

WESTERN RECORDER

Faith, Hope and Love, these three.

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

84th YEAR.

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THE PLOT AGAINST PAUL.

T. T. Eaton.

The life of the Apostle Paul was remarkable and its record is full of instruction. The sudden change in his character from a persecutor of Christians to an humble disciple of the despised Nazarene is of itself enough to prove the truth of our religion. No merely human philosophy can explain the life of Saul of Tarsus. The only intelligent explanation of the wonderful change that passed over him is the one he was so fond of giving, as he told what befell him between Jerusalem and Damascus. I do not think Christians have ever used this argument as they might and probably ought to have done.

The life of Paul was God-led. Not only is his history a proof of the truth of Christianity as a general system, but also of its doctrines in special. There is scarcely a doctrine in the whole body of divinity which does not find practical expression in the life of this great Apostle. His life is, if I may use the figure, a diagram of Christianity. Beginning, as all lives do, in innocence and purity, he descended into the depths of wickedness till he became "the chief of sinners," and yet after the grace of God changed his heart he became the chief of saints, who "labored more abundantly than they all." I have said, and I believe that the Apostle Paul was the greatest man the world ever saw. Study carefully his character and life and you will find, I am sure, more of the elements of true greatness and in a higher degree than in any other character history has given us. To him more than to any other man is due the success of Christianity.

The life of this wonderful man has been left on record for our instruction and guidance. Let us this morning consider a brief section thereof. "Then Paul called one of the centurions unto him and said bring this young man unto the chief captain, for he hath a certain thing to tell him."

Unwilling to heed the warning of the prophet Agabus, who prophesied with Paul's girdle, and despite the earnest and tearful entreaties of the brethren at Caesarea, Paul had come to Jerusalem. To show his Jewish brethren that although he had been laboring with the Gentiles in Asia, he still revered the Temple and the law, he joined himself with four men who had a vow on them, and went with them to purify himself in the Temple. There the Jews caught him and went about to kill him. The chief captain, Claudius Lysias, who during the times of the feasts kept a large number of soldiers near the Temple, to preserve order and be ready in case the Jews began an insurrection to promptly quell it, came and rescued him. Supposing Paul to be "that Egyptian which before these days madest an uproar, and leddest out into the wilderness 4,000 men that were murderers," Lysias ordered him bound with two chains, and carried into the castle.

While borne of the soldiers on the stairway leading into the Castle, Paul made his memorable and final address to his countrymen, which, because it was in Hebrew, Claudius could not understand, and which because it so infuriated the Jews, he supposed to be seditious. Wherefore he ordered that Paul should be examined by scourging, of which he repented when he found that Paul was a Roman citizen. Then came the trial before the Sanhedrin, resulting only in a quarrel between the Pharisees

and Sadducees composing that court. He was remanded to the castle, and that night "the Lord stood by him and said—be of good cheer, Paul; for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem so must thou bear witness also at Rome."—But the Jews were not idle; they were determined that cost what it would this renegade Saul should die. They were bent on accomplishing his death legally, if they could, illegally, if they must. More than forty men swore with a terrible oath that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul. This plot coming to the knowledge of the Apostle's nephew, he came and told his uncle all about it, and "then Paul called one of the centurions unto him and said, bring this young man unto the chief captain; for he hath a certain thing to tell him." That night the prisoner, with a strong guard, was sent from Jerusalem and the next day arrived in Caesarea—beyond the reach of the conspirators.

Such is a brief statement of the facts as given us by Luke, and now let us ask what lessons we can learn from this brief section of the Apostle's life. And in the first place we can see how God fulfills his promises. God had promised "so must thou bear witness also at Rome," and not all the powers of earth and hell could prevent it. There were not men enough in the world to kill Paul, till he had gone to Rome. The promise of God standeth sure, "Heaven and earth shall pass away but my words shall not pass away. What confidence we should have in God's promises. Men make promises and unforeseen circumstances change their mind or make the fulfilling of those promises impossible—God is omniscient and omnipotent, and he is "the same yesterday, today and forever, in him is no variableness nor shadow of turning." Nothing can be surer than the promises of God, even the everlasting hills and the rock-ribbed mountains are frail and short-lived in comparison. Long after this earth shall have become weary with rolling, the promises of God shall stand, no jot or tittle of them having failed in any particular. God's Word stands firm as His throne, and changeless as the Immutable.

But while God's faithfulness affords strong consolation to the Christian, it is a source of dismay to the unconverted. For this same changeless God hath said he would by no means clear the guilty. Every jot or tittle of his threats shall be fulfilled as completely and inflexibly as his promises. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God;" yes, but the Christian does not fall, he is placed there by his Saviour, and for him the glory of being thus in "the hands of the living God" surpasses human thought. So, my friends, while I would encourage you by telling of the sure promises of God, I would warn you of the certainty of his executing his threats and of the hopelessness of your escape if you "neglect so great salvation." That is a surpassingly glorious truth—"he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved"—while that other truth coupled with it revealing the dark side of the picture, is inexpressibly horrible—"he that believeth not shall be damned," but it is as true as God himself.

In the second place, we can learn from this story of Paul's life, that though God's promises are sure, and we should place implicit faith in them, yet there is something for us to do. Paul did not say to his nephew, when he told him of the plot—"ha! God has promised that I shall testify

in Rome, he will prevent the execution of their conspiracy. There are not men enough in Jerusalem to kill me; go home and tell your mother, for I suppose Paul's sister was a widow, not to be uneasy about me." No such talk as this, which proves that Paul was not an Autonomian, but after conferring with his nephew, and telling him how to state his case to Lysias, he "called one of the centurions unto him and said, bring this young man unto the chief captain, for he hath a certain thing to tell him." This was a terrible plot and must be foiled. Then as the killing was to take place next day, action must be prompt, as delay might be fatal.

Paul could not have forgotten God's promise to him the night previous, and yet he acts as if every thing depended upon his works. The conspirators did not know that Paul's nephew had found out their plot, therefore measures to thwart it must be conducted secretly, else a change might be made in the conspiracy. Who can doubt that if those forty men had known that Paul under guard would start that night for Caesarea, they would have mustered force enough to have captured him from the guard, after they had got outside the city, and would have then and there slain Paul? The Apostle managed the affair wisely, yet his reliance on God's promise gave him confidence that his efforts would be successful. The Saviour said to his disciples—"all power is given unto me in Heaven and in earth"—therefore, you may do nothing and I will convert the world. Nay, verily "go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

It was certain that Paul would go to Rome for God had said it; yet it was absolutely essential that the plot against his life should be foiled. Unless some way could be devised to defeat the conspiracy, Paul must perish. God, who had promised, knew in advance all about this effort to kill his servant, and provided the means for the fulfillment of his promise. It indicated no want of confidence in God that Paul took steps to foil the conspirators, it was rather his faith in God that encouraged him to make the effort, for full well he knew that without God's blessing the effort would be vain. The promises of God are not premiums on idleness, but on industry; encouragement not to sloth, but to diligence. Whately spoke the truth when he said: "We ought to work as if every thing depended on our works, and then pray as if nothing depended on them."

To know the truth, and then refuse to obey it; to hear the message, assent to its accuracy, bow in the presence of its great demand intellectually, and yet not answer its claim, that is the sin which hardens a man. When a man so disobeys, he becomes hardened by the very truth that might have softened him; he becomes enslaved and debased by the very message that ought to have made him free indeed. In that sense the Gospel is a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death.—Campbell Morgan.

To say that Jesus saves, and to say that the Truth saves, is to declare exactly the same thing.

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The malignity of the French Catholic Governor at Madagascar toward Protestant missionaries is infamous. But God can make the wrath of man to praise Him and the Protestants have reason to be glad that they have not been forbidden to preach and to make converts. He has closed their schools, but that gives them all the more time for preaching. He has forbidden the building of more Protestant houses, but they can preach in tents or, as Paul did, in hired houses.

In Gipsy Smith's meetings in Pittsburg the Chief of Police appointed sixty-seven policemen to be present and handle the crowds. Every one who was not already a Christian was converted. They went to work as the really regenerated always do to bring their fellows to seek the pardon of their sins, and many other policemen were brought to God.

Anxious souls, worrying over the future will do well to take to heart these words of Dr. Adam: "If I know the next step is right, I have no right to demand to see around the corner."

Speaking of a godly man who was on his death bed, slowly wasting away with disease, one described him "as disintegrating quartz falling away from the gold."

The Duke of Tuscany, accompanied by a friend, went into a house to spend the night. But when he found no Bible and learned that the householder did not pray he said to his friend: "Let us flee out of this house for God is not here."

Bishop Griswold said long ago, but his words are perennial in their truth: "A profane swearer bites the devil's bate hard and goes to hell a fool."

BROKEN HEARTS AND BROKEN BODIES.

By Henry Alford Porter.

She was a poor Broken Heart. Bereavement and loneliness, sorrow and shame had fallen, blow after blow, upon her, and broken, bleeding, and quivering with pain, what could she do? Where could she turn for comfort?

"To Whom Shall We Go."

There was worldly pleasure. That had no healing for a broken heart. There was sin. For a brief space it deadened the sense of pain, but the pain revived with the added pangs of remorse. There was work. It closed the sore for a time, but in the intervals of rest the wound broke out afresh. There was but one place to look for help, and that was to Him who is all compassion. But how should Broken Heart know of His compassion? What evidence had she that He cared for her burden and sorrow? He died for her? Yes; but that was to save her from the fires of hell, so she had been taught. What right had Broken Heart to ask for anything more? How could she expect anything more? But the present trouble shut out the vision of eternity. It was impossible to form any conception of eternal joy, and the pain of the present seemed itself eternal, and there appeared no escape from it. So Broken Heart despaired.

The Ministry of Sympathy.

But there came a neighbor and said, "Let me help you." And she shaded the glaring window and bathed the hot head and smoothed the tangled hair. And by and by she said softly, "He cares." But Broken Heart, smiled bitterly and said, "How do I know?" And the neighbor said, while a tear plashed on the pillow: "When He was tired and worn; when His heart was bleeding with the slights and the misunderstandings and the calumnies of men; when the weight of the world's long woe was pressing upon Him, he sought out the sick and the suffering and the sorrowing. Over dale and hill He went to find the house of mourning. Through crowded streets or across desert wastes He went to seek the broken-hearted. Over stony paths and through burning heat He went to meet the bier. Into the midst of His sworn foes He, who could have spoken the life-giving word from afar, calmly walked, that He might stand beside the tomb of His friend and weep with the bereaved ones. He so filled His days with ministry to the suffering that He must needs rob Himself of rest and sleep to commune with His Father. And always in His presence the sorrowing exchanged the spirit of heaviness for the garment of praise and went away with singing."

"But He is gone," wailed Broken Heart. "I cannot see Him; He did not stand by the wayside when the bier was borne from my door; He shed no tears at the tomb of my beloved; He was not by to comfort me when the stroke of shame fell." "Ah," said the neighbor, "He has put a touch of His own compassion into my heart and has sent me to tell you that in truth He is here; that He stood by the open grave with you; that He was there when the awful blow fell; that He held out His arms to you, pleading with you to come to Him for rest. But you did not see and you did not hear. And now He bids me tell you that like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. He is touched with the feeling of your infirmity; He has compassion upon your sorrow."

And Broken Heart saw in human tears a reflection of the Divine sympathy, and felt in the ministry of human hands a touch of the Divine compassion. And Broken Heart said, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." And there was peace.

A Religion For The Whole Man.

How can suffering humanity, blinded by sin and deafened by sorrow and lamed by habit, know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins except as

they witness His works reproduced by His disciples? The Christianity which deals alone with the soul, which has no regard to the hunger of the mind or the necessities of the body, is not the kind of Christianity which its Founder meant the world to have. His was a religion for the whole man. We Baptists have recognized this on the intellectual side, and have built schools.

We have even recognized the relation between healthy physical organism and sound mental condition, and have added gymnasiums to our schools. But there has been a fearful neglect on the part of the churches to care for the sick and suffering.

It is true that to Christianity is due the planting of every county and state hospital, every asylum and infirmary in the land. It is true that all the practical philanthropy of our social and civic life is the result of Christian sentiment and the outgrowth of Christian institutions. But since when have we been taught to delegate to the county or the city our duty of caring for the sick? It is true that the lodge exists in large measure for the purpose of caring for the physical welfare of its members; but if the churches of Christ had been fulfilling their mission of ministering to the whole man there would have been no place found for the lodge. The churches have no power to transfer their obligation to work the works of God to any other agent. Against this indifference of the churches to physical Christianity Eddyism and other isms that emphasize healing are all alike reactions.

Reaping The Reward.

But not only is it our duty to care for the sick and the suffering. It is immensely to our advantage to do so. What has made Seventh Day Adventism in these recent years a force to be reckoned with? Can anyone doubt that it is the Battle Creek Sanitarium? It is the refuge and the lodging-house and the Christmas dinner and all its practical friendliness that has made the Salvation Army one of the most effective agencies for good the world today knows. It is the hospital and the orphanage which intrenches the Roman Catholic Church in our country. Romanism could not breathe in free American air were it not for its practical beneficence.

A parishioner of mine was recently ill in a Catholic hospital. She received excellent care, and the cheerful Irish "sister" whose especial charge she was, by her unflinching good-humor, sympathy and friendliness, quite won her heart. And daily, as the "sister" brushed her hair or bathed her face, she murmured, "You would make such a good Catholic. When you get well you must come to our church. I know you'd want to be a Catholic if you'd only come to church and see how beautiful the service is." And in the cases of hundreds and thousands of their patients they succeed in winning them to their faith. Similar ministry would win to the truth and to a living faith. It has been said that "miracles are bells to call the people to Christ." All our service for our fellow men should be but this—bells to call them to Him who works through us.

We are fond of calling Kentucky a Baptist state, and we are justly proud of our numbers, our evangelists, our missionaries, and of our manifold undertakings and achievements in educational enterprises. We are doing noble and Christ-like things in our concern for the souls and minds of the people. Why not complete the circle of our interest and endeavor? Why not take up that form of service which all men recognize as Christ-like, and which provides the open sesame to multitudes of hearts which are apparently closed to all other avenues of approach? Why not get at broken hearts through ministry to broken bodies? Why not build and equip our Kentucky Baptist Sanitarium?

ENVIRONMENT AND CRIME.

A wife murderer was recently hanged in Tennessee. A petition for commutation of his sentence, made up in Kentucky, where he had grown up, and signed by hundreds of Kentuckians, was presented

to the Governor but he refused to interfere with the execution. It is said that the petition urged that the murderer was really irresponsible for his crime, "because he had grown up in a 'godless county,' and had enjoyed neither moral nor intellectual advantages."

In one sense it was a very pathetic plea. There was much force in it, too, although it was a dangerous position to take, and one by which our whole social life might be endangered. Men must be punished for such crimes. They must be punished for any crime. Any man knows better than to murder his wife, or to commit deeds of violence. He may lack refinement and Christian culture and be ignorant and immoral, but he knows that he has no right to take the life of a human being. If there are those who do not know or understand this, they are living on such a low and dangerous plane that there must be something to deter them that they will understand, and that one thing is to be found in swift and sure punishment.

And yet who can measure the degree of responsibility attaching to a person who has grown up in a "godless county," without moral or intellectual advantages? It may be said that there can be no county in any State in which there is not enough known of moral truth to enlighten the minds of the people as to the crime of murder. Yet there are neighborhoods and communities in which most primitive conditions and ideas prevail, and in which little is done for the moral uplift of the people. The godly minister who said, as a criminal was led by in handcuffs, "There goes John Bradford but for the grace of God," apprehended that, in God's providence, difference in condition leads largely to difference in life.

Who would be willing to live in a "godless county," if he could choose? Infidelity sneers at religion, but it is the power of the gospel that makes the difference between our own land and heathendom, and the difference between godless counties and those that are Christian in life can be apprehended by all who have eyes to see. Infidelity would make all the counties godless, and would introduce a carnival of moral delinquency and crime. Break down the gospel, and all the land becomes godless. James Russell Lowell gave infidelity a most scathing rebuke when he accused it of overturning the moral and social order, and urged infidels to go to some land on which the light of the gospel had never shone if they were so opposed to it and its influence.

We must do all we can for the godless individuals and families and communities and counties and for the whole godless world that lieth in sin. The world needs God in every land and in every home and heart. Where he is not known and loved there is darkness, and there are crime and ignorance and death. We must do all in our power to bring in the light of God. We are more responsible than we think in this matter. We are our brother's keeper. We have no right to permit counties or lands or the world to remain in godlessness. We are to evangelize all peoples. We are to teach them to observe all things that Jesus has commanded. Our duty in the matter is limited only by the world's need.—Herald and Presbyterian.

A TABLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

It was a question of the old Israelites, whose courage failed them while in the deserts, and whose hearts turned back to the flesh-pots of Egypt, "Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?" Pharaoh's table they knew was laden with plenty, and their own tables they had tried to set while they dwelt in cantonments in the land of Goshen, but who would ever expect a table of food in the Sinai wilderness? The scorn of those old sinners seemed on the face of it a fair objection. Good fare is not to be expected on tramps through life's Saharas, nor are fine delicacies the portion of those who bivouac in the wild.

Nevertheless the logic of the old Hebrew was not good, because it was not complete. What is difficult with men is not impossible

with God. Under every possible circumstance of life the Almighty is able to provide His own with necessities—and also, if He please, with some luxuries—and when the meat of Egypt fails the manna of Providence appears. God can furnish a table in the wilderness. There is never any reason to doubt either His goodness or His grasp of the situation. With such a God in charge of the commissariat of the universe the righteous never go forsaken nor do their seed beg bread. They who take the Lord at His word and trust His promises never become tramps or vagabonds.

In the days when mottoes were more popular than they are now a common sight in the homes of Christian people was the inscription—often home-worked by the unskillful fingers of the children or with the trembling hands of the aged—which read, "The Lord will provide." It was a good motto and it is just as true in these days when so many people are anxious about the bread-and-butter problem, and puzzled how to find means of support. The same God who provided quails and manna in the desert of Sin will today feed His children, though He may now require them to till the ground, or explore forest and sea-depths to wring from them their means of sustenance. Still, as the sainted Dr. Martine Babcock reminded us, back of the loaf of bread is the mill, and back of the mill is the grain and the seed and the shower and the Father's will.

Can God furnish a table in the wilderness? He can because He has done so. God furnished a table for Elijah, when He fed him by the ministry of the ready ravens; for David when He sent him provender to the Cave of Adullam; for Daniel when He supported him in the lion's den; for John the Baptist when He gave him locusts and wild honey to eat. God furnished a table in the wilderness for the boy Martin Luther, stirring up the soul of the devout widow Cotta to give him support; He set a table for John Bunyan in Bedford jail, even in the presence of his enemies; He fed our Pilgrim Fathers on the bleak New England shores; He found a way to uphold the heroic Adoniram Judson while in the Burmese prison of Ava; He gave the Romany lad Rodney Smith his daily meals on the English moors, while He was preparing him for the world-wide evangelistic work of the "Gipsy." There is never in any age or under any conceivable circumstances of life any reason to doubt the Lord's forethought, wisdom or loving providence. Trust in Him at all times, and He will never fail to supply your "daily bread," or "bread day by day," even though at times He may set your table in a wilderness.—Rev. C. A. S. Dwight, in the N. Y. Observer.

