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# Baptist and Reflector

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### CHALK TALKS.

BY GEO. A. LOFTON, D. D.

#### Death in the Pot.

ELISHA came to Gaiig upon a certain occasion when there was a great dearth in the land of Israel. There was a kind of theological school there at the time, composed of "the sons of the prophets," and as they were sitting before Elisha, perhaps during a session of instruction, he ordered his servant, Gehazi, I suppose, to "set on the great pot and seethe pottage for the sons of the prophets." In the meantime "one went out into the field" and gathered a lap full of coluquintida from a vine—called wild gourds—and shred them into the pot of pottage. He seemed not to know what these green gourds were, taking them, no doubt, for some other vegetable; or else he must have thought the stomachs of a poor, half fed theological student equal to any gastro-nomic emergency. If so, he was mistaken; for when the pottage was poured out to the boys and they began to eat, they cried out: "O man of God, death in the pot!" Elisha, however, was equal to the occasion; and above all the heads of the culinary department of any of our modern mess halls, he knew how to cure a bad dish and save the expense of throwing it away. He just took a hand full of meal and cast it into the pot and the bitter and poisonous pottage was made harmless and palatable. So he cast salt into the alkaline spring at Jericho which became sweet; and in both instances it was the work of a miracle wrought of God.

After all, the theological students of Elisha's time had some advantages over the same class of students in our day. The old prophet could teach and perform miracles too. He would make sweet the bad water the boys had to drink; render delicious the straightened economy of green gourds; and when the boys lost a borrowed axe in the Jordan he brought it to the surface with a stick. These students built their own house; and there were no large sums of money raised to erect and endow expensive colleges. The professor wasn't paid any salary; and it was not necessary for the boys to pay for tuition or board, since even in a drought and at the same time he instructed the boys he not only transformed green gourds into palatable pottage, but fed a hundred men on twenty loaves of barley, brought by a man from Beel-shalisha. I judge, too that they had no library of any consequence except the Bible; and I shouldn't be surprised if those stu-



DEATH IN THE POT

dents could heat most of us preaching at this day. Our boys are not educated, housed and fed on that style now, and alas! if they should eat heartily of poisoned ice cream some Sunday they would have to send for the doctor of medicine instead of the doctor of divinity. Even the doctor might not be able to take death out of the pot. Morally speaking, there was no death in the theological pot, perhaps, out of which the students of Elisha ate, and this was another advantage of the sons of the prophets then over our day. The theological pot of this generation—seething with the pottage of many a poisonous error, is full of death; and it sits upon the fire kindled in some of our theological schools. What is bad, if not worse, there is no Elisha to cast into it the curative meal of grace in order to heal the deadly dose which is administered to many of the students of this generation. We have, too, as many different theological pots as we have different kinds of pottage, green gourds, bitter and poisonous, and yet made sweet and palatable by the false Elishas who cover their theology with the glamour, and the gloss of fascinating culture and in-

delity. "Higher criticism" seems to be the freshest and greenest gourd of the times; and so of all the new and variegated theologies which are all green gourds because they are young gourds. Thousands cry out: "Death in the pot!" but thousands go on eating the pottage just the same, sweetened with the delusive meal of the learned and the great teachers. Thank God, into the conglomerated mess and mass of this theological pottage we have men and institutions pouring the meal of salvation by grace through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and in spite of a multitude of variant and heterogeneous heresies, a sinner may be saved by the gospel. In some instances, alas! there is no meal of grace in the pot; and thousands are eating the green gourd pottage of the devil without mixture. In much that is eaten there is no room for God to over-rule the evil for good, and we behold on every hand the straight-out victims of Spiritualism, Christian science falsely so-called and a score of like falsehoods posing even under the name of Christianity. What a deadly pot is that in which bald ritualism and rationalism seethe pottage! How deadlier still is that cauldron of damnable superstition in-

gersoll and Spencer and Huxley and the like cast the coluquintida of agnosticism, pantheism, atheism! In much that is seethed of this hell-roth pottage of error, falsehood and infidelity it is impossible for God or prophet to cast in the leaven of transformation. What an age and what a country is this! and yet how many pots of death are boiling with destruction to immortal souls kindled by the fires of learning and piety at the hands of blind leaders of the blind! "O man of God, death in the pot!" Up, ye men of God in the schools and in the ministry and in the churches, and cast in the meal of truth and grace and life into the seething mass of the devil's pottage. "Death in the pot!" Well, there are a great many different kinds of pots in which there is death and from which men daily eat the pottage. "For one mess of pottage," and just this kind of pottage, morally speaking, Esau sold his birthright; and so thousands are making merchandise of immortality everywhere for the gratification of appetite, passion, pride, ambition and avarice. I. There is death in the wine cup when alcohol seethes the pottage of intoxication to drown the aspirations of the soul and to extinguish the torch of genius. There is scarcely even a ray of hope for the man who tempers with whiskey. I don't care how bad a young man is in all other respects, there is a chance for him if he will let liquor alone; and I don't care how good a young man may be in all other respects there is no chance for him if he drinks from this cup of death. Every other vice can be cured easier than drunkenness; and then drunkenness is the source and the fosterer of almost every other vice and crime in the world. Ten thousand devils glow and dance in the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, and at the last stingeth like an adder and biteth like a serpent. 2. There is death in the "poker pot," the symbol of the gambler's profession. Gambling is next to stealing and the lowest calling upon earth under the pretence of a livelihood. It is getting something for nothing at the hazard of all you have, whether of money or manhood, and it is in the teeth of God's law, which says that man shall eat bread in the sweat of an honest face. The speculator in futures, the bucket shop loafer, gets something for nothing or loses all he has; and often he sorsers the necessities of the poor to enrich the purse of a crime-beside which the "poker pot" or the pool table is an innocent amusement. The corner speculator not only a sorser in the penitentiary, but one of the hottest corners in hades.

3. There is death in the pot of lust—the licentious heart in which boils the passions which burn out manhood with debauchery. The very soul of some people seethe and stew down to a mess of putrid and concentrated corruption in the perpetual indulgence of libidinous dalliance and vice. I have seen some people out of whose eyes the light of virtue had faded, and which actually glowed with the baleful gleam of consuming depravity; and every lineament of purity had lost its trace in the vile countenance which even when it smiled wriggled with the contortions of turpitude. It is impossible to tell how low down in the scale of bestiality and pollution a man or woman may sink who feeds upon the rotten pottage that seethes in the boiling cauldron of lust.

