gulf yawning at our feet. If we will turn to God, he will forgive us, delivering us from the wrath to come, and taking us back to his favor.

But even God cannot forgive sin without regard to its punishment. This would be to override law and set aside at his arbitrary pleasure. No government could survive such a course. God does not attempt it. Jesus Christ has taken the place of the sinner. He has died in the stead of all those who will accept him as their substitute. He is just and holy, and the law had no claim upon him, and when he yielded himself as a sacrifice for sinners his infinite merits fully

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No matter what you suffer from, pimples, blackheads, acne, red rash spots, blotches, rash, tetter or any other skin eruption, you can get rid of them long before other treatments can even begin to show results.

Don't go around with a humiliating, disgusting mass of pimples and blackheads on your face. A face covered over with these disgusting things makes people turn away from you, and breeds failure in your life work. Stop it. Read what an Iowa man said when he woke up one morning and found he had a new face:

"By George, I never saw anything like it. There I've been for three years trying to get rid of pimples and blackheads, and guess I used everything under the sun. I used your Calcium Wafers for just seven days. This morning every blessed pimple is gone and I can't find a blackhead. I could write you a volume of thanks, I am so grateful to you."

You can depend upon this treatment being a never-failing cure.

Just send us your name and address in full, today, and we will send you a trial package of Stuart's Calcium Wafers, free to test. After you have tried the sample, and been convinced that all we say is true, you will go to your nearest druggist and get a 50c box and be cured of your facial trouble. They are in tablet form, and no trouble whatever to take. You go about your work as usual, and there you are,—cured and happy.

Send us your name and address today and we will at once send you by mail a sample package free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 175 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

satisfied all the claims that Justice could have upon all finite ones who would come repentantly accepting his mercy. In his person the law was vindicated as holy, all just demands against repentant and believing sinners were satisfied, and God is able in his love for sinners to pardon and accept and save all who come in the name of Christ.

The truth of the Atonement humbles man and exalts and glorifies God. It reveals him to us as unwilling that we should perish and devising means, at infinite cost to himself, for our salvation. If we disregard this saving love of God in Christ for us, we are lost

without remedy. If we repent and believe, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin.—*Ex change*

DEAR RECORDER: Recently this pastor and his family have been handsomely remembered by a noble and thoughtful people. Among the articles sent in were turkeys, hams, sausage, spare-ribs, preserves, catsup, canned fruit, potatoes, apples, granite ware, embroidery, neckties, etc., etc. The articles were highly appreciated, not only because of their intrinsic worth, but because of the affection which prompted the gifts. Such tokens of regard bring much sunshine into a pastor's home. Would that every pastor could have the same happy experience.

Fraternally,
Wm. M. STALLINGS,
Smith's Grove, Ky.

HOW KENTUCKY STANDS WITH THE FOREIGN MISSION BOARD.

From May 1, 1906, to January 1, 1907, Kentucky contributed \$11,550 to Foreign Missions, while the receipts from May 1, 1907, to January 1, 1908, are \$13,363. These figures show an advance of \$1,813 over the contributions of one year ago. We rejoice in this increase, and yet it is far short of what was proposed by the Southern Baptist Convention, and by the Kentucky State Convention. Meanwhile the expenses of the Foreign Mission Board have necessarily increased, the Board is burdened with debt, and finds it difficult to borrow money with which to carry forward the work. This is a plain statement of the facts. Baptists of Kentucky, we are counting on you. Your help is needed, and it is needed now.

Faithfully,
Wm. H. SMITH,
S. J. PORTER,
Richmond Va.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Are Caused by Clogging of the Pores or Mouths of the Sebaceous Glands.

The plug of serum in the center of the pimple is called a blackhead, grub, or comedone. Nature will not allow the clogging of the pores to continue long, hence inflammation, pain, swelling, and redness; later pus or matter forms, breaks, or is opened, the plug comes out, and the pore is once more free. Treatment: Gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure, but do not rub. Wash off the Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, and bathe freely for some minutes. Repeat this treatment morning and evening. At other times use Cuticura Soap for bathing the face as often as agreeable.

SCIENCE AND HALF-BAKED SCIENCE.

It's a mighty poor political, social, or moral cause nowadays that has not its "scientific" basis. The first thing your ardent young innovator will do is to open the closet labelled "Evolution," and pull out a gleaming falchion with some such name as Struggle for Existence, or Survival of the Fittest, or Welfare of the Race, or Upward March of the Individual, and set to hewing away lustily at your stale old institutions and prejudices. That the same instrument is being employed in behalf

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?

Thousands of Men and Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

Nature warns you when the track of health is not clear. Kidney and bladder trouble compel you to pass water often through the day and get up many times during the night.

Unhealthy kidneys cause lumbago, rheumatism, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints or muscles, at times have headache or indigestion, as time passes you may have a sallow complexion, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, sometimes feel as though you had heart trouble, may have plenty of ambition but no strength, get weak and waste away.

If such conditions are permitted to continue, serious results are sure to follow; Bright's disease, the very worst form of kidney trouble, may steal upon you.

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 prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patient and physicians, who content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease undermines the system.

A Trial Will Convince Anyone.

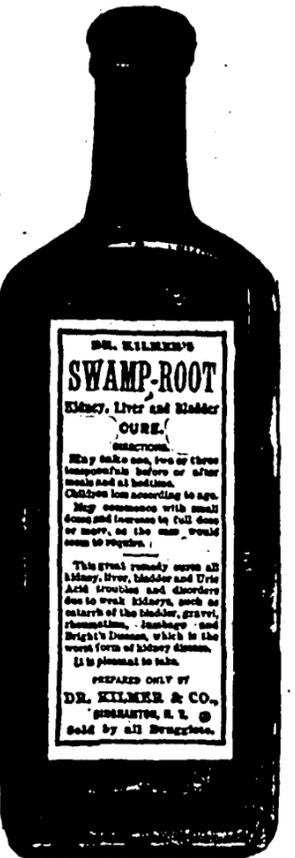
If you are sick and feeling badly, begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better, they will help the other organs to health. In taking Swamp-Root, you afford natural help to Nature for it is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that has ever been discovered.

You can not get rid of your aches and pains if your kidneys are out of order. You cannot feel right when your kidneys are wrong.

Swamp-Root is Pleasant to Take.

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.

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 Louisville WESTERN RECORDER.



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

of the most widely divergent causes does not matter. It is a new instrument; and what youthful imagination can resist the allurements of novelty? So, it's away with your old morality and your prating about duty, self-restraint, sin, and its punishment. "Science" or "Evolution," as the case may be, has shown that to be strong is to be virtuous, that to seize is the aim of life, and to let go one's hold the supreme transgression. The old merchant adventures exploited the Hindu and the Chiraman because it was business; but modern commercial progress by means of the Maxim gun is justified because it establishes the rule of the Superior over the Inferior Race, and helps the march of evolution.

But if science is really so powerful a solvent of old beliefs and so clamorous an advocate for piping hot new ones, why, the doubt sometimes rises, do the real masters of science exhibit so persistent an adherence to the old-fashioned? Kipling is obsessed by the right that inheres in the rifle and the bayonet especially when they are wielded by a white man; Jack London sees an intimate connection between dripping claw and jaw and the Upward Swing of the Race. But why did Kelvin, Huxley, and Tyndall find that the morality of Job and Isaiah were on the whole good enough for them?

There is little doubt but that, in varying degree, we are all sufferers from over-indulgence in the theory of evolution. We have not escaped the influence of the spirit that finds expression in the Sunday

Supplement board sheet, with its circumstantial account of how all the blondes are bound to disappear in five hundred years, or how we shall be a hairless, toothless, eyeless race in a couple of millenniums. We have not been able to hold out against the temptation to identify cosmic forces with our own little ends. We always forget that civilization, as long as we can trace it back, is the veriest little ash heap on the summit of the ages.

Superior race and inferior race, become nonsense when so earnest a student as Professor Boas tells us that anthropology does not "sustain the assumption which is made frequently that one of the effects of advance in civilization has been the improvement of the physical organization of the human body, and particularly of the brain and its functions. No progressive development of the nervous system in regard to complexity or size has so far been proved."

For practical purpose, therefore, old conceptions of personal and radical duty, of right and wrong, should still hold good. As for the unrestrained young "scients" bent on reducing everything to terms of struggle for existence, he should be spanked.—*N. Y. Post.*

The amount and value of a man's influence for good or evil upon the world will generally depend upon the character of his indirect and unconscious influence.—*T. Storr King.*

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A PRAYER.

FANNIE MIDDELTON HUNTER.

Oh, Lord, in Thy tender mercy,
And with Thy pitying care,
Look down in loving compassion,
And help me my burden to bear.

Oh, Thou who did the burden bear
On blessed Calvary's tree,
Come Thou very near me, Jesus,
And let me lean on Thee.

Oh, let the angels hover near me
while I live,
And when I cross the river
Thy helping hand do give,
And keep me near the portal
Of everlasting day;
And when Thou bidst me enter
The pearly gates ajar,
Oh, come Thou very near me
And be my guiding star.

Our Pulpit

PARDON AND JUSTIFICATION.

C. H. SPURGEON.

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered."—Psalm 32:1.

Dearly beloved, we come to the consideration of that most excellent and choice blessing of God, which bespeaks our pardon and justification; and we trust we shall be able to show you its extreme value.

Consider the utter difficulty of procuring the blessing in any human way. Since it is not to be purchased, how can it be procured? Here is a man who has sinned against God, and he makes the enquiry, "How can I be pardoned?" The first thought which starts up in his mind is this, "I will seek to amend my ways; in the virtue of the future I will endeavor to atone for the follies of the past, and I trust a merciful God will be disposed to forgive my sins, and spare my guilty but penitent soul." He then turns to Scripture to see if his hopes are warranted, and he reads there, "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight." He fancies that, if he should reform and amend his life, he will be accepted; but there comes from the throne of God a voice which says, "Having sinned, O man, I must inflict punishment for thy sin." God is so inflexibly just that he has never forgiven, and never will forgive, the sinner without having exacted the punishment for his sin. He is so strictly true to his threatenings, and so inexorably severe in his justice, that his holy law never relaxes its hold upon the sinner till the penalty is paid to the utmost farthing.

"Well," says the sinner, "if I amend for the future, there is the dark catalogue of past offences still pursuing me. Even if I run up no other debts, there are the old accounts; how can I get them paid? How can I get my past sins forgiven? How can I find my way to Heaven?" Then he thinks, "I will cry and lament, and I hope, by deep penitence and heartfelt contrition, and by perpetual floods of tears, God may be induced to pardon me." O, man, thy tears will not blot out a single sin! Thy sins are engraved as in brass, and thy tears are not a liquid strong enough to burn out what God has thus inscribed.

"Could thy tears for ever flow,

Could thy zeal no respite know,
All for sin could not atone;
Christ must save, and Christ alone."

Thou mightest weep till thy very eyes were wept away, and until thy heart were all distilled in drops, and yet not remove one single stain from the brazen tablet of the memory of Jehovah. There is no atonement in tears or repentance. God has not said, "I will forgive thee for the sake of thy penitence." What is there in thy penitence that can make thee deserve forgiveness? If thou didst deserve forgiveness, thou wouldst have a set-off against thy guilt. This were to suppose some claim upon God, and there would be no mercy in giving thee what thou couldst claim as a right. Repentance is not an atonement for sin.

What, then, can be done? Justice says, "Blood for blood, a stroke for every sin, punishment for every crime, for the Lord will by no means clear the guilty." The sinner feels within his heart that this judgment is just; like the man to whom I talked some time ago, who said, "If God does not damn me, he ought. I have been so great a sinner against his laws that his equity would be sullied by my escape." The sinner, when convicted in his own conscience, must own the righteousness of God in his condemnation. He knows that he has been so wicked, he has sinned so much against Heaven, that God in justice must punish him. He feels that God cannot pass by his sin and his transgression. Then there must be atonement in order to obtain pardon, he thinks; and he asks, "Who shall effect it?" Speed your way up to Heaven, for it is vain to seek it on earth. Go up there, where cherubs fly around the throne of God, and ask those flaming spirits, "Can ye offer an atonement? God has said that man must die, and the sentence cannot be altered; God himself cannot reverse it, for it is like the laws of the Medes and Persians, irrevocable. Punishment must follow sin, and damnation must be the effect of iniquity; but, O ye blazing seraphs, no satisfaction would be yielded to infinite justice even if ye all should die. Ye angels, I have no hope from you; I must turn my eyes in another direction. Where shall I find help? Where shall I obtain deliverance?"

Man cannot help us; angels cannot help us; the greatest archangel can do nought for us. Where shall we find forgiveness? Where is the priceless prize? The mine hath it not in its depths. Stars have it not in their brilliance. The floods cannot tell me as they lift up their voice; nor can the hurricane's blast discover to me the mystery profound. It is hidden in the sacred counsels of the Most High. Where it is I know not until, from the very throne of God, I hear it said, "I am the Substitute;" and looking up there, I see, sitting on the throne, a God and yet a man—a man who once was slain! I see his scarred hands and his pierced side. But he is also God, and, smiling benignantly, he says, "I have forgiveness, I have pardon; I purchased it with my heart's blood; this precious casket of divinity was broken open for your souls. I had to die—the Just for the unjust." Excruciating agony, pains unutterable, and woes such as ye cannot comprehend, I had to suffer for your sake." And can I say that this amazing grace is mine? Has he enrolled my worthless name in the covenant of his grace? Do I see the blood-mark on the writ of my pardon? Do I know that he

purchased it with such a price? And shall I refuse to say, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered?" Nay; I must and will exult, for I have found this jewel, before which earth's diadems do pale and lose their lustre. I have found this "pearl of great price;" and I must and will esteem all things but loss for Jesus' sake; for, having found this indescribable blood of Jesus, I must shout again, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven."

"Happy the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin;
But, wash'd in the Redeemer's
blood,
Hath made his garments clean."

It would be well for thee, Christian, if thou wouldst often review this mercy, and see how it was purchased for thee; if thou wouldst go to Gethsemane, and see where the bloody clots lie thick upon the ground; if thou wouldst then take thy journey across that bitten brook or Kedron, and go to Gabbatha, and see thy Saviour with his hair plucked by the persecutors, with his cheeks made moist with the spittle of his enemies, with his back lacerated by the deep ploughings of knotted whips, and himself in agony, emaciated, tormented; then, if thou wouldst stand at Calvary, and see him dying, "the Just for the unjust;" and having seen these bitter torments, remember that these were but little compared with his inward soul-anguish; then thou wouldst come away, and say, "Blessed, yea, thrice blessed, is the man who has thus been loved of Jesus purchased with his blood: 'Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.'"

Another thing concerning this blessing of justification is, not only its immense value and its unpurchaseableness, but its coming to us instantaneously. You know it is a doctrine that has been taught by divines long enough, and taught in Scripture, that justification is an instantaneous act. The moment God gives me faith, I become justified; and being justified by faith, I have peace with God. It takes no time to accomplish this miracle of mercy. Sanctification is a lifelong work, continuously effected by the Holy Ghost; but justification is done in one instant. It is as complete the moment a sinner believes as when he stands before the Eternal. Is it not a marvellous thing that one moment should make thee clean? We love the physician who heals speedily. If you find a skillful physician, who can heal you of a sad disease even in years, you go to him, and are thankful. But suppose you hear of some wondrous man who, with a touch, could heal you—who, with the very glance of his eyes, could stanch that flow of blood, or cure that deadly disease, and make you well at once, would you not go to him, and feel that he was indeed a great physician? So is it with Christ. There may be a man standing over there, with all his sins upon his head, yet he may be justified, complete in Christ, without a sin, freed from its damning power, delivered from all his guilt and iniquity, in one single instant! It is a marvellous thing, beyond our power of comprehension. God pardons the man, and he goes away, that same instant, perfectly justified, as the publican did when he prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and received the mercy for which he sued.

But one of the greatest blessings about this mercy is, that it is irreversible. The irreversible nature of justification is that which makes it so lovely in the eyes of

God's people. We are justified and pardoned, and then the mercy is that we never can be unpardoned—we never can be again condemned. Those who are opponents of this glorious doctrine may say what they please, but we know better than to suppose that God ever pardons a man, and then punishes him afterwards.

