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NO. 1.

ROMANISM IN ITALY.

The Holy House of Loreto.

Italy a Land of Shrines—The Holy House—Royal Visitors—The Presence and Favor of Many Popes—Why Pilgrims Come—The Visit and Description of An American Art Critic.

BY REV. JOHN H. EAGER, D.D.

ITALY is full of shrines, places that lay claim to special sanctity, where wonderful miracles are wrought and where pilgrims who come hither are said to acquire special merit. Some of these are only known in their immediate province, but others have acquired even an international reputation. Among the many that might be mentioned, none perhaps is better known than the so called Holy House of Loreto, which for six hundred years has been an object of adoration in Italy, and has proved a rich mine of gold for the church. It has been visited by millions of pilgrims, including kings and queens, popes and princes, and many other titled folk. A book of 118 pages, the thirty fifth and last edition of which was published in 1880, and lies before me, gives minutely the history of the Holy House, its wonderful preservation in Nazareth, its miraculous translation by the hands of angels, the innumerable miracles with which it has blessed mankind, and the great spiritual grace and merits it has conferred upon its devotees. "From the lucky moment," says the author of this book, "in which the Holy House of the Virgin Mary took up its abode among us, a great fountain of wonderful miracles and of most exceptional graces was opened for the human race. Not a few heretics, Jews and infidels have seen there a friendly, celestial light shine forth, which came down to enlighten the darkness of their infidelity. Here demons have been delivered, the maimed have been made whole, the blind have received their sight, the sick have been healed, and sinners the most perverse and incorrigible, have been brought to conversion."

Among the many persons of celebrity "who left their kingdoms and came in person in order to venerate this Holy House," the following may be mentioned: The Emperor of Constantinople in 1400; Charles IV., with his wife and children, "who came to Italy to acknowledge the Pope as the vicar of Jesus Christ;" Frederic III., Charles V., Queen Mary, the sister of Philip IV., two queens of Hungary, Charlotte, Queen of Cyprus, Queen Catherine, the Queen of Poland, the Queen of Sweden, the

King of Turin, Ferdinand IV., King of Spain, the King of Naples, the King and Queen of the two Sicilies, the King of Bavaria, the Empress of Austria, and many others of royal blood, besides dukes and duchesses and other persons of rank in very great numbers. This same book tells us of the several popes who came to venerate this Holy House, and to further enrich it with their apostolic benediction. Nicholas V. in 1419, Paul II. in 1450, Julius II. in 1508, Clement VII., Paul III., Clement VIII., Urban VII., Pius VI., Pius VII., Gregory XVI., and on "May 13, 1857, Pius IX., accompanied by many Cardinals, Prelates and his body guard. All of these, together with many who could not realize their pious desire to visit this house in person, enriched it with indulgences and gifts." Seven years of indulgence are granted to all who visit this house on Sunday, and plenary indulgence to all who visit it on Christmas day or every day during holy week. Clement VII. granted seven years of indulgence to all who would devoutly crawl around the house on their knees. Clement VIII., more generous than his predecessors, granted plenary indulgence to all who would visit this sanctuary on any day during the year, and Clement X., September 20, 1701, extended this indulgence to all souls in purgatory. Finally Pius VII., on December 10, 1800, granted to the custodians of the Holy House the power and authority to bless the crucifixes and medals brought by the pilgrims, and to grant one hundred days of indulgence to all who brought these crucifixes, medals, rosaries and other objects, and dropped them for a moment into the "holy cup" from which the infant Jesus was fed, and plenary indulgence to any inhabitant of Loreto who would confess and commune, and then visit the Holy House. This last Papal Bull was repeated on August 20, 1815. On reading such things one scarcely knows whether to laugh or cry or tremble with just indignation. And yet they form the large part of the history of every shrine in Italy, these very things, which appear so dreadful in the blazing and illuminating light of God's Word, constituting the chief charm and glory of these so-called holy places. The people come to avail themselves of the indulgences granted by the popes, and to acquire merit before God, and the priests encourage them because in this way their power and wealth are increased.

A few years ago this noted shrine was visited by James Jackson Jarves, an American art critic, who spent many years in Italy, and so interesting and faithful is his account that I

cannot resist the temptation to transcribe a portion of it at this point, as found in his "Italian Rambles," p. 120.

"Descending the hill of Recanati towards the Adriatic for about three miles, we come to another, lower down, terminating in a gentle swell, on the summit of which is the stately church and outbuildings of the Madonna Loreto. The town itself is a compactly built suburb of the sanctuary, of 6,000 inhabitants, living on the traffic produced by the numerous pilgrims of all nations who frequent this shrine during the warm months. The main group of buildings with the pontifical palace and its long portico are imposing, and in the Bramante style of architecture. Especially noticeable for their artistic beauty are the bronze doors of the church and the fountain in the piazza in front, executed by the brothers Lombardi, Bernardini, and Verocelli, in the sixteenth century. Entering the church, the central attraction is the beautiful marble case or covering in the form of a diminutive palace, covered with statues and bas-reliefs, begun by Sansovino and terminated by Sangallo and the ablest architects and sculptors and bronzists of the sixteenth century of the classical Renaissance. It was made after the design of Bramante, at an enormous expense. In itself it is a gem of art. But to the pilgrims its sole value is in its being the honorable shield or cover which protects the outer walls of the Casa Santa, or holy house, which was once the residence of the Virgin Mary at Nazareth, in Palestine. It consists of a single room of rude masonry, about fifteen feet long by twelve wide, the flat stones, bricks, or pieces of marble being laid in three courses a foot and a half thick, with considerable intervening mortar." A little book, purporting to be the authentic history of the holy house, as sanctioned by the Roman Church, is sold to visitors, and from it I take the following brief statement: "In this simple apartment the Virgin lived with Jesus until he grew to manhood and departed on his mission. After the crucifixion she remained in it until her death, frequently visited by the Apostles and other disciples of Jesus. When Nazareth was pillaged by the soldiers of Vespasian, the house of Mary was miraculously preserved. They could not enter the lane where it was situated or touch its walls, which God preserved to make one day an object of worship for all Christians." So the book states. The italics are mine, but surely they are words that deserve to be italicized, making God the author and abettor of a sort of refined fetishism.

"Signing Petitions."

[We may be pardoned for publishing the following letter. We do it in the hope of educating public sentiment along the line of the sentiments contained in it.—Ed.]

Bro. Folk:—We very frequently say to a public speaker that his address had the right ring, or was exactly to the point, or that we were pleased with the sentiments expressed, etc. We also say to the preacher, when we are pleased with his sermon, or feel that it has done us good, that was a good sermon, it did me good, etc. If this is all right in the case of the public speaker or preacher, why does it not equally apply to the editor? At any rate, I can make it apply in this case in a personal letter.

I was much pleased with your criticisms on Sam Jones, in some issues back. I have heard Sam Jones, and I think your criticisms were the best I have seen. According to my idea, you gave the source of his power and also wherein his weakness was. But what I started out to especially commend was your editorial on "Signing Petitions," in this week's issue. I wish this editorial could be carefully read by one hundred times as many people as will see it. Law, government, the enforcement of law is a necessity. Law is of Divine origin. Obedience to law is taught in the Old as well as in the New Testament.

That there is general disregard for law, there is no question. It matters not how efficient and conscientious are our judges and prosecuting attorneys, they cannot enforce the law without the aid of the people—the great body of the people. With the mass of the people rests the enforcement of the law. There must be a healthy public sentiment in the mind of the people. Even among the law-abiding there is an indifference in these matters that, in itself, is almost criminal. Even after a conviction, there is a sickly and false sentiment that the criminal should not be punished. I thank you for the editorial. It is right, it is timely. Yours truly,

ROWLAND W. JONES.

Trenton, Tenn., Aug. 6, 1892.

—I have often seen a little child following his parent in the fields, and stopping now and then to gather a few flowers. He looks up and sees him at a distance; the little creature runs and gets up to him again, afraid he should be left far away. Thus the Christian, while gathering a few flowers from the world, suffers his God to be often at a distance from him, but the moment he perceives that he is alone he runs to reach his Father, friend and best protector.—Rowland Hill.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Around the Circle.

BY JAMES WATERS, D.D.

The Denver & Rio Grande Railway gives, for \$28, the choice of two trips of more than a thousand miles each through the most magnificent mountain scenery traversed by rail in all the world. Both trips are marvels of railway engineering, piercing the heart of the Rocky Mountains, where, in some gorges, before the civil engineer, human foot never trod, and only wings could take any living thing, until a road was cut in granite walls and bridges, which are hung upon iron arches over impassable mountain torrents, spanning the gorges, whose cliffs rise half a mile in a right line above. How such bridges could have been built is a puzzle to the average mind.

The tourist, starting from Denver in the morning, should alight at Colorado Springs and take an electric car for Cheyenne Canon, which he can reach in half an hour, where he can exhaust his whole stock of adjectives at the Pillars of Hercules and the Seven Falls of a Cataract, made famous by Helen Hunt Jackson's pen, and near which reposed her remains, until recently when they were removed to Colorado Springs. Two hours will suffice for this trip.

Returning to the Springs, another electric car will whisk him into Manitou in half an hour, where a day or two will enable him to see the Garden of the Gods, Glen Eyrie, Ute Pass, Grand Caverns, Pike's Peak, and to quench his thirst at the famous mineral springs. If he loves human society and diversions, he can have them at this Saratoga of the West. These wonders will serve as a tonic for what still lies before him. He will find nothing else like them in all his travels, but he will quite forget them in the wilder, unimaginable and varying grandeur which will open upon his view.

Taking the train again at Colorado Springs, his ticket should be by La Veta Pass. Just below Pueblo he will begin to climb La Veta Mountain, 11,176 feet above the sea level, until he reaches a height of 9,400 feet, from which point he has an unobstructed view of the vast plains to the East and the symmetrical cones of the Spanish Peaks to the South, a picture memory can never forget. The downward trip is past Sierra Blanca, 14,464 feet high, and old fort Garland, into the famous San Luis Park, 7,900 feet high and larger than the State of Connecticut. Sierra Blanca is the highest mountain of Colorado and the monarch of a mighty host.

From Alamosa, the dining station in the San Luis Valley, a magnificent view is obtained of its triple peaks, capped with snow and two-thirds its height above timber line. This valley is very fertile where irrigated and vast herds of cattle and horses roam over it.

Small towns are scattered here and there along the railways, and at the hotel tables, at reasonable rates, the menu always includes that exquisite delicacy, mountain trout. It is a delicacy even in Colorado, because the statute forbids the sale of them in the markets. The hotels that furnish

them employ fishermen as day laborers to get them, and the families that eat them must catch them. This is to protect the trout from utter extinction. Pity such a law had not been enforced to protect deer, elk and buffalo. In the thousand miles trip I saw no wild game except a hare and a coyote.

From Alamosa our journey is westward, and soon, though imperceptibly, we begin to rise. As one approaches a mountain range his eyes deceive him. The water seems to have lost its senses and to come bounding up hill, glad of its opportunity, for it fairly dances as it does it. But the Mogul engines throb and pant like tired horses, and like them diverge from a tangent to find an easier road. Yonder is another road a hundred yards away, parallel with ours. Why, there are our Moguls on it. Why should we be going back? The brook fairly laughs at our stupidity.

We are hardly straightened out before there's another road parallel with ours, fifty feet above us and two mile posts side by side. In five minutes we travel a mile and are fifty feet further on. And the brook laughs wilder than ever. This is Congo's Range we are climbing. Now for 150 miles we are always on the turn. Not a half mile tangent anywhere. Always on the rise, and the brook gets madder in its delight. Now old Sierra Blanca, 100 miles away, looks like a monster with a whole regiment of giants coming after us. Surely they come. We see them moving, but yonder is a refuge for us, a hole in the top of the mountain. We are headed directly for it, but it is nearly a mile above us and two miles away. There, it is gone. No, yonder it is behind us. It has whisked around that mountain brow. Conductor, what was that black hole we saw up yonder a mile above us? See, there it is to our left now. "That is Toltet Tunnel; we will be there in an hour." "In an hour? Twenty miles travel to get two miles?" "There it is again right ahead of us." "No, that's a dirt tunnel. We'll be there in half an hour." It is gone. The very world is whirling. The mountains dance. The little hills skip like lambs. They run and never weary. There's the black hole again in the red granite mountain top. It is gone away to our rear. What fantastic shapes the rocks assume! Here's a host of them standing in warlike array. Away they skip behind us. There's a cathedral front and spire. There's a honey combed mass and a dozen round towers capped with Quaker hats. There's a chocolate colored group of the most phantom-like shapes. Away they whirl behind us. There they come back. Then they go again. Yonder they are to the right; here they are before us; there to the left. Then we sweep by them around Phantom Curve. Now we see them; now we don't. Here we are at Toltet Tunnel, 600 feet long, right through the mountain top. Here we alight just as we get through. This is Toltet Gorge to our left. Fifteen hundred feet below us, nearly perpendicular, the torrent boils and plunges and lashes itself into spray. We are standing upon a great stone wall built for the road-bed, in a transverse gorge. A strong iron hand rail relieves our

fears as we look over. No wonder one of the masons who laid the stones in that wall grew dizzy and tumbled into the abyss.

