

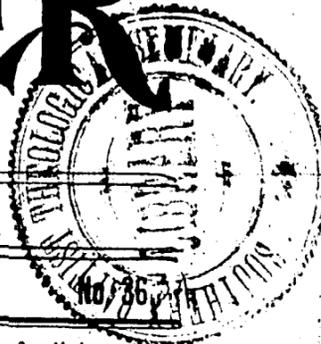
WESTERN RECORDER

Faith, Hope and Love, these three.

'CONTEND EARNESTLY (*εργασασθε*) FOR THE FAITH WHICH WAS ONCE FOR ALL DELIVERED UNTO THE SAINTS.'—JUDE 3.—T. T. EATON.

84th YEAR.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1909.



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THE HARP OF THE HEART.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

Grand old Paul was evidently a musician. He not only joined Silas in a rousing duet at midnight that woke up all the prisoners, but he emphasizes the power of sacred song in two of his epistles. He exhorts the brethren at Colosse to stir each other up with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. Praise was an important element in the worship of those primitive Christians; they marched to music. The best days of Christ's church have always been its singing days; Luther's hymns aroused Germany more than Luther's sermons, and John Wesley never would have built up Methodism so rapidly if its walls had not ascended under the inspiration of his brother Charles' seraphic hymns.

There is no praise like a heart-song. Wherefore the apostle tells the Ephesians just what he had told the Colossians, that they must not merely sing, but "make melody in their hearts to the Lord." This signifies the music of the soul; and the original word means to play on a stringed instrument. And the most wonderful of all instruments is the harp of the human heart. What a multitude of chorals it contains! How many strings can be struck there! What marvelous melodies can be invoked! Perhaps a large part of that celestial music that John describes in his account of heaven was in the harmony of innumerable glorified souls rejoicing before the throne of God.

Conversion signifies a new hand touching the heart-strings. Sin breeds endless discords; rebellious thoughts, murmurings, hatreds, often breaking out into blasphemies against a loving Father. The regenerated heart attuned by the Holy Spirit vibrates to a new music. "He hath put a song in my mouth" really signifies a change of heart. The spirit of ingratitude and opposition to God has been taken away, and the soul has been brought into unison with him. The real essence of holiness is to agree with God in all things. There was a new music in the once blood-thirsty and bigoted soul of Saul of Tarsus when it was said of him, "Behold, he prayeth." Christ's hand is on the heart strings now, and they are pitched to a new melody. When Napoleon found that his wearied troops were ready to give out during their toilsome climb over the Alps, he sent word to the bandmasters to "change the tune," and a lively strain from the bugles put new life into weary feet. The grace of Jesus Christ put into the heart so changes enmity into love that life becomes a walking with Christ, and then the hardest up-hill climb becomes a fresh step toward heaven.

A devout heart has a very large repertoire of music. At one time it is a burst of gratitude: "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits!" At another time it is a low, tender key of penitence; but no strain is more audible to the divine ear than that which proceeds from the broken and contrite heart. Seasons of sharp trial call forth some strains to which bright and prosperous hours are strangers. In the Black Forest of Germany an old baron built a castle with two lofty towers. From one tower to the other he stretched several wires, which in calm weather were motionless and silent. When the wind began to blow the wires began to play like an Aeolian harp in a window. As the wind rose into a boisterous gale, the old baron sat in his castle and heard his mighty hurricane-harp playing grandly above the battle-

ments! So while the weather is calm and the skies are clear, a great many of the emotions of a Christian's heart are silent. As soon as the winds of adversity smite the chord, the heart begins to play; and often when God sends a hurricane of terrible trials, you will hear strains of submission and faith, and even of sublime confidence and holy exultation which could never have been heard in the calm hours of sunny prosperity. Oh, brethren, let the rough winds smite us if they only make the spices flow; let us not shrink from the deepest trials if at midnight we can, like Paul and Silas, sing praises to our God.

It is sin that makes the wretched discords. Anger, malice and uncharitableness kill the spirit of devotion; and the foolish contemptible worries that we too often indulge in, put us shockingly out of tune. Our hearts, like pianos, often require retuning, in order to bring us into submission to God and into a holy harmony with him. When a piano or melodeon is in right condition, we always feel sure that its keys will discourse eloquent music. So out of an obedient, Christ-loving heart proceed pure thoughts and generous sympathies and holy desires and noble deeds. It is out of the abundance of such a heart that the mouth speaketh.

It is our reproach that we do not oftener touch that cord in the hearts of the sinful, the hardened, and the profligate which may respond to every syllable of kindness. It was the kind word of Joel Stratton, the humble shoemaker of Worcester, and a cordial hand on the shoulder, that first brought the drunken John B. Gough into the temperance meeting and pioneered the reformation of the most eloquent advocate of total abstinence that a century has heard. In the hardest heart is some silent cord that will vibrate to the touch of love. Happy the Christian who knows how to touch the harp-strings that had only emitted complainings or curses, and evoked praises to our God!

This world is only a rehearsal for eternity. Some hearts are preparing for the wailing. Others, attuned by the Holy Spirit, the rehearsing the oratories of heaven. Into those celestial choirs shall be admitted only those who by penitence and faith have learned the new "song of Moses and the Lamb." They will be the harpers harping with their hearts. Why should we not all be rehearsing by Christly living for those melodies?

"Hearts once filled with thoughts of Heaven—"

Hearts to generous actions dear,
Hearts redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Hearts where love has cast out fear;
Hearts that would be ever raising
Loving thoughts for love untold,
Hearts on Jesus ever gazing,
Such hearts as these are harps of gold."

THE ASCETIC CONCEPTION OF LIFE

It can never be too often repeated that pain as pain, gloom as gloom, evil in any form, is not pleasing but hateful to God. Our Father has no grim jealousy of his children's joy. Himself the blessed and only Potentate, He delights in the communication of happiness; and it would be not only not contrary, but infinitely congenial to His nature that all the world should be flooded with joy; that every heart should throb with delight, every countenance be radiant with happiness, every home, with its reciprocation of domestic sympathies and affections, become to man and woman a very heaven on earth.

The ascetic conception of religion, therefore, which of old led men and women to choose a life of loneliness, pain and privation, as in itself, of necessity, holier than one of human love and tenderness and innocent joy—this conception of religion is a miserably mistaken one. There is a kind of pain, suffering, sacrifice, that is noble and pleasing to God—pain endured for others' good, suffering which is borne for the sake of truth and conscience, sacrifice, that surrenders its dearest wish and casts to the winds its most prized earthly treasure, rather than forsake Christ or betray His cause. But then the suffering or privation, in this case, is good, not in itself, but merely as the means for the attainment of something else which is essentially good; and if the good could be reached without the suffering, it would be all the better. Disconnect the suffering from the good result, and it is not only not meritorious, but sheer unmitigated folly or wickedness. To let money go, rather than tamper with conscience, and, if need be, to become a beggar rather than a fraudulent bankrupt, is noble loss, for it is to become poor in worldly substance in order to be rich in spirit; but to fling away money into the sea, or take a vow of poverty for no end but to be poor, would be either stark madness or fanatical folly. Our Lord admonishes us to pluck out a right eye or cut off a right hand, if need be, rather than be shut out from the kingdom of heaven; but no one would infer from this that it is a meritorious thing in itself to maim or blind one's self. To be sad when there is reason for sadness, when the hand of God's chastening providence lies heavy upon us, or when He awakens us by His word and spirit to a sense of our guilt and danger as sinners, is a sign of a right state of mind and heart; for levity in bereavement, or making light of sin, indicates utter heartlessness or moral insensibility. But to go about with a lugubrious face, or to connect piety with a chronic tendency to sighing and groaning, is a piece of weakness which we may overlook in well-meaning, good people; only because we believe that their hearts are better than their heads. Our Lord commanded men to forsake all and follow Him; to hate father and mother and wife and children for the Gospel's sake; and declared that "whosoever he was that loved father or mother, or wife or child, more than Him, and that forsook not all that he had, was not worthy of Him." And so, full often in the history of His church has this test been applied to the strength of a Christian's principles, and applied not in vain. How often have the dearest ties been severed, and home, friends, kindred—all that makes life sweet to a man—surrendered, fearful though the struggle it costs to give them up, for a dearer Master's sake!—Sel.

Rob the world of the Bible and you have robbed it of its chart, robbed it of its compass, robbed it of its Magna Charta—the bulwark of its liberties—robbed it of that which has produced the noblest manhood and the purest womanhood; robbed it of that which has worked out its highest civilization, robbed it of that which has made the Christian nations the most enlightened, the most progressive, the most humane, the wealthiest, and the most powerful people on the face of the earth.—Henry B. Williams.

What we need is not a new compass every year, but a new determination to steer straight by the old compass, which is the Word of God in Christ.—Henry Van Dyke.

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Speaking of the belief in immortality, Mr. I. O. Rankin says: "The most convincing affirmation of immortality is the age-long confidence of the majority, reaching back through the primitive centuries. It is an affirmation so prevalent, so confident, so taken for granted in the thoughts of men; that it seems like a birthmark or a birthgift of the race."

Rev. S. M. Southgate has visited Wales. In an account of his visit he tells of a conversation he had with a grocer about the revival. The grocer said the revival had been powerful among the miners, reaching especially the hard characters. To the inquiry how they were holding out he replied, "they are standing solid"—adding there was no one for them to fall back to, as their whole crowd had been converted.

A man in the mountainous region of Porto Rico was known as "the bad man," gambling and drinking and cock fighting being his occupation. Once when in a village he heard a sermon and was so much struck he bought a New Testament and took it home with him. God blessed His Word, the man was regenerated. He began on Sundays gathering the people together for worship and at these meetings he told the story of his salvation. God's greatly blessing his work.

Rev. J. T. Webster, of the London Tract Society, sends blessed news from Hungary. He writes: "Never in my experience has there been such a year of blessing." From all parts of the country the colporters report conversions. But the special feature for the year has been the great increase in the sale of the Scriptures. The total circulation of Scriptures, tracts, etc., has amounted to 328,588 copies.

A blessed work is going on among the Chamaes in Northern India. There are now 11,000 Christians in the Roorkee district and three-fourths of them belong to this caste. They are crowding the preaching stations by the thousands and asking what they must do to be saved.

THE REAL ANTICHRIST.

By Hugh F. Oliver.

It has been often said, and it is always well said, that men of the world will read the Bible whenever it is illustrated by the lives of professing Christians. This edition of God's Word, not bound in cloth and leather, but in flesh and blood, not only commands attention, but persuades to repentance and faith. This illuminated Bible is the most beautiful composite work of God and men this world has ever seen, or can see. To provide this copy, to keep it open, un mutilated and unblotted is the supreme task assigned to the Christian and to the churches. "If our Gospel be hid," said the Apostle Paul, "it is hid to them that are lost, in whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." Shall we help to make God's Book hard reading to those who will perish without its light and life? Will we not strive to make the Gospel as plain as Paul made it by living it as he did, and not just liping it, as we are forever in danger of doing, in song and sermon and only words of prayer?

Our life is manifest to our acquaintance in the home, the place of business, social functions and the peculiar work of the churches. Now, not all Christians are church members, and not all church members are Christians. Both of these should represent the unusual, for all Christians should be church members, and the churches should see well to it that none be allowed to remain church members without clear proof that they are likewise members of Jesus Christ by faith, "one spirit with the Lord." The almost universal practice of the churches is directly to the contrary of the truths expressed above; both in receiving and in retaining members, they dare to contravene the teachings of Paul, their special apostle and do not dare to excite the antagonism of the relatives and friends of unworthy members. This is the true and incontrovertible answer to the increasingly insistent question, why the cause of Christ does not prosper. The church members who are Christians are consciously united with those who are not, and this mixed multitude is a stench in the nostrils of the Lord God Almighty and is justly a hissing and a reproach on the lips of our fellow-citizens. This fatal fact is the real Anti-Christ!

"Now, isn't he a pretty sort of Christian?" is one of the commonest speeches to be heard throughout the length and breadth of this land. Those who are Christians in word and deed are adding sin to sin by continuing to maintain these mixed multitudes under the name of churches. By this shameful course, the monstrous offspring of indifference and cowardice, we tear page after page from the Book of Truth and put great black blots, as big as a man's hand, on every page we leave behind. There lies before the writer of this "A Rational Account of the Grounds of Christian Faith, as to the Truth and Divine Authority of the Scriptures, and the matters therein contained," the alternative Latin title being "*Origines Sacrae*," by Edward Stillinglee, Rector of Sutton in Bedfordshire, London, 1662. On one of its pages are these two overtrue sentences:

"The hypocrisy of one age makes way for the Atheism of the next."

"Nothing enlarges more the gulf of Atheism than that wide chasm which lies between the faith and lives of men pretending to be Christians."

O, churches of Jesus Christ! the obligation is tremendously important to pluck from the brows of the unworthy the glittering crowns of Christian profession, to take away church membership from those who have no other sign of Christianity but who possess and manifest in abundance almost every sign of the world. They care nothing for the prayer meeting, the Sunday School, and the Sunday assembly; they gamble, they guzzle, they swear, they swindle, and the churches—only shrug their shoulders and are silent! In the great name of God, hear this question and its answer: What would make the churches cry out? Not-

ing short of red-handed murder.

When Simon Magus sought to buy the power to work miracles and to confer it on others, Peter and John answered him so quickly and so terribly as to make his head swim and his heart quiver, "Thy money perish with thee! because thou thoughtest to buy the gift of God with money." But how are such matters regarded today by Christ's representatives in this far-away time near the end of the world? Too often this is the answer of the churches: "All we have is for sale. Anything here, from church membership up, you can get for the money. Anything, anything, everything, everything; flattery from the preacher, attentions the most delicate and constant from the members, praise the most fulsome from the religious newspaper, and last, not least, life time, certainly money-lasting, insurance against being turned out for anything, for everything; and all this—for the money!" Even so do the churches of Christ "turn the truth of God into a lie, and worship and serve the creature rather than the Creator." Here is the crime of Christian crimes; this is the real Anti-Christ; and there are many anti-Christ.

Buena Vista, Ga.

A GIFT AND A VOCATION.

By Prof. James Denney.

Often, however, it is not a misreading of the moral situation, but some misreading of the Gospel itself, which makes evangelizing vain. The Gospel can be conceived as either a gift or a vocation, but whichever way it is to be adopted in any given set of circumstances, it must be conceived greatly. If it is a gift, it is an unspeakable gift; if it is a calling, it is the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. In any case, it stands to win by its magnitude, and to renounce or obscure its greatness is to cast the hope of victory away. Yet the temptation to do this is ceaseless, and attacks the church on opposite sides.

Sometimes it is the gift of God in the Gospel which is minimized. There is something staggering to the human mind in the preaching of the apostles. A person such as the Gospels represent Jesus to be is too overpowering when we really begin to see Him, and to hear His voice as a voice addressing us. It literally deranges us—it throws our life off the intellectual and moral lines on which it has been organizing itself—when the sound of His word strikes into our hearts, Come unto Me, all ye that labor; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me. And when to the testimony of Jesus to Himself we add, not as something inconsistent with it, but as something which can be justified by appeal to it, the testimony of the apostles to Jesus, the impression made is deeper still. Could anything be more daunting to human intelligence than the New Testament interpretation of the death of Christ? What a shock it gives to the mind when we first begin to think what is meant by atonement! "He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the whole world." How did it ever enter the heart of man to assert so calmly a proposition so stupendous, that in Christ who died upon the cross there was a goodness which outweighed with God the sin of the world, and made it, for those who trusted Christ, as though it were not? The mind is too small for such thoughts, it is too timid, it craves for something more proportioned to its grasp. Or it may be too proud for them, reluctant to own its need of a Mediator who can be its advocate with the Father; it stumbles at the suggestion of such a debt to Christ. It is here the temptation of the evangelizing church comes in. It is to extenuate the unspeakable gift, to assimilate Christ to other men, to place Him in the ranks of the prophets, to discount the atonement and along with it the reality of sin and the cost of redemption. It cannot be said too strongly that this is not the way of hope, but the way of despair. There are things that could never have been said at all, things indeed which could never have been conceived, unless they were true, and the great things of the Gospel are of this description. The wonder of them, the incredibility of them, if we like to call it so, the demand they

make for an enlargement of human faculty to take in the unimagined greatness newly revealed by them in God, these are the seal of their truth and the seat of their power. To make the Gospel as the gift of God less than it is in the New Testament is to appeal to men in vain.

It is the same when we think of it as a calling. There is a sense in which it is free, but it is never cheap at least it never ought to be. Yet it is often cheapened. The question, What is a Christian? is discussed as though the object were to find the very lowest terms on which that noble name could be assumed. There is always temptation for the church to retain in some kind of connection with itself all whom it can possibly retain; and when people show signs of drifting away, to modify the necessary minimum for good standing in its fellowship, as if this were the way to secure its position in the world. But this also is vain. It is the exact opposite of the line which was always followed by Jesus. He was compassionate and forbearing, as we do not know how to be; He did not break the bruised reed nor quench the glimmering wick; but He demanded the utmost from all men, and He obtained what He demanded. He never bargained or negotiated with men; His call was an affair of death or life, and He would never speak of it except on that footing. "If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross." The soul cannot be bribed to this—if it could be, it would not be the Gospel; but it can accept the challenge. There is a capacity for sacrifice in men to which the Gospel is designed to appeal; but when it is cheapened so that this appeal can no longer be made, the cause of the Gospel itself has been betrayed. Men do not want a salvation which costs God nothing and which costs them nothing; they know that such a salvation is nothing worth.

The kind of testimony to Christ which wins men one by one to commit themselves to God's redeeming love in Him, and to meet His challenge to a life of self-renunciation, is the church's chief end. As "Ecce Homo" has it, the article of conversion is the article by which the church stands or falls. It is easy for an eloquent man to gather an audience, it is another matter to build up a church adoring, constant, and self-devoted. It is not eloquence which does this, nor negotiation, nor knowledge of human nature, but the Gospel and the Spirit of God. Other institutions may serve other purposes, but no institution except one which possesses the Gospel and the Spirit can serve this purpose; and accordingly the church must keep its separate place and calling as long as sinful men are alive upon the earth.

HOW FINDING CHRIST CHANGES THE LIFE.

The thirteenth chapter of Matthew presents to us the parables of the Kingdom. Jesus is always at his best, if one may speak in terms of comparison, when he is talking in parables. It is when we hear him thus speaking that we can understand why the common people heard him gladly. He taught the deepest truths concerning the coming Kingdom, but presented them in such a way that the most ordinary person could appreciate his message. The story of men sowing seed and the woman baking bread are as homely as they can be, but in them both we find the deepest truths that ever have been presented to men in all the world's history.

The two parables in verses 44-46 are descriptive of this same Kingdom. The joy in the heart of the man who buys the field and the satisfaction of the merchant in the possession of the pearl, while referring directly to Jesus Christ, present an illustration to us of the joy and satisfaction which fills the soul of the one who finds the greatest of all treasures, Jesus our Saviour, and of the one who becomes possessed of the real pearl of great price, namely, the salvation of the soul.

So long as a life is self-centered, it is out of harmony with God. "No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself." So long as the world is the object of one's affections there is no peace. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole

world and lose his soul?" So long as time is the only consideration, life has little meaning. We are made for God, and he inhabits Eternity, but when one turns away from self and the world and the false consideration of time as the only life he shall live, and makes Christ the center of it all, a new day dawns.

A Changed Purpose.

The moment one becomes Christ-centered he has a new purpose in his life. Paul expresses it when he said, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

Henry Drummond once changed the reading of this Scripture for the sake of emphasis. He said, "Read it like this: 'To me to live is business, then what is it to die?' 'To me to live is pleasure, then what is death?' 'To me to live is myself, then what is eternity?'"

Such Scriptures as these present a true ideal of a Christian's experience. "Let each esteem others better than himself." "In honor preferring one another." "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ."

A Changed Eternity.

If death ends all, then life is hardly worth the living. With Christ's acceptance as a Saviour, however, all this becomes different. This life is but the vestibule to eternity, and our experiences here are only schooling us for our real existence which is to come in the future. That God has some great purpose for us is evidenced in the statement "that in the ages to come he might show forth the exceeding riches of his grace."

When one accepts Jesus Christ as a Saviour all things become new. I have read of a young girl who said that she thoroughly disliked mathematics, and singularly enough became the bride of a distinguished mathematician. From that time on she was devoted to the study which before she almost abhorred. This is a simple illustration of that which takes place in our affections, purposes and aims when once we find Christ.—American Messenger.

When the Psalmist said, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," he was not talking cant. He had reached the point in his earthly career at which he could look back upon the preceding years and see them—much as God sees them—as a whole. He could appreciate the danger of the temptations which he had met, and the necessity of sharp warnings at this point, and of actual scourgings of the soul at this point, in order to prevent his straying, or to rescue him, already strayed from the way of safety. Such a retrospect of life is granted to each of us at times, and it is full of instruction. It teaches us a tremendous truth, the need and use of unhappiness. Chastening widens the experience, deepens the sympathy, enlarges the range of friendship, invigorates character, throws the soul back upon God in firmer trust and does a work for the soul so noble that, if its own character alone be regarded the divine love behind it and pervading it becomes evident. Blessed are they who no longer need to be thus assured, because their own hearts have learned the truth and rest upon it.—The Congregationalist.

NO ESCAPE FROM DUTY.

A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed or duty violated is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity which lies yet farther onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty, to pain us so far as it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it.—Daniel Webster.

If God can keep a little flower stainless, white as snow, amid clouds of black dust, can he keep hearts in like purity in his world of sin?—J. R. Miller.