God never did anything by halves. He speaks a man into a justified condition, and he will never speak him out of it again; nor can that man ever be cast away. O God, do any persons teach that men can be quickened by the Spirit, and yet that the quickened Spirit has not power enough to keep them alive? Do they teach that God first forgives, and then condemns? Do they teach that Christ stands surety for a man, and yet that the man may afterwards be damned? Let them teach so if they will, but we "have not so learned Christ." We cannot use words so dishonorable to the blessed Saviour, so derogatory to his Deity. We believe that, if he stood as our Substitute, it was an actual, real, effectual deed, and that we are positively delivered thereby; that, if he did pay the penalty for our sin, God cannot by any means exact it twice; that, if he did discharge our debt, it is discharged: that, if our sin was imputed to Christ, it cannot also be imputed to us. We say, before all men, that Heaven itself cannot accuse the sons of God of any sin. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect," if God hath justified, and Christ hath died? Ah, Christian! thou mayest

FOUND WAY.

To Be Clear of the Coffee Troubles.

"Husband and myself both had the coffee habit and finally his stomach and kidneys got in such a bad condition that he was compelled to give up a good position that he had held for years. He was too sick to work. His skin was yellow, and I hardly think there was an organ in his body that was not affected.

"I told him I felt sure his sickness was due to coffee and after some discussion he decided to give it up.

"It was a struggle, because of the powerful habit. One day we heard about Postum and concluded to try it and then it was easy to leave off coffee.

"His fearful headaches grew less frequent, his complexion began to clear, kidneys grew better until at last he was a new man altogether, as a result of leaving off coffee and taking up Postum. Then I began to drink it too.

"Although I was never as bad off as my husband. I was always very nervous and never at any time very strong, only weighing 95 lbs. before I began to use Postum. Now I weigh 115 lbs. and can do as much work as anyone my size I think.

"Many do not use Postum because they have not taken the trouble to make it right. I have successfully fooled a great many persons who have drunk it at my table. They would remark, 'You must buy a high grade of coffee.' One young man who clerked in a grocery store was very enthusiastic about my 'coffee.' When I told him what it was, he said, 'why I've sold Postum for four years but I had no idea it was like this. Think I'll drink Postum hereafter.'

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

well stand and wonder at this mighty justification, to think that thou art so pardoned that thou never canst be condemned, that all the powers in hell cannot condemn thee, that nothing which can happen can destroy thee; but that thou hast a pardon that thou canst plead in the day of judgment, and that will stand as valid then as now. Oh, it is a glorious and gracious thing! Go, ye, who believe in another gospel, and seek comfort in it if ye will, but yours is not the justification of the blessed God. When he justifies, he justifies forever, and nothing can separate us from his love.

We would that time and bodily strength permitted us to dilate upon this wide subject, but we must pass on to the last point. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered," because it makes him blessed by the effects it has upon his mind.

What glorious peace it brings to a man when he first knows himself to be justified! The apostle Paul said, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God." Some of you in this chapel, do not know what peace means; you never had any real, satisfactory peace. "What," say ye, "never had any peace, when we have been happy and merry and joyous?" Let me ask you, when the morning has appeared after your evening of mirth, could you look back upon it with joy? Could any one of you look back upon it, and say, "I rejoice in these unbridled revellings; I always find such laughter productive of the sweet calm to my heart?" No, you could not, unless you are utterly hardened in heart. I challenge you to tell me what fruit you have ever gathered from those things of which you are now ashamed. You know that you have not had any true peace. When alone in your chamber, and a leaf fell, or some little insect buzzed in the further corner, you trembled like the leaves of the aspen, and thought perhaps the angel of death was there with a dreary omen. Or, passing from the haunts of fashion, you have walked along some lonely road in solitude, and your disordered fancy has conjured up all sorts of demons. You had no peace, and you have no peace, now, for you are at war with the Omnipotent, you are lifting your puny hands against the Most High God, you are warring against the King of heaven, rebels against his government, and guilty of high treason against the Eternal Majesty. Oh, that you did but know what true peace is, "the peace of God which passeth all understanding!"

Justification not only gives peace, it also gives joy; and this is something even more blessed. Peace is the brook, but joy is the dashing of the cataract when the brook is filled, bursts its banks, rushes down the rocks. Joy is something that we can know and esteem; and justification brings us joy. Oh, have you ever seen the justified man when first he is justified? I have often told you what I myself felt when first I realized that I was pardoned through the blood of Christ. I had been sad and miserable for months, and even years; but when I once received the message, "Look unto me, and be saved, all the ends of the earth," verily I could have leapt for joy of heart, for I felt then that I understood the meaning of that text. "The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

Now let me ask, in conclusion,

How many such blessed men and women are there here tonight? How long shall I give to answer the question? I wish formal preaching were done away with to lay the formalities of the pulpit aside, and talk to you as if you were in your own houses. That, I believe, is the true kind of preaching. Let me enquire, then, how many of you, my friends, can claim the title of "blessed" because you are justified? Well, I think I can see one brother who puts his hands together, and says:

"A debtor to mercy alone.
Of covenant mercy I sing."

"I know I am forgiven." My brother, I rejoice to hear thee speak thus confidently. But I come to another, and I ask—what about you, my friend? "Ah, sir! I cannot say as much as that brother did, but I hope I am justified." What ground have you for your hope? You know that we cannot properly hope unless we have some grounds for our hope; what are your grounds? Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ? "Yes," you say, "I do believe on him." Why, then, do you say, "I hope I am justified?" Dear brother or sister, you know, if you really believe on Christ, you have no need to talk about hope when you may be certain; and it is always better to use words of confidence when you can. Keep your head as high as you may, for you will find troubles enough to drag it down.

The next one replies:

"Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
'Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his, or am I not?'"

I have heard a great deal said against that hymn, but I have myself had occasion to sing it sometimes, so I cannot find much fault with it. That state of mind is all very well if it lasts a little while, though not if it lasts a long time, and a man is always saying, "I long to know," or, "I am afraid." Paul says, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God." You would not have this anxiety always if you were brought to realize your justification in the sight of God. You may have it sometimes, "when the eye of faith is dim;" but I do not like to see people contenting themselves with any measure of faith short of that which apprehends full redemption. Do not let me distress the weak ones of the flock, for I often say—

"Thousands in the fold of Jesus,
This attainment ne'er can boast:
To his name eternal praises,
None of them shall be e'er be lost."

Their names were written in the Lamb's Book of Life before the world was made; but if any of you are always in distress and doubt, if you never did at any time feel confident, you should begin to be apprehensive, for methinks you should now and then get a little higher. You may pass through the Valley of the Shadow of Death sometimes; but, surely, sometimes the Spirit of God will also carry you up to the top of the mountain that is called "Clear." Yet, if you are still dwelling on this point, "I long to know," are you not anxious to settle the question? Suppose you do not belong to Christ. Put it in that way—for in a doubtful case, it is best to look at the worst side;—suppose you do not love the Lord. Nevertheless, you are a sinner; you feel that you are a sinner, do you not? God

has convinced you that you are a sinner. Well, as long as you can claim sinnership, you can go to his feet. If you cannot go as a saint, you can go as a sinner. What a mercy this is! It is enough to save us from despair. Even if our evidence of saintship seems clean gone, we have not lost our sinnership; and the Scripture still says, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And while it says that, we will hang on it.

Another one says, "I don't know whether I am justified, and I don't care much about it." Let me tell you, sir, when you will care. When you come near your end, young man, you will care then. You may think you can live very well without Christ, but you cannot afford to die without him. You can stand very securely at present, but death will shake your confidence. Your tree may be fair to look at now; but when the great testing wind comes, if it has not its roots in the Rock of ages, down it must come. You may think your worldly pleasures good, but they will then turn bitter as wormwood to your taste; worse than gall shall be the faintest of your drinks, when you shall come to the bottom of your poisoned bowl.

But there is another, who says, "I wish I were justified, but I feel that I am too great a sinner." Now, I like to hear the first part of your speech, but the last is very bad. To say that you are bad, is right; I know you are. You say you are vile, and that is true enough, and I hope you mean it. Do not be like some men of whom I have read. There was a monk who, on a certain occasion, described himself as being as great a hypocrite as Judas; and a gentleman at once said, "I knew a long

CLOUDED BRAIN

Clears Up On Change to Proper Food.

The brain cannot work with clearness and accuracy if the food taken is not fully digested, but is restrained in the stomach to ferment and form poisonous gases etc. A dull, clouded brain is likely to be the result.

A Mich. lady relates her experience in changing her food habits, and results are very interesting.

"A steady diet of rich greasy foods such as sausage, buckwheat cakes and so on, finally broke down a stomach and nerves that, by inheritance, were sound and strong, and medicine did no apparent good in the way of relief.

"My brain was clouded and dull and I was suffering from a case of constipation that defied all remedies used.

"The 'Road to Wellville,' in some providential way, fell into my hands, and may Heaven's richest blessings fall on the man who was inspired to write it.

"I followed the directions carefully, physical culture and all, using Grape-Nuts with sugar and cream, leaving meat, pastry and hot biscuit entirely out of my bill of fare. The result—I am in perfect health once more.

"I never realize I have nerves and my stomach and bowels are in fine condition. My brain is perfectly clear and I am enjoying that state of health which God intended his creatures should enjoy, and which all might have, by giving proper attention to their food." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

ago; you are just the fellow I always thought you were;" when up jumped the monk, and said, "Don't you be saying such things as those about me." His humility was feigned, not felt. Thus people may make such a general confession as this, "We are all sinners," who would resist any special charge brought home to their conscience, however true it might be. Say to such an one, "You are a rogue," and he replies, "No, I'm not a rogue." "What are you, then? Are you a liar?" "Oh, no!" "Are you a Sabbath-breaker?" "No; nothing of the kind." And so, when you come to sift the matter, you find them sheltering themselves under the general term sinner, not to make confession, but to evade it. This is very different from a real conviction of sin. But if you feel yourself to be a real, actual sinner, remember that you are not too bad to be saved, because it is written in Scripture that Christ came to save sinners: and that means that he came to save you, because you are a sinner. And I will preach it everywhere, without limitation, that if a man knows himself to be a sinner, Jesus Christ died for him, for that is the evidence that Christ came to save him. Let the sinner, then, believe on Jesus as his Saviour; let the "outcasts" come to Jesus, for the psalmist says, "He gathered together the outcasts of Israel." There is an outcast here tonight; there is a backslider over there who has been cut off from the church years ago. Behold his sad plight. As Achish said of David, "He hath made his people Israel utterly to abhor him: therefore he shall be my servant for ever." But he escaped, and you shall yet escape. The prey shall not be taken from the Mighty; the lawful captive shall not be taken from Jesus Christ. The Captain of our salvation conquered his soul once, and he will yet save it.

But another says, "I never was a member of a church, and I am afraid I never shall be; I am a hardened sinner, a reprobate." Well, do you confess it? Then hear the word of the Lord: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." "He that believeth"—that is, he that believeth on Jesus and in Jesus, he that casts himself on Christ—our hymn bids us "venture" on Christ, but that is not right; there is no venturing, it is all safe;—he who trusts himself on Christ,—throws himself flat on sovereign mercy—"he that believeth"—notice what follows, "and is baptized;"—baptism is to come afterwards, not for salvation, but with his mouth confesseth—"he that believeth and is baptized—shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned." I dare not leave any word out, whatever any of my brethren may do. Whether a man be baptized or not, if he does not believe, he shall be damned. But the word "baptized" is not put into the last sentence, because the Holy Spirit saw there was no necessity for it; for he knew, if the ordinance were correctly administered, no person who did not believe would be baptized. So it was the same thing as saying, "He that believeth not shall be damned." Oh, may God grant that you may never know the meaning of that last dreadful word but may you know what it is to be saved by grace divine!

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It is a solemn moment when a young man goes out from his home to enter on life in a new sphere. He is going to college, or he is going to a distant city to take up some permanent employment, or he is going to a far country to try his fortune among strangers. He does not fully appreciate the gravity of the situation. His father appreciates it, and his mother feels a strange sensation as she bids him good-bye. But no one fully realizes what it all means. The future will disclose the full meaning of that important step. But if the young man is a child of God and an obedient servant he is safe, for the Lord will preserve his going out.

Still we must go on, for we are on a pilgrimage. Out of youth into manhood, out of the vigor of manhood into the feebleness of old age. It may be that we shall go out of health into sickness, out of prosperity into adversity, out of comfort and luxury into hardship and want. But even in these rough lands there is no evil that can touch him whose hand is in the hand of God. He will preserve thy coming into these steep and thorny paths. Nothing shall by any means hurt thee. He will not

The instinct of a new heart is to acknowledge God. The change effected in a true Christian experience compels confession before men. If one should propose to keep his experience of God's grace secret, he would falsify the very nature of Christian piety. Therefore Christ said, "Confess me before men." "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." There is no encouragement given to the notion of salvation by secret piety in any Scripture teaching or example. David pathetically exclaimed: "I have not hid my righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness thy salvation; I have not concealed thy loving kindness and thy truth from the great congregation." The Master said: "Let your light shine before men."

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.

The one hundred and twenty-first Psalm might be denominated the traveler's hymn. It tells of a safe-keeper who never slumbers nor sleeps, who will not suffer the foot of one of His people to be moved. The pilgrim may take this Psalm for his protection as he journeys through a vale of tears and dangers. The conclusion of the song is rich indeed: "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in." Go on then, pilgrim, without fearing or doubting, for thy Keeper shall not fail in anything or at any time.

We are forever going out and coming in. The laborer goes out from his house in the morning, not knowing what shall befall him before the sun goes down. How many times do we go forth from the abode where our kindred dwell? Sometimes once every day, and sometimes twice or thrice or many times. But our Keeper is with us every time we cross the threshold. He will not suffer us to be without a guard even though we are going but a few steps from home.

Here is one who has started out on a long journey. He will cross the continent or the ocean, and sojourn in many lands before he shall return. When one is out on the great deep he often feels lonely. But if he is in the hand of God his going out shall be noted and his soul shall be closely guarded.

It is a solemn moment when a young man goes out from his home to enter on life in a new sphere. He is going to college, or he is going to a distant city to take up some permanent employment, or he is going to a far country to try his fortune among strangers. He does not fully appreciate the gravity of the situation. His father appreciates it, and his mother feels a strange sensation as she bids him good-bye. But no one fully realizes what it all means. The future will disclose the full meaning of that important step. But if the young man is a child of God and an obedient servant he is safe, for the Lord will preserve his going out.

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AFTER NINE YEARS, RELIEF

A True Story, With a Moral Which Points to Some Interesting Ways for Women to Cure Themselves from the Agonies Caused by Female Disease and Disturbance.

LETTER FROM A LADY

Nine Years of Constant Suffering and Failure of Doctors to Give Relief, Left the Writer No Chance But to Try This Method of Home Treatment, Which Afforded Prompt and Permanent Relief.

FREE ADVICE FOR LADIES

Nine years is a long time to suffer from the terrible pangs of female disease. Think of it! Nine long, weary years, of seemingly endless suffering! A long, dark inferno, with no turning! And then, one day, a light in the distance, a feeling of new health, freedom, relief and realization of perfect cure.

Such, in brief, is the story of Lizzie Matthews, of Mount Vernon, Ga., whose letter we print below. She says:

"I was troubled with female disease for nine (9) years. The doctors first called it 'nervous prostration,' then 'change of life,' and finally 'catarrh of the organs,' but no matter what they called it, they could give me no relief.

"At last I decided to take Wino of Cardui. I have now taken three (3) bottles and can say that my health is better than it has been in nine years. Before I began to take Cardui I could not eat anything, could hardly sleep, my back and hips would ache, and then I would be nervous and I was troubled with leucorrhoea. Once a month I would have to go to bed for two or three days. Since taking Cardui I do not have to stay in bed more than a half a day, and all my other troubles have gone.

"I have praised Cardui to all my friends, and shall continue to do so. I wish every suffering lady would try it."

For young, middle-aged and old, Wino of Cardui forms a perfect female tonic. It is a pure scientific vegetable extract, perfectly harmless, absolutely non-intoxicating, always reliable and effective. Obtainable at all prominent drug stores in \$1.00 bottles.

You are earnestly urged to write for Free Advice about your case to Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., stating age and describing frankly your symptoms. All requests for advice sacredly confidential, and replies sent in plain sealed envelopes.

suffer thy foot to be moved. We shall all go out of this world and come into another. We shall cross one stream, the narrow stream of death. We are here today, rejoicing in the prospect of many years, but we shall soon go out of time into eternity. We know something about going out of childhood into youth, out of youth into manhood, for we have tried it. But what know we about going out of time into eternity? We have had some experience with time. But we have not tried eternity. How different everything will be then! To some it seems like a dark journey. There is no light on the pathway. But if we are the obedient servant of the heavenly Father we have nothing to fear. He is God of eternity as well as of time. He shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, even from this time forever more.

