

# WESTERN RECORDER

Faith, Hope and Love, these three.

"CONTENDED BARELY (traym-purba) FOR THE FAITH WHICH WAS ONCE FOR ALL DELIVERED UNTO THE SAINTS."—JUDG. 3.—T. T. BAYTON.

83rd YEAR

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God has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise. But He has not chosen the blasphemous, irreverent and vulgar things. Some professional evangelists have forgotten this.

Put God first. One of our best papers says: "He who works for the good of man works for the glory of God." This is surprising in such a grand Calvinistic paper. Reverse the sentence by all means.

Some missionaries who ought to be Calvinists if they are not, because they Baptists, have been talking about re-consecrating themselves to God. Consecration is taking the oath of allegiance, and a man is thoroughly consecrated to God when he is regenerated. One must fall from grace for re-consecration to be possible and Baptists do not believe in falling from grace.

In discussing the falling off in the power of the pulpit, Rev. D. Lindsay, of Bradford, England, gave as the chief cause the many societies, etc., which had been allowed to spring up in the churches which took up the pastor's time, thought and vitality. He said the minister must be freed from "the multiplicity of organizations that had sprung up in connection with the churches and be allowed to concentrate his effectiveness on preaching and pastoral work. There was too much coddling of the young in the churches."

It seems from the Chicago papers that was not a "union" of a Baptist and Campbellite church, but a "sell out." The Baptist church owed \$100,000 on its building, and it was the financial difficulty which caused the "union." They are to have communion every Sunday, they have not doctrine to speak of, and Dr. H. L. Willett, the head of the Campbellite Divinity School, is their pastor!

## GOD NEVER DISAPPOINTS US.

BY REV. THOMPSON L. CUYLER, D.D.

We cannot trust ourselves too little, and we cannot trust God too much. "Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not upon thine own understanding." Somewhere in the future there hangs before us in the air a golden ideal of a perfect life, but as we move on the dream of complete victory over sin moves on also before us. It is like the child running over the hill to catch the rainbow; when he gets over, the rainbow is as far off as ever. If our expectation of spiritual growth and of conquest of temptation rests on our own resolutions and our own strength, then our day-dreams are continually doomed to disappointment.

"My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him." God never disappoints us. When we study the Almighty in the book of nature or the Book of Revelation, we find our utmost expectation over-topped by the wonderful reality. When we obey God, we find the rich reward sooner or later, just as surely as day follows sunrise. When we trust God, he never fails us. When we pray to him aright, with faith, with submission, with perseverance, and with honest desire to glorify him, he answers us. I do not believe our heavenly Father ever turned a deaf ear to an honest prayer offered in the right spirit. He is a sovereign, and doeth his own wise will; and if it pleaseth him to keep us waiting for the answer, then we must understand that delays are not always denials.

If we have only to demand from God just what we desire, and in the way and the time that suits our pleasure, then we would be snatching God's sceptre and trying to rule the Ruler of the universe. Did you ever know a child that ruled its parents without ruining itself? And if it spoils our children to have their own way, I am sure that it would be for our ruin if we could bend God to all our wishes. If this be our expectation from God, then the sooner we abandon it the better.

God keeps all his promises, but he has never promised to let you and me hold the reins. He answers prayer, but in the way and at the time that his infinite wisdom determines. Some prayers are not answered at once; more than one faithful mother has gone to her grave before the child whose conversion she prayed for has given his heart to Jesus. Some prayers are answered in a way so unlooked for that the answer is not recognized; eternity will "make it plain." For many petitions are answered according to the intention and not according to the strict letter of the request; the blessing granted has been something different from what the believer expected. Jacob, when he blessed the sons of Joseph, laid his right hand on the son who stood at his left side. So God sometimes takes off his hand of blessing from the thing we prayed for, and lays it on another which is more for our good and his own glory. He often surprises his people with unexpected blessings—and heaven will have abundance of such surprises.

Let us rejoice to remember that our Saviour is God, and in him dwelleth all fullness. "Of his fullness have we all received," said the beloved disciple, and John was not disappointed. Neither was Paul when he found himself "filled with might" the inner man." There is a full-

ness of grace and love and power and peace and comfort that his redeemed children have never been able to explore, much less to exhaust. I left some little brooks nearly run dry, the other day, up in the mountains, but I found yonder harbor full from the fathomless Atlantic, as full as ever.

"Oh, how shallow a soul I have to take in Christ's love," said the holy Rutherford; "I have spilled more of his grace than I have brought with me. How little of the sea can a child carry in his hand! As little am I able to take away of my great Sea, my boundless and running over Jesus Christ!"

When a friend of mine, long years ago, urged John Jacob Astor to subscribe for a certain object, and told him that his son had subscribed, the old German millionaire replied very dryly: "He can do it; he has got a rich father." Brother Christian, you and I have got a rich Father! We are heirs to a great inheritance, and possessors of exceedingly precious promises. Let us ask for great things. God must take it ill that we covet so little of the best things, and pray with such scanty faith. "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." We can easily over-expect from our fellow-creatures, but we cannot over-expect from God. "The Lord taketh pleasure in those that hope in his mercy." I have read many a biography which ended in bright hopes quenched by the dross of earthly things, but I never have read and never have heard of the experience of any man who confessed that he was disappointed in his Lord and Saviour.

"My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him." There can be no divided responsibility; it is God or nobody. As the old Puritan writer, Trapp, reminds us: "They trust not God at all who trust him not entirely; he that stands with one foot on a rock and another foot on a quicksand will sink as surely as he that hath both feet on a quicksand." The stake is indistinguishably tremendous, for it involves my eternal destiny. Even heaven is yet only an "expectation," but it is from him!

My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
On Christ the solid rock I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

## THE THINGS THAT DEFILE.

True religion always has differed from false religion in putting the emphasis on spiritual things rather than on what is formal and ceremonial; on the internal life rather than on what is merely transient. The great necessity is that the heart be made pure and kept pure by God's Holy Spirit, and then there is no danger of defilement by anything that touches one on the outside of his life.

We once heard a man speaking with the greatest abhorrence of what he called a great sin and which we soon learned was the thing of eating meat on Friday. He could scarcely find words to express his opposition to so reprehensible a practice. We were told, shortly after, that he was a saloonkeeper. Day after day, and night after night, he sold liquor, doing a business in which he was ruining men, soul and body, for time and eternity. He sold liquor on Friday and on the Sabbath, too, but, as a Roman Catholic, he would not eat meat on Friday because he had been trained up to this as an emphatic and impressive point in a formal religion.

This is simply illustrative of a great

many other such matters that are continually arising as the religion of Jesus Christ tries to make its way in the world against the misapprehensions that are pressed by the weak and the worldly. A formal and worldly religion does not want to offend its members. It does not press the main points of spiritual obedience to God, but lays down conditions and duties of its own which can be accepted without any real crucifying of the flesh or subduing of the heart to Jesus Christ.

The one changeless essential in a good life is that the heart be pure, and this can be made so only by God's Spirit. As this divine work is accepted in the soul one becomes a true child of God, determined to do the will of God and to avoid what is evil. Henceforth his attitude toward evil is that of opposition to it, and of endeavor to get rid of it, in his own life and in the life of the world. Such a life as this will escape defilement. The things of evil will not adhere. The filth of sin will not stick.

The one whose heart is impure will show its defilement by what proceeds from it. There will be evil thoughts and desires hatched there, and they will be developed into full growth and will proceed from it into vigorous life. They will come forth as evil words, and evil actions. The eye will be impure in its glances, the tongue in its words, the hands in their deeds, the feet in their steps. When one is uncleaned in his inner life he does not seek for pure and holy associations, nor for opportunities to do good. He is a center of evil himself, as a house that is so infested with bats or with rats that they make it a hateful and obnoxious center.

The Pharisees of early days, like those of modern days, laid far more emphasis upon merely formal matters than they did on spiritual truth and life. They insisted on washing the hands as a ceremonial, but did not care to have the heart cleansed by the Spirit of God. Christ said that this was all wrong. If one loves God and keeps his commandments out of a pure heart, it is more than the offering of many sacrifices on the human altar or the refraining from meat on many Fridays.—Selected.

Darkness seems to be as necessary to life and growth in this world as is light. An earnest, tireless worker for Christ who has recently suffered through months of illness, writes a cheery word of sympathy to a fellow-sufferer, and adds about herself: "It is a long time since I have done a day's work; it is only a half hour's work, or maybe fifteen minutes at a time. And many days have been in a dark room, I wonder, sometimes, if a dark room is as necessary for the developing of characters as it is for the development of negatives. If so, perhaps a time will come when I can look back upon the dark-room days with thankfulness. Just now, I want to work." To wait and to trust, if God directs that, even while one longs to be out in the light and at work, is to gain and grow in the development which only the dark room can give. How good it is that God can be trusted to decide when the darkness is needed!—Sunday School Times.

Shining will cost me something. All light means an expenditure of force. Both fat and wick must be consumed in burning. But can I grudge the expenditure? Must I not rather glory in it, when, in proportion as I am expended in his service, I am myself transfigured by the flame that consumes?—Rev. G. H. Knight.



Can a Baptist church receive a member from another church, a Christian Union, or United Brethren, or any other church? Strictly speaking there are no churches but Baptist churches whose membership is composed of "baptized believers." All others are human societies, organized by man. They are composed, it may be, of pious people. But so far as our churches are concerned they stand on the same footing as other human benevolent bodies—the Y. M. C. A., the Masons, the Odd Fellows, etc.

A church can rightly receive their members only as it receives others—that is by hearing their experience, voting on their acceptability, that is their being "believers," and baptizing them. Receiving them in any other way is schismatic and never ought to be thought of. Of course, being a sovereign church can do as it pleases and violate this rule. But it is no longer a regular Baptist church and its sister churches, being also sovereign, have a right to refuse to recognize it as a church. However, in the case of those other members who have been immersed, the churches have many of them exercised forbearance to those erring sister churches which receive alien immersions.

However, the time seems coming swiftly when the line will have to be drawn with more strictness. Baptists in the North are advocating receiving members who have been sprinkled and those who have never been baptized at all. This is the logical outcome of alien immersion. One church has already been split by the preacher who persuaded the majority to accept sprinkling as baptism. And one preacher in New York has actually sprinkled a man! I am listening with much interest to hear what action his church will take, and if it takes none what its sister churches of the Association will say.

I have two or three questions from different ones on I. Cor. 11:27-30. One wishes to know in regard to examining himself. Others are disturbed as so many tender consciences have been troubled, in regard to eating and drinking unworthily.

It is indeed a solemn warning which is given in regard to eating and drinking unworthily. Observe it does not say if a person is unworthy, but if he eat and drink unworthily not discerning the Lord's body. The command is given to the church. When the church has assembled to partake of the Lord's Supper each one must examine himself as to his motive in partaking of it. That must be to discern the Lord's body, to show forth his sacrificial death. If he comes with any other motive, no matter how amiable that motive may be he eateth and drinketh damnation unto himself.

Let me say here there is no article before the word translated damnation. It does not refer to eternal death, but should rather be translated condemnation. And the penalty which follows this condemnation in the case of some of the Corinthians was bodily sickness and even death. How many in these days suffer this penalty and never think of connecting it with his eating and drinking unworthily?

Whoever comes to the table in order to commune with father or mother, husband or wife, or for any other motive whatever—any other motive observe than to discern the Lord's body showing forth his death, sins grievously against the Lord. So great is his guilt that he is said to be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. This ought to stop all talk about communing together as we often hear it.

Bear in mind that the examination was to be among the church members, not outsiders. It was when the church was gathered together to partake of the Supper that each one was to examine himself. And the examination has nothing whatever to do with the question as to whether each one had been baptized or not. But it referred to the motive for partaking and bars out, as under God's sore displeasure any

man who joins a church in order to commune with his wife or mother, or his father or his children.

"I want to know what is meant by 'Ishmael being a wild man and his hand against every man and every man's hand against him.' Ishmael's descendants, Arabs, are lawless, restless, have never settled down into towns, but live a wild, roving life. They live to a great extent by attacking others, making raids, plundering, etc.—They have never joined with other people. The Turks claim dominion over them but really have no control. Great nations have warred against them at various times, but have never been able to subdue nor to drive them out of their country. Thus they continue to dwell free and untrammelled in the presence of their brethren. They have many fine qualities but they have always been restless and predatory.

SOUTH BEFORE THE WAR.

PROF. COLLINS DENNY, D.D.

In that far-off time in a fair land dwelt a noble people. The white population was one of the largest and most homogeneous people of British descent in the whole world. Infinitesimal was the tincture of other blood. For weal or woe they bore the stamp of their fathers, who with Alfred had stood against a Danish foe, and who with Drake and Howard had struck down the Spanish Armada. Of the barons and yeomen of Runnymede, of the Roundheads who fought with Cromwell and executed a king rather than submit to a usurpation, as well as of the Cavaliers who charged with Rupert, they were the lineal descendants. They had their limitations. It is not overlooked that not altogether lovely may have been all the traits of our Southern people, but definitely and entirely they were made in the image of their fathers. Nor does conversion accomplish what some people suppose. Conversion does not change the color of a man's hair nor alter his racial characteristics. It does cleanse the soul, and sets before the man the highest and truest object that can be presented to the immortal spirit. Saul of Tarsus was an able and determined persecutor; Paul of the Church of God was an able and determined apostle. Different motives and a different direction were given to the man's powers; he was a new creature, but there was no change in his identity.

The coming of God into the soul of man does not obliterate his human nature, but glorifies it. Under the peals of Patrick Henry the very nature of our people thrilled; and with rare patience and grim tenacity, obediently, resolutely, and devotedly they followed the sword of Washington, with him fighting in the shadow of the scaffold. By the duties of their large plantations trained to command, they had also enjoyed what is essential to the highest human developments—the discipline of leisure. Life largely in the country had given them a physical energy they were wise enough not to waste, but which, when the call came, blazed up in a flame that startled the civilized world. Assiduously courting honor, they loved and won that bride, and in dignity, in intrinsic worth esteemed her higher than life itself. The "sacred honor" of which one of her sons wrote, and which your fathers, as well as mine pledged in a holy cause, was to them a sacred honor indeed. No greater insult could be offered to the people of the South than to impeach their veracity or their honesty. So sensitive were they to a slur on honor, that they long cling to their barbarous ancestral custom of the duel, and in the name of honor stained their civilization with the blood of murder. An undiluted son of the South and passionately attached to her people, I detest their sinful remedy while fully sympathizing with their wonderful appreciation of truthfulness and honesty. In the Old South, by the inexorable decree of public sentiment,

a liar or a thief was an outcast, a pariah. What honor they had! Will the world ever again see such homes? Their wives were mothers, and all the more gladly their acknowledged guests because they were mothers. With billowing billows bright eyes of children looked into the faces of their parents, and like the songs of angels was the music of their childish laughter. They suffered the little children to come into their homes, and forbade them not; and the kingdom of God had come very near to them. And so, thank God, it is to this day. Our wives are still mothers, and happy mothers. Our people cling to their wives. Seldom were the courts called on to make a breach. A divorce was a scandal, and the divorcee was not welcome in our social circles. The twin pillars which up held the splendid temple of our civilization were the sanctity of the marriage relation and the sanctity of truth-inspiring trust.

These homes were the centers of a hospitality that every Southerner regarded as at once a privilege and a duty. Hospitality was of the essence of that civilization, and it was as generous as it was universal. It had in it the qualities that warmed the heart of the guest; for it was easy and refined, free from every form of strain. It was of untold value to the South; for, like every act of unselfish service, it left a blessing when it gave a gift. Children were reared in an atmosphere of kindness. Associating with numbers of strangers, their characters were developed while their manners were polished. No one who has ever known that hospitality can forget its grace and charm.

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

Perhaps nothing in that old life has been more misunderstood and misrepresented than the qualities of its women. Now and then the chivalry, the generosity, and from middle life the gravity of the men of that far-off time were seen by some visitor; and, often to doubting hearers, he bore witness to the facts. These visitors have said that to every decent stranger the Southern gentleman was ever a host, to every lady always a knight. But the women have been represented as a sickly, nervous, languid set, with not sufficient energy to lace their slippers or to comb their hair. They have been represented as living a life of ease that sapped their physical nature, and of idleness that left them mentally vacuous. On the contrary, plantation life—and the vast majority of the people lived in the country—laid on the wife a burden of responsibility greater even than that borne by her husband. Hers was the oversight of the house. Added to this heavy burden was the oversight of the servants' quarters—for among ourselves we did not call them slaves. There the work of each was assigned by the mistress; needs were examined and met, the sick were watched and often by her gentle hands personally tended. How she bore her burdens was a mystery even to those who daily were in contact with her. This homekeeping woman, whose "voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman," in taste refined and in manner quiet, was affable and of gracious bearing. Her presence created an atmosphere that neither coarseness nor vulgarity could breathe. She was a God-fearing woman; she was never a skeptic. Within the range of her visitation every needy soul was a recipient of her charity. To the troubled she was the ever-ready counselor. Beside the couch of the dying, especially the lowliest, she read the story of the Saviour's love, and with her tender prayers she cleared the way for the departing spirit.

Who can tell of her unstinted devotion in the time of our great trial? The world knows something of the courage of our men on the field of battle; it was but a dim reflection of the courage of our women waiting back at home. Assuming the burden of the management of the plantation as if they were not already loaded with responsibilities, stripping themselves of everything that could be useful to the husband and the son at the front, angels of mercy in the hospital to the poor fellows of both armies who often longed for the

death that would to them with God, and halting from their wounded eyes, looking a time at the face of their beloved dead, who had but now come from their ranks with the glow of health, they were followed and they never doubted. As the storm grew wilder their faces blanched, but their courage never failed. In the burning fiery furnace of the decade after the war the hearts of men almost failed; but with feet unblistered the women walked those billowing flames, singing of hope when all seemed lost and lifting courage to the level of that terrible calamity.

No personal recollection of that old life can be claimed by myself; but of the blessed fragrance that cling to its shattered fragments, of the undimmed colors that even trouble could not fade, I have a personal recollection. The use it made of its remaining mites still manifested its generosity, and even a robe of rags its princely dignity could not hide. "The story's heart to me still beats against its side."

If you think that strong affection has blinded my judgment, hear the estimate of one who said many hard things of our people, yet through the mellowing influence of approaching old age and after closer contact with some of our sons, who saw with a clearer and less warping light, hear the words of the late Senator Hoar: "The people of the South have some qualities which I cannot claim in an equal degree for the people among whom I myself dwell. They have an aptness for command which makes the Southern gentleman, wherever he goes, not a peer only but a prince. They have a love for home—they have the best of them—and the most of them inherited from the great race from which they came the sense of duty and the instinct of honor as no other people on the face of the earth. They have, above all, and giving value to all, that supreme and superb constancy which, without regard to personal ambition and without yielding to the temptation of wealth, without getting tired and without getting diverted, can pursue a great object in and out, year after year, and generation after generation."