4. There is death in the pot of every worldly pleasure. Alas! for the thousands who feast upon the mess that seethes in this pot and forget God—even in the churches! You need not drink, nor gamble, nor lust, in order to be damned in unbelief. Just neglect or forget God in fun; and your soul may dance off, or play over, or wing its flight upon the pinions of fancy into the bottomless pit. Immortal hope in the light of lost opportunity and careless indifference is being extinguished every day in the oblivious lure of godless amusement. People otherwise pure and good and useful to society and business, daily quaff this intoxicating draught, which, while it may not pollute the heart, crystallizes and hardens it with a deadly indisposition toward God—a revolting distaste to anything like a spiritual or crucial religion.

5. There is death in the pot of avarice, pride, or ambition—the inordinate love of money, position, or fame. There are people who never indulge their animal passions or appetites—who care nothing for godless pleasures and amusements of life—whose god is not the God of heaven, but whose god is money, or place, or honor. They want the earth either as a storehouse of treasure, or as a throne to sit upon, or an audience room to their praises. In business and profession, in politics and war, in science and art and literature, they are lost in the deification of self; and the sweetest cup ever drunk, the most delicious pottage they ever ate is the gratification of a yet insatiable pride and ambition which never, never get enough of this world or its glory. "O man of God! death in the pot!" Alas! "if a man gain the whole world and lose his own soul what shall it profit him? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Two Pictures.

BY JUDGE W. F. BOND.

"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."—1 Cor. vii. 19.

Here are two pictures on this canvas: one representing the Christian church of the first four centuries of the Christian era, the other a picture of the Christian church in the last quarter of the 19th century. My brother, look on this picture of the primitive church.

FIRST PICTURE.

Here you see men and women subjected to every imaginable mode of torture, scourging, burning at the stake, torn, mangled and devoured by wild beasts, poverty, ignominy,

contempt and malice of men—and all for the sake of Christ Jesus their Lord. They were his disciples; they had forsaken all earthly things for him. He had said to them: "If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." "He that forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be my disciple." "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." And what is to be their reward for thus forsaking the world, its honors, its riches, its pleasures? Does Jesus promise a reward? Does he promise a recompense for all that they sacrifice by becoming his disciples? He does, and infinitely more than a recompense. "To him that overcometh will I give to sit down with me on my throne, even as I overcame, and am set down with my Father on his throne." "An heir of God, a joint heir with Jesus Christ." Hear the Apostle Paul. "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but also to all them that have loved his appearing." "For our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." "An inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." "Eternal life." "Life everlasting." These are promised those who forsake the world for Christ. They are expecting a resurrection of the body, another life. And now, if there is to be no resurrection, but death is an eternal sleep; if there shall be no future life, then indeed are we the most miserable of men. Better for us had we never been born. But our hope is fixed on Christ.

SECOND PICTURE.

Now look on this picture. How bright and beautiful! The very reverse of the former in all respects. Not a cloud to darken, not a discordant note or wail of distress to mar the concord of sweet sounds that charm the ear. The words of the blessed Savior and of his apostles have come down to us—the same, no more, no less. But there is no distress, no tribulation, no persecution, no contempt of the world, no scorn and derision of men for Christ's sake. No, the world flatters, the world and the church are walking together arm in arm in sweet and loving embrace. Honor, wealth and the applause and admiration of the world are the rewards of those who wear the name of Christ. Why, if there be no resurrection then we are indeed the wisest of men, for we have made the most we could of this old world. We have lost nothing, we have suffered nothing by following Christ. It has cost us a little money now and then, but in return we got custom in trade, influence, respect and votes for office and higher station. It is true we have not followed him very closely, rather "afar off," as did Peter when he was led to Pilate's judgment hall. But fortunately the glorious civilization of this highly cultured and refined age permits us to "Trip the light fantastic toe" and "To quaff

the flowing bowl," and we manage by "sleight of hand" to keep a very respectable position as church members. So we don't propose to join in the lamentation, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ we are of all men most miserable." No indeed. We have wisely, we think, determined to play for both worlds. We enjoy the friendship of the world, we enjoy its riches, we enjoy its pleasures, we enjoy its honors. Our brows are wreathed with its laurel and bay, our photographs adorn the columns of popular journals, and, indeed, we have all that heart could wish. And this we owe to civilization.

The religion of Christ is civilized. Yes indeed, if there be no resurrection you have acted wisely; but if there be, as certainly there will be, what then? Foolish or wise? Which will it be?

My brother, study that first picture in the light of the Acts of the Apostles and of "Fox's Book of Martyrs." Then study the second picture in the light of Paul's second letter to Timothy, third chapter, and in the light of the words of Jesus to the multitude that followed him weeping and wailing up the hill of Calvary.

Daughters of Israel, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children; for if they do these things in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry? Study it in the light of the daily papers and journals and your own observation, and say, is not the picture true to the very life? Give full weight to the good that is being done and then remember the words of Jesus: "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

O God, remove not thy candlestick from America.

Starkville, Miss.

A Man Killed For His Clothes.

"I think I could risk anything that Dean Stanley would risk."—Dr. Joseph Parker, quoted in *Christian Unity*.

O, that wise and good men would say only wise and good things! The good doctor scathes Dean Stanley's critic and others, then does for them precisely what he so earnestly condemns in them. He inveighs against the pitiable sight of "doxy versus doxy and many clouds of words." He applies no measure to his terms except the limit of a contention in words. He says: "There is a friend of yours, it may be, who settles everything by saying it. The Unitarians, he says—the blockheads! Of course the Unitarians, then, are settled. Strauss and Renan and Wellhausen—the blockheads! That is one way of treating the case; but it is a useless way in all instances." And when he has done Dean Stanley's critic awhile he concludes thus: "I would rather go in Dean Stanley's company than in the company of his critic, though so blatant, and so emphatic, and so desperate, and so remarkably foolish." Thus he "settles" the Dean's critic "by saying it." Of course the critic is vanquished, and the good doctor has his clothes, and in them marches up and down the earth. He kills a man for his clothes; at any rate he gets his clothes.