Sept. 25, 1881, while President Garfield was being buried at Cleveland, Ohio, the National Association of General Passenger Agents held service at this spot, and raised a fund to erect a monument to his memory. A beautiful gray granite obelisk commemorates the occasion. Here the mountains are of volcanic origin, the rock being thrust upward at an angle of 80 degrees. We feel as we gaze around that scene alone is worth a trip across the continent. We are near the top of the Cumbres range, 10,115 feet, and like a jointed snake our train crawls along the mountain's brow, showing a valley 1,500 feet below of great fertility, covered with nutritious grasses, a veritable paradise for buffalo, elk and deer but not one remains.

At Cumbres Station we begin our descent, 215 feet per mile for fifteen miles, toward New Mexico, through which territory we run for an hour, returning into Colorado near Igua Cio, in the Indian Reservation, of which we will write in our next. Denver, Col.

\$1,000 Reward.

The following Strygley is copied from the *Gospel Advocate* of July 7, 1892:

The *Baptist Helper* wants to know whether "F. D. Strygley will tell us just when, where, and how the denomination now called Baptists originated? We will allow him as much space, on the origin of Baptists, in the *Baptist Helper* as he will allow us in the *Gospel Advocate*." F. D. Strygley begs to be excused. He draws his information on religious subjects entirely from the Bible and there is no clue in that Book as to when, where, or how, the Baptist denomination originated. No such denomination is so much as mentioned anywhere in the Bible, and when you get outside of that Book on religious subjects, Strygley loses all interest in the discussion. "We will allow him as much space, on the origin of Baptists," in the *Gospel Advocate* as he can find on that subject in the Bible.

I seldom pick up the *Gospel Advocate* that I do not find some such fling at the Baptist denomination; and I want to offer \$1,000 reward to the *Gospel Advocate* for one passage or expression in the New Testament in which the title, "Christian Church," can be found. The "Church of God," or the "Church of Christ," more commonly the bare title, "church," or "churches," can be found. I find three times where the title "Christian," used evidently as a term of reproach by the Gentiles, was applied to the followers of Jesus; but in no instance does a New Testament writer employ the word for the purpose of designating a disciple of Christ, much less a church of Christ. Perhaps I am mistaken; and if so, I am hunting for \$1,000 worth of information.

I do not object to the title, "Christian," as applied to anything that is Christian; it is the height of assumption to apply it to something that is not Christian. The Baptist churches are Christian churches, whether they carry the name or not, if they bear the marks of the gospel; and you may stick the name Christian all over a church that is not Christian, but that does not make it Christian. The *Gospel Advocate*, or Elder Strygley, may not be able to trace the origin of the

Baptist churches, he may not find them by name in the New Testament, but he can find them there in fact. He would be terribly put to it to find his so-called Christian Church there; for he well knows that, beyond Alexander Campbell, his origin would cease in an unlimited space of non-existence.

A rose by any other name will smell just as sweet, especially if the name is a good and characteristic one, as the word Baptist is. You may call a poppy a rose, however, but it will still smell like a poppy. The word Christian is a beautiful and sweet word, but it does not make Campbellianism any sweeter, nor speak and write any sweeter, nor live and do any sweeter. With all their high-sounding title, with all their presumptuous claims to the word Christian, they seem to be no better than other people, and they do just as badly as other people, to say nothing more of them. Baptists, to say the least of it, are just as pure, pious, liberal, self-sacrificing, prayerful and affectionate in their work for Christ and humanity as the self-titled Christian Church of Alexander Campbell's school is; and yet, if we are to judge by the teachings and things of the *Gospel Advocate*, or its editors, Baptists are not Christians at all. The ordinary reader would be bound to come to the conclusion, from Campbellite teaching and preaching, that really there are no other Christians in the world than the followers of Alexander Campbell, called the Christian Church, and just about sixty-five years old!

The *Gospel Advocate*, or its editors, may not be able to trace the origin of the Baptist denomination or find it in the New Testament; but Baptists know just exactly when, where, and how the so-called Christian Church started. It has a very short history, up to date, and it does not need an antiquarian's research to comprehend its origin or history, either. This, however, is by the way. Let this pass. The *Gospel Advocate* will please remember the \$1,000 reward for the New Testament name of its church. Possibly I may be mistaken as to the origin, name and history of Campbellism. If so, I will give a thousand dollars to find out my mistake. Geo. A. LIXTON.

Nashville, Tenn. Securely and Peace.

"Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his ways. For thou shalt eat the labor of thine hands; happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee." (Ps. cxviii. 1-2). Love to God and submission to his will are here made the condition of support, happiness, prosperity. "Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord." The blessing belongs to the man as soon as he does the fearing. The moment God is loved the man who loves him is blessed, whether he feels that way or not. Nothing can be so richly rewarded as love to God. It transforms the man and makes him a new creature. It takes the envy out of his heart and makes him willing that everybody else shall grow rich faster than he does. No matter what pit it finds him in it takes him out and sets him on a rock, puts music in his heart and power in his feet. "That walketh in his ways." Not in the world's ways, but in God's ways. All things are the inheritance of the man who follows Christ.

OUR PULPIT.

Bad Lodgers.

BY PASTOR C. H. SPURKON.

(Concluded.)

"O Jerusalem, wash thine heart from wickedness, that thou mayest be saved. How long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee?" - Jeremiah li. 14.

THEIR FAULTS.

I. Now, secondly, let me show what bad lodgers they are. Vain thoughts get admittance into our heads and hearts, and there they make themselves at home, and do mischief without end. They run upstairs and downstairs and all over the house, and they multiply every day; but they are dreadful pests, the worst lodgers the soul can harbor. For, first, they are deceitful. What deceptiveness it is on the part of any man who knows to do good and does it not, that he should think to put off God with empty promises. Oh, I would turn such a lodger as that out; David said, "He that telleth lies shall not tarry in my house." Do not suffer these vain thoughts to lodge a day longer; for they disgrace you, and place you in jeopardy.

Vain thoughts are bad lodgers, for they pay no rent; they bring in nothing good to those who entertain them. What good does it do to any man to harbor in his mind the empty promise of future repentance. I would rather hear a man say straight out, "Now, look here: I never mean to repent or believe, my mind is made up as to that matter." This, at least, is truthful; that man will, perhaps, change his mind, or God will change it. But that other man—the soft, putty-like being, the India-rubber man, squeeze him; pull him out; force him together again; do what you will with him; he gets back into his old shape. There is no solid stuff in him, you cannot make anything of him. These

IRRESOLUTE MEN.

"unstable as water," cannot excel; they are neither good for use nor for ornament; and we have plenty of this class: are you one of them, my friend? If so, God help you to get rid of these bad lodgers of instability, self-sufficiency, and constantly promising, because they pay no rent.

The next reason for the ejection of these lodgers is this: that they are wasting your goods and destroying your property. Why, you are wasting time; you are wasting thought; you are wasting opportunity; you are wasting the Gospel under which you sit. These bad lodgers are causing you such daily loss that before long you will be utterly ruined unless you can cleanse your house of them. You cannot afford to give them shelter; send them packing at once.

Worst of all, these vain thoughts are bad lodgers because they bring you under condemnation. There have been times when to entertain persons was treason, and many individuals have been put to death for harboring traitors. Rebels condemned to die have been discovered in a man's house, and he has been condemned for affording them a hiding-place. Now, God declares that these vain thoughts of yours are

CONDEMNED TRAITORS.

Are you going to harbor them any longer? If a lodger came to your

house, and after a while a policeman called and said, "You rented your front room, I think?" "Yes." "What kind of a person is your lodger and what is his business?" I think after one or two visits of that kind you would say to your lodger, "I shall be obliged if you will go somewhere else," for you would not enjoy the idea of having a suspected person within your doors. Nobody does. Now, these vain thoughts, these self-righteous thoughts, these boastings in self, they are something more than suspected; they have been judged and condemned to die; and oh, let not your heart become a haunt for things that God abhors.

III. That brings me to the question

WHAT TO DO WITH THEM?

The first thing is to give them notice to quit at once. Let there be no waiting. When a man is converted it is done at once. There may be a long process by which he comes up to it, and there may be a long succession of light-breakings before he gets clear about it; but there is a turning point. There is a line, thin as a razor's edge, which divides death from life, a point of decision which separates the saved from the lost. Did you ever notice in our Lord's parable of the prodigal son the decision of the repenting one? He said: "I will arise and go unto my father;" and he arose and came to his father, and, as I heard a quaint divine say, he did not give his master a day's notice. The narrative tells us that he had joined himself to a citizen of that country, who had sent him into the fields to feed swine. He ran off there and then, just as he was. If he had gone to see his master and had said: "Sir, I am obliged to go home and see my father," if he had stopped to purchase better linen, and a fairer suit of clothes before he went home, he would have died of hunger at the swine-trough. But, instead of that, he did the right thing: he ran for his life directly; and that is what you must do. Quit, quit, vain thoughts. Oh, that they would go at the bidding!

Suppose that these vain thoughts will not go just when you bid them begone. I will tell you what to do to get rid of them: starve them out.

LOCK THE DOOR.

and let nothing enter upon which they can feed. I would have you unconverted people say: "We confess that we have fed our vain thoughts, but now we will not go where they can get food. We will not go to ungodly amusements, nor into evil company, nor will we talk with idlers on our way home." Send into your heart what you know vain thoughts cannot be nourished upon, what will be poison to them. Give them God's Word. Read it and study it, and cry to God to have mercy upon you. Do nothing which will help these vain thoughts to live.

I will tell you a secret, and then I am done. The best way in the world that I know of is to sell the house over their heads. Let the house change owners. When you have done that, you know, it will be the new owner that will have the trouble of turning them out; and he will do it. I recommend every sinner here that wants to find salvation, to give himself up to Christ. Come out and pin your thoughts. They will not come

out. Notice to quit we give you; and they will not go. Give the house over to a new owner, and let him come, and he will drive them out, and he himself will come and live there, and his divine Spirit will come and fill every chamber with his own presence, and there shall be no fear that these bad lodgers shall ever come back again. God bless this simple word to many, for his name's sake. Amen.

A Long-Horned Ox.

BY JUDIE W. P. BOND.

"If an ox gore a man or a woman, that they die: then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten; but the owner of the ox shall be quit. But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman; the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death. Exodus xxi. 28, 29."

This was a hard law, you will say. A man put to death for the deed of an ox. But was it not just? Was it not murder? Was not the owner an aider and an abettor, an accessory, as much as if he had stood by and encouraged the vicious animal? He had been notified of the habit and disposition of the ox; but, instead of keeping him enclosed, thus exercising a proper one for the lives of men and women as "one who loves his neighbor as himself" would have done, he wantonly and willfully closed his eyes and ears and his heart, too, to the consequences, and gave the vicious animal the liberty of the range. The man who shoots into a crowd and kills, is a murderer; the man who wantonly and recklessly rushes upon a crowd, on a maddened horse, and kills, is a murderer; the man who sets a pitfall, or a snare on a footway trodden by men, is a murderer. One is caught therein and killed. Yea, more than that and worse than that, if I know that a man intends to take his own life, and I furnish him the means, the poison or the pistol, I am guilty of murder. Yea, and worse still, if I furnish a man that beverage which, if taken in excess, will certainly intoxicate, and if repeated again and again will dethrone reason, will madden, and will destroy life, I am responsible for all the consequences, and if death ensue, I am a murderer.

I do know the force of habit. I know that the man who willingly and knowingly assists another to weave around him the coils of the liquor habit, is as guilty as the man who shackles another, and thus prevents his escape from a burning house. There is no difference in the essential morality of the two cases, and the civil law should make none.

And yet, the State will grant men the liberty, upon payment of a certain sum of money, of selling intoxicating liquors, of opening what is called a saloon and vending the liquid poison to all who give liberty to the long-horned ox to roam the highway and push and gore to death men and women.