"God keep thee safe from harm and sin,
Thy spirit keep; the Lord watch o'er
Thy going out, thy coming in,
From this time evermore."
—Y. Y. Christian Advocate.

Editorial

To the Editor of the WESTERN RECORDER:

Your editorial in the issue of December 19th, reflecting upon the American Baptist Publication Society for publishing "The Formation of the New Testament," by Rev. George H. Ferris probably calls for reply and explanation. May I be permitted to say, first of all, that a more careful reading of Mr. Ferris' book will show that it is not so dangerous as the *Journal and Messenger* thinks it to be. The question discussed by Mr. Ferris is historical, and as we understand the matter, the conclusions reached by him do not effect the integrity or authority of the New Testament. In the summation of his argument Mr. Ferris is careful to say, "The value and authenticity of the books contained in the New Testament are by no means injured by the fact that they were arbitrarily selected and bound up in a single volume by the decrees of a hierarchy." Mr. Ferris thinks the canon was closed by the action of the Roman Church, and endeavors to prove this from church history. He is also of the opinion that the canon ought not to have been closed, as he thinks it was, by ecclesiastical authority. Whether he is right or wrong can only be determined by a careful examination of historical facts and authorities, and not by arousing against him the *odium theologicum*.

As to the matter of the Publication Society issuing books which seem to be a departure from the views held by our Baptist fathers, it should be said that for many years the Society has been criticised by Baptists of the best standing on the ground that a Denominational Society has no right to constitute itself a sort of ecclesiastical court or council for the determination of what is or is not orthodox. It has been very stoutly affirmed that one of the cardinal principles of Baptists is religious liberty, and that the principle of religious liberty includes the expression of individual opinion, within proper limits. It is claimed by many that, in effect, the Publication Society has been the organ of the ultra-conservative wing of the denomination, and that those who held other than ultra-conservative views had no recognition whatever. This it has been urged, has been an unjust and unfair course for an organization claiming to represent the entire denomination, and asking for general denominational support; has driven many men to other publishing houses, and has promoted, rather than healed, division in denominational sentiment.

Such criticisms and the desire to discover the proper course to pursue, led us at the Annual Meeting of the Society at Washington, in May last, to ask Dr. E. M. Potent, of South Carolina, to discuss "The Attitude of the Society on Open Questions." Dr. Potent's conclusion is summed up as follows: "The day of days for Baptists is when people discover facts. Publish the facts. Let the Society serve the right wing of the denomination; let it likewise serve the left. If it serves the right and the left, let it not be unmindful of the center. Let it bear in mind likewise that in the middle way there is safety." As these statements of Dr. Potent appeared to have the

approval of the members of the Society present, we naturally came to the conclusion that we would be safe in following his advice. Our Board, however, is the servant of the Society, and if its action in publishing books which are not altogether conservative is not in accord with the wishes of the denomination at large, this action can be reviewed, and proper instruction given at any annual meeting.

Perhaps, also, I should add that we stand quite ready to publish books on both sides of questions upon which Baptists of equal standing in the denomination differ. It may quiet the fears of those who are alarmed at Mr. Ferris' book, to know that one of the finest scholars in our ranks is now engaged in writing a volume upon the same theme, which, it is understood, will be practically an answer to "The Formation of the New Testament," along the same historical lines as those pursued by Mr. Ferris. Is it not better to act in this way, and thus give all phases of opinion a fair show, rather than to restrict publications to one rigid line?

A. J. ROWLAND.

Complying with the ethics of true journalism and actuated by the desire to be absolutely fair, the foregoing article, from the pen of Dr. A. J. Rowland, is published verbatim. Its publication, however, is a source of real sorrow for by that act the management of the American Baptist Publication Society assumes absolute responsibility for a serious affront to the cause of Christ.

The personality, ability or liberty of the author of "The Formation of the New Testament" is not under discussion. So long as the rights of others are not involved, Baptist fidelity to liberty of conscience and freedom of speech will always accord him the privilege to think and act as he pleases. The issue is not the Rev. G. H. Ferris, A. M., but the policy of our great Publication Society in publishing, copyrighting and circulating a book hostile to truth, entitled "The Formation of the New Testament."

A careful reading of Dr. Rowland's "reply and explanation" suggests an important item that demands serious consideration. The very fact that in the opening paragraph he attempts a mild defense of the author is quite suggestive, to say the least. Especially is that true when it is borne in mind that it is not a private individual, but the representative of a great denominational society that puts forth this defense.

The attitude of the Society in "issuing books which seem to be a departure from the views held by our Baptist fathers" is justified, according to Dr. Rowland, because a weighty criticism is thereby set aside. In so doing it ceases "to constitute itself a sort of ecclesiastical court and council for the determination of what is or is not orthodox." The statement is almost incredible, and had it reached this office in a verbal way it would have been received with the most determined unbelief. But the foregoing document from the pen of the gifted Secretary cannot be disputed, and in that it is declared that the Society which he represents refuses to be either "court or council" for the determination of orthodoxy. What orthodoxy? In presenting that which "seems to be a departure from the views held by our Baptist fathers." But wherein is the departure? In calling into question the integrity and

authority of the New Testament Scripture. May the hour never come when any Baptist organization will hesitate one second because of the odious designation of "court or council" to pass on the validity of the blessed Book.

That the policy of the management of the Publication Society, in this instance, has not been misinterpreted is established by Dr. Rowland himself. He calls attention to the annual meeting, held at Washington last May, at which time an honored brother from the South was invited to deliver an address on "The Attitude of the Society on Open Questions" and then uses certain ideas advanced in this address to justify that organization in publishing, copyrighting and circulating Dr. Ferris' book. The denominational loyalty of the Washington speaker would warrant the statement that the integrity and authority of the New Testament was anything but an "open question" to him. Alas! alas! that it should be such to the Publication Society.

Nor, let it be added, has the day yet dawned for Baptists when those who deny or attack that which is essential and fundamental are of equal standing, in the denomination, with those who are intelligently contending earnestly for the faith once for all delivered to the saints.

Fears can never be quieted by the calm assurance "that one of the finest scholars in our ranks is now engaged in writing a volume which will be practically an answer to 'The Formation of the New Testament.'" "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? Can the fig tree, my brethren, bear olive berries? either a vine, figs? So can no fountain both yield salt water and fresh."

There would be a little consolation could the fact be established that every soul that took the poison likewise received the antidote.

By all means administer the antidote, but let the poison come from another source.

Dr. Rowland concludes: "Is it not better to act in this way and give all phases of opinions a fair show, rather than to restrict publication to one rigid line?"

Never—when God's Word is the object of attack. To do so would be to abrogate the true mission and purpose of the Publication Society. Be true to the ideals and aims of its illustrious founders and thus be a mighty factor for Christ and the Baptists.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE!

Orthodox people are in the habit of writing the above words, and following them they place an interrogation point. Today there is no excuse for such marks. The so-called Christian Science so flatly contradicts God's Word that its character is no longer susceptible of questioning. Listen! In the Christmas number of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Mrs. Eddy, the founder of this modern sect, is credited with saying: "To me Christmas involves an open secret, understood by few—or by none—and unutterable except in Christian Science. Christ was not born of the flesh. Christ is the truth and life born of God—born of Spirit and not of matter."

Just like Satan did in the seduction of the first pair—a manifest truth is mixed with a palpable lie. Of course, Christ is *the truth and life*, but look at the other part of the sentence: "Christ was not born of the flesh." Now, John says: "Beloved, believe not every

spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby know ye the Spirit of God. Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God; and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God; and this is that spirit of anti-Christ, whereof ye have heard that it should come; and even now already is it in the world."—I. John 4:1-3.

Now, the statement of Mrs. Eddy is a plain, flat contradiction of God's Word, and deserves the open rebuke of all who believe the Word of God. The pulpit and press ought to warn the unwary of these grave errors. They are too serious to be passed unnoticed or to be pooh-poohed as of no importance.

They are being propagated in our midst and the time has come to line-up either for Christ and the Word of God or to recognize the spirit of anti-Christ. People promulgating such false doctrines have no claim to anything Christian and no sanction from the Word of God. Such doctrine is not Christian, not scientific, not Scriptural and all false labeling cannot make it so. Hence, we mark the words with the exclamation point of wonder, astonishment instead of the usual interrogation point. It is not a question, the bald falsehood bears its own brand.

A visiting minister in a city in the far West was urging their duty of soul saving upon the business men in the congregation. He told of a business man whom he knew who, in travelling around, made it a point to get acquainted with those whom he met, interest them into talking about themselves and thus, casually as it seemed, learning if they were Christians. If they were not, he invited them to his room and endeavored to lead them to repentance and faith. Often when he thought it best, he followed them with letters.

He had tact and wisdom and prayed for God's guidance. And he had done great good by his faithful efforts. He never forgot that trying to save souls is the chief work of every regenerated man, work he must not allow any pressure of business to cause him to relax or forget.

After the meeting was over a gentleman in the congregation went to the minister and said: "If I give you the right name of the man of whom you spoke will you tell me?" The minister readily agreed and the gentleman mentioned the name of the man, a business man in a New England city.

In the far West the seed that man had sown had borne fruit. How many others he has brought to God he will never know in this life. He is busy about his Lord's work, doing with his might what his hands find to do.

Why are not all regenerated business men like this one? What would the harvest be if they were? What excuse will they render to the Lord who saved them for failing to do all in their power to bring others to repentance?

The Directors of the Baptist Book Concern, at their meeting last week, declared the usual semi-annual dividend. The financial stringency did not effect either the *WESTERN RECORDER* or the Book Concern. Both had a prosperous year.

EDITORIAL VARIETIES

Last Sunday morning, after Secretary P. T. Hale had preached at the Broadway Baptist church on "Denominational Education," Professor Robertson made a brief talk, saying: "The Baptists are the leading people of Kentucky, but will not long remain so unless they wake up to their educational work." But Baptists will arouse themselves at once, we hope.

We take the liberty of quoting the following from a personal letter Dr. J. B. Moody received from Dr. H. G. Weston: "I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, but I am so much pleased with your exposition of Matt. 10:18, that I cannot refrain from writing to you. There is so much misinterpretation of Holy Scripture that it is delightful to welcome one interpreter who sees the real meaning. . . . But I did not intend to write so long a letter. I meant only to express my pleasure at your exegesis." This is a well merited compliment.

Rev. S. B. Shaw, after a business career of nine years, moves his publishing house from Chicago to Grand Rapids. Three of his sons will be associated with him in the new Michigan enterprise. We trust the venture will prove successful.

Rev. J. R. Clark, the new pastor of the Twelfth Street Baptist church, Paducah, took to himself a handsome bride last Christmas day. We extend hearty congratulations to the happy couple.

"Sensitiveness regarding the orthodoxy of those who teach in our theological seminaries is a sign of denominational health."—*Fedder*.

The *London Daily News* is cruel to the poets. It holds up to them as an example worthy of their imitation, *Lleworch Hen*, who in his long life of 150 years only wrote twelve poems. He lived in Argos and had twenty-four sons, all of whom were "leaders of armies." We wish the *News* had given one of his poems that this generation might judge of their quality.

In a sketch of Robert Hall, Mr. F. C. Oviatt tells of his answer to a young man who came to him, telling him that he wished to be a preacher. Hall asked: "What leads you to entertain such an idea?" The young man replied, "You know, sir, I must not hide my talents in a napkin." Hall answered, "Then put them in a pocket handkerchief, sir. That will be large enough."

The lesson was in the first chapter of Acts. After the chapter had been read a little scholar commented: "I always thought the Apostles were good, kind men." The teacher asked: "What makes you think they were not?" "Because it says the lot fell on Matthias, and I am sure that was most unkind."

Mr. Watson, a Scotchman, was guilty of a regular Irish bull in a speech in Parliament. He said, referring to a bill offered by the Tories, the Liberal party "were too old birds to rise to that fly." The House roared. He increased their merriment by looking puzzled and saying "there must be something wrong somewhere" in what he had said.

The publishers of novels in this country and in England have given out the lists of the best sellers. The twelve best sellers last year in England were all written by women, but of the six most popular ones published last year in the United States, five were written by men.

We are glad to read such words as these in a paper published in Leipzig, Germany: "To claim that a man's doctrinal position does not seriously affect his religion is to state what experience shows to be absolutely false."

Dr. Emil Belsch says the German boy at school is never permitted to specialize in any subject until he has a complete grasp of generalities in order that he may have in his mind a sense of the proportion of what he has to learn. The Japanese also are wiser than the "hurry and get into business" methods of our generation. Their men, who are showing themselves so practical, are educated according to the old college course.

An exchange said rightly: "The man who can bring things to pass is both the man wanted and the man feared." It is a pity that the supply of such men is more limited than the demand.

AMONG THE Churches.

Walnut St. (Third and St. Catharine) - Pastor Henry A. Porter: The Little Foxes; What Has Become of Heaven. Sunday-school attendance, 448. Six for baptism, twenty-three by letter, two baptized. A watch night service was largely attended and of deep interest on New Year's Eve.

Broadway - Bro. P. T. Hale: The Place of Denominational Education in the Progress of the Truth. The Lord's Supper administered.

Chestnut St. - Pastor J. M. Weaver: God's Call to Salvation and Service; Guidance and Glory. Sunday-school attendance, 192. Three for baptism, two baptized.

City Limits - Pastor N. R. Stone: A Great Purpose. Sunday-school attendance, 30.

Calvary - Pastor J. S. Detweiler: Divine Presence. Bro. P. T. Hale: Matt. 25:13-31. Sunday-school attendance, 208. One for baptism.

Clifton - Pastor Wm. E. Foster: Love; Strange Fire. Bro. A. S. Worrell preached in the morning. Sunday-school attendance, 211. Two by letter.

East - Pastor L. T. Wilson: Go Forward; Entering the Cloud. Sunday-school attendance, 224. Three by letter.

Eighteenth St. - Pastor Everett Rawlings: Unwilling to Have the Past Changed. Sunday-school attendance, 72.

Fourth Ave. - Pastor E. S. Alderman: Go Forward; Whosoever Will. One by letter, one by relation.

Franklin St. - Pastor T. J. Duvall: Pentecost. Bro. Ed. Caswell: The Serving Christ. Sunday-school attendance, 213.

German - Pastor A. Janzen: The New Plan; A Scriptural New Year's Greetings. One by letter.

Hope Rescue Mission - Pastor Wm. M. Bruce: Acts 12th chapter. Bible Class attendance, 92. Mission was crowded at our Saturday night service; many conversions. Splendid services at jail and workhouse. Attended Soul-winners' Conference at Moody church, at Chicago, January 1, 2 and 3, and also visited the Missions of Chicago.

Hazelwood - Pastor Chas. A. Althoff: The Early Church Revival; Call to the Future. Sunday-school attendance, 101. First issue of our monthly paper out.

Highland Park - Bro. Duncan: Incarnation. Bro. Davison: Redemption.

Highland - Pastor I. W. Doolan: On the Cross; The Reasonableness of Our Religion. Sunday-school attendance, 190. Over 50 per cent. of our membership present at annual roll-call.

Ormsby Ave. - Pastor J. R. Williams: The Reason Why; The Guilty Man's Excuse. Sunday-school attendance, 107.

Oakdale - Pastor S. N. Mohler: Prospection; God is Love. Sunday-school attendance, 143; 54 in mission.

Portland Ave. - Pastor L. W. Smith: The Lord's Supper; Almost But Lost. Sunday-school attendance, 120. Hand of Fellowship given to two; one reconsecration.

Parkland - Pastor E. G. Vick: The Holy Spirit; God's Plan. Sunday-school attendance, 174. One by letter.

Thirty-sixth and Grand Ave. - Pastor R. R. Robinson: Honor in Service; Witness of Faith. Sunday-school attendance, 23.

Twenty-sixth and Market - Pastor R. E. Reed: God's Requirements; Regeneration. Sunday-school attendance, 300. One for baptism.

Twenty-second and Walnut - Pastor M. P. Hunt: Christ the Yea and Amen of the Promises; A Great Lesson We Need to Learn. Sunday-school attendance, 597. One for baptism, three by letter. Observed the quarterly communion season. Hand of fellowship given to seven. Had a fine watch night meeting.