THE EDUCATION OF THE CONSCIENCE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

By Florence Pendleton.

The American people are certainly inclined toward extremes. In the days of the Puritans, the pendulum swung to one extreme in moral training; during the latter part of the nineteenth century it swung far to the other extreme; but now, in the dawn of the glorious twentieth century, we are searching diligently for the sane, common sense way in which to teach these things, which are of such supreme importance.

Each earnest, conscientious worker feels his utter inability to solve this problem, and is ready in the very beginning to say with Tennyson:

"What am I?"

- An inrant crying in the night;
- An infant crying for the light;
- And with no language but a cry."

Education of the conscience is the very foundation of all social life and happiness.

Much has been said upon this subject, and exceedingly little done. If it were not for the serious and tragic side of it all, it would be really amusing to attend many of our conventions and teachers' meetings, and listen to some of the teachers give long and sanctimonious talks on ethical training, and then follow them to their school rooms, and find that they are doing absolutely nothing for the soul culture of their pupils.

Henry Drummond says: "What an organism is, depends upon what it does. If an organism does nothing, it is nothing."

A great injustice has been done the youth of our country by many of the sentimental, namby-pamby articles about "indirect conscience training." While this kind of teaching has a place, and an exceedingly important place, in our work, it can be very easily abused, by those who see only this method and no other.

We would all be benefited if we could read the poem about the blind men and the elephant at least once every year.

Much of this indirect teaching is so dim, and vague, and shadowy, that the child has not the faintest, nor most indirect idea of its meaning.

Because it is unconstitutional to teach sectarianism, or party politics in public schools, is no reason why we should not educate the conscience, and plant seeds of patriotism in the hearts of our pupils.

There was once a teacher, who was so afraid he might injure his popularity, with some of his patrons who smoked and drank, that year in, and year out, he never said one word about the evil effects of alcohol or tobacco. This was nothing short of crime. The children expected him to warn them of the dangers and quicksands of life.

Milton's lines are still true, "The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed."

Personally, if I taught a private school, in which I was "Sole monarch of all I surveyed, I would teach neither sectarianism nor partisanship. I would teach principles, and leave it to the intelligence of my pupils, to arrive at their own conclusions and beliefs.

Our definition of education is, that it is "The symmetrical development of the physical, intellectual, and moral life." We then spend about ninety-nine per cent. of our time training the body and mind, while the conscience must thrive on a part, at least of the remaining one per cent.

The following conversation between two teachers, is quite significant:

"At what hour do you teach Arithmetic?"

"Always the very first thing in the morning, while the children's minds are fresh and receptive."

"Do you have a certain hour for your Grammar Class?"

"What a queer question! Certainly, I do. I hear that exactly at ten o'clock. I could not trust so important a subject as grammar to mere chance."

"Do you teach these subjects directly or indirectly?"

"I use both methods, of course. Children get tired of the same method all of the time."

"When do you teach ethics or conscience training?"

"O, I have no certain time for that. I just teach it incidentally and indirectly. Sometimes in the afternoon, when the boys become restless and unruly, I give them a severe moral lecture, and tell them I will send them to the principal to be punished, if they do not behave."

"Which do you consider more important, intellectual, or moral training?"

But the teacher failed to reply. Is it any wonder that the reform schools and prisons are overflowing? It is a fearful thing, and a dangerous thing, to train the intellect, and leave the conscience and will undeveloped.

The most dangerous citizen in the United States is the man with an educated mind, and a conscience cruel, narrow, and dark.

A great philanthropist some time ago visited one of our large prisons, and examined each inmate in it. Many of them had attended Sunday school a great part of their lives, and had lived in so-called Christians homes, yet not one of them could repeat the ten commandments.

It is not the amount of time we give to this work that counts; it is the tact and intelligent earnestness we put into it. Ten minutes in the morning, or five minutes, if given every day, and used in a scientific common-sense way, would work wonders. The amount of money alone, which we could save the government, if we made a "specialty" of conscience training, is inestimable.

Sometimes we learn to do, by thinking about the things we should not do.

Many people without doubt, defeat their own aims. There is a "Vaunting ambition which o'er leaps itself, and falls on the other side."

Constant nagging and instilling are even worse

than neglect, in work of this kind. I once knew a woman, who was ambitious and exceedingly anxious that her three children should be literary and make their mark in the world. She nagged, and and lectured them day and night, in a loud voice, and tried to drive them into the paths of literature. It is needless to say that each child disappointed her. They, now, rarely ever look inside of a book, and do not even read the daily papers intelligently.

I also knew another woman, gentle, quiet, unassuming. When I was a little child I used to spend as much as a week at a time with her family of eight children. She, too, was ambitious for her children, but she never told that she was.

She and her husband subscribed for the Youth's Companion, Frank Leslie, Harper's Weekly, and all the bright papers and magazines that children should have in their homes; filled their rooms with music, books, and pictures, and simply turned the children loose. The only restraint thrown around them was that each morning they were all called together for about ten minutes of family worship.

I have watched those eight children carefully and there has never been one blot nor stain upon the life of a single one. The oldest son, has one of the largest, and most select, libraries, in the State of Kentucky. The youngest, is a devoted minister; one of them, a distinguished lawyer and politician; another, the president of a school; two of the daughters, teachers at the very head of their profession, until their marriage; the other two, among the best and kindest women of the whole country; and each an honor to any mother.

And now, after so many years, in looking back, and thinking of this lovely Christian woman, I feel that her children can rise up and exclaim with David, "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

One of the surest ways to help others is to embody in our own lives the things we would have them be. "Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in others souls, sleeping, but never dead, shall rise in majesty to meet thine own."

If we wish to teach self-control, we should see that we control our own selves, perfectly, every moment, and every day. If we wish to teach kindness and sympathy, we must be kind, sympathetic, and approachable.

But it seems to me, that the very foundation stone of all conscience training, and the most important of all lessons ever taught, or ever learned, is the lesson of reverence.

The great sin of the American people is the sin of irreverence. Almost all errors committed have their root in irreverence. Children are naturally reverent, humble, and confiding. That is why it was said so many years ago, that we shall never enter Heaven unless we "are converted and become as little children."

All that children need to develop the very best that is in them is careful training and encouragement.

One of the greatest responsibilities possible for the human mind to conceive, rests upon the public school teacher. A large number of the children, whom we teach, have no homes, in the true sense of the word. They live in houses, some of them elegant houses, but not homes.

Many of them have no real mothers. All women, who give birth to children, are not mothers. The word mother is a holy and sacred word. Many children come into life unwelcomed and unloved. These need our truest help and pity.

Let us never rest nor be satisfied until we have strengthened and uplifted the heart and conscience of every child whose life touches ours, for only in this way can we fulfill the highest and noblest mission of all true teaching.

"He has sounded forth his trumpet,
Which shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men
Before his judgment seat.
Be swift, my soul, to answer Him,
Be jubilant, my feet;
His truth is marching on."

HAMILTONIAN AND JEFFERSONIAN BAPTISTS.

By Rev. John R. Brown, D.D.

To be very frank our members are divided into Hamiltonian and Jeffersonian Baptists. They may not recognize themselves by these titles, and naming them is not an attempt to introduce statecraft or politics in the churches. While it is probably true that there are many more Jeffersonian Baptists in the south than in the north, and while at the same time Hamiltonianism seems to be in higher regard in our northern churches, the invisible Masons' and Dixons' line does not form an exact ecclesiastical boundary.

The Hamiltonian Baptist may be a Democrat in politics, but in church life he develops tendencies which show what he is. A study of some institutions which Hamiltonian Baptists have developed in Baptist churches will serve to identify them very quickly. They frankly avow either in language or method that they "fear" or have "little faith in" the people. Hamiltonian Baptists have adopted that financial compromise called "the society," almost peculiar to New England and through it have run the temporalities of the church. Every one knows what the evils of the "Society" have been, and how in many cases it has been the tool of the ecclesiastical demagogue; it has not hidden from the church's knowledge that the Society has become in some notorious instances, "the star chamber" of a group of more or less reckless men in which reputations have been lost without witness or appeal. But the idea of an open business meeting in which the finances might be brought to the bar of absolute publicity is so distressing to the stand-pat Hamiltonian Baptist that he shudders at the very thought. The old-fashioned "society" as a closed corporation is now so much in disfavor that even the Hamil-

tonian Baptist reads the signs of the times and covers his capitulation by a series of compromises holding, however, for consistency's sake to the same and as much of the form of the "Society" as possible.

The "standing committee" was in the first place a happy discovery. While no one pretended that it had direct New Testament authority, it seemed to hold all that democracy could demand in delegated powers. It conserved economy and then it promised so much in the way of efficiency. But the Hamiltonian Baptist, if allowed to continue his work of centralization, will some day make the standing committee as questionable a blessing as the society. He has often had the church rue made and passed referring all business to the standing committee before it can come rightfully before the church. In a time of Scriptural prosperity no harm can come from such a delegation of authority; but it has come to pass in not a few churches that the business meeting of the church itself is a perfunctory gathering of amiable ladies and gentlemen, who are content to let the standing committee run the body particularly if the committee assumes the air of high rectitude and general wisdom.

The centralizing process introduced by the Hamiltonian Baptist, does not stop with the standing committee. It was once the good custom to have a business meeting of the church every quarter; when the custom has not dropped into forgetfulness it is shorn of all meaning. "The people," it is said, "are not interested in the business meeting." In its place has been substituted the annual business meeting of the church, when the societies and committees make their reports. It is generally well attended and made pleasant by a supper; the reports are read, a few judicious comments are made, and everybody goes home happy. Then for another year the business of the church is turned over to the services of the chosen committees. The Hamiltonian Baptist says that all this is a great saving of waste.

The Hamiltonian system in our churches was probably an inevitable evolution. But the question is a reasonable one in view of its thorough test for a longer or shorter period whether it has altogether justified itself. What are the limitations and weaknesses it has shown or developed? It has reduced initiative to a minimum; even the pastor is often so bound by the red tape that his feet are caught and his heart rebels. Elasticity to changing conditions is so poor that many a church is being ground to powder beneath the upper millstone of officialism and the lower millstone of hard reality. The losses in denominational spirit are just as apparent. Many a Hamiltonian Baptist boasts of the fact that most of our "strong" churches have now a modified Presbyterianism in government, and he is not above wishing that for some critical situations we had a bishop! Denominational sentiment cannot be a vital thing, when such words are freely spoken. Hamiltonianism in our churches has had its day; has it been found wanting?

The Jeffersonian Baptist is the undisguised individualist, who believes that the least government in the churches is the best. He is found in all our churches, even in the most strongly entrenched Hamiltonian bodies.

As a relevant fact of statistics it must be remembered that most of the Baptist churches in this country are Jeffersonian in government, modified in most cases, it is true, but the marks and spirit are still evident. The Jeffersonian Baptist has the advantage of a perfectly consistent theory. His theory has been worked out more consistently in the South than anywhere else, often to the bane of observation and obstructionism, but with a directness and a power which we cannot but admire.

The Jeffersonian Baptist believes in the sufficiency of democracy for any situation which may arise, and he has no hankering after the forms and governmental sanctions of other bodies of Christians. He acts on the theory that the unit of authority is the local church, and that the Holy Spirit is given to the people when they do business in the name of Christ. He is not afraid of the people even if they are immature; he believes on the other hand, that a mistake is always made when they are not trusted. He dislikes "government by committees;" if appointed at all they ought to have particular tasks for definite responsibilities. The "blanket authority" of a standing committee he cannot away with. He thinks that absolute publicity is the only way by which the Church of Christ can do its work and save itself from mistake and waste; he therefore asks for frequent business meetings in which the work and condition of the church shall be frankly faced and discussed. He wants the entrance into the membership of the church to be as simple and informal as possible; when fully consistent in this attitude he wants to "open the door of the church" at every service. At any rate he always questions the right of any standing committee to decide whether any candidate shall come before the church or not; he believes that Christ is entirely competent to sift the hearts of men before they come to the waters of baptism. Such arguments may not be very wise, but they do sound apostolic.

The Jeffersonian Baptist generally entertains a strict view of accountability. Discipline means with him not only the attempt to win back men to Christ, but it is the church making account of herself to the world and to her Lord. As the unit of power in the local church fellowship must be based on the people, and not on the committee, he recognizes the unity of one Lord, one faith, and one baptism. A strict interpretation of this form has often made the Jeffersonian Baptist a bigot, but just as often it has given him abundant and consistent power. If he thinks narrowly he has come at last to identify the kingdom with the church, with its curious results on the motive that leads to the missionary enterprise.

The Jeffersonian ideal in Baptist church life

has fostered independence, it has deepened loyalty, and it has made reasonability a simple and a direct plea. It has been sufficiently elastic to fit the churches to new needs; it has often modified itself without doing violence to its basic claims.

Both the Hamiltonian and Jeffersonian conceptions of Baptist church life are now being carried to their logical extremes in different parts of our country. Our denominational life is being profoundly modified. We are following tendencies rather than copying forms. In fact we are not so certain of New Testament forms as were our fathers; our ecclesiology does not seem to be so exegetically invulnerable as it once did. We have felt that our looseness of organization did not help us as a force, and we have been grieved at a growing leakage of efficiency in our membership. As a people we have endeavored to settle our problem in two distinct ways. Will the Baptist of the new generation be a Hamiltonian or a Jeffersonian?—Watchman.

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 Teaching of Jesus About the Future. By Henry B. Sherman. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

One would guess from glancing over this book that it came from the University of Chicago. For the author is so much wiser than the writers of the Gospels and the Lord himself. Infallibility is his and his alone.

He has a theory in regard to the future life, which it is needless to say varies widely from the orthodox views. And he goes among the words of our Lord and decides that everything which contradicts his opinion—and this includes about all the Lord said on the subject of the future is untrue.

By the pricking of his learned thumbs he decides what our Lord said and what words attributed to Him came really from other sources. He declares the ordinance of baptism was the invention of the disciples after the Lord's death. That He did not give the great commission, nor did He say about the church what He is quoted as saying. Matthew, Luke and Mark, in his eyes, were unconscionable liars, for so sanely do they write that one cannot excuse them on the grounds of insanity.

Take the one point about baptism. All Christians of every name, in every age, including scholars the latchet of whose shoes this man is not worthy to unloose have always believed that the Lord was baptized and commanded it. And these men have studied these Gospels for years.

What next from Chicago University?

The Anti-Saloon League Year Book for 1909. Price 35 cents. Chicago: Anti-Saloon League, 110 LaSalle Avenue.

This book is most delightful reading. It makes one thank God and take courage. The work of the Anti-Saloon League has been wonderful. This League has been led by level-headed men who are seeking for no office, who are absolutely impartial as regards political parties. They have taken such laws as they found in the States and worked steadily and persistently with them. They have known no such word as fail. If an election in country or township has gone against them they have gone all the more earnestly to work to educate the people up to the point that they could win in the next trial.

In this Year Book the temperance maps of the States in 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, and 1909 are given. And the advance since 1909 came in has been marvelous. Poor Pennsylvania still clings to her whiskey idol, but the League does not despair of her. One county is dry, Green, a small county. There are 12,000 saloons in the State. The Year Book is a regular arsenal of Temperance weapons. Among the best things is the "Physiological Aspects," in which the opinions of many of the greatest physicians in the country are given. We wish 50,000 Kentuckians would send for this Year Book.

The Atlantic Monthly opens with a paper on "Champlain as a Herald of Washington." How badly off we are in respect to a merchant marine appears from the fact that when the editors of the Atlantic wanted an article on the subject, they had to get a British naval officer to do it. The writer has done his work very well, indeed, though inevitably he has given his argument a strong militaristic cast.

We get no less than three essays of the old-fashioned introspective kind—an interpretation of the Dolomites by Lucy C. Conant, Mr. W. P. Eaton's "Washington Square," which he boldly calls a meditation, and a protest entitled "The Passing of Antioch," by Zephiah Humphrey. Alvan T. Sanborn finds very little new to say in his "French Conservatism." The Diary of Gideon Wells continues.

"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." Never has there been one more precious.

You cannot raise a soul from "the slough of despond" by a single word. Keep at it.

**Sunday-School
Lesson**

Sunday, July 25th.

Paul's Missionary Journey at Athens.—Acts 17:22-34.

Motto Text.—"God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."—John 4:24.

"Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' Hill." When the Jews raised a disturbance at Berea, the brethren sent Paul, who was the one against whom their wrath was directed, away to Athens. Here he had argued with the philosophers. At last so many were interested—the Athenians being always eager to hear or to tell some new thing—that they crowded around Paul. Finally they took him by the hand and led him up upon Mars Hill. This was a rocky eminence in the city with seats cut out from the stone. Any one standing there could see out over the city and could be heard by large crowds.

"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious." The Greek means "very religious." Athens was famous for the great number of statues to all gods of whom the Athenians could hear. They were considered the most religious of all the Greeks.

"As I passed by" as he was going around the city. "And beheld your devotions." Devotions here does not mean that he saw so many Athenians at prayer, but refers rather to objects of devotion, the temples, shrines and statues with which Athens was crowded. "I found an altar with this inscription, To the Unknown God." There are many conjectures in regard to this altar and others with this same inscription. The usual one is that during a great calamity the Athenians erected such altars to propitiate some god whom they had unwittingly offended.

"Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." Levin says it was death for any private person to introduce any foreign god which had not been publicly recognized. Paul had already been said to be the setter forth of strange gods. He begins at once by claiming that this God is the great, the universal God, and not merely the God of some one nation: He is the Creator of all things, the ruler of Heaven and earth. "Dwelleth not in the temples made with hands." Being a Spirit, and so great, he fills the universe. The images of the gods were in the temples, and the great mass of the people considered these the gods.

"Neither is worshipped with men's hands." For his worship is a spiritual one. The reference is to the food which these heathen often placed before the images of their gods. This great God, creator of all things, could not be worshipped in this way. How could his creatures give him any thing when he himself was the giver of their very breath and all they had?

This lesson is an abstract of Paul's sermon to cultivated heathen when he first preached to them. It is a model for missionaries. He puts God first, and God's power and sovereignty, not his love and mercy. That is to come after they have felt their guilt towards this great Lord God of Hosts.

all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." All are descended from Adam and Eve no matter where they dwell, or what their race and their advancement Paul preaches the "brotherhood of man" in one sense. All unconverted men are brothers by the tie of blood. All converted men are brothers in Christ Jesus. "And hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation." Paul delighted in the great, strong doctrines, and he did not minimize nor conceal them. He tells the Athenians of God's decrees in as uncompromising words as if he had been in a Baptist Association.

"That they should seek the Lord." That is the great object for which they are given life and its opportunities. Alas, how many are so taken up with their habits and their business they do not seek Him. "If haply they might feel after him, and find him." He had placed conscience in their natures which was ever accusing them of guilt and making them feel that God must be propitiated, as their sacrifices showed. He was unknown to them, yet had he never left them. His care and long forbearance had blessed them. They were not excused because they had not found him—he was near them—and, though groping like blind men in the dark, they might have found him. Paul quotes Aratus, a well known poet, to show that they knew the Creator was not far from them. If they were his offspring he would not leave them without any proof of his presence.

Verse 29. If they themselves acknowledged they were the offspring of God, as they had minds and souls they ought not to think the Godhead was like their images no matter how costly nor how beautiful. Thus courteously but firmly he attacks their idolatry, and they seem to have taken no offense. What poor things the most beautiful images were, and how utterly out of place in connection with worship when this great God of the stranger was before their minds.

"And the times of this ignorance God winked at." Suffered it to pass as if unnoticed, "withheld the proof of noticing a thing which is at the same time a matter of distinct knowledge." Hackett's comment is excellent. "God had hitherto permitted the heathen to pursue their own way without manifesting his sense of their conduct, either by sending them special messengers to testify against it, as he did to the Jews, or by inflicting upon them at once the punishment they deserved.

But they were guilty and they knew it, their consciences accusing them. Paul calls on them in common with all men to repent. They were sinners and the judgment was surely coming. Unless they repented they would be condemned. This great apostle never let his hearers lose sight of the fact that they were guilty sinners, who were to be judged by a Holy God. The Lord Jesus is to be no longer the Mediator, but the Judge, and men shall tremble before the wrath of the Lamb. The resurrection proved that all which he said of himself was true; God would not have so honored a false witness. And he had declared that the Father had committed all judgment to the Son.

Verse 32. They listened till he spoke of the resurrection of the dead, and then these Athenians, wise in their own conceit, turned away with a sneer. Some of them said courteously: "We will hear thee again of this matter." But the opportunity never came. The great apostle passed on out of their

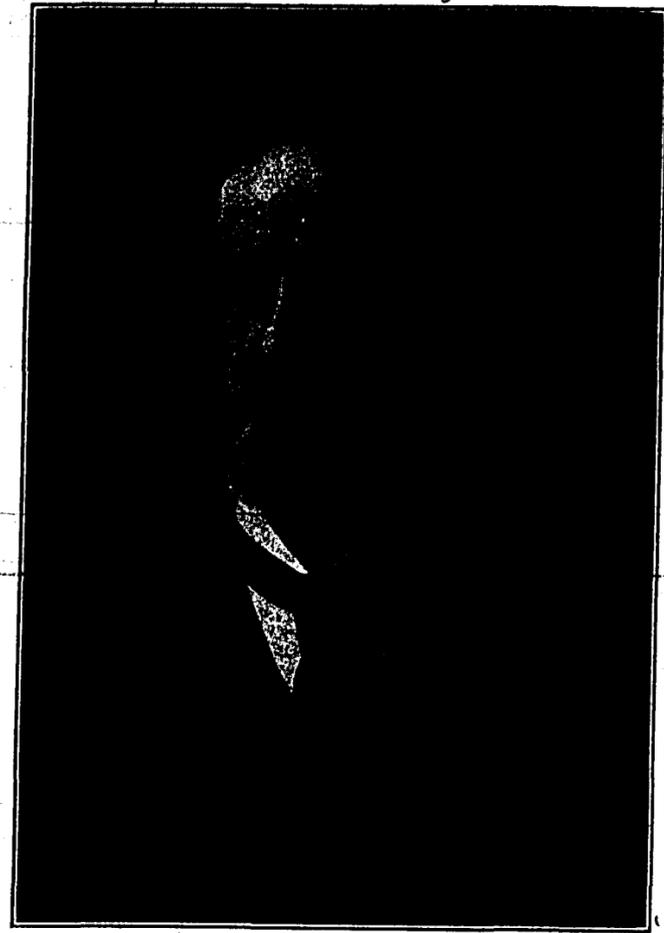
lives forever. God had a few elect in that city, one a woman of high standing, another one of the judges of the court of Mars' Hill. The dissolute Corinthians heeded the warning better than the fickle and curious Athenians, always desirous to hear or to tell some new thing.