His word is the perfection of truth, the ultimatum of theology. While

Dean Stanley is only a frail mortal, the victim of bias and prejudice, possibly saved by grace, yet capable of this marvelous utterance in the conclusion of his account of the change from apostolic practice to sprinkling for baptism: "Thus we have the triumph of common sense and convenience over apostolic practice." This is the man whom the doctor would follow—"could risk anything" that he would risk—the man who can exalt "common sense and convenience" of frail mortals above apostolic practice which was dictated by the Spirit who came to guide Jesus' followers in the way of all truth. Such human admiration and such human following is what perpetuates divisions and strife among God's people. Paul would have his brethren follow him only so far as he follows Christ.

ENGLISH WINDS  
Madisonville, Ky.  
Japan.

BY REV. FRANCIS HOZEMAN.

Just off the eastern coast of Asia, in about the same latitude as the United States, lies a group of 3,800 islands, constituting the empire of Japan. It has an area of 146,000 square miles and a population of 40,000,000. Although its history reaches into the far past, it is a comparatively new country in the knowledge of other nations. It was first introduced to Europeans by Marco Polo, the venetian traveler, by maps and descriptions published in 1295. From the thirteenth to the sixteenth century its ports were open to the commerce of the world; but the commerce of those times was extremely limited, and little adapted to the cultivation of acquaintance between nations. Moreover, the Japanese have never shown an inclination to push themselves upon the attention of other people. They are of a self-contented disposition, make the best of their lot and magnify the good they have. They love their rocky isles, and call them the "Land of the Gods," in the firm belief that they are the workmanship and chosen abode of the deities. Until late years they regarded themselves in all respects the most highly favored people in the world. Their country was the finest, their civilization the highest, their religion the best, and in nothing was there possibility of improvement or desire for change. Yet they are not an indifferent or inactive people. On the contrary, they have ever been brisk, quick-witted, fond of change and always ready to move to the better when once it is discovered. Their contentment in the past was the result of isolation. They desired nothing better, because they knew of nothing better; but no sooner did the hand of progress touch them than they responded with a manly and marvelous activity. Nor need we confine ourselves to the well-known material advancements of recent years for the evidence of a spirit favorable to improvement. Its religious faith is usually the last thing a nation surrenders, even in exchange for something better; yet in this the Japanese have ever shown a disposition to change from the lower to the higher. Their religious history is the history of successive upheavals, by which the nation has been lifted from the lowest form of paganism to where it bids fair to rest, at last upon

the solid rock of evangelical Christianity. Let us take a hasty glance over this field.

SHINTOISM

was the original religion of the empire and has ever been the national faith. It is paganism of the crudest type, teaching the worship of nature and of national heroes. It offers no comfort for the present or hope for the future, and throws no light upon the nature or destiny of the soul. Yet for centuries Japan knew nothing better, and its countless thousands thronged into rude temples in observance of a religion whose highest emblem is a polished mirror, and great out deity a dead hero.

BUDDHISM

was introduced from Corea in 550. Its superiority to Shintoism was at once apparent and gained for it an immense popularity. It rapidly became the prevailing religion with the masses, and Buddhist temples filled the land, into which anxious worshippers crowded in search of that which Shintoism could not give. But alas! at best it is little more than a system of morality, and is powerless to answer the deep cravings of the soul. It indeed goes further than Shintoism and tells the worshiper of his soul's future, but its terrible revelations are worse than darkness. The disembodied spirit is ushered into a dark, unknown region, and after countless wanderings and transmigrations it may possibly come to a state of mere passive rest, which is the highest hope held out to it. To woman even this poor boon is denied. She is crushed into subordination while living and doomed to annihilation when dead. Her only hope of immortality is to be re born and become a man.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM

was introduced by the Jesuits in 1549, and soon gained a strong hold upon the people. In a short while its adherents numbered over half a million, and it seemed that Japan was destined to become Catholic. But wherever this colossal distortion of the truth has gone it has carried intrigue, commotion and ruin. Fair Japan soon felt the hot breath of its thunderings and rose, as a single man, in defiance of its claims. The contest was a bloody one, and makes one of those dark chapters in the world's history from which the true Christian must ever turn in shame that even a perversion of the cross should be found figuring there. Finally, in 1623, the Catholics were overcome and ejected from the empire. The indignation of a wronged people fell upon Christianity. It was placed under ban and its profession was punished with instant death. The crucifix was called the "Devil of Japan," and for 200 years trampling upon it was made the symbol of allegiance to the empire. The reaction of betrayed faith was terrible. Suspicion and distrust of foreigners took possession of the public mind, and resulted in the severance of all foreign relations. The key was turned upon the entire world, and for 200 years Japan sat sullen and unmoved behind its barred gates.

In 1853 Commodore Perry was sent by the United States to look into the reported mistreatment of some American sailors by the Japanese. After considerable delay he effected a treaty which opened two ports to American commerce; and by later treaties four more were opened.

PROTESTANTISM IN JAPAN

was the early result of these treaties. Among the very first to enter the reopened door were the heralds of the cross. In 1859 Rev. J. Liggins and Rev. C. M. Williams, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, entered Japan as missionaries; and in the autumn of the same year missionaries from the Presbyterian and Reformed Churches of the United States reached the country. All these were met with disfavor by the Japanese, who naturally enough confounded them with the missionaries of 300 years before. So soon as they learned, however, that the newcomers were not Catholics they assumed a friendly attitude toward them and their work. There remained, nevertheless, a latent prejudice in the hearts of the masses that made missionary work painfully slow and discouraging at first. The first convert was baptized in 1864, and so late as 1871—after twelve years of hard labor—only ten souls could be found who dared profess the name of Christ. In 1872 a sweeping change of sentiment became evident. The old prejudices crumbled into nothingness, and from that time progress has been a little short of phenomenal. At present there are upwards of 30,000 Protestant Christians in the empire, and the number is rapidly increasing.

In this splendid work Baptists took an early part. The American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society was the first Society to enter the field and break up the fallow ground. In 1860 the Board of the Southern Baptist Convention appointed two missionaries and their wives to this field. They sailed from New York on the ill-fated "Edwin Forest," and were never heard of more. When and how they met their fate we cannot know; but when the sea shall surrender its victims and its secrets, doubtless these shall be found in the glorified throng, who on land and sea, have endured and died for the cause of Christ. In 1872 the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society offered the Japan mission to the Missionary Union. The offer was accepted and two more missionaries and their wives were sent out under the auspices of the Union. They reached Yokohama in 1873 and soon afterwards organized a church. In 1891 the Southern Baptist Convention again took hold of the work, and in the same year sent thither J. A. Brunson and J. W. McCollum, with their wives. In 1892, E. N. Walne and wife were also appointed to this field.