IT TELLS IN TIME.

People often say this man has drank whiskey, that man has smoked, and the other man has chewed tobacco, forty or fifty years, and he is well and hale and hearty. But they do not tell how many others have done the same thing and are dead and buried long ago; nor do they tell how many of the man's children and grandchildren have been laid in untimely graves, as a result of his evil and vicious habits. "Unto the third and fourth generation," is the descending curse extended, and not till four generations are passed are we able to estimate the full consequences of parental iniquity.

"We learned the other day," says the *Herald and Presbyterian*, "of a man who boasted that he had taken a bottle of wine every day for fifty years, and had never been injured by it. But of his twelve children six died in infancy, one was idiotic, one became insane, and the other four grew up to be nervous invalids. Men find it impossible to get away from the old law laid down thousands of years ago, that God visits 'the iniquity of the fathers upon the children.' It is a terrible thing for fathers to commit sins for which their children will have to pay the penalty, but men are doing so on every hand."—Selected.

"SHALL CHRISTIANS BE ARMINIANS?"

By W. Alexander Jordan.

In the Western Recorder of February 25th is an article by E. Braddock on "Shall Christians be Antinomians?" in which the author certainly sets forth some ideas concerning "law" which should not go unchallenged. There is truly a distinction to be made between ceremonial and moral law. But as far as salvation is concerned they may be used indifferently, for man cannot be saved by either. "For if there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law."—Gal. 3:21.

"But that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God, it is evident," etc.—Gal. 3:11.

"Therefore, by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight," etc.—Rom. 3:20.

There is no law, either ceremonial or moral, that can justify a sinner. The ceremonial law has been abolished, but the moral law has not been abolished nor can it ever be—that would be to abolish God and the right which is unthinkable. The Decalogue is the expression of divine perfection. It is absolutely perfect. It is infinite. "Wherefore the law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just and good."—Rom. 7:12. "For we know that the law is spiritual."—4:14.

The fact that man is not saved by the law is not the law's fault, "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh," etc.—Rom. 8:3. "For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not."—Rom. 7:18.

And Paul adds pathetically: "And the commandment, which was ordained to life, I found to be unto death."—Rom. 7:10. The context shows clearly this to be the moral law. If one could perfectly keep a perfect law he would be saved by that law, but would need no Christ. The law "ordained to life," Paul found to be unto death. Why? Because on account of sin in the flesh he found no way to keep it. It will be the death of any man to depend on keeping the Decalogue to be saved, for no man has ever kept it, nor can any one ever keep it. Why, has God given us a law which we cannot keep, and yet will he damn us for not keeping it? Well, God could not have given an imperfect moral law, but an imperfect being could only keep an imperfect law, hence before man could keep God's law it must be accommodated to man's ability to keep it. Can God accommodate his law to man's fallen nature and be God and just?—God gave his perfect moral law, as expressed in the Decalogue, regardless of man's ability or inability to keep the same. But man, imperfect as he is, in his very attempt to keep God's holy law, discovers his great inability to do that which God has required of him, and hence "by the law is the knowledge of sin."—Rom. 3:20.

The law addresses itself to man, not in the hope that man will keep it, but "that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God."—Rom. 3:19.

The law therefore instead of saving men does three things:

1. Stops every mouth.
2. Makes the world guilty before God.
3. Discovers to man his sin.

Thus ultimately showing him his need of a Saviour.

Now, I do not understand that Christ came to show us how to keep the law, or to make the law easy, so we can keep it, or to finish out for us what of it we failed to keep in life.

Christ came to honor the law by keeping it himself. He was perfect and could keep His Father's perfect law—and did. "Think not that I am come to destroy, but to fulfill."—Matt. 5:17. He kept the law for himself, and thus honored it, and made it "honorable." Then since man has dishonored it and broken it in its divine precepts, and thereby incurred its divine penalties, Christ proposes that, since no penalties rest on himself he assume the penalties due to man, and thus redeem man from under its curse—"made of a woman, made under the law to redeem them that were under the law," etc.—Gal. 4:4-5. Thus he becomes our substitute and so dies in our stead—becoming "a curse for us."—Gal. 3:13.

No man denies the authority of the Decalogue. It is binding on all alike—sinner and saint. The sinner, or unbeliever, who violates God's law in the least must be lost. The believer who violates the Decalogue (and all do) has kept it in his substitute Christ, and the condemnation does not rest on the believer, but on Christ. "There is therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," etc.—Rom. 8:1. Now, the believer's imperfection would send him to hell if Christ did not assume it. The believer wants to keep the "ten sentences," but I am sorry to say he does not keep any of them perfectly, strive how he may. He does not feel that because Christ kept the law and bore his penalties, that he is at liberty to sin. He is so changed as to love what Christ loves, and to attempt to do what Christ did. Christ saved him from the law's awful curse, and the believer hates that curse as does the Christ, and loves the divine precepts as does Christ, and but for his sinful, weak flesh, he would keep that holy law as does Christ, even though he knows that such would not save him from hell. It is not the believer's morality plus Christ's righteousness that saves, but Christ's righteousness alone that saves, and gives the believer his morality whatever he may possess. "They talk of morals; oh, thou bleeding Lamb, but the grand morality is love to thee." To say that I must add my morality to Christ's righteousness is to say that His righteousness is incomplete without it, which is to accuse my Lord of an imperfect work, which is to slander Him. "Not by

works of righteousness which we have done but by his mercy he saved us."—Titus 3:5.

Moses not only gave the "ceremonial law," but the "ten sentences" as well. The law of Moses therefore is the Decalogue. May our Father help us to the light.

Yazoo City, Miss.

DANGERS OF EASTER.

By George A. Lofton, D.D.

To begin with, Easter is the transmutation of a heathen festival, once devoted to Ostara, the goddess of spring, into a so-called Christian festival to correspond with the time of the Jewish Passover and the crucifixion of Christ. Like many other Romish dogmas and ceremonies which have grafted Paganism and Judaism upon Christianity, as a compromise to catch the heathen, Easter still retains much of the nature and characteristics of its original. It may be argued that it was a good thing to thus transform idolatry into Christianity; but, like all mongrel innovations, the hybrid retains the essence of its progenitors on the evil side of its origin.

All the rites and ceremonies of the Jews, in an unspiritual state, first degenerated into idolatry; and, when cured of idolatry, they gradually sank into the unbearable burden and bondage of a dead ritualism. The ordinances of the law were only types and shadows of good things to come; but in the nature of long and legalistic observance the substance was lost in the shadow, and hence such shadows were only intended to be temporary. Christ left but two rites, baptism and the Lord's Supper; and he left but one day, Sunday, as we call it in heathen parlance, as a memorial observance and a day of worship. He reduced ceremony to a bare minimum; and the Gospel forbids all set seasons, holidays, fasts, feasts and the like for the purpose of promoting the purely spiritual dispensation of Christ, if we understand Paul to the Galatians and Colossians.

The most formalistic, idolatrous and licentious denominations in history are those who, like the Jews of old, have fastened upon men the longest list and heaviest bondage of ceremonies. These denominations, too, have been the most bigoted, intolerant, dogmatic, superstitious and despotic of all Christian sects. They have always dominated the world, when able, with the sword of the magistrate; and infant baptism, Easter and other innovations upon the Gospel have been the burning ordinances by which Baptists and other martyrs have been committed to the flames. There never was any persecution based upon the pure and simple Gospel. It has always originated from the insolence and tyranny which sprang from innovation, from ritualism and idolatry, in the name of Christ. Ishmael, not Isaac, was the father of persecution—Hager, not Sarah—the bondage of ritualistic legalism, not the liberty of the pure and spiritual Gospel. Hence Baptist never did persecute.

But let us look at the idolatrous feature of Easter. Like all idolatrous, as well as ritualistic, compromises, it is essentially pagan in its tendencies and effects. It is a great day for worldliness and show. It is the season of dress, music, flowers, eggs, rabbits and other like natural flummies wrought into so-called divine service. It becomes the source of mercantile advertisement and gain, of popular song and pleasantries; and Easter Sunday is about the greatest gala-day of the world. Most ritualistic fast on fish and eggs for 40 days, until Easter; and the long and burdensome formality closes with a resume, on their part, of all the worldly fashions and follies of society. There are a few devout and sincere souls deceived into an honest and earnest observance of the whole period and its gay and hilarious finale, who try to see Christ's resurrection through all this floral and musical and fashionable form of devotion and service, and who persuade themselves that, through all these things, they are saved by work instead of grace; but alas! the effect upon the masses and upon the world is religious demoralization, with contempt and mockery in the end upon religion. The young are all agog and crazy and wild over the dress parade; and if you should take the fashion, the flowers, the musical programme and the splendid and showy performances out of it, the day would produce no more effect than any other Sunday in the year—every one of which is a memorial of the resurrection.

How true it is that there is always more popular furor and display over everything in the name of religion, when it can be found outside, instead of inside, the Gospel! The world despises and tramples on the ordinary Sunday. It gathers often to ridicule immersion. It feels no interest in the Lord's Supper. It avoids the pure worship of the sanctuary. The old-fashioned doctrines of grace—of repentance towards God and of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ—are plead in vain, except to the few. The world loves its own, not only of persons, but of things and ideas. Anything to add to, or subtract from, the Bible, the devil is deeply concerned to make some popular change in the word and the work of Christianity; and the world throws up its hat wherever the change is made and wherever found. St. Patrick's Day, Good Friday, Easter—any day over Sunday—any thing but the simple Gospel; and even our government, contrary to the spirit of religious liberty, is perpetually seeking to canonize these ritualistic and idolatrous days which have ever been the symbols and the synonyms of anti-republicanism.

Why, then, will Protestants, and even some Baptists, run after and wonder at the Beast? Why will they wear the mark of the beast upon their foreheads? Why imitate Rome to our children, when we know that imitation, however mild in form is only the stepping stone to the domination of the

papacy in this and every country? Why, O why, will we not read the history of the future by the light of the past? Is it not marvelous and singular that Baptists, especially who claim the Word of God alone as their rule of faith and practice, will even, in any form or design, encourage ritualism which is always the counterpart of idolatry?

I know that there is a flattering unctious which many lay to their heart that evangelical Christianity is on the boom, and that we are strong enough to coddle Romanism and not get hurt. Samson thought he was strong enough to dally in the lap of Delilah. "I am Samson," he said perhaps, "and I, who was able to whip all the Philistines I could get to in open combat, am able to withstand the wiles of flattery and the cunning of artifice." But Delilah had his seven locks of strength cut off, and his two eyes—the windows of his soul—put out. Ah! Paul said of these ordinances and commandments of men: "Touch not, taste not, handle not." He was not speaking of whisky, but ritualism. Like Samson, Baptists can whip all the isms of earth with clean hands and in open combat; but when we dally in the lap of the Roman Delilah, we shall lose our locks and our eyes both. Of all the people on the earth to hold up the pure light of the Gospel to a perishing world, Baptists are specially commissioned to the work. Let us remember our maxims: "The New Testament the only rule of faith and practice among Christians;" "a thus saith the Lord for everything;" "what is not commanded is forbidden, as a law binding upon conscience in the churches."

Finally, we cannot afford to be in any fashion but "old fashion," so far as the Gospel is concerned. "The fashion of this world passeth away" in more senses than one. Easter, Lent, Good Friday, St. Patrick's Day—all these are the popular fashions of the day in every country where Romanism and its offspring have position or dominion. Why its forms and fashions should be popular in a country like this is a growing enigma, unless we conclude that doctrinal and denominational chords are loosening, and that we are drifting into formalism and indifference. How Protestants, and some Baptists, can see no sign of the times in this tendency is something marvelously strange to me. Anything to be popular and catch the people! Anything to keep them from Rome and ritualism, even if we have to imitate some of their milder and more harmless ceremonies and fashions. What harm is there in celebrating the resurrection or the birth day of the death day of the Redeemer? Suppose we do keep Easter, Christmas and Good Friday! In what is good and legitimate, let us beat Rome at her own game and in her own way. Let us whip the devil with fire!

Very well, you will find that the devil will whip you with his own weapons every time. Whenever a Baptist preacher gets to wearing gowns and reading ritualistic services, and rendering the Lord's Prayer in dramatic concert, and imitating Easter and the like, it ends in the sentiment among the people that, after all, "there is no difference." The people, the members of our own churches, are doctrinally untaught anyway, and they are glad enough to see all distinctions broken down which render their denominational position unpopular. Monkeying with Rome's edged weapons only gets our fingers cut; and aping after her fashions, however, slightly, only loses us our distinctive peculiarity. The Gospel in popular opinion becomes a kaleidoscope when we seemingly show that there is "no difference;" and, after awhile, our peculiarities, if we go on thus, will be swallowed up in the chaos of indistinguishable and nondescript undenominationalism.

A WARNING AS TO CHILDISH SPORTS.

It is well for parents to heed the warning given very recently by an eminent physician against the popular merry-go-rounds. This kind of sport, he declares, is exceedingly injurious to children, and should be very sparingly allowed to robust children. The rapid circular motion and the mental excitement induced produce cerebral congestion and vertigo, and injures the brain. No child can ride in the merry-go-round with safety to health longer than one turn.

M. Gilbert, of Moulins, the physician in question, declares that children are nervous enough now-a-days without having their predisposition increased by mechanical means, and that it is far preferable to take children out into the country, in the sun, than to lead them through the booths of a fair or to treat them to the merry-go-round by the hour.

For the same reasons, namely, the vitiated air and the intense mental excitement, delicate nervous children should not be taken to the circus. He also presents a warning against allowing such children to be present at theaters or moving-picture shows. As the play-house is at this time constituted, parents think enough of the moral welfare of their young children to keep them away from its pestilential influence, so that this warning concerning its physical harm will not be so likely to be needed.

MEDITATION.

Meditative thinking has fallen to a low ebb in our day. We are swept along in a swirling stream of business, pleasure, change and excitement in which we have few quiet hours and little meditation. Our newspapers and magazines do our thinking for us, and we feed on superficial events and views. The petty things of the passing hour—a football game or horse show—engross us, while we may seldom seriously look at the great things of the world and into the deep things of the soul. Such living is shallow and lacks steady principles; is deficient in internal resources, and grows more

and more feverish and restless, disappointed and discontented.—Presbyterian Banner.

JOHN WESLEY'S QUARREL.

John Wesley once had a disagreement with Joseph Bradford, his traveling companion of many years, and they agreed to part. They retired for the night, each firm in his determination, and each doubtless deploring in his heart the separation soon to follow between two friends who had been so devoted and mutually helpful. In the morning Wesley asked Bradford if he had considered during the night their agreement to part.

"Yes, sir," said Bradford.

"And must we part?" inquired Wesley.

"Please yourself, sir," said Bradford grimly.

"But you will not ask my pardon?" demanded Wesley.

"No, sir."

"You won't?"

"No, sir."

"In that case," said Wesley gently, "I must ask yours."

It was not the ending Bradford had anticipated. A moment he hesitated and then, breaking into tears, he followed Wesley's example, and forgave and was forgiven.

LITERARY.

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

The contents of The American Review of Reviews for April are as follows:

Hon. Seno E. Payne (frontispiece); The Progress of the World (with portraits, cartoons and other illustrations); Record of Current Events (with portraits and other illustrations); Cartoons of the Month; The Late Carroll D. Wright (portrait); Europe's Tariff Laws and Policies, by Frederic A. Ogg; Plotting the Upper Air, by Paul P. Foster; The Waste from Soil Erosion in the South, by W. W. Ashe; Saving America's Plant Food, by Guy E. Mitchell; The Truth About Dry Farming, by Charles M. Harger; The Situation at Panama, by Forbes Lindsay (with map and other illustrations); A Phase of the Russian Spy System, by Herman Rosenthal; The Rules of the House of Representatives, a Criticism, by Claude A. Swanson; The Rules of the House of Representatives, a Defense, by Frederic C. Stevens; Leading Articles of the Month; Leading Financial Articles; The New Books.

The Bible Student and Teacher contents are as follows:

Notes Editorial and Critical; Summary View of the Evidences of Christianity, by G. Frederic Wright; "The Assured Results of Modern Criticism" Tested by the Flood Narrative—in Part, by Henry C. Thompson; Failure in the Ministerial Supply—Its Causes and Its Remedy, by Charles E. Cheney; Progress of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, by J. Campbell White; "The Deformation" of a Great Church, "No Chance Result," by James M. Buckley; The Second Coming, a Supreme Motive-Power, by J. Glentworth Butler; "Foundations of Modern Europe," Emil Reich's New Book; Prof. Ramsay's View of the Chronology of Acts 1:8, Sunday School Times; The International Lessons in their Historical and Literary Setting, Constructive Studies in the Book of Acts—Second and Third phases of Gospel Extension to Gentiles, by Daniel S. Gregory; What Were the Career Apoptes Doing? League Notes and Points, Bible League of North America, 86 Bible House, New York. \$1.00 a year; single copy, 10c.

A Critical and Eccegetical Commentary on the Book of Ecclesiastes, by George Aaron Barton, Ph. D. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.25 net.

This is a volume in the International Critical Commentary series and its author is the gifted professor of Biblical Literature and Semitic Languages in Bryn Mawr College.

The book shows wide research on the part of the author and, in some respects, in real contribution to the literature on Ecclesiastes. It is, however, practically without value save to a scholar and even to the scholar its largest help will be along the line of the most technical exegesis. The message and mission of the book of Ecclesiastes are well nigh lost sight of in the multiplication of critical details.

The work, though tinged with "Higher Criticism," does not take the extreme position of that school.

Heart Thoughts—Papers and Addresses. By Mrs. H. B. Folk. American Baptist Publication Society. 75c net.

This is a neatly bound book of eighty pages, containing "earnest thoughts," that were written to be read in women's meetings and are now published at the urgent request of friends.

The author represents the noblest type of motherhood in the South and in this little volume unconsciously reveals the thoughts that such mothers cherish. We trust it will have a wide circulation.

Sunday-School & Lessons

Sunday, April 18th.

The Conversion of Saul.—Acts 9:1-19.

Motto Text.—"He fell to the earth and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me."—Acts 9:4.

"And Saul, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter." The yet refers to Acts 8:3. Saul was not content with consenting to the death of Stephen. He made a great havoc in the church in Jerusalem. He did this in sincerity and in truth, honestly believing he was doing God service. And he would have been doing only his duty if Christ had not been God. Were he not God the Jews who worshipped him were idolaters, and by the law of Moses were to be put to death.

"Went unto the high priest," whose authority was recognized by the Jews all over the world. The date of Paul's conversion is not known positively. It is placed at all dates from 31 to 41. But the general opinion is that it was in the year 37. Caiaphas was deposed at the Passover in 37 by Vitellius. Jonathan was high priest for a few weeks and was succeeded by Theophilus. Both of these were sons of Annas, as Caiaphas was his son-in-law, and the old man was the real ruler.

In his burning zeal, Saul went to the high priest and desired letters, he did not wait to be sent. Damascus, the oldest city in the world, is 140 miles northeast of Jerusalem. It had a large Jewish population, estimated as high as 50,000. The Romans never interfered with the ruling of the high priest unless Roman citizens were involved, provided the punishment stopped short of death. Hence disciples could be burned at Damascus and brought to Jerusalem for imprisonment.