INTERESTING FACTS.

Danville voted dry in April, 1908. On April 30, 1909, the law went into effect, and since that time there has not been an open saloon in the town. Mr. Frank Talbott, a business man of prominence, has written for the Danville Methodist an article, in which he gives the figures from the records for the year ending May 1, 1909, during which the town was dry, and the year ending May 1, 1908, when the town was wet. These figures are very interesting. We reproduce them. The first comparison touches the moral aspect of the question.

A great deal of noise is made over the probable financial loss which the expulsion of the saloons will bring. This, of course, is not the highest view to take of the question, but it is worthy of consideration, and here follows a few facts bearing upon it. The total revenue for the dry year was \$4,530.65 greater than for the previous year, when the saloons were open. In other words, the public revenue for the year during which the saloons were closed made good the \$10,062.50 loss by liquor licenses and had still a surplus of \$4,530.65. In other words, there was a real increase of \$14,593.15. Mr. Talbott well says: "It is worthy of special note that every source of revenue shows an increase except that of the Police Court fines." The figures for these are as follows: For the wet year, \$8,137.86, and for the dry year, \$4,246.84—a decrease of fines collected of \$3,891.02. It is plain to any thoughtful observer that this decrease must be more for the prosperity of the town than all other increases combined.

The cost of feeding the prisoners in the city jail for the dry year was \$1,069.95 less than during the wet year. The costs of maintaining the courts, jail and police were \$1,332.46 less than during the wet year; the costs of maintaining the almshouse and out-door poor were \$229.61 less for the dry year than for the wet year. Twenty-five representative men, dealers in dry goods, clothing, groceries, furniture and shoes, were selected, and they reported sales for the dry year of \$44,133 in excess of those for the wet year. The banks of Danville show an increase on deposits in interest-bearing certificates of \$131,891.29 over the wet year. There was an increase of thirty per cent. in the building permits granted. At the time of the closing of the saloons there were in the principal business sections of Danville fifteen or twenty vacant stores. The closing of the saloons added to these eighteen store rooms. To-day there are less than a half-dozen vacant stores in the same territory. The Danville Railway and Electric Company shows an increase in receipts for the dry year of \$2,804.38 over the wet year. The post-office receipts are \$1,088.38 over the wet year. The books of the Commissioner of Revenue show an increase of a million dollars in taxable values over the wet year. Now there are the facts gathered by a careful hand. We wonder how many of our daily papers will reproduce them.—Religious Herald.



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SAM JONES on Christian Science:—"Theosophy, Occultism and Christian Science are catching people by the thousand. The devil will get the most of them, but, thank God, he won't get much—Christian Science starts out with a monumental lie: No such thing as pain! I know that's a lie, for I have sat up with it all night. I suppose when a married man gets the thought that he has no wife and holds the thought, he is an old bachelor."

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TIRED.

The day is long, and the day is hard,
 We are tired of the march and of keeping guard;
 Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,
 Of days to live through and of work to be done;
 Tired of ourselves and of being alone.
 Yet all the while, did we only see,
 We walk in the Lord's own company,
 We fight, but 'tis He who nerves our arm;
 He turns the arrows that else might harm,
 And out of the storm He brings a calm;
 And the work that we count so hard to do,
 He makes it easy, for He works too;
 And the days that seem long to live are His,
 A bit of His bright eternities;
 And close to our need His helping is.

OUR PULPIT.



PAUL IN THE TEMPEST.

C. H. Spurgeon.

"And we being exceedingly tossed with a tempest the next day they lightened the ship; and the third day we cast out with our own hands the tackling of the ship. And when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away. But after long abstinence Paul stood forth in the midst of them, and said, sirs, ye should have hearkened unto me, and not have loosed from Crete, and to have gained this harm and loss. And now I exhort you to be of good cheer, for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Caesar: and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee. Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer: for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me."—Acts 27:18-25.

Here we see a believer full of comfort cheering others. The words of good cheer now before us are from a man; but inasmuch as he does but repeat what the Lord had spoken to him, they are none the less precious, and they may be all the more profitable if they move us, by their example, to speak words of cheer to others.

First, as we read our text, the apostle will be seen as the avowed believer. Hear him as he says, "I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me."

He commences his statement of his faith by saying that he believed God. We cannot have a better basis of faith than that. We must settle in our minds that there is a God, that the Word of God must certainly be true, absolutely infallible, and beyond all question. "I believe God." If a man can say that we believe that God has told us no more than this means in the very mildest sense of it, he is on the way towards faith; but he who can say, "I believe God," in such a sense as the apostle intended, has reached to an eminent height of faith, and has obtained the elements of spiritual strength.

"I believe God." Sometimes it

quite staggers me that it should be difficult for us to believe God. Dear friend, do you not sympathize with me in my wonder? If our hearts and minds were as they should be, faith in God would be a matter of course; and even now, imperfect as we are, it ought to need a crushing argument to persuade us to entertain the slightest doubt of God. It is most of all surprising that God's children should ever doubt him; especially those who have been so highly favored as some of us have been. Let preacher and hearer be amazed that we should ever dare to say that we find faith in God to be difficult. It is a grievous imputation upon God when we talk about faith as hard.

If we were to say of a neighbor, "I find it hard to believe him," I do not know what worse we could say of him. If a child were to say of his father, "You know my father: he is in high repute but I find it quite a struggle to believe him." What rumours would get abroad! What whisperings! "That man's own child confesses that he finds it hard to believe him!" Will not this bring forth from us the blush of shame, and the tear of repentance, to think that we should ever have spoken thus of God our Father? Is there any proof of our fall more conclusive than this? Is there any token of the natural depravity of our heart more glaring than that we should be so out of the order as to doubt the living God? Why do we not trust him altogether and implicitly? How is it that, when we get a great promise, we begin to say, "And is this true?"

When we come into deep trouble, how is it that we mistrust his goodness? How is it that we do not rest in God in all things great or small? He that is true to his covenant and to his oath will be true in the very jots and tittles of his promises. He that is true to Christ will be true to every member of Christ's body. He cannot lie. It is impossible that he should deny himself; ought it not to be impossible for us to suspect him? The apostle is worthy to be called "the master of the sentences" in this brave utterance, "I believe God." Take this one line to heart, beloved hearer, and repeat it for yourself full many a time, "I believe God." Whatever else you question, always believe God.

Paul's firm faith was grounded upon revelation; for he says, "I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me." He believed then, that God had told him something. He says of a certain "it" that it was told him. An angel had told it him, but we need not envy him the channel of communication, since the written Word of God is a more sure word of testimony than anything else can be. Even the word which came on the holy mount in the transfiguration, when Peter and James and John saw Christ in his glory, though it was a true and pure and bright word, yet is it spoken of by Peter as second to the Scriptures; he says "We have a more sure word of prophecy"—more sure even than speech heard by the ear. Nothing is so sure as the revelation of the inspired Book: the man who cavils at the inspiration of the Word of God has given up the very foundation of faith. You and I, kind friend, at any rate are able to say

nothing, for we accept the Bible as his word to us—even to us. We are not of those who say of a certain chapter, "That is for the Jews;" for in Christ Jesus there is neither Jew nor Gentile, but all the promises are yea and amen in Christ Jesus, to the glory of God by us. We are the true Israel who

worship God in the spirit, and have no conscience in the flesh, and the promises are sure to all the seed. We believe in inspiration and revelation, and we ground our faith thereon, even as Paul did. "I believe that it was told me," is our unmistakable avowal.

Observe carefully that Paul's faith, grounded upon God and the fact of a revelation, went on to a conviction of the absolute certainty of that revelation, "it shall be even as it was told me." "It shall be." You can apply this to everything that God has told you. Whatever promises he has made, whatever declaration he has set forth in his Holy Word, it shall be even as it was told you. Just as, when the press comes down upon the paper, the type leaves its own impress in each line and letter, so shall the eternal purpose and promise of God leave its impress in your life and mine, fulfilling in actual fact all that the Lord God has promised. We shall try the Word, and we shall prove it true. We shall expect the promise to be faithful, and we shall find it so. "It shall be as it was told me." There shall be no errata at the end of the chapter, no emendations and obliterations. What God has written he has written, and it must be even so. Augustine wrote confessions and retractions at the close of his life; but not so Augustine's God. At the last day, when the roll of history shall be complete and "finis" shall be put to it, it will tally with the forecasts of God's Word in every respect. Has he said, and shall he not do it? Has he spoken, and shall it not come to pass? Heaven and earth shall pass away, but God's Word shall never pass away. Here is the joy of the believers; he can say, "I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me."

Take care that your faith grasps the whole mass of blessing stored away in the promise, and mind you believe that it shall be even as God has told you.

Further, note that Paul believed this when, to outward appearance, "all hope that they should be saved was taken away." Paul's faith hoped against hope. When Hope mourns, "I cannot find rest for the sole of my foot." Faith cries, "Use your wings." When there seems nothing for faith to rest on but the bare Word of God, then faith is glad, for now she can commune with her Creator without being entangled by outward means and instrumentalities. Did not the Lord hang the world upon nothing but his Word? And can we not we hang our souls there too? It is grand to stand like the arch of heaven, unpillared and yet unmoved, resting only upon the invisible God. Only, did I say? Is not that resting upon everything that is worth trusting since God is all in all?

Before we leave this point, we ought to notice that, while Paul thus believed God, that it should be as it was told him, he very plainly and boldly expressed this faith. He did not conceal his confidence, but he proclaimed it even before those who did not share his belief. No matter whether they could sympathize with him or not, he spoke out boldly. He did not cast pearls before swine by needlessly parading his faith; but as it was necessary to speak of it for the comfort of others, he did not hesitate for a single moment, but confessed in the hearing of soldiers and sailors, "I believe God." Nowadays, people are so dreadfully modest that they are afraid to glorify God. God save us from such cowardice! Infidelity brawls in every street; shall faith be

dumb? If you believe, there is at this time grave necessity that you should declare your faith, for unbelief is rampant. Look at the high-class reviews, look at popular literature; these things reek with unbelief of the worst kind. Alas that ever it should come to this—that men who call themselves Christians should lend their pens to suggest and spread infidel principles, and even enter into pulpits to insinuate mistrust of the verities which they were ordained to preach! Honesty seems to have fled from the earth, and men have lost all conscience. Let us who believe in God speak out at once, though men will call us narrow-minded, destitute of culture, incapable of enlarged views, and other pretty things. What does it matter what they say? All that they say or insinuate should only make us the more vehemently declare, "I believe God." Why, it has become a rare thing to meet a man who believes anything now, for the reputed wise man of the period is he who says, "I do not believe in anything in particular. I hold certain views, but I am quite prepared to change them, for there is a great deal to be said on the other side." This is not after the manner of Christ, nor according to the ways of the faithful in the olden time, who held fast the form of sound words, and were ready to die for the truths which had taken possession of their souls. It is time now, if ever in the world's history, for those who are believers to speak with all confidence. Fear nothing. Can there be anything to fear in believing God? Can there be any shame in avowing an implicit faith in the God of truth? For my own part, I had rather be ridiculed for bigotry than be applauded for "advanced and liberal views." I would sooner be displeased with the orthodox than reign with "the intellectual."

II. We have thus gone over Paul's words as an avowed believer, and now we may turn to look at him as a bold prophet. Far be it from any one of us to set ourselves up as prophets, for thereunto we are not called. Yet every truly-instructed Christian is in some sense a prophet, and may prophesy according to the proportion of faith, if he will follow the true method. Paul was not rash in his prophecies; he confined himself to revelation. He said, "It shall be." But what shall be? "It shall be as it was told me." You may always go that length; and you will be to many men a wonderful personage. If you go only as far as that, they will marvel that you dare say, "It shall be even as it was told me." We speak positively where they can only guess and dream. We cannot see behind that evil veil which hides the future; but we know what is to come as to some matters, for God has told us, and we can therefore prophesy that it shall be according to his declaration. Learn from Paul not to be a presumptuous dreamer, but a prudent speaker. On what he foretold he staked the honour of God, for he said, "It shall be as it was told me." But why? Because "I believe God." If God be not worthy of belief, then it may not be as it was told me; but his Word must be fulfilled and his promise kept, since he is faithful. Never recklessly compromise the honour of God by any rash assertion of your own; but you may always challenge the veracity of God as to his own promises or threatenings, and be quite sure that he will vindicate both himself and his servant, by making it to be as he told you. The apostle uttered this prophe-

cy of his before all that were in the ship. Most of them were unbelievers, but he boldly said to them, "It shall be even as God has told me." Some of them were his superiors in station—officers of the Roman army; but he told them, "It shall be even as it was told me." It is sometimes hard to confess Christ in polite society, in the presence of those who are considered to be superior persons; but let not any believer in him yield to fear. Say with David—

"I'll speak thy Word, though kings should hear,
 Nor yield to sinful shame."

Paul made his avowal of faith in the presence of very rough men—selfish sailors, cruel soldiers, and criminal prisoners; but what of that? An avowal of faith in God might be made before all the fiends of hell; and you could not say a better thing before the angels of heaven. In no place and in no company can the testimony of faith in the living God, and his Son Jesus Christ, be out of place; therefore fear not to make it. My friend, make the world conscious of your solemn conviction that God is to be believed. Protest, and so act as a true Protestant; confess Christ, and so be his disciple indeed. Speak like a prophet in the name of the Lord that which he has told you in his Word, and fear no man. Let the fear of God forbid all other fear.

Paul so truly, so practically believed God that the power of his faith told on all that were around him. If they did not themselves believe, yet that calm face amid the storm, that practical action in bidding them take bread and eat, that common-sense proceeding in cutting away the boat that the sailors might remain to manage the ship—all this made them see that he was not a man who merely talked of faith, but one to whom believing was part and parcel of his life, the fountain of the common-sense which fitted him to be a leader. He acted like a man who believed in God in a business-like way: faith was real in him, and therefore practical. Many Christians appear to hold their religion as a pious fiction, regarding the promises of God as pretty things for sentimentalism to play with, and his providence as a poetical idea. We must get out of that evil fashion, and make God to be the greatest factor in our daily calculations—the chief force and fact of our lives. We must each one boldly act on the conviction that "it shall be even as he has told me."

The apostle may be viewed in a third character, as a sympathetic comforter.

They were all in trouble, for they were all in danger of drowning. The ship was going to pieces, death stared them in the face, dismay was written on every countenance; but Paul says to them, "Sirs, be of good cheer." Doubtless, his cheerful tones and manly voice helped to banish their fears, and to prevent a panic. Beloved Christian friend, should it not be our effort, wherever we are, to make troubled ones happy? Next to loving God, the first duty of a Christian is to spread peace on earth, and goodwill to men.

THE FUNCTION OF TEAR.

By Geo. Varden, Ph. D.

A wide range and variety of motives influence human conduct. Considerations which determine the action of some persons make but a weak appeal to others. And what is true in respect to the activities

of life in general holds good in motives to a religious life.

In the proclamation of the gospel the tendency today is to present the milder suaves to the Christian life and its duties, especially the infinite love of God as the compassionate Father of us all.

Human lives are largely shaped by the function of fear. This operates powerfully and constantly from babyhood to old age. The gospel, though it is goodness—tidings of great joy—appeals to the fears of men. When that innumerable multitude who trod one upon another gathered around Jesus his kindly address to them was at once followed by a terrible warning: "I say unto you, my friends, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I will forwarn you whom ye shall fear. Fear him who, after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, fear him."

And one of the most realistic scenes recorded in the inspired volume discloses with shuddering vividness the intensity of the punishment to be endured by such as have passed beyond the limits of divine mercy and grace. Only to think of lifting up one's eyes in torment and crying in vain for immediate mitigation of intolerable agony! "Send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame."

The same strain is maintained in the Epistles: "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power."

So in Revelation the incorrigible are said to be "tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb, the smoke of their torments ascending up forever and ever, and they have no rest day nor night."

Thus in the garnered utterances of the compassionate Saviour of sinners and of the holy men of God who spake moved by the Holy Spirit—in the Gospels, the Epistles and the Apocalypse—throughout the whole, it is awfully obvious that "the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men." Is not the contemplation of these lurid scenes enough to harrow up one's soul and to make one's blood freeze! In view of man's mental and moral constitution these pains and penalties of sin are at least adapted to operate as an effective deterrent.

In a correspondence between two of our English Baptist theologians (contemporaries and friends of Andrew Fuller and Robert Hall) one wrote: "These terrors about hell, etc., tend only to harden the mind; approach the thoughtless beings rather, and almost exclusively, with the milder suaves, the gentle language of love." To this the other replied: "Of course, this (love) is to be also one of the expedients and of frequent application. But to make this the main resource is not in consistency with the spirit of the Bible, in which the larger proportion of what is said of sinners and addressed to them, is plainly in a tone of menace and alarm. And it is a matter of fact and experience, that it is very far oftener by impressions on fear that men are actually awakened to flee from the wrath to come. Let any one recall what he has known of such awakenings."

Many of the sermons owned by God to the arousing of men dead in trespasses and in sins were of the thunderbolt kind. How mighty was the effect of that course delivered by Jonathan Edwards: "To me belong vengeance and recompense; their foot shall slide in due time; for the day of their calamity is at hand, and the things that shall come upon them make haste." The awful theme being, "Sinners in the hands of an angry God." So of the solemn appeal made by Massillon in his memorable sermon on "The Small Number of the Elect."

When quite a young fellow the writer of these thoughts was arrested by a sermon delivered at Lynn Regis, England, by an Independent minister from the language of the prophet Isaiah: "Judgment will I lay to the line and righteousness to the plummet; and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place. And your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand." The ringing appeals made by that man of God as he graphically foreshadowed the inevitable certainty of God's judgments on all the impenitent, pealed with little or no intermission though my entire being; nor have they yet after the lapse of sixty years died away.

Dr. Isaac Watts, so well known and loved as the composer of so many delightful hymns, was considered one of the best preachers of his time. How few of the present and even of the last generation have read any of his sermons, published in three volumes. All mild and amiable as he was, he delighted to dwell on the milder topics which were congenial to him, and yet he deliberately states that of all the persons to whom his ministry had been efficacious, only one had received the first effectual impressions from the gentle and attractive aspects of religion; all the rest from the awful and alarming ones—the appeals to fear. And this has been almost universally, says John Foster, the manner of the divine process of conversion.

In giving an account of the Great Awakening in the latter part of the eighteenth century, Dr. Tracy writes: "It is very true that preaching hell cannot frighten men into religion; but it may frighten them into serious thought, and secure to religious truth that attention without which it cannot save the soul. After all that can be said of the power of love and of kindness, and the winning accents of mercy, and the like, it remains an awful truth, that the men will not give any efficient attention to these things, till they have been first brought to see their need of them. Till then, all that they hear about the mercy of God only gives them courage to neglect it."

Surely then it behooves the pulpit of today to give prominence to those minatory truths and facts which in the past have proved so effectual in arresting the worldly sons of men in their headless, headlong career. To tell them in intimations of love that their damnation slumbereth not, and to leave them to answer for themselves the question once propounded by the Saviour of sinners: How can ye escape the damnation of hell?

Paris, Ky.

ALCOHOL AND ITS WORK

An address delivered by T. Alexander MacNicholl, M.D., of this city, at the recent medical convention on alcoholism in Washington, has aroused a great deal of animosity among liquor dealers and their

friends. Well it might, for it was a searching and well buttressed arraignment of the use of alcoholic beverages. Dr. MacNicholl is accused of ignorance, of broad generalizations from narrow premises, of making reckless assertions regarding his and others' researches, and so on. The liquor interests quickly discerned the damaging consequences of such statements to their "legitimate" business, and broke in full cry against him. Quite unnecessarily, the superintendent of the New York public schools joined in the denunciation of Dr. MacNicholl's revelations, with, it should seem, more haste than discretion.

Dr. MacNicholl has been pursuing his investigations for a number of years. Two years ago he prepared a paper which was published in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, of which his more recent utterance is an enlargement. In this paper he gave array of facts and figures, based on his own and others' observations, which are absolutely appalling in their revelation of the disabilities inherited by the children of drinking parents. In several of the New York schools examined, he said, less than twenty per cent., and in some classes less than two per cent., of the children were found absolutely normal in mind and body." In an examination of the records of 63,000 school children," he says, "representing 150 schools and 1,749 classes, we found fifty-eight per cent. below standard in their studies—twenty-five per cent. of them very deficient." The low moral condition of multitudes of children, indicated by an alarming lack of self-control, an impulsive restlessness, and frequent explosions of passion, with manifestations of criminal tendencies, shown by the rising generation, he regards as matters for serious thought. Indeed they are, and they call for a good deal more than thought, for their root is in conditions largely preventable.