Third Ave. - Pastor S. J. Cannon: Go Forward; Paul's Success. Sunday-school attendance, 133. Two for baptism, one baptized.

Bro. J. N. Prestridge moved that Dr. J. M. Weaver be congratulated upon the completion of the forty-third year of his pastorate at Chestnut Street church, and that we wish for him many more years of such faithful service with us for the Master. The resolution was passed unanimously and enthusiastically.

SEMINARY NOTES. ARTHUR H. MAHAFFEY.

The students who have been sick for the last few days are gradually improving.

It was quite a pleasure to have Dr. VanNess and Frost, of the Sunday-school Board, present at chapel last Tuesday. Dr. VanNess conducted a most interesting and valuable chapel service.

Last Wednesday was Missionary Day. It is thought by some of the students to have been the best one of this session, but the last one always seems to be the best.

Tabulated report for December: Missions supplied, 11; students engaged, 40; resident teachers, 38; enrollment, 681; average attendance, 914; collection for Sunday-school, \$22; for preaching, \$55.00; meetings for Sunday-school, 41; prayer and praise meetings, 40; preaching, 4; visits, 28; conversions, 29.

Some letters were read from our missionary fields, two from missionaries in Brazil, one from Argentina and one from China. All reported good things.

Addresses were delivered by Rev. W. H. Cannada, missionary to Brazil, subject, "Brazil as a Missionary Field," and by Rev. H. F. Stillwell, of Cleveland, O., subject, "The Mind of Christ in Missions." The day was good, addresses fine, and the public is invited to attend another meeting of like nature on the first day of next month, at Norton Hall, at 10 o'clock.

Supplies for last Sunday: T. Riley Davis, Waterford, accepted the care of the work; W. E. Fendley, Elrod, Ind.; W. N. Rose, Mount Carmel; W. F. Wagner, Osgood, Ind.; J. B. Mosley, Immanuel, city; B. M. Prestly, East End Mission.

THE STATE.

Pastor M. J. Webb writes: After a pastorate of four months, I leave Barbourville today for Yuma, Ariz., where I go to become pastor. Considerations of health prompt the removal. In the four months there have been twenty-eight additions to the Barbourville church, fourteen by baptism and fourteen by letter, relation and restoration.

Bro. L. B. Arvin comes from the Highland Park church, Louisville, to succeed me. A meeting is in progress with the church, conducted by Bro. Gordon Hill.

On Monday, January 6th, the Baptist Institute opened for the spring term, and several able ministers from abroad gave our Baptist cause a great boost at that time.

OTHER STATES.

Elder S. C. Sloan held a meeting in the Nocate church, Fla., which closed with thirteen additions, all grown people. One came from the Methodists and one from the Campbellites. A husband and wife were baptized.

The Como church, Miss., has set apart its new house for the worship of God.

The Knoxville church, Ark., has set apart Bro. S. B. Grumbles to the full work of the Gospel ministry.

No more beloved and no more godly man has lived and labored in our Southern Zion than Dr. W. N. Chaudoin, of Florida. And now at a green old age God has called him home to glory. He was known throughout the State as Uncle Shad, and his wife, who was as dearly beloved as himself, was Aunt Carrie to all the State. It is hard to think of Florida without him.

A meeting in the Guthrie church Okla., closed with forty additions to the fellowship of the church.

The Coffeyville church, Kans., has set apart their new house to the worship of God.

A four-weeks' meeting in the Elizabethtown church, Tenn., closed with forty professions of religion and twenty-six additions to the fellowship of the church.

Pastor John Chandler writes from Kennick Wash.: Please change the address on WESTERN RECORDER from Pomeroy, Wash., to Kennick, Wash. I have accepted pastorate of church here.

Pastor John Thompson writes: Please change my address from Wesson, Miss., to Roxie, Miss., as I go to that pastorate.

Pastor J. P. Durham writes from Winnfield, La.: Will you please change my address on label of RECORDER from Winnfield to Jennings, La. I have resigned church at the former and accepted care of church at the latter place.

Pastor C. A. Jenkins, of Statesville, N. C., has had his salary increased \$500. This is a splendid example for churches all over the South to follow.

Pastor J. L. Viperman, of Dallas, N. C., is arranging a denominational week for the teaching of Baptist doctrine to his church sometime in the spring. It might be well to have such a meeting in other churches.

The Union Association will build a dormitory as a memorial to the late D. A. Snyder at the Wingate Academy, N. C.

The church at Douglas, Ariz., held a meeting in which twenty-five were added to the membership.

Bro. Raleigh Wright held a meeting with Pastor J. H. Sharp, Lakeland, Fla. One hundred and fourteen were added to the church, twenty-seven received after a sermon on baptism and the Lord's Supper.

The Immanuel church, Hattiesburg, Miss., organized in June with a baker's dozen, now has over 150 members. They are planning for a building to cost not under \$6,000.

Bro. J. P. Hemby, of Brookhaven, Miss., has accepted the call of the church at Monticello, Ark., and began his pastorate Sunday, January 6th. He will be a coveted addition to the Arkansas ministry.

The Baptists of Arkansas will devote the month of January and February to a campaign for the correlated schools of the State. A vigorous effort will be made to pay off the debt, which hampers their educational interests.

The Mission Board of Bartholomew Association, Arkansas, wants an efficient man to take the field at once. Bro. J. R. Woods, of Monticello, Ark., is the chairman and would be pleased to correspond with an active, consecrated man.

DEAR RECORDER:

On December 3rd, Rev. J. C. Hopewell, of Madisonville, Ky., laid his armor by, and passed into the presence of his Saviour. He lacked only a few days of his three score years and ten, most of which had been spent in the service of his Master, for from 1861 on he was actively engaged in the work of the ministry. He was twice pastor of the Madisonville Baptist church, and for a long time the Providence church was served by him. For over thirty years he was Moderator of Little Bethel Association, which duty he discharged most acceptably to the churches composing same. At the time of his death he was preaching to the Slaughter'sville church.

Bro. Hopewell was a man of ability and piety, learned in the Scriptures and sound in the faith; a loyal Baptist, a valued counsellor, a faithful pastor, beloved by his people, and esteemed by all. All will miss him.

JAMES A. KIRTLEY, Madisonville, Ky.

DEAR RECORDER:

The church at Barbourville, W. Va., held a two-weeks' meeting, following Thanksgiving. It was conducted by Evangelist J. H. Roberts. We held three services daily, the cottage prayer-meeting in the morning, in which the Holy Spirit was manifested in great power; the afternoon services at the church, and then at night. We had seventeen additions to the membership. Bro. Roberts presents God's truth with great power and earnestness, adhering closely to the written Word. We have called a brother of the evangelist, Bro. C. T. Roberts, to be our pastor for the next year.

MRS. E. K. SHEPHERD.

DEAR RECORDER:

Very naturally we are reminded that this is the New Year. Beginning with it we wish to see that our subscription

THE CONVENTION'S PERIODICALS.

PRICE LIST PER QUARTER.

Table listing prices for various periodicals: The Convention Teacher \$0.12, Bible Class Quarterly 4, Advanced Quarterly 2, Intermediate Quarterly 2, Primary Quarterly 2, Lesson Leaf 1, Primary Leaf 1, Child's Gem 6, Kind Words (weekly) 13, Youth's Kind Words (semi-monthly) 6, Baptist Boys and Girls (large 4-page weekly) 8, Bible Lesson Pictures 75, Picture Lesson Cards 2 1/2, B. Y. P. U. Quarterly (for young people's meetings) in orders of 10, each 6, Superintendent's Quarterly 15.

B. Y. P. U. SUPPLIES.

- Topic Card, 15c per doz.; 75c per hundred. How to Organize—with Constitution and By-Laws. Price 10c per doz. See B. Y. P. U. Quarterly in list above. 1. Their labors excellence. 2. Their special adaptation to our people. 3. Their advertisement of the Convention's work. 4. Their value in denominational training. 5. The Basis for the Board's business operations. They are used in 90 per cent. of all the reported Sunday-schools in the South. Why not every school support the Convention in this work? Why not 100 per cent.? Every order increases the Board's usefulness. Samples sent on request.

BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD NASHVILLE, TENN. J. M. FROST, Secretary.

to the best paper we know of is paid. So I enclose P. O. money order for my subscription for one year. This is my twenty-second year, I think, as a subscriber for the RECORDER. And it seems to improve in interest to its readers all the while.

Dr. I. E. JOHNSON, Bowling Green, Fla.

THE MAN AND THE MONUMENT.

One hundred and eighty-five people have thus far subscribed to the Eaton Monument. Most of these, however, live in this city. It is expected there will now be a large and liberal response from Kentucky and the entire South. Dr. B. R. Womack, of Blackwell, Okla., has consented to be the representative of that State on the Monument Association. By an error on my part the name of J. Henry Barnett appeared as the representative for Tennessee. It should have been Dr. A. C. Davidson, of Murfreesboro, who will serve for that State.

By reason of a typographical mistake in the last issue, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Brady of Louisville, were credited with cash \$1.00. It should have read \$5.00. Please acquaint the chairman at once with any such errors that may occur. To err is human, and he is altogether that.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Table listing subscription amounts: Burnett, J. Henry, Murfreesboro, Tenn. \$ 5 00, Coleman, J. P., Louisville 5 00, Hutson, Rev. A. C., Louisville 1 00, Osborne, Col. Thos. D., Louisville 50 00, Purdy, J. W. and wife, Louisville 8 00, Reed, Rev. Samuel Eugene, Louisville 5 00, Spindle, Mrs. G. E., Louisville 1 00, Previously acknowledged 1306 75, Total subscriptions received \$1381 75.

CASH RECEIVED.

Table listing cash received amounts: Hale, Earl D., Louisville \$ 1 00, Huston, Wm. A., Louisville 50 00, Owen, Cilla F., Maitland, Fla. 1 00, Weston, Dr. Henry G., Chester, Pa. 5 00, Moses, Claude L., Louisville 5 00, Moses, Mary, Louisville 1 00, Moses, Jennie, Louisville 1 00, Moses, Fanny, Louisville 1 00, Scott, Miss Matt Baker, Perryville, Ky. 1 00, Previously acknowledged 35 00, Total cash received \$101 00.

HENRY ALFORD PORTER, Chairman.

DEAR RECORDER:

Our year's work with Middleburg Baptist church has closed, and the year is gone. In some respects the work has been prosperous. The total increase in the membership for the year is about forty-five. The church has paid more for missions the past year than she had been paying for several years, and has increased the pastor's salary.

We had all-day services at our church the fifth Sunday. Rev. J. L. Owens preached for me morning and evening. His preaching was enjoyed and appreciated by a good congregation. We are praising the Lord for this past year's work, and for His blessings upon us, and are praying for a deeper spiritual work in the coming year. We ask all your readers to pray for the work at Middleburg.

Our regular fifth Sunday meeting of South Kentucky Association was to have been held with Olive church, but being notified by the pastor that they were

not ready for it, we had to call the meeting off, to the disappointment of many of the brethren and sisters of our Association who were anxious to attend. Our next fifth Sunday meeting will be held with McKinney church, March 23 and 29, 1908. Let us work and pray for a good meeting.

W. G. TILFORD, Middleburg, Ky.

THE EATON MONUMENT.

The readers of the WESTERN RECORDER have rare opportunity to show their appreciation of the faithful services of Dr. Eaton by helping to erect a suitable monument to his memory. I am heartily in favor of the move, and shall contribute both influence and money to the erection of the monument. I feel it a great honor to have a part in this work. Let every Baptist in the State send a contribution to the committee at Louisville.

Wm. D. NOWLIN, Owensboro, Ky.

DEAR RECORDER:

Enclosed please find \$2 in paper to renew my fifty-fifth annual subscription, beginning January, 1908.

Respectfully, MRS. M. L. PIATT, Cave City, Ky.

WHEREAS: Our beloved pastor, Rev. Calvin M. Thompson, D.D., feeling that he has been led by the Lord to tender his resignation as pastor of our church in order that he may accept editorial charge of the WESTERN RECORDER, of Louisville, Ky., and his resignation having been accepted after careful and prayerful consideration, therefore, be it resolved:

1. That Brother Thompson has, during his pastorate of this church, won the hearts of our membership by his consecrated life; his conduct in and out of the pulpit during his stay among us has been that of a model servant of the Lord.

2. That our church has been greatly strengthened and blessed as a result of his logical and faithful teachings; and our membership has been strengthened in the Faith and fellowship of our denomination during his pastorate.

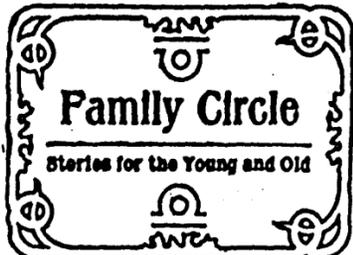
3. That he has at all times been true and faithful to our church, and has been uncompromising in upholding the principles of our denomination, and we congratulate our brethren of our fair Southland in securing him as editor of our great paper, the WESTERN RECORDER.

4. That the aggressive and progressive course pursued by Bro. Thompson in upholding and defending the morals of our city have led many to deeper and more personal interest in the civic and moral welfare of the city, and his leadership in all questions of a moral nature in our city is universally acknowledged and his course approved by all who have the best interest of the city at heart.

5. That we pledge our loyal and prayerful support to Bro. Thompson in his new duties; and to his faithful and noble family our prayers and best wishes will follow them to their new home. That a copy of these records be spread upon the records of our church, one copy be furnished to the WESTERN RECORDER with the request to publish same, and one copy engrossed and presented to Bro. Thompson.

L. D. BEBOUT, A. M. HOUSE, J. T. REDDICK, Committee. Adopted Dec. 29th, 1907. Paducah, Ky.

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IN FOND MEMORY OF DR. EATON.

BY E. M. WOODWARD.

Servant of God, thy work is done, The battle fought, the victory won; The blessed Master bid thee come To dwell with Him in that blest home.

Thy work of love on earth is o'er, With all its trials, dark and sore; No more the pangs of sorrow deep Shall cause thy tender heart to weep.

Thy loving heart so brave and warm When duty called no'er felt alarm; But at the front was ever found, And yielded not an inch of ground.

Rest, brother, with the risen Lord, For thou didst love to preach his word; And when this weary life is o'er We hope to greet you on yon shore, Tangletown, Ky.

THE THANKSGIVING PRIZE.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

Sheila's face was very long for such a broad little face. There were traces of late tears on it and premonitions of tears to come.

"O, dear—O, dear—O, dear!" sighed Sheila. She was really very unhappy. Wouldn't any one be whose mother was in the hospital the morning of Thanksgiving?

She missed her mother and she was going to miss her Thanksgiving dinner. She had been to walk past Sylvie Deane's house and smelled warm, beautiful smells coming out of the kitchen window—she had heard Lennie Mitchell tell how many pies there were in his grandmother's pantry. And Beatrice Page had told her their turkey was all roasted and the cranberry jelly molded into darling little shapes.

"O, dear—O, dear!" echoed Trottie in just the same tone. She had almost forgotten him—why, of course, Trottie missed Mother and was going to miss Thanksgiving, too! A sudden wave of pity rolled over Sheila's heart. She patted the window-seat next to her and Trottie came and sat down.

"It's awful, isn't it?" she said gloomily. "O, dear—O, dear!" wailed Trottie because of the awfulness of it. Their troubles flowed together and made one trouble doubly large. Mary Ellen came through the door and smiled down at them cheerily—Mary Ellen was always cheery.

"Hity-tity!" Mary Ellen cried, "It's getting so damp in here I'm afraid you'll get cold! If you had your rubbers on and an umbrella!"

But the children did not laugh. Mary Ellen tried again. "You look as if today was Fast Day instead of Thanksgiving!"

"It isn't going to be Thanksgiving to us," lamented Sheila. "Isn't it? And your ma getting well and queen's pudding for dinner!" Mary Ellen held up shocked hands.

"With raisins in?" demanded Trottie with sudden interest. "Raisins? Didn't I stow two cupsful? And isn't there going to be a plate of 'em on their stems, besides? And a secret for dinner, too?"

Trottie picked up his spirits, but not Sheila. Queen's pudding was all right as far as it went, but it went such a little way! It wasn't turkey with chestnut stuffing, was it? Nor darling little cranberry jellies, nor pies and pies and pies in your mother's pantry.

"O, dear!" Sheila's woe came back. "I know something!" Mary Ellen said briskly. "You listen to me! You each o' you get a sheet o' paper and a pencil and make a list of the things you've got to be thankful for, and the one that gets the most things will have a prize—I promise you a prize. It's kind of a game—want to play it?"