"As he journeyed." No doubt on horseback. It took four or five days to go from Jerusalem to Da-

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cures those eruptions, pimples and boils that appear at all seasons; cures scrofula sores, salt rheum or eczema; adapts itself equally well to, and also cures, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles; cures rheumatism and catarrh; cures nervous troubles, debility and that tired feeling.

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mascus. "Suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven." It was about noon when the sun in the East shines with intense power. This sudden light was "above the brightness of the sun" (26:13). "He fell to the earth," Stricken down by the exceeding brightness of Christ's glory. "And heard a voice saying unto him." Our Lord spoke in Hebrew. "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" There is emphasis in the reproachful repetition of the name. The Lord identifies himself with his people. It was because they were his disciples and for no other reason that Saul was persecuting them.

This was the second time the glorified Lord was seen after his ascension. The first who saw him was the martyr, Stephen. He is indeed a living Saviour, watching over his saints and his enemies as well. "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." The oxgoads. The size of the Jewish oxgoad is indicated in Judges 3:31.

The word *hard* "does not mean difficult, but painful, dangerous. Not hard to do but hard to bear." This is a proverbial expression found in many Greek writers. It shows alike the folly and impotence of all fight against God. Such fight can only injure the man who attempts it.

Saul knows now that the apostles were right who asserted the resurrection of Christ. He knows that that resurrection was a proof of the righteousness of all the high claims the Nazarene carpenter had made for himself. He is utterly subdued and asks trembling, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Never did any man ask that question as Saul asked it, without an answer.

"Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee." The blinded man rises submissively, and, led by the hand, goes into Damascus in very different circumstances from those which he had anticipated when he left Jerusalem, breathing out threatenings and slaughter. The attendants had seen the light but not the Saviour had heard a sound but not the words spoken by the Lord. They knew, however, that Saul had seen a vision.

"And he was three days without sight, and neither did eat nor drink." Into the experience of those three days we cannot follow him. The fact that he was so absorbed that he ate nothing speaks volumes. The Holy Spirit had a great man for whom he had a great work, and He plowed deep into the good soil. Shallow conviction of sin is followed by shallow piety.

"And there was a certain disciple at Damascus, named Ananias." Nothing else is known of this man except that Paul says of him that he was a devout man according to the law having a good repute of all the Jews which dwelt at Damascus. To him the Lord gave the work of instructing Paul. "Arise, and go into the street which is called straight." This was then the main thoroughfare of Damascus, running in a direct line from the eastern to the western gates. Nothing more is known of this Judas. Judas was a common name among the Jews.

"Behold, he prayeth." As a strict Pharisee Saul had spent much time in prayer. Ananias understood that his Lord meant either that he "was asking for the thing about to be bestowed or the words are descriptive of conversion, as in modern phrase a convert is often

represented as a praying man."—Alexander. "And hath seen in a vision." As this vision had been granted Saul, he was prepared for the visit of Ananias.

"Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to thy saints at Jerusalem." No wonder Ananias expresses surprise. He does not doubt, he is not afraid; he is simply astonished, as was natural. Ananias had heard of Saul's errand to Damascus, it may be, having been warned by the brethren at Jerusalem.

"Go thy way; for he is a chosen vessel." The word vessel means instrument, implement. It is no wonder Paul was such a believer in the doctrine of election. Never was a clearer illustration given of it than in his own case. He did not choose Christ, Christ chose him. Left to himself he would never have chosen Christ. Only "irresistible grace" could have made an apostle out of the persecutor. "To bear my name." And how Paul delighted to preach Christ crucified to Gentiles, to kings, to the children of Israel, everywhere, and in all circumstances. Here the sovereignty of God cut straight across the life and plans of Saul, and turned him squarely about, making him present the sharpest contrast known to the world. Nothing could have given more hope and courage to the persecuted churches than this evidence of the power of God.

"For I will shew him." The Lord himself in his own good time, as Paul had strength to bear. "How great things he must suffer for my name's sake." That was what the Lord offered to his greatest Apostle. The record of his sufferings as given in the Bible shows a living martyrdom. Yet so great grace went with them that Paul called them "a light affliction but for a moment."

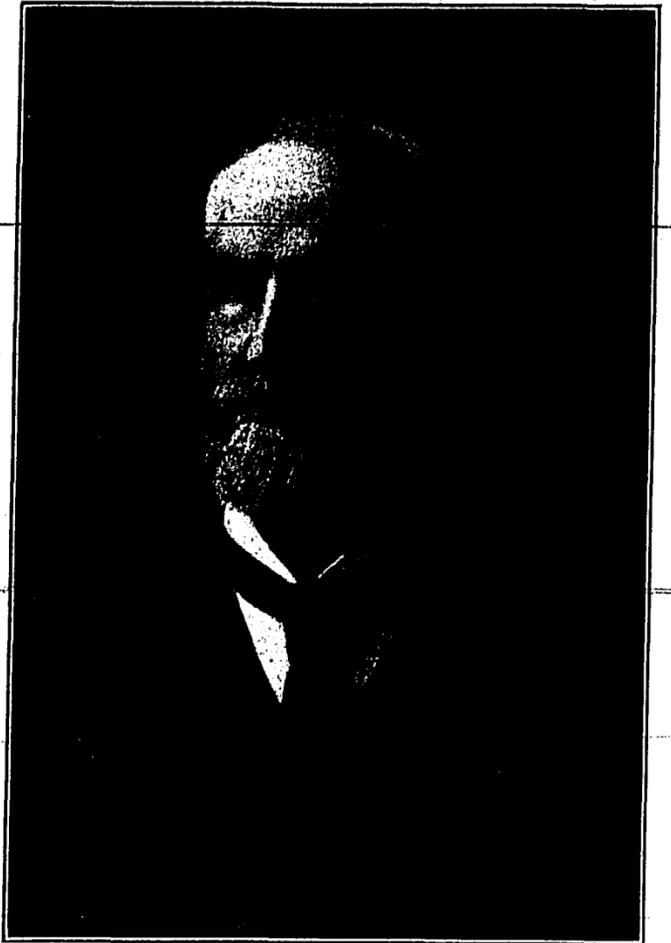
"Brother Saul." How that word brother must have touched the great, loving, tender heart of the blind man! Ananias shows by his knowledge of the appearance of the Lord that the Lord himself had sent him. He brought two great gifts—the restoration of sight, and the gift of the Holy Spirit conveying the miraculous gifts and extraordinary qualifications which he needed for his work.

"And immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales." Something resembling scales. "And arose, and was baptized." The effort of some Pedobaptists to show that Paul must have been sprinkled, for he was baptized standing, shows a thorough ignorance of both Greek and English. They might as well represent that Ananias stood still when it was said to him, "Arise, and go into the house," etc.

Paul told his experience in the synagogue of Damascus, we can readily imagine with great effect. But before he entered upon his work regularly, God sent him for three years for quiet meditation and prayer into Arabia.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.



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HOW MUCH DO WE OWE?

William H. Smith.

Dr. J. H. Foster, in a striking article in the Foreign Mission Journal for March uses the following words:

"Sometimes a church member will say: 'I am under no obligation to give to the heathen.' The probability is he is speaking the truth. God never asked one heathen to give another heathen the gospel. If he has done nothing for you, then you are under no obligation to do anything for any one else. But if God has redeemed your soul, has filled you with his peace, saved you from mortal ruin and given you visions of God, you are indebted to every man who does not know Christ in the forgiveness of sin. God has paid for them the same price, has set before them the same high calling, and same immortal hope. The question of your obligation to give the gospel depends upon your relation to Christ. Has he done anything for you? How much? That decides the matter. 'How much owest thou unto my Lord.'"

This is an important thought. Paul said: "I am debtor both to Greeks and to barbarians, both to the wise and to the foolish." The great apostle felt that a positive obligation rested upon him to give the gospel unto all men. He had received so much from his Saviour that he felt that he could never pay the debt which he owed. Every Christian ought to have something of the same feeling. Our debt of gratitude to him who has brought

pardon, peace, and salvation to us can only be paid by passing on the blessing to others. Jesus said: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

The most unselfish gift any man can ever make is what he gives to foreign missions. He cannot expect any direct return in material benefit. He is aiding people whom he will probably never see, and who can never do anything for him in return for benefit which they receive. It is not true that much of the indifference to foreign missions and much of the actual opposition to it grows out of selfishness? If we are willing to make contributions, we want to make them where they will bring some return to us. It is this element of unselfishness in foreign mission work which gives to it such value in paying the debt which we owe to our Lord.

We wish that the strong words of Dr. Foster might take hold upon the heart of every Baptist in the South. It is only by realizing our great obligation to the Master and to men in the uttermost part of the earth for whom He died, that we can be brought to do our best. We must let the love of Christ constrain us. The immense undertaking which the convention has set before the people, will require sacrificial efforts in order for Kentucky Baptists to raise their apportionment of \$65,000. They will have to give to this cause as they have never given. There are many urgent appeals, and the need is great in many directions, but in the midst of all the calls that come, we must not forget that which is nearest the heart of our Lord. If all our people would make sacrifices similar to those made by the missionaries, who leave their homes and friends and all the pleasant surroundings of a Christian civilization and go out to live in the midst of heathen darkness, we would go far beyond it. Why should the missionaries be the only people who make real sacrifices for

the cause of world-wide evangelization?

Let us make every possible effort to reduce the number of non-contributing churches, and let us strive to get every member of each church to make some contribution, even if it must be small. The weak place in our work as a denomination, is the immense number of people who do nothing. Let every pastor bring home to his people the urgent importance of some contribution from every member of the church. Let us all pay something on the debt which we owe.

LOOK HERE—VICTORY BAND.

10,000 Shares in a Great Investment.

It looks now, March 31st, as if we may have a debt of \$50,000 on our foreign mission work at the close of this Convention year, April 30th. For eleven years, with one exception, we have reported no debt. This meant advance. This year we will report by far more conversions and baptisms than ever before. Shall we fail in our support of the work? Many of our young men and women are saying, "Here am I, send me." Shall we by having a large indebtedness force them to stay at home and let the work suffer? Our Presbyterian brethren of the South are trying to average this year for foreign missions \$4 a member. Shall we fail to average twenty-five cents? If we average that much, there will be no debt.

Here is our proposition. That we take this \$50,000 and divide it into 10,000 shares at \$5 each, and ask that these shares be taken at once. This must be over and above the regular gifts and must not be taken from home missions, which is greatly needing help also. We have divided out these shares among the various States as follows:

Alabama, 900; Arkansas, 200; District of Columbia, 50; Florida, 150; Georgia, 1,200; Kentucky, 900; Louisiana, 200; Maryland, 200; Mississippi, 800; Missouri, 700; North Carolina, 900; Oklahoma, 100; South Carolina, 900; Tennessee, 800; Texas, 1,000; Virginia, 1,000. Total, 10,000.

Are there not churches, societies, bands, Sunday Schools, individuals who will take one or more shares each?

We ask that everyone who will do so, will drop us at once a postal card simply saying: "I (or we) will take _____ shares at \$5 each, and sign your name and postoffice. It is understood that the money is to be given or raised by you and sent through the regular channels before April 30th.

We expect to give each week in the Western Recorder the number of shares taken in this Victory for Advance Movement, and the number taken in your State. We hope to hear from thousands the very first week. Will you be one to lead off? Many can take a share, and get five or ten others to take shares. May God lead us for His glory.

R. J. WILLINGHAM, Richmond, Va.

N. B.—While conferring about this matter, we unintentionally read the above where a little boy, nine years old, was present. He at

once spoke up, asked a few questions as to its meaning, said he had some money, and that he would give \$5. We found out afterwards that he had in all \$6.50.

This proposition was read at the Monday mornings' Pastor's Meet-

ing in Richmond, and though several pastors were away, thirty-one shares were taken at once. We have thirty-four shares now taken; let others roll in.

A psalm which cultivates the spirit of gratitude is a psalm which we ought often to read. If we were more grateful, both our joy and our strength would be increased. Gratitude is born in hearts which take the time to count up past mercies.—Charles E. Jefferson.

Impure Blood Thoroughly Cleansed

Relieved of All Impurities Through the Use of Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

The blood is a thick, opaque fluid of a rich, red hue in the arteries, and a purplish blue in the veins. It derives its color from numerous small bodies floating in it which are called red corpuscles. If the blood be examined under a microscope the red corpuscles will appear as thin, circular disks, floating in a transparent, nearly colorless fluid. These red corpuscles number 5,000,000 to the cubic centimeter; but it often happens that they become very much diminished in number, a condition known as anaemia or leuкоaemia. There are also other circular bodies in the blood known as white corpuscles, but which are much less numerous than the red.

The red corpuscles are the stimulating and animating elements of the blood. They absorb oxygen in their passage through the lungs, and convey it to the tissues of the body, where combining with food elements absorbed from the stomach, it evolves animal heat.

Whenever the kidneys fail to properly filter the blood of its impurities, or whenever constipation occurs, the impure foreign matter collects in the blood-current, is carried to all parts of the system in the circulation, and is usually deposited in the form of pimples and other eruptions upon the skin.

Most of these eruptions appear upon the face, for the reason that the skin there is thinner than anywhere else. Many people commit the error of trying to cure the pimples and eruptions by the applications of salves and lotions, which is a great mistake, as the cause of the trouble is deeper seated, and the skin disease is simply the outward manifestation of the impure condition of the blood within.

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2 And Jesus answering said unto him, Seest thou these great buildings? there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown

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A SOLITARY WAY

There is a mystery in human hearts,
 And though we be encircled by a host
 Of those who love us well, and are beloved.
 To every one of us from time to time,
 There comes a sense of utter loneliness.
 Our dearest friend is "stranger to our joy,"
 And cannot realize our bitterness.
 "There is not one, who really understands;
 Not one to enter into all I feel."
 Such is the cry of each of us in turn;
 We wander in a "solitary way."
 No matter what or where our lot may be,
 Each heart mysterious even to itself,
 Must live its minor life in solitude.
 And would you know the reason why this is?
 It is because the Lord desires our love;
 In every heart He wishes to be first.
 He therefore keeps the secret key Himself
 To open all its chambers, and to bless
 With perfect sympathy and holy peace
 Each solitary soul which comes to Him.
 So when we feel this loneliness, it is
 The voice of Jesus saying, "Come to Me."
 And every time we are "not understood,"
 It is a call to us to come again;
 For Christ alone can satisfy the soul,
 And those that walk with Him from day to day
 Can never have a "solitary way."
 Selected.

OUR PULPIT.



THE TREASURES OF DARKNESS.

Rev. W. Venis Robinson, B.A.

"I will give thee the treasures of darkness."—Isaiah xiv. 3.

The treasures of darkness! The suggestion is somewhat startling. For the darkness is the hiding-place of evil things, of evil beasts that prowl for their prey, unseen, unheard; of evil men that lurk for their victims, unsuspected, undetected. The darkness, too, is the symbol of all that is wrong; of ignorance, with its gloomy suggestions, of sorrow with its pall of sunlessness, of deception with its veil of evil, of the place of the lost with its wailing and gnashing of teeth. What treasures can there possibly be in the darkness?

We know of the treasures of Light: of truth, open-eyed; of purity, clear-hearted; of beauty, radiant with smiles; of joy, radiant with smiles; of activity, full of noble service; of heaven, full of all that is blessed. But what treasures are there in the darkness?

And yet God has said again and again to His servants, "I will give thee the treasures of darkness."

There is so much darkness in the world. If we can draw treasures from the darkness, then surely the darkness will be light about us.

The Treasures of God's Secret Purposes Concerning Men.

For God is in the darkness. "He made darkness His secret place, His pavilion round about Him, dark waters and thick clouds of the skies." "Clouds and darkness are round about Him," and "darkness is under His feet." His nature and His purpose concerning men have always been, and must always in some measure be, shrouded with mystery. And yet out of the darkness God has spoken to men.

To Moses He said, "I will give thee the treasures of darkness." Summoned to Mount Sinai, "the mount that burned with fire into the midst of the heaven, with dark clouds, and thick darkness," he received the revelation of the Divine Will in the Ten words of the Law engraven on the tables of stone. And the people heard the voice of the Lord out of the darkness, and they said "Behold the Lord our God hath showed us His glory and His greatness."

And what was this revelation? It was the revelation of God's righteousness, for "righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne."

God Himself is righteous; righteous in His words, for they are marked by truthfulness; righteous in His deeds for they are marked by a holy purpose; righteous in His relations with His people, for He is faithful to His promises; righteous in His execution of justice between men and men, for He is unbiassed by fear or favour, righteous in the fulfilment of His plans, for He is steadfast unto the end. And God expects His people to be all righteous. He sets up the standard in Himself, and they are to approximate, as far as possible, to that standard. They are not to kill nor to steal, nor to covet, nor to bear false witness. The standard measure of length was determined by the length of a King's arm; the standard measure of goodness is determined by the King of Kings.

The standard may vary if kept in a variable material. A yard measure made of wood may break, made of metal may wear away. And so, we are told, the standard yard is immured in the House of Parliament, let somewhere into the very walls of the House, where it is invariable and other measures may be compared with it, and corrected. So God's standard of righteousness is preserved for God's people in the Ten words of the Law, and God's people can compare their own righteousness with that, and correct it.

Here, then, is God's great secret. It was His purpose to set apart a people for Himself from among the nation of the earth to manifest to all God's perfect righteousness.

Thousands of years pass by, and again God speaks. To the apostle Paul He says: "I will give thee the treasures of darkness." For the apostle in his letter to the Ephesians writes about "the mystery of Christ," the great secret that God had cherished concerning His Son, a secret that was his through other ages and was now made known to the apostle Paul by revelation. And what is this secret? "That the Gentiles should be fellow heirs and fellow members of the body, and fellow partakers of

the promise of Christ through the Gospel." God's great purpose, a purpose that had been increasing through the ages, was a purpose of redemption for the world. It was a revelation of love. And love is more than righteousness. "The mercy-seat was above upon the ark." Love is the crown of goodness. It glories over judgment. Love has victories no less renowned than righteousness. When the revelation of the perfect law has produced only utter despair in the hearts of the people, the revelation of the perfect love gleams and flashes like a diamond in the growing light. God's purpose of love is the salvation of the world, not of the Jews only but also of the Gentiles. Heaven's arch spans not only the favoured land of Palestine, it encompasses and encircles the universe. And when the apostle contemplates it, he says: "Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"

So, out of the darkness of the mystery of God's purpose there has flashed a light, such as never shone on sea or land, that has brought hope and peace, and love and life to the darkest corners of God's world. Again, the treasures of darkness are

Some of the greatest beauties of God's world are found in those stones that we call precious stones. precious because of their crystalline formation, precious because of the marvellous colours they display. The diamond is a "gem of purest ray serene" with wonderful capacities for reflecting the light. Following closely in its wake are the glowing red ruby, the lovely blue sapphire, the modest violet amethyst, the translucent green emerald, the flashing topaz, the iridescent opal.

The Treasures of God's Loving Discipline of His People.