As a missionary field Japan is of the most inviting character. The people are not hostile to the light. Notwithstanding their sad experience with Catholicism, they seem willing to give Christianity another trial; and in no field do our missionaries find less trouble in getting a hearing. "The people are champion listeners," says Dr. Maclay. "They wear an ordinary man out." They are willing to investigate the new, and do not hesitate to adopt it when convinced of its superiority to the old. This element in their character has led to the marvelous material progress of the past thirty years, and why may it not produce corresponding spiritual results? Indeed, we have evidence of such a tendency in the progress already made. As a people they seem "ripe unto the harvest," and the prospects for the near future are of the very highest order. Several causes

have worked in combination to this end, a few of which may be noticed.

(1). The Decay of Their Native Religions.

Shintoism and Buddhism are gradually losing their hold upon the public mind and heart. The nation is becoming too intelligent to be longer hoodwinked by the absurdities of these older faiths. The religions that satisfied the fathers are no longer sufficient for the children, and everywhere there is an evident apostasy from the creeds to which the nation has so long been wedded. The pagan priests are alarmed over the situation, and are bestirring themselves to reinvest their religions with a new charm, and so win back, if possible, the wandering affections of their devotees. Prizes have been offered for the best essays on Buddhism, a flood of Buddhist literature has been put into circulation and scholars have been sent to China and India in search of arguments with which to buttress the people's crumbling faith. Despite such efforts, divorcement from the old is a pronounced reality. The hearts of the people are being emptied of the false and are becoming fit receptacles for the true. They are waiting to be filled with the truth or with some base counterfeit of it. Their religious condition is parallel with that of the world when the "Word was made flesh," and for them, this is the "fulness of time" for the Redeemer to be revealed. To day is the day of their salvation.

(2). Prevalence of a Progressive Spirit.

The opening of its ports in 1853 was the beginning of a new life for Japan. The sleep of centuries was broken. The electric shock of enterprise thrilled its sleepy millions into an activity unparalleled, which has transformed old Japan into new Japan. Western civilization has found a home on its shores and is being royally entertained there. Railways, telegraph and telephone lines thread the country. Newspapers, schools and hospitals are abundant. A new civil and criminal code has been adopted and observance of the Christian Sabbath enforced. In 1889 a national constitution was adopted making the government a constitutional monarchy. By this complete religious liberty is secured to every one, and all taxes removed from Christian churches. The nation is thoroughly aroused and eager for every change for the better.

The same spirit which led to the adoption of Western civilization tends also to the adoption of Western religion. The reception of the one has not provided an argument for the exclusion of the other, but quite to the contrary. The conviction forces itself upon the intelligent Japanese that what the newly introduced civilization is doing in one sphere the newly introduced faith will do in another sphere, and the idea is gaining ground that it is essential to the well-being of a state. The prime minister of Japan some time ago said: "We aspire to stand shoulder to shoulder with the great nations of Europe and America. But we see that the condition precedent to any people's taking a rank is that they be Christian." In religion as in civilization, the Japanese have caught the spirit of progress and are anxiously looking out for the best. They want a religion that bears fruit. Christianity fulfills their

highest expectation, and they are looking with favor upon the faith which has done more for them in twenty-five years than paganism has in two thousand years.

(3). Roman Catholicism.

Strange as it may appear, Roman Catholicism has played no small part in making Japan a promising field for Protestant missionary work. Its acquaintance was made first, and there is no danger of repeating the experiment. There is such a thing as a national memory, which, for centuries at least, will put Roman Catholicism to a disadvantage in this island empire. Although this was created at the time of a violent hatred of everything pertaining to Christianity, the Japanese have at length come to know that Christianity does not always mean Roman Catholicism, and that of its purer forms may be expected the most salutary results. The joy of such a discovery is unbounded and has given rise to a tidal reaction, not merely towards Christianity, but towards Protestant Christianity. The presence of the counterfeit has emphasized the worth of the genuine, and given it a clearer title to the undivided allegiance of the people. So far as Japan is Christian it is intensely Protestant. It asks for the pure gospel, and thus offers to evangelical Christianity a field of most inviting prospects.

Such in brief is the past history and present character of this wonderful empire. What its future is to be remains to be seen. It is laying the foundation for a brilliant history, if it will only build well. To build well it must build upon Christ, and to build upon Christ it must know him and see in him its only rock and foundation. Herein comes the solemn and tremendous obligation upon those who have the truth to send it to this waiting land. It has done nobly so far as it has known. In the last few years it has deserved to be called the pioneer nation of the orient, and is destined soon to awaken its slumbering neighbors and give them its treasures of social, political and religious enterprise. What is now done for Japan will ultimately be done for the east through Japan. In 1876 Wm. E. Griffis, then of the Imperial University of Japan, wrote: "Gently but resolutely Christianity is leavening the nation. With those forces that center in pure Christianity, and under that Almighty Providence who raises up one nation and casts down another, I cherish the firm hope that Japan will, in time, take and hold her equal place among the foremost nations of the world, and that in the onward march of civilization which follows the sun, the sun-land may lead the nations of Asia that are now appearing in the theatre of universal history." These words are having an early fulfillment. Already the educational facilities of Japan are attracting the attention of enterprising Chinese, while native Japanese Christians are planning for missionary work in Corea. Corea itself has caught somewhat of the inspiration and is taking steps toward higher ground. God is honoring himself among the nations, and the day is not far distant when the Isles of the sea and the lands that sit in heathen darkness will unite in praising him who is their light, their resurrection and their life.

Wartrace, Tenn.

CORRESPONDENCE

Whittle We Waited.

The great busy, hurrying world rushed on while we waited with our sacred dead. Some were busy seeking pleasure, many were too much engaged with their own cares and burdens to take much notice of "the crape on the door."

Dr. Graves died on Monday, but to give time for all to get there, the funeral was appointed for Wednesday. As we waited the sense of our loss kept growing on us. And as one floral offering after another came in from the outside world, they only intensified our feelings. For we found that the little eddy in the stream of the world's life had drawn to it other hearts also. How beautiful the flowers! How precious their messages! At a time when words fail us and the very tone of the voice almost grates on the ear of the bereaved, flowers with their sweet breath and exquisite beauty whisper to the heart a sentiment that we are grateful to hear.