It is a privilege so highly valued and so precious to the State, that she cannot afford to allow all to sell, she must have a premium for selling, and so she sells for a sum of money the privilege of keeping the death-dealing saloon. The bowie-knife and pistol must be suppressed, their work is

too quickly done. But the saloon works slowly, but not less surely, and the consequences are more distressing. Think of a great State, calling themselves Christian people, yea civilized people, boasting of their civilization, in the front rank of nations, selling for a sum of money the liberty annually of making widows and orphans—of impoverishing her citizens; yea, of killing her people! Amazing!

Did the man who allowed his long-horned ox to run at large, pushing and goring men and women, deserve death? And does not the man who stands at the saloon counter and deals out the intoxicating beverage deserve the same fate whenever the fact can be established that the death of a citizen was caused by liquor taken at his saloon? In many of the States the saloon-keeper is responsible for all damage that may ensue as the consequence of liquor drunk at his counter; and why should he not be responsible for the death that occurs from the same cause? Christian man of God, answer. I know this is pushing the logic of the case to the extreme limit, but is not the conclusion just and true? If the saloon-keeper is responsible in his purse for damages which money can compensate, should he not be responsible in blood for the life which he has assisted in destroying? And if such should be the fate of the saloon-keeper, what should be that of the State that, for a pecuniary consideration, grants him the privilege of vending intoxicating liquors? Answer that who can. Will a righteous God, who "lays judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet," smile upon such action, or close his eyes to such iniquity? If the tears that fall from the eyes of broken-hearted wives and children were coined into pearls and returned to their pockets, it would be no adequate compensation for the wasted homes, the broken hearts, the ruined lives that lie scattered over the State like wrecks after a storm on the ocean's beach. How long will a Christian State permit this long-horned ox, his head decorated with a scarlet ribbon in token of his occupation, to roam the State at pleasure, scattering death and ruin as he goes?

"For it is the day of the Lord's vengeance, and the year of recompences for the controversy of Zion. And the streams thereof shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof into brimstone, and the land thereof shall become burning pitch. It shall not be quenched night nor day; the smoke thereof shall go up for ever: from generation to generation it shall lie waste; none shall pass through it for ever and for ever. But the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it: and he shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness." Isaiah xxiv. 8-11.

Starville, Miss.

—Some one has beautifully said: Not fear of slavery, but love of liberty, steals the patriot's arm and nerves his heart to do and die for his country; not shame of ignorance, but love of learning makes the student burn the midnight oil; not fear of hell, but love of truth moves the Christian to suffer and be strong for his brother's good.

CORRESPONDENCE

Silver Plume.

This is a mining town, about forty miles from Denver, Col., in the mountains, on the towering, tortuous, noisy, trout-filled Clear Creek. It is at the foot of Gray's Peak, which is covered now with snow, and can be seen for many miles as one dodges in and out, following the crooked channel of this frolicsome mountain stream. The breeze is cool and refreshing, a trifle chilly but lung-inflating. One opens the mouth and drinks it in like the thirsty ox at a watering trough, wondering if, really, it can last any length of time, even in these mountains, fearful that this blessing, that lingers in high altitudes only, is like many other enjoyable things, too good to last. What a relief, what a joy, what an inspiration!

If all the churches, and all the pastors, and all the Sunday schools, and all the prayer-meetings, all the sick, and the aged, and the poor, the nervous, the dyspeptic, the bilious, the over-worked men and tired out women—if they all could be here, there would be no separations of pastors and people. Editors could drive their quills with temperate-zone vigor; quarrelling church members would climb hand in hand the rocky and spruce-tangled mountain sides and grow loving as they beheld God's rugged thoughts piled up here and there; cloud-crowned buildings, with His beautiful thoughts spread out between them, untouched, arranged as He would have them; crystal lakes, one above another; cold water leaping from rock, between clean rocks, having plenty of time to be graceful in curve but none to spare, being always in a hurry; abrupt precipices, gentle slopes; pine, spruce, aspen, willow, tall and straight, short, thick and bunched, white and trembling, and the willow gently bends on the banks of the streams and cools its slender leaves. The few wild flowers suggest that God would not be lavish in the use of the delicate in order and color. Here they are tangled, confused, orderly. Who would not be tuned into harmony with his fellow when awed by such blending as this? Much of the discord that disturbs our religious life arises from playing on a few strings until they are entirely out of tune.

This trip to Silver Plume is a present of the citizens of Denver to delegates to the Conference of Charities. Many besides delegates take the trip. These roads that run to well-known places, or through fine scenery, pay 25 per cent. and more on the capital investment. We have two engines that are built close to the ground for climbing, and then frequently the pace is little faster than one can walk. The road winds to the bank of the stream. The cliffs are high and steep, and in some places hang over us. The mills all along the stream are run by the water's power, furiously; they grind wheat.

Georgetown is a village hid away in the canon. One can see trains of burros coming to or going from it at any time of day. The ore taken from mines over the mountains from the railroad is transported on these indifferent, self-estimated looking creatures of the donkey species, and on the tram-way, which is a series of

buckets run on wire from a mine to a station, over the tree tops, touching the prominent points only on the side of the mountain.

Both sides of the canon, high up, are pierced with holes that look like rat-holes, so far away are they, and floored with slates of stone and clay taken from a mine. Occasionally a cabin appears on the cliff, up there where it seems no man could stand. Some men have grown rich by digging there, many have grown old, gray and poor. All who dig there are interested in such a way in a subject as to make the passage of the silver bill a joy, its defeat a grief.

Flumes are troughs made to carry water from where it was to where it will be. There are many of these in Clear Creek canon. The water is used for purposes of irrigation, for motive power and for washing ore. On the mountain sides from a distance these look like wagon roads, or trails. Civil engineers have much to do in finding the least expensive routes for these flumes. By these the desert blossoms, almost any crop is made possible on a very indifferent looking piece of ground. Some have thought these will some time fructify the vast stretch of arid, sandy waste land between the Rockies and the streams that flow into the Missouri and Mississippi. Wonders have been already accomplished; no one can say where is the limit. The famous "Loop," one of four in existence, is over this branch of the "U. P." system. It certainly is a clever piece of railroad engineering. The train turns entirely around, climbing as it goes. Above the "Loop" is a very short curve. If this had been a part of a completed circle, I believe our train would have covered half of the circle, so near together were its ends. Civil engineering in the mountains is sometimes tasked to turn a train on the least possible space and at the same time obviate the danger of its being ditched, in the hollow of a curve, by lateral tension. Silver Plume is at the end of this crooked road. Some of its houses are elegantly finished for the region. The miners were courteous and obliging. About forty of us went into the "Georgetown Mine" a thousand feet or more, each with a tallowed candle in his hand (and her hand, for many ladies were in the party). The wind blew many candles out. The current of air in the mine is, in the summer, from above, through; in the winter, it passes from below out at the top. All the year the atmosphere in this mine is delightful. The veins of ore differ in size—*loads*, the miners call them. They run from six inches to as many feet. Ore that yields \$10.00 per ton pays; when it yields \$125 the business is prosperous. The leads are not like coal measures—running horizontally; but they stand up like the side of a house. Miners dig in till they strike a lead, then up and down and along till all is digged that pays. The altitude of this town is ten thousand feet above sea level; the temperature is six months from July, either way. Long shall I keep the impressions made by this my first trip into the region where silver grows; but soon shall I leave the region where one thinks less of the precious metal than of Him who made it, if he is temporarily escaped from trying to teach those who strive for the ore to holding converse with the other and

gaining a little respite and nepenthe. H. E. TURNER. Estes Park, Col. Centennial Meetings.

On the fourth Sunday in July the church here very kindly gave the pastor the month of August in which to rest and recuperate. This is a thing this generous, noble people are in the habit of doing every year. I felt that I must make some contribution to the Centennial movement, and so proposed to hold a Centennial meeting each Sunday during the month; an all-day meeting at some accessible country church within the bounds of the Central Association. I wrote to quite a number of churches soliciting invitations to hold these meetings, and to pastors, not a few asking their presence and co-operation. The pastors expressed themselves as in very hearty sympathy with the movement, but regretted exceedingly that one thing and another would prevent their attendance. We have as yet received but one invitation, that was from Oak Grove Church. We accepted the invitation and met with the brethren yesterday. A large congregation gathered to hear us talk about missions and the great Centennial movement. We had with us Brethren H. C. Irby and T. J. Doupre, of Jackson, and the indefatigable J. M. Senter, of Trenton. These good laymen all made admirable speeches that were listened to with marked attention and interest. The pastor of the church being absent, I was the only preacher on the ground, and, ministerially, I felt mighty lonely. I do not, most assuredly, mean to criticize my brethren unkindly, but at our last fifth Sunday meeting, held with Salem church, there were only two pastors present, and thirty eight. I was told, had been written to and urged to come. The question arises, if the pastors manifest little or no interest in missions and fail to attend these mission meetings, how can we hope for the people, over whom they have paternal care, to come up to the full measure of their duty? A church rarely goes beyond its pastor in missionary zeal.

There are Baptists within the bounds of Central Association—and this Association takes rank with the finest in the State in missionary work—that never heard of Diaz and his wonderful work, never heard of W. D. Powell; to whom the story of Carey and Judson and Rice is a thing unknown. O, how these good people do need information on the subject of missions! Then and not until then will they be prepared to labor and give and pray intelligently for missions.

We hope to go to Medina on the fourth Sunday. For second and third there is no appointment. Who will invite us? Yours in the work. W. F. RYALS. Trenton, Tenn., Aug. 8, 1892.

Centennial Workers.

The following is an additional list of names of pastors who have agreed to try to enlist their churches in the Centennial movement. A list was published last week and another will be published next week. Some pastors failed to get the letters sent them by the Centennial Committee. We hope, however, they will write and signify their purpose to take hold of this work. The brethren below

have been heard from since the last list was published and are to be counted among the workers of Tennessee for this movement:

- J. M. Corbin, Houston, Tenn.; W. E. Turner, Viola; George Petree, Pucastle; J. J. Ellis, Sevierville; M. C. Higdon, Parksville; S. C. Evans, Culleoka; B. F. Bartles, St. Elmo; W. J. F. Allen, Dexter; J. L. Bowers, Siam; James Allen, Devidor; R. C. Collins, McPherson; S. M. Irwin, Piedmont; M. B. Ramsey, Gibbs X Roads; G. W. Brewer, Dayton; J. S. Grubb, Clinton; T. F. Hale, Pikeville; C. G. Jones, Chattanooga; W. L. Slack, Memphis; J. H. Moore, May Day; J. C. Matlock, Bull Run; A. Hann, Gudger; James Wilson, Gunther; D. T. Butcher, Haynes; A. E. Johnson, Lebanon; W. C. Burnett, Stockton; J. W. Watson, Bluff Creek; J. M. Nowlin, Martin; G. W. Laffery, Sherman Heights; H. F. Burns, Jackson; S. T. Alsop, Wilford; W. F. Matheny, Gleason Station; J. E. Wickham, Turley's Mills; J. H. Gardner, Cynthia; D. F. Manly, Dumplin; O. G. Frazier, Sevierville; J. T. Moore, Parker, Enoch Winder, Paris; J. N. Yaden, Acuff; B. F. Standfill, Padgo; I. J. Van Ness, Nashville.

South Pittsburg

I have recently spent some two weeks or more in this pleasant locality. I find it made up of an excellent class of citizens. Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, and other States are represented by some of their best people. Also old England has sent in some noble specimens of her solid, energetic sons. I found our Baptist interest well taken care of by our Missionary, Rev. S. M. Gupton. Bro. Gupton knows how to work a new field. Five prayer meetings and two sermons each week are causing, under the blessing of the Master, from two to five additions each week. There seems to be a continuous revival in the church. You know they have recently bought the prettiest house in the city at less than half its original cost. They need help to pay for it. Let it be given cheerfully by every well-wisher of our Baptist Zion. As soon as this house is paid for this place will be self-sustaining. Send Bro. Gupton a contribution, reader, and you will never regret it. J. E. BAILEY.

Cumberland Association.

As has been stated in our column of announcements, Cumberland Association will meet on Tuesday, August 16th, with Little Hope Church, Montgomery County, about nine miles from Clarksville. Through the courtesy of the L. & N. Railroad, reduced rates will be given from all ticket stations on the lines of this road to Adam's Station, where conveyance will be furnished on Tuesday at 9 a. m. by brethren of this church and neighborhood. Delegates must at the time of purchasing tickets procure from the agent a certificate, which, when properly countersigned by the clerk of the Association, will be good for two-thirds of the return fare.