THE OLD SOUTH SURVIVES IN THE NEW.

We are told that the Old South is gone—gone never to return. These many years we have heard much of a New South. The underlying assumption seems to be that the old race is dead and buried, and that a new race, wholly disconnected with the old, has taken its place. Let us not delude ourselves, for delusion is not light but darkness. The South today—the New South—is not a different race, but the same race. The branch is different, but the root is the same. The blood of the Old South is our blood, and its racial traits are our racial traits. A variation of conditions may have affected the form; it has not changed the substance. Human life is always developmental, never cataclysmal. To the law that nature does not proceed by leaps the South cannot be an exception. Terse and truly did the genial Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes say: "Every man is an omnibus in which all his ancestors ride." Within our lives are inclosed our ancestors. Our care should be and shall be that nothing great and noble in them shall be lacking in us. Were they chivalrous? The true chivalry which manifests itself not in show, but in readiness of renunciation must also be our possession. Were they high-minded? We, too, must have the height of mind which is slow to make a demand, but quick to do a kindness. Were they tender in honor? Be it also ours to develop a character that instinctively recoils from every form of baseness.—Address before the General Conference.

In cultivating joy as one of the fruits of the Spirit, it is well to form the habit of looking on the bright side of life. We have heard of a Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when he ate cherries, for they made the fruit look so much larger. Most of us put on our spectacles only to look at life's troubles.—Northern Christian Advocate.

Work is only done well when it is done with a will.—Ruskin.

Christian Science and the Book of Mrs. Eddy.

BY MARY SWAIN.

"It is the first time since the dawn-days of Creation that a Voice has gone crashing through space with such placid and complacent confidence and command."

This last summer, when I was on my way back to Vienna from the Appetite-Cure to the mountains, I fell over a cliff in the twilight and broke some arms and legs and one thing and another, and by good luck was faced by some persons who had had no use and they carried me to the nearest habitation, which was one of those large, low, thatched-roofed farm-houses, with apartments in the garret for the family, and a running little porch under the deep gable decorated with bunches of bright-colored flowers and cobs; on the ground floor a large and light sitting-room, separated from the milk-cattle apartment by a partition; and in the front yard rose stately and fine the wealth and pride of the house, the massive pile. That structure is (I remember and show that I am acquiring that sort of mastery of the art and spirit of the language which enables a man to travel all day in one sentence without changing cars.

There was a village a mile away, and a horse-drover lived there, but there was no surgeon. It seemed a bad outlook; mine was distinctly a surgery case. Then it was remembered that a lady from Boston was summering in that village, and she was a Christian Science doctor and could cure anything. So she was sent for. It was night by this time, and she could not conveniently come, but next word that it was no matter, there was no hurry, she would give me "about treatment" now, and come in the morning; meantime she begged me to make myself tranquil and comfortable and remember that there was nothing the matter with me. I thought there must be some mistake.

"Did you tell her I walked off a cliff seventy-five feet high?"

"Yes."

"And struck a boulder at the bottom and bounced?"

"Yes."

"And struck another one and bounced again?"

"Yes."

"And struck another one and bounced yet again?"

"Yes."

"And broke the boulders?"

"Yes."

"That accounts for it; she is thinking of the boulders. Why didn't you tell her I got hurt, too?"

"I did. I told her what you told me to tell her; that you were now but an incoherent series of compound fractures extending from your scalp-lock to your heels, and that the comminuted projectiles caused you to look like a hat-rack."

"And it was after this that she wished me to remember that there was nothing the matter with me?"

"Those were her words."

"I do not understand it. I believe she has not diagnosed the case with sufficient care. Did she look like a person who was theorizing, or did she look like one who has fallen off precipices herself and brings to the aid of abstract science the confirmations of personal experience?"

"Bitte?"

It was too large a contract for the Stuben-madchen's vocabulary; she couldn't call the hand. I allowed the subject to rest there, and asked for something to eat and smoke and something hot to drink, and a basket to pile my legs in, and another capable person to come and help me to curse the time away; but I could not have any of these things.

"Why?"

"She said you would need nothing at all."

"But I am hungry, and thirsty, and in desperate pain."

"She said you would have these delusions, but must pay no attention to them. She wants you to particularly remember that there are no such things as hunger and thirst and pain."

"She does, does she?"

"It is what she said."

"Does she seem to be in full and functional possession of her intellectual plant, such as it is?"

"Bitte?"

"Do they let her run at large, or do they tie her up?"

"Tie her up?"

"There, good-night, run along; you are a good girl, but your mental Gochirr is not arranged for light and airy conversation. Leave me to my delusions."

II.

It was a night of anguish, of course—at least, I supposed it was, for it had all the symptoms of it—but it passed at last, and the Christian Scientist came, and I was glad she was middle-aged, and large and bony and erect, and had an amber face and a resolute jaw and a Roman beak and was a widow in the third degree, and her name was Fuller. I was eager to get to business and find relief, but she was distressingly deliberate. She unpinched and unhooked and uncoupled her upholstery one by one, abolished the wrinkles with a flirt of her hand and hung the articles up; peeled off her gloves and disposed of them, got a book out of her hand-bag, then drew a chair to the bedside, descended into it without hurry, and

I hung out my tongue. She said, with pity but without pitying:

"Return it to its receptacle. We deal with the mind only, not with the dumb creature."

I could not offer my pain, because the creature was broken; but she detected the apology before I could utter it, and indicated by a negative tilt of her head that the pain was another dumb creature that she had no use for. Then I thought I would tell her my symptoms and how I felt, so that she would understand the case; but that was another disappointment, she did not seem to know those things; moreover, my remark about how I felt was an abuse of language, a mis-application of terms—

"One does not feel," she explained; "there is no such thing as feeling, therefore, to speak of a non-existent thing as related to a contradiction. Matter has no existence, nothing exists but mind; the mind cannot feel pain, it can only imagine it."

"But if it hurts, just the same?"

"It doesn't. A thing which is unreal cannot exercise the functions of reality. Pain is unreal; hence, pain cannot hurt."

In making a covering gesture to indicate the act of showing the illusion of pain out of the mind, she raised her hand on a pin in her dress, said "Ouch!" and went tranquilly on with her talk. "You should never allow yourself to speak of how you feel, nor permit others to ask you how you are feeling; you should never concede that you are ill, nor permit others to talk about disease or pain or death or similar non-existent things in your presence. Much talk only encourages the mind to continue its empty imaginings." Just at that point the Stubenmadchen tread on the cat's tail, and the cat let fly a volley of cat profanity. I asked with caution:

"Is a cat's opinion about pain valuable?"

"A cat has no opinion; opinions proceed from mind only; the lower animals, being eternally perishable, have not been granted mind; without mind, opinion is impossible."

"The merely imagined she felt a pain—the cat?"

"She cannot imagine a pain, for imagination is an effect of the mind; without mind, there is no imagination. A cat has no imagination."

"Then she had a real pain?"

"I have already told you there is no such thing as a real pain."

"It is strange and interesting. I do wonder what was the matter with the cat. However, there being no such thing as real pain, and she not being able to imagine an imaginary one, it would seem that God in his pity has compassionated the cat with some kind of a mysterious emotion unable when her tail is trodden on which for the moment joins cat and Christian in one common brotherhood of—"

She broke in with an invitation:

"Peace! The cat feels nothing, the Christian feels nothing. Your empty and foolish imaginings are profanation and blasphemy and can do you an injury. It is wiser and better and holier to recognize and confess that there is no such thing as disease or pain or death."

"I am full of imaginary tortures," I said, "but I do not think I could be any more uncomfortable if they were real ones. What must I do to get rid of them?"

"There is no occasion to get rid of them; since they do not exist. They are illusions propagated by matter, and matter has no existence; there is no such thing as matter."

"It sounds right and clear, but yet it seems in a degree elusive; it seems to slip through, just when you think you are getting a grip on it."

"Explain."

"Well, for instance: if there is no such thing as matter, how can matter propagate things?"

In her compassion she almost smiled. She would have smiled if there were any such thing as a smile.

"It is quite simple," she said; "the fundamental propositions of Christian Science explain it, and they are summarized in the four following self-evident propositions: 1. God is All in all. 2. God is good. Good is Mind. 3. Good, Spirit being all, nothing is matter. 4. Life, God, omnipotent Good, deny death, evil, sin, disease. There—now you see."

It seemed nebulous; it did not seem to say anything about the difficulty in hand—how non-existent matter can propagate illusions. I said, with some hesitancy:

"Does—does it explain?"

"Doesn't it. Even if read backward it will do it."

With a budding hope, I asked her to do it backward.

"Very well. Disease sin evil death deny Good omnipotent God life matter is nothing all being Spirit Good Mind is Good good is God all in All is God. There—do you understand now?"

"It—it—well, it is plainer than it was before; still—"

"Well?"

"Could you try it some more ways?"

"As many as you like; it always means the same. Interchanged in any way you please it cannot be made to mean anything different from what it means when you put in any other way. Because it is perfect. You can jumble it all up, and it makes no difference; it always comes out the way it was before. It was a marvelous mind that produced it. As a mental tour de force it is, without a mate, it defies alike the simple, the concrete and the occult."

"It seems to be a corker."

I blushed for the word, but it was out before I could stop it.

"A what?"

"A—wonderful structure—combination so to speak, of profound thoughts—unthinkable ones—"

—"

"It is true. Head backward, or forward, or perpendicular, or at any given angle, those four propositions will always be found to agree in statement and sound."

"Ah—good. Now we are coming at it. The statements agree; they agree with—any—way, they agree; I noticed that; but what is it they prove—I mean, in particular?"

"Why, nothing could be clearer. They prove: 1. God—Father, Life, Truth, Love, Soul, Spirit, Mind. Do you get that?"

"I—well, I mean to the end, please."

"2. Man—God's universal idea, individual, perfect, eternal. Is it clear?"

"I—I think so. Continue."

"3. Idea—An image in Mind, the immediate object of understanding. There is to the whole sublime Arcana of Christian Science in a nutshell. Do you find a weak place in it anywhere?"

"Well—no, it seems strong."

"Very well—there is more. There three constitute the Scientific Definition of Immortal Mind. Next, we have the Scientific Definition of Mortal Mind. Thus, First Degree. Imperfect: 1. Physical—Pain and appetite, fear, despair, will, pride, envy, doubt, hatred, revenge, sin, disease, death."

"2. Spiritual, median—varieties, as I understand it."

"3. Second Degree: Evil Disappearing: 1. Moral—Honesty, affection, compassion, hope, faith, meekness, temperance. Is it clear?"

"Crystal."

"Third Degree: Spiritual Salvation. 1. Spiritual—Faith, wisdom, power, purity, understanding, health, love. You see how searching and co-ordinately interdependent and anthropomorphic one it all is. In this Third Degree, as we know by the revelations of Christian Science, mortal mind disappears."

"Not earlier?"

"No, not until the teaching and preparation for the Third Degree are completed."

"It is not until then that one is enabled to take hold of Christian Science effectively, and with the right sense of sympathy and kinship, as I understand you. That is to say, it could not succeed during the progress of the Second Degree, because there would still be remains of mind left; and therefore—but I interrupted you. You were about to further explain the good results proceeding from the crises and disintegrations effected by the Third Degree. It is very interesting; go on, please."

"Yes, as I was saying, in this Third Degree mortal mind disappears. Science so reverses the evidence before the corporeal human senses as to make this scriptural testimony true in our hearts, 'the last shall be first and the first shall be last,' that God and His idea may be to us—what distinctly, really, and most of all—'all inclusive.'"

"It is beautiful. And with what exhaustive exactness your choice and arrangement of words confirms and establishes what you have claimed for the powers and functions of the Third Degree. The Second could probably produce only temporary absence of mind, it is reserved to the Third to make it permanent. A sentence framed under the auspices of the Second could have a kind of meaning—a sort of deceptive semblance of it—whereas it is only under the magic of the Third Degree that that defect would disappear. Also, without doubt, it is the Third Degree that contributes another remarkable speciality to Christian Science: viz., ease and flow and lavishness of words, and rhythm and swing and smoothness. There must be a special reason for this?"

"Yes—God-all, all-God, good-God, non-Matter, Matter, Spirit, Bones, Truth."

That explains it.

"There is nothing in Christian Science that is not explicable; for God is one, Time is one, Individuality is one, and may be one of the series, one of many, as an individual man, individual horse; whereas God is one, not one of the series but one alone and without an equal."

"These are noble thoughts. They make one burn to know more. How does Christian Science explain the spiritual relation of systematic duality to incidental deflection?"

"Christian Science reverses the seeming relation of Soul and body—as astronomy reverses the human perception of the movement of the solar system—and makes body tributary to the Mind. As it is the earth which is in motion, while the sun is at rest, though in viewing the sun rise one finds it impossible to believe the sun not to be really rising, so the body is but the humble servant of the restful Mind, though it seems otherwise to finite sense; but we shall never understand this while we admit soul is in body, or mind in matter, and that man is included in non-intelligence. Soul is God, unchangeable and eternal; and man coexists with and reflects Soul, for the All-in-all is the Altogether, and the Altogether embraces the All-one, Soul-Mind, Mind-Soul, Love, Spirit, Bones, Liver, one of a series, alone and without an equal."

(It is very curious the effect which Christian Science has upon the verbal bowels. Particularly the Third Degree; it makes one think of a dictionary with the cholera. But I only thought this; I did not say it.)

"What is the origin of Christian Science? Is it a gift of God, or did it just happen?"

"In a sense, it is the gift of God. That is to say, its powers are from Him, but the credit of the discovery of the powers and what they are for, is due to an American lady."

"Indeed! When did this occur?"

"In 1866. That is the immortal date when pain and disease and death disappeared from the earth to return no more forever. That is, the fancies for which those terms stand, disappeared.

The things themselves had never existed; there was no such thing as it was perceived that they were so such things they were easily banished. The history and nature of the great discovery are not shown in the book before—"

"[And the lady with the book?]"

"Yes, she wrote all herself. The title is 'Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures'—for she explains the Scriptures; they were not understood before. Not even by the twelve Disciples. She begins thus—I will read it to you. But she had forgotten to bring her glasses."

"Well, it is no matter," she said, "I remember the words—indeed, all Christian Scientists know the book by heart; it is necessary to our practice. We should otherwise make mistakes and do harm. She begins thus: 'In the year 1866 I discovered the Science of Metaphysical Healing, and named it Christian Science.' And she says—quite lamely, I think—'Through Christian Science, religion and medicine are inspired with a distinct nature and course, fresh planes are given to faith and understanding and thoughts equipped themselves intelligently with God.' How very words."

"It is elegant. And it is a fine thought, too—marrying religion to medicine, instead of medicine to the undertaker in the old way; for religion and medicine properly being together, they being the basis of all spiritual and physical health. What kind of medicine do you give for the ordinary disease, such as—"

"We never give medicine in any circumstance whatever! We—"

"But, madam, it says—"

"I don't care what it says, and I don't wish to talk about it."

"I am sorry if I have offended you, but you see the mention occurred in some way inconsistent and—"

"There are no inconsistencies in Christian Science. The thing is impossible, for the Science is absolute. It cannot be otherwise, since it proceeds directly from the All-in-all and the Every-thing in Which, also Soul, Bones, Truth, one of a series, alone and without equal. It is Mathematical purified from material dross and made spiritual."

"I can see that, but—"

"It rests upon the immovable basis of an Apodictical Principle."

The word rattled itself against my mind in trying to get in, and disordered me a little, and before I could inquire into its pertinency, she was already throwing the needed light:

"The Apodictical Principle is the absolute Principle of Scientific Mind-healing, the sovereign Omnipotence which delivers the children of men from pain, disease, decay, and every ill that flesh is heir to."

"Surely not every ill, every decay?"

"Every one; there are no exceptions, there is no such thing as decay—it is an unreality, it has no existence."

"But without your glasses your falling eyesight does not permit you to—"

"My eyesight cannot fail; nothing can fail; the Mind is master, and the Mind permits no retrogression."

She was under the inspiration of the Third Degree, therefore there could be no profit in continuing this part of the subject. I shifted to other ground and inquired further concerning the Discoverer of the Science.

"Did the discovery come suddenly, like Klondike, or after long study and calculation, like America?"

"The comparisons are not respectful, since they refer to trivialities—but let it pass. I will answer in the Discoverer's own words: 'God had been graciously fitting me, during many years, for the reception of a final revelation of the absolute Principle of Scientific Mind-healing.'"

"Many years. How many?"

"Eighteen centuries!"

"All-God, God-good, good-God, Truth, Bones, Liver, one of a series, alone and without equal—it is amazing!"

"You may well say it is. Yet it is but the truth. This American lady, our revered and sacred Founder, is distinctly referred to and her coming prophesied in the twelfth chapter of the Apocalypse; she could not have been more plainly indicated by St. John without actually mentioning her name."

"How strange, how wonderful!"

"I will quote her own words, from her Key to the Scriptures: 'The twelfth chapter of the Apocalypse has a special suggestiveness in connection with this nineteenth century.' There—do you note that? Think—note it well."

"But—what does it mean?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Devout meditation and fervent prayer include the fundamental conditions and habitual duties of the heavenward life: Meditation, the opening of the heart to the appropriation by the heart of heavenly truth and promise, so that the kindled flame of devout feeling is kept aglow; and prayer, the heart's expression to God under the force of this stirred feeling, expressed in whatever form the heart's quickened desires and sense of need may prompt. Out of this two-fold action of the heart, out of devout thought and prayerful expression are borne and by this continued action are maintained in healthful vigor, all the spiritual forces and experiences of the soul's divine life, all the forces that give energy for duty and strength for trial, all the experiences that give vitality to hope and happiness.—J. G. B.

To know one person who is absolutely to be trusted will do more for a man's moral nature—yes, and even his spiritual nature—than all the sermons he ever heard or can hear.—Macdonald.

Sunday-School Lessons

MONDAY, JULY 19TH.

Samuel warns Saul and his people.—1. Sam. 12:1-5, 13-25.

Motto Text.—"Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart for consider how great things he has done for you"—1. Sam. 12:24.

The people were assembled at Gilgal and Saul was crowned king. He has won a notable victory over the Ammonites and the people were filled with enthusiasm for him. And now, behold, the king walketh before you. He had been crowned and had received their allegiance, and his regal authority was established.

"And I am old and gray headed; and behold my sons are with you." Samuel's age and the misconduct of his sons were the reasons the people gave for desiring a king. As was natural Samuel says little about his sons.

Verse 3. His whole life was an open book before them. If he had ever defrauded any one or received a bribe he wished those who knew of his wrongdoing to accuse him here before all Israel.

They answered truly. In all his long life of power Samuel had not oppressed nor defrauded them. His one sin was that of Eli before him—his sons made themselves vile and he restrained them not. Though it is probable that Samuel's sons were not as bad as Eli's, and that they succeeded in keeping their wrongdoing from their fathers' knowledge, if not wholly, at least for the greater part.