Dr. MacNicholl notes, also the alarming prevalence of organic diseases among school children in our cities—a forecast, he believes of a greatly reduced physical standard in coming days. Here are some of his figures: Of 10,000 children in city schools, thirty-five per cent. have diseases of the heart, twenty per cent. have spinal defects; twenty-seven per cent. are tuberculous; twelve per cent. are anemic; and fifteen per cent. suffer from some of neurosis. "So common are organic and functional diseases among school children in New York City," he declares, "that should the facts already secured hold good over the entire city and those afflicted be excluded from attendance, two-thirds of our schools would be compelled to close for lack of pupils." Investigations made since this statement was published have served only to strengthen the dark lines of this terrible picture.

Part of the blame for this must, of course, be placed at the door of the unsanitary conditions under which these children live. But Dr. MacNicholl insists that an inconsiderable portion of it finds its genesis in the bottle. "When the saloons crowd into a neighborhood there is a corresponding physical and moral decline among the children." Of the truth of this statement there can be no question; and yet there are in the ranks of social reformers some who are unable to see the close connection between the saloon and the degeneracy of childhood, and who advocate the retention of the saloon as "the poor man's club." Yes, it is the poor man's club—used to beat

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him down and, keep him down to the lowest level of mental, moral and physical decrepitude.

With regard to the effects of drinking habits in the parents upon their offspring Dr. MacNicholl makes some startling statements. One hundred and two children in twenty-five families of heavy-drinking parents, he says, show the following: Seven had tuberculosis eight diseases of the heart, thirty-one functional diseases of the nervous system, forty-one were drinkers, six were degenerates, and four were idiots. Only five of the entire number were normal. The effects of moderate drinking are not so immediately apparent, and the defects are often overlooked or concealed until the third or fourth generation. Then they begin to manifest themselves in the development of severe psychic or organic infirmities.

It is no wonder that statements like these, coming from a responsible source, have aroused the animosity of the dealers in a commodity so destructive to society. They and their abettors have ridiculed and abused Dr. MacNicholl, and roundly denied his assertions and conclusions. But we are assured that he has a rod in pickle for the backs of these "fools" which will shortly be administered without mercy.—*The Examiner.*

SERMONS THAT SAVE.

Sermons that save must sound an alarm. Knowing the terror of the law, we persuade men. No glittering generalities, no rhetorical niceties. The message must ring out like a fire bell, it must echo like the shrill blast of the watchman's trumpet when danger is near, it must declare the whole counsel of God. That means denunciation of sin, the necessity of repentance, the certainty of a judg-

ment throne, an eternal hell for the finally impenitent, salvation by faith, and cleansing through the blood of the Redeemer. May the walls of our churches resound with such preaching. Then will they be filled with people and with salvation.—*Ex.*

JOY A DEFENSE.

Joyfulness is a great aid to resistance. The joyful heart can withstand temptation more readily than the sad, sorrowful and discouraged heart. Paul reminds Christians that trials or temptations are materials for spiritual joy, if we will regard them as God looks at them. In his thought it is an honor to a soul to be counted worthy of enduring temptation or trial. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love him."

Heaven will give us many surprises. An aged minister said, when drawing near the close of his earthly career, "I expect to find in heaven some whom I have never thought would get there; and I expect to miss some whom I have supposed to be sure of it. 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.'" The important thing for us to settle is, not which of our neighbors shall be saved, but shall I be found worthy to enter in through the gates into the city? I shall not be saved in heaven unless I am saved on earth. I need not be disappointed in my own case. My own case is the only one of which I can be right sure.

What is the test of the spirituality of a church? Its power to reach and save others.

Editorial

SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE.

This clause of Holy Writ graces the pennant of one of our excellent Baptist weeklies. In every issue it floats before the eyes of the readers. Truth and Love! What a divine duet! What enrapturing harmony results from this union! The fullest and highest expression of truth is the offspring of love, while love in turn reaches its highest intensity, in truth, and only in truth.

If Paul has an unpleasant duty to perform, how faithfully does he wreath it in the telling. When censuring the Galatians, he puts his censure in the mild form of interrogation. "After ye have known God, how is it that ye turn again to the weak and beggarly elements? Ye observe days and months and times and years. I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed on you labor in vain." A spirit of loving entreaty is manifest throughout these sentences. Then, too, read his personal appeal, which at once follows: "Brethren, ye have not injured me at all. Ye know how through infirmity of the flesh, I preached the gospel unto you at the first. Ye received me as an angel of God, even as Christ Jesus." How beautifully truth and love and sympathy meet together here. Who on earth could resist his corrective reproving words when followed by such a touching reference of his personal relation to them.

How ineffective, nay more, how repellent are many of our just reproofs because of the "cantankerous" spirit in which we too often fulminate them. We have in mind a most excellent brother, who reproves in such a rough way, that he has to suffer the mortification of afterwards apologizing from the pulpit.

But this participial clause, so weighty in itself, becomes more so in consideration of the following verse: Speaking the truth in love, "that ye may grow up into Christ in all things." God's people are called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified. "Truth in love" is essential to Christian growth. It contains within itself everything promotive of steady, constant development—rich soil, gentle showers and warm atmosphere, in which and by which, the fruits and flowers of godliness mature. Of course, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.

PRAGMATISM.

The word "Pragmatism" comes to us from the Greek word *pragma*, meaning a deed, or act. Though we have given the etymology of the word, we dare not attempt a definition, for thus far even the advocates of this peculiar philosophy have proven unequal to such a task. Even Prof. James, the High Priest of Pragmatism, is unwilling that his language concerning this curious cult, should be construed according to the ordinary laws of interpretation. The truth is, that pragmatism is nothing, if not problematical, both in expression and in fact. As we see it pragmatism is the corpse of Utilitarianism, dressed in a new tailor-made suit, and presented as a candidate for public favor. The fundamental teaching of this false philosophy appears to be, that *whatever is useful is right*. As it has no accepted standard as to what is really useful, and, therefore, right, it must be left to the individual to determine as to what

is useful or right. It denies that there is any authority, human or divine, to determine the ethical value of an act. It cares but little for the Creator, less for Christ, and nothing at all for common sense. But let Prof. James speak for himself: "A Pragmatist is a happy-go-lucky anarchistic sort of creature."

According to this curious school of thought, the value of every act, must be determined by the question, "will it pay?" Why then, should one be honest, provided it proves profitable to be dishonest? Large fortunes have been acquired by dishonest dealing, and in some instances have been used for worthy purposes; though surely the right use of these fortunes did not justify the method of their acquirement. Without a Christ and without a conscience, Pragmatism is Utilitarianism run mad. Naturally enough, there are those, who having no theological anchorage, will be swept away with this new tide; but those who have anchored within the veil will remain sure and steadfast. The real Christian will shed a tear for the promoter of Pragmatism, but will smile at his puerile and spectacular performance.

THE REPUTATION OF PROF. FOSTER.

In our judgment, the expulsion of Dr. Foster from the Baptist Ministers' Conference, of Chicago, is one of the most significant events in the religious history of the present decade. The matter is of even more importance, when considered in the light of the apparently impregnable position occupied by the distinguished gentleman. Possessing considerable scholarship, and having the seeming support of a great university, this Goliath, has for sometime, defied the armies of the living God. His downfall, though deferred, was as sure as the triumph of truth. In due time, as ever and always, God has raised up a remnant, according to the election of grace, to rebuke the brazen effrontery of this enemy of the Cross. The victory has not only been decisive, but will likely prove progressive. What the Chicago University will do with this repudiated teacher remains to be seen. The logic of the situation demands his prompt dismissal from the faculty, and we predict that this will be done. Should the university continue him as teacher of theology, this fact of itself will serve to make plain the attitude of the university towards Christ and the Baptists. If the Chicago University endorses the views of Dr. Foster concerning Christ and his atonement, then the university is neither Baptist nor Christian. We shall see what we shall see.

THE HERESY HUNTER.

We are in thorough accord with some of our contemporaries, in believing that the day of the heresy hunter has departed. Indeed, he is no longer in demand because the need of his services no longer exists. The heretic no longer seeks to conceal himself, but rather glories in the declaration of his own shame. The tables have turned, and instead of the heresy hunter, we have the orthodox hunter. In truth, in some quarters, the heretic, and, like Saul of old, goes forth breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the orthodox disciples of the Lord. Heresy, abundantly backed by culture and cash, has, with some, become the fashionable fad of the hour, and if unchecked, threatens to become the order of the day. It is cause for

congratulation, that our Southern Zion, has been largely preserved from the blight of heresy. Let us see to it that this state of things shall continue. Notice, gentlemen! According to the rules of the Christian warfare, a free field and a fight to a finish, to the foes of truth, for the faith of our fathers.

With great interest and expectation we have been looking for the appearance of the *Convention Normal Manual* for Sunday Schools, by our Sunday School Board. We were anxious as many of our schools, upon the recommendation of the Sunday School Lesson Committee, and upon the endorsement of some of our pastors, were using Moninger's Manual, with its Pentecostal theory of the church organization and other modern fads and phrases.

We doubt very seriously the wisdom of using such a thing in our Sunday Schools. It savors very largely of ritualism. The thing which is an abomination to every true Bible Baptist. Webster defines a manual, "A small book, such as may be carried in the hand, or conveniently handled, a handbook; as, a manual of laws. Hence, specifically, the service book of the Roman Catholic church." But if we must have a manual, let it not be perverse of Scripture teaching.

This book has three distinct sections, prepared by three men.

First—Sunday School Methods and History, by B. W. Spilman, and that historical address is worth the price of the book.

Second—The Pupil and His Needs, by L. P. Leavell. This is good aside from the ritualistic tendency.

Third—The Books of the Bible, by H. C. Moore. This is a brief summary of the contents and history of the books, very similar to what we have in our Teachers' Bibles.

The thing against which we enter our unqualified protest is the long ritual on the "observance of days." On this subject we quote from the Recorder of July 21, 1896:

"Dr. Morehouse is not alone in protesting against special 'days,' such as 'Children's Day,' 'Missionary Day,' etc. The Watchman, of Boston, says: 'It is a mistake to multiply the devotion of Sunday to special objects, and in some respects, the better the object the more objectionable the practice. We are coming to have a non-Episcopal Christian year. And it is not devoted to the great facts of religion, but to the interests of special classes and causes.'"

We heartily endorse the above. Paul said to the Galatians: "Ye observe days and months and times and years. I am afraid of you lest I have bestowed upon you labor in vain." Yet this manual recommends the observance of twenty-four Sundays out of the fifty-two in the year to be set apart for special observance. We only specify the three which seem to us the most objectionable:

Installation Day—The manual says: "Every school ought to observe this day. When the new officers and teachers for the year are to take charge of the work the pastor can do no better thing than to have a public installation of the officers and teachers at the regular preaching hour. We think he could do a much better thing, namely, preach the gospel. Much better than performing man-made rites."

Decision Day—"The day when special effort is made for the salvation of the scholars." This leads to evil, by inclining them to postpone the consideration of their personal

salvation to this special day, but far worse as the tendency is to lead children in groups to confess a faith they never possess. We have seen them stand up by the dozen and profess to decide for Christ, in just about the same spirit that they would decide to go to the picnic.

Easter Day—"Celebrating the occasion of the resurrection of Jesus." Oh, why will brethren go headlong toward Rome so heedless of consequences? Surely our Southern Baptists are not going to ape the Romanist in this fashion. The idea of leading our children astray by teaching them to observe this semi-pagan Romish festival. Baptists do not need to go to the heathen, nor to Rome to celebrate the resurrection of Jesus. We celebrate the resurrection every Lord's day, by observing it instead of the old Jewish Sabbath. Especially do we celebrate this resurrection Scripturally and impressively every time we administer Scriptural baptism. "Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also raised in the likeness of His resurrection."

Pierre de Fermat was a lawyer of Toulouse, France, born in 1601 and dying in 1665. He was one of the greatest mathematicians who ever lived; Pascal declared him the greatest. He left two theorems for demonstration by mathematicians. The lesser one has been solved by several men, both by his method of induction and by the Kummer syllogisms. But the greater Fermat has remained unsolved in spite of separate efforts by great mathematicians.

Prof. Paul Wolfskehl, of the Darmstadt University, having failed to solve the greater Fermat himself left his entire estate \$25,000, to be given as a prize to the one who would solve it. This aroused fresh interest and many went to work at it. Now, the New York Evening Post says a lady teacher in New York has demonstrated the theorem. The professors of mathematics in Cornell and in Chicago, and also in Berlin University have examined her work and declare she has solved the problem.

This lady teacher of mathematics prefers to be incognito till the Gottingen University has decided. It is with them the decision rests. But there can be little doubt she has solved the theorem and made herself immortal. It is to be hoped she will be able to stop teaching and devote herself to the study of the "higher" mathematics. This famous theorem is: "The sum of the n-th power of two positive integers cannot be an n-th power for any value of n except 2."

One of the most beautiful characters whose life ever adorned our State was Mrs. M. A. Wilson. She was one of the truest and best of our Grand Old Guard. In a private letter her daughter, Mrs. Gibson, says the last few years of her life she was too feeble to go to church, and at the hour her pastor was preaching she used to read the sermon in the Recorder.

Bro. R. J. Dev, of Trenton, Tenn., sends a subscription for his pastor, saying in his note: "I can not allow my pastor's home to be without the Old Reliable." There is quite a number of our pious brethren who send the Recorder to their pastors. Of course, we think a pastor could not receive a more valuable present.

EDITORIAL VARIETIES

All firearms and fireworks were forbidden in Lexington on July 4th. Not even a firecracker could be purchased in the city. We would commend the example of Lexington to sister cities.

Bethel College at its recent commencement conferred the degree of D.D. upon Pastor L. B. Warren, of Owensboro, and Furman University, of South Carolina, conferred the degree of LL. D. upon Prof. W. J. McGlothlin.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear a Baptist say, "I believe my church is nearer right than any other." This clearly implies that he does not believe that his church is altogether right. If such brethren would kindly point out the errors of our faith, it would somewhat simplify the situation. The columns of the Recorder are open to such an extent.

The editor recently, united in marriage, at Newport News, Va., Mr. John Hammer, of Utica, N. Y., and Miss Ida Ballantine, of Newport News. Miss Ballantine is the daughter of John T. Ballentine, Esq., one of the leading citizens of Newport News, and a highly prized friend of the editor. We wish them unbounded happiness.

Bro. S. E. Reed, who for so long has been pastor at Lyndale, has accepted a call to Caruthersville, Mo., and has entered upon his work there. We had hoped Reed would stay in Kentucky, but Missouri is to be congratulated. He has a hard but promising field. Reed preaches a whole gospel, and we expect abiding results.

Clinton College is a strictly Baptist school. Its teachers are not advocates nor apologists for alien immersion and open communion. The buildings are being enlarged, the faculty increased, the efficiency of the school promoted in every respect. The school has a future in its work for the training of our youth. Don't be afraid of Clinton College.

Christian Work says it has received several protests from its readers because of an article it publishes. The editor answers the kickers: "We believe in giving the other side a hearing. This was a signed article and in the newspaper world it is understood that no paper commits itself to the views of a signed paper. The paper may take exactly the opposite side."

Bro. R. L. Baker, who went to Arcadia, Fla., from Bethel Association, has already made his impress upon the Floridians. Dr. Geiger told me last January he was doing a fine work. There have been forty-four additions to his church. They are building one of the handsomest church houses in the State, and Baker is recognized as one of the ablest and most popular preachers in the State. He is only loaned to Florida.

In a short time the Baptist Book Concern will issue a unique volume, "Cullings of Forty Years from Musical Lanes and Hedges," compiled by Mrs. Alice J. Hackney, Bowling Green, Ky. Mrs. Hackney has figured in the musical world for more than forty years. She has pupils all over the United States. The book is instructive, historical and very readable. The contents have been gathered from almost every conceivable source.

The editor recently made a stay of four days in Newport News, Va. While there he preached three times, delivered the annual address of the Y. M. C. A., married a couple, and baptized one of the elect ladies of the city. On Sunday evening, at his old church, the editor was greeted by a congregation of about a thousand people. We rejoiced to hear many good things of the present pastor, Dr. Lloyd T. Wilson, who has already taken a strong hold on the city.

Mrs. Elizabeth S. Switzer, of Cynthiana, is supposed to be the last living Daughter of the Revolution. She is now in the ninety-third year of her age, and a devout member of the Silas Baptist church. Her son, Dr. Switzer, is a valued member of our congregation. With the passing of this noble woman, the last child of one who fought for American Independence will have ceased from the earth.

The Frankfort correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, in writing of the wife of Gov. Wilson, says: "Mrs. Wilson has borne her suffering day and night with a fortitude unusual in a woman." With more of truth, he might have said, "unusual in a man." We are really fearful, that after this deliverance our esteemed Bro. Moss will be termed a Moss-back. It might be considered cruel, therefore we shall not suggest, that a certain lady, of our acquaintance displayed singular and praiseworthy fortitude in her marriage.

AMONG THE Churches.

Walnut St. (Third and St. Catherine)—Pastor Henry A. Porter: An Old Disciple, Acts 21:16. The Spirit of Unrest, Luke 15:11-13. S. S., 153. By letter, 3. Broadway—Pastor W. W. Landrum: Christ's Kindred, Matt. 12:50. Knowledgeable Religion, John 9:25. Preached at Fortieth and Broadway during the week. Meetings for mutes in the Broadway lecture room twice on Sunday. Cedar Creek—Bro. S. A. Cooper: Christ the Light of the World, John 12:36. Crescent Hill—Pastor J. F. Griffith: Eph. 2:6. Mark 16:16. S. S., 49. Calvary—Bro. J. F. Detweiler: A Peculiar People, I. Peter 2:9. Bro. F. G. Detweiler: The Centurion at the Cross, S. S., 93. Chestnut St.—Bro. Perry Weaver: Love, I. Cor. 13:13. Bro. Roggenkamp led the B. Y. P. U. meeting at night, S. S., 65. Dr. Weaver left Saturday for Michigan City, Ind., for rest. Clifton—Pastor J. T. Betts: Salvation by Faith, Acts 16:30. The Angels, Heb. 1:14. By letter, 1. Deer Park—Pastor Robert F. Doll: Service, Matt. 20:28. Wise and Foolish Builders, Matt. 7:24-27. S. S., 27. East Meade—Pastor W. L. Wheeler: The Lord's Prayer, John 17. The Seeking Saviour, Luke 19:10. S. S., 50. Eighteenth St.—Pastor B. V. Bolton: Having a Conscience Void of Offense Toward God and Man, Acts 24:16. The Lord's Presence in Time of Distress, Acts 23:11. S. S., 33. Eleventh and Jefferson Sts. Mission—Pastor H. I. Parks: Fear of God, Deut. 10:12. S. S., 32. East—Pastor Geo. H. Crutcher: Jesus the Christ, John 4:39. The Blood, Heb. 9:22. Fourth Ave.—Pastor E. S. Alderman: All Things Are Yours, and Ye Are Christ's, I. Cor. 3:21-23. S. S., 40. Franklin St.—Pastor T. J. Duvall: Wherein Life Consists, Luke 12:15 and John 17:3. Bro. J. W. Hickerson: Soul Winning, S. S., 147. By letter 2. German—Pastor Wm. Argow: Crowned After Suffering, Heb. 2:9-10. Foolish People of the Bible, Matt. 7:26. S. S., 26. Grand Ave.—Bro. Jos. E. Fulton: Christ's Power in the Life. Demoniac Among the Tombs, Luke 8. Hazelwood—Pastor Chas. B. Althoff: The Remedy for Sin, I. John 3:5. The Sheep Warned, Rom. 13:11. S. S., 59. Highland Park—Pastor W. S. Mason: Consecration, Lev. 11:3. Christian Indifference, Rev. 3:16. S. S., 81. Highland—Pastor L. W. Doolan: Woman's Speaking in the Church, Gal. 3:28. Christian Love, Rom. 12:9-21. Pastor participated Sunday afternoon in the dedication of the Home for Incapables established by the King's Daughters on Norris avenue. Immanuel—Pastor J. C. C. Dunford: Trying to Measure the Immeasurable, Eph. 3:18-19. Walking by the Spirit, Gal. 5:25. S. S., 77; Fischer Ave. Mission, 36. Jewish Mission—Bro. M. L. Sosnin: The Glory of God Proclaimed, Ps. 19:1-3. Lyndale—Bro. J. G. Bow: Labor and Rest, Micah 2:10 and Heb. 4:9. Grace and Glory, Ps. 84:11. S. S., 29. Lytle St. S. S.—Pastor J. D. Hudson: Sunday School met at 3 p. m., 34 in attendance. Oakdale—Pastor Erwin L. Averitt: The Curse of Meroz, Judges 5:23. The Precious Saviour, I. Peter 2:7. S. S., 68. Oakdale Mission—Bro. E. Duncan: The Pharisee and Publican, Luke 18:9-14. S. S., 48. Four requests for prayer. Arrangements are being made to organize into a church next Thursday evening. Ormsby Ave.—Pastor G. D. Buleisen: Workers With Christ, Acts 8:4. II. Tim. 4:7. Seeking Jesus, John 12:21. S. S., 66. Bro. Morris preached in the morning and we were all glad to hear him. Friday, July 23rd; Ormsby Avenue Sunday School picnic, a ride in the boat Columbia, on the beautiful Ohio to Fern Grove. Tickets for adults only 10 cents. We give each year what is known as the People's Picnic, the cheapest excursion of the year to Fern Grove. Come with us and make it a success, by making someone happy. The only sixth and Market—Pastor R. T. Reed: Acknowledging God, Prov. 3: A Hiding Place, Ps. 32:7. S. S., 163. Third Ave.—Pastor S. J. Cannon: The Joys of the Righteous, Ps. 32:11. The Sorrows of the Unrighteous, Ps. 32:10. S. S., 80. By letter, 3; for baptism, 1. Preached at the Orphans' Home at 3:30 p. m., Ps. 23:1. Tabernacle (New Albany)—Bro. J. S. Detweiler: Encouragement in Distress, Ps. 40:17. No Judgment for Believers, John 5:24.