"Bring flowers, pale flowers, 'er the hier to be shed.

A crown for the brow of the early dead. For this, through its leaves, bath the white rose burst.

For this, in the woods was the violet nursed.

Though they smile in vain for what once was ours.

They are love's lost gift. Bring ye flowers, pale flowers."

Then the telegrams from various places within and without the State told us of a wide circle of hearts that share with us this loss by death. All of these were grateful to us. But one made our hearts quiver afresh. It said: "Ten thousand Texans mourn with you the loss of your now sainted husband. REV. C. BURLESON."

He always loved Texas. And the one unfulfilled desire of his heart was another visit to that grand Baptist State. Lull it was not to be.

THE FUNERAL

took place from the First Baptist Church at 4 p. m. Rev. R. J. Willingham, the pastor, had charge. He was assisted by the resident pastors, Revs. G. A. Nunnally, W. L. Slack, M. D. Early and Dr. G. M. Savage, who spoke of the man and his various works. The text was "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

It may be remembered that when Dr. Graves fell in that same pulpit from his stroke of paralysis, he called for the song:

"My hope is built on nothing less, Than Jesus blood and righteousness."

The floral offerings were certainly the most exquisitely beautiful and appropriate that I ever saw. There under the flowers he lay asleep in Jesus. O. L. H.

From Mississippi.

I attended the late meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention in Nashville, and among the many pleasant things which fell to my lot was an experience of kidnapping by the field editor of the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR, Bro. Cebanias. Almost ere I was aware of it, he had my name in his subscription book, and not waiting to ask for the subscription price (but it will come), buttonholed another defenseless delegate, and so the work went on. Were I the proprietor of a paper I should offer Bro. C. strong

inducements to become a member of the editorial staff. I do not know how many copies of the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR are taken here at the two postoffices, the Oxford and University, but I do know that mine comes in a wrapper.

The usual quiet and dullness that follow the close of the schools here have not befallen us this summer, as yet. Even before the close of the session of the University, a training institute for those who wished to qualify themselves for holding teachers institutes was conducted in one of the University buildings for the period of two weeks, with about forty in attendance. Immediately following the close of the University the Mississippi Peabody Normal Institute met, with an enrollment up to this date of 430 teachers and those who contemplate teaching. The Normal has been in session nearly two weeks, and will run four weeks in all. Doubtless a considerable number will yet register. There is a Normal being held at Lake, Miss., also, with an attendance of two or three hundred. One striking feature of the Normal here is that of the 430 in attendance at least 375 are ladies. This means one of two things, viz., that the number of lady teachers in Mississippi is much larger than that of men, or they are putting forth greater efforts to qualify themselves for their profession.

Bro. W. E. Penn, familiarly known as Maj. Penn, arrived in Oxford yesterday and conducted the first of a series of meetings last night in the Baptist Church. However, in anticipation of his coming the pastor had conducted interesting and profitable services once a day since Sunday. I feel that a great blessing is in store for us. May this be God's set time to favor Zion.

Least I should transcend the proper limits of a first letter and impose upon your columns, I close.

W. J. HARRIS.

University, Tenn. P. S.—The intelligence of the death of Dr. Graves, while not unexpected, greatly impresses me that the cause of Christ in general and the Baptists in particular, have lost a tower of strength. He lived in advance of the times. But we will catch up. H.

Penn-Cillings.

I am a little surprised at a portion of an article in your issue of June 22nd by Rev. A. J. Holt of Palestine, Texas. It is the question asked, "What shall we do with some of our splendid younger brethren who can not restrain themselves from speaking, when they and others would learn more if they would keep silent?" I know that Dr. Holt is getting along in years, but I did not think him so old that he cannot remember his younger days. I do not suppose that he is an exception to the general rule; when he was a young man like all others he thought that the old men had lived a little beyond their usefulness, and that it would be a good idea for them all to go home and be at rest and leave the management of great matters to the "younger brethren," who were so much more capable of attending to them, and now that he is getting old his eyes have opened to the fact that he and the balance of us were a set of fools, and often in the presence of the older and wiser brethren,

in the place of covering ourselves all over with glory, actually covered ourselves with a garment of shame about a foot thick, so thick that it has taken twenty or twenty-five years to wear a hole in it large enough for us to see ourselves as the older and wiser men saw us. We have had many great improvements, but there has not been any in this matter, and never will be. Some little chickens hopped out of their nests with a piece of shell on their heads, and started out to get up a fight with some old barn yard rooster thousands of years ago, and they have been at it ever since, and will continue to be little fools until the last hen hatches out her brood. To have geese we must have goslings first, green goslings, just such as we used to be. Now and then we meet up with a young man who has jumped the goslin age, and it is refreshing to be with one just a few minutes. I met with one at the Convention who said, "I wish these little frogs would keep their heads under the water. I want to hear some of the big ones who have got experience and matured brains." I never thought that I would like to kiss a man, but I felt like it would do me good to kiss him, he had so much grace in his heart. I do not expect that he will live long; he may be dead now. About thirty years from now these "younger brethren" will be like we are now, wondering why the foolkiller did not get us. Dr. Holt, you must not be so hard on the "younger brethren," they cannot help being goslings now, but they will be geese like we are after awhile.

For her my prayers shall fall, For her my prayers ascend, For her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end."

Z. C. GRAVES.

The Guthrie Training School.

Permit me through the columns of the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR to call the attention of your readers, and especially those of the Cumberland Association, to the excellent school recently established at Guthrie as one worthy of the patronage and support of all the friends of education. This school was built and equipped by the citizens of Guthrie, and given to Bethel College as a training school for boys. It has a handsome and costly building, is thoroughly furnished and admirably suited to the purposes of a school work.

It is under the control of Prof. A. J. Brandon, Jr., late of the S. W. Baptist University at Jackson, Tenn., who is assisted by four efficient teachers. The first session of the school ending the last week in May was a most gratifying success. I was present during the exercises of a part of examination week and can testify as to the excellence of the work done, and the confidence and esteem in which the school is held by all who patronize it.