In the verses which are omitted from the lesson Samuel calls to their minds times when God, their king, had brought great deliverance to him when they had repented of their sins and turned to him. Then Samuel points again to their king and reminds Saul and the people that God had chosen him as king.

"If ye will fear the Lord and serve him." Much is said in these days against the appeal to fear. But there are more promises in the Bible to them that fear the Lord than to any others. The people had showed a lack of faith in God's power to guard and guide them when they demanded a king. But if they would fear and serve the Lord, they and their king would together continue in the path of obedience in which God's blessing would rest upon them.

"But if ye will not obey the voice of the Lord but rebel against the commandment of the Lord, then shall the hand of the Lord be against you." And how sorely he could and would punish they could learn from the history which Samuel had rehearsed to them. They had sinned grievously by their lack of faith in their God and in his power to protect them. But as in that they had not broken any of the positive commands as in the case of their fathers in turning to idols, Israel did not realize they had sinned.

"Now therefore, stand and see this great thing which the Lord will do before your eyes." A miracle was needed to impress them with a sense of their sin in distrusting their God and wishing for another king than He.

"Is it not wheat harvest today?" The wheat harvest followed the barley harvest. "It began in June.

I will call unto the Lord and he shall send thunder and rain." A thunder storm was the rarest of things at that time. And coming suddenly at Samuel's word there was no question of its being miraculous. Any direct manifestation of God's presence and power makes his creatures feel their guilt.

"No Samuel called upon the Lord." And immediately the thunder storm came. Prof. Halkie says: "It was an impressive proof how completely they were in God's hands. There were they, a great army, with sword and spear, young, strong and valiant, yet they could not arrest in its fall one drop of rain, nor alter the course of one puff of wind, nor extinguish the blast of one tongue of fire. Oh, what folly it was to offer an affront to the great God, who had such complete control over fire and hail, snow and vapours, stormy wind fulfilling his word."

"Pray for thy servants unto the Lord thy God." Samuel was the prophet of God; Samuel had not sinned in desiring a king. They say "thy God," not our God in their sense of guilt towards Him. "That we die not." They felt, as the truly convicted of sin always do that they deserved the wrath of God. "For we have added unto all our sins this evil, to ask us a king." They realized now their guilt in rejecting the great King of kings and in preferring to trust in an arm of flesh.

Samuel saw that their repentance was sincere and he replied, "Fear not." They could rest assured God had forgiven them. "Turn not aside from following the Lord, but serve the Lord with all your heart." The past was forgiven; let them look to the future. The great danger was that they would turn to idolatry as their fathers had so often done.

"For then should ye go after vain things." Empty things, mere nothings. He is speaking primarily of the gods of the heathen. These could not profit nor deliver for they were nothing. But anything which we put above God in our hearts or our thoughts or our lives are vain things.

"For the Lord will not forsake his people for his great name's sake." He would punish them and punish them severely if they failed to worship and obey Him. But he would not destroy them. They could be assured of that for His own honor was involved because of his selection of them to be his people.

"God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you." It is a sin against God, then, to fail to pray for his people. Let us not forget that Samuel would do all he could to instruct them in the law of the Lord.

He urges them again earnestly to fear the Lord and serve him with their whole heart and warns them of the punishment which should come if they failed.

DEAR RECORDER. At the request of Sugar Grove Baptist church, joined by the pastor, T. M. Morton, it was my pleasure to preach to the saints above mentioned on the occasion of their forty-seventh birthday anniversary to splendid congregations, both in the morning and afternoon.

Dinner was served on the ground and to make such a statement is the same as saying it was good and plentiful, for Kentucky housewives know how to tempt the appetite and then have the ample supply to satisfy. It was a great pleasure to be with this Godly pastor and his estimable

people, for meeting them last fall in the protracted meeting was a guarantee of my love toward them for they are a lovable people. My coming back by their request, I compliment myself to think, shows that they have a kind feeling for me. On Saturday night I preached at Pleasant Ridge church, and they have my thanks for substantial favors. Mrs. N. F. Jones is the pastor. It does my heart good to see how all Kentucky is moving forward and to see that the old reliable is keeping up its high standard.

It gives me pleasure to state that I am happily located in a town of about 2,000 population, a good school and one of the most beautiful church buildings it has been my lot to see. There has been nearly \$200 worth of improvements upon pastor's home and church since coming on the field.

Our congregations are good. Sunday School is fair, but not as good as could be and as we desire it shall be.

Prayer meetings are growing in interest and attendance. Our people know how to make a pastor feel kindly toward them. We were royally received and have been pounded with good things repeatedly, which reached a climax on the 20th of June, this being the fourteenth anniversary of our marriage.

It gives me pleasure to pen these facts, for my friends in Kentucky are many. May God bless the Recorder and its editor.

ARTHUR N. COUCH, Vandalia, Mo.

STATEMENT.

Statement of the condition of the Germania Bank, Louisville, Ky., June 30, 1908.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes Assets and Liabilities.

Total \$5,090,406 79

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes Capital stock, Surplus fund, etc.

Total \$5,090,406 79

C. M. B. HEBEL, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of June, 1908.

H. J. ANGERMEIER, Notary Public, Jefferson county, Ky. (My commission expires Jan. 8, 1910.)

Virginia Institute School for Girls. Founded 1858. Located in Charlottesville, Va.

The Randolph-Macon System Endowed Colleges and Correlated Schools. Educates men and women, boys and girls, not together but in five separate institutions under one management.

THE ATLANTA DENTAL COLLEGE. A School of Dentistry By Dentists, For Dentists. Largest School in the South. Leading School of the South.

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BETHEL FEMALE COLLEGE. HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY. Opens Sept. 1st. Select Home School for young women and girls.

UNION UNIVERSITY (Formerly Southwestern Baptist University), of Jackson, Tenn., offers best advantages in Literature, Science, Theology, Pedagogy, Music, Art and Expression.

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**BRO. WOODSON REVIEWED AGAIN.**

BY M. P. HUNT.

I crave your indulgence that I may give a little attention to Bro. C. A. Woodson's review of my article as touching a shortage in the ministry.

1. When a fellow blunders he ought to just out with a confession and an apology. How I came to put Bro. Woodson down in West Virginia I cannot tell for the life of me, but since I did it I humbly beg his pardon and take this occasion to assure him that I meant no discourtesy and I could only wish that West Virginia might be so quick to recognize the honor I unwittingly paid her as was my brother to call attention to my error.

2. I am glad Bro. Woodson tells us that he especially had in mind such ministers as find themselves churchless on account of age. No one would have so judged from reading his former article, and so "Addisonian English" can at least be sometimes misunderstood.

3. His further confession, "That candor requires me to say that the class of men for whom I make especial plea may not be so numerous in the south as one might infer from what I wrote" throws fresh light upon that "Addisonian" essay in behalf of the churchless preachers.

4. My good brother speaks of those often prematurely retired. How is one to determine when a man is prematurely retired? Who is to be the judge? Shall Bro. Woodson be constituted a Bishop to inform the churches as to when a man ought to be retired? Who can better judge of this than the churches? Why is it that the churches are so ready to retire some while of others they never tire? Bro. Woodson cites one or two instances of such as be considered prematurely retired men; let me cite a few whom though aged are still in great demand, and are bringing forth fruit. Take Dr. J. M. Weaver of this city in his seventy-sixth year and for near fifty years pastor of one church. Dr. P. S. Henson, Tremont Temple, Boston, of about the same age and Dr. W. E. Hatcher, of Richmond, Va., whose services are in great demand or Dr. J. B. Gambrell the statesman Secretary of Texas, or Dr. H. L. Morehouse the great Secretary of the Home Mission Society of New York, or Rev. W. E. Powers for many years the moderator of Long Run Association, including the churches of Louisville, now past eighty and still active in the ministry. all his long life the pastor of country churches, and yet somehow not prematurely retired. This list might be indefinitely lengthened.

To be frank, my reason for reviewing Bro. Woodson in the first place, was that his plea seemed to imply that the churches were not capable of judging as to whom they should call and that they needed instruction. That they do make blunders there is no denying, but that they are, as a rule, the best and wisest judges as to whom they should call there is also no denying. Then the churches are not slow to ask advice and they get lots of it without asking, and they accept such as commends itself to them and since God places the responsibility with them I am inclined to think He knew what He was doing, and that if any of his truly called servants are prematurely retired the blame needs to be laid somewhere else than at the door of the churches.

5. He asks, "Does the brother believe in a divine call to the ministry?" Yes sir with all my heart and soul. More than that, I doubt not that the class whom my brother has in mind are God called men, honest, pious, and of good culture, and yet with all that I am not prepared to charge what he is pleased to call their premature retirement against the churches. The cause of a so-called competent man's retirement, nine times out of ten, will be found to be that in some way he is lacking in what the churches judge to constitute competency. A man may be vigorous in health, of good culture, of deep piety with the ability to sermonize and an attractive preacher and yet in some way be unacceptable and inefficient and hence not competent.

6. The fact that God has called men who are churchless, granting that we may speak with any definiteness on this point, is not as my brother would make to appear conclusive proof of their competency. Indeed it is my deliberate judgment that many God called men have in one way and another rendered themselves incompetent. Then it must be admitted that many men are slow to see wherein they are incompetent when it is quite plain to others. Such, and their friends, always think the fault is in the church rather than in the churchless preachers. Once more I plead that for a real competent man there is always a way by going into some place of destitution and building after his own ideal.

7. As to the command, "Thou shalt not covet," I put over against it the injunction of Paul, "Covet earnestly the best gifts," which to say the least is as much to the point as my good brother's reference.

8. As to the charge of "a want of genuine sympathy concerning those of whom he writes," let me say that in daring to be frank in dealing with this delicate subject, I well understand that I would incur that charge. I bow to no man in my sympathy for the brethren in the ministry who from any reason are retired. God knows I love them all and I question not that many of them feel that they have been shelved too soon and for them my heart goes out in tender and loving sympathy, but that they were retired without any ground and while they were still doing a good work and being heard by the people gladly, simply because they were growing gray or because they were somewhat deficient in knowledge and could not use "Addisonian English" I am not prepared to believe.

Finally—As to my disregard for "Addisonian English" in the use of such phrases as "out of a job," "the church hunting gang," "the man who has got the stuff in him," "if a man can deliver the goods," I plead guilty. Indeed I go farther and admit that on reading my article as it appeared, I found other and egregious blunders to which my brother has made no reference, so bad were these that I was constrained to believe that my copy had not been followed and so I had it sent back only to find, to my humiliation that for once the printer and the proof reader had clung all too tenaciously to the exact letter of the copy.

But all of this may be turned to make good my contention, if a man that so badly butchers "Addisonian English," as I must confess that I do, and yet cannot do one tenth of the work that comes his way, what ought to be expected of one who is "Addisonian" with his pen and with his tongue? I ought to say that the inelegancies which

Bro. Woodson points out cost me no concern, for in my judgment they are not after all so inelegant or in such bad taste, and for the use of like expressions I can offer some very high authorities. The real grammatical errors I do regret, and I wish that I might speak and write without falling in to them but if one who is so guilty and has so many other limitations has ten times the work that he can do, what then can be said of the real competent man that is out of a job?

**A VOICE FROM THE WEST**

BY J. W. HAYDEN.

Having read an article in the dear old RECORDER written by "J. W. S." of East Lake, Ala., entitled "The Leopard's Spots," I am constrained to let my voice be heard from the far off western coast in commendation of what he says and assure the dear brother that the malady of which he speaks is "frank" in this far western country. To a man who has been raised in the South, taught the old Bible, Baptist doctrines and who believes in the inspiration of the Scriptures, the regeneration by the Holy Spirit, salvation by grace, in fact the entire gospel and plan of salvation according to the Word of God, such looseness and fallacy is horrifying in the superlative. It makes one sick at heart to see how far removed from the old paths are the Baptists in general in the western coast country. So far from the old faith and practices are they removed, in many instances, that one can hardly discern between Baptists and Campbellites. It is a fact that there is but a "step" between the two here. Baptists place such little emphasis on the doctrine of regeneration, salvation by grace, Scriptural baptism and communion that "the faith once for all delivered to the saints" has lost its identity with many preachers and churches. Like David, when he saw Goliath standing in the open valley defying the Israelites, so has my heart been stirred and made to ache for the true faith and practices of God's true people. The holy ordinance of baptism is so ill treated by some so-called Baptist preachers and churches here as to make a true Baptist put dust upon his head and repent in sackcloth for the sin of such practice. With many, the ordinance has lost its real, sacred meaning as a pre-requisite to church membership, since alien immersion is accepted here as valid. The pastor of the First church of Okesdale, Wash., before the writer came was an alien immersionist and refused to re-baptize a candidate coming from the Presbyterians because he had been immersed by that society. The same pastor asked the Baptist church, while pastor, to allow him to preach half-time for the Campbellites to get the pay. His preaching was so much like Campbellism that there was real congeniality and he would have made a second grade Campbellite. Another pastor of a Baptist church in our Association believes in alien baptism and open communion. But all this looseness is accounted for when he says he has no knowledge of a struggle in repentance of sin or when his sins were pardoned. And yet he claims to be called to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ and is pastor of a Baptist church. I had the painful experience trying to show him the way more perfectly and believe I succeeded, too.

At the same Association another man who claims to be a Baptist in

said he was in the same condition, he had never had an experience with sin and had never realized when his sins were pardoned. Here is where the secret of the trouble is to be found—the ministry needs to realize the power of God in the forgiveness of sin. But this state of things does not stop with the preacher here, the same is found among the members. At the same association I talked with a lady who said she had never realized or remembered when her sins were forgiven. She could tell nothing of ever being convicted of sin. This is the condition of things in the coast country. I am endeavoring to restore the gospel order of things as much as lieth in me, and rejoice to state to my brethren in the South that the First church of Okesdale, of which I am now pastor, is standing bravely for the old doctrines and practices of the early churches and apostles as in the South. I have recently had an old fashioned fifth Sunday meeting, and ordained three deacons after the gospel order. I am determined to make my influence felt for the Bible truths here. It is a fact that much of the preaching is but little short of gross infidelity and makes my heart bleed. Const Baptists are courting the Baptist-Campbellite union idea and it will not be a matter of surprise if some of the city churches do get married right soon. The courtship is being carried on through Pastors Conferences, etc. A real warm love in courtship has been expressed between the Baptist and Campbellite Pastors' Conference of some of the coast cities. I cannot see how any Baptist can think of receiving alien baptism or admitting open communion or think of proposing denominational union in the face of God's holy word and with the conscience cleansed by the blood of Jesus, I believe all Christians should unite on the principle of God's word, but I can never consent to denominational union on denominational differences. There can be no union. But such is the character of things here. I have come to realize something of what our foreign missionaries are compelled to undergo in far off lands when they encounter—or rather are encountered by foreign customs, etc. It is most like that for a warm, enthusiastic, true Southern Baptist, who has been reared in Tennessee, labored in the great

State of Texas, and other Southern States, to come here amid the chill and alienism of the atmosphere so common. No one can realize the condition as it is without being here.

So I send my voice from the western coast clear across the continent to join brother "J. W. S." of Alabama, in the cry for the restoration and preservation of the old Bible, Baptist doctrines for which John the Baptist, Jesus Christ, Peter, Paul and our fathers lived and died.

stood three pillars, one at the starting point of the race, one midway, and one at the goal. On the first was inscribed a word which signified "Show thyself a man." On the last was the words "Stop here." On the midway pillar was the ringing imperative, "Speed you!" There was much philosophy in that arrangement. The greatest danger to the racer was that of overconfidence when the race was half run. The racer who found himself leading all competitors at the half-way point would be tempted to relax his efforts, and perhaps would be passed and distanced by some athlete who had reserved his strength for the supreme effort at the end of the race. The greatest danger to the Christian is self-satisfaction, relaxation when life's race is only partly run, resting on the oars when the current is still strong.

Written across Calvary is sacrifice; written across this age of ours is pleasure. On the lips of Christ are the stern words, I must die. On the lips of this age of ours, I must enjoy. And it is when I think of the passion to be rich and the judgment of everything by money-standard; of the feverish desire at all costs to be happy, of the frivolity, of the worship of success—it is when I think of that, and then contrast it with the "pale and solemn scene" upon the hill, that I know the offense of Calvary is not ceased.—G. H. Morrison.

Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct.—Carlyle.

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A WAYSIDE PARABLE.

A lonely rock by the wayside,  
All jagged and seamed and rent.  
Yet over its brow the daisies  
Their pure bright faces bent;  
Gay columbines danced on slender  
stems,  
And fairy trumpets blew;  
From every crevice tufts of fern  
And feathery grasses grew,  
Till gone were the outlines sharp  
and bare  
That might offend the eye,  
And the wayside rock was a  
charming sight  
To every passer-by.

Dear heart, alone and lonely,  
Though shattered life's hopes  
may be,  
The Lord who cares for the way-  
side rock  
Much more will care for thee.  
Thy deeds of tenderness, words of  
love,  
Like flowers may spring and  
twine,  
Till joy shall come into others'  
lives  
From the very rents in thine.  
—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

Our Pulpit

IDOLATRY CONDEMNED.

C. H. BRUNSON.

"Little children, keep yourselves from idols. Amen."—I. John 5:21.

I do not think that John meant, literally, to address little children; nor do I think he merely referred to a certain class of believers who are very little in grace, and therefore are called "babes" in contrast to those who are men in Christ, but I think he addressed himself to the whole body of believers to whom he was writing; and, through them, that he addressed the whole Church of Christ when he wrote, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

This is, first a title of deep affection. The Christian Church is the home of Christian love. When it is what it should always be, it is a family, it is "the household of faith," of which God himself is the Father, the Lord Jesus is the Elder Brother, and all the members are brethren—all equal, all one in Christ Jesus, all seeking to serve the rest, laying themselves out to be servants to the whole band of brothers and sisters in Christ. It seems most appropriate that an aged apostle, such as John doubtless was when he wrote this Epistle, should have looked round upon the younger members of the Lord's family, and should have called them "little children."

Mark, next, that in this title, there is much that indicates good. John calls those to whom he wrote "children"—children of God, he means, and he calls them "little children." Now, it is a good thing to be even little children in Christ, for this is an indication that the new birth has taken place. If this is the case with us, we are not now men or women in sin, but children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. What a priceless privilege it is to be regenerated by the Holy Spirit! There is a so-called "regeneration" by a priestly ceremony which leaves the man or the child as unregenerate as he was before the ceremony had been performed; but the regeneration by the Holy

Spirit entirely changes the nature of the person concerned, and bestows upon him a new heart and a right spirit. To have this high privilege, is to have one of the choicest gifts of heaven;—indeed, it is that which is essential to the enjoyment of all other blessings. No, however humble the title "little children" may be, it is an indication of much good, for it is no small thing to be a little child in Christ Jesus, and to be able even to sleep, as a little child might, "Abba, Father," and to say, with all the rest of God's family, "Our Father, who art in heaven."