All these gems are formed in the darkness. Hidden from the gaze of men, deep down in the sepulchre of earth, God has His inscrutable laboratory, where He works miracles on lifeless stones. How He works no one can tell. We know that the materials He uses are common—and unclean. The diamond is composed largely of carbon, and one form of carbon is the soot of our chimneys. "common and unclean." The opal is made of clay, which we can find in the mud of our gutters. In the amethyst is a large admixture of silica, which we know in one form as flint. The ruby and sapphire have in their composition alumina neither rare nor costly. And here and there in these materials is a touch of metal, or iron or copper, to give colour to the crystal. These are the materials with which the Great Alchemist works. But how He transformed the soot and the clay and the flint into diamond and opal and amethyst no one knows. God's hidden fire has a magic touch about it. It makes crystals, but one is red, another blue, another the colours of the rainbow, and other, these same colours in the white light of God's Sunshine.

These gems formed in the darkness, are the prizes of life, eagerly sought for, universally admired. Taken from their graves, they are ornaments of earth. They are enthroned in royal state. These are the treasures of darkness, the hidden riches of secret places. These gems have their counter-

parts in those Christian graces formed in the hearts of God's people in the loving discipline of sorrow everywhere. He found darkness everywhere. He found dark-skinned people, millions of them; but the dark skins enveloped hearts darker still. He found superstition, and greed, and cruelty, and bestiality and murder everywhere. He travelled for weeks through a dense, dark forest, where the trees were so thick and tall that they shut out the light of the sun by day, and at night made a pall of darkness that could be felt. And he found men and women from whose hearts the sunshine of God's love had been shut out, who knew nothing of God, and could not understand the revelation of the Father—strong, wise and gentle.

The Treasures of the Precious Souls that may be Rescued for the Redeemer.

For the thickest darkness of all is not the darkness of God's mysterious purposes, nor the darkness of our sorrows, but the darkness of sin; of the sin that blinds men's eyes with the grossest superstitions, of the sin that fouls men's nature with the vilest vices, of the sin that banishes peace and love from the home, and opens the door to strife and hatred, of the sin that possesses men's hearts like a legion, and have flashed out rarest beauty of demons, of the sin that sinks men down to the gloom of Gehenna!

And this "darkness has covered the earth." Henry Stanley wrote a book entitled "Through the Dark Continent." He travelled across

the part in those Christian graces formed in the hearts of God's people in the loving discipline of sorrow everywhere. He found darkness everywhere. He found dark-skinned people, millions of them; but the dark skins enveloped hearts darker still. He found superstition, and greed, and cruelty, and bestiality and murder everywhere. He travelled for weeks through a dense, dark forest, where the trees were so thick and tall that they shut out the light of the sun by day, and at night made a pall of darkness that could be felt. And he found men and women from whose hearts the sunshine of God's love had been shut out, who knew nothing of God, and could not understand the revelation of the Father—strong, wise and gentle.

God's people have their full share of it. Some have years of the physical suffering, when the fire out of the midst of the darkness gnaws every nerve; some are visited by some convulsion of bereavement that upheaves the whole life into chaos; some are ceaselessly exposed to anxieties that produce constant friction and fever; some are plied with temptations, strange and ghostly forms in the darkness that haunt them; some are left alone—quite alone, they think—and the loneliness presses like a nightmare upon them.

But God has His treasures in the darkness. Who that has spent night after night in sleepless vigils but has felt the rare possibilities of those midnight hours for the workings of God's Spirit! The darkness is so still, so lonely, that if God comes to the soul, it needs must listen, needs must hear His softest whisper. The myriad objects of the daylight are all shut out, and the soul is driven back on itself and God. If the darkness of the night is God's time for work how much more is the darkness of trouble!

And God can form gems of Christian graces like the marvellous crystals of the mines. One gem is humility, with bowed head and modest gait like the quiet purple of the amethyst, another gem is sympathy, like the lovely blue sapphire, redolent of a love for others learned in sorrow; another

is patience, the power to wait and suffer and endure, emerald-like, reminding one of the vivid but lowly green of earth; another is exasperation, for out of the quiet of the darkness there often comes the glow of enthusiasm for service, like the burning ruby; another is trust, iridescent like opal, showing itself now as a vision of God, now as quiet resting on Him, now as appropriation of His nature; and another, the purity of the heart that, like the diamond, receives unhindered the flashing light of God, and undimmed reflects it to others.

And those gems are formed in us, men and women. "He made us of clay," but formed us—gems. We are common-place people, with common-place lives, with no brilliant talents, hidden in the obscurity of common duties and cares, but by God's wonderful chemistry made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

If such gems can be formed in us, may we not welcome the darkness that makes us "rich toward God?"

The Treasures of the Precious Souls that may be Rescued for the Redeemer.

Once more, the treasures of darkness are

For the thickest darkness of all is not the darkness of God's mysterious purposes, nor the darkness of our sorrows, but the darkness of sin; of the sin that blinds men's eyes with the grossest superstitions, of the sin that fouls men's nature with the vilest vices, of the sin that banishes peace and love from the home, and opens the door to strife and hatred, of the sin that possesses men's hearts like a legion, and have flashed out rarest beauty of demons, of the sin that sinks men down to the gloom of Gehenna!

And this "darkness has covered the earth." Henry Stanley wrote a book entitled "Through the Dark Continent." He travelled across

Africa, from Zanzibar to Lake Tanganyika, and then down the majestic Congo. He found darkness everywhere. He found dark-skinned people, millions of them; but the dark skins enveloped hearts darker still. He found superstition, and greed, and cruelty, and bestiality and murder everywhere. He travelled for weeks through a dense, dark forest, where the trees were so thick and tall that they shut out the light of the sun by day, and at night made a pall of darkness that could be felt. And he found men and women from whose hearts the sunshine of God's love had been shut out, who knew nothing of God, and could not understand the revelation of the Father—strong, wise and gentle.

And William Booth wrote a book entitled "In Darkest England." In the greatest city in the world, in a city whose area covers hundreds of square miles; whose population is numbered by millions, where congregate men and women from every nation under heaven; whose wealth is fabulous, whose commercial prosperity is almost incalculable; a city where the rank and fashion of the globe may be found, and the science and learning of a hemisphere, he found the most sickening and depressing darkness, the darkness of a degraded and degrading poverty, the darkness of shameful vice, the darkness of blatant sin a darkness all the deeper because of the bright light that shone round it.

In Darkest Africa were rare treasures. Livingstone found them—patient, brave, Livingston, and rescued them for Christ; Moffat found them—genial, indomitable Moffat, and brought them into the light of heaven; Grenfell found them—quiet, modest, self-forgetting Grenfell, and his noble band of followers, and the dark skins by thousands now cover hearts washed in the precious blood of Jesus.

In Darkest London there were treasures, and Booth found them in the dirt and filth, in fetid air, in helpless despair; and Barnardo found them in little children with hearts old in sin, the waifs and strays of life's road, the flotsam jetsam of the great sea of humanity; and many a face, before besotted with drink and sin, has been uplifted in praise and trust, and many a life has been uplifted from the dark, dark mine, and made an ornament of society and a glory to God.

These seekers have followed in the footsteps of the great Discoverer of Souls. For Jesus discovered the value of a human soul, of a child's soul, of a lost soul. And He discovered the souls themselves. He lived among them that He might find them; He died among them that He might redeem them. Again and again from out of the darkness the cry has come: "We have found Him, our Brother, our Saviour." And from His heart there has come the response: "I have found you. You never would have sought Me, had I not sought you. And now I have found you, I shall keep you. No one shall ever pluck you out of My hand." His love sought them and found them, and changed them. The soot, the clay and the flint have been transformed by His love, and these gems have been brought into God's light, and have flashed out rarest beauty of hearts of His people. He found us in the darkness; we must find others, too. In Colombo, yes; but in the slums of our own towns. There are gems everywhere of purest ray serene. Our love will guide us and

strengthen us. Our love will win them and save them. He will give us these treasures of darkness if we seek them as He did, and they will be jewels in our crown as well as in the crown of the Redeemer.

Shall we be only seekers after truth probing more and more deeply the mysteries of God's purposes? Shall we be only seekers after goodness in the discipline of sorrow? Shall we not follow the Saviour into the squalor and filth, into the noisome sights and hellish sounds of sin, that thence we may bring treasures of darkness for the Redeemer's Kingdom?

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak

In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thine erring children, lost and lone.

THOU GOD SEEST ME.

By Geo. Varden, Ph. D.

Among a series of subjects announced for sermons during a protracted meeting in one of the churches of our city was this: "Thou God Seest Me."—Gen. 16: 13. A large congregation was present. But, instead of reading these words, the minister opened his Bible and read the language of Hagar from the revised version: "Thou art a God that seeth." This change in the text, which had been announced as it stands in the common version, was disconcerting and disappointing. The preacher himself at once realized that his auditors had expected to hear words other than those he had just read, and so he at once quoted the old version: "Thou God seest me," and throughout his discourse made no reference to the revised version. The sermon was weighty and arousing, presenting the theme both in its cheering and alarming aspects.

How reluctant we are to give up the wording of Scripture passages with which we have been familiar from early childhood. Even before we could read we knew many of them by heart, learning them as they fell from mother's lips. And now when we no longer find them just as they stood in our family Bible we sadly miss them and would fain have them restored.

In the home of our childhood it used to be a pleasing and innocent pastime for the children, boys as well as girls, to work brief texts of Scripture into canvas or linen with crewel of various colors. These were framed and hung up in the family room. One of the most conspicuous and salutary of these mottoes was this searching truth: "Thou God seest me." Its silent voice had awful potency. But these are sentimental musings, and, holding mere sentiment in abeyance, we believe with all our heart that the word of God which liveth and abideth for ever ought with the utmost accuracy to be translated not only into our vernacular, but into all the other languages of the earth.

Withal, we see no reason for changing Hagar's words as recorded in our old version. Here follow in brief some exceptions to this change. In forming a judgment of it and of many other changes in the new version, it should be kept in mind that this is an avowed revision of the authorized version, and not a new translation. These revisers were not to alter the language of the King's version except when in the judgment of the most competent scholars such change is necessary. And even then the style of the language employed in the existing version was to be close-

ly followed. Now, from this canon it clearly follows that, where a word, a phrase or a sentence is doubtful, the version in use should be retained. Why replace one doubtful rendering by another no more certain! This change of Hagar's language here introduced may seem very slight, but great is the difference in both sense and sound. For the omission of the pronoun divests this solemn laconism of its searching personal elements, thus making it a general statement of God's omnipotence, just as the forces of nature when allowed greater room for expansion become less intense and energizing. In other words their practical efficiency is inversely as the extent of their operation.

The construction of the Hebrew is, to be sure, somewhat obscure. This becomes evident by noticing the two marginal readings in the Canterbury Revision. A little reflection on these will disclose the hesitancy of these translators. For while they have rendered, "Thou art a God that seeth," the old version, "Thou God seest me," is placed in the margin. And not only this, but it must be further noted that still another marginal suggestion is made, to wit: "Hebrew *El roi*, that is, *God of seeing*." This second explanation also omits the pronoun "me." Now, whatever translation suppresses this little word weakens the thought. Even this Revised Version in verses 13 and 14 gives "me" twice, as being involved in the Hebrew *roi*, though it ignores the pronoun in Hagar's oft-cited declaration, wherein *roi* also occurs.

Moreover, the name of the fountain of water, where the angel of Jehovah found Hagar, was called Beer-lahai-roi, which these revisers have seen proper to render in the margin, "The well of the living one who seeth me." In short, these scholars have dropped the pronoun from the most striking, current and popular sentence of the three here recorded, in each of which *roi* appears, and have retained it in the other two. These data furnish a basis for the judgment of the intelligent reader.

Besides, the earliest translation of the Scriptures of which there is any knowledge, called the Greek Septuagint, made more than a century before the Christian era, renders "Seeth me." So, too, the Latin Vulgate as revised by Jerome. And, ascending to more modern times, we read in Martin Luther's German Bible: "Thou God seest me." But we desist from citing other versions made since the Reformation period, not wishing that this article, which was prompted by the changed wording of the evangelist's text, should seem to ape the form of a philological disquisition.

In breaking away from this brief study we will say in conclusion that aside from a critical examination of the syntax of the Hebrew text, it becomes apparent to the student of our English Bible that the personal circumstances of the mother of Ishmael at this juncture of her pilgrimage give strong color to our old version: "Thou, God seest me." At any rate, during the remnant of our appointed days on earth, we shall continue so to read it, unless textual critics and translators show reason to the contrary.

JOY AS A WORKING POWER.

Trouble from without seldom brings injury to a church, if there

be no inward evil or discouragement. A persecuted but joyful church is a much greater power in a community than a body of nominal Christians, apparently banded together for no purpose in particular and discouraged because they obtain no fruits from an aimless endeavor. The joy of the Lord is a source of strength. If the tired and sorrowful world discovers anywhere a group of people who are evidently having a happy time together, it immediately grows curious to know the reason. It it sees a body of men, to all outward appearances despised and rejected, who yet have a source of joy so full and constant that they live conspicuously happy days, the secret of this overcoming happiness becomes a thing to be inquired into. No one can read the history of those wonderful years of the early church without seeing that the peace and joy of the Christians were their first witnessing quality.

Of this overcoming joy, which is independent of outward circumstances, and rises again from every seeming death, the life of Christ is our great example. He came to bring glad tidings, and in its own dear depths his soul was glad. His life and death, his resurrection and his eternal leadership are our warrant for rejoicing. Unless we catch this happy note and attune our lives and words to its music, we may well despair of carrying on his work. If our message is not good tidings, what has it to do with the Kingdom of God which he brought near to men? Why has the faith of many among us ceased to be joyful? Is it not because we have made too little of it, rather than too much? We have thought of it as a condition of salvation, or a rule of conduct, rather than as the atmosphere and spirit of all true and joyful life. Joy does not lie behind us in some lost paradise of innocence or outward peace. It awaits those who take their life in their hands and press on with unflinching courage to put their faith to the proof. Why should we expect good results from a half-hearted experiment? In the nature of things, joy must be the fruit of effort. It is an active experience and not a mere delight of passivity.

Such joy in action is one of the great motive forces of the world. To have attained it is to have become one of the attractive powers of the heavenly life. It is a secret of efficiency in all our work for God or man. How easily we carry through the tasks in which we delight! How difficult it is to labor with a heavy and reluctant heart! Yet joy is the fruit of faithfulness. It cannot be created all at once and by itself. "There is no act of Parliament that you should be happy." But there is a promise of the Word that God will add joy to labor and that faith shall blossom and bear fruit in peace. Seek more faith, therefore. Exercise yourself more deeply in the love of God and man. Fix your affections on the higher things. Seek to overcome the lower.—Congregationalist.

"FELIX BARTHOLDY MENDELSSOHN."

Annie White Lisenby.

Many of the most brilliant geniuses that have illumined the world, have been members of the Jewish race. Not to mention the name supremely dear to every Christian, we have only to examine history's pages to find illustrious names in an Englishman.

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the world of letters, of art, and of music, that have come from this "peculiar people" to find how much we are indebted to them.

One hundred years ago they gave to the world a master musician—Felix Mendelssohn. Felix—the happy one—name prophetic of his life. He was the grandson of Moses Mendelssohn, a talented philosopher and metaphysician, called the "Socrates of the Jews."

Genius was hereditary in the Mendelssohn family, and of varied types.

His father being a wealthy banker, he knew not an hour of privation from the cradle to the grave. His mother, "a slyph-like figure," of gentle, refined demeanor, was a rarely gifted creature. She played and sang with wonderful grace; drew with exquisite skill; spoke and read English, French and Italian with ease; and could read Homer in the original Greek. Attainments of which Lady Jane Grey might justly have been proud. From such a mother what less could we expect than this matchless orchid that has never reproduced itself.

All Heaven seemed attuned to one grand symphony when this little nature blossomed into life. And the angel that placed him in his mother's arms, left with him a divine melody that lived within his heart, and grew at last into a widening chorus full and strong, that loses itself in echo as it slowly glides along the vista of years to us. "She who cared for him in infancy averred that "he crowded in key, and cried to one two three."

He was gifted in words as well. German being his native language, he spoke that through preference; and he also conversed in all the tongues his mother knew, and is said to have spoken English better than an Englishman.

Like a silver thread running through his life was the friendship of the aged Goethe. From the time that Zelter carried him, a boy of thirteen, to Weimar, the home of Goethe, until the poet's death, this tie strengthened with the years. "All souls are of one age." 'Twas this that linked the sensitive unfolding heart of the music child to the warm experienced heart of the poet-man.

"Whom first we love we seldom wed." Yet fate was kind to Mendelssohn. He married the only woman he ever loved, who proved a devoted companion, crowning his life with peace and happiness.

There is so much delicacy and feeling in his compositions, betraying his highly emotional nature. For this reason it has been suggested that his music should be played by men and not by women, otherwise it gives the impression of softness and tameness that is apt to pall. One composition alone suffices to immortalize his name—his "Wedding March"—which is played wherever two hearts beat as one.

Such natures live quickly. Much, so much was crowded into those thirty-eight years; beautiful overtures, sublime oratorios, delightfully pleasing melodies and bursts of song.

Sorrow touched lightly his life; so he could never have given tone-pictures of the agony of Gethsemane as he did of the glories of Heaven. His "Song Without Words," that conceals thoughts too deep for tears, touches a responsive chord in every song-filled heart.

He pours forth his great piety in every music-loving heart there is a shrine, and on that shrine letters that can never be effaced is the word "Mendelssohn."

Editorial

A matter worthy the attention and thoughtful consideration of Kentucky Baptists is our attitude towards certain philanthropic and eleemosynary institutions in the State.

To be specific, we have in mind a benevolence that gathers \$16,000 annually in our State, from all the denominations, and Baptists give more than \$10,000 of this amount.

The financial support of such matters should be settled on a fair and equitable basis, as to the amount each denomination shall contribute.

At the close of a "union meeting" the visible results were eight additions, equally divided between the two churches participating in the meeting.

were equal to the emergency. The problem was solved by co-operation.

"Both of them went down into the water." The crippled minister stood still and the strong minister brought the candidates one at a time to him, and the crippled minister lifted his hand, "said the ceremony," and the strong minister "put them under."

This strange proceeding had its fitting conclusion on the bank where the eighth candidate, a lady, was waiting to receive what she called baptism.

The above performance presents no difficulty to those who accept alien immersion. Co-operative or any other kind of immersion, to the alien immersionist, is valid if it was administered after a profession of faith and is satisfactory to the candidate.

If the church has nothing to do with the administration of baptism each of these candidates might have immersed himself and the baptism would not have been invalidated thereby.

Alien immersion makes short work of an ordained ministry, and leads to confusion and strife in New Testament churches.

An exchange says: "These forty days before Easter have come to be regarded as an opportunity which it is sinful not to improve."

Under the leadership of the Laymen's Evangelistic Council, one hundred and thirty-eight churches in the city and twenty-seven in the suburbs are to hold "Lenten Evangelistic services."

The New World, the Catholic paper of that city, has these significant words: "It is a curious fact, moreover, that lent, as a season of prayer and fasting, seems to be growing in popular favor."

A sad fact about this is that some Baptists are being led away with others in the observance of this period.

There is nothing that reveals the power of Rome like the successful encroachments of Catholicism upon other religious bodies.