Yes, they both wanted to play it. It sounded interesting. "But you ought to give the prize to the littlest list o' things," smiled Sheila andly, "then I'd get it for I haven't much of anything to be thankful for."

"No, for the longest one," Mary Ellen said firmly. "But if it's a tie you

can have the prize together—a half apiece."

She went after two sheets of paper and two pencils and two magazines for rests. Her kind, homely face was shining with something pleasant she was thinking.

"Print the words carefully and spell 'em right—those are the only rules and regulations. One, two, three—begin!" But both pencils halted in air. What single thing had they to be thankful for? Mary Ellen went back to her work. "Time's up at twelve o'clock," she warned.

Trottie's plump face betrayed the ravages of deep thought. Suddenly it lightened with relief. He wrote two words hastily on his blank sheet. They were, oddly enough, the same two Sheila was writing down. "Queen's pudding," began both lists. It wasn't a regular Thanksgiving dinner, but it was good. Mary Ellen made beautiful "queen's puddings."

Sheila's eyes roved the landscape thoughtfully. Suddenly her pencil flew to the paper. Why! the idea of forgetting that! "Mamma's getting well," she wrote, and drew black lines under each word to make it the very thankful-est thing of all. A warm, happy feeling swept over Sheila and crowded out all the troubles and disappointments. "Now let's see what next!" she said blithely.

Out of the house across the street came old Miss Cordelia, leaning on her niece's arm. Miss Cordelia was blind.

"Eyes," wrote Sheila, rapidly. Sylvie Deane had said she was going to be thankful for her new dress—and no wonder! She had taken Sheila upstairs to see it. It was a silk dress and had rows of cunning ruffles on it. Sheila wished she could write "new dress" in her list of things-to-be-thankful-for. But she was going to keep right on wearing her old one; Grandma was letting it down. There was a very deep hem—it was nice there was a deep hem; she was thankful for that—Why!

"Deep Hem," wrote Sheila, smiling. It was really a very pretty dress and would let down splendidly. Other thoughts began to come thick and fast. It was nice to be able to run—Beatrice Page couldn't on account of her hip. It must be dreadful to have a hip. Then it was perfectly beautiful to hear nice sounds and smell nice smells—nice warm ones, coming out of kitchen window the day before Thanksgiving! It was beautiful to have doctors and hospitals to cure folks—mothers. To have a new tooth coming in the ugly little front hole—to have a Mary Ellen while Mamma was gone, instead of a scoldy Nora like Sylvie's—to be the best speller at school.

Trottie was thinking, too, and writing words down in his thankful-list. His cramped little fingers moved slowly, but his thoughts were as quick as Sheila's. "This is fun, isn't it?" he said once. "Who do you s'pose will get the prize, Sheila?" But Sheila was too absorbed in the little game to notice. "Time's up!" It was Mary Ellen's cheerful voice in the open door. "O," sighed Sheila, "I know I could have thought of lots more."

"Me, too," sighed little Trottie. The two lists as Mary Ellen read them were like this:

SHEILA'S TROTTIE'S
Kweens puding. Kweens puding
Mammass getting Kites
well.
Eyes. Mamma
A Deep Hem. gravio
Not to have a Hip papa.
Ears. Mary Elin.
Noses. raisins in.
doctors and hospit- Pantis.
tles.
New tooth. windows.
Mary Ellen. suow.
That lme the. grammthers
best speler.

Mary Ellen read them twice, as though she found them interesting. A light came creeping into her good, plain face when she read her own name in both little lists. Bless 'em—bless 'em!

"It's a tie!" she announced, "Both o' you have the same number of thank-fuls—eleven apiece. So you can have the prize together, each o' you half. It's down to your grandmother's all ready for you. I'll go down with you and carry the pudding, so we can stay to dinner if she asks us. I kind of feel as if she would!"

"You said there was going to be a secret for dinner, too," reminded Trottie, and Mary Ellen nodded.

"Yes—that's down there too. I'll put on my things and you put on yours and then we'll go."

"It was nearly a mile and they crunched happily along through the snow. The game they had been playing had left them in good spirits.

At Grandmother's the prize was waiting for them—and it was Mamma! Mamma, pale and thin, but holding out her arms to them! It was such a beautiful, beautiful prize to share together, half apiece!

And there was a Thanksgiving dinner, too. Grandmother had it all ready for them. And the "secret" was Aunt Nell and the two cousins that just "matcho!" Sheila and Trottie. "O!" breathed Sheila in a long, long breath, her cheek against the dear thin one of the Prize, "And first we thought we weren't going to have anything to be thankful for."

"Yes, we did—I'm ashamed of us," echoed Trottie severely.

Then he felt soft fingers running through his hair and there was Mamma smiling down, and he forgot everything but the Thanksgiving in his full little soul. His eyes met Sheila and the same thought crept across the little bridge of understanding between them. O, eyes were good and ears, and legs that would run—kites and queen's pudding and raisins in—windows and paints and Mary Ellens—but nothing in all the world was as good as mothers!

"They're the best," crept over the bridge to Sheila. "O very best!" came creeping back. —Congregationalist.

WHAT THE NEW YEAR BROUGHT.

BY JOSEPHINE E. TOAL.

It was almost midnight. Eunice stood listening at the window. She had turned out the light and thrown up the shade. How pure and white the snow-covered fields looked in the moonlight! Like the first unsoiled page of the New Year, she thought.

"I wonder what the New Year has in store for me," she said. "Will it be some great happiness, or will it be a great sorrow? Or will it be only little pains and pleasures?"

The first stroke of the bell rounded clear on the still night air, and then the music of many chimes came ringing across the fields. Eunice turned from the window knelt by her bed.

"Dear Father," she said, "make me ready for what thou dost send. Give me grace to bear the trials that may come with the New Year, and wisdom to meet its perplexities."

In the breakfast room on New Year's morning Eunice lingered for a little talk with Grandfather. Turning the leaves of an illuminated calendar, she spoke aloud the question which had been in her thoughts the night before, "What will it bring to me?"

"Whatever you choose," said the old man. "What do you mean, Grandpa? I am not a fairy godmother to bring by magic whatever I may wish."

"Perhaps not; but remember the years are what we make them. Eunice, child, don't look to circumstances for happiness. Happiness comes first within. The magic wand is unselfishness. Don't forget, my child."

The door-bell rang and Eunice flew to answer it, returning with the morning mail.

"Here's your paper, Grandpa, and a letter for me. From Jennie, I know. Such a pretty seal—ten pages—just like her—how nice!" and Eunice settled herself on the couch to read it.

There was silence for a few moments and then she burst forth: "O, Grandpa, it's the loveliest piece of good fortune! Jennie is going to Washington with her father and mother, and she invites me to go with them. They'll stay until Congress adjourns. All expenses paid! The capital will be lively this winter and there'll be no end of good times. Isn't it a rare chance. So much for the New Year! I'll write today and accept the invitation."

Later, as she watched the sun setting in a great red sea of cloud, her brother Fred came in.

"Another letter for you, Sis! I was around by the postoffice," and he tossed her the missive. Eunice glanced at the postmark and opened the letter a trifle indifferently. She read:

"My Dear Niece—Your Aunt Sabina is real poorly. I am afraid sometimes

"I think he isn't going to have them," finally announced Hester, the eldest.

"Why couldn't we ask him?" suggested Pauline; but her question was never answered, for each felt instinctively that she could not venture to approach her father on a matter which was so per-

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box 212, South Bend, Ind., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

When You Take Cold. One way is to pay no attention to it; at least, not until it develops into pneumonia, or bronchitis, or pleurisy. Another way is to ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. If he says, "The best thing for colds," then take it. Do as he says, anyway. We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of our preparations. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Individual Communion Service. Made of several materials and in many designs. Send for full particulars and catalogue No. 41. Give the number of communicants and name of church. The Lord's Supper taken on a new dignity and beauty by the use of the individual cup.—J. K. WILSON, N. Y. GEO. H. SPRINGER, Manager, 256-258 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

she won't get better, she's been sick so long. You know she took a great notion to you when you was here two years ago, and she talks about you often now. It would do her a heap of good to see you again. I thought maybe you'd come down and stay a spell, say through the dead of winter. So that's what I'm writing for. She don't know about it. I wanted to sort of surprise her. Hoping you will come soon, I am your affectionate uncle, Jonas Parks."

"Well, I am sure I can't go," she said to herself. "Jennie's letter came first and I've accepted the invitation. To be sure, I have not posted the letter yet, but Jennie will be disappointed if I refuse."

She stood for a few minutes absent-mindedly tearing the envelope into bits. After a while she said half aloud:

"I suppose Uncle Jonas will be disappointed, too, and it won't make so much difference to Jennie. Any of the girls would go to her gladly. But, oh, dear, it's such a chance, and I do want so much to go! Oh, I can't give it up!"

"Oh, I am so miserable! So miserable, when I mean to be so happy! And I've tried to believe what Grandpa said, that happiness comes from within." In spite of herself tears of disappointment and vexation wet her cheeks. She dashed them away and sat down in the little rocker for a good think.

"Unselfishness is the magic wand." The words rang in her ears. Had she been—was she—selfish? Had she been looking to her own pleasure for happiness? Resolutely Eunice cross-questioned herself while the long hand of her watch went round more than once, but when at last she rose to brush her hair, the face that looked at her from the mirror was sweet and untroubled.

The next day a letter went to Jennie Barnes containing a hearty appreciation of the invitation tendered and an honest reason for its refusal. In the same mail sped on to Jonas Sparks another letter, which, when it was opened, made that good man's kindly face beam for joy.

"Grandpa," said Eunice, the day following, as she turned the key in the lock of her trunk just packed, "I think I understand better what you meant by saying it was not wise to depend too much on circumstances for one's happiness. I thought at one time that nothing but a trip to Washington could bring me happiness, but I've been so happy since I decided to go to Uncle Jonas'. I've thought of so many things to do for Aunt Sabina I can hardly wait to get there."

"Ah, child, you are on the right track now. The New Year will surely bring you what you make of it, dearie."—Ez.

FAMILY PRAYERS.

"An excellent discourse we had this morning," said the master of the house, unfolding his napkin at the dinner-table. The scene was a great Southern plantation, and the time was a period some years before the Civil War. The three small girls of the family looked at each other furtively. They, too, had heard the "excellent discourse" as their little legs dangled from the seat of the great pew. They had heard it and had talked it over on the way home—that sermon on hiding one's light under a bushel.

The minister had had a good deal to say about a man's responsibility for those around him, and in particular he had dwelt upon the influence of daily prayers on the life which swarmed upon the great plantations. I wonder if he meant us," said the children; and when their father praised the sermon they looked up eagerly, but nothing more was said. Apparently the master of the house had not made the application as personal as had his small daughters. They waited several days, not daring to say much lest it should seem a reflection upon their kind, dignified father.

"I think he isn't going to have them," finally announced Hester, the eldest.

"Why couldn't we ask him?" suggested Pauline; but her question was never answered, for each felt instinctively that she could not venture to approach her father on a matter which was so per-

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sonal. The attitude of children of that day toward their parents was more formal and restrained than the attitude of children today.

Betty was thought not old enough nor wise enough to take part in such discussions, but she listened thoughtfully. Suddenly she looked up and asked, "Why couldn't we have them?"

"Why not, indeed? The older children had never thought of that, but had they not some responsibility themselves? Perhaps they had been hiding their lights under a bushel.

"We've got our prayer-books, and we could do it in the schoolroom after nurse has put out our lights," said Hester. There was no hesitation in taking up Betty's idea.

"S'pose they find us?" suggested Pauline.

"Then we'll get punished for being out of bed and down-stairs," replied Hester, firmly; and punishment meant something in those days. Still, the fear of it made no difference this time, for that very night they crept from their beds, a trifle pale and very solemn. Each carrying her candle and book, the white-gowned figures stole down the broad stairway and into the dark schoolroom. Three tiny forms knelt before their chairs, three reverent little heads bowed over their prayer-books, while the candles flickered in the drafts of the bare room. By their light Hester found her place, and her trembling voice began the prayers.

The third night, as they knelt together, firm foot-steps were heard, every moment sounding nearer. Hester's voice died to a whisper. What should they do?

"Keep on, Hester; pretend we don't hear," advised Pauline. And so encouraged, Hester kept on. They listened while the steps grew loud, and finally stopped, and the heavy door opened. Still Hester kept on and still the heads were bowed. Presently the door was closed and the steps receded.

The children waited, breathless, before they could muster courage to steal up to bed. They wondered what the morning might bring but finally they fell asleep with a strange confidence when Betty had asked, "But we did what we thought was right, anyway, didn't we?"

In the morning they wondered what the father would say; all day they wondered. But when good-night time came they knew; for calling the family into the library, and gathering the little girls close to him with a tenderness they had never felt before, he said very simply, "Ask the servants to come in, please, and we'll have prayers."—Youths' Companion.

NO PLACE FOR ALLIGATORS!

An English tourist in the West Indies had been warned against bathing in a river, because of alligators, so he went in swimming at the river mouth, where his guide assured him there would be none.

"How do you know there are no alligators here?" he asked when he had waded out neck deep.

"You see, sah," said the guide, "dey's too many shark here. Do alligators is skeered out. Dis ain't no place for dem, sah."—Fur News.



STORIES FOR LITTLE ONES

THE UNEXPECTEDNESS OF PAUL'S POWDER.

BY ANGELINA TUTTLE.

One day Paul came into the kitchen with some long, leather shot cases buckled about his waist and a powder flask slung from one shoulder.

"You must not have those things," said his mother. "Go and put them right back where you found them."

"Yes, Mother," said Paul, then he came and shook the powder flask close to her ear. There was a soft, rattling sound inside.

"Why, there is powder in it now! Put it right away, Paul!" she urged.

Paul smiled, thinking it very droll that women should always be so afraid of things. "Just see what a pretty case it is," he coaxed. "There is a deer and a dog running pell-mell through the woods. And there is a border of oak leaves and this must be a fox's head at the top." The flask was of metal with the picture in relief. It had a brass top with a thumb-piece on one side. In the neck of the flask was an arrangement for measuring the powder as it was poured out, so much for each loading of the gun. This measuring contrivance and the fun of pressing the little thumb-piece Paul found amusing. So he had measured out and returned to the flask several charges of powder, and finally spilled some, before he obeyed his mother and returned the things to the hook in the back corner of the closet where he had found them.

When he came back to the kitchen his mother was not there. He found a brush and a piece of stiff paper and swept up every grain of the powder. He thought it too dangerous to be left lying around and too precious to be wasted. He folded the paper carefully and put it in his pocket.

That day at recess he showed it to a boy. Next day two boys asked to see it, and before the end of the week not a boy but knew that Paul had a charge of gunpowder all his own. Sammy Ford offered him ten cents for it. Paul promptly refused to sell. Any boy could carry a dime in his pocket, but he was the only boy who carried gunpowder.

It happened to Paul's arithmetic class about that time to enter the unfamiliar land of compound numbers. Had it been earlier in the year, Paul told himself, he could have paid attention, but now with the long vacation scarcely a week off how could he keep his mind on barleycorns and penny-weights!

That number work was the first thing he thought of when he awoke one morning. The very memory of it made him feel ill. He envied Sammy's little brother, who was staying at home with measles. His eyes were heavy and his whole face doleful when he came to the breakfast table.

"That boy is sick. He is coming down with measles or something," declared his father, when Paul said he did not care for any oatmeal.

His mother said that he had had the measles.

"Better keep him in a day till we see if he is coming down with anything," said his father, as he hurried off.

Paul hid his face on his folded arms, for he felt sure he was going to smile.

"Go and lie on the lounge," said Mother, "if it is a headache it will perhaps go off."

Paul endured the lounge till after nine o'clock. Then he went out and took his bicycle. He leaned heavily on it when his mother came to the door.

"Oh, Paul, don't go off in the hot sunshine," she cautioned, but he explained, leaning feebly on his wheel. "I won't go far. The air will make me feel better, I guess."

Sammy was staying at home expecting to have measles. That morning he was picking strawberries. The bed was next the road, and Paul stopped to talk. Then he leaned his wheel against the fence and got over and helped Sammy. It was a bright June day and the sun on their backs made the boys very warm. When the berries were all picked Paul took out his handkerchief to wipe his face. Out fell the little package of gunpowder.

"If only we had a match we could have some fun. We could play Japs and Russians," he cried.