The title, "little children," also indicates the humility of those who are rightly called by that name. A little child is not proud; he meddles not with high things; he is content to sit at his father's feet or to lie in his mother's bosom. And Christians, being born again, born from above—become as little children; otherwise, they could not enter the kingdom of heaven. They were very great people once; but they are very little now. They thought, at one time, that they were really growing as they grew bigger in their own estimation; but now they understand that they are growing in the best fashion when they are growing smaller. Growing Christians reckon themselves to be nothing, but full-grown Christians count themselves less than nothing; and when we feel ourselves to be "less than the least of all saints," then we are indeed making good progress in the divine life. To grow less and less in your own esteem is the right kind of growth. Naturally, we grow up from childhood to manhood; but spiritually, we grow down from manhood to childhood; yet it is not really growing down, but growing up as we increase in humility.

There are some, nowadays, who think themselves to be such wise men that they even pretend to know more than God knows, or has revealed to us in his Word. They sit upon the throne of judgment, and call God himself before them, and arraign him, rejudge his judgments, and profess to be the god of God! Such "wise" men are the most credulous fools of the age. I pity the poor creatures who believe in popish miracles, but I have learned now to think that those who can believe in such frauds are not half such dolts as the men who try to teach us that inanimate matter has fashioned itself into those marvellously beautiful shapes in which we see it all over this wondrous world which God created "in the beginning." Set these "wise" men up on a pinnacle in the centre of the court of fools, and let the hugest fools' caps that ever were made be placed upon their heads. When they sneer at the credulity of believers in Christ, we can tell them to look at home, for there are none who are so credulous as they are; and let us still come to God's Book as little children who are willing to be taught by God's Spirit all that God's Son has to say to our hearts.

And little children, too, have faith. What a great deal of faith they usually have, and how wicked it is for anyone ever to trifle with the faith of little children! It is really scandalous when nurses and others tell little children idle tales and foolish stories, which the children believe to be true. We should be very careful and jealous concerning the faith which a little child reposes in its elders, and never do or say anything to weaken their belief. Little children

have a very beautiful faith, especially when the word of their father is concerned. They know that what he says is true; they scout the idea that their father would ever tell a lie. Let us be little children of that sort towards God, unquestioningly believing whatever he says to us; not asking how or why it is so, but being quite prepared to be told that we cannot yet understand everything, and that all we have to do is implicitly to believe all that our Heavenly Father says. If it be God who speaks, believe ye what he saith, and say, with the confidence of a little child, "My Father cannot lie."

So far, we see that it is a good thing to be called little children; but I think there is another view of the matter which we must not forget, for the title also implies weakness. "Little children," that is all we are at the very best; little children are very apt to be led astray, and so are we. We all of us feel the influence of others, and we sometimes feel it more than we should like to confess; and it is a singular thing that, probably, there are no persons who are so much influenced by others as those who themselves influence others. The leaders are often those who are most led; and, therefore, we need to be extremely cautious. Surrounded as we are by hosts of idolaters, we are all too apt to be swayed by their example, so John says to us, "Little children, do not be led into evil by those who are around you. Try to be men in this respect, and dare to do right even if you stand alone. Stand fast, and quit yourselves like men; be not carried about by every wind that blows, but stand like a mighty rock that is immovable."

Little children, too, have this weakness, that they have need, as a rule, of something to see. You cannot teach them so well in any other way as you can by pictures and models. That tendency is also manifest in us spiritually; we have a craving for signs and symbols. The great mass of people—even Christian people—want something or other that they can see. Like Israel in the wilderness, they say, "Make us gods, which shall go before us." If they cannot have a god in some visible shape, then they want some ceremony, some ritual, something or other that is not purely spiritual. As the girl wants her doll, and the boy his reeking-horse, so those who are little children in spiritual things seem to want some article which they can see and touch. Oh, that we were men enough to believe in the spiritual, to be content with God's revelation without needing anything symbolical excepting the two grand symbols which Christ has given us in his two ordinances and never putting even these out of their place, much less wishing to overlay them with any adornments of our own; but worshipping him, who is a Spirit, in spirit and in truth, and yielding ourselves up to the guidance of his gracious Spirit, who will teach us how to worship God acceptably!

II. This remark brings me to the second part of my subject, which is this, the warning which is directed to us: "Keep yourselves from idols."

I hope that I need not say to you, dear friends, *Keep yourselves from all sorts of visible idols*, for I trust that you abhor them as much as I do. Yet, in this present age, and idol-temples are being set up almost everywhere by our Ritualistic clergy, and a form of idola-

try that is on a par with the fetishism of ignorant Africans has come back to this land, for they make a god out of a bit of bread, and after worshipping their idol, eat it up—a process which can only be fitly described in such sarcasms as Elijah would have poured upon it if he could have stood in the midst of these modern priests of Baal as he stood amongst their prototypes of old. Keep yourselves, beloved, from all their idols; pay no reverence to them, nor to their so-called "priests." It is strange that now, when men have open Bibles, and can read them, there should come back to us the old idolatry which our fathers abhorred, and which even, in the days of dim religious light, their ancestors could not endure. Do not you endure it for a moment, but make your protest against it every day, in the most earnest possible manner, and let the cry ring out to any Christians who are mingled with the idolaters. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing." God will surely punish this land and every other land, where these or any other idols are set up.

But to you, dear friends, I must speak concerning other idols. First, keep yourselves from worshipping yourselves. Alas, how many fall into this gross sin!

Some worship themselves by decorating their bodies most elaborately; their first and their last thought being, "What shall we wear?" Fall not into that idolatry.

Then there are some people who make idols of their wealth. Getting money seems to be the main purpose of their lives. Now, it is right that a Christian man should be diligent in business, he should not be second to anybody in the diligence with which he attends to the affairs of this life; but it is always a pity when we can be truthfully told, "So-and-so is getting richer every year, but he has got stingier also. He gives less now than he gave when he had only half as much as he now has." We meet, occasionally, with people like the man who, when he was comparatively poor, gave his guinea, but when he grew rich, he only gave a shilling. His explanation was that when he had a shilling purse, he had a guinea heart; but when he had a guinea purse, he found that he had only a shilling heart; but it is always a pity when hearts grow smaller as means grow greater. Remember, dear friends, that it will be only a little while ere you must leave all that you have. What is the use of your having it at all unless you really enjoy it, and how can you so truly enjoy it as by laying it at your Saviour's feet, and using it for his glory? There is certainly more lasting enjoyment to be gained out of the unrighteous mammon in this way than in any other that I ever heard of; this is the testimony of those who have tried it, and proved it to be so. I trust that none of you will worship the golden calf.

Some worship the pursuit which they have undertaken. They give their whole soul up to their art, or their particular calling, whatever it may be. In a certain sense, this is a right thing to do; yet we must never forget that the first and great commandment is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." This must always have the first place.

Let me here touch a very tender

point. There are some who make idols of their dearest relatives and friends. Some have done this with their children. I remember reading a story of a good man who seemed as if he could never forgive God for taking away his child. Make no idol of your child, or your wife, or your husband; for, by putting them into Christ's place, you really provoke him to take them from you. Love them as much as you please—I would that some loved their children, their husbands, or their wives more than they do—but always love them in such a fashion that Christ shall have the first place in your hearts.

The catalogue of idols that we are apt to worship is a very long one. Hindoos are said to have many millions of idols and it would take me a very long while to make a list of the various forms which the idolatry of the heart will take; but, in a sentence, let me say to you—Remember that God has a right to your whole being. There is nothing, and there can be nothing, which ought to be supreme in your affections save your Lord, and if you worship anything, or any ideal, whatever it may be, if you love that more than you love your God, you are an idolater, and you are disobeying the command of the text, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." So pray to him, with Toplady—

"The idols tread beneath thy feet,  
And to thyself the conquest get:  
Let sin no more oppose my Lord,  
Slain by the Spirit's two-edged sword."

I would say to you, beloved, in closing my observations upon this point—in the matter of your faith, be sure to keep yourselves from the idol of the hour. Some of us have lived long enough to see the world's idols altered any number of times. Just now, in some professedly Christian churches, the idol is "intellectualism," "culture," "modern thought." Whatever name it bears, it has no right to be in a Christian church, for it believes very little that appertains to Christ. Now, I have some sort of respect for a downright honest infidel, like Voltaire or Tom Paine; but I have none for the man who goes to college to be trained for the Christian ministry, and then claims to be free to doubt the Deity of Christ, the need of conversion, the punishment of the wicked, and other truths that seem to me to be essential to a full proclamation of the gospel of Christ. Such a man must have strange views of honesty; and so has the minister who goes into a pulpit, and addresses people when he knows that he does not believe any of the doctrines that are dearer to them than their own lives; yet, the moment he is called to account for his unbelief; he cries out, "Persecution! Persecution! Bigotry! Bigotry!" A burglar, if I found him outside my bedroom door, and held him till the policeman came, might consider me to be very bigoted, because I did not care to have my property stolen by him, and because I interfered with his liberty. So, in like manner, I am called bigoted because I will not allow a man to come and assail, from my own pulpit, the truths which are dearer to me than my life. I am quite willing to give that man liberty to go and publish his views somewhere else, and at his own expense; but it shall not be done at my expense, nor in the midst of a congregation gathered by me for the worship of God, and the proclamation of the truth as it

is revealed in the Scriptures. Keep yourselves from this idol of the times; for it is the precursor of death to any church that gives it admittance. Unitarianism, which this so-called liberality of thought always goes, is a religion of a parasitical kind; it flourishes by feeding upon the life of other churches' just as the ivy clings to the oak, and sucks the life out of it. Let us tear this ivy down wherever we find it beginning its deadly work. Believe me, brethren, that the Church of Christ, if not the world, shall yet learn that the highest culture is a heart that is cultivated by divine grace, that the truest science is the science of Jesus Christ and him crucified, and that the greatest thought and the deepest of all metaphysics are found at the foot of the cross, and that the man who will keep on simply and earnestly preaching the old-fashioned gospel, and the people who will stand fast in the old paths are they who will most certainly win the victory. When those who are sailing in a frail bark, which they or their fellow-sinners have constructed, without a rudder, and without a pilot at the helm, shall drift away, and be dashed to pieces upon the rocks, they who trust in the Lord, and have him as their Pilot, shall be kept clear of the rocks on which others have made shipwreck, and shall be safely steered into the haven of peace, and there be at rest for ever.

any other but thyself? If he came and lodged in your house, that child of yours would not be adored as it now is. If he always dwelt with you, you would not pass up yourself as you now do. If you could see him as he is, you must admit him to reign within your heart. Well, let it be so on you now, by faith, gaze upon him; and as those dear memorials of his broken body and his shed blood are fed upon by you, and you remember him, do with all your idols as the Ephesians with their magical books, bring them out, and let them be burned—a blessed holocaust in honor of him who "bath loved us, and hath given himself an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour." Sing, with Casper, and let the prayer ascend to your Lord from the very depths of your heart.

"The dearest idol I have known,  
Whatever that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee."

"So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb."

God bless you, and if any of you are living without Christ perhaps it is some beloved idol that is keeping you from him. If so, may you be delivered from its thralldom by coming to Jesus just now, for his dear name's sake! Amen.

**THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF KENTUCKY BAPTISTS**  
BY A COUNTRY PASTOR.

Thirty-three years ago I attended the General Association of Kentucky Baptists my first time. It met in Broadway church, Louisville. Gov. P. H. Leslie was Moderator. That was a great meeting. The centennial of Baptists in Kentucky, which was celebrated the next year (1879), and the bringing of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary to Kentucky, were considered at this meeting. These were great events in the history of Kentucky Baptists.

Many of those who were prominent in the General Association then have finished their course, and gone up to glory. What of the work and prospects now? While many of the great men in our Kentucky Zion have fallen in these thirty-three years, our God has wrought wonderfully for us. Our number is, I suppose, fully double what it was then. Our corps of preachers are a great class of men. God has chosen the best for his work. While a few of the old preachers and laymen remain, and are highly honored and esteemed for their learning, their piety, and their services; for they have wrought well and wisely laid great and broad foundations for others to build upon. The middle-aged and younger men impress me as being the peers of any. They seem to be earnest, cultured, pious men of God, whom He has called from the various walks of life.

With this great company of workers, and our schools, colleges, theological seminary, the great wealth they will be better off. They tell God has given us, and the Lord to fight for us, we think the prospects are bright for us. Young men, "preach the Word." Do not be "ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of

God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Preach the truth in love, and you need not fear the consequences. Contend earnestly for the faith once for all delivered to the saints. The world needs the truth, and Baptists ought to give it to them. As one who is in the evening of life, after meeting with and seeing the Baptist brethren assembled in the General Association of Kentucky Baptists, and hearing the various reports of the work done, I thank God and take courage. I hope to be able to attend the Southern Baptist Convention next May.

A thing or two that amused this writer. A man took up a telephone and put it to his ear and tried to talk through the receiver. One man took the vote on a question, after this manner: "All who favor the motion stand on your feet." He seated. If any oppose the motion give the opposite sign." I thought the opposite from standing on the feet would be to stand on the head.

R. H. STELLMAN,  
Fountain Run, Ky.

**A CONSTRAINING MOTIVE.**

It is proper to assume that the chief reason for a lack of downright earnestness in many professors of religion in behalf of the conversion of unsaved ones is because they do not burn with the conviction that those persons are in the greatest of perils. It is absolutely certain that unless one have such a conviction he will not pray most intensely and specifically for the rescue of unconverted ones from their grave condition. It is that Christian who fears that his unsaved child will die in his sins, and hence suffer forever in the spirit world, who daily beseeches God to spare the child, and by ~~some means~~ <sup>some means</sup> save him from spiritual death. If the Christian parent had no such fear he would not and could not have the profoundest concern for the speedy salvation of his child. Notice that it is said of Noah that he was "moved with godly fear" to prepare an ark "to the saving of his house." He was constrained by fear to make preparation for rescue from the impending judgment of God upon the people. Had it not been for that constraining motive he would not have built the ark of salvation. A godly fear led him to apply himself with all of his energy to the task which was laid upon him. It was the same mighty motive which constrained him to continually warn his fellowmen to prepare for the coming flood. He preached mightily because he vividly saw the awful peril to which the people were to be exposed. And it is not singular that Paul warned unsaved ones night and day, with tears, that they might flee from "the wrath to come." He most intensely believed the truth that unless unconverted ones were saved in this life they would suffer punishment in the future world, and hence he pleaded with such ones to be reconciled to God. He feared God, and he also feared that many would die in their sins; and this motive so mastered him that he begged sinners to yield themselves to Christ for salvation. Very unlike him are many ministers today. They tell because in that way they will receive "spiritual culture," and thus they will be better off. They tell the young men that it is a manly thing to be associated with Christian people. Those preachers never pray mightily, nor preach with the conviction that sinners are in the greatest danger conceivable. Are

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*Dear Brother:*  
Just finished reading "My Church." You make your case clearly, both from Word and reason. Why some who call themselves Baptists do not believe the doctrine, I am unable to see. My soul rejoices in Baptist church perpetuity, as it rejoices in the Divine Promise.

Your brother,  
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"See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

Can you give your heart's affection to any idol after that? Has not Christ so engrossed your warmest love that no earthly charms have any power to allure you away from him? Are you not, as it were, fastened up by his nails? Is not your heart pierced with his spear? Are you not so crucified with Christ that the world is dead to you, and you are dead to the world? Be- think you, did Jesus live for self? What provision did he make for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof? Was not his whole life one of self-denial and self-renunciation? What idol did he ever set up? To what object did he devote his life? Did he seek fame? Did he labour for earthly honour and glory? Did he hoard up wealth? Did he say to the man of the world, "Applaud me?" Was he turned aside from his purposes by either the frowning or the fawning of men? You know that it was not so; then, ye who have been washed in his blood, follow him! O ye who are called by his name, do not blaspheme that name among the Gentiles by idolatry of any kind! Bring out your idols if you have hidden them as Rachel hid her father's images in the camel's furniture; bring them all out, and let them be broken in pieces at the foot of the cross of be ground to powder, as Moses treated the golden calf that his brother Aaron had made. O, Jesus, where thou art, who can worship

such ministers actually saved? If I wanted to die to the world, and motives for preaching! Let them get a true vision of God and of eternity!

**WHY I AM A BAPTIST.**  
REV. C. C. MARSHALL, PH. D.

I am not a Baptist because my parents were, because they were not, though they united with the Baptist church after I did. I am not a Baptist because of the popularity and social standing of the Baptist church in the community where I was reared. Nor am I a Baptist because I was taught and trained to be one. I am a Baptist because I was born one. That is, I was spiritually born a Baptist. When I was spiritually born, I loved God, and Jesus Christ, His Son, and all the household of faith. God, the Father, had said of Jesus, "This is my beloved Son; hear ye Him." Jesus said, "Follow me." "If ye love me, ye will keep my words." Some of His words are: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them," etc. When born a child of God, I loved Him more than all others, and loving Him, I had the one desire to obey Him. And inasmuch as He told me to "hear" His Son, and His Son has told me what to do, then I wanted, above all things, to do what He has said. I looked into the life of the Son, and found that on entering upon His mission before the world, He first was buried to the world by baptism; then He arose from the baptismal waters to a newness of life before the world. And He said, "Follow me." So my first thought was to perform the first outward act of duty and privilege,

I wanted to die to the world, and be buried with Christ by baptism into His death; that like as Christ arose from the dead, so also I should arise to walk in newness of life." This the outward symbolism of the inward spiritualism that had been born into me, when I "passed from death into life." It squares up the outward relations in perfect harmony with the inward relations which were born there by the Holy Spirit. In the spiritual birth, old things passed away, and all things became new. In baptism, I adjusted myself to the world of sense, as though the new spiritual conditions really existed as surely they did, and so harmonize the outward with the inward life.

Yes, I am a Baptist because I was spiritually born one, and as my little boy used to say when asked why he loved papa, "because I can't help it" (it was born in him), so I am a Baptist because I can not help it, it was born in me.

Some people can talk Christianity by the yard, but they cannot walk it by the inch.—Blaisdell.

Today no hasty word shall slip  
Over the threshold of my lip.  
—Robert Loveman.

**\$100 Reward, \$100.**  
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.  
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Editorial

Information is now being given concerning the formation of a Home Mission Council.

The purpose of this "Council" is to include all denominational organizations in doing any type of home mission work.

The further information is given that "the secretaries and the boards are hoping and expecting that along these lines of closer fellowship it will be possible not only to do their work more economically, but to attain a degree of effectiveness and an enlistment of means and of workers commensurate with the overshadowing importance of the ends sought."