The brethren ask that about a dozen of the Nashville visitors will come to Clarksville on Monday night, so that they may be met there on Tuesday morning, instead of at Adam's. Brethren who prefer to do this are requested to leave their names at once with the clerk at the office of the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR.

NEWS NOTES.

NASHVILLE.

Brother Lofton, Strother and Smith are off for a rest season. May it be pleasant and helpful.

Bro. W. O. Carver is supplying for Dr. Lofton. He reports a great interest among the young people.

Bro. Van Ness reports that many of his people are out of the city and others are sick.

Bro. Quisenberry had a good day; three baptized and three received by letter sent off \$19.20 for Foreign Missions. Bro. W. C. Cleveland preached for him at night. It was said to be a sermon of rare power. Bro. Cleveland is a Nashville boy.

Bro. C. S. Gardner brought sunshine into the conference by his presence. His absence had been greatly felt. He filled his own pulpit at 11 a. m.

Bro. Golden had a harvest day received six, three by letter, two by baptism and one for baptism. He is full of hope and faith.

Bro. Ellis had Bro. Pleasant Henderson to preach for him yesterday. This brother has been blind all his life. Bro. Ellis says that he is certainly not spiritually blind. His sermon was one of the best Bro. Ellis has heard in a long time.

The life and death of Bro. Anson Nelson was reverently spoken of, and Brethren Gardner, Carver and Golden were appointed to express the admiration for such a life of Christ likeness.

Bro. Vandavel (col.) is greatly encouraged by the work of grace among his young people. The conference was honored by the presence of Brethren W. C. Cleveland, Prof. J. G. Pate, J. P. Weaver and J. T. Oakley.

MEMPHIS.

First Church usual services for the week. Baptism Sunday night.

Rowan Good meetings during the week. Wednesday night meeting quite good. The pastor preached on Communion Sunday night with good congregation.

Central Pastor Boston has returned and preached Sunday morning.

Pastor Porter reports a good beginning in special services at Olive Branch, Miss.

Trinity Pastor Early has gone on a trip to Denver. No report from the church.

CHATTANOOGA.

I have waited here in my study for the pastors to come in for the usual conference, and up to noon I am the only one to answer to roll-call. "They have all dispersed and wandered."

The cause in Chattanooga is progressing finely. True, many are out of the city spending the summer, yet our congregations are good. These dear saints on the mountains and in the country will come back refreshed, ready for the cold weather campaign. It has been my privilege to visit some of the brethren at their summer homes, and I assure you it was delightful. At our service last night there were several requests for prayer, and two professions. I always preach on Sunday night especially to the unconverted, and urge them to accept Christ right then and there.

I have been in Tennessee just a little over two months, and can say that it is a fine State, if its people can compare favorably with Chattanooga. You see I am raising a high standard, for this city is strictly first class. My reception among the brethren and sisters has been all that I could ask. A man would have to have a heart of stone not to love the members of this church. The Central church is looking for a pastor, and wants one of the best. Nothing less will do. Its location is admirable and its future bright. The Second church is moving on, and thinks Pastor Wright is the greatest man on earth. He is a whole-souled brother. Bro. Bartles, of St. Elmo, is taking his vacation holding meetings with country churches. Bro. Chauncey is in Indiana doing the work of an evangelist. As the result, Beech Street has no pastor. I send you ten subscribers. May the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR increase in usefulness, and may the shadow of the editor never grow less. C. G. JONES.

State Missions for the week ending August 6, 1892, \$214.51. My people here give me a two weeks vacation, which I propose to spend with my father, in Hancock County. Knoxville, Tenn. I closed a meeting last Friday night of seventeen days with my Central church, Jackson, Tenn., with the following results: The church was very much revived; converts, seven; baptized, two; awaiting baptism, two, and others will join soon. These are noble people. They know how to make their pastor happy. May God bless them in the prayer of their pastor. G. W. BIRBY. Jackson, Tenn.

I am engaged at this place at present. Our meeting has continued since the fifth Sunday meeting. The Lord is doing great things for us whereof we are glad. Nine have professed faith, eleven were forward for prayer last night, and two made profession. The work is widening and deepening. The interest is fast becoming general. Pray for us that the Lord may still do greater work for us. T. J. EASTES. Liberty, Tenn., August 8th.

The church at Round Lick, Watertown, Tenn., closed an interesting series of meetings recently, which resulted in the baptism of fourteen, one of whom was an intelligent Cumberland Presbyterian. There have been twenty-four additions to this church since I came to this field, and from present indications there are others to follow right soon. During the meetings Bro. J. T. Oakley preached three, Bro. Rutledge two, and Bro. J. H. Grime four excellent sermons, which were highly appreciated by our people. J. P. GILLIAM. Watertown, Tenn., August 8th.

Brothermen:—You can help the University at Jackson greatly and substantially by sending the boys who wish to do thorough collegiate work. If the University cannot do as much for them as any other Southern college, you are not advised to patronize it. Its claims on your patronage are based on merit and economy.

my. Would a merchant who has the same goods on his shelves like for his wife to make her purchases elsewhere? It is a principle of economy to patronize home industries where the same benefits can be obtained and to investigate before purchasing elsewhere. More young men are known to be expecting to come in September than ever before. G. M. S.

At the close of the fifth Sunday meeting with the church at Shiloh, Meigs Co., I continued the meeting until Sunday evening, the 8th. I never witnessed a more interesting religious service. The church house was too small to hold the large congregation. Received six by experience and baptism, two by letter; organized a prayer meeting, to meet on Sunday at 2 p. m. The church is built up spiritually, and great good accomplished. The Sunday-school will be one of the largest in the county. I will get subscribers for the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR as soon as the crops are marketed. J. C. TOWNSEND. Calhoun, Tenn., Aug. 8, 1892.

On July 28th I closed a meeting at Pleasant Grove, near Hampshire, which resulted in eight conversions and six baptisms. Two couples past middle age, one Esquire, joined and his wife, a Methodist, followed. Another 45 years old joined, and his wife, who had been a Campbellite, followed. Also two young men—all good members. R. Hull assisted, also two students from Bethel College did good work—R. P. Jacobs and Benton, the sweet singer. Rev. Rutledge, late of the Seminary, did some good preaching the last days of the meeting. We thank God and take courage. Bro. J. T. Oakley will write up the Santa Fe meeting. R. H. DAWSON. Timmons, Tenn., August 8th.

I commenced a series of meetings at my home church at Rover, July 30th, which lasted until August 7th. I was assisted by Rev. G. A. Ogle, who did nearly all the preaching. Bro. Ogle is an earnest, consecrated, Bible preacher, and won the love of all who attended our meeting. The church was edified and strengthened in the faith, sinners were converted, and on Sunday morning the happy privilege was mine to bury beneath baptismal waters two bright little Sunday-school girls. We gladly welcome the return of the sinner whose hair is frosted by many winters, whose feet are feebly tottering on life's farther shore; but we exceedingly rejoice to see the young heeding that blessed command, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Nothing is more beautiful than a life time spent in the Master's service. S. C. REID. Rover, Tenn.

May I say a word to our brethren about the work in Bristol? Bro. Williams is still moving things by his untiring energy, and our church was never so prosperous. He says he wants, before he leaves Bristol, to see the completion of the Southwest Virginia Institute and to build us a fine new church. The former wish seems near to being realized. The brick work on the finest school building in all this section is now above the second story and promises completion of the fourth by the last of August. Bro. S. D. Jones, the principal, says he proposes to have a school here in five years second to none in the South. Bro. Upchurch has been called to the South Bristol Church for another year and is doing a good work. He will have an important work there, and we trust they can soon secure more of his time. Come and see us when you visit the Holston Association, and by all means tell every young minister in our State to go to Louisville next October to our Seminary. W. WISTAR HAMILTON. Bristol, Va., and Tenn., July 26th.

Santa Fe. I began a meeting at this place on the fifth Sunday. Continued one week. The meeting was one of the best held there for years. Several professed faith in Christ. I baptized five, one of whom came from the Methodists. Our brethren were greatly encouraged. The congregations were encouraged from beginning to end. While the meeting was a Baptist meeting and so understood, the Presbyterian and Methodist pastors gave their presence and influence to the meeting and so did their members. On the whole we had a grand meeting. COLUMBIA. Sunday night I preached the ordination sermon of Bro. Forrest Smith, who is at present acting as pastor of our church at Columbia. The service was deeply impressive. The friends of Bro. Smith will rejoice to know that he has entered the ministry and is now an ordained gospel preacher. He has before him a glorious future. He will return to the Southwestern Baptist University in September and complete his course next June. Bro. Smith was raised in Wilson County and brought up in the country, which will be of no disadvantage to him in his ministry. The best thing I can say for Bro. Smith is, he is a Christian, and Baptist to the core. JOHN T. OAKLEY. No. 3.

My leaving the Big Hatchie Ass'n. before its adjournment was caused by an engagement to preach at Corinth, Miss., Sunday and Sunday night. This engagement had been made more than a month, under the impression that the Association met in the middle of the week to let preachers get to their appointments. My mother carefully taught me never to leave the house during services; and it is just as bad manners to leave the Association before it adjourns. The time of an Association ought to be fixed, not to be unfixed, in view of the fact that the community that entertains it is entitled to more preaching. In country churches there is a thirst also for deep, doctrinal preaching. When sermons are altogether on educational and missionary themes, the world cannot see so clearly why it would not do just as well to be a Methodist or Presbyterian. There is one trait of the Corinth congregation that I like. Great numbers remain to shake hands with the preacher and with one another. This is a model church with a model pastor, whose methods are a study. They are also attentive to those little courtesies that make a visiting minister feel pleasant; for instance, I found them adjourned from the church to the court-house for a larger audience room. G. M. S. July 29, 1892.

MISSIONS.

MISSION DIRECTORY.

STATE MISSIONS. Rev. J. H. ANDERSON, Missionary Secretary. All communications designed for him should be addressed to him at Nashville, Tenn.

sufficient for each scholar to have a copy, to every Sunday-school in the South which will promise to take up a Centennial collection for Home and Foreign Missions on October 2nd (or other convenient day) or will press the chapel cards previously distributed, or initiate their use.

We confidently believe that a very large sum will be gathered into the treasury of the Lord by the general observance of this day.

The Centennial chapel cards are free, so are the Certificates, Circulars and Leaflets, "Annie's Bricks," and "Miss Keziah and her Tracts," and with the Centennial Children's Day program, can be had by application to Maryland Baptist Mission Rooms, No. 9, East Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.

T. H. PRITCHARD, Secretary of the Centennial Committee.

Six Hundred and Fifty Dollars a Week.

Centennial Children's Day. The Baptists of the world propose to celebrate October 2, 1892, as the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Modern Missions.

That means a little over 12 1/2 cents per week for each of the 5,000 Baptists that have heretofore given nine tenths of all funds received for State Missions.

It means 2 1/6 cents per week each for the estimated 30,000, of whom each one has probably given a little.

It means 1/2 of a cent per week for each of the 105,000 Baptists of Tennessee.

If we fail in any considerable amount to meet this financial necessity it will result in disaster to the State Mission work.

A sadder thought still is that it will show that as a denomination we are sleeping while the enemy is sowing tares.

At the Southern Baptist Convention our beloved Brethren, whom every Baptist, and I might say every Christian, in this country loves as a wise, learned and thoroughly consecrated follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, said: "In this Centennial year every Baptist in the whole country ought to take intense delight in doing something for all our missionary enterprises."

You are going to give something, are you not—well, why not send it in now? You are going to ask others to give, are you not? Go and do it now; don't wait for the opportunity, but make the opportunity.

I have heard of a number of churches who have already taken collections, some of them weeks ago, who are waiting till the meeting of the Association to pay it over. I have never been able to find out any reason for that delay, but I do know that our creditors are needing the money very much.

Oh, for a few wealthy Baptists who could get it into their hearts to make thank offerings of large amounts.

W. M. Woodcock.

Treasurer's Report.

Receipts for missions in Tennessee in July, 1892:

Table with columns: ASSOCIATION, Amount, and Balance. Lists various associations like Big Emory, Central, and others with their respective financial reports.

Total \$1,234.50

This report does not contain the amounts collected by Bro. J. H. Anderson for the month, as he was away at the time this was made out. His report for this month will be embodied in my next report.

W. M. Woodcock, Treas.

To Brethren Attending Associations and Centennial Meetings.