Hitherto a boarding house located near the school building has been greatly needed, but this I learn will be supplied before the opening of the next term in September, so that parents can obtain cheap and convenient board where their boys will be under the restraints of the school and from all that tends to allure them from study and lead them into dissipation. I must confess to no small degree of admiration of Prof. Brandon, the efficient president of this school. He comes as near filling up the measure of the ideal teacher, according to my conception, as any man I have met for many a year. Capable, energetic, wide awake and enthusiastic, he possesses all the qualities both of mind and heart that fit him for eminent success in the position he occupies.

J. M. PHILLIPS.

Pembroke, Ky. —The fifth Sunday meeting of the Central Association will be held with Eldad Church, Saturday and Sunday, July 29th and 30th. Eldad Church is in Gibson County, six miles southeast of Trenton and four miles northeast of Gibson Station. All the pastors within the bounds of the Association are cordially invited to meet with us, and each is requested to send messengers. Each church is asked to take a collection for State Missions, and report the amount contributed and the number of contributors to the Eldad meeting. Give every member an opportunity to contribute, and let each give as the Lord has prospered him, one cent, five cents, fifty cents, one dollar or five dollars. A suitable program will be prepared by the Board in advance of the meeting.

LeGrand W. Jones, Ch'm.

NEWS NOTES.

NASHVILLE.

The Pastors' Conference met with Brother Strother at the Howell Memorial Church. A delightful time. The ladies of the church gave us a real picnic dinner in the park just beyond the church that was all and all a most enjoyable time. The devotional meeting that followed the regular conference was refreshing and uplifting, led by Bro. Price.

North Edgfield.—One of the best days the church has had; organized a young people's meeting; three professions and four baptisms.

Mill Creek. Good congregations and Lord's Supper well attended.

Third Church.—Fair congregation in the morning; 204 in Sunday school; large congregation at night; one received for baptism.

Edgfield.—Summer day; one baptized. The church gave the pastor one month recreation.

Central.—Good congregations at both services; 250 in Sunday school; church observed the Lord's Supper.

Howell Memorial.—Splendid cottage prayer-meeting. Two good services and the Lord's Supper at morning service.

First Church.—Good service and fine spirit; young people's meeting growing.

Seventh Church.—Pastor Wright returned and had splendid services; 106 in Sunday school; three baptized and one professed.

Immanuel.—Good morning service; celebrated Lord's Supper; union services at night.

MEMPHIS.

Central Church.—Services well attended; Sunday-school Superintendent Reynolds gone to Chicago; Bro. C. W. Harbert, aged 67 years, after an illness of several weeks, died and was buried last week. He was a good man and greatly loved. The health of the congregation good.

Rowan.—Interesting meetings during the week; preaching by the pastor; Sunday-school well attended.

Trinity.—Good prayer meetings; Lord's Supper observed; the pastor's theme, "Communion." He believes in indoctrinating his members. He preaches next Sunday on "Baptism." One received by letter.

Central Avenue.—Pleasant service; progress in the church improvement fund.

First Church.—Usual services; good congregations; one received by letter; baptism after night service; cottage prayer meetings are doing well.

CHATTANOOGA.

First Church.—Pastor C. G. Jones preached at both services. Subject 11 a. m., "Adorning the Doctrine of God;" at 8 p. m., "Loss and Gain."

Second Church.—Pastor C. E. Wright preached as usual. His subjects were: 11 a. m., "The Release of the Soul;" at 8 p. m., "The Function of a Saving Faith."

Central Church.—Pastor R. D. Haymore preached in the morning and Rev. M. L. Blankenship at night.

Hill City.—Rev. N. B. Williams preached at both services. At night one was received by experience.

St. James, (col.)—Rev. J. M. Mason, the pastor, preached at both services. He reports the largest congregation

in the history of the church. Additions: Two by letter, one by baptism and two by enrollment.

KNOXVILLE.

Second Church.—Pastor preached at both services; good congregations and encouraging services; preached also at Smithwood and McCampbells school-house.

East Knoxville.—Brother Powers preached in the evening.

Island Home.—Pastor Powers preached in the morning.

First.—Rev. E. A. Taylor preached at both services.

Third.—Pastor preached at both services; fine congregation at night; also preached to Y. M. C. A., in evening.

Mission collections for the week ending July 1, 1893: Home, \$20.63; Foreign, \$23.42; State, \$131.91.

—Will you please state through your valuable paper that I am ready to help in protracted meetings, and any pastor or church wishing my help will write me at Jackson, Tenn.

G. W. BRAY.

—At a meeting of the Home Mission Board to day Rev. F. C. McConnell, of Gainesville, Ga., was elected Assistant Secretary. It is expected he will accept. B. D. R. Atlanta, Ga.

—Needs of the Baptist Orphan Home: A good cow, provisions, flour, meal, bacon and potatoes. Last, but not least, money. Who will give us a cow or send a small sum to purchase one? We are needing one very much. Mrs. G. R. CALHOUN.

Please publish that the Big Hatchie Association will meet with Woodland Church, ten miles east of Brownsville, Thursday, July 20th. Conveyance will be furnished all messengers at Brownsville Wednesday, July 19th. All messengers will please send names to Dr. H. P. HUDSON, Ch'm.

HAVANA, CUBA 30 MAY, 1893.

Mr. L. B. Jarmon.—Dear Bro: Please be kind enough as to thank those donors that very kind has send me that beautiful Bible with my humble name on it. You may imagine how glad and happy I was when Bro. Cova handle to me. Thanks again. Your obedient servant in Christ Jesus. A. J. DIAZ.

—I preached twice at Alamo yesterday; organized a good Sunday-school in the morning; baptized a lady in the evening. Pastor Brown, of Bella, reports good services; one received by letter. The church agreed to hold series of meetings, beginning the first Sabbath in August. We are hoping for a large attendance at the Sunday-school Convention at Brownsville. B. F. BARTLES.

—I began my work here yesterday. Good Sunday-school and good congregation at both morning and evening services. Right hand of fellowship extended to quite a number who had recently been baptized. Bro. Couch did a grand work in the recent revival and I find the church willing to go forward in the work of the Master. R. P. MAHON. Humboldt, Tenn., July 8, 1893.

—Bro. W. J. Couch of Trenton, Ky., has just closed a glorious meeting of ten days at this place. His sermons are forcible, earnest and powerful presentations of the truth. The church was greatly revived. He did us all good; we feel encouraged and hopeful. Seven additions to the church. Bro. Couch has endeared himself to every Christian heart here and his labors will long be remembered by this people. J. J. GARROTT.