The frank statement is also made that "the movement is in close sympathy with that of the federation of the churches," and it is hoped that at the next national convention of the Federation, which is to be held in Philadelphia in December next, the home mission boards may be able to join their influence in securing fresh awakening of the mind and conscience of the Christian community to the unity of all the interests which center in the church of Jesus Christ.

The union of the Baptists and Free Baptists, if we mistake not, was proposed by a Home Mission Society. If that union be consummated, from a doctrinal standpoint, it simply means unconditional surrender on the part of the Baptists. Efforts of this character are utterly foreign to the aim and purpose of a Home mission organization.

Now comes the proposition of comity in Home Mission work, for the expressed hope of this new Council is, that out of this "closer fellowship it will be possible" for the various boards "to do their work more economically."

The movement to unite Baptists and Free Baptists, in the United States, is meeting with strong opposition, be it said to their credit, from both sides. Great and distinctive doctrines cannot be banished to oblivion by a mere wave of the hand.

Yet the Lord says, "Fret not thyself because of evil doers." And again it is written, "Be not afraid

Some of our brethren will persist in advocating union church houses, union Sunday schools, union revivals, union prayer meetings, etc.

Now, really we would very much prefer a Presbyterian Sunday school or a Presbyterian paper to one which boasts of being non-sectarian-union. In the Presbyterian Sunday school or paper we would not be taught the false doctrine of apocryphal, in the Methodist they are not apt to be taught the dangerous doctrine of baptismal regeneration, although they do teach that doctrine in the "Discipline" and in the ordinance of infant baptism.

In the Disciple church they would not teach them salvation by hereditary piety or the popish rite of infant sprinkling.

Oh, but you say it is understood that no distinctive doctrine is to be taught in any of these union efforts.

Then the Baptist who goes into these "movements" is not to say anything about Bible repentance, for the denominations differ very widely as to the nature, place, effect and evidence of repentance. They must say nothing of a faith by which we become children of God, for some differ with Paul who said, "We are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus."

Nothing must be said about the regenerating life-giving power of the Holy Spirit, for many ignore the necessity, yet the possibility, of the doctrine, although Jesus said: "It is the Spirit that quickeneth," or makes alive. Some think this new birth, this regeneration, means simply our baptism, some replace by a ceremony denominated "confirmation."

Again you must not teach how Jesus was baptized. True it is plain enough that he who runs may read. Nothing must be said about the Lord's Supper or you will give offense to our open communion brethren.

Don't talk about God's power and purpose to keep his children or you will offend the believers in Arminianism.

By the neglect of all these fundamental doctrines teach your children and the people that it don't make any difference what they believe so they are sincere, it don't make any difference what they do or neglect to do, whether they do what Jesus commanded or men invented—the thing to do is "be broad," "be liberal."

Does any one believe that such teaching, such practice, such folly will ever make "a good soldier of Jesus Christ?"

We sometimes become alarmed at the wild vagaries and false doctrines of some of our would-be leaders. We read the unscriptural utterances, the broad principles enunciated and wonder whither we shall drift. We see the effort to be popular, the studied desire to be inoffensive to the errorist, the tendency in some quarters to wipe out all denominational lines, to bring about union at the sacrifice of truth and principle. We often hear the silly sneer at truth, and the attempt to dismiss the grave responsibility of "contending for the faith," with that sarcastic, contemptuous phrase of the devil's coming, "Orthodoxy is my doxy" and heterodoxy is your doxy.

It is time, concerning the "Twentieth Century" sermon and the special educational equipment necessary for the intelligent preparation of such a sermon. Here is a fair sample of this godless advice: "Reduce to the minimum the study of Hebrew and of Greek

not dismayed by reason of this great multitude for the battle is not yours, but God's."

While we ought to abide in Christ with a strong unswerving faith, and know that God's promises are all, "You and women in Christ Jesus," and know that the "gates of hell shall not prevail against" his church, and that God is keeping us, yet like Odessa with his fierce, we like to see evidences and have confirmation.

In this case we have the evidence in the stalwart, unshaken faith of the laymen and the country and village preachers. Very few of them are taken up with popalade and modern liberalism. Here is the ballast that steadies the ship, the breakwater that stays the coming wave, the safeguard that warns the pseudo critic "Thus far," but no farther. Here is the verification of God's promise which helps to confirm our faith in the perpetuity of the church of Christ, the preservation of the doctrine set forth in His Word, and the keeping of the ordinances to the end as they were delivered unto us. May the Lord continue to nurture, preserve and keep pure this unshaken faith in the rank and file of our great army.

The doctrine of transubstantiation is utterly at variance with reason and flatly contradicted by the teaching of God's Word. In fact it seems incredible that it would be put forward as an article of belief, but such is the case.

A layman's definition of this doctrine is interesting and suggestive, especially when that layman is the Hon. Bourke Cockran, a distinguished member of the present House of Representatives:

"Every Catholic church, whether it be a stately cathedral or a humble chapel by the wayside, is erected to enclose a sanctuary; that sanctuary surrounds a tabernacle; that tabernacle contains a Sacred Host, and that Host is Jesus Christ; not a representation or a symbol of him, but Jesus Christ himself, Creator of you and of me, of the ground under our feet and the skies over our heads, of the land and the sea, of the fields and the rivers that fertilize the soil as they pass, of the surging tides beating upon the shore, and the mountains, cloud-capped and solemn, of this earth and all the planets in her solar system, of the sun and all the constellations that sweep their silent course through the heavens. The Maker and Lord of all these dwells in that tabernacle, but not permanently. It is but his resting-place on the journey from heaven to his ultimate destination, and that destination is the breast of a human being."

Let it be borne in mind that the above deliverance was not made in the sixteenth century. Note also the language: "It," the tabernacle, "is but his resting-place on the journey from heaven to his ultimate destination, and that destination is the breast of a human being." How, then, does he get from this "tabernacle" to "the breast of a human being?" It is by the friendly aid of priestly hands.

How sadly does the world need the plain proclamation of the "way of life."

Preachers are receiving advice from many quarters, at the present time, concerning the "Twentieth Century" sermon and the special educational equipment necessary for the intelligent preparation of such a sermon. Here is a fair sample of this godless advice: "Reduce to the minimum the study of Hebrew and of Greek

tests and of worn-out courses that have relatively no claim to educational value in the light of modern thought. Substitute for these thorough training in the foundations of the physical and the biological sciences, in sociology culminating in the new psychology."

I feel did not expect Timothy to preach biology, sociology or psychology, but "the Word." A knowledge of these sciences, independent of the Bible, would leave the Gospel preacher as helpless as a babe. Biology knows absolutely nothing concerning forgiveness, and sociology and psychology stand utterly helpless in the presence of sin. Scripture can never supersede revelation and the main business of the preacher is to announce, under the direction of the Holy Spirit, the great facts of revelation. Of course he is obligated to use every agency that will make his ministry more effective, but that does not mean that science, in a state of transition, is to be put above or even placed beside the "sure Word of life." After all, the preacher is not a scientist, but a Gospel herald. His changeless message to the world is "Ye must be born again."

The amount to be raised for Foreign Missions this year is \$500,000. The sum is shamefully small when the number of Southern Baptists are taken into consideration. It should be remembered, however, that this means over \$40,000 a month, or about \$1,400 per day. If the record could be kept it would be seen that Baptists, in our Southland, spend more than this amount on luxuries. The sad thing about it is that luxuries are usually harmful and health-destroying, and the money is so sorely needed to send the gospel to the teeming millions who have never heard of Christ.

Oh, that the spirit of liberality and self-sacrifice would find a permanent abiding place in many hearts and that the workers in the foreign field could be reinforced a hundred fold.

Verily there is something new under the sun. True it is limited, so far as we can learn, to Worcester, Mass., and has to do with filthy lucre. The world is indebted to Bishop Beaver for this latest method of solving financial tangles in religious affairs. Cash registers were placed in the entrance of St. Casimir's church, of that city, and the members are to pay as they enter and see that the amount they give is properly registered. In this way the Bishop hopes to overcome an unfortunate situation that menaced the welfare of the congregation.

This "pay as you enter" proposition has some good features if the cash register could be eliminated. The latter is likely to hurt the feelings of the "costly attired but small coin worshipper."

In 1690 Baron Favot made special provision in his will for the preaching of an annual sermon at Elberfeld, Prussia, on the first Sunday in June. It is stipulated, in each instance, that the preacher "shall hold one of the poorest livings in the diocese and that he shall extol the virtues of the benefactor."

The sermon is to be preached in the Protestant church and the sum paid the most recent preacher was \$980.

We are curious to know if there is a contest for the pastorate of the most destitute church in that diocese when it happens to be vacant. To receive almost \$5,000 for a single sermon would be a strong incentive to the professional or money-loving preacher.

EDITORIAL VARIETIES

He once said that Timothee's or title as Christian Minister.

Louis de Tarsus, the first white man to set foot in America, met, was a Jew.

The preacher should never sit his pulpit in the pulpit. Preach as you are, but do not read and not the page out of a manuscript.

Rev. H. F. Jackson, of Oronochee, was in our office last Thursday. He reports the same preaching in the Baptist city of Oronochee.

It is a rare and unusual effort to look for "and witness" in the ranks of the "Angels" choir. Their mission seems to be to destroy the foundation of faith rather than building the same to Christ.

The Rev. John McNeil, known as the "Bible" Evangelist, will copy the Bible through, Westminster, for twelve months with a view to the jubilee. This is the church of J. D. Meyer, several being in pastor.

The "modern mind" is another in regard to itself. It is that manner, one never take the plan of the Holy Scriptures. In too many instances it simply means the "modern mind" and is lacking in spiritual discernment.

The saloons of Monroe, Nevada, have images and pictures of saints in them. Recently the police of that city have been ordered to arrest those sporting a saloon without removing the hol, for to keep on the hol would be distasteful to the saints whose images and pictures are in the saloon. Alas!

On our family page this week will be found an excellent story from the pen of Miss Charlotte W. Parks. The theme of the story is, "Her Desert of Waiting," and the Reverend readers will instantly recognize it as one of unusual merit. Miss Charlotte is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Parks, and the granddaughter of the sainted Dr. Basil Manly. We predict for her a brilliant career.

Mrs. Eddy regards "the history of Adam" as allegorical and "a description of error and its results." Divide the name Adam into two syllables, and it reads, "a dam, or obstruction." According to her inventive exegesis the tree of knowledge was "the belief of life in matter," and "a medical work, perhaps" was the forbidden fruit which Eve gave to Adam. And yet this woman has sincere followers.

Penny Savings Banks are becoming popular and this is a popularity that should be encouraged. In Penny Bank deposits New York stands first, Pittsburgh second, and Toronto third. Penny giving has been popular in the religious world since the first century. Many Christians, by their giving, evidently think copper is the only metal acceptable to God. May the day soon come when the "copper" brigade shall have dwindled to a corporal's guard.

The appeal of the Barbourville Institute for gifts of books to establish a library has been published in the Recorder. It is the purpose of the Baptist Book Concern to aid in this matter. At an early date we expect to send a box of books to this institution. Any one desiring to give books can send them to us and we will keep account of all donations, giving due credit to the donors. The first comes from Hon. T. D. Osborne—The American Encyclopedia.

Samuel Freuder was an Episcopal missionary for seventeen years, and now declares the whole thing was a fake and he will return to Judaism. The Jewish Ledger characterizes him as having lived a lie for seventeen years, and adds: "It is to be hoped that Freuder will be given a wide berth. He has no rights now that either Jews or Christians can respect." No man has a right to claim that he is a Christian unless that claim rests upon a personal experience of grace. Being a Christian is more than mere intellectual assent to a creed.

Hon. Sam W. Smith, of Hallowell, Kan., passed to his reward on July 1st, at 4 p. m. He was a native Kentuckian, the eldest son of Rev. Wm. B. Smith, who was once a prominent Baptist minister in Louisville. Mr. Smith was the brother of G. T. Smith, of Louisville, Ky., and of Mrs. J. G. Bow. He was about sixty years of age. He leaves a married daughter, Mrs. Agnes Brock, and small children by his second wife. He was ready for the summons. For some years he was a great sufferer. The immediate cause of his death was dropsy.

AMONG THE Churches.

THE STATE.

Pastor J. V. Marshall writes from Paducah, Ky.: "The Baptist church at South Glasgow, where I have been pastor for the last twelve years, is beginning to look up somewhat of late. All our best members are now in the new house of worship, which is greatly admired. The work has been very hard to start on account of a fire which was made some years ago to get up a house. But now, thank the Lord, business is coming around."

A. R. Dink, pastor, writes from Glasgow, Ky.: "We took the opportunity through our students to communicate and joy to the neighborhood and has graciously, through the church, secured the B. Y. P. U. of Glasgow, which would definitely be a house that has long awaited the money. With your aid we have secured some money, which is a great help in the way of building. After a series of successful groupings, we feel our work is being done, and with us higher grounds and praise God for the results and results."

Last week we had a picnic of the Mt. Vernon Baptist church in the mountains. Last Sunday I had the pleasure of preaching in that house, both morning and evening. It is a beautiful, well-kept church home in the mountains. The pastor has a lot of students and preachers who are the result of his work. It is a great joy to the church. On my return through Augusta I saw beautiful scenery, both in the mountains. They are still promoting the separation of Dr. C. G. Skiffman from their church. They are yet undecided. J. C. How.

Evangelist J. P. Jenkins has just closed a two-weeks' meeting in Paintsville. There were eight additions, about \$25 will be given to State Missions and about \$200 was raised during the meeting for the church debt. Rev. Jenkins goes to Ashland to address the members in a meeting, beginning next Monday. The meeting at Paintsville puts us forward very much in that town. The Baptists are now in the lead in religious work.

DEAR RECORDER: Please announce to your readers that Rev. W. Y. Quisenberry has been chosen a financial representative of the Seminary and will do field work in connection with our endowment campaign. We will send several men to assist in this work, and Rev. Quisenberry has entered into relations with us for this purpose. Of course he is well known to the churches, but it gives me pleasure to commend him to the pastors and brethren everywhere in his new work. He is intensely spiritual and practical and earnest, and will not only do good work for the Seminary, but bring a blessing wherever he goes. E. Y. MULLINS, President.

DEAR RECORDER: The motto of Baptists should be not only to announce certain distinctive principles to the world, but to live and work for them. If they have to die for them, Amen. One cannot consistently occupy this position and engage in any department of church work with those of other denominations. If our mission is distinctive we must part company with others in attending to it. This may cause pain at times, but for the sake of the truth we must bear it. In your editorial you express my views to perfection as to the union of those churches in Chicago. J. M. FOWLER, Lagrange, Ky.

DEAR RECORDER: I am eighty-three years old, and have been a reader of the RECORDER since 1859, then edited by W. C. Buck. It has always been a safe paper. I want to congratulate the present readers in having an ably edited Baptist paper by the present editor and associate. J. M. HOLMES, Owensboro, Ky.

CONCORD ASSOCIATION. This body meets with the church at Holbrook, Grant county, near the Owen county line, on the 9th of July (not the 20th as stated in the minutes), and continues two days (and not three as stated in minutes). Each fact is susceptible of a reasonable explanation. The place is ten miles a little north of east from Owensboro, and ten miles east from Harrisburg. We have no public conveyance from either place. The railroad station is Sparta, on the Louisville & Nashville railroad. Buss meets each train for Harrisburg and Owensboro. Holbrook is thirteen miles west from Williamstown, on the Queen & Crescent railroad, but no public conveyance from Williamstown, but a good road. The meetings will be held in two

large church houses, and a large school house if it is necessary. The students and friends of the community will spend the time to attend a meeting and will be glad to see all who may attend with the same of either morning or evening. We hope to have all the good citizens of the community fully represented.

WESTERN RECORDERS

Following is the program of the Western Record to be held at the State Convention, July 11-12-13, 1938.

7:30 a. m. Invocation, Prayers, etc. by J. W. D. Jones, Moderator.

8:00 a. m. Devotional Exercises by J. W. D. Jones.

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to some extent for the enjoyment of the evening, and appreciated the same during the meeting and duration of the State.

Address was made by Rev. W. J. Mahoney, the Rev. George Brown, the Rev. M. B. Adams, D.D., and the Rev. J. M. Powell, D.D. Rev. Mahoney also called the attention of the B. Y. P. U. to the Sunday School with reference to the fact that "The B. Y. P. U. is the only institution and organization" concerned with the spiritual training of the youth of this country.

The Western Record and the Edition of the B. Y. P. U. was presented with commendable interest by Rev. Adams, of Frankfort, Ky. J. W. D. Jones, of Lexington, made a commendable address in which he called attention to the fact that "The B. Y. P. U. is the only institution and organization" concerned with the spiritual training of the youth of this country.

The completion of the program was followed by a social gathering in the evening. The B. Y. P. U. of Lexington, Ky., was the host for the evening. The B. Y. P. U. of Lexington, Ky., was the host for the evening. The B. Y. P. U. of Lexington, Ky., was the host for the evening.

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LET WEATHER TALK

JAMES W. BENT

It isn't so much to grumble and complain, it's just to study and care to explain; when the sun sets and the weather and clouds talk.

In the afternoon, day and night, will you take the best of sun... Come little child of clouds, I pray, the sun will never find them; they don't go to bed, so I bid you, in suitable such as you and me, a fading shadow's moon, islands, and look of home with the moon.

It isn't so much to grumble and complain, it's just to study and care to explain; when the sun sets and the weather and clouds talk.

THE DESERT OF WAITING

CHARLOTTE MARYVILLE PARK

The first door chattering with a bang and a heavy tread in the hallway announced to the girls that the mail had come.

At the supper table in the next room the girls suddenly found that Miss Newton, with an understanding smile, excused them.

Nineteen-year-old Ethel Phillips was the first race to the mail box and according to the custom acted as post-mistress.

"A postal, two letters, and a package for you, Alice."

"Three postals for Grace, and a package. Look, girls, it's from Lowmyer's again! We'll be right up Grace."

"Paper for Nancy, a letter for Miss Newton; one—two—no three letters for Ted," and so on until it was all distributed. Then when the girls were all busy opening their letters, giggling or looking solemn, according to the nature of the contents, Ethel taking her own letter and her violin, slipped out for her favorite haunt.

As she hurried up the street the words of her music teacher that afternoon repeated themselves over and over—"you have the three requisites for a great musician, patience, talent and feeling; some day after you have had the proper training, the world will ring with your name." It sent little thrills over her, this praise from one who so seldom praised; and then she thought of tomorrow when she was to play at the recital given in honor of the great violinist expected from the city, and when the medal, every student had been striving for, was to be awarded by the great man himself. She gave a little skip as she thought of the mere possibility that she should be chosen by this truly famous man. If she only could, and he should only deign to speak a word to her, her cup of joy would be indeed running over.

Still thinking these pleasant thoughts and dreaming of the time when her name should be placed beside his in the Hall of Fame, she crossed the road, for now she was beyond the sidewalk, and turned in at the right. Here at the top of a little slope lay a family cemetery.