Dear Brethren:—As has been stated time and again, the great object of our Centennial of Missions will fail of being attained unless our people are lifted to the higher plane of knowing, thinking and doing in missions. I mention first the knowing because this lies at the basis of the thinking and doing.

May I not, then, earnestly urge upon you to see to it that at every Association or Centennial meeting you take part in or attend, the claims of the Foreign Mission Journal are presented and subscriptions taken? The Journal is a thirty-two page magazine full of information not obtainable elsewhere, about our own missionary operations, together with

such accounts of the work of other missionary bodies as space allows. It is published at the following rates: Any number under ten, 50 cents each. From ten to twenty five, 30 cents each, and for any number over twenty five, 25 cents each.

I sincerely trust that many brethren will thus help me to swell the subscription lists of the Journal. Sample copies can be had by dropping a postal card of request to T. P. BELL, Richmond, Va.

Indian Education.

Says Bishop Hare, who has spent so many years of his life among the Indians: "Much has been said of the tendency of the educated Indian's return to the blanket, and, of course, as in all school work everywhere, one meets with grievous and flagrant cases of non-success. But, as a matter of fact, any careful observer who should travel through the Indian country, would have his attention attracted by a large element totally distinct in its bearings and appearance from old Indian life, and should be enquire what is the history of the young people who thus attract attention by their appearance and by the work they are doing in the schools, churches, offices and shops, as teachers, catechists, preachers, apprentices, clerks, etc. he would find that they were persons who have had the advantages of education in the Mission or Government schools."

In mission work I know of no field which yields larger results. In the mission of which I have charge (it is but one of several) there have been redeemed from heathenism and are now engaged in mission work, nine clergymen, seven candidates for orders, and nearly fifty catechists and other workers, the whole number of communicants being over sixteen hundred. Missionary Review.

Dear Brethren and Sisters: How can our State Treasurer pay the demands made on him as our agent unless we put the money in his hands to pay with? Just think for a moment what a small amount he asks us for, if we all pay something. A half day's work from some would pay it, and not over two days from any one who is able to work.

Ina, Tenn. R. J. R.

Advertisement for 'Wonderful' medicine. 'The wonderful cure of Car... The wonderful cure of Car... Truth is stranger than fiction.' Includes an illustration of a person.

BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR

J. R. GRAVES, LL.D., - Special Editor MEMPHIS, TENN.

The William Carey Association.

It is a fact almost unknown to the Baptist denomination in Tennessee, that we have here in this part of the State fourteen churches, ten pastors and over 800 members, who have not been known to us as Tennessee Baptists until the organization of the above named Association was spoken of. The organization of the new Association will be perfected at the meeting with the Oak Hill Baptist Church, next October, and will bear the name of William Carey, the great founder of the first missionary movement.

It is a significant fact that the time appointed to meet and form this new Association will be the Centennial of the first missionary effort.

The New Association will be formed of the fourteen churches in Tennessee that belong to the Liberty Association of Alabama and about sixteen churches of the Southern border of the Duck River Association.

Work done and moneys contributed by these fourteen churches of the Liberty Association have been reported as Alabama work, Tennessee getting no credit for it; consequently "taxation without representation" has so much discouraged them that they have done little or nothing in Sunday school or mission work.

Only five out of the number report Sunday-schools and one reports prayer meeting. We think we see the importance of a change somewhere; it can't make things much worse, but may be the means of doing great good. There are some few churches in the Duck River Association, to be in the new organization, which are in a similar condition. We hope soon to see every one of those churches with "ever green" Sunday schools and prayer meetings, and also with regular preaching.

The church at this place has just completed one of the prettiest and most convenient buildings we have in the State. They have a live Sunday-school and prayer-meeting. We are informed that they have called Rev. B. M. Stout, of Shelbyville, recently of West Virginia, to be their pastor for half of his time, who will take charge of his "flock" next Sunday, July 31st. With such a shepherd as we feel Bro. Stout to be, we have no doubt that the sheep at this place, will be "led into green pastures and beside the still waters."

It has been our pleasure to hear Bros. Berry McNatt and F. M. Yeargar "break the Bread of Life" to their congregations, which we enjoyed very much. It has also been our pleasure to meet Rev. S. H. Blair, pastor of Flintville church, formerly of Sevier County, East Tennessee. I was very favorably impressed with him, and would like to have heard him preach.

In conclusion we urge the importance of every church concerned sending a full delegation to the Association, to meet with the church at Oak Hill, eight miles north of Fayetteville. This will be a time to try your missionary zeal. May God bless the meeting. J. R. FLORENDA.

Our Field Glass.

BY REV. A. B. CADANISS.

"THE REASON WHY I AM A PRESBYTERIAN." Pondleton's Three Reasons Why I Am a Baptist, was on a Baptist centennial. A Presbyterian young lady present, I picked it up and remarked: I can give you why I am a Presbyterian in a much shorter space than that. I can give it with one reason and in one sentence, which is this: "My mother was a Presbyterian." She was honest and told the truth. Three-fourths of our church members of all denominations, when they profess religion, join the church to which their parents be long, or the church in the community where they live, or because they happen to profess religion at a Methodist, Presbyterian or Baptist meeting. They never think of examining the New Testament on the subject.

AN INDIGNANT IRISHMAN.

A Campbellite preacher met with an Irishman in East Tennessee and asked him where he lived when at home. The man told him. The preacher then asked him, "Have you any Christians in your station?" The Irishman indignantly replied: "Faith do you take us to be heathen?" From this our Campbellite friend can see the absurdity of his assumption that they are the only Christians in the world.

FIGHTING THE DEVIL WITH FIRE.

We often hear it said, metaphorically, you must fight the devil with fire. Yet we never expected to hear a sane man, much less a preacher, advocate such a warfare literally. But there are some very eccentric preachers in the world, and New York has an Episcopal minister who says the only way to put down the demoralizing doggeries is for Christian people to start respectable and orderly saloons, which will take the trade from them. In other words, the only way to put down these liery hells, is to start some more decent and orderly hells, where people, who will go to hell anyhow, can go and have a more decent and orderly time. By a parity of reasoning, then, since people will gamble, somehow, or anyhow, the only way to put down faro banks, and other gambling hells, is for Christian people to start more decent and orderly gambling hells, where the gamblers can have a more decent and better time and will boycott the others. Who can believe such an absurdity? London.

We have closed a meeting at the Baptist church at this place of eighteen days, which resulted in twenty-two accessions to the church; thirteen by experience and baptism, seven by letter and two others approved for baptism. We had to contend with some opposition, but the church has been wonderfully built up and strengthened in the faith of the gospel.

The Cumberland Presbyterians have a very strong hold at this place and they do not want to surrender one inch of ground. Their pastor one night during the first week, after the meeting was dismissed, called the attention of the congregation and pitched in a bomb. The explosion was not as he expected. He went away and did not return. We moved on as though nothing had happened, and baptised two of his

members before the meeting closed. I have met with a woman forty years old, a member of the Methodist church, that never was at a Baptist meeting until since I came here. Her husband and daughter joined our church during the meeting, and two other daughters will probably join at our next. The truth will prevail. Rev. W. N. Griffin, of Mossy Creek, assisted in the meeting, doing good preaching. He is a thorough worker, both in the church and family circle, and like Paul, he is ready to dispute on the streets and contend in the market places, and I am certain that he convinced the people of Loudon before he left the town that he was a Baptist.

The last night of the meeting was spent in a number of appropriate short talks, and the meeting closed with an old-fashioned "hand shaking," and a good state of feeling pervaded the congregation. The outlook for the Baptists at this place was never more encouraging. J. A. ROBERSON. July 30, 1892.

Associational Vice Presidents of the Centennial Committee.

- Beech River, ———
Beulah Rev. R. W. Norton, Union City.
Big Emory—Rev. W. C. Grace, Harrison.
Big Hatchie—Rev. I. P. Trotter, Brownsville.
Wm. Carey J. H. Burnam, Fayetteville.
Central—Rev. W. H. Ryals, Trenton.
Cwillow—Rev. S. E. Jones, Knoxville.
Clinton Rev. J. N. Bishop, Bull Run.
Concord Rev. G. L. Ellis, Nashville.
Cumberland—Rev. I. J. Van Ness, Nashville.
Cumberland Gap—I. M. Johnson, Mt. Pelia.
Dover Furnace—Rev. B. F. Stamps, Duck River—Rev. L. B. Jarmon, Wartrace.
Easton—Rev. J. R. Lawrence, Carlock.
East Tennessee—Rev. J. C. Rockwell, Newport.
Enon—J. M. Wilkes, Willetts.
Fairview, ———
Friendship—Rev. S. K. Tigrett, Hansford.
Hiwassee T. F. Shaver, Dayton.
Holston—Rev. J. H. Snow, Johnson City.
Holston Valley—Rev. W. L. Winfrey, Persim.
Indian Creek—A. O. Montague, Sorby.
Judson—Rev. J. C. R. Williams, Spencers Mills.
Liberty and Ducktown, ———
Long Creek—Rev. A. W. Koen, Scottsville, Ky.
Memphis—Rev. J. D. Anderson, Memphis.
Mulberry Gap—Rev. Wm. Kenner, Choptank.
New River—Rev. T. W. Nash, Glades.
New Salom—Rev. T. J. Easton, Grant.
New Providence, ———
Nolachucky—Rev. S. S. Hale, Mossy Creek.
Northern—Rev. Simeon Acuff, Clear Spring.
Ocoee—John P. Parker, Ooltewah.
Providence—Rev. M. D. L. Burnett, Muddy Creek.
Rhea—Rev. G. W. Brower, Dayton.
Riverside—Rev. W. S. Guthrie, Oakley.
Salem—Rev. D. B. Vance, Woodbury.
Sequatchie Valley, ———
Sevier—Capt. J. J. Ellis, Sevierville.
Southwestern District—D. J. Allen, Camden.
Stoughton Valley, ———
Sweetwater—Rev. J. T. Barrow, Sweetwater.

Tennessee—Rev. Carter Helm Jones, Knoxville.
Union—Rev. A. D. Phillips, McMinnville.
Unity—Rev. C. C. McDaniel, Jackson.
Walnut Grove—Rev. J. H. Wrick, Morris Gap.
Watauga—Rev. D. Kitzmiller, Watauga.
Weakley County—Rev. A. R. House, Dresden.
Western District—Rev. E. Winde, Paris.
Wiseman—Rev. W. M. S. Wilke, Enon College.
West Union, ———

Yes, I have seen him; he has been to Medina. The people all saw him, looked, gazed, and wondered; but he was only a man, I mean Mr. Hargrove, bishop and champion of Methodism in the M. E. Church, South. I heard him preach on the "Temptations of Christ." He read the baptism of Christ as recorded in Matthew, but made no comment. He took occasion during the discourse to denounce modern holiness, and furthermore said that a man must be saved by works. Here is his illustration—that we could not expect a crop from our corn unless we work it. Query? Do we not cultivate the stalk to make it produce fruit? So the Christian must work that he may be as fruit. Bishop, if it be lawful to call him Bishop, Hargrove came here to preside over the District Conference of the M. E. Church, which was held here commencing on July 15th. The people did not take the interest that was expected would be manifested upon the meeting of such a body. The crowds were not as large as they were when the Central Association met with us four years ago. Everything passed off quietly. Their preachers and stewards seemed to be very earnest in their work. The bishop and others labored to show the necessity of carrying out the rules and regulations of the discipline. Reflections: If these men should labor so earnestly to carry out the teachings of men, should not we as Baptists who take Christ's word and example as our guide be zealous in the Master's work? Many of your readers will remember Medina as a missionary station and the struggle we had to get a foothold, but we are here to stay, upheld by His omnipotent hand. I would like to see more copies of the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR at this office, as those who read it are better up on the work of the denomination. WILLIAM ASKEW.

Medina, Tenn. [Can't you help us get more there, Bro. Askev?—Ed.]

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BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR

Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 11, 1892.

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE IS IT CHRISTIAN?

It may be well before beginning the discussion of this subject to state that what claims to be Christian science is not the same thing as faith cure, or belief in divine healing of the body. Christian science repudiates the prayer of faith by which the body is to be healed, and says that "prayer to a personal God affects the sick like a drug that has no efficacy of its own."

to argue the divinity of Christ. We take it for granted that our readers believe in it. Christian science says that: "Jesus is the man, and Christ the Divine principle of the man." "Christ Divine Principle; soul, outside the body; not the person of the man Christ Jesus, but his 'eternal Spirit.'" Jesus with it was a Christ, but not the Christ, and as such was "only that which every man is in his true nature." This is not Christianity. It is infidelity. It is blasphemy.