Sammy straightened himself up and proudly produced a pocket matchbox which he had bought with his ten cents. The two boys fell to work like beavers.

"We'll have a fort here on this plowed land, where the fire won't spread. We'll make a mine under the enemy's breastworks and set it off with a trail of leaves." Paul directed and Sammy helped. They found dry grass next the fence and took some of the mulch from the strawberry bed. They did not spend much labor on the fort, but they arranged the mine of dried leaves carefully and hid the powder in it. They laid the train of dry grass for some distance so as to have all perfectly safe.

"Now you go over there under the fence while I set it off," ordered General Paul. Sammy wanted to stay and run, too, but Paul said, "No, Sam, I'm not going to have you run any risk."

Under the fence they both crouched, watching the faint trail of blue smoke and grinning with expectation. "My, but won't a lot of those black-whiskered Russians get blown sky-high 'fore ever they know what's hit 'em!" Paul sniffed the air for the holiday smell of burning gunpowder, but all remained quiet about Port Arthur.

The boys waited. "Let's try another match," proposed Sammy.

"Now don't you go out and get hurt. I'll reconnoiter a little and tell you if it's safe," and General Paul sauntered out rather grandly alone. A line of blackened leaves marked the train for more than half way. Paul went nearer. The fire seemed to have died out before reaching the Russian fort. Maybe the leaves had dampened the powder or it had spilled off the paper. He went to see.

Alack, Paul and the creeping spark arrived at the same instant! Just as he leaned over to look, fizz, bang, went the powder and the leaves flew all about. It was no black-whiskered Russian, but poor Paul, who sprang into the air with a howl of pain.

Sammy came running and began crying with fright at sight of Paul's blackened face and closed eyes. Paul's blouse was on fire, too, but the gallant general lay

down and rolled it out on the moist earth.

"Stop crying there and lead me into the house," he ordered, and a sorry-looking pair Mrs. Ford saw come stumbling in at her door. She fetched a basin of warm water, and while poor, suffering Paul danced about the room, half frantic with pain, she managed to wash off the grains of powder which still clung and scorched. Then came a dressing of sweet oil for Mrs. Ford had six boys and knew many things. Finally she got her hat, and leaving Sammy to look after the brother sick with measles, she set off to lead Paul home.

But the pain was too intense for Mrs. Ford's fastest walk. Paul wrenched his hand from hers and ran sobbing and stumbling on. His eyelids were so swollen he could see but little. At the little brook he knew its trickling voice, and threw himself down for a moment to cool his face in the wet, green grass on its brink. Then he ran moaning and sobbing on, and so at last reached home and his mother.

Dennis Hagan was driving the depot carriage for its owner that day. He had been up the road with passengers and was returning as Mrs. Ford reached Paul's home.

"Oh, Mr. Hagan, Mr. Hagan," she called, and Dennis, when he had been told of the accident, said the very best thing would be to take the boy to the doctor soon as ever they could. So Paul soon lay on pillows on the back seat while kind-hearted Dennis drove the horses at racing speed to the doctor's.

For an active boy, ten days is a long time to lie with closely bandaged eyes in a dark room. It seems even longer if one's face burns as if sprinkled with hot cinders. But having such a mother to bathe and anoint, to change bandages and renew lotions, is much to be thankful for. And later when one's mother can let a shaft of light onto a book held close to the window in the next room, and so read aloud by the hour, it helps time to pass.

So, gradually, at the end of the second week, Paul came forth, first into the sitting-room and then about the house, till Sammy one day found him sitting on the back steps. A droll, widawake-looking Paul he was, for the burned-off eyelashes and eyebrows would take some time to grow again. His skin was still fresh and pink where the burns had been deepest, but remembering the scorched and blackened General Paul who had commanded at Port Arthur it was an exceedingly well looking face. Each boy said "Hello," and Sammy sat down on the lower step.

"What did your folks say?" he asked presently.

"Oh, they said all sorts of things. Grandma said she hoped I had had enough of gunpowder and war to last me all my life. But I hav'nt. Wait till Fourth of July! Father said if every general took all the powder in his own pocket in as good shape as I did, war wouldn't be what it is, but he doubted if officers enough could be found to lead the forces. Most of what the doctor said I couldn't understand, but I knew when he pulled up my eyelids every day he was seeing if I was going to be blind. Old Mrs. Hagan said if I wasn't blind I'd at least be all seams and scars. Mother never said a thing. She just understood, and I tell you that helped a lot."--Congregationalist.

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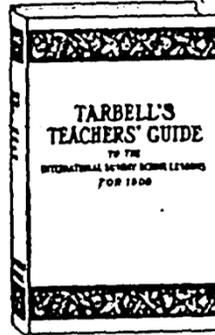
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MISSOURI NOTES AND FRAGMENTS.

JOS. N. BARDEZ.

Defends the Bible.

Rev. Lee W. Munhall, of Philadelphia, a preacher of considerable note, in a sermon or lecture in November 1907, before the ministers of Cincinnati, made this defense of the Bible story of Jonah and the whale:

"God pity the man who seeks to criticize the Bible," said He. "No biographer could have written the Bible, because he would not have told the truth about Noah getting drunk, that Abraham lied and that Jacob stole everything movable and married everything marriageable. My belief in the story of Jonah and the whale is implicit. There are sixty-two species of the whale large enough to have swallowed Jonah, and sharks that could have taken in the whole boat besides, without inconvenience."

Local Option Spreading.

According to a statement given out from Jefferson City, and which emanates from a gentleman who is in a position to know, when the returns are in, it will be found that on January 1, 1908, there will be about 1,000 less saloons in the State than there was in January, 1907. And the wave still sweeping onward.

It does look now as if the next Governor of Mo., will get the high office on a plank in the platform declaring that he is in favor of local option. "The hand writing is on the wall." And candidates see the writing.

Rev. A. P. Stone, of Canton, Mo., has been invited to the pulpit of the Aurora Church, southwest Mo. Bro. Stone was for a number of years a prominent figure in the Indian Territory and was prominently located at Muskogee and Blackwell. He was for a good while pastor at LaBelle, Mo.

The church at Liberty Pierce City, First church in Springfield, and other prominent pulpits in the State are pastorless. Bro. Eberhardt, Liberty, has gone to Westport, Kansas City, and Bro. W. O. Anderson of Springfield, has gone to Emanuel church, Kansas City.

Rev. John Y. Mason, of Troy, is a stirring preacher. In connection with his duties as pastor, he is doing a great work along the line of protracted meetings. He is now preparing the programme for the mid-winter meeting of the River Side Scripture Institute.

Corresponding Secretary Rev. T. L. West, of Carrollton, is working up to his full strength to supply the demands of important fields in different parts of the state and is crying loudly for men and money. The field is already white unto the harvest. Baptists of Missouri ought to raise, and could if they would, \$50,000 for State Missions annually. They could thus put 300 men in this important and needy territory. Baptists ought to do their whole duty along this line. Rev. M. E. Broadbuss, is doing fine work on his important field. Has recently held most excellent meetings with Ramsey Creek and Dover churches in this county, (Pike) and will hold special meetings with his Clarksville church at the same time during the winter.

FROM LIBERTY ASSOCIATION.

You have done well by all, better, indeed, than many of us expected. Now, good old 1907, we speed you on your way with no little feeling of regret; at heart we are grateful, and we hope nothing better for 1908 than that it may do as well; you set the table in millions of homes three times a day with three square meals, you put jam on the bread as well as butter; you have filled the barns of farmers until their sides bulged with the pressure of golden wealth.

I digress. I started out to write an epistle to the dear old Recorder from Southern Kentucky and Liberty Association.

As far as I know everything is moving along nicely and quietly in Liberty Association. During the past year, (1907) advancements have been made along all lines in Liberty; many precious and successful revivals have been held in this part of the State, bringing many souls out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of light. Besides the efficient and eminent work our local ministers have done, we have had State Evangelist Bro. E. W. Conkley in this Association for five or six weeks, who greatly endeared himself to all by his sweet songs, soul-searching and stirring sermons and social qualities. He preaches religion, and people get it under his leadership. We feel that we want to add this further statement, that the Board made no mistake when they placed so consecrated and successful a servant of God as Bro. Conkley in the field; and he is already booked in the minds of the people in this Association for another tour as early as possible during this year. There is only one church in this Association that has full time of preaching; that is Glasgow. Dr. J. W. Loving is the pastor, and has been for several years. He loves his people and they love their pastor. They read their Bible together.

Then we take up north on the L. & N. railroad to Cave City; this church has preaching for half time. Bro. W. J. Puckett is pastor. He loves his congregation, and his congregation love him. They sing, pray and work together. Then on up the railroad Horse Cave has preaching for half time, if I mistake not. They have recently changed preachers, and I fail positively to call the Brother's name now, but I think it is Bro. S. A. Owen. Bro. J. M. Bruce was their pastor for a long time, and a great and good man of God. All the remaining churches have preaching for only one-fourth time, with a few weak points that have no regular preaching.

All signs now point that Hiseville, a flourishing and business point situated ten miles east of the man line of the L. & N. railroad, in Barren county, in a rich and fertile country, will have preaching for half time. Bro. W. J. Puckett, of Cave City, preaches for this church now, and is now on his third year, with fine prospects for many more, as he is preaching under an indefinite call. Bro. Puckett admires the Hiseville people, and they admire him; they all work together for good, for all love the Lord.

Bro. J. M. Bruce does not stop for preaching to five churches, but goes ahead building, repairing and paying for churches all over the Association. Bro. Bruce is now having a Baptist church built at Edmonton, the county seat of Met-

calfe. He is engaged daily taking contributions. There never has been a Baptist church house at Edmonton. About a quarter of a century ago Bro. B. F. Page, (deceased) a man of God and of blessed memory, organized a little band of Baptists there, and the good people, the Presbyterians, (the Old School) have let them worship in their house. The building of this church is now an assured fact. I am informed of late that the Board will assist some in this work.

While the work of the Lord is going on and prospering in these parts, our people feel sad and bad about some things that are prevailing in other parts of our State, the tobacco question. While nothing of the kind is here, our people are confused, and we hope all matters will soon be adjusted. Let us pray over the matter and go to God, and all things will be set right. God says, whatsoever you ask in my name it shall be granted, or words like that.

It is now time to close out this epistle, and dear Bro. Editor, you will find enclosed a check for \$2, for which please move up my time from November 30, 1907, to November 30, 1908. I cannot get along without the Recorder; it is like sugar and coffee on the table.

J. C. THOMAS.

Glasgow, Ky.

MISSIONARY AND SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The Missionary and Sunday School Convention of East Lynn Association of Baptists met with Good Hope church, Taylor county, on December 28 and 29, 1907.

A large company of Baptists, from the churches, flocked into the big building, when the meeting was called to order by Rev. J. B. Ferrill, who gave a Scripture reading. The opening prayer was made by Rev. H. M. Farmer, who invoked the divine guidance on the deliberations of the body.

After singing by the choir, Bro. J. T. McFarland, of Willowtown, was chosen Moderator, and Mrs. Joe Wade, of Campbellville, Secretary. The committee had arranged a splendid programme, containing such subjects as "What more can the Board do for Missions?" "Mission Fuel for Mission Fire;" "Is the Commission Binding on Baptists Today?" "Our Motto: The Whole Gospel for the Whole People;" "What Our Churches Most Need," etc.

The following brethren made short impressive talks on the subjects: Revs. W. S. Tandy, J. B. Ferrill, Henry Farmer, H. T. Huber, A. L. Crawley, Jack Thompson, J. P. Gault, T. J. Arvin, W. J. Gaddie, and J. W. Crawley.

The Sunday school received its part of the discussions, which were carried on in the spirit of Christian love.

The Convention sermon was preached on Sunday by Rev. J. B. Ferrill, of Ginseng. The subject of his sermon was, "Let us make three tabernacles; one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias." The preacher was at his ease from the very start. He spoke very earnestly, and made some strong Baptist statements.

The preacher was full of the Spirit, and his sermon was very touching as he encouraged the people to hold up Christ.

The music throughout the meeting was beautiful, sweet and lovely, and the service closed with a general hand-shaking and good feeling.

B. F. SKAGGS.
Maple, Ky.

THE VICTORY.

REV. T. S. HUBERT.

It is to a life of victory that God calls us. No honest page will ever tell the story of the defeat of a faithful soldier of Jesus Christ. For him there are no overwhelming assaults and no invincible antagonists. All the overwhelming and invincible things are on his side and at his command and he has but to avail himself of them to be "more than conqueror." This is why Paul shouted, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

It is victory over sin. One of many such promises reads, "Sin shall not have dominion over you." A distinguished physician is quoted as having said: "There is no such thing as reforming a drunkard." My observation is that it is as easy to reform a drunkard as it is to reform a liar, a thief, or adulterer. But what is impossible through human agencies is possible with God through the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ. In every age and in every land the credentials of christianity have been men and women saved from sin.

It is victory over trouble. We are not promised exemption from trouble but victory over trouble. They tell in Georgia of an old man whose little home, all that he had in this world, was destroyed by fire one night and who was found the next day singing and shouting where the ashes were still smoking. His neighbors thought he had lost his mind and in a kindly spirit intimated their fears. "No, no," he answered with another burst of praise, "I could not keep from shouting when I thought of my home beyond the sky which no harm of any kind can ever reach." And so they have triumphed over poverty and persecution and pain and grief—looking not on the things that are visible but on the things that are invisible and rejoicing with a joy strange indeed unto the world.

It is victory over death. The saints of Christ die exultant. Mr. D., whom I knew some years ago said with his last breath, "I am not excited; there is nothing to excite me. This is glorious. Bless the Lord, O my soul! glorious, glorious, glorious." One of the early friends of my life, a bright sweet girl, in her dying hour began to count, "one, two, three," and when the doctor asked what she was counting she answered, "Angels, angels, who have come for me." On a battlefield a soldier fell mortally wounded. To the comrade who knelt by him he said, "In my knapsack is a New Testament. Open it at the fourteenth chapter of John. In that chapter is a verse beginning with the word 'Peace.' Read it to me." The place was found and the words read: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled; neither let it be afraid." "Thank you," whispered the dying soldier, "I have that peace."

This victory over sin and trouble and death is the gift of God. Our strength could never win it. Not our skill but his skill; not our daring but his daring. The battle is not ours but God's, and thanks be unto him, he is able, most abundantly able to give us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. It is God's free gift, this victory over sin and trouble and death, in all its meanings of grace and glory, offered, without money

and without price, to old and young alike, to rich and poor alike, to men in all circumstances and conditions of life. Glorious Victory! Eternal Victory! Believe it, pray for it, press on to it, our calling and election of God!

THE SPIRIT OF DENIAL.

The spirit of denial in reference to many of the historical statements in the Bible is asserting itself in a rapidly increasing manner, even among christians who were supposed to have a wholesome faith in the entire scriptures. It is a saddening fact that reputedly loyal christians, occupying positions of wide leadership in churches and denominations, openly deny that certain Bible characters were real persons. There are professed believers in the Bible, admitting that it is the inspired Word of God, who deny that Adam was a veritable person. Even the editors of *Christian Work* of New York deny the Bible statement that there were such men as Adam and Jonah. Some time ago an editorial appeared in that paper, which referred to the fact that a New Jersey Presbytery had just licensed a young man "who did not accept the Adamic record in the first chapter of Genesis as historical, but regarded it as allegorical."

That writer says: "Concerning the question of the Genesis record, it is a fact that scarcely a scholar in the country now holds to the historical characters of the first chapter any more than to that of the book of Job; we doubt if a single professor of old Testament History in any theological seminary in the country holds any other than the allegorical character of that narrative, as we know that ministers all over the country, in the Presbyterian and other evangelical denominations do." He further says: "The fact is, all over the world, in scholarly and scientific circles, Adam is regarded as a type or figure; the garden, the tree with its fruit, the loquacious serpent—these representations are not taken literally, nor is there any occasion why they should be." If the germs of downright infidelity do not lie thick and rank in such statements, then I do not know infidelity where I see it. According to such a view there were no such persons as Adam and Eve, and hence no "first parents whom we might as well deny that there were men who were called Cain and Abel. Common people have believed and will believe, the Bible statements that Adam and Eve were parents of two children having these names, but the wise critical scholars, it seems, say that those characters were "figures" and not real, living persons. Why not deny that there was a real Moses? The "scientific" ones say that there was no actual Job; why not deny that there was such a man as Methuselah, and especially the Bible statement that he lived to the age of 969 years? If the first chapter of Genesis be not veritable history, what reason is there for believing that the succeeding chapters are? Where is the dividing line? Why not deny every thing in the Bible that is not "scientific" and in harmony with reason? That editor referring to the young minister, emphasized his piety, his zeal for the Master, his spirit. That is queer "zeal for the Master" which leads one to flatly deny the plain words and sanctions of the infallible Master!