Van Buren St.—Pastor E. G. Sills: A Believer's Weapons, II. Cor. 10:4. Bro. Fulton: Overcoming Difficulty, Judges 14:14. S. S., 32.

DEAR RECORDER: I enclose \$2 for the renewal of the paper. I was eighty-nine years old last birthday and still enjoy reading it, and am not tired of it yet. I have been taking it forty years now, and am glad it is succeeding so well. It can't help to succeed when it is so strong in New Testament doctrine the only hope for Baptists. Long may it live and spread from shore to shore and indoctrinate the world. The Lord bless your paper, MARY HARDESTY. Louisville, Ky.

ORDINATION OF B. T. KIMBROUGH On Wednesday evening, June 17th, a council was called by Chestnut Street church, composed of Brethren J. M. Weaver, chairman, W. W. Landrum, examiner, H. A. Porter, preacher of the sermon, G. W. Crutcher, secretary. After a satisfactory examination of the candidate, and a splendid sermon by Bro. Porter, the ordaining prayer was offered by Bro. Weaver.

After Bro. Kimbrough finishes his course in the Seminary and in the medical college he expects to go to Africa as a missionary. He is of a fine Baptist family, a graduate of the University of Mississippi, and has studied abroad for three years. May the Lord make him a blessing.

A council composed of Brethren Landrum, Powell Weaver, Hunt, Vick, Crutcher, Cannon, Detweiler, and Hoagland met in the Twenty-second and Walnut Street church to examine Brethren Z. F. Bond and J. N. Ford, whose churches had called for their ordination. Both of them are students in William Jewell, and had been reared in the fellowship of this church. The council being satisfied with the Christian experience and call to the ministry of each of them, recommended them for ordination, which was done after a very practical sermon by Bro. Powell.

MARRIED.

An event of some interest last month was the marriage of Miss Ida Elizabeth Vaughn, of Louisville, Ky., to Rev. Joseph Edward Fulton, of Savannah, Ga. The parties were married in the Highlands by the Rev. Dr. L. W. Doolan.

THE STATE.

Our colleges are already preparing for the year's work. Georgetown has in a splendid ad. this week. Georgetown always "makes good."

Pastor J. W. Bruner writes from Paducah, Ky., to Hartford, where I go as pastor of the Hartford church. I began my work there Sunday, July 4th.

The Louisville Training School at Beechmont has passed beyond the experiment period. Its efficiency has been demonstrated. Only seventy-five pupils will be taken. Make early application if you expect to enter.

Pastor Ben Huey, assisted by Bro. W. D. Hutton, is carrying on a meeting in South Ballard church, near Bardwell. Old South Ballard is among our best churches, and we pray God's blessing upon the meeting.

Pastor T. W. Gayer writes from Millville: "Last night the Millville church closed what is said to be the best meeting in the history of the church. The entire community was moved and the church revived. Eighteen were added to the church, others are writing for their letters. As an appreciation the church presented the pastor, who had done the preaching, with a liberal purse."

On Sunday the Winchester church called to its pastorate Bro. T. J. Porter, brother of their beloved pastor, J. J. Porter, and it is understood he will accept the call. We congratulate both church and pastor. Winchester is one of our best churches, being blessed with an unusual number of strong, godly laymen, men of intellectual power and earnest piety. And we congratulate the church for we are told that their new pastor walks in the footsteps of the brother he revered and loved so dearly.

Bro. W. T. Barker writes from Athens: "Bro. C. L. Graham, now of Louisville, Ky., who has served our church at Athens, as pastor for the past three and a half years offered his resignation the third Sunday in June. The church regrets very much to give Bro. Graham up. He was a devoted pastor, a faithful minister of the gospel, sound in doctrine and we regarded him as one of our best

preachers. He accomplished much good while he was with us and left the church in a much better condition than he found it. We shall always feel a deep interest in his future. Our prayer is that his life may be spared long to preach the gospel."

BETHEL COLLEGE NOTES.

On the 7th of September Bethel College will begin her fifty-sixth session, and these hot days of July are busy with preparation for a big opening of the old institution. Many forces are working together to make the opening a successful opening of a successful session.

The commencement some five weeks ago gave the friends of the college much encouragement. The visiting preachers and speakers afforded their hearers rich inspiration, the young men of the college in their public declamation contest, and as graduates on commencement day, acquitted themselves well, and the students, when they went to their homes, went full of enthusiasm for the college and with the determination to return in the fall and bring with them new students.

After two years of faithful service, during which he did much for Bethel, President James D. Garner has retired from the institution; and Prof. F. D. Perkins takes his place. Mr. Perkins comes amply equipped for his work; he is an A. B. and A. M. of Denison University Ohio, and is a college man of great energy and ability. Backed by a board of trustees who repose in him the utmost confidence and supported by a strong and loyal faculty, Mr. Perkins is sure to bring things to pass for Bethel.

Extensive improvement are now being made upon the grounds and buildings, and even while the work is yet unfinished the campus is wonderfully beautiful and attractive.

And the endowment! Well, it is now at high water mark and still rising. The Baptist Education Society of Kentucky, of which Bethel has recently become a member, has increased the endowment by several thousand dollars and is earnestly aiding the college in her efforts to get more money and larger patronage.

Several professors are at work canvassing for students, and the friends of education must lend them willing ears: Bethel deserves and expects to get the support and patronage of those who desire to foster a high standard of education.

Prof. James H. Fuqua, Sr. who on January 1st, 1908, retired from his four years' term as State Superintendent of Public Instruction for Kentucky, takes again his old chair of Mathematics in Bethel.

CHARLES M. LONG.

Bethel College, Russellville, Ky.,

THE DEDICATION OF NEW HOPE CHURCH AT MOORMAN.

W. D. Powell.

Rev. B. F. Jenkins, the wise pastor of New Hope church, when the town of Moorman was laid out saw the importance of securing a lot and being the first to build. The old church was in good repair, but it was a mile away.

So a good lot was secured and pastor and flock have labored most faithfully until they have secured a church that is a credit to the cause and the community. It cost \$2,600. I preached on Saturday night. Yesterday morning it began raining at an early hour. One hundred and fifty people came on one train and two hundred on another. They were drenched. But the house was well filled. The Island Church Choir furnished most exquisite music and the sermon was preached and we began the task of raising \$645. We had promised aid from our Church Building Fund. The pastor and people worked heroically. The women and men both worked and finally the amount was completed, the keys were turned over to the trustees and the house was solemnly dedicated to the service of God. Pastor and people wept for joy.

The church and community furnished a bountiful dinner for the hundreds who came and every one went away rejoicing.

BETHEL ASSOCIATION.

There seems to have gone out two false impressions about the place of meeting of Bethel Association. One that Lewisburg is inaccessible, the other that the town will be heavily taxed to take care of the body. Both impressions are erroneous.

First, Lewisburg is easily accessible. Morning trains from Adairville, Bowling Green and Guthrie all connect at Russellville with the O. & N. train so as to put you into the place of meeting at nine o'clock. Likewise the evening train from Lewisburg connects at Russellville with all trains for the above named points.

Second, Lewisburg can easily entertain the Association. You will scarcely find anywhere a more hospitable people. The

town possesses public spirit and all denominations and classes throw open their doors to any public meeting.

I had the pleasure of laboring with these good people six years and am glad to make this correction on my own responsibility. So come on, Lewisburg never does things by halves. C. C. DAVES. Auburn, Ky.,

DEAR RECORDER: Permit me to say that the Western Recorder is appreciated by me and my family more than any other Baptist paper that comes to my home. I have been pastor at this place nearly nine years. The town is situated between Selma, Ala., and Pensacola, Fla., on the Selma division of the L. & N. railroad. It is surrounded by a fine farming district, and is rapidly building up, both in spiritual and material things. It has a first class graded school, three hotels and a bank. The people are industrious, refined and hospitable. No loafers allowed in the town. Bro. Cox, of Mobile, assisted me in my meeting. The Lord was with us, and as a result twenty-three joined the church by baptism. This part of South Alabama is the finest field for Christian activity that I have ever seen. Atmore and Flomaton, situated in this district are without a pastor. W. N. HUCKABEE. Pine Apple, Ala.

DEAR RECORDER: I and family are in great sorrow. On the night of the 17th of June our precious son, Edward Ryals, was drowned in the Colorado river, about two miles from Austin, while he and two other boys were returning in small boats from an outing up the river. His body was not recovered until the 19th of June. He was our youngest child our baby, and our only son. We have one daughter left. He was a noble, Christian boy, and we feel sure he is saved, but oh, the sorrow at parting from him. He was sixteen years of age and weighed 158 pounds. Thank God, we can go to him some sweet day. Ask that Christians pray for me and family. God bless you. W. J. DURHAM. Austin, Texas.

Last week the printer made Dr. Boyce say: "In religious truth what is new is not true, and what is true is not new." Dr. Boyce said, "What is true is not new." But the printer stumbled on what is a sad truth in too many places. What is true is not now believed and taught.

OTHER STATES.

Pastor J. A. Sullivan says the skies seem to be brightening for Washington, N. C. In the meeting just closed forty-two came forward, twenty-eight presented themselves for membership, most of them for baptism.

Bro. T. O. Reese, of Nashville, Tennessee, writes: "We are having a glorious meeting at Grand View Heights this city. This is the third week of the meeting. Up to this time we have received into the church by letter and by baptism twenty-six. Grand View is our youngest church and presents a fine opportunity."

A new church has been constituted in a suburb of Paris, Tenn., to be known as the Chicasaw church. There were thirty-four charter members and fourteen added by experience and baptism immediately after the organization was effected. A lot was given for the construction of a house and the work of building will begin at once.

Pastor A. A. Butler writes from Hartford, N. C.: "We have just closed a splendid meeting in the Hereford church, Hereford, N. C. Pastor Henry W. Battle of the First church, Kinston, N. C., aided me. Bro. Battle preached a great sermon to men on Sunday afternoon to a packed house. Almost every man present either made a profession of religion or reconsecrated himself to the Lord. This was a great meeting. Bro. Battle is wonderfully gifted as an evangelist. Sixteen have so far been received into the church and others will follow."

Dr. Charles H. Nash, Hawkinsville, Ga., writes: "God has most graciously and gloriously visited his people here. Bro. Geo. C. Cates was with us in a meeting of nineteen days, closing June 30th. Our church has had one hundred and twenty-one additions, one hundred and one by baptism. The pastor had a gloriously hard and strenuous day Sunday, the 'glorious fourth.' He attended five services and baptized eighty-two converts. Nineteen others await baptism and more will follow. No meeting to compare with it has ever been known in this section. The town and the country for twenty miles was reached as never before."

W. M. U. NOTES.

Agnes A. Osborn.

Sin worketh, let me work, too.

Yet this one thing I learn to know, Each day more surely as I go, That doors are opened, ways are made, Burdens are lifted or are laid, By some great law unseen and still, "Not as I will."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Our Associational meetings begin July 22nd, with Simpson leading off at Pleasant Hill, near Franklin. Let our Associational vice presidents begin at once to plan for our W. M. U. meetings. Let them do everything in their power to make these meetings in every respect helpful and inspiring. And let each society send delegates who may gain information and enthusiasm to carry back home and interest those who cannot go.

Miss Heck instead of bringing new requests to the societies this year emphasizes the six old ones with a new earnestness. These are: 1. To pray once a week for a signal advance in worldwide missions. 2. To give one meeting during the year to the study of Systematic and Proportionate Giving. 3. To take a definite aim for the year, making, if possible, a one-fourth increase. 4. To press Enlistment during the month of October. 5. To observe the Weeks of Prayer in January and March. 6. To urge every woman in your church to give not less than 25 cents to the Christmas Offering for China and 15 cents to the Self-denial Offering for Home Missions.

Mrs. Stephens, China, begs for the prayers of her home people for the physical as well as the spiritual strength of our missions. Eleven from her girls' school are still out of the fold, for whom she asks prayer.

"Sir," said a converted Chinese woman who had just buried her daughter, "the grave has become a new place to me since Jesus came to our village."

The Moravian missionary, Heyde, who died last year at the age of 83, worked from 1852 down into the present century on the southern edge of Tibet. For fifty years he never left his field for the homeland. He did much for the Tibetans in the valleys of the Himalayas—among other things helping them unawares to a better system of agriculture. In his last years he revised the Tibetan New Testament for the British Bible Society, working with two pairs of spectacles and a magnifying glass. Just before his death he said to a Tibetan co-worker: "You must not tell the people merely to be better. They must cleave to Christ the crucified. The cross of Jesus must be the chief concern of your preaching."

Sir Albert Spicer has just presented to the Sunday School Union a tea set, given by Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday Schools, to one of his scholars as a first prize over eighty-five years ago.

In the February issue of The Bible Society Gleanings there are two pages of pictures showing various ways in which the Bible travels. One picture shows the Bible seller arriving at a rest-house in the Sudan on a camel; another a Bible seller on a boat on a Siberian river; another shows a Bible cart being hauled on to a ferryboat to cross the Yellow river in China; another a covered cart laden with Bibles, starting on a long tour in New Zealand; another a Bible bullock-wagon in Malaysia; another a Bible boat on the Euphrates; and another a Johannesburg donkey carrying a load of Bibles.

Rev. James H. McLean, of San Fernando, witnessed a wonderful turning to the Lord in Chile. "In two nights," he says, "I saw almost a hundred confess Christ for the first time, and without the semblance of frenzied emotion advance to the front and give their names and addresses."

The Korean Christians have three characteristic traits; they are earnest Bible readers, earnest in prayer and earnest in mission work. It may almost be said that every Korean Christian seems to be born a missionary or an evangelist.

It shows a long advance in mission work in China, that the Chinese Recorder is entirely taken up with the one theme of "Women's Work for Women." It was not long ago that almost nothing was being done, even by our missionary societies, for China's women, and it is well within our remembrance, when Mr. Taylor urged the sending of women into the interior of China, that he was first as a fanatic. But times, thank God, have rapidly changed. Now all missionary societies have adopted it as a part of their policy to separate married or single women unto the work of evangelizing the women of China, and several societies have followed Mr. Taylor's lead in sending women into the interior, to reach the vast numbers of women there, even though this means extra hardship and something of danger.



THE DIFFERENCE.

There was a man, there was a man Who hated meddling so, He saw his neighbor's house burn down, And closer drew his dressing gown And let the building go.

There was a man, there was a man Who always lent a hand, Whatever his neighbor did, he'd try To have a finger in the pie. They drove him from the land.

And old Diogenes remarked The difference to hit "Twist meddling when you do no good And bravely helping when you should, Requires a pretty wit. —Selma Ware Paine.

THE MARRIAGE OF OUR MINISTER.

By Annie H. Donnell.

Mrs. Leah Bloodgood walked heavily, without the painstaking little springy leaps she adopted usually as an offset to her stoutness. She mounted Cornelia Opp's doorsteps with an air of gloomy abstraction that sat uneasily on the plump terraces of her face as if at any moment it might slide off. It slid off now at sight of Cornelia Opp's serene, sweet face. "My gracious! Cornelia, is this your house?" laughed Mrs. Bloodgood, pantingly. "Here I thought I was going up Marilla Merritt's steps! You don't mean to tell me that I turned into Ridgway Street instead of Penn?" "This isn't Penn Street," smiled Cornelia Opp. She had flung the door wide with a gesture of welcome. "No—mercy, no, I can't come in!" panted the woman on the steps. "I've got to see Marilla Merritt, right off. When I come calling on you, Cornelia, I want my mind easy so we can have a good time." "Poor Mrs. Merritt!" "Well, Marilla ought to suffer if I do—she's on the Suffering Committee! Goodbye, Cornelia. Don't you go and tell anybody how absent-minded I was. They'll say it's catching." "It's the minister, then," mused Cornelia in the doorway, watching the stout figure go down the street. "Now what has the poor man been doing this time?" A gentle pity grew in her beautiful grey eyes. It was so hard on ministers to be all alone in the world, especially certain kinds of ministers. No matter how long-suffering Suffering Committees might be they could not make allowances enough. "Poor man! Well, the Lord's on his side," smiled in the doorway Cornelia Opp. Marilla Merritt was not like Mrs. Leah Bloodgood. Marilla was little where Leah was big, and nothing daunted Marilla. She was shaking a rug out on her sunny verandah, and desisted the toiling figure while it was yet afar off. "There's Leah Bloodgood coming, or my name's Sarah! What is Leah Bloodgood out this time of day for, with the minister's dinner to get? Something is up." She waved the rug gaily. "Miss Merritt isn't at home!" she called; she's out on the doorsteps shaking rugs! Leah Bloodgood," as the figure drew near, "you look all tucked out! Come in here quick and sit down. Don't try to talk. You needn't tell me something's up—just say what. Has that blessed man been—" "Yes, he has!" panted the caller, vindictively. It is harder to be long-suffering when one is out of breath. "You listen to this. I've brought his letter to read to you." "His letter?" Marilla could not have been much more astonished if the other had taken the minister himself out of her little dangling black bag. "Yes; it came this morn—Mercy! Marilla, don't look so amazed! Didn't you know he'd gone away on his holiday? He forgot it was next month instead of this, and I found him packing his things and hadn't the heart to tell him. I thought on his face better go—but, mercy, didn't I send you word? It is catching. I shall be bad as he is." "Good as he is, do you mean? Don't worry about being that!" laughed little Marilla Merritt. "Well, I'm glad he's gone, dear man." "You won't be glad long, 'dear man'! Here's his letter. Take a long breath before you read it. I suppose I ought

to prepare you, but I want you to see how I felt." "I might count ten first," deliberated smiling Marilla, fingering the white envelop with a certain tenderness. A certain tenderness and the minister went together with them all. "But, no, I'm going to sail right in." "Take your own risks, of course, but my advice is to reef all your main—or jibsails first," Mrs. Leah Bloodgood wendly murmured. "You'll find the sea choppy." "Dear Sister Bloodgood," read Marilla, aloud, with reckless glibness, "Will you be so kind as to send my best suit? I am going to marry my old friend whom I have met here after twenty years. The wedding will take place next Wednesday morn—" "What!" "Read on," groaned Mrs. Bloodgood. "He says the fishing's excellent." "I should say so! And that's what he's caught! Leah Bloodgood, what did you ever let him go away for without a body-guard? That poor, dear, innocent, kind-hearted man, to go and fall among—among thieves like that!" "He's just absent-minded enough to go and do it himself. I don't suppose we ought to blame them. Read on." "Next Wednesday morning, at ten o'clock," moaned little Marilla, glibness all gone. "It would be most embarrassing to do so in these clothes, as I am sure you will see, dear sister. Kindly see that my best white tie is included. I would not wish to be unbecomingly attired on so joyous an occasion. She is a widow with five chil—" "Mercy, don't faint away! Where's your fans? Didn't I tell you there were breakers ahead? I don't wonder you're all broken up! Give it to me; I'll read the rest. M—m, 'joyous occasion'—five children—she is a widow with five children, all of them most lovable little creatures. You know my fondness for children. I have been greatly benefited by my sojourn in this lovely spot. I cannot thank you too warmly for recommending it. I find the fish—" "Leah Bloodgood, that will do! Don't read another word. Don't fan me, don't ask me how I feel now. Let me get my breath, and then we will go over and open the parsonage windows. That, I suppose, is the first thing to do. It's something to be thankful for that it's a good sized parsonage." "Be thankful then—I'm not. I'm not anything but incensed clear through. After I'd taken every precaution that was ever thought of and some that weren't ever, to keep that man out of mischief! I thought of all the absent-minded things he might do, but I never thought of this, no, I never! And we wanted him to marry Cornelia so much, Marilla! Cornelia would have made him such a beautiful wife!" "Beautiful!" sighed Marilla, hopelessly. It had been the dear pet plan they had nursed in common with all the parish. Everybody but the minister and Cornelia had shared in it. "And five children! Marilla Merritt, think of five children romping over our parsonage, knocking all the corners off." "I'm thinking," mourned Marilla, gustily. She felt a dismal suspicion that this was going to daunt her. But her habit of facing things came to the front. "Wednesday's only four days off," she said, with fine assumption of briskness. "I don't suppose he said anything about a wedding tour, did he?" "No. But even if he took one he'd probably forget and stop off here. So we can't count on that. What's done has got to be done in four days. What has got to be done, Marilla?" "Everything. We must start this minute, Leah Bloodgood! The house must be aired and painted and papered, and the cellar stairs must be repaired, and window-glass set—there's no end! And all in four days! We can't let our minister bring his wife and five children home to a shabby house. Cornelia Opp must go round and get money for new dining-room chairs, and there ought to be more beds with a fam-ily like that. Dishes, too. Cornelia ought to start at once. She's the best solicitor we have." "There's another thing," broke out Mrs. Bloodgood; "the minister must have some new shirts. He ought to have a whole trousseau. He hasn't boarded with me, and I done all his mending, without my knowing what he ought to have, now that he's going to go and get married. We can't let him be shabby either." "Then, of course, there ought to be a lot of cooked food in the house, and some all ready for them when they come. Oh, I guess we'll find plenty to do! I guess we can't stop to groan much. But, oh, how different we'd all feel if it was Cornelia!" "Different! I'd give 'em my dining-room chairs and my cellar stairs! I'd make shirts and sit up all night to cook! It's—it's wicked, Marilla, that's what it is." "I know it is, but he isn't," champ-