3. As to the Holy Spirit. "The Bible," says Hogg, "represents the Holy Ghost as a 'Comforter,' as a personal being, whose offices are to 'teach,' 'guide,' 'reprove,' 'intercede,' 'search and reveal the deep things of God,' 'testify of Christ,' 'quicken the dead,' and divide his gifts severally to every man according as he will. The masculine personal pronoun He is employed to designate him, and he is represented as being 'grieved,' 'axed,' and, as the subject of unpardonable blasphemy. Christian science flatly contradicts these Scriptural representations concerning the nature of the Holy Spirit." It says that the Holy Spirit is a "Divine Science; the developments of eternal life, truth and love. Baptism with the Holy Ghost is described as being 'baptized with Divine Science.'"

4. As to sin. The Bible constantly speaks of us as sinners. It says "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and so death passed upon all men, for that all men have sinned." Rom. v. 12. Christian science says "Spiritual man is never wrong." "Sin is a belief only." "Strictly speaking, there is no sin." "Man cannot depart from holiness."

5. As to the atonement. We quote Hogg: "Its chief oracle says: 'Atonement is the exemplification of our oneness with God.' The Bible says: 'We were reconciled [another word for atonement] unto God by the death of his Son.'—Rom. iv. 10. Christian science says: 'Atonement is not blood flowing from the veins of Jesus, . . . not so much the death on the cross, but the cross-bearing, deathless life which was left by Jesus as an example to mankind, and ransoms from sin all who follow it.' Scripture says: 'It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul.'—Lev. xviii. 11. 'We have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins.'—Col. i. 14. Christian science asserts that 'One sacrifice, however great, is insufficient to pay the debt of sin.' Says Holy Scripture: 'This man, when he had offered one sacrifice for sins forever, sat down on the right hand of the throne of God. . . . For by one offering he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified.'—Heb. x. 12, 14."

6. As to pardon. Christian Science says: "To suppose that God forgives or punishes sin according as his mercy is sought or unsought . . . is to make prayer the safety valve for wrong doing." "Principle (that is, God) never pardons." On the other hand, the God of the Bible declares himself to be "The Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty." Ex. xxxiv. 6, 7. But this editorial is growing too long. We shall have to reserve until next week the completion of this part of the subject.

THE KING CASE AGAIN. We find a good deal of sympathy for Col. King, the murderer of David Poston, now sentenced to be hanged next Friday, and also for his family, and some people seem surprised that we are opposed to the commutation of his sentence. Let us say that we sympathize with Col. King and his family as much as any one could do. But this is not a question of sympathy for any one person or family. It goes far beyond that. It concerns the 70,000 citizens of Memphis. It concerns the 2,000,000 citizens of Tennessee. Nay, it concerns the 63,000,000 people of the United States. The question involved is, Shall the law be allowed to take its course? Shall justice be done? Shall crime be punished? Shall murderers be hanged? If you say no, and whoever signs a petition for the pardon of a criminal does any no, then you contribute your name and your influence to tearing down these legal restraints which are the bulwarks of our civilization and our safety, and you do what you can toward bringing in a reign of anarchy, of barbarism, of savagery, where private revenge is the only law which governs people. Let us illustrate. Suppose Col. King is pardoned and a commutation of his sentence to imprisonment means his pardon, for as soon as public sentiment dies out a little more and a new Governor can be found who will have little enough backbone (an easy matter) then they will get up petitions again for his pardon, everybody will sign them, of course, and he goes free. Now suppose that is done, and suppose that one of Mr. Poston's brothers should walk up and shoot Col. King down on the street as he did Mr. Poston, what can you do with Mr. Poston's brother for that? What is in the way of his doing it? You have established the principle that a murderer must not be hanged. You have established the right of private revenge. What can you do with him? Nothing, according to the precedent set, except to try him, find him guilty of murder, sentence him to be hanged, petition for a commutation of his sentence, and then, after a few years,

College, and did it well. Secretary Anderson spoke with his usual fervor upon State Missions, and took a collection for it, amounting to about \$75. The total cash collection for this purpose, including amounts sent up to the Association by the churches, was \$114. The report on the State of Religion brought out a practical speech from Bro. W. Owen Carver, that on Temperance two earnest talks from Brethren Thompson and Anderson. The report on Sunday-schools, read by Bro. J. P. Gilliam, stated that there is a Sunday-school in every church in the Association which is a remarkable fact. Can any other Association in the State make a similar showing? At night the delegation had greatly thinned out, but Bro. S. H. Price made an excellent talk on Home Missions and the editor did his best to interest those present in the Centennial movement, after which we sang "Blest be the Tie that Binds" and gave each other the right hand of fellowship. On Sunday there was preaching by various brethren at the different churches of the town and surrounding country. The following visitors were noted at the Association: Brethren A. F. Williams and W. C. Cleveland of Kentucky, J. P. Weaver of Arkansas, G. M. Savage of Jackson, J. H. Anderson and T. T. Thompson of Nashville, S. M. Gupton of South Pittsburg, B. C. Jarrell of Humboldt, W. V. Lee and W. D. Gold of Carthage, W. H. Smith of Alexandria and various others from the New Salem Association, which lies adjacent to Lebanon. We are sorry to know that Bro. B. G. Manard, who has been elected President of the new school to be started at Tullahoma, has been quite sick recently. He is better now, but his physicians have advised him to take several months rest. He has decided to return to Little Rock, where his family is still living, to spend a while resting. Rev. J. S. Corpening, of Eagleville, is a recent importation from North Carolina. He graduated last June at Wake Forest College. He is evidently a young man of much ability and consecration. We extend to him a hearty welcome to Tennessee. In coming here he is fortunate in having his lot cast among so noble a people as those of Eagleville. As you see, the Cumberland Presbyterian Publishing House has taken up a good deal of space on our cover this week. The books it advertises are undenominational and are worthy of being read by any one. We take pleasure in commending this house because, as we have found, it is composed of true Christian gentlemen, who will always treat you right. Some time ago we announced that we proposed to publish frequent letters from our missionaries in the State. Well, such was our intention, made at the request of Treasurer Woodcock, who wrote to all the missionaries, requesting them for letters of information about their work. How many responses do you suppose he received?

PERSONAL AND PRACTICAL. One, the one we published from Bro. Ellis. We have been an optimist of the most pronounced type all our life, but we confess that as we look upon the condition of affairs in our State and country—the growing disregard for law, the dominating influence of the saloon element in politics, the corruption and demoralization which seem to prevail everywhere—we have become almost a pessimist. Is it because we are growing old? Probably never before was there as much being said and written about missions as now. Especially is this true in our own denomination. We want to see a revival such as will be permanent. The training of our preachers to preach on this subject as well as the training of the people to give, means a great deal. The great work of the church is to pray and work for the coming of the Kingdom. Considerable consternation has been created among our Jewish friends by the proclamation of a council of Rabbis in New York, declaring that the Abrahamic rite of circumcision may be left optional with converts to the Jewish faith from the Gentiles. Paul, however, anticipated the Rabbis in such a declaration by about eighteen hundred years, except that Paul, instead of simply leaving it optional, declared it to be unnecessary. Bro. J. P. Weaver made a good point in a prayer meeting talk at the Concord Association. He told of the cocklebur which always brings forth some fruit, no matter how small, before frost, and wished that we could have more cocklebur Christians, who will be willing to do small things for Christ if they cannot do larger ones, and who will be sure to produce some fruit for the Master before the frosts of death shall fall. When you get ready to go to Europe just write me and I will step in to help bear your expenses. T. N. CARTER, Cardiff, Tenn. Thank you, Bro. Carter. We shall have to receive about one thousand more such assurances, however, before we can get ready to go. But lest we be misunderstood, we repeat that what we said about a European trip was intended only in fun. We did not mean to beg our way there. Still, we appreciate very much the kind offers of our friends. Rev. E. N. Walne has resigned the care of the church at Ghent, Ky., to accept an appointment as missionary to Japan. During his pastorate of one year sixty members have been added to the church and its missionary contributions have increased from \$30 to over \$300. It is such successful pastors at home that we need as missionaries. A man who could not succeed in this country with everything in his favor could hardly succeed among the heathen with everything against him. In the death on last Friday of Anson Nelson of this city, Nashville loses one of its oldest and most honored citizens, the First Baptist Church one of its best and most beloved members, the cause of Christ one of its truest and noblest friends. For fifty-two years he had been a citizen of Nashville and had held various offices of trust and of honor, but never has there been a breath of suspicion against his honesty or of slan-

der against his character. Probably the oldest member of the First Baptist Church, for twenty-seven years one of its deacons, he has ever been held in the highest esteem and affection by the members thereof and by the members of all the other Baptist churches in the city. He leaves a wife, the daughter of Dr. B. B. C. Howell, and several brothers, among them Dr. W. A. Nelson, now of Alken, S. C., formerly of the Edgely Church, this city, as well as a host of friends, to mourn his loss. His funeral services were conducted in the First Baptist Church on Sunday afternoon by the pastor, Dr. W. R. L. Smith, in the presence of a vast concourse of sympathizing friends. Peace there shall be to his ashes, and rest, eternal rest, to his soul. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; yea, sayeth the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them." RECENT EVENTS. Steep Creek Church, Alabama, has just closed a meeting of days, with nine accessions. The first Baptist Church of Louisiana, Mo., has called Rev. W. A. Gibony to its pastorate. A meeting at Mount Pleasant church, near Linwood, Ala., resulted in seventeen additions, nine by baptism. We regret to chronicle the death of Mrs. Dr. Wm. Royall, at her home in Wake Forest, N. C., Sunday, July 24th ult. Miss Maggie Hudson and others of Hendersonville, Tenn., contribute \$1 to the Baptist Centennial Fund. Thank you. There have lately been nineteen accessions to the church at Midway, Monroe County, Ala., the result of a meeting of days. Rev. Charles B. Lloyd, who has been called to the First Baptist Church at Decatur, Ala., was ordained July 24th ult. The Wartrace Baptist Church has voted its pastor, Rev. Francis Boseman, one month's vacation, to be spent in rest and recuperation. Well done. Archbishop Ireland declared himself opposed to opening the World's Fair on Sunday in the interest, he said, of labor. Sunday, he says, is the laboring man's day of rest. Rev. W. A. Whittle has just closed a successful meeting at Furman, Ala., where the saints expressed their appreciation of his services by the presentation of a purse of \$200. Good. Rev. C. H. Jones, our Knoxville pastor, is spending a few weeks of needed rest at Nag's Head, North Carolina, which is his present address. His correspondents will please take notice. Rev. Matt Lyon of Tusculum, Ala., now eighty years old, is lying very low of typhoid fever. He is one of the choicest men in the ministry, and has been for almost half a century. Mr. Thomas Cook, so well known as the guide of tourists in all lands, died at Leicester, England, July 18th. (Continued to page 12.)

THE HOME.

BETTER THANK GOD

Better than grandeur, better than gold. Than rank and titles thousand fold. Is a healthy body and mind at ease. And simple pleasures that always please. A soul that another's joy can know. A heart that can feel for another's woe. With sympathies large enough to enfold All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is conscience clear. Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere. Doubly blessed with content and health. Untried by lusts and cares of wealth. Lowly living and lofty thought. Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot. For mind and morals in nature's plan Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose. Of the sons of toil when their labor close. Better than gold is the poor man's sleep. And the balm that drops on his slumber deep. Bring sleeping draughts of the downy bed. Whose luxury pillows its aching head. The toiler simple opiate deems. A shorter route to the land of dreams. Better than gold is a thinking mind. Than in the realms of books can find. A treasure surpassing Australian ore. And living with the great and good of yore.

The sage's lore and the poet's lay. The glories of empires pass away. The world's great dream will thus unfold. And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home. Where all the fireside charities come. The shrine of love the heaven of life. Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife. However humble the home may be. Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree. The blessings that never were bought or sold. And centre there, are better than gold.

By Father Ryan. "One of These, Least."

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

People were apt to make fun of Miss Jemima Moore behind her back. She was little and queer, and getting old, past fifty-five now at least. Had she been poor, doubtless they would have made fun to her face, but she was not poor. She had a comfortable bit of fortune, and as she said: "Needn't be beholden to nobody."