C. H. WETHERBE.

WANT COLUMN.

Want ads appeal to everybody. There is always something wanted in every home, church or community that can be advertised for in this department of the Western Recorder at a very small cost.

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NO UNCERTAIN SOUND.

We are gratified to observe the steadily increasing prosperity of the Illinois Baptist. Under the wise and energetic management of Dr. W. P. Throgmorton our brethren of the Prairie State are making the paper a general medium of communication among the churches of the State, and thereby a bond of union between them.

Then, too, one has no difficulty in ascertaining what the Illinois Baptist stands for. A late editorial, after briefly recounting the success of its first biennium, is bold to avow anew its profession of principles:

"We stand for the old faith and the old practice. We give no uncertain sound. We are for the Baptists and don't want anybody to misunderstand us. We don't want anybody to think that we think for a moment that one church is as good as another, or that it makes no difference what one believes just so he is sincere. We will not stand for any Baptist institution so-called that wants to tear down the Baptist fences or that wants to make wrecks that will change our doctrine or our policy.

We will not knowingly support any missionary organization, or school, or evangelist who does not stand committed to strict denominational views.

On this ground we appeal to sure-enough Baptists. We do not expect the support of any other kind. If any other kind want the paper for one reason or another and pay for it and read it, we shall be glad, but we don't want any such to think for one moment that because they take the paper, we are obligated in the least to change our policy, for we are not."

We wish it God speed.

GEO. VARDEN

Paris, Ky.

DEAR RECORDER:

So far this year our school life has gone well. Every body seems to be marching forward in solid phalanx in good honest work.

While, of course, it speaks for itself, yet we, feeling as we do in regard to its success, would speak a word of commendation for the "Georgetownian" the product of the student body of 1907.

A college paper that should find its way into the home of every friend of Georgetown College. And when once the place has been occupied we are assured that our friends will be only the more happy.

Another movement is on foot, which when completed, will serve to enliven the college spirit and intensify the admiration of friends. We refer to the movement started by our director of athletics, Mr. Hinton and heartily endorsed by both faculty and students, to perfect and beautify our athletic field. When the movement has been perfected we are informed that Georgetown college will have the best Athletic Park in the State.

It was the privilege of the writer to visit the pastor of Springfield Baptist Church, Rev. Wm. Harrison Williams, on the 22nd and hear him preach. This was indeed to me a treat, for beside the warm personal affection for him who by some rare charm knows how to entwine others round his heart, there is always a blessing following the hearing of the soul stirring messages, which comes with earnestness and eloquence from the lips of this consecrated servant of God whose heart seems set on fire with love and zeal for the master.

It is indeed encouraging to visit the study of one who seems to have so deeply at heart the interests of his people; and on the other hand to find a people warm hearted and responsive to the calls of their pastor. Bro. Williams is certainly the right man in the right place with a fine people.

The Baptists there, before long, we prophesy will build a church house that will be an honor to the town and denomination. May the Lord richly bless them in their work for the master.

H. S. SUMMERS.

Georgetown, Ky.

DEAR RECORDER:

I have just closed my pastorate in Shelby county Association. I was pastor of the Clay Village church just thirteen years and of the Little Mount church ten years and seven months. I was pastor of the Waddy church eight years, preaching two Sundays each month at Clay Village, and once a month each at Little Mount and Waddy, until both these churches came up to half time. No churches I ever served have better, nobler, truer people than are to be found in these churches. They are the Lord's very elect, pillars in the church, the salt of the earth, the light of the world. I loved them more than I knew, until it came to parting with them. I shall always remember them kindly, and with deepest gratitude for their loyalty to me as their pastor. They are my joy and my crown. Much of my reward in glory shall come from my thirteen years of service in Shelby County Association.

During the time of my service there I baptized 418 persons on a profession of faith in Christ; built one good brick house of worship, and the contributions to missions increased more than four-fold. Yet I should have done better.

That I did not, is my only regret.

Bro. A. R. Willett succeeds me at Clay Village, and Bro. L. T. Wright at Little Mount. They take up the work where I lay it down. I thank God for this good fortune to these two noble brethren; and also to these loyal churches. May God's richest blessings be upon them all. I shall have something to say later on about my work in the new field of labor. I came here as, I believe, at the Lord's bidding. Already the way is opening and the prospects are bright for the future. The work and the workers are the Lord's. If He directs the workers to the work, in each case, no mistakes can be made. On this last day of the old year, I pray that God may bless the pastors and churches, and missionaries, and every agency for the furtherance of his great cause in the world next year, with his greatest blessings, that his people may rejoice with exceeding great joy throughout the whole earth. Oh, for greater faith for, as our faith, so shall it be with us.

I am glad to see the Recorder up to high-water mark. May the Lord bless the noble, able, consecrated editors, and bless the paper and make it a blessing more and more.

B. J. DAVIS

Lexington, Ky.

THE CROWN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

BY THE REV. EDWARD C. RAY, D.D.

The Greek word diadem, meaning a king's crown, occurs three times in Revelations: xii:3, on the dragon's head; xiii:1, on the beast's head; and xix:12, on the head of the "King of kings and Lord of lords." In all other places in the New Testament "crowns" translates the Greek word stephanos, of which the English form is Stephen. Derived from a verb meaning to put round to encircle, it means a wreath woven of twigs, leaves or flowers, or of gold or silver imitations of them, and used for marriage and festal occasions and, particularly, for two other purposes: (1) to crown military heroes. Such was the idea of the crown of thorns placed upon the brow of our suffering Saviour. Woven, probably, of the capparos spinosae, it resembled the dark green of the triumphal ivy leaf, thus ridiculing the captive whom it pierced; (2) to crown the victor in the Greek games, woven of laurel, pine or parsley.

Paul, the aged, his life already being poured out as a drink-offering and the time of his departure at hand (verse 6), had striven the good strife: "agonized the good agony" uses his own Greek words; no reference in "fight" to ordinary fighting or warfare; it is the tense, awful conflict of the wrestlers in the arena at the Greek games. He had finished his course, the short, concentrated effort of the brief footrace, and had won the post. He had kept the faith: "And if also a man contend in the games," he says in this epistle, ii:5, "he is not crowned, except he have contended lawfully," accord-

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ing to the rules of the game. The rule of the game of eternal life is faith, a living, loving, loyal faith on the Lord Jesus Christ; and Paul had kept that faith. Therefore the crown is ready for him; and not for him only, but for all those that have loved their Lord's appearing.

It is the crown of righteousness. Not as some think, the crown given to reward our righteousness; an idea foreign to the gospel and to all Paul's ways of thinking. It is contrary to analogy, too: for the crown of joy is the worker's joy in his converts, the crown of life is the overcomer's eternal life, the crown of glory is the glory and honor given to those who serve or die for Christ and His people; and the crown of righteousness is the righteousness which shall fill those who hunger and thirst for it (Matt. v:6) when they see their Redeemer as He is and are like Him (I. John iii:2).

Righteousness is not mere rightness, as some say; it is rightness plus. The righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, which must be exceeded by those who wish to enter into the kingdom of heaven (Matt. v:20), was a poor rightness, bare, legal, formal, joyless, worthless, the kind Saul of Tarsus had (Phil. iii:6), not the kind Paul the aged was looking for. That crown of righteousness is a rich rightness, overflowing with love, grace, sweetness, joy, a never-fading crown. How our hearts weary and faint for it! How we cry to God at night for holiness, and listen to sermons and addresses, and study the Bible; how ashamed we are when anyone speaks of our goodness, because we know the lack within our hearts!

What would we not give to be holy! We shall be. To all who thus hunger and thirst, and pray and press on, He will appear, and the crown, the life, the joy, the glory and the honor of righteousness shall be ours. Some believe that it already shines on their heads, and we envy them. No; let us be willing to stand with Paul, not as though we had already attained or were perfect and wore that crown, but assured that it was laid up for us.—New York Observer.

Obedience is our universal duty and destiny; wherein whoso will not bend must break; too early and too thoroughly we cannot be trained to know that Would in this world of ours is a mere zero to Should, and, for most part, as the smallest of fractions even to Shall.—Carlyle.

Successful is the day whose first victory is won in prayer. Holy is the day whose dawn finds thee on top of the mount! Health is established in the morning. Wealth is won in the morning. "Wake, psalter and harp; I myself will awake early."—Joseph Parker.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY, ss:
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.
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The Farm and Household

Harry Lazarus & Co., of Bowling Green, recently bought a load of mules in Barren and Hart counties at prices from \$80 to \$170; also six mules in Hardin county at \$75 to \$100; fifteen mules in Warren county at \$85 to \$170, and three horses in Warren county at \$120 to \$132.50. Same firm sold 136 mules and horses to go South at from \$110 to \$200 per head; one load of hogs for January delivery at 5 cents per pound; one load of cattle for January delivery, 950 lbs., average, at 4 cents. Good fat mules for Southern market in demand. Southern horses also in demand, others not so active.

The Census Bureau has issued a bulletin showing that the total amount of cotton of this year's growth in the United States ginned up to December 13th last was 9,281,077 bales, compared to 11,112,780 bales at the same period last year.—Winchester Democrat.

W. E. Little bought at Mt. Sterling Court thirteen yearling steers 650 lbs. weight at \$2.50, and a bunch of steers weighing 500 lbs., at the same price.

Messrs. Boyd & Fleming, poultry dealers of Georgetown, have killed about 30,000 turkeys during the season just closed. Only 2,000 of these fowls were bought out of Scott county. The average weight was 14 pounds, and the average price was 10 1/2 cents. This amounts to about \$42,000 paid to the farmers of this county by this firm for the 1907 crop of turkeys.

T. F. Lancaster, of Versailles, sold last week to Scholberth & Willis at 34 per cwt., 14 three-months old lambs averaging over 70 lbs., that are of the second crop of lambs produced this year by his ewes.

Mr. Rod Warfield, of Elizabethtown, sold recently two ear loads of mules, or more exactly fifty head, to Harvey Russell, of Atlanta, Ga., at \$160 a head on the farm.

Mrs. C. U. Shelton, who resides south of Shelbyville, probably carries off the plum for raising the heaviest flock of turkeys in the county this year. Last week she sold twenty-two turkeys that weighed 416 pounds, lacking only two pounds of average nineteen pounds.

Earl Ferguson, of Bourbon county, delivered recently to Jonas Weil, of Lexington, 53 head of export cattle averaging 1,550 pounds at 5 cents per pound. Mr. Ferguson also delivered to J. B. Hain, of Fayette county, 300 barrels of corn at \$2.50 per barrel.

Farmers in Larue county are busy killing hogs and stripping tobacco. Probably the largest number of turkeys ever handled at one season here by one firm was handled by a local produce house. They have been making large shipments every few days to the New York and Boston markets. From the vast number that has been brought to Hodgenville from the country this has probably been the banner year in Larue county in turkey raising.

UNFAMILIAR BREEDS.

The value and specially desirable qualities of some breeds of poultry are not thoroughly well understood by those who have given their attention only to the varieties usually kept on the farm. Of recent years quite a number of breeds have come into public notice, each of which has been heralded as better than any other poultry ever previously produced. When the Shanghai first came into England and America, some of the most ardent fanciers declared that many of them would lay two eggs a day, and some as many as three. While all who understood the nature of poultry knew this to be an impossibility, yet several years elapsed before the general public fully realized that these statements were false. However, people still ask whether it is true that the Shanghai will produce two eggs a day. These Shanghai fowls have settled themselves into two well established breeds—the Brahmins and Cochins. They have their rank in poultry as the meat-producing fowls, from the fact that they grow the largest and produce the heaviest weight.

These were the early-day surprises among poultry growers, but of recent years our attention has been called to the Indian Game, the Dorking in its several varieties, and last but not least, the English Orpington.

The Indian Game is recommended as the best table variety. Every one experienced in these matters knows that nothing produces better table poultry than the Game fowl, the Indian Game being an admixture of the Malay, Azeel and old English or Pit Game—uniting the influence of the yellow shank, meat and skin of the Malay and Azeel with the thin white skin and delicate meat of the Game. No other fowl will produce more breast and thigh meat than the English Game. They are strong, hardy, vigorous poultry, difficult to keep in flocks on account of their pugnacious tendency. They do not lay a very large number of eggs, but their eggs are rich, and their chicks fairly easy to raise. The great strength of the Indian Game is their tendency to produce a large portion of white meat of very fine flavor for the table.

The Dorking is the favorite table poultry of England. The Dorking and the Sussex are considered throughout England the very best for producing high quality table poultry. They are not the most prolific egg producers; the young chicks are not the most vigorous, but when once well started they easily grow to maturity and make most desirable roasting fowls. When used for broilers, there is little difference between them and other poultry; but when fully developed and of good quality they have a very large proportion of breast meat, and their general make-up and smooth condition render them desirable for high quality table poultry.

The Orpington—one of the heavy bodied English breeds—is to England what the Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes are to this country; they have a body formation more like our Cochins than have either the Plymouth Rocks or Wyandottes. They are intended for a general purpose fowl of larger size than our American poultry. They have the white skin, the pinkish white shanks so much desired in the English market; they lay eggs having number as our Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes.

Those who desire the novelty of handling and breeding new kinds

of poultry would find great pleasure in any of these breeds. All are about on an equality in the production of eggs. None will produce a profitable yield if not properly handled and cared for, along these lines, and will do well if well cared for.

The well known phenomena of "not giving down" the milk is claimed to be the result of lack of nervous tone in the glands, brought about by some kind of excitement. The udder is not a container in which the milk is readily stored up at milking time, but an organ in which the greater part of the milk is elaborated while milking or suckling is in progress, by virtue of the agitation produced. Unless the cow is in perfect repose this secretion will not take place normally. The lesson to be derived from this is that the cow should be treated with the greatest gentleness, and otherwise kept free from excitement, especially during the time of milking or suckling.

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"For many years I was an acute sufferer from nervous indigestion; at times I was so despondent life seemed almost a burden. I tried all kinds of remedies and various physicians with little or no relief, until one night last summer I saw Dr. Miles' Nervine and Heart Cure advertised. I resolved to make one more trial which I did in the purchase of one bottle of Nervine and one of Heart Cure. In a few days I began to feel better, which encouraged me so much that I continued the medicine until I had taken more than a dozen bottles. I am very much improved in every way; in body, mind and spirits since. I make a special point to recommend the medicine, and I feel a sincere pleasure in knowing that several persons have been benefited through my recommendation."

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LYNE.

Selden Lyne, Jr., died November 17, 1907. He had just begun to bloom into a noble manhood and was loved by all who knew him.

He was converted early in life and united with the New Union Baptist church, near Russellville, Ky. Throughout his life he was loyal to his Saviour and deeply interested in the work of the church. He was an efficient business man, having held the position of book-keeper in different banks, but wherever he went he took his church letter and identified himself with the church. His character was faultless and his Christian spirit commendable. He leaves a father and mother, two sisters and a host of friends to mourn his loss.

Grieve not, dear friends, for he leaves all the evidence that we should want to believe that he is today better off than we.

R. M. McCARTER, Pastor.
Clinton, Tenn.

PIGFORD.

"In memory of our loved ones." March 25, 1907, Miss Clementine Pigford departed this life to join the many loved ones who had gone years before. The following May her aged mother, for whom she had spent the most of her life, was called to follow her. Though the time was so short we doubt if they were ever so long separated during life.

Miss Pigford, or Aunt Clem, as she was called by all her nieces, was Grandmother's constant companion after Grandfather's death. She was much devoted to him, and nursed him with patience through a long and tedious spell of sickness at death. Her whole life was devoted to her loved ones. Though she was very frail and, no doubt, suffered many times we know not of, yet she never complained, and was always ready to do her whole duty. She was loyal to her church as well as to her loved ones. While she did not live to be aged, her life was such that she will be greatly missed.

She joined the Baptist church while only a child, at Mt. Gilend, Miss. She lived and died in that church, and there marks the sacred spot where we laid her body to rest, to await the final resurrection.

We know it was a happy meeting when dear Grandmother went to join her on the other shore.