It is extremely dangerous to observe "times and seasons" of human origin. If Baptists join in an observance of lent then they should omit the other "fast and feast" days in the calendar of the Roman

Catholic church. The rendition of an elaborate ritual was never a strong point with Baptists. Others can easily outstrip us there, but such is not the case when it comes to a faithful presentation of the Gospel message.

It might be well if some of our churches had to heart the words of Paul when he says: "Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years. I am afraid of you."

In the past few years a great deal has been said about "Heresy Hunters" (by the heretics). But now heresy has become so abundant that you do not have to hunt for it.

Convictions, deep religious convictions, well grounded and abiding are sadly needed today. Where these are found there will be no disposition to barter away the truth for the sake of religious sentiment.

In the larger cities, as elsewhere, there are still found those who refuse to aid in the banishment of the modern saloon and try to justify their course by asserting that "the business" will do them no harm.

The folly of such reasoning is illustrated by a tragedy recently enacted in Indianapolis, Ind. An intoxicated negro approached a white man and, without the slightest provocation, shot him.

In this instance the victim of a whiskey incited madman was a man with a dependent family on his way to his daily toil. Little did he suspect when he left his loved ones that morning that he would see them no more in this world.

The only sane and safe position for every lover of righteousness, whether civic or religious, is to stand as a determined and uncompromising opponent to the modern saloon.

In a New England town it was recently proposed to combine the Congregational and the Baptist churches and make one strong organization.

This combination, however, is still relegated to the realm of visions. And why? It all results from "the attitude of a few persons, the majority of whom are over sixty years of age."

This inviting opportunity for demonstrating Christian union must be deferred until—well, "they will die off in due season." A writer in a Pedit-baptist paper gravely adds: "We should much prefer not to have these good people

who oppose union die, but rather be changed in the spirit of their minds, so that they will be willing to do the large, strategic and Christian thing."

Has it come to be a "Christian thing" to stifle conscience and bid farewell to convictions. Such conduct is in keeping with "a thing," but please omit the designation Christian.

The Youth of that community are held up in anything but an enviable light when the information is given that a majority of those who prevented this union were over sixty years of age.

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EDITORIAL VARIETIES

Indiana has ninety-two counties and fifty-seven of these are now "dry."

Some think the comic supplement furnishes an excellent illustration of total depravity.

According to Booker T. Washington the closing of the saloons in the South is a second emancipation.

We congratulate the Florida Baptist Witness on its new dress. The paper is now published at Jacksonville, instead of Arcadia.

Secretaries J. M. Frost and J. T. Henderson called at our office this week. Hard work is agreeing with these youthful, optimistic brethren.

There are eighty million Chinese who are slaves to the opium habit. In other words, for each man and woman in America, there is an opium fiend in China.

Rev. Z. W. Pigg, of Grant county, Ky., is extremely ill, and the request comes to this office that the brethren everywhere pray for his recovery.

Rev. Dr. John W. Drury, one of the foremost men in the Dutch Reformed church, passed away March 21st, in the seventieth year of his age.

A diligent effort is being made to secure legal sanction for the saloons of New York City to remain open on Sunday from one to eleven p. m.

Not long since Dr. L. W. Amnhall, of Philadelphia, issued a challenge to any moderate drinker, between twenty-one and sixty-four, to meet him in ten athletic contests to prove the physical superiority of total abstainers.

Hall-Moody Institute, Martin, Tenn., has had an unusually prosperous year. The enrollment has already reached 515, and others are yet to come.

It is reported that the Swiss State railways have adopted a rule that ladies' hats more than thirty-one and a half inches in diameter will be classified as wheels, and any lady wearing a hat larger than the above must ride in the "baggage van" or deposit the hat with the "baggage guard."

In this issue will be found a plea from Dr. Willingham, and also a suggestion with reference to the raising of \$50,000 independent of the regular channels through which Foreign Mission money is usually contributed.

The great New Orleans meeting, under the direction of Evangelist W. W. Hamilton, continues with increasing interest. An automobile and a Gospel wagon have both been pressed into service for the street meeting, and the campaign has given the Baptists the ear of the city.

AMONG THE Churches.

Walnut St. (Third and St. Catherine) - Pastor Henry A. Porter: The Vision of the Son of Man, Rev. 1:1-20. Personal Purity, Ex. 20:14. S. S., 450. By letter, 2.

time. Good quarterly collection for lot fund. Third Ave. never had a brighter outlook.

SEMINARY NOTES.

BY ELLIS A. COTTELL.

The enrollment has reached 306. Bro. J. T. Hoskins has been called to the Elkton church and took up the work there April 1st. Bro. Hoskins is one of our graduates of last year. He has been preaching to Athertonville and New Haven churches. We wish him every success in his new field.

Table listing names and amounts: Hicks, Mrs. Nellie McCarty, Louisville, 2 50; Humpich, Miss Martha F., Louisville, 25; Lucas, Miss Mary, and Miss Ida Prewitt, Grand Junction, Tenn., 1 00; Mahan, Rev. J. W., Louisville, 1 00; McCarty, Mrs. W. L., Louisville, 2 50; Montgomery, W. H., Louisville, 2 50; Parker, Mrs. M. J., Lexington, Ky., 1 00; Purdie, Mrs. W. F., Anchorage, Ky., 1 00; Wilson, J. T., Harrodsburg, Ky., 10 00; Wright, Rev. A. K., Washington, D. C., 1 00.

Total cash received \$2553 97 HENRY ALFORD PORTER, Chairman.

THE STATE.

Bro. W. A. Burns began his work as pastor at Madison Avenue church, Covington, on last Sunday. Evangelist Barnes has closed a second meeting with the Hawesville church. Six were baptized. He goes to hold a meeting at Livingston. J. P. Jones, bishop of Bellevue, reports his Sunday School, especially his primary department, has outgrown their quarters and they must build.

the convention. At our last executive board meeting we elected Bro. T. Monroe Swindler secretary and treasurer, so please send all mission moneys of our association to T. Monroe Swindler, 1005 Scott street, Covington, Ky. Do this not later than April 15th, that money may reach board on time. C. T. ELLIS.

B. P. Y. U.

THOS. J. WATTS, COR. SEC'Y.

A splendid B. Y. P. U. rally was held at Latonia, Ky., March 25th. There were good delegations from Covington and Newport. Vice President J. T. Bowden, of Covington, writes that the rally was a great success.

Covington, Dayton, Newport and other nearby towns will send up good delegations to the Kentucky Baptist Assembly, at Georgetown, July 5-12.

Bro. A. R. Willett, of Shelbyville, writes for literature for the purpose of organizing a B. Y. P. U. there.

The B. Y. P. U. Quarterlies for April, May and June are the best yet issued by the Sunday School Board, and more and more these publications are being preferred by Southern Unions. They suit

Nashville in the assembly rooms of the Sunday School Board. The meetings were presided over by Miss Eleanor Gardner, State Y. W. A. Secretary, but were conducted by an auxiliary from a different church each day.

Georgia has more representatives in the W. M. U. Training School than any other State. Missouri comes next.

Thirty-three young ladies are studying the uplift of China at Huntsville, Ala. Mrs. R. S. Gavin, wife of the wide-awake pastor, is their leader.

The Week of Prayer was observed by the W. M. U. of Alexandria, La., and \$37.40 was the monied result.

For a quarter of a century Bro. C. E. Smith has been laboring in Africa. At the time he was appointed he said he wanted to go to Africa, because it was the place where workers were most needed, and eternity alone can reveal the good he has accomplished in that needy country.

We are indebted to Mrs. M. P. Hunt for the following notice: The annual meeting of the Baptist Women's League will be held at Fourth Avenue Baptist church, Friday afternoon, April 9th, at 3 p. m. A full attendance is desired, as officers for the ensuing year will be elected.

W. M. U. Exhibits.

One of the features of the Woman's Missionary Union in May will be the exhibit of leaflets, programmes and other things of interest and help in conducting meetings of societies. Mrs. M. P. Hunt is in charge of the general exhibit. But the Kentucky frame will be arranged by Mrs. E. S. Alderman, 414 West St. Catherine street, Louisville, Ky. Societies are urged to send her anything that will make this interesting and inspiring to those who view it. Send not later than the end of April.

Bro. W. B. Bagby, who has been at home for a few months, sailed for Brazil from New York March 26th. He is one of our cheeriest, brightest missionaries, and his wife is another. Mrs. Bagby says she doesn't feel at home in America and hopes to live and die in Brazil. They have been in Brazil for twenty-eight years. Dr. Bagby says: "There is a grander Baptist opportunity in South America than in any other mission field except China."

We have eight missionaries in Argentina: four regular churches, and nine preaching points; the outlook is most encouraging. In Brazil we have forty-three missionaries; twenty-six ordained native helpers, and forty-eight unordained ones; there are eighty-four churches and one hundred and ninety-eight outstations, with a membership of 5,016; we have seventy-six Sunday schools, with 2,213 scholars, and twelve day schools. Brazilian Christians gave last year \$18,565.38 for the spread of the gospel and there were 1,187 baptisms.

Modern missionary efforts were first started in South America by the Moravian Missionary Society, which, in 1735 began work among the Indians and negroes in America. Early in the next century other societies entered the field. In December, 1850, Captain Allen Gardiner reached Terra del Fuego. All are familiar with his heroic life and tragic death. In 1854 as a direct result of his work a mission was started in a small island near Cape Horn with the hope that soon the natives would be won, and the mainland entered. The Indians seemed friendly, and November 6, 1859, the missionaries went ashore to hold worship, but they were attacked and massacred. Thus with the blood of martyrs the country has been opened, and missionaries are now benefiting by the experiences of those who sacrificed their lives.

The missionaries at Chengchow, China, write that they are praying for the Board in the heavy burden of debt which is resting upon us, but as they prayed they felt that they could not pray aright unless they helped some, and so these earnest workers for the Master took up a collection among themselves and sent forward a check for \$100. If our people at home would feel the same way—viz.: That they could not pray, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as in heaven," without giving for the advancement of the Lord's kingdom, what a marvelous change would come throughout the earth.

"Did any one ever hear of a missionary being afraid of being 'foreignized'?" Did you ever hear of a foreign missionary looking at China's seven hundred millions, India's two hundred millions, the millions of Africa or Brazil, Mohammedan or Catholic countries, with a fear for that church to be brought into line with other contributing churches. The Christian women are changing the records of the churches, the associations, and the conventions. Encourage these women, work with them and a new song will be sung and a new record will be written by the churches."

A joint meeting of the Week of Prayer was observed by the Y. W. A.'s of

EATON MONUMENT FUND.

"I loved Dr. Eaton and am glad to contribute something as a testimonial of it. It is not much, it is true, but quite as much as I am able to do." So writes Mr. J. T. Wilson, of Harrodsburg, in sending his check. Misses Mary Lucas and Ida Prewitt, of Grand Junction, Tenn., where Dr. Eaton died, write: "While not personally acquainted with him we admire and loved him as a sound Baptist and feel that we want a part in this grand work." Dr. A. K. Wright, of Washington, expresses his intention to be present at the unveiling in May.

Cash Received.

Table listing names and amounts: Previously acknowledged \$2501 72 Adams, Rev. M. B., Frankfort, Ky., 2 00 Dill, Dr. J. S., Bowling Green, Ky., 5 00

TO THE CHURCHES OF NORTH BEND ASSOCIATION.

Please heed the call of our Mission Boards. They are expecting every man to do his duty. The Lord is counting on us. Then the convention comes to us this year. If we have the consciousness of having done our duty of proving ourselves worthy of being counted on, and having done our best, it will give us grace and dignity to act the part of host of

W. M. U. NOTES.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

These are anxious moments for your Secretary and Treasurer. So far reports are encouraging, but the pressing question now is will we meet our apportionment. The books of the Kentucky W. M. U. Secretary close April 15th. All contributions which are not reported to Miss Lamb by that time will have to be credited on the new year.

Mrs. Creal calls the attention of the Y. W. A.'s to their deficiency. \$200 still lacking on Miss Hensley's salary. However, she thinks a hint to the wise is sufficient and the \$200 will be in Miss Lamb's possession by the 15th.

It is most important that you send in your name and address if you are coming to the annual meeting, that the delegates may be selected by the Central Committee and be as representative of the whole State as possible. Write to Miss E. S. Broadus, 1227 Third St., Louisville, Ky. "Woman's work is growing and whenever one woman in a church becomes thoroughly interested and alive we may look for that church to be brought into line with other contributing churches. The Christian women are changing the records of the churches, the associations, and the conventions. Encourage these women, work with them and a new song will be sung and a new record will be written by the churches."

Family Circle

Stories For The Young And Old.

WHAT MAKES GRANDMA CROSS?

By Sarah Abbey Davis.

My mamma's gone away today,
And grandma's cross;
My mamma told me to be good,
I've tried to help just all I could,
And haven't done a thing that should
Make grandma cross.

I cleared away the breakfast things
Quick as a fly;
The gravy spilled a little mite,
Although I hugged the platter tight,
But, if I was an "awful sight,"
I didn't cry.

I went upstairs to make the beds
And dust around;
I filled the bath-tub to the brim,
So Jack Tar could learn to swim—
And then I jumped in after him
Before he drowned.

I really thought the parlor should
Be dusted, too;
An angel fell down on his face
And hit a Royal Worcester vase—
I put the piece back in place
With Stickums's glue.

I've been as good as good can be—
But grandma's cross;
I've swept, I've ironed all my clothes,
I've washed the windows with the hose
What in the world do you suppose
Makes grandma cross?

—Children's Magazine.

PAUL'S GOLDEN RULER.

By A. E. Parrish.

Every evening of the last week Paul had carried water and poured on that particular spot of the chip-yard underneath the old crabtree. By Friday night not a level-headed worm inhabitant in the vicinity but had wended his unsuspecting way to the nice, moist, oozy nook! And the small fisherman had reaped the first reward of his labors. Yet when he had peeped into the bait-box a little later and found them making squirmy protest, he, being after all very tender in the art and in years, had carried them back and let them out again!

Early the next morning Herbert came into the kitchen with his jointed pole, reel line and artificial flies. Never before had he offered to lend them, but it was a special occasion, since it was the anniversary of Paul's birthday and his first fishing expedition alone.

Father Bascombe entered with a new pocket knife in one hand and a package of meat in the other. "The knife's to cut a willow branch with, if the fancy pole should fail, and the raw meat is to take the place of the released captives out in the chip-yard," he explained.

Susie brought out her "imitation music roll" lunch box, but met with slight encouragement. "Think you can pack a live boy's meals for a day into that comical concern, Sis?" cried Herbert. "Or do you expect him to sing to the fishes?"

So mother and Aunt Jennie had busied themselves filling a generous basket. The little cakes crowning it were covered with frosting half an inch thick, and the rest of the luncheon—well, it came up to that frosting!

But where was Paul? His was rarely the vacant chair in the breakfast circle. Mr. Bascombe set down his coffee cup rather sharply. "Can the boy have overslept?" he inquired uneasily.

"No," replied Aunt Jennie, "it can't be that, for I heard him stirring in his room an hour before I came downstairs."

"Do you think," the mother asked slowly, "do you think it might be the Golden-Ruler that's detaining him?" A groan ran around the family group, but her guess was right.

There it lay upon his table and there sat Paul in front of it. Every hole on the right side held its peg, every one except just the largest of all. And that one bit of a post was standing very uprightly in the "don't-know circle."

The little fellow knew well that was not its place, and he fingered it hesitatingly, glancing soberly over toward the left. It was Paul's own invention, this narrow strip of wood with its line of tiny holes and its perforated circle in the middle. He had made it the next day after a long ride in the country with grandfather.

They had driven along roads new to Paul, and at length grandfather stopped in front of two stone cottages. One was vacant and tumbling down in places, looking as if it must have been built

carelessly. Here and there could be seen openings in the walls, or holes closed up by loose stones thrown in. A pretty vine was running over all, and one had to look closely to find that the cottage was really in ruins. But the other was still a dainty comfortable home, bravely facing every wind, each stone four-square and firmly in its niche.

"Laddie, these houses were built by brothers, both working at the same time on his own structure. I well remember about it. I brought you here on purpose to see them today, because, my boy, you are building something for more important—a life—and doing it out of the days. What I want to know is, are you going to thrust loose stones of little selfish meanness into the corners and crevices and then do some fine-looking, showy thing to cover up like a vine, or are you going to make each day four-square, measuring it by the golden rule?"

It was only another of grandfather's queer kind of sermons. There was a damp twinkle in his dear old eyes when a few days later Paul brought the ruler, and had imparted to him in confidence the secret of how it was to work.

"You see," the small inventor had explained, "I'll measure my doings every night. For each thing that has been against the golden rule, I'll put a peg in the left side; for each that agrees with it, one to the right. And if I honestly don't know whether what I did do or am planning to do comes up to the rule or not, it's a hole in the 'don't-know circle' there in the middle that gets its stopper."

Clearly today it was proving a most unruly ruler! Paul had tried to straighten it out the night before, but it simply wouldn't straighten, and here two hours of his precious morning were gone.

"Oh, bother! I know I can't put that peg on the right side till I ask Will Barnett to go with me to the 'layer-cake stone,' where the catfish pool is; yes, and tell him there are no fish, only just minnows, south of Leonard's fence. He's been tramping both sides of the stream down there for a month. No, I'll not do any telling, nor asking either! If he had about a barrel more sense, or about two barrels less nonsense in him, then I would. He always keeps by himself and he's never even invited one boy to go with him fishing!"

"Yes, but—" the troublesome thought would come, "did even one boy ever ask Will anywhere?"

"Well," Paul replied to himself, "he needn't be so stingy with the old fish he didn't catch, anyhow. And if he knew where the good pools were, he'd have all the shiners hooked out, as often as he goes! That peg may just stay on the left."

But he did not start down the stairs with his customary bound. Who could, and leave a Golden-Ruler behind him in such a shape as that?

There was a look of relief came into the face of each of the household of Bascombe when at last Paul appeared. "So, son, you and the pegs have been wrestling it out together," said the father with a smile. "Too bad to lose so much of your morning! But, and he laid a hand on his shoulder, 'it's all goes to strengthen you, my boy.'"

How the words burned into Paul! And when Mrs. Bascombe, mother-wise, caressed his forehead and parted his curls, giving him meanwhile a smile of loving approbation, he began to feel sick and disgusted, and hot and freezy all over—it seemed as if a whole swarm of pegs were about in front of his eyes.

He picked up the basket, meat package and fish pole and started off firmly, but his whistle was such a wavery, quavery threat of a whistle!

"Course it was right to leave that peg in the 'don't-know circle,'—here the whistle grew shriller. Somehow, though he was glad the ruler was shut-up-in-the-trunk.

Why had he shut it up? Why was he so sure the folks thought he had put the peg on the right side? They hadn't told him so! And why, indeed, was he so altogether uncomfortable? "Who would be comfortable with such a heavy basket to carry, when you had to watch the fish pole all the time, too, for fear it was going to catch into something?"

More and more Paul's feet lagged as he came in sight of the little weather-beaten house where the Barnetts lived. Three or four small children were playing in a yard which was innocent of grass, shrub or tree. One tot was creeping out from the old broken platform which stood on shaky posts in front of the kitchen door. A lame girl was propped up in a rickety wooden chair by a long time, and a flushed, tired-looking woman was boiling clothes in a hugh iron kettle over a bonfire just outside.