You couldn't much blame the young folks for smiling when she walked up the aisle on Sunday to her seat in the corner pew. The minister had what a minister shouldn't have, an eye to the ludicrous, and even he was obliged to look the other way pretty resolutely sometimes. Her dress was a study in archaology. Thrifty soul, she never threw away anything; she kept her Sunday gown for Sundays and folded it religiously on week-days. No wonder it lasted forever. She made her own bonnets, and the wise ones thought she took pattern from the old Egyptian figures of the time of Joseph. To be sure, they were figures of men mostly, but when you come to such heathenish headgear it is hard to tell the difference.

Miss Jemima had just added to her queerness by doing the queerest thing of all. She had adopted a baby! The whole neighborhood was on the qui vive. "Have you heard?" "Did you ever?" "What ever made her do it?" "She never was well balanced," etc. Miss Jemima knew precisely what made her do it. Not because she was lonely, or had a motherly instinct, or wanted somebody to take care of her in her old age. Not one such common sense reason. It was because she was a literalist. What's that? Well, she read her Bible literally. She believed the six days of creation contained twenty-four hours each; and the wonderful words which tell how

the sun and moon stood still at the command of man, were not poetry to her. Do not sueer at such a simple faith; it sometimes takes a mightier grip than greater learning does. What was better, she tried to live up to the precepts she read, though it was often a puzzle how to do it. Still she came vastly nearer than if she had not tried.

It grew out of this text, "Luna-much as ye did it not unto one of these least, ye did it not unto me." It is doubtful if she owned a dictionary, or would have consulted it if she had. "Least," that evidently meant small in size—a baby. "Hungry," "naked," "sick," these prosaic adjectives she understood.

"I wonder I never thought on't before. Here I've lived all my life, an' never done anything for 'one of these least.' Well, I'm glad 'tain't too late. I'd feel awful to hear Him say I hadn't done it to Him." In prison, the rest on't seems easy like, but I don't just see how to get into prison 'thout stealin' something. Mebbe the poor-house'd do. I'm sure if ever there was a disgrace it's to go to the poor-house."

Simple hearted Miss Jemima thought about it and prayed about it, but she kept her own counsel. "Me an' the Lord can settle things between us" was a favorite expression when any one volunteered advice, and there was not a shade of irreverence in thought or tone.

The upshot was that she presented herself the next week to the astonished overseer of the poor, asking if he had such a thing as a sickly, naked, hungry baby. Well, there was a baby which pretty nearly answered the conditions. Fortunately, if one may say so, the young mother had died in giving it birth ten days before. It hadn't any clothes to speak of, and it "squalled like it was hungry," said the grinning man. "As to bein' sickly, ther'll be chance enough for that later, children mostly has measles, an' whoopin' cough, an' scarlet fever when the time comes."

Miss Moore winced a little at the prospect, but held resolutely on. "I would like to adopt this boy, Mr. Sanderson, if - if you've no objection."

"Objection! Bless me," said the overseer, "t'would be the greatest mercy. Not a person in the world to claim him. His mother said as his father was dead, an' now she's dead, too, poor thing; you won't have no relations lookin' up such a brat as he is. But bless me, Miss Jemima, it's sorter queer. You're sure you want to?"

"Quite sure," answered the little woman with dignity, "an' I'll take him right along now."

"Well, well," chuckled Mr. Sanderson, "the little chap 'll have a comfortable home, but I don't envy him his bringin' up, tied to that old maid's apron strings."

The villagers exploded with the fun of it. If the foster-mother knew, she showed no sign. If her brain was the least bit awry, as some folks surmised, one true song kept singing in her thoughts. "Ye did it unto me," was the sweet refrain. It held her patient through the unknown experiences of nursing bottles and sugar tied in a rag, through the mysteries of bathing and plugging-blankets, through sleepless nights when baby screeched from a vigorous pair of lungs.

In due time he was taken to the church to be christened, and if peo-

ple buried their faces in their handkerchiefs, one might fear it was all decorous devotion. Miss Jemima had made the child's dress for this important occasion with infinite care. It was old-fashioned bobbinet lace, with a pattern patiently darned in and out. "Looks for all the world like a pincushion," said one gay girl. Then there was a bright red sash with bows so big they threatened to obscure the baby.

"That's to make him acceptable to the Lord, I suppose," was another's profane comment. Some even tittered when the tiny thing was weighted with the name of Joshua, after Miss Jemima's good father, long since sleeping the sleep of the just. They ought to have been ashamed of themselves, those giddy girls. There stood the spinster taking her solemn vows to the child for Him and the Lord looked down and said it all. Joshua grew as children will, out of babyhood into boyhood, and thus into day-school and Sunday-school. To say what trials there were in rearing him thus far would fill a volume.

What wild, roving blood was in his veins? Why did he run away in spite of Miss Jemima's commands? Why did he look steadily at her out of his blue, honest eyes, and promise not to do so any more, then break the promise at the first opportunity? No doubt the school-boys helped him on; no doubt they made fun of Miss Jemima, no doubt he was mortified because his clothes didn't look like theirs. Certainly he showed no promise of being a shining light, as she had hoped. So it went on until he was fourteen years old. Then one day Joshua did not come home to dinner, nor to supper, and on searching his chamber, she found his small wardrobe gone, and a scrap of paper, on which was scrawled: "I can't stand the chaff I'm goin' to sea for I like the water better'n land. Good-by. I'm sorry." That last was the one touch of tenderness for all these years of care.

"And I did it unto Him," she thought, with pathetic questioning. The neighbors said: "I told you so." "You might 'a known better, Miss Moore." "What's bred in the bone is sure to come out in the flesh;" all those comforting things people know so well how to say.

At first Miss Jemima hoped daily for the return of the truant. For this she prayed and waited. "I did it unto Him," that was the ground of her hope. But the years drifted slowly by, four, five, six, bringing only disappointment.

Who knows what wreck of faith might have resulted, had not God, who will not let his children be tried more than they can bear, sent another text to make it's impress on her soul. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

"Bye by He'll tell me all about it," she whispered, and folded her

faded hands in utter content when the message came which called her to the presence of the King.

Happy Miss Jemima! No more queeresses, no more mysteries. Nobody cried at the funeral. They said: "Doubtless she's better off," with the unconscious patronage some pious people give to heaven.

It was a fearful storm at sea, but it was daylight. That was fortunate for young Joshua Moore, else he would hardly have been rescued after the big wave swept him from the deck. He was more dead than alive when the brave fellows who had risked their own lives clambered on the side with their comrades in their arms. But he lived and remembered that brief experience in the wild sea, when all the past stood out before him, and the most vivid thing in the picture was the figure of an old little old woman, trying to teach him Bible verses.

Why couldn't he shake off the thought of her? Why did it seem a base thing to desert her, when before this he had esteemed it quite a stroke of genius? Ah! he had been near to a great mystery, so near that death had whispered to him how actions appeared on the other side.

"I'll go back and look her up the first thing when we get into port, and I'll let her know I've not forgotten the verses."

For the divine Spirit was using the fearful peril through which Joshua Moore had passed to quicken the seed sown so long before.

He kept his word. Arrived in New York, he made haste to the remote New England settlement. The young men hardly knew the big, bronzed fellow, self-reliant as one who had seen more than one narrow corner of the great world. They did not chaff him now, though his voice trembled as he asked for Miss Jemima Moore, and he strode off to the churchyard to which they pointed.

"Pears like he enred," they said in low tones. Yes, he did care. By that lowly grave he made a solemn vow, born of bitter regret and sweet hopefulness.

I'll make it up to her, by God's help, but I wish I wish she could know. I can't be a preacher. I'm a sailor through and through, but there's plenty of work on ship-board, Heaven knows."

So it happened for many a year which followed, that whatever deck Joshua Moore trod, on that ship there came great changes; changes so gradual as to seem imperceptible. The quiet Christian living of one man told. The sailors there grew less profane; they drank less grog; there were little gatherings for prayer; there was scarcely a voyage when one or more did not give in allegiance to the Master of winds and waves. - New York Observer.

YOUNG SOUTH.

Mrs. O. L. HAILEY, Editor. No. 215 N. Fourth Avenue, Knoxville, Tenn., to whom all communications for this department may be addressed.

POST-OFFICE.

Ring out ye bells The news to tell. This is the glad Centennial Year.

Dear Children: Not all of you may know or remember our dear old friend, Dr. John B. Carrin of Stephenville, Fla. (Uncle John). But he loved and knew us - yes, know not only me, but you, children, on a by name - and watched our work with a great deal of interest. Not only that, but helped us each year by a liberal contribution for himself and wife. But, children, my heart was saddened on receiving the following letter from his wife a few days ago, and this is what it said.

Mrs. O. L. Hailey, Aunt Nora: Dear Sister, Inclosed please find \$5 for the Centennial Fund. This is the last gift of my dear husband, Dr. John B. Carrin. Uncle John, he has gone to his rest. He fell asleep at 7 o'clock on Monday, July 11th. He left the amount enclosed in a bag marked as the Lord's Fund. Pray for me that the Lord's grace may sustain me in this my deep sorrow. But thank the good Lord, I need not sorrow as those who have no hope for the land no fear of death, having been long prepared. May God help us to realize that we may meet him in a better land. I am your loving sister in Christ. EMMA L. CARRIN.

Saddened? Why? Not for his sake, surely. Oh, no, no! For he was a great sufferer for many years. He felt that his life work was done and he was prepared to go. He used to write me that he was simply trying to bear his great suffering and to wait his Master's summons with patience, "for his sake." But my heart is peculiarly sensitive to the love and sympathy of those about me, and the dear friends far and near who have constantly assured me of their love and interest in my work with the children of the Young South are very dear to me, and they are a constant inspiration to me in all my efforts to carry it on. Hence my heart was pierced with a pang of sorrow as I read: "This is the last gift of my dear husband, Dr. John B. Carrin (Uncle John)." Oh! yes, how we will miss his gifts, as well as his warm love and interest. Let us pray God, children, to send us other friends and helpers to take his place. We cannot get along without such friends. And my heart was saddened, also, with thoughts of his lonely, dear old wife. Children can not understand; but, mothers and friends, you who know what it is to be called on to "walk alone," will you not think of this dear sister in her "deep sorrow," and pray God to draw very close to her and give her sustaining grace?

There is a spot where spirits blend. Where friend holds fellowship with friend. Though sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy-seat.

Loveingly, AUNT NORA. Dear Aunt Nora:—Inclosed find \$1. Please send me another label for my bell and I will try and fill it again. School begins August 8th. I have enjoyed vacation hugely. I have read some and played a great deal. My birthday was the 30th of June and mamma and papa gave me "The Life of Spurgeon" and several other books, which I enjoy reading very much.

Please correct my name. I notice it was printed "Mary" instead of Harry. With love to you and all the cousins. HARRY L. MARTIN. Stanton, Tenn.

No wonder you wanted your name changed, my boy, for I should not think a boy of your stamp would ever consent to be called "Mary." I send you four more labels and a card to register all your bricks on, for now that you are started I do not believe you will stop short of \$5. I am glad you love to read, and have parents who give you such good books.

Dear Sister: Inclosed find \$2, one dollar collected by Callie Leek, and the other by my little girls with their chapel bells. Grace and Helen each had 50 cents apiece and they are not going to quit until they get another \$1. They will have some chickens to sell soon. Your sister, MOLLIE TINSLEY.

Good. I am glad the girls are not going to stop. And could you not help them and others get up a "Centennial Day" in October? It will be very enjoyable, I know.

CENTENNIAL BUILDING FUND.

- Enid Froeman, \$5.00; Roy Crawford, Knoxville, Tenn., \$5.00; Mrs. A. Montague, Tennessee, \$2.00; Maggie Felzer, Tennessee, \$5.00; Fortie Loveless, \$1; Katie Ford, \$2; Annie Bell Swan, \$1; Eve May Crawford, \$1; Josie Talley, \$1; Central Avenue Baptist Sunday school class, Memphis, Tenn., \$5; May Blankingship, \$1; Winnie Bradshaw, \$1; Annie, Troy, Birdie and Mamie Holland, \$1; Carrie and Mabel Fuller, \$2; Sallie Featherston, \$1; Gaiher Grayson, \$1; Mabel Askew, \$1; Burt Cunningham, \$1; Josie Janeway, \$5; Esther Wingo, \$5.13; Spurgeon Wingo, \$1; Emma Cooper, \$5; Mary Emma Isbell, \$1; M. O. Halford, \$5; Minnie Searbrough, \$1.60; Howard Thomas, \$1; Nettie and Herbert Young, \$5; Mattie Winder, \$1; Jessie Smith, \$1; Lucy Tucker, \$1; Sarah Curtis Deupree, \$1; Emma Lee Deupree, \$1; William Kingdon, \$1; Lucile Powell, \$1; Mrs. Edenton and Sunday-school class, Jackson, Tenn., \$5; Fannie Rowland, \$1; Dr. Jno. B. Carrin, \$5; Callie Leek, \$2; Grace and Helen Tinsley, \$1; Harry L. Martin, \$1.