ioned Marilla. "He's just a good man gone wrong. It's his guardian angel that's to blame—a guardian angel has no business to be napping." At best, it was pretty late in the day to overhaul a parsonage that had been closed so long and sinking gently into mild decay. The little parish woke with a dismayed start and went to work, to a woman. Operations were begun with an amazingly brief time; cleaners and ropayers were hurried to the parsonage, and the women of the parish were told off into relays to assist them. The minister had come to them, a lone bachelor, with kind, absent eyes and the faculty of making himself beloved. For six years they had taken care of him and loved him—watched over his outgoings and his incomings and forgiven all his absent-mindednesses. They had picked out Cornelia Opp for him, and added it to their prayers like an earnest codicil—"O Lord, bring Cornelia Opp and the minister together, Amen." Cornelia Opp herself lived on her sweet, unselfish, single life, and prayed, "Lord, bless the minister," unsuspectingly. She was as much beloved among them all as the minister. They were proud of her slender, beautiful figure and her serene face, and of her many capabilities. What the minister lacked, Cornelia had; Cornelia lacked nothing. Marilla Merritt and Cornelia Opp were appointed a receiving committee, to be at the parsonage when the minister and his wife and five children arrived. A bountiful supper was to be in readiness, prepared by all the good women impartially; the duty of the receiving committee was merely, as Mrs. Leah Bloodgood said, "to smile and tell pleasant little lies—Such a delightful surprise—so glad to welcome, etc." "Cornelia and Marilla Merritt are just the ones," she said, succinctly. "I should say: 'You awful man, you! Can't we trust you out of our sights?' And I suppose that wouldn't be the best way to welcome 'em." The minister had sent a brief notice of his expected arrival home on Wednesday evening, and, unless he forgot and went somewhere else, there was good reason to expect him then. Everything was hurried into readiness. At the last moment someone sent in a doll to make the minister's children feel more at home. Cornelia laughed and set the little thing on the sofa, stiffly erect endlessly smiling. "Looks nice, doesn't it?" sighed tired little Marilla, returning from a last round of the tidy rooms. "I don't see anything else left to do, unless—is that dust?" "No, it's bloom," hastened Cornelia, covertly wiping it off. "You poor, tired thing, don't look at anything else! Just go home, and rest a little bit before you change your dress. Mine's all changed, and I can stay here and mount guard. I can be practising my lies!" "I've got mine by heart," laughed Marilla. "I could say 'so delighted' if he brought two wives and ten children!" "Don't!" Cornelia's sweet voice sounded a little severe. "We've said it enough about the poor man. It's four o'clock. If you're going—" "I am. Cornelia Opp, turn that child back to! She makes me nervous sitting there on that sofa staring at me! Will you see her!" "She does look a little out of place," Cornelia admitted, but she left the stiff little figure undisturbed. After the other woman had gone she sat down beside it on the sofa, and smoked absently its gaudy little dress. Cornelia's face was pensive, she could scarcely have told why. Not the minister but the truly appointed house with its indefinable atmosphere of a home with little children—it was what she was thinking of with- out conscious effort of her own. The smiling doll beside her, the high chair that she could see through an inner door, and the foolish little gilt mug that someone had donated to the minister's baby-est one—they all contributed to the gentle pensiveness on Cornelia's sweet face. She was but a step by thirty and a woman at thirty has not settled down resignedly into a lonesome old age. Let a little child come tilting by, or a little child's foolish belongings intrude themselves upon her vision and old, odd longings creep out of secret crannies and haunt her, willy-nilly. It is the latent motherhood within her that has been denied its own. It was the secret of the soft wistfulness in Cornelia's eyes. So she sat until the minister came home. It was the sound of his step on the walk that roused her and sent the colour into her face and made it perilous. From its place on the sofa Marilla Merritt had been unwarrantably delayed. She came in flushed and panting, but indomitably smiling. Her sharp glance sought for a wife and five children. "Such a delightful surprise!" she panted, holding out her hand to the minister. "We are so glad to welcome—Why!—have you shown them to their rooms, Cornelia?" "They—they didn't come," mur-

wife and five children! He looked in- stead at the beautiful vision that stood in the parsonage doorway, glimpses of home behind it, welcome and comfort in it. The minister was in need of welcome and comfort. His loneliness had been accentuated cruelly by the bit of happiness he had caught a brief glimpse of and left behind him. Perhaps the loneliness was in his face. "Welcome home," Cornelia said, in the doorway. She put aside her astonishment at his coming alone, and answered the need in his face. Her hands were out in a gracious greeting. To the minister how good it was! "They told me to come right here," he said, "or I should have gone to Mrs. Bloodgood's as usual. I don't quite understand—" "Never mind understanding," Cornelia smiled, leading the way into the pretty parlor, "anyway, till you get into a comfortable rocker. It's so much easier to understand in a rocking-chair! I—well, I think I need one, too! You see we expected—we didn't expect you alone." "No?" his puzzled gaze taking in all the kind little appointments of the room and coming to a stop at the smiling doll. The two of them sat and stared at each other. "We thought you would bring—wo- got all ready for your wife and the children," Cornelia was saying. The minister looked up. "My wife and children?" he repeated after her. "I don't think I know what you mean, Miss Cornelia. I must be dreaming—No, wait; please don't tell me what it all means just yet! Give me a little time to enjoy the dream." But Cornelia went on. "You wrote Mrs. Bloodgood about your marriage," she said. Sweet voices can be severe. "It hurried us a little, but we have tried to get everything in readiness. If there is another bed needed for the child—" "I wrote Mrs. Bloodgood about my marriage?" he said, slowly, then, as understanding dawned upon him the puzzled lines in his face loosened into laughter that would out. He leaned back in his rocker and gave himself up to it helplessly. As helplessly Cornelia joined in. "Will you ex—excuse me?" he laughed. "No," laughed she. "But I can't help it, and you're laughing too." "No!" He got to his feet and caught her hands. "Let's keep on," he pleaded, unmin- isterially. "I'm having a beautiful time. Aren't you? I wish you'd say yes, Miss Cornelia!" "Yes," she smiled, "but we can't sit here laughing all the rest of the afternoon. Marilla Merritt will be here—" "Oh, Marilla Merritt—" He sighed. The minister was young, too. "And she will want to know—things," hinted Cornelia, mildly. She drew the smiling doll into her lap and smoothed its dress absently. The minister re- treated to his rocker again. "I think I would rather tell you," he said, quietly. "I did marry my old friend this morning, but I married her to another man. It was a mistake—all a mistake." "Then you ought not to have married her, ought you?" commented Cornelia, demurely. Over the doll's little foolish head her eyes were dancing. Marilla Merritt might not see that it was funny, Mrs. Bloodgood mightn't, but it was. Unless—unless it was pathetic. Suddenly Cornelia felt that it was. The minister was no longer laughing. He sat in the rocker, strangely—quiet— Perhaps he did not realize that his eyes were on Cornelia's beautiful face; perhaps he thought he was looking at the doll. He knew what he was thinking of. The utter loneliness behind him and ahead of him appalled him in its contrast to this. This woman sitting opposite him with the face of the woman that a man would like always near him, this little home with the two of them in it alone—the minister knew what it was he wanted. He wanted it to go right on—never to end. He knew that he had always wanted it. All the soul of the man rose up to claim it. And because there was need of hurry, because Marilla Merritt was coming, he held out his hands to Cornelia and the foolish, un- tonished doll. "Come," he said, pleadingly, and of course the doll could not have gone alone. He dropped it gently back into Marilla Merritt's lap. "They—they didn't come," mur-

mured Cornelia, retreating to her un- fail- ally on the sofa. In the stress of the moment—for Cornelia was not ready for Marilla Merritt—it had seemed to her that the time for "lies" had come. She had even beckoned to the nearest one. But the ghosts of ministers' wives that had been and that were to be had risen in a warning cloud about her and saved her. "Didn't come!" shrilled Marilla Merritt in her astonishment. "His wife and children didn't come! Do you know what you are saying, Cornelia? You don't mean—Then I don't wonder you look flustered—" She caught herself up hurriedly, but her thoughts ran on unchecked. Of all things that ever! Could absent-mindedness go further than this—to marry a wife and forget to bring her home with him?—and five children!" Marilla Merritt turned sharply upon the minister. "Where is your wife?" was demanded, the frayed ends of her patience trailing from her tone. The minister crossed the room to Cornelia and the doll. He laid his big white hand gently on Cornelia's small white one. There was protective tenderness in the gesture and the touch. "I found her here waiting for me," he said.—Southern Cross.

ADELE'S MILLION GUESTS.

"Mamma! Mamma! Mamma!" screamed Adele, rushing downstairs to the sitting-room. "There's a million big flies in my room, a whole million!" "Why, dearie!" said Mrs. Green. "How can you say such a thing? Don't you know it is a very bad fault for any one, even a little girl, to exaggerate? It is telling an untruth to make things larger than they really are in speaking about them." "But, mamma, you just come and see," said the little girl. "I know there's a million, sure. The room is just full of them." So Mrs. Green had to leave her work and go up to the pretty blue and white chamber that belonged to Adele. Adele was only six, and she had been sleeping alone in her dear little room just a week. "There may be a few flies in the room because papa took the screen out to mend it," said Mrs. Green on the way upstairs, "but not a million, of course." But when she opened the door she hastily slammed it shut again. "Dear! Dear!" she exclaimed. "What can be the matter? Adele, your flies are honey bees." The little room was full of a buzzing, humming mass, and the insects were crawling over everything. "There must be a swarm somewhere," said Adele's mamma, running out into the yard. "Dearie, I don't wonder you thought there was a million." When they reached the lawn, they found that a swarm of bees were hanging on the limb of a pear-tree, right against the window, and that a great many had gone through the open window "Will they never come out, mamma!" asked Adele, ready to cry. "Will they always stay in my little room?" Just then an old gentleman from across the way came hunting the lost bees, and he was very glad to see them on the pear limb. "Don't you cry, Adele," he said. "I'll soon have your visitors in their own little house." From a safe distance Adele watched him sprinkle the mass of bees with water and then carefully saw off the limb on which they were hung. Slowly he came down the ladder and when he shook the bees in front of the hive a little brown procession started right in as if to begin the housekeeping at once. A little more water sprinkled on them hurried the procession and very soon they were going back and forth as if moving was a very easy task. "Mamma, you said guests should always be treated nicely," said Adele, when she could use her room again, "but we drove mine out. They gave me a kind of surprise party, and I didn't wait for it. I guess when visitors invite themselves they never get treated very nice, do they? Anyway, mine didn't." —Journal and Messenger.

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STORIES FOR LITTLE ONES

TO THE RESCUE.

By Abbie Farwell Brown.

"Hello! I wonder what that was?"

Tom turned abruptly from watching the huge waves which were roaring up the beach and peered landward towards the marsh.

"I wonder who's shooting down here," said Tom to himself.

A not altogether unpleasant thrill ran down his spine as he thought of all the pirates and robbers and Indians whose tales had made famous this strip of coast.

He glanced towards the Life-saving Station, which was only a few rods away. Yes, there was a man in blue uniform and brass buttons pacing back and forth, now and then peering out to sea with a telescope.

On catching sight of the Captain, Tom forgot all about the rifle shot. He began to walk quickly towards the Station. He thought he should like to look for wrecks, too.

"It's a dog!" thought Tom, and he began to whistle to it.

But the creature paid no attention.

"No, it isn't a dog!" cried Tom, much excited as it passed nearer him in light leaps.

And, sure enough, it was a baby-deer! Over the smooth beach it sped, running into the boiling surf.

"Oh, it will be drowned!" cried Tom, running down the beach after it.

A point of rocks jutted out to the right of the Life-saving Station, and towards this the little creature began to swim, fighting the big waves that threatened every minute to dash it to pieces.

Tom drew a long breath. "Now they can see that its strength was nearly spent. Half a dozen more strong pulls—"

But no! The fawn was too frightened to stop there. Its one idea seemed to be to get as far as possible from the shore where danger lay.

and the far-off coast of Spain, on the other side of the ocean, and that the poor little thing was swimming to certain death.

"Oh, it will be drowned after all!" he cried. "Can't they save it? Won't they try?"

He ran towards the Life-saving Station at top speed. The Captain was standing still now, staring fixedly through his telescope at something out in the water.

"O Captain," called Tom, "it's a little baby deer. Can't you save it? It is swimming right out to sea. Please, can't I help?"

The Captain put down his telescope quickly.

"I see," he said. "I thought at first it was a yellow dog. You're right, Sonny. Here men," he called to some fellows who were lounging inside. "Man the lifeboat! We'll try to save that poor little tyke there."

"Hi-yi! Come on, boys! shove her off! Hi, there!"

The crew fell to with a will, as eagerly as if this were their regular duty. Down the sloping runway they shoved the great lifeboat, down to the edge of the surf.

Some of them jumped in and seized the oars. Others waded out into the water waiting for the right moment to launch the boat, for the waves were breaking with a constant dash of foam, and it was no child's play.

Tom had followed them closely with shining eyes.

"Oh! let me go, too," he begged.

"Please, Captain, let me go!"

"Nonsense!" said the Captain.

"You can't go, Sonny. It's too rough. We may all be swamped yet."

"Please!" coaxed Tom. "I discovered her. I do so want to help."

"Plucky chap!" said the Captain, "but it's against regulations."

"Cap'n" said one of the sailors, touching his cap, "I'll take care of him. This ain't a regular job, anyway."

The Captain hesitated. "Well, come on, then," he assented at last.

"You'll get wet, and scared, too, I guess. But if Bob's responsible for you I guess you'll be safe enough. Mind your eye, Bob, and see that no harm comes to him whatever happens."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Bob, seizing Tom in his strong arms and wading with him through the surf to the boat. And off they went, over the top of the next towering wave.

"There she is!" cried Tom, spluttering salt water and rubbing the spray from his eyes. He had caught sight of a little yellow head bobbing above the waves far beyond them.

"Aye, there she is," shouted the Captain. "She's growing tired too. Pull, boys, and we'll save her yet."

How they pulled, those life-saving men! The boat rose on the top of a great wave, pitched headlong into a hollow, rose again, drenched and dripping. Tom felt a sailor's big arm around him or he would have been swept overboard. The men gave a great shout. Tom gasped and choked.

This was worse than Uncle Albert's diving lessons! But he was not afraid. On they went, seeming to leap from mountain to mountain of water. Tom strained his eyes eagerly. The little fawn was nearer now, still swimming bravely, but they could see that its strength was nearly spent. Half a dozen more strong pulls—

"Now, then!" The Captain gave a quick command. The boat seemed to leap forward, then ro wpoint of land and, plunging once more into the water, began to swim bravely. But Tom knew that now there was no land between it

fawn, weak and trembling, too exhausted to struggle with the strangers.

"Here, you hold her, young one," commanded the Captain. And they put the little creature into Tom's arms.

It was a long, lank, bony arm. Its legs dangled pitifully over Tom's knees. He hugged her close to keep her warm, and the fawn lay quiet, as if feeling that at last she was safe. But there was still a rough passage ashore, and few words were spoken except in quick commands, until a huge wave drove them far up the beach, and the crew, leaping out, drew the boat into safety. The men blew sounds of self-congratulation like porpoises.

"A narrow shave!" cried the Captain. "Well, youngster! I guess you don't owe us much for letting you enjoy that trip! Whew!"

A dripping crowd, they all went up to the Life-saving Station, Tom swaggering among them as bravely as he could with his burden and his clinging clothes. He felt like an old salt indeed.

Soon they had him wrapped in blankets, set to dry before the fire. And there, too, the little fawn was made comfortable in a soft box.

"Well, what shall you do with her, now you've saved her, with some trouble?" said the Captain to Tom, as he stood smoking a pipe and looking down good-humoredly at the pair of them.

"Oh!" said Tom, "I didn't save her. I only helped, a little. It was you who did everything, and so she belongs to you. I suppose she hasn't any mother?"

"I guess the mother's dead," said the Captain. "I heard a gunshot on the marsh. How folks do those things I don't see! The deer must have come from a long way, for they don't live around here. Strangers! That's the way some folks treat strangers. Hospitable, I call it! Say, don't you want the little animal?" he concluded, turning abruptly to Tom.

How Tom longed to claim the pretty little thing and take it home! But he knew that his mother would not wish him to take the fawn to the city. That was no place for pets of this sort. He reached out and stroked the soft brown head wistfully.

"No," said Tom. "I'm staying at the Hotel now. I could not take her home, even if she was mine. She belongs to you, Captain."

"Well," said the Captain, stooping to smooth the brown hide gently with his big hand, "then I guess we'll keep the little beggar for a mascot here at the Station. The men seem to think a lot of her. They're terribly fond of pets. But you must call her yours as long as you stay at the Beach, and you must come to see her often. We'll be pleased to see you, Tom. You're a plucky little chap. You're all right! How'd you like to be a real life-saver yourself, some day? You've got the grit."

"Oh, I'd like it!" cried Tom, with his eyes full of admiration for the big, kind Captain. "I'd like to be just like you, Cap'n, when I grow up."

The Captain laughed. "We'll see," he said.—Congregationalists.

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Concerning Future Punishment.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 17, 1906. Rev. T. E. Richey, Princeton, Ky.

Dear Bro.—Your letter of July 6th is read with interest, also the booklet, "The Future Punishment of the Finally Impenitent."

On page 32 you say: "We must either admit the endless misery of hell or give up the endless happiness of heaven. That tells the whole story. Both are a fast or the Bible is false. Doubt about hell has been the tendency for some time past. Now a change is coming. The great revival now emerging forth in our land and the world is bringing a re-statement of truth. God's truth will stand. Should I see any way for sale of your book here I will tell you. God bless your home and pen and voice. In Christ. A. P. GRAVES.

March, 1908, by request I sent copy of my manuscript on "The Heathen Lost Without the Gospel" to Rev. U. S. Thomas, Jonesboro, Ark. (now of Texas), and with it a copy of each of "Man's Importance" and "Future Punishment." Answering, he wrote as follows:

Jonesboro, Ark., March 26, 1908. Dear Dr. Richey—Your letter and help on the subject I ask duly received and noted. Accept my thanks for your kind help. It was just the thing needed. You have it down to a fine edge. By all means get out a booklet on "The Heathen Lost Without the Gospel." We need just such a work at this time.

The other booklets are just fine. I am much pleased with them. Accept my thanks for them. May Heaven smile on you each day and make you still a greater power. Yours for service, U. S. THOMAS.

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LONDON NEWS.

So you think my letters are too "occasional." Well, I will try to make them semi-occasional hereafter.

So many things have happened since I wrote last that I cannot hope to mention all, and will confine myself to those which interested me most. And first among these things is the persecution of our brethren in Russia. The Baptist Union met in Odessa. An excursion went to a mountain not far from the city when the Union was not in session. Two hundred and seven Baptists went, and before their return all of them were arrested and put in prison, both men and women. Two hundred and six were sentenced for seven days, the charge against them being having taken part in an unlawful assembly.

Pastor Pavloff was sentenced to prison for two months. The additional charge against him was that he had made an illegal prayer. As it appeared afterwards the principal object the authorities had in view was the arrest of Pastor Pelter, who has done such a great work in St. Petersburg. The Greek priests cannot molest him in that city for he is protected by powerful friends. A great princess let him have a large hall in a palace of hers in which to hold his meetings for awhile.

Fortunately he arrived in Odessa after the arrest had been made. The prefect of Odessa made no secret of his regret that he had not gotten Mr. Pelter in his power. Had he been seized he would no doubt have disappeared in some prison known only to his persecutors.

Until April, 1905, it was contrary to law for any one who had been a member of the Greek church to join any other religious body. Other Russian subjects, Germans, Poles, Tartars, etc., could become Baptists; but if a member of the Greek church was converted and baptized he was imprisoned. But in 1905 the Czar issued a decree allowing Greek Christians to join other bodies. The authorities of the Greek church were bitterly opposed to this and wherever they dare, and can get the officials to aid them, they persecute all who leave their church. Not long after the arrest of the 207 a baptism was taking place in the Black Sea when all were arrested.

So we have been anxious the government should interfere at least to the extent of remonstrating with the Russian government. But the Prime Minister cannot do this officially, for none of those arrested were British subjects.

You have doubtless seen ere this the accounts of the recent discoveries made in Babylon. The thing which interested me most in these was the finding of the secret passage into the temple of Bel. One of the traditions in Jewish history tells of the way in which Daniel exposed the duplicity of the priests. Provisions were placed before the great image of the god every day, and in the morning they were gone. The priests declared the god came down from his pedestal and ate them. Daniel declared the priests and their families were the ones who ate the food. With the consent, and it may be at the request of the priests, the king had all the doors guarded at night. The provisions were gone as usual when the king went in in the morning at the first opening of the doors. But Daniel who accompanied him showed him the footprints of the priests and their wives and children in the flour or something of the kind

which he had had put on the floor without the knowledge of the priests before the doors were closed. This secret passage, which has just been discovered, was the way which they went in.

The Baptists and Calvinistic Methodists form a majority of the Welsh church members. For years they have been promised by the Liberal party that the State church should be disestablished in Wales as it was in Ireland. For years the Welsh have stood by the Liberal party and allowed themselves to be put off with promises. This year the government brought in the long promised bill for Disestablishment. But it soon became evident they did not intend to press the bill.