The place always had a charm for the girl, and today it seemed more lovely to her than ever. With an artist's eye she noted the graceful slope of the turf up to where, crowned with rustling oaks, at the top the white stones stood guard over the dead.

How she loved it all! The cool, green grass, generously sprinkled with blueets, the long still shadows of the oaks, the sweet stillness; and even the old couple who lived in the cottage in the corner and called her "Sis" helped to complete the charm.

How the girls teased her for having a graveyard for her "solemn place" as she used to say when a little girl, and how they laughed at her for liking to be called "Sis." But still they gave her first place in their hearts, for all her winsomeness won the love of all. Today, hurrying to her favorite seat, she began to open her letter "Poor, dear cara mater" she thought as she took it from the envelope, "you must be feeling badly today, your writing trembles so. I wish you could be here and see your daughter shine. And I will shine for your sake."

But the smile faded as she read, and

an expression of surprise and pain came to his mind. When she had finished, she sat for a while staring head at the trees, yet not seeing them, then turned and read this passage: "Your father has lost his property, his money, his everything. We shall be obliged to move into a little house your father once way out on the rugged edge of the city. We can have no servants and—Oh, Ethel, how I do hate to tell you—you will have to come home to cook and wash dishes."

"Your father has lost his property, his money, his everything. We shall be obliged to move into a little house your father once way out on the rugged edge of the city. We can have no servants and—Oh, Ethel, how I do hate to tell you—you will have to come home to cook and wash dishes."

Ethel repeated the words daily. She knew what it meant, to cook and wash dishes at home with an angry little husband and children. She had tried it only last summer; and when the memory of those long hot days when not a molecule was left for practicing came over her, she burst into tears.

But Ethel had also learned and she began again mechanically to read the letter—"Your father has lost every thing"—to a finish she realized how her mother, highly bred and accustomed to luxury, was suffering, and how her father, an able and high standing man, was crushed by the misfortune. With a yearning to help, and in an abundance of love and longing she stretched and her hands and feet.

In this new mood she even found courage to face the caricature of her mother, for she felt rightly that a few years now with her position and training would be an insuperable barrier to ever winning a name among violinists.

But her lips quivered and her eyes kind as she gazed back up her violin and started its strings. She felt as though she were playing a farewell to her ambitions as she played there, softly slipping from one old favorite to another. And the note of sadness in her music made the old couple break the tears away with their roughened palms as they listened. "Nia" had never played like that before.

When the last glimpse of the sun as it sank behind the hill had at last driven her from her retreat, she lingered a moment at the gate and looked back at the scene. She felt strengthened by her music and resolved not to allow herself to think of the concert next evening, not of the great master she was so desirous of seeing, nor of the medal for had not the letter said expressly to come home tomorrow morning on the ten o'clock train! And she would go in spite of the temptation to stay a day longer, for she knew her mother was sorely in need of her in this hour of trial.

So it came that with no trace of her regret or sorrow except a little touch of wistfulness she told the president of her club home, and gained his permission to leave.

But the next morning the glamour of the evening had disappeared, the charm of her music had ceased; and the dreary fall of the rain with out seemed a fit accompaniment to her dreary thoughts. So it was with a partial return of her old rebellion that she stepped on board the train and waved a good-by to the group at the station.

As she sat all that day with the rain beating in torrents on the window and the train ever speeding southward, she went over and over life as she knew it would be in the future; and it seemed to her then that her hands were already rough and stiff with dishwashing and her violin lying already unused in its case.

As the train neared the junction she could hardly decide whether she wanted to be able to make good connection or not. For she felt a strange reluctance to arrive home, and yet she knew how selfish was the thought. However, the question settled itself for when she found the last train to her city for twelve hours had just pulled out, she felt as though there was nothing so desirable as to be at home.

Some way those hours dragged themselves out and Ethel once more started towards home.

The car was crowded and she was trying to discover a seat for herself, when a voice beside her said, "Pardon me, but I should be glad to share my seat with you."

Glancing quickly down she saw a violin beside the owner of the voice. Decided immediately by this, she allowed enough of her old sunny self to return to respond brightly, "Thank you."

As she settled her violin case by that of the stranger and glanced shyly up at him, a little gasp involuntarily escaped; for there beside her was the same face she had studied so earnestly when it appeared in yesterday's paper—that of the great violinist!

Hearing the little gasp he turned around to her so suddenly that she was still gazing amazedly at him.

"I—oh, I beg your—I mean I thought—I didn't mean to be rude—I—I mean I thought you looked like Mr. Schmirler," she cried in confusion, and then, utterly at a loss what to say, she stopped short.

For days all her girlish dreams had

been of some chosen meeting with this truly famous man, and again and again she had gone over the brilliant remarks she would make should the opportunity come and how self-possessed and lady-like she would be—and now to have spoiled everything in this manner was too disappointing for anything. But Mr. Schmirler was speaking.

"You, that's my name. And would you consider it impertinent if I ask yours? It will be so much more convenient to talk if we know one another's names."

Ethel murmured her name, taking courage at his kindly manner.

"Do you play? I see you have an instrument," he asked earnestly. "I play some and am just coming from a contest recital, where I had the pleasure of awarding the medal."

"Oh, you that was at Williamsburg, wasn't it?" Ethel cried excitedly. "I only left there yesterday morning and missed a twelve hours' connection, so I am on this train."

"If that's the case we may have a very pleasant trip together. But you haven't told me whether you play or not. Were you to play in the recital?"

"You were? I was intending to play in the recital, but I had to come home," Ethel said this so wistfully that the great violinist on looking down quickly saw the expression of regret brought back to her face by the recollection of her misfortune.

"My child, did you not want to come?" he asked kindly after a moment.

"Oh, I could hardly bear to come, sir—I wanted to see you, and to play in the recital, and—I thought—maybe—I might get the medal and then I found I had to give it all up and come home. Herr Schmirler." She was trying hard to keep her voice from breaking. "My teacher told me only day before yesterday that if I studied faithfully and could study under some master as I had planned, that I might some day become a violinist. And then right after that, I got a letter from home saying my father had lost all his money and that I must come home at once—to cook and wash dishes and scrub. So now I have to give up my music. But"—she stopped abruptly, realizing that her companion was an utter stranger.

"My daughter," he said earnestly, "I was once where you are. I need not tell you what my trouble was, but my lot seemed to me just as yours seems to you, unjust and harsh; for awhile I rebelled just as you are doing. In my childhood I was led through many 'valleys of the shadow' before I acknowledged that I was not the ruler of my destiny. It is those years that enable me to play as I do." He tenderly took out his instrument and caressed it.

"You remember the story of Shapur in the Desert of Waiting? Shapur spent many weary months in the Desert of Waiting before he was permitted to come to the City of his Desire, but when he at last came, the golden gate swung open gladly for him to enter, and princes brought their pearls to exchange for one drop of his priceless attar."

"So it is with us. If we wish to come to the City of our Desire with something more precious than salt to vent, we must remain in the desert, and be pricked by thorns and stung by serpents ere we enter the city with the priceless attar in our hands."

"You know, and perhaps rightly, that if you are obliged to give up your music now, you will never become a famous violinist."

"But there are 'Diverse Gifts.' When I reached the City of my Desire I found the attar I had distilled to be embodied in my music. When you reach the City of your Desire, love may be all your phial contains. But *meins freudlin*, that is the sweetest thing in all the world, and if you are but careful to leave its imprint wherever you go, you need not grieve."

Ethel could say nothing for a moment, and then as the train pulled up at her station could only find voice to say, "Thank you, I will remember."

Years passed. The girl sprang into womanhood. The years in the desert brought their sweet reward. This could be seen in the woman's face and heard in her music. For though it did not hold crowded houses breathless; it soothed her friends by what they knew lay beneath it—a woman's truest heart. The master, now an aged man, turned once more toward the city of his boyhood.

As the train was nearing the station, there came a sudden shock—a wrench—and soon among the wreckage, lanterns were fitting searching for the wounded and relieving the pain of the injured.

Among the searchers was a woman, coming slowly down the long row of forms lying on the embankment; she suddenly stooped with a low cry. Could it be possible? Yes, there was no doubt. And then the surgeon stooped and whispered "hopeless" to her. Ah, then, how could she show that she had faithfully

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Desert of Waiting! Not as she saw the aged hand feebly try to bring his accustomed sweetness from his violin, but from weakness must he drop on his breast, she saw the way. Greatly taking the instrument she softly begins to play the old plantation melody. As, slipping from one into another she tries to pour into her music that with which her phial is overflowing. Herr Schmirler lay, an expression of great peace straying over his face as memory brought back his boyhood scenes. Then when Ethel at last made a motion as to stop, he whispered "Dixie," so kneeling there at his side she played as though her soul were in her song. And when she had finished he beckoned her closer. "It was to the tune of that song that I lived through my desert, and I thank you for playing it. I know you have nobly served in your Desert of Waiting, and now you have come to the City of your Desire with your phial full of precious attar. "You have brought peace and pleasure to one old man, dying. I know you have freely given of your attar to all you met, and for that reason it has become sweeter every day. Keep on doing that, my daughter, and accept an old man's blessing." And weeping there she blessed the day she entered her Desert of Waiting.

NANSEN'S CARRIER-PIGEON. One day a carrier-pigeon tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home in Christiania. Instantly the window was opened, and the wife of the famous Arctic explorer in another moment covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses. The carrier-pigeon had been away from the cottage thirty long months, but had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen, stating that all was well with his expedition in the polar regions. Nansen had fastened a message to the bird, and turned it loose. The frail carrier darted out into the blizzarding air, flew like an arrow over perhaps a thousand miles of frozen waste and then over another thousand miles of ocean and plains and forests, to enter the window of its waiting mistress and deliver the message which she had been awaiting so anxiously. We boast of human pluck, sagacity, and endurance; but this loving carrier-pigeon, after an absence of thirty months accomplished a feat so wonderful that we can only give ourselves up to amazement and admiration.—Nansen's Arctic Explorations.

One's influence is likely to be strongest at home. Away from home, one is "on parade," the real character always more or less concealed, the influence of that character more or less diverted by the effort to make one's better self prominent. In the home we are our true, unaffected selves, and our real influence upon others has fullest play. And it is in the home that we are with those who are dearest to us, and upon whom we would like our influence always to be for the best. Yet how often do we let our unworthy selves crop out there, because at home we are loved and "understood," and we know that our faults will be overlooked and forgiven! Which is true enough; but that fact does not undo the harm that the influence of these failures is sure to work. The places where we can least afford to let down from our highest endeavor is in the midst of those closest and dearest to us. Our home deserves our best. Our home life ought to be our highest life.—Sunday School Times.

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STORIES FOR LITTLE ONES

THE ELEPHANT

In talking about the intelligent and remarkable memories of elephants, Mr. Henslow (who has been a trainer and exhibitor of animals all his life) said: "The elephant is the most intelligent of animals. It is the easiest to train, the most good tempered and interesting of all."

"Speaking of the memories for persons and events that elephants have, I would like to tell you an instance that came under my own eyes some years ago when I was in England. My father was the manager of a show, but, he having died, my mother was in charge. We had several elephants, and one of them was of unusual size. He was within three or four inches as tall as Jumbo, and a trifle heavier."

"In the rural places where we were exhibiting at the time it was the custom of the people to have large baskets of apples placed by the side of the road after they had been picked from the trees. This particular day our show was along a street and the elephant all ate of the apples."

"Not long after the big elephant was taken very ill. He lay down on the ground and was apparently unable to get up. We did not know whether he had been poisoned or not. Finally a chemist was called and he gave the elephant some physic."

"It did not appear to do much good. For hours the animal lay on the ground and the chemist kept giving him medicine. Bystanders jeered at the man for his apparently unsuccessful efforts. Finally, however, the elephant began to revive, and at last stood up on his feet."

"Seven years later we happened to visit this same town again. The big elephant was drawing a chariot with two others in the lead tandem fashion. We were passing along the street when the elephant suddenly paused and walked up to a man standing on the sidewalk. He placed his trunk around the waist of the man, lifted him up in the air and drew him to him. He began to caress him, purring loudly all the while."

"Come to find out, this was the chemist who had cured the animal of his sickness seven years before. The man remembered the elephant and the elephant remembered the man. At the performance which we gave the chemist was among the spectators."

"When the time came for the big elephant to appear he walked right over to the chemist and raised him from the ground and hugged him so close that it was uncomfortable. But we could not release him until the elephant was ready. The elephant purred like a cat for almost twenty minutes."—*Boston Journal.*

BESSIE'S BUTTONS.

Bessie was learning to sew on buttons. Her mother had marked the places where they were to go, and Bessie was sitting beside the open window, sewing them on her new dress. They were pretty,

white pearl, with little stars cut on every one. Bessie just loved to look at them as they lay arranged in a row on the window sill, shining in the sunshine.

"I'm afraid on them," said Bessie, and she reached out her hand for the fourth, when in some way she knocked out of them out of the window.

"Dear me!" she said, "now I shall have to go out and pick them up. I hope I'll find them all." So she took off her thimble, laid the dress across a chair, and ran out into the yard.

Somebody was there before her, and had picked them up, every one. Mr. Toots, the dog, a white rooster, was standing under the window, and the last button was disappearing within his beak when Bessie came around the corner.

Now Bessie was very fond of Mr. Toots. He was quite tame, and whenever she caught him she would lay her cheek against his smooth neck and hug him. Whenever he saw her he would come up on the doorstep, "on purpose to be hugged," Bessie said. She fed him every morning, saving the nice crumbs for his breakfast, and he loved to walk about the garden with her.

But now, when Bessie saw what he had done, she turned and ran into the house as fast as she could. She was almost crying. "Oh, mamma, mamma," she said, "Mr. Toots has eaten six of my buttons, and he will die!"

Mamma looked surprised; then she smiled. "Oh, no, Mr. Toots won't die," she said. "Buttons are just the sort of things Mr. Toots needs to chew his food with."

Bessie opened her eyes wide at that, and her mother laughed. "Your know Mr. Toots hasn't any teeth," she explained, "so he has to grind his food in a little, tough bag inside of him, which is called his gizzard. But there needs to be something hard, like gravel stones or bits of crockery, to mix with the food and help grind it fine as the gizzard squeezes and squeezes it. Your buttons, with their fine edges, will be nice for that purpose."

And just at that moment Mr. Toots answered for himself in a hearty voice, looking in at the door. "Cock-a-doodle-do!" he said, which meant, "Nonsense, don't worry about me!"—*The Delinquent.*

HOW EDDIE PREACHED.

"When I get big enough I'm going to be a preacher," said Eddie one day.

"What is a preacher?" asked grandma.

Eddie looked surprised. "Don't you know what a preacher is? A preacher is a man that tells people what the Bible means. And he says, 'Thirdly, my brethren,' and everybody listens to him. It's nice to have people listen to you."

Grandma smiled. "I think you are big enough to preach now," she said.

"Really and truly, grandma," asked the little boy, eagerly.

"Yes, really and truly."

"I'm afraid not," said Eddie, after a few moments of thought;

"or I'd know how, and I don't."

"What does the preacher do first?" asked grandma.

"He takes a text, and then he explains it. I can't do that."

"Oh, yes, you can, Eddie," said grandma. "Here's a good text for you to explain: 'Be kind to one

another.'"

"There's nothing to explain about that," said Eddie. "You just be kind to everybody, and that's all there is of it."

"A good text, though, for my little preacher's first sermon. I should like to have him preach from it for a week."

"Preach a week? Why, grandma, I can't!" exclaimed Eddie.

"Can't be kind to everybody you meet for one week?"

Eddie looked thoughtful.

"Would that be preaching?" he asked.

"It would, and the very best kind. A good preacher has to preach in that way, or people will not listen to what he has to say in the pulpit."

"Well," said Eddie with a sigh, "I suppose I can try, but I wasn't thinking of that kind of preaching."

"You will be showing everybody what that verse in the Bible means, you know," said grandma.

"It's not kind to the teacher to whisper in school," said Eddie the very next day, and he did not whisper once.

"It's not kind to Bridget to play along the road and keep my dinner waiting, either," and he hurried home from school.

"It's not kind to mamma when I don't do errands promptly," and he did quickly and well whatever he was bid.

Every day and all day he thought about what was kind and tried to do it. The end of the week came.

"How do you like preaching?" asked grandma.

"Why, I like it; but, grandma, I guess everybody must have been preaching about that text, for everybody has been so kind to me."—*Maulsford.*

TIRED OF MASQUERADING.

"Didn't you have a pleasant time at Cousin Maria's?" the grandmother was asked, when she returned several days earlier than was expected from a long-talked-of visit.

"Yes, oh, yes," but she breathed a little sigh of relief as she looked about her at the home belongings. "Everything was nice at Maria's, and she and the girls as kind and hearty as could be, but it was all a front-door sort of life—just studyin' how things would look from the front door—and seemed like I wanted to get home again. I didn't mind sleepin' on a bed that had looked like a piano all day, nor keepin' my clothes in a box that was rigged up for a sofa, nor eatin' my meals on a table that slid out from what looked like a fireplace—you see, they live in a flat, and Maria says all them things is conveniences; I s'pose they are. Both the girls work down town, and when Anna packed her patterns and dressmakin' tools into something that looked like a music roll and Lidy put up her dinner in a box that looked for all the world like a camera, seemed 'sif I'd got into a place where I didn't belong. I wanted to get back where things are real; where good, honest work ain't a thing to be ashamed of, and the food it earns is a blessin' to be thankful for."—*Forward.*

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THE WESTERN RECORDER

R. C. BUCKNER

A recent visit to the city of Louisville revived many pleasant memories about which, if I were an old man, I would be tempted to say much. But as it is I will only ask indulgence for a few words. I knew the old paper when I was but a young boy. It was then called The Baptist Banner and Western Pioneer. My father, the lamented Daniel Buckner, became pastor of the Home Street Baptist church, probably in the year 1839; was a subscriber to the paper, traveled extensively in that part of the State, and added many names to its subscription list. So far as I then knew it was the only religious paper in the world.

School books were scarce in those days, and along with my first efforts to read was the spelling out of words in its columns. I have known and loved the paper ever since. Though a mere child, I then knew, and later on became acquainted with its every editor and many great men of the Bluegrass State. I would not undertake to name them now in proper order, and at this late date may get the names of some other great men mixed with the editors themselves. I knew William C. Buck, John I. Waller, S. H. Ford, S. L. Helm, W. W. Everett, Cooper, Caperton, and all along down the line to the late lamented T. T. Eaton, whom I knew intimately, admired enthusiastically and loved with increasing devotion up to the end of his very brilliant career.

As the learned author of "Faith and the Faith" was sound in the faith, so the Western Recorder has ever been a consistent advocate of Baptist principles. I not only gathered much information from the old paper, but great inspiration during my school days in Georgetown College, in my pastorates at Albany, Owensboro and Salvisa, and in my general State agency for the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. As much as this could be said by thousands of men in and through whose lives the WESTERN RECORDER has wrought, and who doubtless also indulge grateful recollections of the paper.