Paul remembered the place. No one had lived in it for years until the Barnetts had moved in recently. The boys had played there many a time. There

were only two rooms, and he had not forgotten, either, the puddle of water that stood on the floors after a rain. He looked up to see if there were any new shingles on the roof, but there were none. It was strange how he had thought some one had told him the house had been repaired or a new one built; perhaps he had only supposed it. He had not gone by here in a long time, and there was Will now, over yonder digging bait.

Paul suddenly thought of the crow's nest in the top of the cottonwood tree. He felt sure he ought to go and see if any one had disturbed it.

"I'll start across the field right here. Oh, dear, this basket is certainly getting harder and harder to carry!"

"Lunch enough for two," seemed whispered in Paul's ears. "No, lunch enough for one twice," said he stoutly. "I mean to stay for supper. I've been waiting for my good time a long while, and I'm going to have it!" He began wondering a very little why the fun was so long in beginning.

The fish-hole was reached at last. Truly it was all a "hole" should be, deep with leafy shadows dancing over it and flecks of sunshine playing "hide and seek," and with the most inviting "fish-rings!" The very ringiest of them all was right against the golden rule, I'll put a peg in front of the "layer-cake stone," and to the house fast, and it won't be too late; run! Wait a second, though," and tearing off the lid of his dinner-basket, he wrapped up some of its dainty contents and sent along too.

"Now you come right back here and help me eat this lunch, and we'll have our first fishin' together, but not the last."

can't buy 'em, and oh, I've tried so hard, but there ain't anything here 'cept minnows.

"Her face used to be all bright and kind of expecting like as I'd come in, and then to see how brave and smilin' she'd be with her lips a-tremblin', when there was nothing for her! And she's getting' thinner and paler right along. The last time it seemed as if she couldn't stand it any longer and she just cried, she did. So I don't tell her no more when I'm comin'."

A horrid chill crept over Paul. What—oh, what if he should up and cry too! His back was turned on Will now as he gathered himself together and fairly shouted: "There's not a fish this side of Leonard's fence, but go north a ways, there's oceans, whole oceans of 'em. Come, hurry; I'll show you!"

"Paul! Paul! do you mean it? My bad luck has all come from your not knowing I've fished here for a month."

If Paul could have melted away! Instead, he straightened up. "Will, I did know it, but I was so selfish I thought you—I just thought you—Quick; oh, do come quick!"

It was nearly twelve o'clock when the boys reached the "layer-cake stone." Paul thrust the whole string of fish into his bewildered companion's hand. "Run to the house fast, and it won't be too late; run! Wait a second, though," and tearing off the lid of his dinner-basket, he wrapped up some of its dainty contents and sent along too.

"Now you come right back here and help me eat this lunch, and we'll have our first fishin' together, but not the last."

There was nothing the matter with the birthday celebration after this; no, nothing in the world!

And at nightfall two happy boys journeyed homeward.

When the day was all talked over with the others and Paul had gone to his room, he went straightway to the trunk, pulled out the ruler and shamefacedly slipped the peg over to the right side.

"I didn't know how mean I am, I didn't begin to—until I went into this measuring business," he muttered. Then as he crept under the coverlet, he added: "Next time I'll not wait to be shamed into doing the true thing." And he did not!—Interior.

ON THE WAY TO DAMASCUS.

By Evelyn Orchard.

A black Midland town in England, on a dark, wet November night; small comfort in the second-rate commercial hotel; a feeling of homesickness and indescribable yearning—such was the portion of Thomas Lesbury, of the firm of Lesbury, Son and Partners, of St. Paul's Churchyard, city. He had had a disappointing business day, and felt out of joint with all things. The coffee room seemed desolate, and the men gathered round the hearth, playing poker, filled Lesbury with an immeasurable disgust.

"A bad night," he observed. "But I think I'll go out."

The ranks closed up about the fire, several remarking that Lesbury seemed down on his luck. He crossed the square and turned into a long, wide, well-lighted thoroughfare. He did not walk aimlessly, because he had a destination, against which he had fought with more or less energy all day. When he reached the place, a mission hall, well placarded with invitations to an evangelistic service, he stood still, with a somewhat sardonic grin on his lips.

"Mr. Cloudsley Graham will address a men's meeting this evening at 8:45. Come, brothers, you are welcome. It may be that, arrested like Paul on the way to Damascus, this may be a turning point in your life."

His eyes had been chained by these words earlier in the day, and he had laughed at their conceit. He was not a religious man, though he went occasionally to church; and no had not the remotest sympathy with such methods of Christianity. Yet there he was on the threshold of a revival meeting, anxious to hear what Mr. Cloudsley Graham had to say to men.

A pale-faced man, with a sheaf of hand-bills, bade him welcome at the door. "Almost up, brother; but go well forward. There's always room at the front."

Lesbury thanked him, took the service-paper from his hand, and passed the words, "There's always room at the front," haunted him as he walked down the aisle. "Hang it," he said to himself, "these fellows have the knack of getting hold of a catenag phrase."

Before he reached his seat a burst of song broke from the assembled multitude; he bowed his head reverently, conscious of a strangely uplifted feeling within. Then he stood up and sang, too.

"I have been planning this surprise for a long time, and I shouldn't have downed the aisle. "Hang it," he said to himself, "these fellows have the knack of getting hold of a catenag phrase."

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back all his might, the words coming back to him like a wave of the sea from the shores of his boyhood:

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

A man with a message to men began to read of the apostle who journeyed to Damascus breathing out slaughters and persecutions against the little flock, not knowing that the Holy Spirit lay in wait for him on the way.

Lesbury sat back and studied the face of the preacher. He felt the thrilling power of his deep set, glowing eyes, and the compelling music of his voice. He saw that the spirit of the man was weary. Yet, as he warmed to his theme, the saving power of the Great Redemption, he became as one clothed with light from afar. He held the meeting in the hollow of his hand, though he spoke quietly and was entirely free from the emotional methods of some who conduct such missions, and are carried away by eagerness for results.

Lesbury stayed behind. He sat quietly while the meeting dispersed, staring before him, until the man who had given him the handbill touched him on the shoulder.

"Mr. Cloudsley is in the room behind, brother, if you would like to speak to him."

"Thank you."

Lesbury followed him through the platform door, and in the passage immediately behind met Cloudsley with his Highland cloak on and his hat in his hand.

"You are just going; I won't detain you," he said quickly.

The evangelist's answer was to draw him by the arm into the inner room. "I saw you in the meeting. God had a message for you tonight, friend."

"I suppose so. But why?" asked Lesbury, in a strained voice. "I was not aware of any special need for it. I have not been a special sinner, understand. I have lived a clean life, and tried to do my best. They could tell you at home."

There was a vague protest in his voice, which at other times might have occasioned a smile on Cloudsley's face.

"God wants all of you, brother; a whole-hearted service." They sat down together, and the time flew by; the patient doorkeeper went twice down the passage coughing softly, but no sound except the earnest voices reached him from within. Finally he went home to his supper across the street, deciding to come back. When he did so, nearly at 11 o'clock, he met the two men on the steps of the front entrance, and long afterward remembered Lesbury's face. It seemed to shine.

"I'll write to Cynthia tonight, and you won't forget your promise to come to us in London?" said Lesbury, as they parted at the hotel door. "You would like my wife. You and she would understand one another."

Next morning a sweet-faced woman, sitting at a merry breakfast table, surrounded with happy children, suddenly, while reading a long, closely-written letter, burst into tears.

"Mummy, mummy!" cried the affrighted children, "what is it? Nothing can have happened to daddy?"

The plug about her. She lifted them to her knees, one by one, and kissed them with a wavered smile.

"No, no, darlings, daddy is quite well. He has never been better in his life. Dear God has been very good to us, darlings. Remember your prayers tonight to thank him, because he has given mummy the very last thing she wanted in the world."

The children, reassured, danced away again, not understanding or caring to question further. After a little time, still clasping the precious letter, Cynthia Lesbury stole away to her own room, to be alone on her knees with her wonderful joy.—British Weekly.

Oh, join the happy band of them that build! The call is urgent, and the cause is high. There is not one of you that can be spared. . . . What are we doing, you and I? May it not be said to us, when the city is built which God has prepared: "You put no hand to it."—You placed no stone. "You brought no help."—Henry Scott Holland.

A PLEASING DESSERT

always wins favor for the housekeeper. The many possibilities of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk (unsweetened) make it a boon to the woman who wishes to provide these delicacies for her family with convenience and economy. Dilute Peerless Milk to desired richness and use same as fresh milk or cream.

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STORIES FOR LITTLE ONES.

ELIZABETH'S THANKSGIVING.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and the Simm family were very unhappy. Mr. Simm had been out of work for so long, that the little money he had saved up was nearly gone.

The Simm family had never depended on charity to help them along. If they had always been poor, they would have asked help from the city.

"No turkey or mince pies like we had last year," sighed Fred, dolefully. Mr. Simm looked from the window and echoed Fred's sigh.

"This is Elizabeth's Thanksgiving," said Mr. Simm, smiling across at his little daughter. "Because she prayed," said Fred, taking a big mouthful of meat.

Her father patted the curly head gently. "I wish I had your faith dear," he whispered. Mrs. Simm He tried to smile as she said: "We must try and be thankful, for we are all alive and well, and that is more than every one can say."

While the family was at the breakfast table, the kitchen door was hastily opened, and the grocery boy from one of the large stores set a huge basket on the floor.

"It must be some mistake," ejaculated the astounded Mr. Simm, gazing at the well-filled basket.

Little Elizabeth sat quietly in her chair, but her cheeks were glowing and her eyes shining as she said softly: "I knew that God

wouldn't forget us." As soon as the family were convinced that the basket belonged to them, they commenced to unpack it, and what a basket it was! In the first place there was a large, fat turkey, weighing almost as much as Baby May.

In less time than you would think possible, the fat turkeys was in the oven and Mrs. Simms was busy making mince pies. By 2 o'clock the dinner was ready and on the table, and how nice everything did look!

The big turkey, stuffed almost to bursting, was just that lovely shade of golden brown that all respectable turkeys ought to be. There was a large dish of mashed potatoes and another of turnips. The celery was nodding behind a glass dish just full of stewed cranberries, and on the side table two fat mince pies were cooling.

"Does a man live here by the name of Simm?" he asked in a jolly voice. "That is my name," responded Mr. Simm quietly.

"Well, of all things," ejaculated the stranger, "my name is Simm, too—Gregory Simm. That accounts for it. Ha! ha! ha! Won't Emmeline laugh when she hears of it?"

Mr. Simm looked frightened, and then and wondered if the stranger might not be out of his mind. Mr. Simm started to speak, but the stranger broke in again: "My turkey, or what is left of it! My grapes, my celery, my cranberries! Ha! ha! ha! Won't this tickle Emmeline?"

Mr. Simm now looked disturbed. "Perhaps you will tell us what you mean, sir," said he. "I ought to apologize," answered the man, "but the fact is, this is my dinner you have been eating. You saw their advertisement in the 'Western Recorder.'"

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'Ah-h-h-h!'

Here's something good! That is the greeting which

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gets when time for dessert arrives. Nothing like it—nothing so good. It can be prepared in a minute. Jell-O comes in 7 delightful fruit flavors. 10c. per package. Enough for 6 people. All grocers sell Jell-O. Beautifully illustrated Recipe Book, free. Address, The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y. Jell-O received first prize gold medal at St. Louis, Portland and Jamestown Expositions.

Mrs. Simm, looking guilty. "It is Elizabeth's dinner," shouted Fred, growing very red in the face. "She prayed for it." "The fact is," broke in Mr. Simm, "we didn't expect any dinner today. That is, nothing like this. I have been out of work so long we couldn't afford it.

The stranger looked at the paper. "Mr. G. Simm," he read in a loud voice. "Detroit Street—Well, I must apologize," he continued. It is the jolliest mistake on earth. You see, I am a bachelor and live on Detroit Avenue with my niece, Emmeline. I ordered my groceries yesterday but they didn't come, so Emmeline and I went to a restaurant. Then I went to blow up the grocer, and he, in his turn, went to blow up his clerk.

"I never spent money I enjoyed more," he declared. "I can afford the little loss, for it has made me happy. It is about the jolliest joke I ever heard of." He promised to help Mr. Simm to a job, and laughed and told stories, till the children quite fell in love with him.

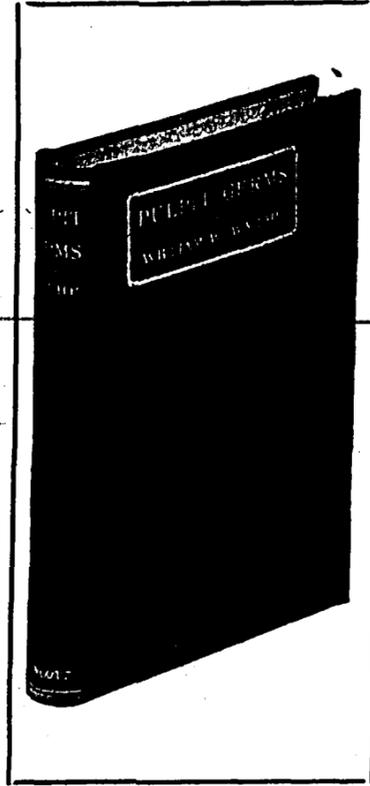
Just before he went home Fred broke in: "So it wasn't Elizabeth's Thanksgiving, after all." Elizabeth's eyes filled with tears, but she said bravely: "Well, God answered my prayer anyhow, even if it was a mistake about the street."

The other Mr. G. Simm patted her fair curls, and bending down, he kissed her gently. "God always answers prayers some way," he whispered. Exchange.

PULPIT GERMS

—BY—

WILLIAM W. WYTHE.



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DR. MEEK REVIEWED.

The Baptists in Catlettsburg have been growing with astounding rapidity, and among the new members are several who came from the two Methodist societies of the city. This so aroused the Methodists that they engaged Rev. Zephaniah Meek, D.D., for a sermon on "The Mode of Christian Baptism," and through the kindness of a friend this sermon, in print, is before me, with a request that I give it some attention.

In his prelude, Dr. Meek says: "Conditions confronting the Christian people of Catlettsburg must be my apology for the plainness of speech in which I shall indulge at this hour," and then proceeds to pour out his vituperations on the "hypocrites," "proselyters," etc.

His first argument (?) rests on public opinion regarding the mode of baptism. He says in the United States 115,000 believe in trine immersion, 6,500,000 believe in single immersion; 23,385,000 believe in sprinkling and pouring; and with him this seems a clincher. To this he adds:

"To take the world over the comparative difference is much greater." Most assuredly. The further you go into heathen countries the greater will be the comparison, especially is this true in Roman Catholic countries, and a comparison would only show that Methodist societies are grand-daughters of Rome. So according to your own evidence the great number of your witnesses would be found in unenlightened heathen countries. Dr. Meek forgot to say that of the 23,000,000 Peto-baptists perhaps more than half of them were sprinkled in infancy and were not allowed an opinion of their own regarding the ordinance. These would not be very good witnesses in a court of justice.

Again he says: "The man does not live today, never has lived, and never will live, who can take this Bible and show an undisputed instance for immersion." That depends largely on the meaning of the word "undisputed." If it means that any one, without Scripture, reason or common sense, with the doctor as an example, may dispute plain, settled facts, then you are correct. But if it means to meet the facts with argument that will overthrow them, then I am sure you are wrong. You forget that you are repudiating the wisdom of the leading men in your own denomination, men like Adam Clark, Joseph Benson, John Wesley and many others.

The doctor proceeds: "To make a case of immersion out of any acts of baptism recorded in the Bible you must supply with your imagination the very thing contended, for it is a case of pure imagination," and yet on page twenty he says that "when the conscience of the candidate is answered by immersion the preacher and church can well afford to accept it," and on the same page he says that whether it be sprinkling or immersion "the result is the same, Christian baptism." He tries to read out of the Bible every case of immersion, making it a product of the imagination, then to keep from losing a member this same preacher will administer this "imaginary" immersion and call it Christian baptism. O shame, where is thy blush! According to the doctor the only guide left us is our imagination. The Bible counts for nothing, since a true standard of Christian conduct may be born out of the imagination.

He cites Acts 8:39, Matt. 3:6-16, and says these are among the strongest passages used by immersionists, but he fails to give an exegesis of either of them and they still stand against him.

Again he says: "Every intelligent reader knows that all the pictures of baptism found in the Holy Land, in the Catacombs and elsewhere, represent the candidates either standing or kneeling, some of these in the water, while the administrator pours the water upon their heads." He cites no authority, undoubtedly thinking people will accept it as true, but since he has made so much of the imagination I must "imagine" he is wrong. The oldest picture of Christ's baptism known is one taken from the Crypt of St. Lucina at Rome and represents an immersion. What has the doctor to say to this?

Again he says: "It is a well known fact that exclusive immersionists have had delegation after delegation search the Holy Land for some evidence, by picture or otherwise, of immersion, but they have utterly failed to find it." When and by whom were these delegations appointed? What evidence have you that they made diligent search and failed? We want more than assertion, give us proof. Until you put up the proof I shall deny the allegation and defy the allegator."

He says the Saviour had these sectarian proselyters in mind when he said: "Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves." It would seem that Dr. Meek believes those who honestly preach Baptist doctrines in Catlettsburg are "hypocrites," and those who came out of Methodism and united with the Baptists are children of hell. In the face of this, and on the same page, he launches out on the sweet ocean of liberalism and says: "I try to cultivate the spirit of Christian charity and forbearance," but the above shows you are not making much progress. If Dr. Meek does not quit his childishness some Baptist may have to "lay off" a day or two and give him a theological spanking. In my next I will notice his argument (?) for sprinkling.

A. N. MORRIS.

Jackson, Ky.

RATES TO ELIZABETHTOWN.

Reduced rates have been granted to messengers and visitors attending our Baptist State Sunday School Convention at Elizabethtown, April 14-16. But in order to secure this reduction, certain conditions must be complied with. Let every one who expects to attend this Convention read these conditions carefully and carry them out fully.

Messengers and visitors from all points in Kentucky attending the Kentucky Baptist Sunday School Convention to be held at Elizabethtown, Ky., April 14-16, inclusive, will be granted a reduction in their return railroad fare by the routes traveled in going to the meeting under the following rules.

1. Tickets for the return journey will be sold at reduced rates only to persons holding certificates of the standard form duly signed with ink by Wm. J. Mahoney, and his followers, even as Moses lifted up the healing sign. Upon this the famous verse sixteen follows, John's epitome, the gospel in miniature, the little Bible, as Luther

holding properly received certificate receipts of the standard form, in attendance at the meeting. Exception: If the number of properly received certificate receipts presented is less than one hundred and the special agent is satisfied by actual inspection that mileage books, clergy permits or return portions of round trip tickets are held by some persons who have actually attended the meeting, he will account such mileage books, clergy permits and return portions of round trip tickets as well as the certificate receipts themselves.