—We have previously published a program of the East Tennessee Baptist Sunday-school Convention. Let us have a big delegation. Let Middle and West Tennessee come over and help us. Brethren Folk and Bell, of Nashville, will be with us. Rev. O. L. Hailey, State Sunday-school Secretary, will be there. A large number of prominent workers have signified their intention to be present. Reduced rates on all rail roads in East Tennessee. Buy round trip tickets which go on sale July 16th. W. A. J. MOORE, Sec'y.

could furnish so much good material for deacons. Of course they are intelligent men, but then they are broad and business like in all their views and undertakings. I haven't, as yet, discovered any 2 by 4 or "short horns" among even the oldest of them. By the way, did you know that lawyers were the easiest people to preach to? They just want a man to stand up and talk in a sensible, quiet way, and don't care anything about noise and ranting. Bro. M. W. Russel, the popular pastor at Hickman, assisted and delivered the charge to the deacons, which was sensible and to the point. The interest is good here and I am able to do more and better work than I have done for some time. I have crowded houses at Hartsville and everything is encouraging. Our pastors' conference, which meets once a month, is always well attended and we have in it some of the best pastors and preachers, barring present company, in the State. R. B. MAHONEY. Carthage, Tenn.

R. B. MAHONEY.

Eastanatee Association.

The 5th Sunday meeting will be held with the Hiwassee Church, two miles east of Charleston, commencing on Friday, July 28th, at 10 a. m.

Introductory sermon, subject: The Judgment of Nations; Matt. xxv. 31-46. Rev. N. B. Goforth, Alternate, C. Denton.

1. If baptism of infants destroys believers baptism and confounds the church and the world and is a part and pillar of popery, to what extent may ministers and members of Baptist churches affiliate in religious worship with those who practice it? Rev. C. Denton, Rev. J. A. Womac, Rev. John Townsend.

2. What is the office work of the Spirit in the regeneration and conversion of sinners, and does regeneration precede or follow repentance and faith? Rev. W. F. Long, Rev. J. A. Womac, Rev. C. Denton.

3. Do the Scriptures teach there will be a reign of lawlessness on the earth prior to and at the second coming of Christ, under the dominion of anti-christ? Rev. N. B. Goforth, Rev. J. A. Womac, Rev. W. F. Long, Rev. C. Denton.

4. Has an Association the right to enquire into the doctrine and practices of churches composing their body?

5. Do the Scriptures teach regular systematic and continuous giving by Christians to spread the gospel? C. G. Samuel.

Missionary and Sunday-school mass meeting Sunday morning at 9 a. m. The Committee on High School will meet on Saturday. Basket dinners each day on the ground. Brethren, these 5th Sunday meetings are like mile posts on our way-worn journey to the tomb. Attend them and encourage one another to be faithful. C. G. SAMUEL, Chairman.

—Why is it that whenever you have a warm revival of religion in a place there are always a number of church members who crawl out of their hole and present letters which they had been carrying in their pockets or trunks perhaps for years? Is not the implication very strong that the reason they did not present their letters before was because they did not have religion enough to do so?

JOHN T. OAKLEY.

—Yesterday was a good day with us here. Four deacons were ordained—all lawyers. Indeed it would be hard to find a man, here, for any kind of church work, without hitting upon a lawyer. I never saw anything like it before, so many lawyers and all so active in church work. I have never seen a church the size of this that

MISSIONS.

MISSION DIRECTORY.

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

FOREIGN MISSIONS. REV. H. A. TOPPER, D.D., Corresponding Secretary, Richmond, Va. REV. R. J. WILKINSON, D.D., Memphis, Tenn. Vice President of the Foreign Board for Tennessee, to whom all inquiries for information may be addressed.

HOME MISSIONS. REV. I. T. TUCKER, D.D., Corresponding Secretary, Atlanta, Ga. REV. O. L. BAILEY, Knoxville, Tenn., Vice President of the Home Board for Tennessee, to whom all information or inquiries about work in the State may be addressed.

MINISTERIAL EDUCATION. Funds for young ministers to the S. W. U. University should be sent to G. M. Savage, D. D. Jackson, Tenn. For young ministers at Carson and Newman College, to J. T. Henderson, Messy Creek, Tenn.

Women's Missionary Union. CENTRAL COMMITTEE FOR TENNESSEE. Mrs. G. A. Lofton, President, 607 South Sumner Street. Mrs. R. C. Stockton, Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, 1300 West Demonbreau St. Nashville, Tenn.

The Hope of Reward.

On the sixth day of creation, as the crowning act of omnipotent power, God made man after his own image and gave him dominion over all the earth. It was then that the hope of reward began to prompt action and will continue to do so until "mortality shall put on immortality" and the Spirit returns to its maker who gave it. It was this which made mother Eve listen to the temptation of Satan and partake of the fruit of the tree which possessed the knowledge of good and of evil.

If Eve had only resisted that temptation, which led her on and on until she stepped upon that abyss of sin all covered with hope's bright flowers, there would have been no need for God to send his beloved, his only begotten Son, to sweat great drops of blood in the garden of Gethsemane, to suffer the agonies of crucifixion on Calvary, to die an ignominious death for this lost, this sin-cursed world.

The hope of reward was not only with Eve, but has been with all intervening generations, and is still existing now in the nineteenth century. Whatever the future may have in store for us, wherever our dwelling place may be—be it amid the snow-capped mountains of the North, in our Sunny South, or in the distant West—this hope will be ever with us, prompting either to actions of good or of evil. It reaches the savage and barbarians of every clime and country, the Esquimaux of the Polar regions, the wild Patagonians of South America, the cannibals of the Fiji Islands

and the benighted Africans of the jungle.

Hope consists of desire and expectation. Therefore when we hope for reward we desire and expect reward, though very often with us as with mother Eve, we engage in evil acts hoping for sinful, unrighteous rewards and are justly punished. It prompts all ages, both sexes, and all classes. Even the little child will toil and practice self-denial only to be rewarded by a loving word or caress from mother or sister, a smile from brother or a word of approval from papa. It is the mainspring in life, the steam engine of every occupation. The farmer will toil hour after hour, while the day king in all his effulgence pours down upon him. And why is it? He expects success. Our poets, our musicians, our politicians, why do they all spend days to the midnight hour in the most incessant, herculean, mental toil for months and years? Is it because they hope to write their names upon the highest pinnacle of fame? They hope to be eulogized through all ages, down through posterity? They hope their works will live when they are in the silent grave, beneath the green sod, the cold clay.