Welsh patience had had its perfect work. The Welsh M. P.'s, who are all Liberals, had a meeting and told Mr. Lloyd George they would no longer vote with the Liberal party, unless they had a definite pledge that at the next session of Parliament the bill would be pressed. Mr. Asquith, facing this with the danger of a serious defection in his ranks, gave the required pledge. And there is general rejoicing in Wales.

OCCASIONAL.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

No. 5.

The divinity of Christ is a fundamental article of our religion. It relates to the very essence of the religion. It is basal. If Christ is not divine then he must have been an impostor. It is pitiable to say He was a good man, and a great prophet, and it is contemptible to pretend to believe in Him as the Messiah and yet deny His divinity. If Jesus was not divine, to worship Him is gross idolatry. The Apostles and evangelists teach that He was divine, the Son of the living God. Peter said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Matt. 16:16. The disciples in the ship worshipped Him and said, "Of a truth thou art the Son of God." He received the worship of men without rebuke to them. He claimed to be divine. He said, "I and my Father are one." John 10:30.

Again and again He represents Himself as "coming down from Heaven," "coming from the Father," etc., in which he clearly claims His pre-existence. Then He prays the Father, "Glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." John 17:5.

The Jews deny His divinity, but say He was a good man. The Mohammedans deny His divinity, but claim He was a great prophet, but nothing more. Then there are the Unitarians who also deny His divinity. These are the original Socinians (so called from Socinius their founder, one of the boldest of blasphemers), but now are called Unitarians.

If Jesus is not divine He can not save. Yet Peter said, "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Acts 4:12.

In opposition to these heresies the Bible teaches clearly the divinity of Christ. This is a matter of plain, positive revelation, and not a matter of speculation evolved from nature or human reason.

John says, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God, The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." John 1:1 and

But unto the Son he saith, "Thy

throne, O God, is forever and ever." Heb. 1:8.

When Jesus showed his wounded hands to Thomas, he said, "My Lord and my God." Thomas certainly called Him God, and if he had been in error Jesus would surely have set him right. "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous Branch, and a King shall reign and prosper and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth. In His days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely, and this is his name whereby He shall be called the Lord, our Righteousness." Jer. 23:5-6. All admit that this is a prediction of the Messiah. Then the attributes of Jehovah are ascribed to Christ. He is eternal. He was with God in the beginning. Omnipresent. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I." Immutable. "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today and forever. Omnipotent. "All things were made by Him and without Him was not anything made that was made." John 1:3. "All power is given unto me." Matt. 28:18.

He shall judge the world and reward every one according as his work shall be. Jesus is divine.

In races, though many run, one only can receive the prize. But thanks be to God, it is not so in the Christian race. All who run as the Lord has appointed shall be sure to win. No opposition can prevail against them, nor will the number of the candidates be any diminution to the happiness of each.—John Newton.

ORIGIN

Of a Famous Human Food.

The story of great discoveries or inventions is always of interest.

An active brain worker who found himself hampered by lack of bodily strength and vigor and could not carry out the plans and enterprises he knew how to conduct, was led to study various foods and their effects upon the human system. In other words before he could carry out his plans he had to find a food that would carry him along and renew his physical and mental strength.

He knew that a food which was a brain and nerve builder, (rather than a mere fat maker) was universally needed. He knew that meat with the average man does not accomplish the desired results. He knew that the soft gray substance in brain and nerve centres is made from Albumen and Phosphate of Potash obtained from food. Then he started to solve the problem.

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DR. J. J. PORTER.

(Tribute of respect to the memory of J. J. Porter, delivered by J. W. Porter at the Winchester Baptist church, and requested for publication by the church.)

We have met to honor the memory of a man whose name cannot be honored by man; for God himself has honored the deathless dead. Yet, fitting perhaps, from this pulpit, where so lately stood this giant of grace, there should be offered the tribute of love and tears. He was indeed a manly, manly man, incapable of an unmanly act. Where'er he walked the world felt the majestic tread of a true and mighty man. God endowed him with a mind, which like his body, towered high above the average man. His thought was as clear and charming as the echo of an Alpine horn. He spoke clearly because he thought clearly, and spoke too in such a manner that no one could mistake his meaning. He marshaled his thoughts with a military precision, that is rarely equaled in the intellectual arena. As a polemic he was easily the peer of any man in the American pulpit. In the field of Biblical debate, like a mighty battleship with decks all cleared for action, he was at his best. He was the incarnation of living logic; and his was not the war of words, but of thrilling thought and triumphant truth.

But while he was the great and mighty man, he was none the less the gracious gentleman. Unconscious of his great powers, he was modest as a maid, pure as a woman and gentle as a child. With the strength of the lion, he coupled the gentleness of the lamb. Ever ready to assert the rights of others, he was himself a stranger to self-assertion. In transparent sincerity he lost himself in love for his fellow man.

He was great, too, as a Christian, for in his heart Christ was enthroned the unfailing hope of glory. He practiced more than he professed, and lived more of Christ than he claimed. Being saved by grace he possessed the graces of a sure salvation. He was not only the teacher, but the creature of a Scriptural theology; his life being the result of his faultless faith. Only a faith that holds that salvation is by grace; only a faith that believes that redemption is by blood; only a faith that finds its hope in the eternal purposes of God, could make the man whose loss we mourn today. He verified in his life, that faith is the victory, and demonstrated in his death the safety of the soul that rests in the Saviour. A few moments before the end came, with childlike composure, he arranged his earthly affairs, and then commended his soul to his Saviour. Being asked if he was willing to go, he replied, "I know not why my Master should take me from my work, but I soon shall know. There is not a cloud, the way is clear." Having conquered the last enemy, like a warrior, wearied with victory he takes his rest.

Though remarkable in many ways, J. J. Porter was pre-eminent as a preacher. With him faithfulness was first, success only second-ary. He believed the great doctrine of his church, and dared to preach them, at whatever cost. His preaching was as narrow as the limits of truth, his sympathy as broad as the borders of human being. He would have died battling with the current, rather than to have floated with the easy tide, to popular favor, at the expense of truth.

He possessed in rare degree the

gifts of the evangelist, and probably had as many souls, for seals to his ministry, as any other pastor in our pulpit. The eloquent tongue is silent; the mighty heart is still, but the spirit of Porter will preach on in this city, and in all the Southland, through the years which are to come. Soon, we shall lay him in his lonely grave, and though he be dead, yet shall he live. Farewell, my brother, till we meet again; for though the winds of countless centuries sweep over your forgotten grave, out of your flesh you shall see God, and we shall see you!

NOTES FROM WALES.

Wednesday and Thursday, June 23rd and 24th, the annual meetings of the Welsh Baptist Association of East Glamorganshire were held at Cilfynydd. This district is very interesting in Baptist history.

The church at the Tabernacle, Pontypridd, dates back to 1809, when preaching services were held in a room, where two boys often preached, standing upon a stool, the fee being one shilling, paid by a good sister, an ancestress of some of the leading families now in Pontypridd. The boys, who hailed from Merthyr Tydfil, afterwards became famous as Rev. W. Jones, Bethany, Cardiff, and Rev. D. Jones, Tabernacle, Cardiff. The boys walked from Merthyr to Pontypridd and back again, and their preaching was the "everlasting" or one shilling. Carmel, the first chapel, was erected in 1810. It was opened December 23rd of that year, although the interior was not complete. The church was organized in 1811, and received into the Association at Blaenau Gwent, June, 1811. Its first pastor was Rev. George Griffiths (Pantycelyn), who came in 1821, and remained until 1824.

Rev. J. R. Jones, D.D., became pastor of the church May 26, 1889. During his ministry here two branch churches were formed, namely, Rehoboth, Cilfynydd, new chapel opened May 4 and 5, 1889, and Noddfa, Ynysybwl, organized June 12, 1886. The members of the new churches were dismissed in order from the Tabernacle. The mother-church undertook, when the daughter churches formed homes of their own, to pay £150 of the debt on each of the new chapels.

The place where the Association is, is in the Taf Valley, about two miles from Pontypridd. The president, Mr. Croesgochiad Griffiths, of Cardiff, presided, and was supported by the ex-chairman, Mr. W. Jones, Treharris (in the unavoidable absence of the vice-chairman, Rev. W. C. Thomas, (Dowlais), and the esteemed secretary, Rev. W. R. Jones, Penrhwi-ceiber. All day Wednesday was spent in business matters. Out of much I send a few items of general interest to the Recorder.

The Free Church Council.

They have in England and Wales what they call a Free Church Council, which is composed of the different denominations. The Welsh Baptists would not join their meetings they would hold communion services in which the Welsh Baptists could not unite, hence they kept out, but now it is claimed that this objection has been removed, therefore the following resolution was introduced and adopted:

Dr. W. Morris, Treorchy, moved the acceptance of the resolution,

"That this conference, since the assurance is given in the resolution of the council of the Baptist Union of Wales that the hindrance has been removed, now sees its way clear for any and every church within the district of our Association who so desires, can join the Federation of the Free Churches." The doctor remarked that ten years ago he proposed a resolution at a Baptist Conference held at Rhymney, against joining the Free Church Council. Inasmuch as the secretary of the Baptist Union now had the facts before him, he (the speaker) thought the time had arrived when they were able to join the Free Church Council, as they had ceased the usage of the communion at the annual meetings for the past three years, and the probability was that it would never again occur, and a distinctive undertaking to this effect had been given by four federations of the Free Church Council in Wales. At Treorchy the Baptists had been cooperating with the other Nonconformist churches on all important matters. Their distinctive conviction of strict communion had been respected throughout Wales and England in consequence of the stand made at that meeting.

Principal Edwards, Cardiff, said that as far as he understood it the Council had entirely dropped the usage of holding the communion service at the annual meetings. He belonged to the Free Church Council at one time, but had severed all connection with that body. He had had many invitations to speak at their meetings, but felt he was unable to do so and remain true to his convictions. He was now ready to join in the movement. If the Free Church Council broke its word, they had the remedy in their own hands.

The resolution was adopted unanimously.

The Presidential Address.

The chairman then delivered his presidential address, taking as his subject, "Our Digressions and Our Failures." In the course of his remarks he called attention to Sabbath observance, faithfulness to the Bible, and faithfulness to the church covenant. He referred to the growth of sport, and said that sport in its place was good, but when carried to an excess it became an evil. In a pretty pun in concluding his speech, he said it certainly was an evil when the International match on the Saturday interfered with the International Bible Session on the Sunday.

The address was masterly in its composition and delivery, and will be published with the minutes.

Much attention is given at these conferences to social and political matters, as may be seen by the following items:

Universal Peace.

Professor T. M. Davies, M. A., moved, "That this Association of East Glamorgan Baptists is of opinion that the most effective way to promote peace is by fostering concord and conciliation among the victims; it deprecates the alarming growth of armaments with the increasing burdens brought in their train; it declares its satisfaction that the principles of arbitration have already been adopted by so many nations, as seen in the Arbitration Treaty concluded between 1903-8, and it trusts that the methods of terminating disputes will soon be universally accepted. It calls the attention of the churches to the meetings of the National Peace Congress to be held at Cardiff on June 29th and 30th, and hopes the churches will show their sympathy with the movement by

appointing representatives to attend the conference."

The resolution was carried.

The War Scare.

Dr. Morris moved: "That this Conference deeply deprecates the growth of the military spirit in Parliament and the country, and the unholy competition between European countries after supremacy; of the maddening cry for more instruments of destruction and larger Dreadnoughts, and of the panic created by scaremongers as to the safety of the country, and earnestly press on the government of our land the desirability of setting the example for securing peace retrenchment and reform, and sincerely prays that the government will do its utmost, not to increase the navy or the estimated expenditure abnormally, and discourage the war spirit which is threatening the best life of our country."

The resolution was carried without discussion.

There has been a great reaction from the late revival as may be seen by the statistics of the different denominations, and all long for a revival. After the Conferences were closed, about fourteen sermons were preached Wednesday and Thursday. The congregations were very large, the preaching excellent, and all felt that God was with his people. The Association next year will meet at Mill Street, Aberdare.

JOHN T. GRIFFITH,
Mardy, Wales.

MEETING OF THE STATE BOARD OF MISSIONS.

The State Board of Missions met at Walnut Street church, at 10 a. m., July 6th, and continued in session until 4 p. m. The ladies of Walnut Street church served free luncheon. All the members of the Board were present except M. B. Adams, J. W. Porter, J. C. G. Vick and J. M. Weaver. Dr. Weaver was not able to attend. The Board was organized at Ashland, upon adjournment of the General Association. Dr. J. M. Weaver was elected president; Dr. M. P. Hunt, vice president; E. G. Vick, recording secretary; R. E. Reed, assistant secretary; Dr. W. D. Powell, corresponding secretary.

The following State Evangelists were elected: J. P. Jenkins, N. F. Jones, R. A. Barnes, S. M. McCarter and W. H. Sledge.

The following missionaries were appointed: C. B. Althoff, W. M. Alfred, W. A. Argow, L. B. Arvin, A. A. Adkins, R. L. Brandenburg, J. A. Burns, Miss Ada Bacon, J. R. Clark, J. T. Casebier, J. W. Campbell, G. F. Davison, J. C. G. Dunford, J. W. Edwards, T. F. Grider, F. P. Gates, C. S. Gregston, J. R. Hunt, C. K. Hoagland, J. F. Doll, D. H. Howerton, J. B. Jones, J. W. Jamison, E. H. Garrott, Lewis Lytle, Miss Emma Leachman, Chas. Martin, H. R. McLendon, Thomas Murrell, A. N. Morris, W. E. Mason, R. R. Noel, J. M. Osborne, A. S. Petrey, J. G. Parsons, J. H. Page, G. G. Riggan, J. R. Reynolds, D. K. Slaughter, J. T. Stamper, E. G. Sills, W. L. Shearer, J. K. Smith, J. P. Shanks, S. H. Tabb, W. W. Williams, F. Hardin, W. P. Wilkes, H. M. Harris, G. J. Davis, E. G. Sisk, and Z. J. Amer-

son. The appropriations are to be upon a basis of \$3,000 per month for State Missions. The figures are set for \$10,000 for Church Building; \$25,000 for Home Missions, and \$40,000 for Foreign Missions.

The following Sunday School Executive Committee was appointed, with power to appoint such members as they chose to be asso-

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ciated with them in the superintendence of the Sunday School work in the State: C. M. Thomson, J. N. Prestridge, J. F. Griffith, W. J. Bolin, R. E. Reed, J. G. Bow, W. M. Stallings, J. W. Porter, J. W. Hedden, M. B. Adams, S. J. Cannon.

To this number the following were added: W. E. Hunter, W. T. Bruner, J. L. Hill, C. K. Hoagland, B. H. DeMent, J. W. Thompson, Edward Ransom, J. L. Owens, F. C. Perkins, W. H. Williams, A. J. Wilson, Wm. Golden, L. B. Arvin, E. W. Ford, W. S. Brock, J. B. Herndon and T. R. Davis.

Rev. Wm. J. Mahoney was re-elected Corresponding Secretary of the Sunday School work. His past efficiency augurs well for the future. He has succeeded in organizing twenty-six Baptist Sunday School Unions in the State, that is about one-third of the Associations; also there has been effected under his labors a State Union. The plans of the Secretary and of the Sunday School Committee is to project the lines of work more specifically in our Sunday Schools. To secure the co-operation of our own Sunday Schools both in labor and in money for Baptist work, instead of the old plans of so many of our schools supporting the inter-denominational work in the county.

The appropriations are to be upon a basis of \$3,000 per month for State Missions. The figures are set for \$10,000 for Church Building; \$25,000 for Home Missions, and \$40,000 for Foreign Missions.

The following Sunday School Executive Committee was appointed, with power to appoint such members as they chose to be asso-

support of these unions of other denominations. Why not give this money to the propagation of principles held by Baptists? No doubt, for a time, a few of our broad-gauge pastors and superintendents will stick to the old way, and will prefer to give their money and influence to the other denominations. We predict that will be the exception and will not wear very long.

Let us have the earnest, hearty co-operation of all our Sunday Schools and all our churches, and pastors, and we will this year make a record to rejoice over.

Let every Sunday School take hold promptly and vigorously. Bro. Mahoney will send notices to the schools at once. Send all moneys to Rev. Wm. J. Mahoney, Box 421, Louisville, Ky.

Christ has no place in the heart of the person who does not go about doing good.

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The Farm and Household

Gordon Bros., of Anderson county, bought of Cole and Marrs a fine mule for \$165.

Gibbs & Birch, of Springfield, sold on court day to Manuel Morija, of Lebanon, twelve yearling mules for \$115 each.

A dispatch from London says the crops especially of wheat on the Continent are poor, that the demand is keen and that the world's supply of wheat is now the smallest on record at this season of the year. Farmers are assured of good prices for wheat.

The report of the Agricultural Department for June shows the estimate for the cotton crop at 74.6. In May the estimate was 81.1. This is the lowest estimate for June with the exception of one year. Last month government report indicated a crop of 13,000,000 bales but this month indicates a loss of 1,200,000 bales.

Fleming county.—The farmers claim that the continual rains in the past few weeks will cause the wheat to fall to about half a crop. Corn and tobacco are both looking well now, but they are about needing some dry weather so that the farmers might get a chance to work them more.

Hardin county.—Wheat harvest is on in full blast in Hardin county and reports from various sections indicate that the crop will be a good one, the best in several years. Some little scab is reported injuring the grain in a few sections of the county, but the yield will generally be good and of the finest quality. A number of farmers throughout the country have sold their crop for \$11.10 and several have sold their crop, yet unplanted for 90 cents.

Bracken county.—The tobacco crop having been set out the farmers are now busy fighting the weeds. A better season never was known and tobacco is growing well and if the rains, which seem to fall incessantly do not interfere Bracken will have one of the biggest crops in its history. The hay crop promises to be a fine one and if the rain ceases it too will be both good and large. Wheat looks well and a fine crop is also expected if the weather is favorable. An average crop is expected. Harvesting has begun and will soon be under way. The fruit crop, except apples, now looks like it might be a good one.

Henry county.—Some of the corn and tobacco is still in the weeds and grass, but a small percent of it is being plowed the third time and is in good growing condition. Fat cows selling at 4 1-2 and fat heifers at 4 3-4 cents a pound. Stock hogs are very scarce, some farmers will not have hogs to make their meat. The Irish potatoe crop is very large, the best we have had for years. The orchard grass crop is good, reported better than it was last year. The oats crop is real good, more than an average. There is but little old corn, corn meal selling at \$1.20 a bushel. Corn \$4 a barrel. Flour \$7.50 to \$8.50 a barrel. Hams 18 cents, and side meat 18 cents a pound.

THE FARMER AS A STEADY-ING FORCE.

Farmers as a class are naturally conservative. Their segregated life, their surroundings, the very character of their employment, leads in this direction. In the quietude of the home in the evening, free from the excitement of the city, the farmer is apt to contemplate things in cool blood. In the management of his farm, the care of his stock, the details of the daily work and general methods, his tendency is to adhere to that which has been well tried and proved true. He is not hospitable to innovations or experiments which propose to accomplish results by short cuts. Experience has taught him that generally what is new is false. Not that the progressive farmer is hostile to improvements, when convinced that they are really such. But he is cautious and like the Missourian, wants to be shown. He believes in hastening slowly. That which after years of trial has been found to be useful must not be hastily set aside for something which remains to be tested. If, by careful tests conducted on correct principles, like those pursued at the experiment stations, a better way is found, the sensible farmer embraces this as an advance and does not hesitate to adopt it in his plans.

The reasons given above account for the fact that the agricultural class has in all ages been the steady force in government. They are especially valuable and constantly needed in republics. From the beginning, unrest and an unreasonable desire for abrupt changes have been the bane of popular governments. Wherever there is free voting there will be agitators. The demagogue is always on hand with a proposal to make people happy with a law. Sometimes it is a new one, sometimes a change in an old one. A ready ear is always lent to the man who offers a remedy for ills or troubles, whether he be a quack doctor, a mind healer or a politician with a scheme.

Catiline got the restless element around him in his efforts to overthrow the government of Rome. Only the revolutionists, the ne'er-do-wells, the fellows on the brake, the disreputable and the "busted" rallied to the standard of the self-seeking leader. Not a farmer from the valley of the Tiber, not a flockmaster from the slopes of the Appennines, no agriculturist of any kind felt any sympathy with the discredited Senator, who is described by the historian as a man who was "covetous of other people's goods, while a spend-thrift of his own." Around cities there is always a gang that are ready for any kind of revolutionary movement, just as thieves desire a big fire in hopes they may get away with some plunder during the confusion. They are "agin the government." Jack Cade, the worthless scamp who wanted to be King of England, had no trouble to find a crowd to listen to his tale of woe. He told them that if they would elect him King, he would reduce the price of butcher's meat one-half and cut the cost of a mug of ale square in two.

The farmer is opposed to radicalism. His business flourishes in peace but suffers in war and during civic disturbances. He is wedded to the maxim, let well enough alone, and follows the advice of St. Paul to "prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." No farmer ever becomes an anarchist. The socialistic agitator may get a crowd on the street corner, but he will never find an audience

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of farmers. Farmers want things to go along in an orderly way and are not for change for the mere sake of change. He discounts the promises of the glib politician, suspects that there is a worm in his proffered chestnut, if not a gold brick in his profuse promises of reform. It is well for this country that it has a large and controlling class of cool-headed thinkers, close observers and well-informed citizens who may be depended on to keep the ship of state steady. When the crazes sweep through the political field, when "isms" are rampant and the feather-headed radical is trying to stir up the weary knife-grinder, it is well to have a sheet-anchor and balance wheel near by. The farmer is important in many ways, indispensable as a financial factor, but never of more value than when holding level the pole between the extremes in our hurly-burly and hot-headed political campaigns.