Some impressions concerning the RECORDER and its new editorial management will be regarded, as I believe timely and appropriate. My acquaintance with Dr. C. M. Thompson, the present editor, began with my late visit to Louisville. As the result of several earnest, close conversations with him, I am thoroughly satisfied that he is a man of intelligence and ability, and that the future RECORDER under his and Dr. Bow's administration will still "earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." The RECORDER has an important field; "the old guard" is devoted; its constituency is numerous, and its opportunities are sufficient to inspire its friends and the management with the spirit of progress, fraternity, and ambition to fulfill the utmost limits of religious denominational journalism.

Dallas, Tex. The editors appreciate the kind words of Dr. R. C. Buckner, and hope his useful life will be spared yet many years, for the denomination needs his counsel and advice.

CANADIAN LETTER.

We are having lovely weather, and the crops all over the country are giving promise of an abundance more than ordinary. And

as in this country the success of the farmer means the well being of all other classes, this aspect of things is most satisfactory.

The usual batch of about eighty students from our university at Toronto, and college at Woodstock are now on their summer fields, filling very efficiently a position that gives them considerable experience for their future work as pastors. They should surely take to advantage the many opportunities they have for helping themselves through. We have not experienced any difficulty in finding ministerial students for our schools. Our country churches, many of them weak in numbers and quite unknown to fame, are doing a splendid work in training boys for entering our colleges with the ministry in view. All honor to the country pastors working on obscure fields, who by patient teaching and earnest example, implant in the minds of the boys in their congregation an ambition to work for God in the ministry.

The annual meetings of the different associations are now being held. The meetings of the Middlesex and Lambton Associations in London, Ont., were rendered particularly interesting by the visit of Dr. A. C. Dixon, of Chicago, who gave four splendid addresses during the sessions. His words were most heart-searching and inspiring, and will long be remembered. Over a thousand people listened to him each evening he spoke. An effort will be made to secure him for the meetings of our convention, which meets in Ottawa in October.

Successful meetings attended the closing of the schools of Wolfville, N. S., for the year. Among those present and taking part were Rev. N. E. Wood, D.D., president of Newton Theological Institute; Principal Peterson, of McGill University; Rev. Robert McDonald, D.D., of New York, and Rev. John McNeill, of Toronto. A new science building is to be erected as a result of a gift of \$30,000 from Mr. Carnegie.

The Laymen's Missionary Movement has taken hold of our men, and most enthusiastic meetings have been held in different centers, which have resulted in many of the churches making an earnest effort to double their contributions for Missions this year. It is to be hoped that the movement will be permanent in its effects, and that many of our people may by it be educated to more generous giving for all church purposes.

A number of changes have taken place in the pastorates in Ontario lately. Rev. J. Sullivan, M. A., of Brantford, has gone to Olivet church, Montreal, to fill the pastorate made vacant by the appointment of Rev. J. A. Gilmour to a professorship at McMaster Hall. Rev. Dr. Spencer, after two years of very successful work at Sault Ste. Marie, has left for Emanuel church, Victoria, British Columbia. His place at the Soo being taken by Rev. A. White, who leaves First Avenue church, Toronto, to take that pastorate. While the church at Toronto has secured Rev. W. J. Graham, of Sarnia, to take Mr. White's place. Sarnia is a very important town on the river St. Clare, opposite Port Huron and the church has increased wonderfully under the efficient leadership of Mr. Graham, and will need a strong man to take his place.

Generally speaking the churches in our large towns and cities are in good shape and doing aggressive work.

T. W. CHARLESWORTH. Clinton, Ont.

HEAR HIM CALL!

"Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." (1 John 3:16.) Jesus showed his love for us by dying for us. And we ought to be willing, if need be, to die for our brethren in the Lord; because:

1. They are Jesus' brethren. (Matt. 23:40) 2. He considers His brethren as Himself. (Matt. 23:40) 3. Dying for them we do for Him. (Matt. 23:40) Hence, He, dying for us, because of His love for us, we ought to be willing to die for our brethren, for His brethren, for Him.

Jesus has said—now says—and again will say, to us: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of these, MY brethren, ye have done it unto me." In the great day of reckoning Jesus will say: "I was an hungered and ye have me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

In that same day—nay, even in the next breath, He will say: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not." My dear brother—my dear sister—which shall be true of you and me when we face Him and hear these words? Have we treated our needy, dependent old brethren and sisters as we ought? Have we treated Jesus as He deserves? Shall it be, on that day, that we can with rejoicing hear Him say these first words to us:—that we have given Him meat when He was hungry, drink when He was thirsty, clothing when He was naked, shelter when He was a stranger, and personal comfort and sympathy when He was sick and in prison? Or shall the awful words—words which shall go as arrows through our souls—"Ye saw me hungry and gave me not to eat, or a few crumbs which fell from your bounteous table; ye saw me famishing with thirst and withheld the cooling draft; ye saw me naked and allowed me to continue on in nakedness and shame ye saw me a stranger and turned me from your door; ye saw me sick and failed to minister to my needs and to relieve my suffering; ye saw me a prisoner and had no cheering word of sympathy for me;—yea, ye saw me in great need, and, though you had more of the world's goods than you needed to make you comfortable, and though I even gave my life's blood for you, you shut up your bowels of compassion from me;" shall these sad, and awful, and crushing words be true of you and me then?

Oh would we not rather have the mountains fall on us and hide us from that sad face? Can you not hear the sweet, tender voice trembling with emotion as he tells us how we have failed? Do you not see the tears course down his pale cheeks as he recalls his sufferings which we failed to mitigate? Shall it be? Shall it be? He, in the person of the faithful old men and women, beneficiaries of the Baptist Ministers' Aid Society of Kentucky, is calling now—praying for their daily bread; food, clothing, shelter, comfort, sympathy, cheer. Hear Him call! It is for He! Will you not today heed the call from Him?

J. D. MADDOX, Cor. Sec. Owensboro, Ky.

TENNESSEE LETTER

In Middle Tennessee the protracted meeting season draweth nigh. It goes without saying that this is a hard year on meetings. There are so many elections and people allow themselves to run wild over them, so that pure and undefiled religion has but little attention. The Democratic primary, which has just ended in the nomination of Mr. Patterson over Mr. Carnack for Governor, is a demonstration of wildness and bitterness brought about by a lot of politicians who are the "it" in saving the country. The truth is the part of usefulness they play is no more than a gnat in a cyclone. I think the time has come for good people especially church members, to call a halt and work for a while for Jesus, the Captain of our Salvation.

Dr. Eaton had much to say while writing about the "Universal In-Visible Church." I agreed with him in his views. This led to an agreed correspondence between a Campbellite brother in the flesh and myself, in which my brother affirmed "There is but one body, the church," and he made that the "saved in the aggregate." I then affirmed "a plurality of churches in apostolic times." Six letters each on these points were written and put in book form of one hundred pages. If any readers of the RECORDER would like to see and read both sides of the question and see the futile efforts of my brother to find his big church, enclose ten cents to me at Hartsville, Tenn., and I will mail you a copy.

In the recent campaign in Tennessee State wide prohibition was an issue. The women took much interest in the fight. It was amusing to see the whiskey side condemn the good women and give them Hall Columbia for being in politics, but now and then a woman—yes, a woman—would pop herself up in a whiskey paper and then the women haters would run themselves down showing what a woman had said against prohibition. Consistency, thou art a jewel! The fight for State wide prohibition is on, and will not be relinquished till victory comes. The saloon element may defame the good women of Southern womanhood and try to dictate the policies of the ministry, but the fight is on and on and stay till every saloon in the State is ordered to take up its bed and walk. J. T. OAKLEY. Hartsville, Tenn.

HOW THE BATTLE GOES.

It is now the first of July. Two months of our Convention year have passed. Up to this time the Foreign Mission Board has received for these two months \$11,877.61. Let our people remember that the Convention laid out the work on the basis of \$500,000 for the year. According to this the contributions for these two months should stand \$83,333. We have had to borrow already very largely from the banks, and, alas! we will have to pay interest on this until next May. It may be that all of our people do not realize what it means to postpone our gifts to our various mission purposes until the last day. If our business men would decide on how much they would give during the year, and then while making their plans for other objects would give each month regularly for missions, it would help very much. We hope that at least the church treasurers and associational treasurers will forward contributions promptly each month.

Even this would help us very much.

We are greatly needing some more missionaries. Especially is this true in Japan and China. We ought to have at once four or five strong, earnest men for Japan, and as many more for China. There are other needs in other lands, also, but those that we mention are imperatively great. Will not our people pray to God for workers? Let us not wait until some who are now at school shall graduate, but let us pray God that He will call some of our strongest men who have already succeeded in the pastorate here at home to go out to these lands of darkness.

Our great lack of workers and the slowness with which funds are coming in since the Convention causes us to appeal to our brethren and ask that they join with us in earnest prayer to God that these needs may be supplied.

Our missionaries at the front are reporting glorious progress, but many of them are weak and weary, and need reinforcements. The very prosperity of the work calls for more funds with which to build chapels, schools, hospitals, establish printing plants for disseminating God's truth, and for other appliances for the work. Let us who are at home awake to the importance of pressing forward the cause of the Master right now. We call upon our people and ask that they pray and give as never before for the advancement of the Master's Kingdom.

R. J. WILLINGHAM. Richmond, Va.

BETTER POSITION

And Increased Salary as a Result of Eating Right Food.

There is not only comfort in eating food that nourishes brain and body but sometimes it helps a lot in increasing one's salary.

A Kansas school teacher tells an interesting experience. She says: "About two years ago I was extremely miserable from a nervousness that had been coming on for some time. Any sudden noise was actually painful to me and my nights were made miserable by horrible nightmares.

"I was losing flesh all the time and at last was obliged to give up the school I was teaching and go home.

"Mother put me to bed and sent for the doctor. I was so nervous the cotton sheets gave me a chill and they put me in woolens. The medicine I took did me no apparent good. Finally, a neighbor suggested that Grape-Nuts might be good for me to eat. I had never heard of this food, but the name sounded good so I decided to try it.

"I began to eat Grape-Nuts and soon found my reserve energy growing so that in a short time I was filling a better position and drawing a larger salary than I had ever done before.

"As I see little children playing around me and enter into their games I wonder if I am the same teacher of whom, two years ago, the children spoke as 'ugly old thing.'

"Grape-Nuts food with cream has become a regular part of my diet, and I have not been sick for a day in the past two years."

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

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Every day we ought to renew our purpose, saying to ourselves, "This day let us make a sound beginning, for what we have hitherto done is naught."—Thomas a Kempis.

WIFE WON

Husband Finally Convinced.

Some men are wise enough to try new food and beverages and then generous enough to give others the benefit of their experience.

A very "conservative" illa man, however, let his good wife find out for herself what a blessing Postum is to those who are distressed in many ways, by drinking coffee. The wife writes:

"No slave in chains, it seemed to me, was more helpless than I, a coffee captive. Yet there were innumerable warnings—waking from a troubled sleep with a feeling of suffocation, at times dizzy and out of breath, attacks of palpitation of the heart that frightened me.

"Common sense, reason, and my better judgment told me that coffee drinking was the trouble. At last my nervous system was so disarranged that my physician ordered 'no more coffee.'

"He knew he was right and he knew I knew it, too. I capitulated. Prior to this our family had tried Postum but disliked it, because, as we learned later, it was not made right.

"Determined this time to give Postum a fair trial, I prepared it according to directions on the pkg.—that is, boiled it 15 minutes after boiling commenced, obtaining a dark brown liquid with a rich snappy flavour similar to coffee. When cream and sugar were added, it was not only good but delicious.

"Noting its beneficial effects in me the rest of the family adopted it—all except my husband, who would not admit that coffee hurt him. Several weeks elapsed during which I drank Postum two or three times a day, when, to my surprise, my husband said: 'I have decided to drink Postum. Your improvement is so apparent—you have such fine color, that I propose to give credit where credit is due.' And now we are coffee-slaves no longer."

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

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE IMPERATIVE AND URGENT NEED OF A MISSIONARY IN THE AMAZON VALLEY, BRAZIL.

BY J. J. WILLIAMS.

For the last three and one-half years I have been praying to the Lord to send a man to the Amazon Valley to take the place of the great and beloved missionary, Rev. J. E. Hamilton, who died there in November, 1905, in the city of Cara Belém, Para. In the hope that some preacher may consider this important field, the following lines are written:

The Amazon Valley comprises two States, to wit: Para and Amazonas. The area covered by these two States is larger than Texas, Oklahoma and Missouri all put together. So any one who wishes to consider the field may feel assured of having plenty of territory.

Though the area is large the population does not go beyond the million and one-half mark. Among the population are found Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, and many other nationalities. Of course, these peoples are in the Amazon Valley for the purpose of getting rich and many of them are succeeding wonderfully.

The climate has been a barrier to the volunteer in this country. I lived eight years in Rio de Janeiro and two years in Para, and I myself prefer the northern climate of Para to the southern climate of Rio. A pleasant breeze sweeps constantly over Para, due to the city being situated on an ideal spot that is surrounded by several rivers, while in Rio the heat during December, January and February is almost unbearable.

Now it has always been a difficult problem for me to solve, the problem being this: Why is it that the trader, regardless of the climatic conditions, goes there, rears a family and enjoys life, and the missionary is afraid that he will die the same day he reaches the field? To my mind it seems that we can learn with the merchant how to be courageous and zealous for our Master in our "business" of bringing the lost to the knowledge of the truth. Since the civil war there have been living in the Amazon Valley a considerable number of American families. They have outlived all kinds of pestilences, but strange to say the missionary is afraid to go there. Shall we as ministers of Christ allow the merchant to be more zealous in searching for gold, than we, whose sole business it is to search for souls? Do not the merchants throughout the Amazon teach us that if they can live there that we, as a missionary, can live there also? Or is it not a feeling of cowardice which is keeping us from obeying the commandment? Would to God that we could constantly remember that the Lord said, "Go and lo, I will be with you alway!"

Rev. E. A. Nelson is the only Baptist missionary in all of that region. Think of having only one man as a missionary in Texas, Oklahoma and Missouri and then wonder whether or not the responsibilities and heart aches inherent of such a position would not be enough to literally crush the heart of the man who is the mouthpiece for God in so large a territory!

The labors of Bro. Nelson, have been most wonderfully rewarded. After eighteen years of constant work today Bro. Nelson can see nearly 500 Baptists in nine Baptist churches spreading all over the Amazon regions. These churches

are from ten to thirteen hundred miles apart. Others have helped in the work but Bro. Nelson was the pioneer.

Bro. Hamilton during the two years that he spent in Para brought things to pass. The congregations were so large that we were forced into the building of a brick house to accommodate the hosts who hungered for the Word of Life. I firmly believe today that it was the building of this house that shortened Bro. Hamilton's life. However, we cannot search the secrets of the Almighty. Only a sad thing we know and that is that Bro. Hamilton died three years and seven months ago and no one has taken his place so far.

There lives a man who has to take care of five hundred scattered Baptists and nine churches, some of these being as far apart as thirteen hundred miles. Bro. Nelson has suffered much, but has endured it all most heroically. Now his health is failing and unless some one goes to take his place, so that he may have rest, I believe that his life will be shortened. It is a miracle of the present century that Bro. Nelson has been able to bear so great burdens as have been placed upon him for years.

Is there not amongst the thousands of Baptist pastors in the Southland one who is physically, intellectually and spiritually prepared, who will say, "I will go!" If there be such an one I am sure that Dr. R. J. Willingham would be glad to take the matter up with such one.

The man who is going ought to fit himself for the work in every respect, for he is going to deal with educated and cultured people and not with ignoramus only, as many people think in this country. May the Lord put this matter in the heart of some courageous man, and may such one with faith in God put his shoulders to the wheel and help Bro. Nelson in bringing the Amazon hosts to the kingdom of God.

Waco, Texas.

WILL EMINENCE CHURCH BE A TYPE?

BY P. T. HALE, COR. SEC.

The first Sunday following the meeting of the General Association I preached at Eminence, and aided Pastor J. R. Johnson in taking his collection for the Baptist Education Society. I trust that this church which is the first to move off after the General Association's earnest request that our pastors and churches will complete this work speedily, will be but an example of what all our churches will do. Pastor Johnson has been very anxious for his church to do a noble part in this great denominational enterprise. There were many difficulties in the way, including the tobacco situation, etc., some local enterprises that needed attention, but the brethren, realizing the necessity of our speedy conclusion of this undertaking, generously deferred these matters in their desire to co-operate with the denomination in its educational work. The amount raised was \$2,600, which will be increased considerably. The church was very proud of their pastor and the pastor of the church. It would seem that getting a church interested in these great denominational movements looking to the world-wide extension of the kingdom of Christ unselfishly, quickens the interest in local matters, for the brethren began at once to talk of building a home for their pastor, who is building up the church phenomenally

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in numbers, liberality, denominational spirit and spirituality. The treasurer of the church remarked to the writer that he had never had a pastor who was developing the church along broad lines more efficiently than their present under-shepherd, and that he had never found it so easy to raise the pastor's salary, although they had lately largely increased it. He further remarked that he thought many pastors made a mistake in being afraid of their congregation, and in fearing that if they got their members to give generously to denominational enterprises they would not pay the pastor's salary; while the fact was, that it was much easier to raise the pastor's salary where the church was developed in the grace of giving, and felt that the pastor was leading them on to usefulness for God, and that they amounted to something in their denominational work. Bro. Johnson, though the college he attended did not belong to the Baptists, and he paid his tuition, is taking much more interest in building up Baptist schools than some of our pastors who were educated gratuitously in Baptist institutions. I was impressed by another thing, and that is that Bro. Johnson has so kept the matter of denominational education before his young people that there are some half dozen young men and ladies of his church who will doubtless go off to our Baptist schools next fall. If all of our pastors were like him and all churches were like this splendid church, the millenium would soon come educationally for the Baptists of Kentucky.

I met some dear friends while at Eminence, and made the acquaint-

nance of other brethren of whom I had long known. I trust and pray that a great spiritual blessing will follow the generous gift of this noble people.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

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

The plug of sebum 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.

And this is life—temptation, trial, struggle, conflict, possible victory—the strenuous life! You cannot cowardly give it up. And you need all the help you can have and the only adequate help is Jesus Christ.—Henry C. King.

Let us not pray for trials lightened, but for courage heightened.—Zion's Herald.

NOTICE.

Will our readers kindly mention the RECORDER when calling on or writing to any of our advertisers.

## The Farm and Household

Mr. Geo Hundley, of Glasgow, sold to Ale Spalding one mule for \$20.

J. H. Haggard bought recently at Mt Sterling ten steers, weight 500 pounds, at \$1.35.

According to the *Monticello Bulletin*, the mule supply in Mason county is the scarcest known, and the few that are being sold are bringing high prices.