3. It is necessary that messengers and visitors attending meeting procure cure certificate receipts from agents when going tickets are purchased. If through tickets to place of meeting cannot be procured at starting stations, such persons should purchase to most convenient station at which said through tickets can be obtained, and there purchase through ticket to place of meeting, securing certificate receipt from each agent from whom a ticket is purchased, and presenting all certificate receipts to special agent at place of meeting. No refunds of fare can be expected because of failure to secure certificate receipts. When traveling on mileage ask for the certificate receipt in exchange for mileage.

4. No certificate receipt evidencing payment of less than 75 cents for going ticket will be honored for reduced fare returning.

5. Messengers and visitors attending meeting and who hold certificate receipts secured from and executed by agents at starting points will be sold tickets for return trip under the above rules and regulations, at one-half of the first class fare in effect from place of meeting to original starting point, plus fifty cents, via routes traveled on going trip as specified on certificate receipts.

CHRIST AND NICODEMUS.

A new Interpretation of Some of the Interview.

In the "Story of the Nazarene," by Prof. Noah K. Davis, an interpretation of a portion of the interview between our Saviour and Nicodemus is new to the writer at least. In the twelfth verse of John, third chapter, the Lord said to Nicodemus: "If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you of heavenly things." Says Prof. Davis, in his book, page 114: "Clearly this closes the interview (with Jesus and Nicodemus)."

He continues: "Further teaching would be vain. John, who was probably present during the conversation and who, fifty years afterwards, records its substance with comments saying: 'And no man hath ascended into Heaven, but he that descended out of heaven, even the Son of Man which is in heaven.'" This is verse 13. The writer continues: "Were these words spoken at the time by Jesus, they would be inexplicable; and hence, on that supposition, they have been regarded as a gloss. But taken as John's words of many years afterwards, they are a clear and highly significant endorsement of Christ's knowledge of heavenly things. Then John affirms that, if the same time, he was at that time in Murfreesboro, and the writer at Estill Springs. He aided us much in private correspondence during his editorship of the Recorder.

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Black Nun's Veiling, a soft, clinging fabric for dressy gowns and separate skirts. 38 inches wide and worth 65c per yard. Our price 48c

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Novelty striped Black Directoire cloths, 42 to 45 inches wide in a number of designs. Has a rich, silky finish and our price is from \$1.00 \$1.25 per yard down to

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All Wool Batiste, 39 inches wide, in coral, dark rose, reseda green, navy and brown. This is very soft and clingy. Special, 42c

Sicilian, 50 inches wide, in navy, gray, brown, and myrtle. Has a permanent mirror finish, suitable for suits, skirts, waists and all outing purposes. Special, 59c

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Panama, all wool, 44 inches wide, with neat hair line stripe. One of this season's newest and best styles. Very specially price at, yard 75c

Herringbone Suiting, 44 inches wide, suitable for dress or street suits. Comes in a wide range of colors, yard 85c

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ALL ABOARD FOR LOUISVILLE.

The Great Southern Baptist Convention Meets There May 13th.

Did you say you did not have a ticket, or money to buy one? Let us help you. The fare is likely to be one fare for the round trip. Find out what a ticket will cost, then get just as many new subscribers to the Western Recorder, at \$2 per year, as the number of dollars the ticket will cost, send us the money and the names and we will pay for your ticket. Or better, keep just half the money and buy your ticket with it, and send the other half to us.

Let every church help her pastor to come. Let some young lady get out and in this way get sufficient funds to send the pastor. It will pay the church, and then besides every subscriber will get the full worth of his money. The time is short. Be prompt.

called it, which as an inspired utterance is not less authoritative or precious than if uttered by the Saviour himself."

We have given the quotation in full. The interpretation is plausible to say the least. It is observable that in verses 13 to 18, Jesus is referred to in the third person. However, the book by Prof. Davis is very readable.

Will the Recorder please say something concerning the Scripture interpretation referred to? The Recorder is fine. We appreciate its valuable contents, and are much helped by its weekly visits. The former editor, Dr. Eaton, and the writer were young men together, and members of the General Association of Middle Tennessee and North Alabama. We began preaching and were ordained about the same time. He was at that time in

Cleburn, Tex.

T. E. MEESE.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

The death of John William Jones, D. D., on March 14th, at Columbus, Ga., recalls what is probably the funniest series of typographical blunders which ever actually occurred. The writer can testify to the accuracy of this series, because he read them at the time they were made in the two journals involved. After the Civil War Dr. Jones was Southern correspondent of the New York Examiner. At the time there was a rival Baptist paper in New York City called The Watchtower. In writing of the death of his friend Stonewall Jackson, Dr. Jones praised highly his character, and referred to him as "a battle scarred veteran." The printers of the Examiner amended this, and it was stated to the readers that Stonewall Jackson was "a battle scared veteran." The Watchtower saw a chance to make a little fun of its rival paper and attempted to reproduce the error of the Examiner's printer; but the printer of the Watchtower took his turn and made it read that Stonewall Jackson was "a bottle scarred veteran." Now the Examiner had a good chance to get back at its rival, and it made merry at the trial to correct one error by making a worse one. But alas! it seemed that the expression was doomed to a comedy of errors; for when the Examiner's triumphant counter appeared, it informed its readers that in attempting to correct the error in the Examiner the Watchtower had said that Stonewall Jackson was "a battle sacred veteran." At this both the editors gave it up as a bad job. Now we have written this with much fear and trembling lest the printers of the Watchman spoil the story by a typographical error. But we have written also with great plainness, and hope to get it to our readers in correct form. If we do not we will say so next week.—Watchman.

Dear Recorder:

For the Lord's sake give a little space in the columns of the Recorder that we may get at those wranglers on Alien Baptism, for they seem to be poorly posted as to what the Bible says of those that profane, rudely touch or change the Lord's order, work and covenant, or what the New Testament says about the great commission to his apostles. But they seem to be great on false rendering of Scriptures. (II. Peter 3:16).

It has been said that the Scriptures nowhere speak of baptism as a thing committed to any person or set of persons, whether preachers or others. We will here give Matt. 28:19, as answer: "Go ye, therefore, teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." Were not the apostles persons and a set of persons?

Then Luke 24:49: "Behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you. But tarry you in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high."

The apostles were not permitted to use or exercise this commission until they were first baptized with the Holy Ghost. Then we cite Acts 19:1-7: "And it came to pass that while Appolos was at Corinth Paul having passed through the upper coast came to Ephesus and finding certain disciples he said unto them, have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed and they said unto him, we have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost, and he said unto them, unto what then were ye baptized, and

they said, unto John's baptism; then said Paul, John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying to the people that they should believe on him, which should come after him, that is on Christ Jesus. When they heard this they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus, and when Paul had laid his hands upon them the Holy Ghost came on them and they spake with tongues and prophesied."

The remedy for alien baptism. On the ground and view of these Scriptures, the rank and file of Baptists have no use for alien baptism, and we believe the order should be kept as Jesus put it, or as Jesus gave it, and Campbellites or others coming to a Baptist church should be baptized in the Baptist faith by a Baptist minister otherwise he or she is not a Baptist; for a Campbellite was not before time baptized in the right faith nor by a minister of the right faith, for as the twelve Ephesian brethren, neither of them knew anything about the Holy Ghost or the regenerating power of God. These would Paul the Apostle have baptized again until they were baptized right, and who will say Paul the Apostle was wrong; did he not know the Lord's order?

But now Campbellites, Methodists, Unitarians and infidels dig to undermine our Scriptural landmarks on the outside, and some L.L. D.'s try to push them over from the inside, and though the gates of hell shall not prevail against them, the Lord has put it into the hearts and hands of his faithful, not many wise, not many noble, to defend the faith and order of his churches once delivered to the apostles and the admonition is for us so to do.

Waddy, Ky. R. B. ATKINS.

DEAR RECORDER.

Your timely visits each week since I've returned to Texas in January, have not been disregarded amid the press of duties bearing upon the new pastor on an important field. In spite of the vexing perplexities incident to a transfer of household goods from North Carolina to Comanche, Tex. (nearly 1,300 miles), we have not overlooked the Recorder a single week, nor simply "looked over it" either.

Bro. O. L. Hailey was my predecessor here. He left a savory influence and a sweet memory. Strong in pulpit and with pen, his successor must exert himself. We have received some fifteen or twenty members since our arrival in January. Have been most courteously and cordially received by a reception given by the ladies; and also by a pounding well laid on by both men and women; and we have married more couples in the three months than during two years in North Carolina. We have also raised several hundred dollars for ministerial education and associational missions; have plans laid for \$500 more for Home and Foreign Missions; while the church has also settled up some \$400 balance due on the beautiful parsonage we occupy just opposite our church. This, in the face of an unprecedented winter drouth from November to March, not yet broken up enough to cure our farmers of "the blues over crop prospects."

How mysteriously God moves! Seven years ago I was called to North Carolina, to a city and to a church of whose existence I had little or no knowledge; for what purpose we could not divine—to build a church at Waynesville, we supposed; and to be instrumental in leading back into the ministry a

most talented Baptist preacher. We found him in the mountains of North Carolina "starving his soul behind a desk of law books," and now he is most happy in a good pastorate. But again: One night en route to the North Carolina State Convention we were belated, missed connection in a certain city, and had to stay at a hotel. Providentially we met a drummer, an ex-Virginia man of twenty-eight years, "three years a traveling salesman on a salary of \$2,100 and expenses."

"Through that evening's providential meeting he was led," he says, "to rededicate his life to Christ." In a few weeks he resigned his position and came to my home, saying: "I am here to be guided by you and by Providence, if God's will, that I may enter the ministry." Through several meetings he proved himself a man of God, fearless and bold. He went to the Seminary last year, is now at Furman for his degree that he may return to the Seminary afterwards for full graduation. It is a further mark of "special Providence" that since hearing from him several times since I came West, that we find God is yet not through with our relations? A good lady of my church has been easily induced to say this to the writer: "I will give him \$250 this fall, that he may complete his course at Furman, and then I hope to see him through the Seminary also." Is it strange that I was recalled to Texas; to a church I had never seen; of whose membership I knew nothing—just as when I went to North Carolina—and that both churches called without ever having seen the man called? God's ways are glorious. To Him be the praise!

B. W. N. SIMMS.
Comanche, Tex.

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Feed Your Brain and it Will Feed You Money and Fame.

"Ever since boyhood I have been especially fond of meats, and I am convinced I ate too rapidly, and failed to masticate my food properly."

"The result was that I found myself, a few years ago, afflicted with ailments of the stomach and kidneys, which interfered seriously with my business."

"At last I took the advice of friends and began to eat Grape-Nuts instead of the heavy meats, etc., that had constituted my former diet."

"I found that I was at once benefited by the change, that I was soon relieved from the heart-burn and the indigestion that used to follow my meals, that the pains in my back had ceased entirely."

My nerves which used to be unsteady and my brain, which was slow and lethargic from a heavy diet of meats and greasy foods, had gradually, but none the less surely, been restored to normal efficiency. Now every nerve is steady and my brain and thinking faculties are quicker and more acute than for years past.

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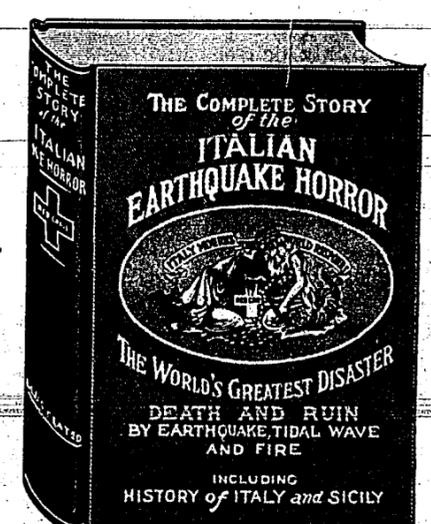
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Duncan Bros. of Pendleton sold a pair of good work mules for \$305.

Will Johnson, of Winchester, bought of Robert Gay a two-year-old mule for \$120.

H. S. Caywood, of Middletown, sold to R. A. Mason, of Winchester, a pair of four-year-old mare mules for \$335.

Mr. Jas. Dining, of Allen county, bought of Mr. Harrison Wade, same county, a nice three-year-old jack for \$510.

Wm. Adams, of Hickory Grove, sold to C. S. Mayes a year old mule for \$200 and a two-year-old for \$125 to another party.

Leonard McElroy, of Morganfield, sold two young jacks to Lankford & Leigh, of Bone Gap, Ill., for \$1,300. They were sired by his big 16-hand jack

G. F. Huges, of Raywick bought of John Northcut two pairs work mules at \$375 and \$420 per pair. He also sold to Thomas Thompson one mare mule for \$200 and a weanling colt for \$125.

Mr. S. W. Winterbower, of Hardin county, sold three horses and one mule recently to W. S. McClanahan, of Birmingham, Ala., and one mule to Jim Smith, of Vine Grove. He bought four horses of Taylor Dowell, of Irvington, and two mules of Bud Carlisle, of near West Point.

Montgomery county.—More fat cattle are being handled here at the present time than ever before. There are about 4,200 in this county. Some few have been sold for July delivery, but the markets and conditions generally do not indicate the high prices of the past summer.

Graves county.—Farmers got busy last week, the first week for good work we have had for some time. Lots of oats and plant beds sowed. Mr. Bell-Adams sold to C. S. Hayes a year-old mule for \$200 and a two-year-old mule for \$125 to another party. Corn is selling for \$4.00 per barrel. Beef is very scarce. Hay is first class.

N. M. Burgess, of Sadieville, bought of Lee Houston, of Harrison, thirty-two head of fancy 1,400 lb. cattle for July delivery at 6 cts. a pound. Corn is now worth practically \$4 per barrel, and in order to obtain that price for corn fed to cattle, expert feeders claim that the latter must bring seven cents per pound.—Paris Kentuckian.

Hardin county.—The conditions the growing wheat crop in Hardin is hard to estimate. Some fields look beautiful where the wheat is so rank that it has been pastured while others look very thin on the ground with prospects unpromising.

The fruits of all kinds in the county is so far safe and the cool days of this month have kept back the budding so there is a fine prospect of a big crop.

FERTILITY OF EGGS.

The assured fertility of the eggs is a feature of vital importance. On it depends the success of the grower. Therefore, the breeding stock should be healthy and vigorous, and not related, should not be too fat (but they should be fat enough to be plump and round.)

In addition to the food required to keep the stock in a good healthy condition, it is essential to feed some shell-forming material at this time, which will make the shells of the eggs firm. Plenty of pure fresh water should be supplied at all times. Wheat, oats and corn should form the bulk of the ration. Hess Poultry Panacea can be fed at this time, about twice a week, to very good advantage.

Gathering The Eggs.

The necessity of taking the eggs from the nest as they are laid or of leaving them in the nest depends on climatic conditions. Generally the weather conditions at the time the hen turkey begins laying makes it necessary to remove the eggs from the nest as they are laid; but if this is necessary, care should be exercised lest she thinks you are watching her and "stealing" her eggs; never let a turkey hen know that you are watching her to her nest, and never remove all of the eggs from the nest unless you leave some nest eggs of china in their place. Failure to heed the suggestions usually results in the hen becoming dissatisfied and locating her nest in a different place, all of which tends to frustrate your efforts to secure the best results.

Of course, when the hen turkeys are thoroughly domesticated or penned up during the laying season the above suggestions do not apply; but I want to say now and here that I cannot indorse the practice of confining turkeys in small inclosures during the laying season, or at any other time. It is not natural for turkeys to be confined like domestic fowls (turkeys are only semi-domestic), therefore it is generally inadvisable to do so.

Incubating The Eggs.

I would never permit a hen turkey to nest the second time, as late hatched poults are unprofitable, and, besides, the hen turkey is needed to brood the poults hatched from the eggs laid during the first nesting, since they must be incubated much earlier than those laid during the second nesting. Better rear a few turkeys of superior quality than several of inferior quality.

Since most turkey hens will lay more eggs than they can hatch, it is necessary to incubate a part of them under chicken hens. Personally, I prefer to do this anyway, as you can set about half of the eggs early, and have quite a number of poults growing nicely before the hen turkey hatches the egg entrusted to her. Early hatched poults can be very successfully grown if they are brooded by a chicken hen, as she will not take the poults very far away, thus making it possible for the attendant to watch them closely. The chicken hen broods them as well as the turkey hen until they are a certain age, when they will wander so rank that it has been pastured away with those being brooded by white others look very thin on the ground with prospects unpromising.

Now, as to the number of eggs for a setting. Never place under a hen more eggs than she can cover well, or a bad hatch will result. About twelve or fifteen eggs are all most turkey hens can cover well.—Rural Home.

HOW TO CARVE A TURKEY.

Not a bone of the bird should be scratched by the knife or touched by the fork. I shall take off the joints, slice the breast and cut out the oyster pieces, and the carving-knife will not so much as rub against a bone.

I place the turkey on one side, and secure the leg and second joint with my fork. With one stroke I put the knife beneath it in such a position that when I raise the fork the path of the knife will clear the joint completely from the bird and separate the ligaments, with the bone showing firm and appearing without a blemish. I put it on the edge of the platter, and later I will divide it without any difficulty at all. Look at this second joint. There is not a bit of flesh on the bird that should have come off in the carving.

The next move is toward the wing. I get a good hold on that with the fork, then with the knife placed carefully beneath it I life the fork slowly and firmly, while the knife does its work well.

Now I am ready to slice the breast. Lay the turkey on its back and put the fork in, so. Then above the wing I cut through the thickness of the breast so when I slice it the pieces fall off abruptly. I cut them very thin and remove all the meat with the utmost care. When it is all done it is arranged about the platter so the matter of giving each guest what he or she fancies is a most simple one.

Here I have come to the real test of every carver. It is time to remove the oyster piece. You will see it is whole and comes out with one stroke of the knife, leaving the bone without a fragment of covering and with nothing to show a knife has been near the surface.

—New Idea Woman's Magazine.

SISTER'S TRICK

But it all Came out Right.

How a sister played a trick that brought rosy health to a coffee fiend is an interesting tale.

"I was a coffee fiend—a trembling, nervous, physical wreck, yet clinging to the poison that stole away my strength. I mocked at Postum and would have none of it.

"One day my sister substituted a cup of piping hot Postum for my morning cup of coffee but did not tell me what it was. I noticed the richness of it and remarked that the coffee tasted fine but my sister did not tell me I was drinking Postum for fear I might not take any more.

"She kept the secret and kept giving me Postum instead of coffee until I grew stronger, more tireless, got a better color in my sallow cheeks and a clearness to my eyes, then she told me of the health-giving, nerve-strengthening life-saver she had given me in place of my morning coffee. From that time I became a disciple of Postum and no words can do justice in telling the good this cereal drink did me. I will not try to tell it, for only after having used it can one be convinced of its merits."

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"I am glad to say that I am so much improved in health. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure cured me when several doctors failed. I think no other medicine could do for me what Heart Cure has done. My case was bad; bad as it could be at times. I had difficulty in getting my breath, my heart beat so fast at times that I thought it impossible to live without relief; the pain was very severe in my left side, and my nerves were all unstrung. I had almost given up all hope of being cured, and I am sure I would not, if I had not taken the Heart Cure. I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Miles' remedies to all who suffer with heart disease."