Polly's Short Journey.

It was rather a sour-faced little maid who got on the train by herself at Glenburn Station. She had on a brown suit, brown hat and gloves, and carried a brown basket. But she didn't look half so pleased as you

would expect a little brown sparrow of a girl to be who was going on a journey in a nice, plush-lined car through a beautiful country.

The car was very full, and Polly Imboden flopped herself down in the first seat she came to, which was occupied by a sweet-looking old lady in Quaker bonnet and gown. The friend eyed her with quite amusement, and presently asked gently: "Is thee going far to-day?"

"Only to Midvale," answered the little traveler, shortly. "Then thee will not have time to grow tired; but I am going a thousand miles."

"A thousand miles!" exclaimed Polly; and as soon as she forgot Polly; and began to be interested in somebody else, the ugly look took itself off somewhere, and you began to see that Polly had a sweet, bright face, and actually two dimples.

Her companion soon found out that Polly was pouting because mother had gone to Philadelphia, and instead of taking her, had sent her to Midvale to stay with Aunt Mary. Mother did not seem to be to blame, as there was fear of scarlet fever in the square to which she was going, but that did not keep Polly from being cross about it.

"This is a patience lesson set thee, child," said the old Friend; "there are many more for thee to learn, but if thee skips this one, the next will be harder."

But Polly wasn't listening to this little sermon. To her surprise there were rows upon rows of little boys and girls about her own age in the car.

"Is thee looking at my children?" said the old lady, smiling. "They are going with me that long thousand miles to find homes in the West."

"Aren't they coming back to their fathers and mothers?" asked Polly, her lips beginning to tremble a little. "They have no fathers and mothers on earth," answered the Friend; "but their Heavenly Father takes care of them."

The tears were beginning to run down Polly's cheeks at the thought of all that these little children had to do without.

The Friend laid her hand lightly on the little brown-gloved fingers. "Has thee ever seen a lesson-book?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Polly, in surprise.

"What are the pictures for?" "Why"—said Polly, still more surprised—"why, to show things."

"Yes, that is it. Now, the Great Teacher wants my little friend to be contented with her lot, to be so glad she has a dear mother and father and home, and friends to take care of her; but she wasn't learning that lesson very fast, so he puts her on this train for a little journey, and shows her all these little ones who have to do without these blessings. Will this picture make thee learn faster?"

Polly pulled out her handkerchief and scrubbed away at the tear drops. "I'd like to give one of them my basket. It's got a lot of good things that mother put in it for me."

"Thee will have to hurry, then," said the Friend, well pleased, "for Midvale is in sight."

Hastily Polly slipped off the plush seat, and picked out a pale, grays-looking child. She put the heavy basket in her hand, smiled a goodbye under the Quaker bonnet of her old lady, and here was Midvale.

And for a long time to come, when mother felt Polly's arms close on her so tight that she could hardly breathe she knew she was thinking about the old Friend, and her rows and rows of motherless children.—Child's Hour.

Be On Your Guard.

One of the most perilous experiences of a young convert is in dealing with the suggestion that he is not converted. To make the suggestion is one of the favorite modes of attack used by the adversary. If he can succeed in getting a young Christian to listen to it, and go into an analysis of the case, he is very sure of cooling the convert's zeal, if not of bringing his Christian life to an end. Be on your guard against his whisperings. Instead of looking at yourselves, look at Jesus. Meet the approaches of Satan as Luther did. When the devil said to him: "You are no Christian," he replied: "Well, that's none of your business."—Michigan Advocate.

—Don't forget to say "Good morning!" And say it cheerfully, and with a smile; it will do you good, and do your friends good. There's a kind of inspiration in every "Good mornin'" heartily spoken, which helps to make hope fresher and work lighter.—Selected.

Royal Baking Powder Is Superior to Every Other.

It is a scientific fact that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure. I will go still further and state that because of the facilities that company have for obtaining perfectly pure cream of tartar, and for other reasons dependent upon the proper proportions of the same, and the method of its preparation, the Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public.

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Associational Meetings.

AUGUST.

Duck River—Bell Buckle, Friday, August 12th. Cumberland—Little Hope Church, Tuesday, August 16th. Nolachucky—Leadvale, Thursday, August 18th. Chilhowie—Island Home, near Knoxville, Thursday, August 18th. Cumberland Gap—Springdale Church, five miles east of Lone Mountain Station, on K. & C. G. R. R., Tuesday, August 23rd. Walnut Grove—Cedar Fork Church, Loudon County, Thursday, August 25th. Hiwassee—Mt. Pleasant Church, two miles west of Soddy, Hamilton County, Thursday, August 25th. Beulah—Mt. Pelia Church, seven miles west of Martin, Wednesday, August 31st.

SEPTEMBER.

Mullberry Gap—Blackwater Church, near Kyles Ford, Hancock County, Thursday, September 1st. Big Emory—Prospect Church, Roane County, nearest railroad station to DeArmond, Thursday, September 1st. Western District—Point Pleasant, eighteen miles Northeast of Paris, Friday, September 2nd. Unity—Gravel Hill Church, six miles South of Falcon, Saturday, September 3rd. Watauga—Harmony Church, Carter County, Tuesday, September 6th. Sweetwater—Sewee Church, McMinn County, Thursday, September 8th. Sequachee Valley—New Friendship, Marion County, Friday, September 8th. Memphis—Mt. Moriah Church, Friday, September 9th. Stockton Valley—Clear Creek, Fentress County, September 10th. Beech River—Parsons, Decatur County, on Tennessee Midland R. R., Saturday, September 10th. Northern—Powder Spring Gap Church, Grainger County, Tuesday, September 13th. Central—Poplar Grove Church, near Brazil, Gibson County, Wednesday, September 14th. Southwestern District—New Hope Church, Carroll County, 15 miles South of Hollow Rock, Thursday, September 15th. Salem—Woodbury, Cannon County, Thursday, September 15th. Eastanalee—Friendship Church, Polk County, Thursday, September 15th. Riverside—Hardies Chapel, Overton County, Friday, September 16th. Wiseman—Meadorville, 8 miles Northeast of Hartsville, Wednesday, September 21st. East Tennessee—Newport Church, Thursday, September 22nd. Clinton—New Hope Church, four miles from Dossert's Station on Keathley railroad, Thursday, Sept. 22nd. Rhea—Dayton, Friday, September 23rd. Union—Laural Creek, Van Buren County, Friday, September 23rd. Friendship—Bersa Church, Hall's Station, Lauderdale County, Saturday, September 24th. New Salem—Carthage, Wednesday, September 28th. Holston Valley—New Hope Church, 10 miles East of Rogersville, Thursday, September 29th. Jones—Sherman Heights Church, Hamilton County, Thursday, September 29th. Tennessee—Mouth of Ribland, 6 miles of Strawberry Plains, Station on E. T. Va. & Ga. railroad, Thursday, September 29th. Providence—Fawpaw Plains Church, Roane County, Thursday, Sept. 29th. Judson—Parker's Creek Church, 7 miles South of Burn's Station, on the N. & O. railroad, Friday, September 30th. Wm. Carey—Norris Church, eight miles north of Fayetteville, Friday, September 30th.

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OCTOBER ASSOCIATIONS. Enon—Willette, Wednesday, October 5th. Dover Furnace—Crockett's Creek Church, Stewart County, Friday, October 7th. Sevier—Wear's Valley Church—When? New River—New River, Scott County, on Cincinnati Southern railroad, Thursday, October 13th. Weakley County—Gleason, on the N. & O. railroad, Friday, October 22nd. State Convention—First Baptist Church, Knoxville, Wednesday, October 12th.

—The wife of a politician must often wish that her husband was as enthusiastic over his family as he is over his country. *Albion Globe.*

When you open a window on the railway train the first thing to catch your eye is a cinder. *Boston Bulletin.*

"No," said Mrs. Hicks, "it isn't bringing up my boys that bothers me; it's taking them down that raises the trouble." *New York Sun.*

—When a family row is made public there is usually pretty good reason for blaming both sides. *Puck.*

—All the world's a stage, and everybody seems to want the seat with the driver. *Somerville Journal.*

Electricity is a great educator. Think what it has done to make men see in a new light. *Elmira Gazette.*

The first half of a man's life is spent in priding himself upon what a great man he is going to be, and the other half in thinking what a fool he used to be. *Boston Transcript.*

We notice that when a woman asks to be taken to the silk counter, she speaks in a much louder voice than when she asks to look at the calico remnants. *Albion Globe.*

The devil doesn't mind it much when his children are called sinners in a general way, but call one of them a liar to his face and there is war.

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OBITUARY.

BETHEL.—Mrs. Elizabeth Bethel, relief of Elder L. H. Bethel, was born August 1, 1815, died June 22, 1892. She professed faith in Christ and united with the church in her fifteenth year. Consequently she had been in the service of her Divine Master for more than sixty years. It had been the pleasure of the writer to know the deceased for more than half of her Christian life. Her modest, gentle, womanly courage ever bespoke for a place in the highest rank of true Christian womanhood. Sister Bethel was a dutiful, affectionate wife, a fond and devoted mother, a consistent, exemplary Christian. While we extend heartfelt Christian sympathy to her bereaved children, we would remind them that she was "full of days" and like as a shock of corn cometh in his season, she hath been garnered in on high.

Dearest mother, thou hast left us Here thy loss we deeply feel But 'tis God that hath bereft us. He can all our sorrows heal.

Yet again we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is o'er, Then in heaven with joy to greet thee, Where no farwell tear is shed."

The funeral services were conducted by me at the Baptist Church, in Woodbury, Tenn., Text, 2 Cor. v. 1. After which the remains were deposited beside the sleeping dust of her beloved husband in the Rushing family burying ground, one mile East of town, there to await the resurrection of the just.

D. B. VANCE.

HODGES.—Mrs. Martha A. Hodges, nee Mansard, was born in April, 1829, was married to Jacob E. Hodges about 1845. She professed religion and joined the Baptist Church at Morristown in the fall of 1846. After a long and painful illness, partially paralyzed, she died on June 27, 1892. She was remarkably patient through her great affliction, seeming to think only of the comfort of her family and friends. She was buried at the old family cemetery near the old homestead, being followed to her last resting place by a long and sorrowful procession of mourning relatives and friends. She passed away in the triumph of a living faith, leaving a husband and two sons lonely and sad over the loss of a faithful wife and loving mother. May God comfort their hearts.

J. B. J.

CARRIN.—Died, July 10, 1892, at Stephensville, Taylor County, Fla., Dr. John B. Carrin, aged 55 years, 10 months and 18 days. Bro. Carrin was a native of North France. He was converted and baptised at the age of 14 and has lived a devoted and consistent Christian from that time until called to his reward. He was an earnest advocate of the mission work, giving largely in proportion to his means. He spent near \$100 in getting the writer on to this field of labor, only to attend a few times to our preaching; and then, to preach his funeral. Bro. Carrin was long a great sufferer and was glad when he realized that the time was near at hand for him to "Depart and be with Christ, which is far better." His son went down without a cloud. His bereaved family have our sympathy and prayers, but we rejoice to know they need not mourn as those who have no hope.

R. F. HACKER.

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utation was sent to Nazareth, where they found the ruins still fresh of the edifice constructed by St. Helena, which had of themselves miraculously opened to give passage to the holy house, the foundations of which being measured, and the materials examined, were found to agree with those of the building transported by the angels to Dalmatia.

flowing to them, they became very avaricious and quarrelled over the division, nigh unto killing each other. 'The Most High,' I quote literally, 'irritated at this fraternal discord, suddenly withdrew the house of His divine mother and transferred it to another charming hill, near by, where it still remains, much to the edification and benefit of the people who make up the motley population of Loreto.'

the house until they are as smooth and glistening as plate glass; millions also have kissed and licked the bronze figure in relief of the scourged Christ on one of the doors, until it is all worn down to a thin, shapeless outline; millions of bare knees in making the circuit of the marble foundations of the outer walls in penance, have worn deep channels in the stone, and it is said that many pilgrims go up the long hill that leads to the church on their knees, kissing and licking the earth and stones as they drag themselves slowly onward.