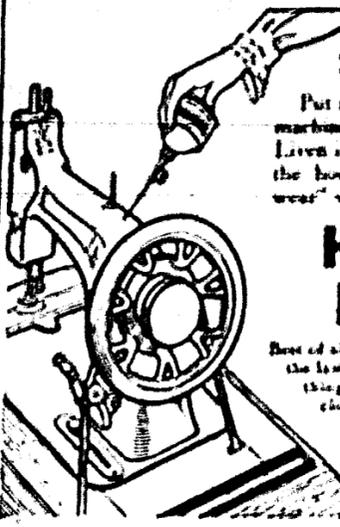
Nearly all wheat in the shock in Jessamine county. A great many fields are badly damaged, but notwithstanding many discouraging features the farmers are expecting a fairly good yield. Hay is very good. A few fields have been taken by the weeds and are not worth cutting. Although corn is late it is very promising. It is growing rapidly and is a good, healthy color.

Montgomery county farmers have been very busy recently, harvest time being on. The stripping of grass seed is all over and the crop is a large one. Wheat is ripe and the fields have been alive with the binder. While the majority of the fields are thin on the ground the heads are very large and heavy and the yield promises to be a good one. Hemp looks very good, especially so considering all conditions. Gardens are doing well.

They have had a very wet season in Graves county, and farmers are awfully behind with their work. Some corn to plant yet, and some tobacco still to set. On the 13th of June was the last rain they had, which was almost a water spout. Lots of low land too wet to work yet. Wheat harvest is about over. Hay is almost ready to cut, and will be a very good crop. Blackberries will soon be ripe. Peaches are not very plentiful, and apples are scarce. A good crop of grapes.

The past few weeks have been unusually busy ones for the farmers of Madison county, as the wheat harvesting was in full swing and the hum of the binder is heard on every turn. Those in the remote sections who have no wheat have been hurrying with the plowing over of their corn the third time and some laying by, while others have been hauling their cured bluegrass seed into market. The meadows over the county are in fine condition and do not show so much white top as was at first feared.

Farmers in Bourbon county are in high glee over the prices they are now receiving for export cattle. It is estimated that over 2,000 head have been sold in that county in the past few weeks for July and August shipment, and at from 6 to 6½ cents. It is said the profits on cattle in Bourbon county this year will reach \$250,000. Among some of the sales made recently are the following: Judge H. C. Smith sold to G. W. Morrow for the United States Dressed Beef Company three car loads of cattle at 6½ cents per pound. W. T. Woodford sold 65 head of cattle at 6½ cents per pound, while O. M. Clay sold 200 head at the same price.



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### BUDDING PEACH TREES

The first thing to do is to grow the stocks. Peaches are sometimes budded on plum stocks, but the general rule is to bud them on peach stocks. These are grown from peach pits. The best commercial supply of pits comes from the high lands of North Carolina and Tennessee, from so-called wild or native trees. The cheap supply comes from the canning factories. In growing only a few trees in a small garden, no great trouble need be spent in finding seed. Almost any seed which will grow can be budded and will answer fairly well. These seeds are planted in drills early in the spring and can be hoed and managed like any garden crop. They should have a good warm soil with enough cultivation and fertilizer to make a strong growth. Weak-growing stocks are worse than useless. The budding is done in the latter part of July to the early part of September, whenever the stocks are in good condition: that is, as the budders say, "when-ever the bark will slip."

The buds to be used are cut just before using from trees of the proper variety. Strong, clean shoots in full growth are chosen, but they must have some good, sound, mature buds, at least toward the base of the shoots, and only these mature buds are used. These whips or "budding sticks" are immediately trimmed by removing the immature tips and by cutting off the blade of each leaf, leaving the petiole or leaf stalk. Everything being ready, the stocks are prepared by pruning or rubbing off the leaves and small shoots near the base. The stock is then cut with a T-shaped incision. The tips of this incision are opened with the point of the budding knife. This is the most delicate and important operation in budding, and on its proper performance largely depends the success of the job. The bark must peel loose freely from the wood below. It must not break or tear.

The bud is then cut from the scion, and inserted in the opening provided on the stock. The bud is then tied in with raffia or soft twine, and the operation is complete, at least for the time. The graft thus formed has to be watched, and after ten days or two weeks it will be found that the bud has set—that is, grown fast. The diameter of the stock will be found to be increasing also and the ligature will be cutting into the stem. The binding is therefore cut. The bud should remain dormant until the following spring. At that time the stock should be cut off down to within about one inch of the inserted bud, and care must be exercised during the early summer that

growth starts from the bud and not from the stocks.—*Country Gentleman*.

The old, well-tried cure for a horse who pulls back is to use a small rope, pass through the bit rings and rings on saddle, and fasten to a strong crupper or pass it under the tail. When the horse pulls back the pull comes strongest under the tail. In a few weeks he will be cured of pulling on the halter.

No farmer was ever known to make money by scrimping feed for his animals, manure or seed for the field, measure for the market—anything. Give a plenty, but no waste is a rule that will work out to a good end.

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## Nerve Sick

If weak, worn out, nervous, can not sleep, have indigestion, headache, neuralgia or periodic pains, it is because your nerves are weak. It is the lack of nerve force that makes the stomach, heart, lungs, etc., work imperfectly—become sick. Dr. Miles' Nervine cures the sick when it restores nerve strength, and puts the power behind the organs to do their work.

"About three years I suffered from nervousness, indigestion, and palpitation of the heart. I could not eat or sleep with comfort, or walk or talk without suffering. Altogether I was in a bad condition. My doctor did not seem to do me any good. I had tried so many remedies that I did not have much hope of any of them doing me any good. Dr. Miles' Nervine was suggested by a friend. I got relief from the first, and after a few days I felt like a new person. It not only relieved my heart and nerves, but has invigorated my whole system. I am very grateful because since I have stopped using it I have had absolutely no return of my old trouble."

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# DEATHS

For actual subscribers we insert obituary of 100 words free. We charge one cent a word for all over 100 words, invariably in 20-words. Count the words and you know at once what the charge will be. Unless the money accompanies the notice, it will be brought down to 100 words.

## KIRTLLEY.

Mrs. Maria Taylor Kirtley was born in Franklin county, Ky., in the spring of 1818. In 1867 she was married to Mr. John E. Kirtley, of Missouri, and went to that State to reside. Shortly after her marriage she united with the Baptist church and from that day was a devoted, self-sacrificing Christian woman. In 1872 she returned to this city with her family and became a member of the First Baptist church, and so remained until her life's journey ended.

In all the relations of life Mrs. Kirtley measured up to the highest and best standard. Quiet, unassuming, she discharged her duties with such gentle faithfulness as to become a model to those of us who knew how fragile and delicate was her constitution.

For several years her health had been far from good, but no amount of medical skill fell from her lips. She joyed in ministering to others, rather than being ministered unto.

As wife she was gentle, tender, devoted, as mother she was loving, watchful and unselfish; as a Christian ever ready to give a reason for the faith that was hers and which she so ardently loved and trusted in.

The end came as a flash of lightning. Not a few moments before, she and her husband were conversing about the duties of the day, and he had gone to fill an appointment. She returned to her dining-room to arrange for the day, when she was heard to fall. Her daughter ran to her assistance, summoning a physician from across the street. The physician did all that medical skill could do to revive her, and so far succeeded that she was conscious enough to tell her son, who had arrived, how it happened, and then quietly "fell on sleep."

Some months before she had calmly given directions about her funeral and selected her nephews as her pallbearers, just as though she were going to the home of a loved one.

Besides her heart-broken husband, she leaves three children (one son, Mr. Albert T. Kirtley, and two daughters, Miss Lena Kirtley and Mrs. Geo. L. Barnes), six grandchildren and a large circle of devoted friends to mourn her untimely end.

The wise man of old has said: "A virtuous woman is above the price of rubies; the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her; she will do him good and not evil all the days of her life." Such was Mrs. Kirtley.

The funeral services were conducted on Monday, June 8th, from the First Baptist church, by her pastor, Rev. M. B. Adams, in the presence of a very large audience of loving friends and neighbors, and the remains were placed with her kindred dead in the Frankfort Cemetery.

May the Great Comforter send the healing balm to these sorely bereft hearts, who will so sadly miss her loving ministrations.

Frankfort, Ky.

J. B. L.

## BARNETT.

I was called to Columbia to conduct the funeral services of Mrs. Edgar W. Barnett, of Corbin, Ky. Mrs. Barnett died very suddenly and unexpectedly on Wednesday night, the 24th of this month, of Bright's disease. She has been an invalid for more than two years, and never very strong, but after an operation a short time ago, it was thought she would get well. She was a member of the well-known Garnett family, of Columbia, Ky., being the oldest child of the late Judge Garnett, and a sister of the Hon. James Garnett, at whose home she died. One of her sisters is the wife of Rev. James P. Scruggs, pastor at Midway, Ky. She was educated at Columbia and at Georgetown College, and was a great worker at Corbin, much loved by her neighbors and highly appreciated by all the Corbin church.

Often her husband urged her to go away from home for her health, which she did only when it seemed necessary to prolong her life, or when she went to visit her widowed mother, who died only a few weeks ago at her home in Columbia. The weight of this great grief of the loss of

her mother was perhaps one cause of the sudden death of Mrs. Barnett. She leaves a husband and two sisters and a large number of relatives and friends to mourn her loss. Her husband had just every thing of their home in perfect order and was in Columbus on Monday before her death to bring her home. Instead of that he came back alone and with a broken heart.

The church at Corbin and two of her churches, Women's Methodist and Baptist, to the funeral, and they all join with their beloved pastor in this, his and their great loss, and make his grief their grief.

W. H. Home

Williamburg, Ky.

## THREE GENERATIONS OF HEALTHY BABIES

have been successfully raised in this city's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, made each year than on all so-called "in fact brands" combined. Thousands of condensed testimonials received as readily from physicians and grateful parents testify to the merits of Eagle Brand.

Substrate for the Western Recorder.

## LIGHT RUNNING MACHINES

One of the recommendations of certain leading machines is that they are "Light Running." They move very easily and require little strength of labor. A little girl said: "I like to see when there is no thread on the machine if I can't see it."

There are persons whose religion comes to be of the "light running" order. There is nothing difficult about it; no burdens, no heart breakings, no "strong sayings and sayings," no "groundings" that cannot be altered, but lightness, ease and pleasure; a personal, comfortable way of getting things, which holds all earthly systems, but never loses any sleep over them.

Machines run easily when we work in being done. A test upon a lower grade runs easily, but accomplishes nothing, but when that belt is thrown upon a fast grade, then at every turn machinery is abused and something is accomplished.

We need to get rid of this easy going religion, these sewing machines which are without thread, those faiths that are without words and are dead, the systems

and counts which are the standards in the hearts of saints, and work no conviction in the minds of sinners, and which produce no change in the lives of their performers. We need to come down to the facts, the realities and the desire of a Christianity which is as healthy as well as a faith, and a faith as well as a theory.

Life is short. We have little time for dreaming and striving. With God's help, we are to do with for Him for earthly work which will require effort, sacrifice and zeal in the Master's cause, and which will tell on human welfare now and forever. Let us be workers together with Him, that when He shall appear we may appear with Him in glory.—The Christian.

Others: You ought to know something about God and that sort of thing. Tell me, what is a "forget-me-not"?

Substrate: Why, it's a piece of string that your wife has around your finger when you go in town on an errand.—Philadelphia Press.

To me who does not sleep with any truly enjoy anything else. President Whittier says that, faith is all at once. Keyword.

## Pimples on the Face

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

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Made by Dr. J. Glenn

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

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# MATTHEW HENRY'S COMMENTARY

ON THE ENTIRE BIBLE, WITH ALL THE ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PREFATORY NOTES BY REV. JOHN A. BROADUS, D.D., LL.D.

IN THREE LARGE VOLUMES. SUBSTANTIAL CLOTH BINDING. GOOD TYPE.

Ministers, Students, Laymen, Periodicals of all denominations unite in pronouncing Matthew Henry's Commentary unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Here are a few of the things they have said:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**DR. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER:** Taking it as a whole, and as adapted to every class of readers, this "Commentary" may be said to combine more excellence than any work of the kind which was ever written in any language.

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# BAPTIST BOOK CONCERN.

(INCORPORATED.)

JOHN W. HILL, Mgr. Book Dept.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

News the World Over

A South which will come without regret to this State is that of High Edward... The Journal and Messenger says that Frank McManis...

The Greek colony of San Francisco presented a petition to Admiral Thomas for the Connecticut... Another example which shows there is no dead line in the ministry...

It is a remarkable coincidence that in New York and Louisiana the bill for leading betting at race tracks passed the Legislature by the casting vote of one man...

It is evident the Persian Parliament does not understand the wisdom of going slow... The natives of Sumatra have risen again against their Dutch invaders...

The taxpayers are resenting sharply the socialistic doings of the Liberal party in England... King Edward and Queen Alexandra went on a visit of State to Royal in Russia...

The Executive Committee of the Laymen's Missionary Movement of Southern Baptists takes great pleasure in announcing that Prof. J. T. Henderson...

Bro. J. T. Henderson gave three very stirring sermons on the following subjects: "Justification by Faith," "The Kingdom of God," and "The Kingdom of God."

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BLUE MOUNTAIN ENCAMPMENT AND BIBLE CONFERENCE

The Mississippi Baptists have had the privilege of several good meetings. The encampment opened June 23rd, on the campus of Blue Mountain College.

Bro. J. T. Henderson gave three very stirring sermons on the following subjects: "Justification by Faith," "The Kingdom of God," and "The Kingdom of God."

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and as President of the General Association of Virginia, he has been a great success. In fact, he has been mentioned in all the undertakings.

The denomination is to be congratulated that an offering of this kind has been secured for this position. At the same time, he must have the sympathy and hearty cooperation of every Baptist pastor and layman if the best results are to be obtained.

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Twenty-six were baptized and quite a number joined by letter. Bro. J. W. Goussard, of Kentucky, has accepted calls from the churches at Lenoirville and Mountain, Ark.

Bro. J. H. Taylor, of Louisiana, Texas, is to visit pastor A. J. Foxworth in a series of meetings at Hamburg, Ark., beginning June 23rd.

A three weeks' meeting in the Second Church, Jefferson City, Tenn., closed with sixty-three additions to the fellowship of the church.

DISTRICT ASSOCIATIONS PLACE AND TIME OF MEETING 1909

- 1-Union, Franklin. 2-Blackford, Mt. Eden ch., Hancock county. 3-Crossed, Bethany ch., Hancock county. 4-Davies County, Oak Grove ch., Union. 5-Methel, Trenton. 6-Berkeley, Lewisburg ch., North Park. 7-Liberty, Shady Grove ch., Metcalf county. 8-Ohio County, Hartford. 9-South Kentucky, New Salem ch., Lincoln county. 10-Centerville, Williamstown. 11-Logan County, Mt. Pleasant ch., Lewisburg. 12-Sheriff County, Shelbyville. 13-Green River, Mt. Liberty ch., Ohio county. 14-Casper River, Salem ch., Boyle county. 15-South District, Mt. Hebron ch. 16-Harrah River, Pleasant Hill ch., Harrah county. 17-Campbell County, Pettis Grove ch. 18-Ohio River, Hampton ch., Livingston county. 19-Russell's Creek, Pleasant Ridge ch., Green county. 20-Tate's Creek, Wallaceton ch., Madison county. 21-Newcastle, Friendship ch., Harrod. 22-Union, Union ch. 23-Baptist, Graham ch., Anderson county.

OTHER STATES

- The Newberry church, R. C., set apart its new house for the worship of God. The Lela church, Ga., has set apart its new house for the worship of God. The Homewood church, W. Va., has set apart its new house for the worship of God. The Veina church, Ga., has set apart Bro. Metz Joiner to the full work of the Gospel ministry. A church with fifty-one members has been constituted at Fountain City, Tenn. The Hazle Street church, Macon, Ga., has set apart Bro. Paul E. Lester to the full work of the Gospel ministry. A meeting in the Remerton church, Valdosta, Ga., resulted in twelve additions all by experience and baptism. Pastor E. C. Andrews held a meeting in the Plymouth church, N. C., which resulted in twelve additions to the fellowship of the church. A meeting in the Sampson Mill church, Greenville, S. C., resulted in thirty-seven additions to the fellowship of the church twenty-five by baptism. A ten day's meeting in the Young's Chapel church, Va., resulted in twenty-four professions of religion and twenty additions all by experience and baptism. Pastor D. I. Spearman, assisted by Elder E. L. Kugley, held a meeting in the Second church, Easley, S. C., which resulted in sixteen additions to the fellowship of the church. Pastor J. C. Gillespie assisted by Elder J. J. Beach, held a meeting in the Louise church, N. C., which continued ten days and closed with thirty-one additions to the fellowship of the church. The Roan Street church, Johnson City, Tenn., has closed a meeting in which Elder J. H. Snow preached, which continued two weeks and added 32 to the fellowship of the church. Pastor J. M. P. Morrow, Mart, Texas, closed his meeting with thirty-five received for baptism and twelve by letter. Bro. Morrow claims that he has one of the best churches in Texas. The church at Grimsburg, Mo., closed one of the best meetings in her history. Bro. W. E. Farr, of Bogus Chitto, did the preaching. Twenty-seven were received for baptism and twenty by letter. Pastor M. W. Deloach, of Crossett, Ark., was assisted in a series of meetings recently by Bro. A. H. Autry.

- 2-Lowell River, Hawk Creek ch., near Hawk Patch. 3-Quincy, Baker's Creek ch. 4-Winter's Hill, Liberty Station, Macon. 5-Little Bethel, Deacons' Springs, Hopkins county. 6-Lynn, Pike River ch. 7-West Kentucky, South Methodist ch., near Harwood. 8-Edgewater, Lynn. 9-Thorn Ferry, Harrod. 10-Mt. Zion, Hopewell ch., near Clinton. 11-West Union, Mt. Zion ch. 12-Lake Valley, Mt. Pleasant ch., Hancock county. 13-Grand River, Pike ch., near Adam. 14-Salem, Vine Grove. 15-Govern County, New Hope ch., Cumberland River. Franklin, Franklin. If additions of contributions are desired please write to the pastor. J. K. NEWBERRY, Secretary.

Live Stock Markets

Table with columns for CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP AND LAMBS, and TOBACCO. Lists various types of livestock and their market prices.

Table with columns for SHEEP AND LAMBS, listing different types of sheep and their prices.

Table with columns for BURELY-DAK RED, listing different types of burley and their prices.

Table with columns for BURELY-BRIGHT RED, listing different types of burley and their prices.

Table with columns for BURELY-DARK, listing different types of burley and their prices.

Table with columns for BUTTER, listing different types of butter and their prices.

Table with columns for POULTRY, listing different types of poultry and their prices.

Table with columns for EGGS, listing different types of eggs and their prices.