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Many doctors forbid their patients to drink coffee but the patients still drink it on the sly and thus spoil all the doctor's efforts, and keep themselves sick.

Sometimes the doctor makes sure that the patient is not drinking coffee and there was a case of that kind in St. Paul, where a business man said:

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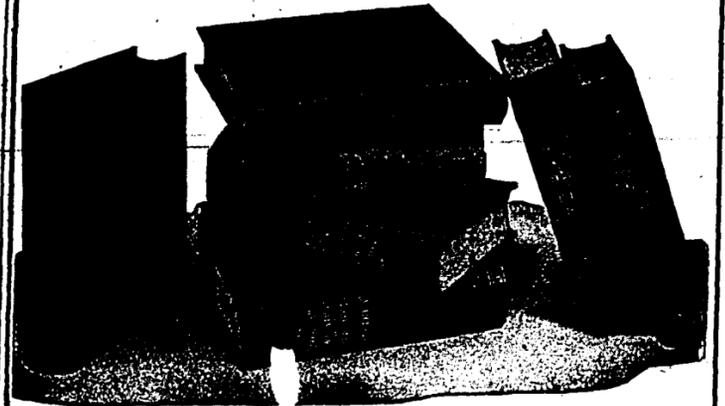
"The state of my stomach was so bad that it became terribly inflamed and finally resulted in a rupture. I had not drunk Postum very long before my lost blood was restored and my stomach was well and strong and I have now been using Postum for almost a year. When I got up from bed after my illness I weighed 98 pounds and now my weight is 120.

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WALLACE.

Another one of the Western Recorder's "Old Guard" is called to rest. On July 1st, at Central City, Ky., died a faithful soldier of the Cross, Mrs. Fannie Moorman Wallace. The writer knew her for many years. Never was one more faithful in attendance at the meetings of her church and at her Sunday School. She was a Baptist, always ready to give a reason for her hope and a "thus saith the Lord" for her faith. This is not to be wondered at when she not only was a constant reader and student of God's Word, but one who thought and said she "could not live without the Western Recorder, because it was bread and meat to her." For half a century or more she lived a widow, but verified the truth that God is "the father of the fatherless and the judge of the widow." She trusted in him and lived with him, and lived for him. As Jesus said of the woman who expressed her love for him by breaking the cruse of costly ointment on his head, "She hath done what she could," so, as truly, perhaps may it be said of Mrs. Wallace, as she was so familiarly known by all who knew her. "She hath done what she could." She did not have the "calling habit"—greatly to her credit—but where sickness or sadness or sorrow or bereavement was there was Mrs. Wallace—to minister and cheer, and comfort, and console, and strengthen. Aye, "she hath done what she could."

She was buried in "Elmwood," Owensboro, Ky., July 2, 1909.

J. D. M.

GREENLEY.

A great man and wonderful physician hath passed on unto the other shore. Dr. T. B. Greenley, LL. D., of Meadow Lawn, Jefferson county, Ky., died Friday, June 25, 1909. He healed the body, frequently feeding and clothing it, and often lifted the person to a better and higher life in this world, and for the next. He was everybody's friend. He worked for years and, until he succeeded, in ridding lower Bullitt and Jefferson county of their many and low-degrading "grog shops," and to build in their places school houses and churches. God permitted him to see the effect of his labors. From drunkenness and illiteracy the people have become sober, industrious and educated Christians. Dr. Greenley was a Marylander. His father was an Englishman. He came to Louisville when eighteen years of age, in 1838. He was born September 20, 1818. He clerked for a publishing firm, J. Elliott & Co., who published two papers, the Baptist Banner, edited by Dr. Wm. C. Buck, and Western Pioneer, edited by Shadrack Penn. He afterwards became a partner in the firm, which soon dissolved. He studied medicine, graduating at the old Louisville University in 1846.

In 1842 he married Miss Ann Eliza Lewis, daughter of Coleman Lewis, of West Point, where he located in 1846. His practice became wonderful and extended into two States and five counties. In 1860 he moved into what was then called Pond Settlement, thirteen miles south of Louisville, in Jefferson county, where his practice increased to the extent of his ability. He was the young physician's friend; located several in his own territory, extending to all a helping hand. He practiced over sixty years. He loved his profession. It was never too hot or too cold, nor was he too fatigued to go, and he delighted in saying he had never refused to go to see any one, the rich and poor alike. He took an active part in all the medical societies and was held in great esteem by his brother physicians. After they scolded him for burying his ability and brilliant mind in the country practice. But he loved the country and cared not for fame, being of a very retiring, modest nature he preferred pushing thus forward to publicity. He wrote a great deal for the medical journals.

Both he and his wife were Baptists, and always took the Baptist Banner through all its changes. Dr. Buck the editor, was a great friend of theirs. He had five children, four of whom survive him, a son, Mr. James Coleman Greenley, of Greenville, Miss., and three

daughters, Mrs. Fred Simcoo and Mrs. T. L. Lewis, of Meadow Lawn, Ky., and Mrs. Geo. L. Pope, of Louisville, Ky.

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

By Rev. W. K. Tweedie, D.D.

"When I am weak, then I am strong."
—2 Cor. 12:10.

Such is the experience of every child of God—weak in himself, but strong in the Lord; unstable as water, and unable to excel, yet able to do all things through Jesus Christ who strengthens him. And let the earnest soul rejoice that it is not our strength that Jehovah requires, for our strength is his rival. It is our weakness, and that is his glorifier: his strength is made perfect thereby, and so his ransomed rejoice.

Here, then, is the secret of the believer's strength—to lay hold of the right arm which yields the world. Is that believer compassed about with sorrow? Is his heart sinking within him, under some pressing or some dreaded calamity? Is it old age, with its heavy burden and its frequent friendlessness? Is it poverty, with its long train of woes? Is it the crushing burden of sin? Is it coming death, and after death the judgement? Whatever it may be, the believer's strength is found in clinging to the right arm of the Redeemer's righteousness. He should cast his burden on the Lord, who can bear the weakest up under the pressure of six troubles, yea, of seven.

It is thus that we learn why Paul glorified in infirmities; thus that we feel we are made more than conquerors, and thus that we learn to admire the loving-kindness of the Lord in upholding the weak, investing them with his own impotence as a shield, or defending them from extinction like a spark in the ocean. And, oh, do not forget the mysterious might of the Saviour's weakness, who conquered death and triumphed over the grave, while they seemed to rush on to destroy him. It was by submission that he vanquished, and in his strength the worm Jacob will do the same. "Thy strength is to sit still." "Be still, and know that I am God," is a fountain at once of strength to the weak, and of peace to the troubled.

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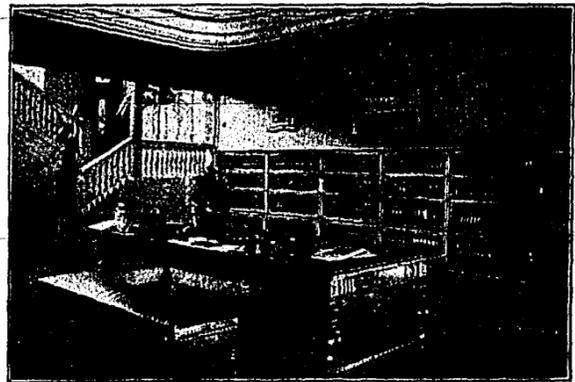
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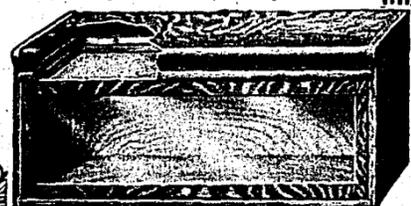
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ITEMS OF INTEREST

News The World Over.

Dr. Salto, head of the insane asylum at Tokio, says that insanity is increasing in Japan owing to the introduction of Western civilization. It has made the struggle for existence harder.

On the shores of Lake Champlain they have been celebrating the tercentenary of Samuel Champlain, the French explorer, who discovered the lake and for whom it is named. The celebration was first on the New York side, at Ticonderoga and Plattsburg, and then it was carried to Burlington, Vermont. James Bryce, Ambassador from England, made the principal address the others who spoke briefly were Gov. Hughes President Taft, Ambassador Jusserand and Postmaster General Lemieux, of Canada.

There was an earthquake in England a few days ago, the shock being felt mostly in Monmouthshire. It had been many years since the "right little, tight little island" had been shaken, and the alarm was all the greater on that account. However, no harm was done, the tremor not even breaking any crockery.

In Glasgow, Mo., a rich banker opened a Personal Liberty Hall, in which beer was given away, Glasgow being a dry town. There were easy chairs and a long table with all the papers and magazines. After a year's trial he closed the hall saying: "I fancied I could educate the people to a spirit of resentment against the laws which were depriving them of their liberty to eat and drink what they choose. They are spineless slaves." Nay, verily. They have good stiff temperance backbones which he failed to bend.

Count Zeppelin's new airship started from Friedrichshafen to Metz, but was compelled to land on account of trouble with the machinery. There was no shed at Biberach where it landed and a stiff breeze soon sprang up. A whole battalion of soldiers were needed to hold it down, and they did it with great difficulty. This fact ought to relieve panicky souls in England who cannot sleep o' nights for fear of invasion by a fleet of Zeppelin's.

Prof. A. Ernst has visited the Island of Krakatau, twenty-two miles from Sumatra. Twenty-five years ago the greatest volcanic eruption of modern times reduced the island one-half in size and left it a desert covered with pumice and ashes. Man has done nothing to restore it but Nature has. The island is now covered with vegetation and has trees on it fifty feet high. There are palm trees, pine and fig trees.

The health officers of the various States have held a meeting in Washington City. Among other things which they discussed was child labor, and their decision was that child labor as they found it in the factories of the South is a benefit to the children, who were far better off in the factories than in their homes.

The Journal and Messenger has a picture on its front page of Gov. G. N. Briggs, of Massachusetts. He was eight times elected Governor of Massachusetts and seven times a member of Congress, and for fourteen years was president of the American Baptist Missionary Union. In the picture Gov. Briggs has no shirt collar on; for long years he never wore a collar. At his death the reason came out. He had a friend who drank hard. Briggs was begging him to quit and said he would do anything in his power to get him to quit. His friend replied, "O, no you wouldn't. You could not do a little thing which would only hurt your vanity." Then he offered never to drink again in his life if Gov. Briggs would never wear a shirt collar. Both parties kept their promise till death.

Dr. Inglehart in the Review of Reviews shows that temperance is gaining in the East, though not so rapidly as in the West. There has been an increase of thirty dry townships in New York this year, making a total of 330. And years ago. Since that time I have watched in Connecticut more than 3,000 square miles have gone dry. In 1908, 429 square miles were made dry.

There has been much said of a wonderful wheat discovered in Alaska. The Department of Agriculture has investigated it and announces that it is a fake. Kentucky farmers are conservative and do not jump in to every thing advertised in order to show themselves "progressive." So we do not suppose any of them have troubled themselves about this wheat.

KENTUCKY BAPTIST ASSEMBLY.

The Kentucky Baptist Assembly convened in Georgetown Monday evening, July 5th, and continued its sessions morning and evening, till the following Monday. Hitherto this gathering had been called the B. Y. P. U. Assembly, but, to give it wider scope, the name was changed to the Kentucky Baptist Assembly. And though the young people from the first always welcomed with heart and hand the older set, yet now, under the changed name, the seniors (say from the age of forty to ninety) feel that they can now put in their appearance not merely by toleration but of right.

The writer was present only two days, but what he saw and heard gave evidence of good work performed and of deep interest in the various forms of instruction discussed in the talks, addresses and lectures delivered. As we entered the college auditorium Thursday morning, Dr. DeMent was urging "Reasons for Having Organized Adult Bible Classes." Such classes dignify the Sunday School and attract similar elements. While Bro. DeMent was pressing the importance of adult classes with a fervency allied to vehemence, we recalled that last April Rev. John T. Herget baptized forty-two out of a large class which he himself teaches in the auditorium of the Ninth Street Baptist church, Cincinnati.

Dr. Wm. H. Smith, of Richmond, Va., followed with a lecture on Romans. Such a theme to be handled or touched in forty minutes, suggested *l'ehbaras de richesse*. But he gleaned in brief from this wonderful epistle and presented in simple, forceful sentences the salvation that is in Christ Jesus, giving prominence to man's lost condition in consequence of the universality of sin—to justification by faith, issuing in peace with God, followed by a deep solicitude for the salvation of others, at home and abroad. It was the simple old gospel of the grace of God.

As to the games of baseball played in the afternoon we hesitate to say whether the strain was greater on the muscles of the players or on the lungs, diaphragms and vocal cords of the interested spectators.

At 8 p. m., Prof. Sampey ascended one of those "Mountain Peaks in Old Testament History." In this lecture he caused "Moses the Lawgiver" to pass before us. And he did pass with such breathless rapidity that one event of his ever shifting life dissolved so swiftly into another that we called to the impassioned orator to let the scenes remain on the canvass just a little longer, but he was too high up the mountain to hear any voice from below. Never before did the Nile and Mount Pisgah seem so near together. Well, we hope to review at leisure the wonderful career of the Great Lawgiver, since Dr. Frost informed us that this whole series of lectures will be published by our Sunday School Board under the title, "Mountain Peaks of Old Testament History."

Miss A. L. Williams, an efficient Sunday School worker of the Southside Baptist church, of Birmingham, Ala., graced the rostrum on several occasions. Her address on "Lesson Building," taken all in all, was exceptionally instructive, philosophical and at the same time plain and practical. A leaflet containing the skeleton—skeleton, note—of this lecture on "Lesson Building" was freely distributed. While it will be helpful in preparing the Sunday School lessons, it furnishes an excellent guide in determining the matter and form of any thesis, address, lecture, dissertation, disquisition or what not.

Leaving on Friday afternoon we, nevertheless, took away with us plenty for rumination. It is gratifying to the promoters and managers of this Kentucky Baptist Assembly that the attendance this year, the second under its present form was much greater than last year. The arrangement at Georgetown for all the purposes of the Assembly could not well be improved. *Esto perpetua.*

AN APPRECIATION OF JOHN JANUARY PORTER.

I am sad today at the announcement of the death of this grand and good man. I stood on the bank of Cumberland river at Mars' Ferry, in Wayne county, Ky., and saw him do his first baptizing. Twenty-five candidates were baptized. That was more than thirty this year, making a total of 330. And years ago. Since that time I have watched in Connecticut more than 3,000 square miles have gone dry. In 1908, 429 square miles were made dry.

There has been much said of a wonderful wheat discovered in Alaska. The Department of Agriculture has investigated it and announces that it is a fake. Kentucky farmers are conservative and do not jump in to every thing advertised in order to show themselves "progressive." So we do not suppose any of them have troubled themselves about this wheat.

having professed faith in the Saviour under his labors. It seems to us that his going was all too soon, but the Lord of the harvest knows best.

Bro. Porter stood unflinching at his post. In all my acquaintance with him I never heard him complain or seem cast down. He was a cheerful soul. He has fought the good fight. He died with his armor on, and has heard the welcome plaudit, "Well done."

Everton, Mo. J. B. FRISBIE.

DEAR RECORDER: I have been reading the dear old Recorder for years and cannot dispense with it here in New Mexico, where I am laboring for the cause of Christ and the Baptist denomination in the West. I have been here for the past two years, yet my thoughts go home much these days to Kentucky, my native State, that is dear to my heart. I send kindly greetings to you and my many friends in the East and ask to be remembered by one and all in their prayers. My churches are doing good work. J. W. OLIVER.

Elida, N. M.

DISTRICT ASSOCIATIONS—TIME AND PLACE OF MEETING.

JULY.

- 22—Simpson, Pleasant Hill, near Franklin.
28—Blackford, Lewisport.
28—Concord, Mt. Pleasant ch.

AUGUST.

- 3—Bethel, Lewisburg.
3—Davies County, Bethabara ch., near Philpot.
4—Bracken, Millersburg.
4—Liberty, Glasgow Junction.
10—Ohio County, Mt. Carmel ch.
10—South Kentucky, McKinney.
11—Logan County, Dripping Springs ch.
11—Lynn, Mt. Pisgah ch.
12—Shelby County, Bethlehem ch., near Pleasureville.
17—South District, Cornishville.
18—Barren River, Monroe ch., near Tomkinsville.
18—Crittenden, Turner's Ridge.
18—Ohio River, Walnut Grove ch.
19—Gasper River, Union ch.
21—Green River, Hickory Grove, near Leitchfield.
23—Franklin, Frankfort.
24—Tates Creek, Crab Orchard.
25—Campbell County, Dayton.
25—Breckinridge, Irvington.
25—Muhlenburg County, Penrod.
25—Union, Beaver ch.
26—Baptist, Mt. Olivet ch., Tatham Springs.

SEPTEMBER.

- 1—Long Run, Broadway, Louisville.
1—Ten Mile, Concord ch., Gallatin Co.
2—Bell County, New Liberty ch., Was-siata.
2—Wayne County, Cedar Hill ch.
7—Central, Lebanon.
7—Elkhorn, Midway.
7—Rockcastle, Brodhead.
8—Bay's Fork, Hopewell ch., near Cedar Springs.
8—North Bend, Bullittsburg ch., near Bullittsville.
8—Greenup, Willard ch., Carter County.
8—Owen, Harmony ch.
8—South Cumberland River, Cedar Point ch., near Cains Store.
8—Sulphur Fork, Eminence.
9—North Concord, Fellowship ch., near Barbourville.
10—Booneville, Burning Springs.
10—Enterprise, Prestonsburg.
10—Greenville, Elizabeth ch., Breathitt County.
11—Stocktons' Valley, New Hope, Tenn.
14—Boones Creek, Winchester.
15—Nelson, Mill Creek ch., near Bardstow-n.
15—Russells Creek, Lone Valley ch., near Campbellsville.
16—Lynn Camp, Pleasant Ridge ch.
17—Landmark, Chestnut Stand ch.
17—Second North Concord, Fairview ch., near Fonthill.
22—East Lynn, Mt. Carmel, Taylor Co.
22—Edmonson, Little Jordan ch.
22—Freedom, Otter Creek, near Monticello.
22—Irvine, Mt. Gilead ch., Maulden.
24—Goose Creek, New Home No. 2. Clay County.
24—South Union, Young's Creek ch., near Williamsburg.
28—East Union, Jellico.
28—Pulaski County, Oak Hill ch.
29—Severn's Valley, Rhudes Creek ch.
29—Severn's Valley, Rhudes Creek ch., Cecilian.
29—South Concord, Bethel ch., Wayne County.
30—Little River, Mt. Pleasant ch., near Cadiz.
30—Upper Cumberland River, Four Mile ch., Day.

OCTOBER.

- 1—Laurel River, Pleasant Grove ch., Clay County.
5—Whites Run, Locust.

- 6—Little Bethel, Slover ch., near Clay.
6—Warren, Drakes Creek, near Bowling Green.
6—West Kentucky, shiloh ch., near Arlington.
8—Mt. Zion, Corn Creek ch., Whitley County.
8—Three Forks, Hyden.
13—West Union, Barlow ch.
19—Ohio Valley, Utley's Chapel, Black-ford.
20—Blood River, Zion's Cause ch., near Benton.
20—Salem, Buck Grove ch.
27—Graves County, Pilot Oak ch.
We have been unable to secure any report from Oneida Association. Corrections or changes should be directed to the paper. JOHN L. HILL, Assistant Secretary.

Why not insure your salary by carrying accident and Health Insurance. It is surprising to know what I can offer. Write today.

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

Ten Commandments—Illustrated, on ten beautiful colored post cards, 15c. Hanover Supply Co., Dept. O, Sta. "C," Baltimore, Md.

FOR SALE—Having bought new pews the Midway Baptist church wishes to sell its old pews. They are mahogany finish. Any church wanting pews can get these at a bargain. Also will sell two oil lamp chandeliers and one pulpit stand. For particulars write J. O. Cooper, Midway, Ky.

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Live Stock Markets.

CATTLE.

Table with 2 columns: Description of cattle and price. Includes items like 'Good to choice ex. str.', 'Light shipping steers', 'Med. to good butch. str.', etc.

HOGS.

Table with 2 columns: Description of hogs and price. Includes items like 'Good to choice pra. and bra.', 'Medium packers, 165 to 200', 'Light Shippers, 130 to 165', etc.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

Table with 2 columns: Description of sheep and lambs and price. Includes items like 'Good to choice fat sheep', 'Medium to good sheep', 'Com to medium sheep', etc.

TOBACCO.

BURLEY—Dark Red.

Table with 2 columns: Description of tobacco and price. Includes items like 'Trash (sound)', 'Common lugs', 'Medium lugs', etc.

BURLEY—Bright Red.

Table with 2 columns: Description of tobacco and price. Includes items like 'Trash (sound)', 'Common lugs', 'Medium lugs', etc.

DARK.

Table with 2 columns: Description of tobacco and price. Includes items like 'Trash (sound)', 'Common lugs', 'Medium lugs', etc.

BUTTER.

Fresh, packed, 17 1/2 to 18c.

POULTRY.

Hens, 11 to 12c per lb.; chickens, 18 to 20c; Turkeys, hens, 12c, gobblers, 10c; old ducks, 8c.

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Fresh, case count, 19c; candled, 20c.

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Cotton Seed Meal Cotton Seed Hulls Write for prices for Fall Delivery. Prompt Personal Attention given to all orders, large or small.

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