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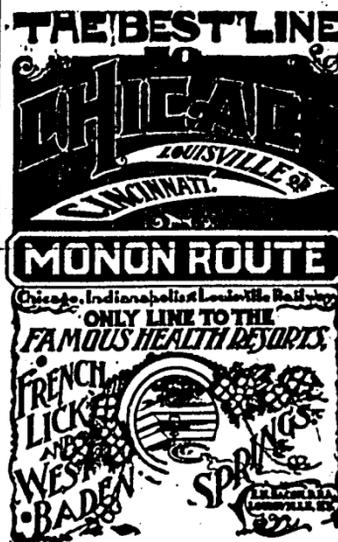
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DEATHS

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SEVERANCE.

Fell asleep December 26, 1908, dear little Elva Sims Severance aged seven years nine months and twenty-four days, youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Severance, of Okolona, Jefferson county, Ky. Bright and winsome, with rare grace of manner and speech, quaint and wise, she was a favorite with all, and the shadow that hid her from their view lies dark on the home of the parents. But they know where to find her. She loved the Lord and loved to serve Him as best she could with her time and her substance.

Her last day in the Sunday school she came to the writer with her Mission offering, and after she was gone, her mother found an envelope with all her money prepared for her pastor.

Suffering with diphtheria she tried to sing her favorite hymns and a few nights before death, sang, "When the Roll is called up yonder," and recited the 23rd Psalm. Our eyes are too blinded by tears, we can not read the meaning now, but we know "it is well with the child."

"Not now, but in the coming years, It may be in the better land, We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there sometime will understand.

"We'll catch the broken threads again And finish what we here began, Heaven will the mysteries explain, And then, ah then, we'll understand.

"God knows the way. He holds the key, He guides us with unerring hand, Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see Yes there, up there, will understand.

"Then trust in God through all thy day, Fear not for He doth hold thy hand, Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise, Sometime, someday, we'll understand." MRS J. R. HOLSCLAW.

DEAR RECORDER:

You were very kind and prompt in recording my mother's death, which appeared in March 25th issue, but the last name was misspelled—it read Mary Seearce Lodd, instead of Mary Seearce Todd. If it isn't asking too much I would be glad to have it corrected, as our friends in Kentucky, where she formerly lived will not recognize it. MRS. J. D. HOLDER. Eldon, Mo.

DEAR RECORDER:

The ordination of Bro. John T. Dougherty, who was licensed to preach the gospel by the Short Creek church, Dec. 2, 1906, took place at said church Dec. 26, 1908. After regular services of the church the following men were appointed as council: E. J. King, of the Williamsstown church; O. T. Loomis, of the Pleasant Ridge church; Chas. Henson, of the Gumlick church; T. J. Marksberry, of the Georgetown church; C. J. Bagby, of the Wilmington church, and James Mockbee, A. E. Arnold, J. J. Marquette, T. M. Arnold, E. B. Arnold and John E. Monroe, of the Short Creek church. The council being organized, Elder C. J. Bagby was elected chairman, and John E. Monroe secretary for the day. After relating his Christian experience and being given a thorough questioning by Chairman Bagby, the candidate proved himself to be a loyal Baptist and the council made moves to proceed with the ordination by drawing up the following programme: Ordination sermon by Rev. E. J. King, from I. Peter 5:1-2. Ordaining prayer by Elder Chas. Mangold. Presentation of Bible by Rev. T. J. Marksberry. Charge to both candidate and church by Elder C. J. Bagby. Hand of fellowship by council and general congregation.

Bro. John Dougherty is now attending the Georgetown College and has the pastorate of the Pleasant Home church in Owen county.

JOHN E. MONROE, Church Clerk. Falmouth, Ky., Mar. 8, 1909.

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In Regeneration.

When the Bible tells us that "the carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God neither indeed can be," it is useless to attempt to believe that in any way man in his natural state is fit to live a life of holiness here, or a state of heavenly bliss hereafter. No marvel that Jesus should say to every unredeemed soul, "Ye must be born again." No new birth, no holy life, no heaven. Have you the new heart?

In Sovereign Grace.

No man need mistake the ground of his assured salvation. The Bible says distinctly, "by grace ye are saved through faith." Grace is the unmerited favor of God. When John the revelator saw the great army of Christ's saved ones, he said, "I beheld a great multitude, of all nations, and kindreds and people and tongues stood before the throne and before the Lamb clothed with white robes and palms in their hands," and it was this scene that represented the story of sovereign grace.

The Indwelling Christ.

"Christ in you the hope of glory," is the vital essence of true godliness. Christ says to every seeking soul, "Behold I stand at the door and knock, if any man hear my voice and open the door I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with me." Have you opened the door? Does he sup with you?

It is not a question whether you have sinned or do sin, but have you heard the word of God say, "if the Son shall make you free you shall be free indeed." Believing this we can put on Christ by baptism, and walk in newness of life, hour by hour and day by day. Los Angeles, Cal.

"God worketh in you." This implies the actual presence of God at the center of our being. The very simplicity of the words renders them difficult of understanding; for no man understands the complex and marvelous mechanism of his own personality. God worketh in you—not outside, but in—in the place where thought is born and the throne of the will is set up and the affections have their seat; in the inward shrine of the being God worketh.—Campbell Morgan.



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ITEMS OF INTEREST

News The World Over.

Lieut. Shackleton, who headed an English Antarctic expedition, has returned safely, not having lost a man. He reached a point only 111 miles from the pole, and before him as far as his field glasses could see extended an unbroken plain. But provisions were low and he could go no further. He discovered eight mountain ranges and many glaciers, ascended the volcano, Mt. Erebus, and located the magnetic pole.

Dr. James H. Caulfield, of Columbia University, has died as the result of a collision between a street car and a brewery wagon. He was born in Delaware, O., March 18, 1847. He has been for years among the leading educationalists in the country. He was Professor in the University of Kansas, Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, and President of the Ohio State University before he went to Columbia. He was an earnest Christian and labored for the souls of the students as well as for their mental advancement. He was also an author of note.

Indiana continues the good work. Now more than fifty counties of the ninety-two are dry. Many interesting things are told in connection with the elections. At Decatur a man was working for the saloons when a neighbor went up to him and reminded him of what the saloon had done for his only son. The father stood a moment, burst into tears and began working vigorously against the saloon. He did very effective work.

The farmers and the dry goods men, if we may believe the papers, are the only ones who are prospering. Statistics taken in New York, Boston and Chicago show that thousands of able bodied men eager to work are out of employment. It is estimated there are 2,000,000 unemployed men in the country.

The Herald and Presbyter quotes from a letter written by Grover Cleveland to his brother on the evening of his election. He said that if his mother had been alive he would have been writing to her, and added: "Do you know if mother were alive I should feel so much safer? I have always thought her prayers had much to do with my success. I shall expect you to help me in that way."

We are very glad that Congress passed the bill which makes the famous big trees of the Calaveras district, in California, national property. The owner agreed to exchange that grove for timber of equal value on unappropriated public domain, so no appropriation from the Treasury was necessary.

The Swift, the latest addition to the British Navy, makes good its name and is the swiftest thing afloat. She can run forty-three miles an hour. She is 315 feet long, cost \$1,400,000, and is intended for duty in the North Sea, to be a destroyer of destroyers. She is fitted up with the Parsons turbines.

Dr. Wagner and Herr von Radinger, two leading experts in engineering and shipbuilding in Germany, have perfected a new material which will largely dis-

place iron. They say battleships and all sorts of ships, automobiles, railroad cars, all kinds of vehicles and all sorts of buildings can be made of it. It is made of paper, linen and raw silk. It is more durable than steel, is very light and can be cheaply made, is fire proof and proof against damp. So they say, and they are men of high reputation, but the world will wait further developments.

If misery loves company the United States will enjoy the complaint that comes from England and France that the young men who enter college from the public schools can neither read nor write nor spell. Our University presidents have filled the air with their wails for several years. Of course the same causes produce the same effects the world over. The question is, what is going to be done about it?

Local option elections were held on Monday in twenty-seven counties in Michigan. Twenty went dry and seven wet. There were eleven dry counties out of eighty-three before, and this election more than doubles the number. In our State three elections were held in Boyd county, as Ashland and Catlettsburg are incorporated cities. The county voted dry and so did Ashland, but Catlettsburg went wrong. Let us hope the next session of the Legislature will extend the county unit law. See to it that your representative votes right.

LAYMEN'S MOVEMENT.

Glory Enough For All.

Friday, April 30th, The books close. April 25th is the last Sunday on which to take mission contributions.

General Secretary J. T. Henderson spent Saturday in Louisville and arranged the program.

A welcome banquet will be given May 11th at the Galt House, all laymen must send in their names at once; those from Kentucky will send one dollar, all others free. Send to John H. Chandler.

At the banquet, 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Dr. J. B. Marvin will be toastmaster, and there will be three forty-minute addresses, "Laymen's Ability," "Laymen's Opportunity," "Laymen's Responsibility." Speakers selected are A. Y. Ford, Louisville; Governor Charles E. Hughes, New York; Joseph N. Shenstone, Toronto.

Wednesday, 2:30 p. m., in Broadway Baptist church, the Laymen's Conference will open with devotional exercises, conducted by Ex-Governor W. J. Norther, of Georgia. Three great addresses will follow, "Bible Views of Laymen," Dr. J. B. Gambrell, of Texas; "Model Laymen," Dr. L. G. Broughton, Atlanta; "Great Dynamic," Dr. Geo. E. Truett, Dallas.

At the night meeting, Wednesday, Governor Edward Noel, of Mississippi, will conduct the devotional exercises, and then three great discourses will be given. "Stewardship of Business Talents and Possessions," Joseph N. Shenstone, Toronto, Can.; "Seminary Adjuncts," Dr. E. Y. Mullins, Louisville; "Progress and Prospects," J. Campbell White, New York.

There will also be an open Parliament, where for two hours five-minute reports will be made. Alabama, by Prof. F. W. Palmer, of Montivallo; Arkansas, by Col. A. J. Espey, of Cabot; Florida, by Judge Ira J. Carter, of Live Oak; Georgia, by Ex-Gov. Terrill; Louisiana, by

Ex-Gov. Heard; Maryland, by J. Harry Tyler, of Baltimore; Mississippi, by Judge S. R. Whitten, of Jackson; Missouri, by Col. Minetry Jones; North Carolina, by N. B. Broughton, Raleigh; South Carolina, by Judge C. E. Robinson, of Pickens; Tennessee, by Prof. G. C. Savage; Texas, by Col. M. H. Wolf, Dallas; Virginia, by Judge Livious Langford, of Norfolk; Kentucky, by Thos. D. Osborne, of Louisville.

ing laymen in every church make a personal canvass of their brethren and secure extra offerings for this emergency. I am requesting the leaders in the different States to institute the most vigorous campaigns possible during April to supplement this work of the ordinary agencies. The budgets are too small anyway, considering our strength, and we must meet these demands. "We can do it if we will." Let the response come back from thousands of laymen, "We can do it and we will."

OTHER STATES.

Pastor R. W. McCann of Crossett, Ark. is in the midst of a great revival in his church. He is assisted by Bro. A. B. Little.

Bro. G. E. Holt, of Bandana, Ky., was elected as missionary of Bartholomew, on March 26th. This is one of the oldest and largest associations in the State. It is very much desired that he may accept this important work.

Bro. R. W. McGee, of Hamburg, Ark., formerly of Kentucky, has been recently called to four churches on the line of the Iron Mountain railroad, in Ashley county, Ark. He has entered upon the work in this promising field.

Bro. I. T. Elliott writes from Tucumcari, N. M.: "Bro. Taggart is proving himself to be a real leader in church-work as well as a grand preacher. He is a true conscientious Christian and sound in doctrine. The church is growing as a result of his earnest work. There has been added to the church eleven by letter and six by experience and baptism. May the dear old paper long continue to bless the world."

Pastor W.M. Wood writes from Humboldt, Tenn.: "On Friday night, March 25th, we closed a twelve-days' meeting in the Humboldt church, which resulted in seventy-five conversions and restorations. The church has already received fifty new members as a direct result of the meeting. I know of ten more who will join. Pastor George H. Crutcher, of your city, was with us and did all the preaching to the edification of the saints and to the satisfaction of the large congregations which daily attended. Bro. Crutcher is a sane pastor-evangelist; and I am sure his work will be abiding. My church was greatly helped by his efficient work. This church has given during the last twelve months a per capita contribution of \$20.85. The spirit of giving is well developed. It is a delight for a pastor to serve such a people."

Look over the advertisement of Kaufman-Straus Co. this week and see if you are not in need of some of the splendid goods and bargains they are offering. You are just as safe in ordering by mail from this old and reliable house as you would be if you were in the store to make your own selections. Send for samples and they will gladly furnish them. Always remember to mention the Recorder when writing.

HALL-MOODY INSTITUTE.

The spring term of this school, which has been forging so rapidly to the front, began on March 30th. Five Hundred and eleven were enrolled on the first day and still they come. The majority are from Tennessee and Kentucky as would be expected, but there are many from other States and their number is increasing as the good work done by the Institute becomes more widely known.

APPEAL TO LAYMEN.

It is a matter of vital importance that our Home and Foreign Mission Boards close the year without debt. This affords the Laymen's Missionary Movement an opportunity to move and to demonstrate its claim to live. Let one or more lead-

J. T. Henderson, General Secretary. Bristol, Va.

The Trustees of the Tennessee College for Women have resolved to begin a campaign to raise \$150,000 for new and needed buildings and equipments. President George Burnett was appointed agent to raise the money. We look for their getting this amount before the fall session opens and for two reasons. Chiefly because Tennessee Baptists have always taken an especial interest in the education of their daughters. And secondly, because President Burnett is a great "hustler" and brings things to pass.

We wish to call our readers' attention to the advertisement of Eggers, the Tailor, of 132 West Market street, Louisville, Ky. The Eggers family have been in the tailoring business for over forty-nine years, and you can rest assured that you will be well pleased. When next ordering new clothes bear them in mind. To visitors attending the Southern Baptist Convention we would advise waiting until then to place their order. Don't fail to mention the Recorder.

25 EASTER POST CARDS 10 CENTS. Fancy and Floral Designs. Worth 40c. LITTLE GIANT CO., Dept. 32, Austin Sta., Chicago, Ill.

WANT COLUMN.

Want ads appeal to everybody. There is always something wanted in every home, church or community that can be advertised for in the department of the WESTERN RECORDER at a very small cost. —Something to sell or exchange—lands, real estate, properties or merchandise of any kind; business changes, situation wanted, etc., etc., can be advertised for in this column at the rate of one cent per word each insertion. The cost is so small that remittance by stamps, currency, Postal or Express Money Order must accompany all orders for insertion of copy in this column. No ad taken for less than 25 cents.

WANTED—To sell an interest in patent of new invention. M. J. OWENS, Cor. Eighth and Laura Sts., Jacksonville, Fla.

FOR SALE—59-acre farm, on Trinity Mountain, near Decatur, Ala., mile from depot; 5-room dwelling; freestone well and spring water; orchards; mail delivery; telephone. Address Josephus Shackelford, Tuskegee, Ala., for terms.

WANTED—Position as governess or companion to aged or invalid lady, by a lady of refinement and experience. References exchanged. Address, stating salary, P. O. Box C, Wise, N. C.

FOR SALE—Cheap, 40 acres, mule, crop and outfit; three miles of Livingston; good water, young orchard, etc. Address Adwin Smith, Box 154-A, Livingston, Ala.

WANTED—Baptist editor in Kansas town. Address F. W. Wittenbraker, Dexter, Kan.

Live Stock Markets.

CATTLE.

Good to choice export steers	25a	45	75	
Light Shipping steers	4	50a	5	25
Good to choice butch str.	4	25a	5	00
Medium to good br. str.	3	50a	4	25
Com. to med. butch str.	4	00a	4	50
Good to choice butch heifers	4	00a	4	50
Med. to good butch. heifers	2	75a	3	40
Com. to med. butcher heifers	2	25a	2	75
Good to choice butch. cows	3	25a	3	75
Med. to good butcher cows	2	75a	3	25
Com. to med. butcher cows	2	00a	2	75
Canners	1	00a	1	75
Good to choice fat oxen	3	75a	4	25
Medium to good oxen	2	50a	3	75
Good to choice bulls	2	50a	3	25
Medium to good bulls	2	25a	2	75
Common to medium bulls	1	75a	2	25
Good to choice veal calves	6	50a	7	00
Medium to good veal calves	4	00a	6	00
Common to rough veal calves	2	50a	3	50
Good to choice feeders	3	50a	4	00
Medium to good feeders	3	00a	3	50
Common and rough feeders	2	50a	3	00
Good to choice stock steers	3	00a	3	65
Med. to good stock steers	2	50a	3	00
Com. to med. stock steers	2	00a	2	50
Good to choice stock heifers	3	00a	3	25
Med. to good stock heifers	2	25a	3	00
Com. and plain mxd stockers	1	75a	2	50
Good to choice milch cows	35	00a	45	00
Med. to good milch cows	20	00a	30	00
Com. to plain milch cows	10	00a	20	00

HOGS.

Good to choice prs. and brs., 200 to 300 lbs.	6	90		
Medium packers, 160 to 200	6	90		
Light shippers, 130 to 160	6	25		
Choice pigs, 90 to 130	5	25a	5	60
Pigs, 50 to 90	4	75a	5	00
Roughs, 50 to 400	2	50a	5	00

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

Good to choice fat sheep	3	00a	4	00
Medium to good sheep	2	25a	3	00
Common to medium sheep	1	50a	2	25
Bucks	1	50a	2	50
Choice spring lambs	4	00a	4	50
Second	4	00a	4	25
Good butcher lambs	3	00a	4	00
Culls and tail ends	2	50a	3	00

TOBACCO.

BURLEY—Dark Red.

Trash (sound)	10	00a	11	00
Common lugs	11	00a	11	50
Medium lugs	11	50a	12	50
Good lugs	13	00a	14	00
Common leaf (short)	12	00a	13	00
Common leaf	13	00a	14	00
Medium leaf	14	00a	15	00
Good leaf	15	00a	16	00
Fine and Selections	18	00a	19	00

BURLEY—Bright Red.

Trash (sound)	11	00a	12	00
Common lugs	12	00a	13	00
Medium lugs	13	00a	14	00
Good lugs	14	00a	15	00
Common leaf (short)	13	50a	14	50
Common leaf	14	50a	15	50
Medium leaf	16	00a	17	00
Good leaf	17	00a	18	00
Fine and selections	22	00	25	60

DARK.

Trash (sound)	7	00a	7	25
Common lugs	7	50a	7	75
Medium lugs	8	00a	8	50
Good lugs	8	50a	9	00
Common leaf (short)	8	50a	9	00
Common leaf	9	00a	10	00
Medium leaf	10	00a	10	50
Good leaf	11	00a	12	00
Fine and selections	12	00a	13	75

BUTTER.

Fresh, 15c per lb.

POULTRY.

Hens, 12c per lb; roosters, 6c; young chickens, 12c to 18c; ducks, 9 to 10c; geese, 7c; turkeys, 16c.

EGGS.

Fresh, case count, 16-1-2c; re-handled, 17c.

THE FEED THAT FATTENS.

Cotton Seed Meal
Cotton Seed Hulls

Write for prices for Fall Delivery.

Prompt Personal Attention given to all orders, large or small.

WILLIAM A. BURNETT.

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