Grandmother was eighty-five years old the day she departed this life. She lived a long and useful life. She never tired of administering to those of her loved ones and friends who went to her home, always trying to make them welcome and happy. I, for one, will never forget the happy hours spent in that sacred home. And I am sure there are more than sixty other grandchildren that would say the same. While our hearts feel sad when we are made to realize our loved ones are gone from us, still we can not grieve for them. We can only think of the good they have done. They have finished their work on earth, and have gone on to make Heaven brighter for those of us who are left behind. Let us follow in their footsteps.

"JENNIE."

WILCOX.

Mr. John S. Wilcox, aged seventy-three, of Avoca, Ky., died with acute indigestion, November 29, 1907.

He was one of Kentucky's best citizens. Early in life he joined the Missionary Baptist church and lived a most beautiful Christian life. The one great desire of his heart was to see men give their hearts to Christ and live for Him. To know Bro. Wilcox was to love him and to be associated with him was to feel the presence of a personality that draws men away from selfish motives and lifts them to higher and nobler things.

After a short service, conducted by his pastor, his body was laid to rest in the family burial ground.

He leaves a son and two daughters, Mr. George Wilcox, of Tunnel Hill, Ky.; Mrs. J. P. Smith, of Kokomo, Ind.;

Mrs. J. W. Clore, of Avoca, Ky., and a host of friends to mourn their loss. We point them to the mercy and grace of God and pray that He may help all to say with the poet:

"Blessed be God for all,
For all things here below,
For every trial and every cross
To my advantage grow."
C. T. Trw.

"BEWARE OF DOGS."

This is St. Paul's admonition to the Philippians. It is a statement that has perplexed many. "What did the apostle mean?" "Why speak of dogs in an epistle to the followers of Christ?"

Rev. J. H. Jowett gives an apt explanation of the admonition in the following:

"There is no more familiar sight in Eastern cities than the herds of dogs which prowl about, 'without a home and without an owner, feeding on the refuse and filth of the streets, quarreling among themselves, and attacking the passerby.' And it is in this vagrant, outside life that the apostle finds the figure of speech. It was a favorite figure by which the Jew expressed his conception of the conditions of the Gentile world. All who were beyond the circle of his own race were outside the home, living in the streets, feeding on garbage and uncleanness, or on the crumbs and offal of life's feast. But the apostle lays hold of the figure, reverses the application, and uses it to express the condition of the Jews. And this is the form of his indictment: It is you who are living in the outside streets! It is you who are contented with the externals, and satisfied with the mere crumbs of religious nutriment! You give the emphasis to life in the flesh, and you ignore the inner sanctuary of the spirit. You think much of the 'mutilation' of the body, and you give little concern to the consecration of the soul! You abide in ordinances, you boast of fleshly pedigrees, you glory in 'outward things!' And what is this but the life of dogs—life spent in the streets! And it is all the more pathetic because you are called to something infinitely better, even the settled life of the home, the bounty of a well-filled table, and all the gracious intimacies of a spiritual feast."

THE POWER OF A TRACT.

The Crisis published the following: "Mr. A. E. Sidford, in a letter quoting some instances of blessing received through tracts and Scripture text-cards, gives the following:

"In a certain village there resided an old man, feeble in body, but powerful in prayer. Among his experiences was the following, told in somewhat his own words:

"I was walking near Colchester one dark night when a man overtook me in a cart. I asked him for a lift. 'Jump in,' he said, and on we drove. Fourteen or sixteen years later I was requested to visit a dying man at Colchester. When I entered the room he fixed his eyes upon me, and after a pause said, 'Do you know me?' 'No.' 'Do you remember walking near Colchester one dark night, many years ago, and asking for a lift?' The chords of memory were struck. 'Yes,' I replied. 'You gave me a tract when you bade me good-night, and that tract led me to Christ.'"

Some one said, wisely said, "In religious circles the workers are the givers." Thereupon a religious weekly added, "the readers are the workers." All of which is true. Do you see the point, brother pastor? If you expect your people to be liberal in gifts, they must be a people zealous in good works: if you expect them to be both workers and givers, they must be readers of periodicals which bring them information about the progress of the Kingdom, which show what needs to be done and how to do it. The church paper is not merely an assistant; it is an essential.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

Who is the pillar of the home? For the most part the breadwinner. And my heart warms to him. He toils on through the day, silently enduring many disappointments, and perhaps many rebuffs. He is aware of things which threaten his future, but he goes home with a bright face, and gives his earnings to the support of a happy household, whom he tries as well as he can to keep from anxiety. For the vast majority the task of supporting a home becomes more and more difficult in these days of shock and swift change. All honor to the faithful ones who take up their tasks manfully!—British Weekly.

Our soul trains our eyes to show what it wants to see.

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5. Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings—Falkland Calderon, the Courier.	12. A Strange Story—Zanoni.
6. Pelham—Eugene Aram.	13. Devereux Lucrulia.
7. Kenelm Chillingly—Godolphin.	14. The Parisiana.
	15. The Last Days of Pompeii—The Disowned.

Every body knows of Bulwer Lytton's writings. They have acknowledged place in the front rank of classical literature. No one's library is anything near complete without them. For originality, for an intimate knowledge of humanity with its moods and fancies, for ability to portray ideas in energetic yet elegant and artistic language, it is doubtful if Lord Lytton has ever been equalled.

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The publishers have used fine paper splendid and numerous illustrations, and the best, most durable and attractive binding in preparing this work. The set consists of 15 volumes, each containing (on an average) 370 pages. Each volume measures 8 1/4 inches long, 5 1/2 inches wide, 1 5/8 inches thick and weighs about 2 pounds.

WE WANT TO SELL THEM QUICKLY AND IN ORDER TO DO IT HAVE MADE SUCH A LOW PRICE THAT WE WILL NOT PUBLISH IT HERE, AND WILL ONLY TELL IT TO THOSE INTERESTED ENOUGH TO INQUIRE. IF YOU WANT A GENUINE, REAL BARGAIN (THESE WORDS ARE WELL WEIGHED). JUST RELY ON OUR FRIENDLY ADVICE, FILL OUT THE COUPON THAT FOLLOWS. THIS WILL COST YOU A TWO-CENT POSTAGE STAMP, BUT WILL BRING AN OPPORTUNITY WORTH MANY DOLLARS TO YOU. TRY IT; THAT IS ALL.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

News the World Over.

Prof. E. H. Wilson, of Columbia University, Professor of Biology, in a recent address said "The simple fact today is that we are absolutely without evidence of any kind of the origin of any living thing, save from any other living thing."

Prof. Thomas D. Seymour has died, aged fifty-nine. He has been professor in Yale since 1880, and was among the most distinguished of the university. He was one of the greatest Greek scholars in the country. His father was a professor in Western Reserve College for more than fifty years. Mrs. Letitia Tyler, the only surviving daughter of President Tyler, and for some time mistress of the White House, has died in the Louise Home at Washington City.

One of the most dastardly acts of the Socialists was throwing a bomb into the Stock Exchange of Rome. The roof of the courtyard collapsed, and many are buried under the ruins. The Exchange was held in one of the most famous of the beautiful buildings of ancient Rome, the Temple of Neptune. The portico was built by Agrippa.

The good work goes on apace. We were delighted, but not surprised, when Asheville, N. C., went dry. But we were surprised as well as rejoiced when Raleigh, the capitol of the State, voted out the saloons by a majority of 547. Verily, we have great reason to thank God and take courage.

In the reading room of the British Museum the dome has been divided into twenty spaces, one of which was filled with a clock. The other nineteen have been filled with the names of the most distinguished English writers. These are Chaucer, Caxton, Tyndale, Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Locke, Addison, Swift, Pope, Gibbon, Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Carlyle, Macaulay, Tennyson, and Browning. It is needless to say that this list was followed by an outcry. The Irish were furious that Swift was put in and Goldsmith left out; the Scotch were as indignant that Burns was omitted. Others demanded that Ruskin and Shelley should have a place. But the most gratifying thing was the number who insisted on a place for Bunyan. He certainly should have been among the first.

Senators Kittredge and Gamble, of South Dakota, could not settle between themselves the division of the spoils in their State. So they went to the President and he decided which offices each one should have for their friends by having them draw lots from his hand. Afterwards he tossed up a coin, "heads or tails," and let that decide about the offices. What the people of South Dakota think of this performance is not known.

W. R. Carter, a politician in Missouri, is against local option, and does not love Gov. Folk. He said recently: "St. Louis has no idea of the extent to which temperance sentiment has grown through out the rural districts. When the campaign for local option started we thought we had things our own way. After election we had another thought coming. Callaway county is now dry. Who is to blame? Beyond question I believe Gov. Folk is responsible for the prejudice against the liquor interest. He is too narrow to suit me, but his following is strong in all parts of the State, and politicians don't want to fool themselves about his ability."

A railroad has been begun to run from Hudson Bay to Port Simpson on the Pacific coast, a distance of 1,450 miles. It will be 300 miles north of any of the other transcontinental lines, and will shorten the distance from Liverpool to Yokohama nearly 3,000 miles. The projectors say Hudson Bay is open to navigation for seven months in the year. They also say the climate in that section is very pleasant, owing to the Japanese current, and the soil very rich.

The panic seems to have been due to lack of currency. There is not enough money in the country to carry on all the business enterprises which have been inaugurated. These immense sums have been spent in the Philippines and in Panama. There is little question that Congress will see its duty and make the currency more elastic.

LOUISVILLE PASTORS TO TRY TO RAISE \$50,000 FOR EDUCATION.

Last Monday the Baptist Pastors' Conference of Louisville discussed, as a special order of business, the present movement to raise a half million dollars for the schools owned by Kentucky Baptists. A report was brought in by a committee composed of Drs. Wilson, Porter, Doonan, Alderman and Mullins, requesting Louisville Baptists to pledge to be paid within five years \$50,000 for this vital work, this sum being divided among the churches.

The report was enthusiastically discussed and unanimously adopted, the pastors agreeing to try to raise the amounts asked among their respective churches.

We trust every Kentucky Baptist, loyal to the best interests of our denomination, will do his duty in this crisis in the life of Kentucky Baptists.

COUNCIL CALLED.

A council of brethren is called to meet at Crescent Hill Methodist church house next Sunday, January 12, at 2:30 p. m., for the purpose of organizing the Crescent Hill Baptist church. The brethren and sisters desiring to enter into the organization are requested to be present at the above time and place.

About fifty members have withdrawn from the Clifton Baptist church to organize this new interest. Other members from Clifton and from other churches will enter into the organization later.

A REMARKABLE PASTORATE.

Where is a parallel? Dr. J. M. Weaver has entered upon his forty-fourth year as pastor of Chestnut street church. Think of it: a pastor of one church with preaching twice each Sunday and three or four meetings during the week, and that without cessation for forty-three years. That means 2,236 Sundays; that is more Sundays than there are days in six years. A remarkable man and a remarkable church.

There are only five members of the church now who were members when Dr. Weaver took charge of the church. He came when he was thirty-two years old. He is now (he says), seventy-five years young. He has been for many years Chairman of the State Board of Missions. He is also Moderator of the Kentucky Baptist Ministers' Meeting. His mind is vigorous and clear, and even his body does not seem enfeebled. May he long live to cheer and comfort and help his brethren, to serve God and the Chestnut street Baptist church.

DEAR RECORDER:

I enclose you two dollars for another year's visit from the "Old Reliable." I do not want to try to get along without your most excellent assistant pastor. Our church here goes from one-half time to full time. This is real progress for this hand of saints. We need at least five more good aggressive preachers in our Association—men who are willing to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

Fraternally yours, J. D. OVERTON.

Junction, Texas.

Doncon James I. Waro, of the First church, Newport, Ky., after some weeks of suffering, died on Friday night, January 3. He has been the clerk and treasurer of Campbell County Association for a great many years. He was highly esteemed for his work's sake. He was nearly sixty years of age. He leaves a wife and two sons and a daughter, with numerous relatives and countless friends to mourn his departure.

DEAR RECORDER:

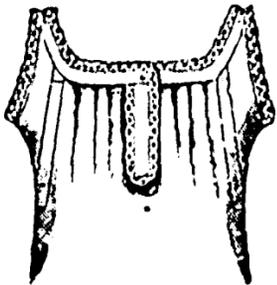
I know many of the brethren in the State will rejoice with me to know that we have bought out the "Hardshells'" interest in the church here. To some of us this has been a long, rocky road, but thank God we have reached the goal. We gave them \$6,500 cash for it, and have a deed to the property, which gives us possession now. The church is in the best condition in its history, perfectly united and harmonious, and every member seems to be enthusiastic. Our hearts are full of praise and thanksgiving to God for His goodness in giving us the victory. We would like to have the new editor of the Recorder make us a visit and place the paper in every home in the church. I hope every one who reads these lines will pray for us that God may lead us into the green pastures and beside the quiet waters.

Yours in Him, GEO. W. SHEPHERD. Richmond, Ky.

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Well-made Longcloth Drawers, with extra wide flounce of Swiss embroidery; price, pair 49c



Fine Cambrie Petticoat; trimmed with wide embroidery flounce and finished with cluster of tucks and hemstitched under-lay; price \$1.98

DEAR RECORDER: On the second Sunday in October, 1907, I began a meeting with Middle church which lasted fifteen days, resulting in two additions to the church and the church much revived. We continue to have services twice a month. The having of services twice a month was somewhat of an experiment, and some thought that we might fail on the second year, but there was no trouble; every one wanted the two Sundays. We have almost doubled in our contributions in the past year, and the church together with Barren Run and Mt. Tabor sent their pastor to the Southern Baptist Convention, and as I look back over the

year just closing it is with gratitude to the brethren that have so nobly stood by their pastor, and thanksgiving to Almighty God for His grace that enables us to work for Him.

On the fourth Monday night in October I went to Barren Run church and began a meeting continuing thirteen days, which resulted in thirty additions to the church, twenty-seven by baptism. In the meeting here and at Middle both the pastors by request of the church did the preaching.

On Monday night after the second Sunday in November I went to Mt. Tabor and began a meeting in which I had the very able and efficient assistance of Bro. J. B. Hutcherson, of Elizabethtown, who by his earnest, faithful presentation of God's Word endeared himself to the people, and we hear kind things said of him on every hand. The meeting lasted a little over two weeks, resulting in thirteen additions to the church. May the Lord have all the honor and glory.

Fraternally, H. S. BELL.

Buffalo, Ky.

The son of Rev. A. B. Leonard D.D., well known throughout the Methodist Episcopal church, has invented an invisible ear drum which has relieved him of his deafness. The company placing the drum on the market are meeting with great success in relieving deafness and stopping head noises. Their advertisement appears in this issue of our publication.

WAYNE COUNTY ASSOCIATION.

A good meeting was held in November in the Salem church at Frazer, Ky. Pastor W. R. Davidson was assisted by R. C. Kimble for eleven days. This is a good church, and under the leadership of Pastor Davidson there has been a forward movement along many lines of church work. The congregations were good during the meeting, and among the visible results were about nine or ten conversions and nine baptized, one of these a native of Syria, a very bright and hopeful young man. There were also six, I think, by letter or otherwise. There were other indications of a real revival.

Bro. W. R. Davidson is giving about three-fourths of his time as an evangelist for Wayne County Association. He is now engaged in a meeting at Shiloh church with Pastor Eli Correll. The fifth Sunday meeting was held with the Shiloh church, and an excellent program was rendered, and much enjoyed by a good congregation. We are in a very needy field out here, yet we are trying to take care of our destitution as best we can.

Monticello, Ky. R. C. KIMBLE.

Live Stock Markets.

CATTLE. Good to choice export steers \$4 75a 5 00 Light shipping steers 4 50a 4 75 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 00a 4 00 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. . . . 25 00a40 00 Med. to good milch cows. . . . 25 00a30 00 Com. and plain milch cows. . . . 10 00a30 00

HOGS.

Good to choice pack and bra. 200 to 300 lbs. 4 50 Med. pr. s. bra., 160 to 200. . . 4 50 Light shippers, 120 to 160 . . . 4 40 Choice pigs, 90 to 120 4 10 Light pigs, 50 to 90 4 00a 4 10 Roughs, 150 to 500 2 50a 4 00

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Packing 15 1-2c per lb.

POULTRY.

Hens, 9c per lb.; roosters, 4 1-2c; young chickens, 10 to 11c; ducks, 9c; geese, 6c; turkeys, 11 to 12c.

EGGS.

20c, case count; candled 21 to 22c.

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