America, our loved home, the pride of our hearts, would never have been discovered had it not been for the hope of reward.

Where would have been the liberty we now enjoy and boast of had not our beloved Washington, with well balanced genius and heroic struggles, sacrificed all for the glory of future generations. He resisted every temptation to power. He consecrated his all upon the altar of liberty and led our forefathers through the dread ordeals of the revolution. They, too, were stimulated by the hope of reward. It was for this they left their bloody tracks upon the white winding-sheet of earth; for this they marched day after day in the pitiless rain, slept night after night with no pillow but the cold, cold earth, no cover but the clouds; for this they gave their warm life blood.

There is not a ruler either enthroned or entombed who is regarded with the enthusiastic veneration with which the people of France cherish the memory of Napoleon. He was the greatest Emperor earth has ever known. But with him as with us, he was prompted by the hope of reward. For this he consecrated his days and nights, with untiring assiduity to study while his playmates were wasting their time in dissipation and frivolous amusement. He did what man had never done before—led his soldiers, with all munitions of war and ponderous artillery, across the gigantic Alps, soaring amid regions of perpetual ice and snow, where nature assumes her most severe and sombre aspect. Through storms of rain and snow, by night as by day, hungry, sleepless, wet and cold, they pressed on, leading their horses over giddy heights where the eagle soared and screamed beneath their feet above the fir tops in the abyss below, where no wheel had ever rolled or could by any possibility roll—all this for the hope of reward. He hoped to see France the greatest empire upon the globe. "France was his estate, his diadem, his all."

Now, last but not best of all, is the Christian's hope of reward. This same hope which led man from Eden's paradise leads him back to heaven. When the Cimberian darkness of sorrow's night has eclipsed the last star of happiness in life's sky; when hope's bright flowers, of all earthly things, are scorched by passion's fire, the Christian looks beyond this earth of woe, this vale of tears, and with an eye of faith he pierces the veil that intervenes and hopes for something greater, purer, holier than any earthly reward. He can brave any peril, suffer any pain for the hope to be rewarded by the love and presence of his Heavenly Father. This is a reward far greater than the love of friends, the praise of man, however humble their work may be. The reward which they hope for reaches Empyrean heights far above the highest pinnacle of fame. This is the hope that has brought the smile of joy to the face of those burned at the stake. When the flames leap high above them they think not of the torture they are suffering, but of the reward that awaits them on high. They rejoice that they are deemed worthy to suffer in Christ's name and for his sake. The greater the cross the brighter the crown. While there is life there is hope, which makes lighter the burdens which we must bear, smoothes the path which we must tread until that dark angel, however unwelcome he may be, points at us his icy fingers and bids us cross the frozen waters of death. Then, when life is over and the Spirit has been wafted home, "where perfect happiness is found, where sorrows are unknown," then, and not until then, shall we cease to hope for reward and fully realize that—

they use the family name first and surname last. Thus John Smith in China would be Smith John.

Enter a school and you hear a tremendous noise as of a hundred persons talking at once; it is the pupils studying. They all study aloud.

The carpenter when he uses his line, instead of using dry white chalk, uses wet black ink.

When the women sew, instead of pinning the garment to their knee and sewing toward them, they pin it to their bosom and sew from them.

They read down their book instead of across, and from the right side cover toward the left, putting the foot notes at the top of the page, and running titles along the left side of the leaf; printing on one side of the paper only, folding it at the outer edge, and cutting it along the back.

Instead of blacking their shoes they whiten only the edges of the soles.

They wear their sleeveless garment, corresponding to our vest, entirely on the outside, each outside garment being a little shorter than the one under it; as if our undercoat were long or than our overcoat.

In company they keep their hats on while we take ours off.

We stick the candle into the candlestick and waste about an inch; they stick the candlestick into the candle and burn it all.

Our ladies wear their bangs on their foreheads; the Chinese ladies wear theirs on the back of their necks.

We build the best side of the house towards the street, and very often throw the dirt in the back yard. They build the windowless side of the house outward, and throw all the dirt into the street. Gospel in All Lands.

The next fifth Sunday meeting of the Okeech Association will be held at Providence church, James County, Tenn., commencing Friday, July 28, 1893. The following is the program: The introductory sermon will be preached by I. H. Key; W. E. Gray, alternate.

1. Will there be a lawless era before the coming of Christ, in which anti-christ will reign? W. L. Taylor, B. N. Brooks and J. P. Parker.

2. What are the two witnesses spoken of in Rev. xi. 3-12? R. D. Haymore, C. G. Jones and W. A. Simmons.

3. What are the duties of the church toward the heathen? W. E. Gray and M. E. Rinkle.

4. How many ordinances belong to the church of Christ? Jesse Huffaker and C. C. London.

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BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR

Under the Shadow.

Sitting in the room that has been the prison house, and at the same time the earthly paradise of a refined spirit, chastened by suffering, I would bear a message to his broken circle of friends.

Rev. J. R. Graves, LL.D., was released from his earthly pilgrimage and suffering at 1 o'clock Monday morning, June 26, 1893. The privilege of standing by him in the hour of triumph was denied me. But we have often spoken of it. And he has heard the Savior calling and has gone with him all the way.

For some weeks it had been growing upon us that the end was rapidly approaching. His sufferings, while perhaps not greatly intensified, were severe, and found him weaker to bear them. But the heroism and meekness and patience with which he bore them were more than heroic. They were sublime. You favored ones, growing rapidly fewer now, who have witnessed his most glorious victories for the truth, have never seen his character shine out more beautifully than have these visitors to the secluded "Arcadia" and these members of the household. To have sustained any relation to him inside the family circle was to have the honor of a great soul shed its beams on us. If it were only possible to make the followers of Jesus know the strength of this testimony as lived by him, how it would send a thrill of strength through all the ranks, and especially of those who silently suffer. For some weeks he has suffered more along the spinal column and in the head than previously. Then a fever set in, accompanied with recurring chills. The warm weather was against him and his strength was giving way.

His bark was heavy laden. His strength was almost gone. Yet he abated as he journeyed. Deliverance will come.

All that a devoted family, a skillful physician and a trained nurse could do was promptly done. But his malady was beyond the reach of human skill or sympathy. Sometimes he would grow almost delirious. And when he recovered a little he was so tender and thoughtful to the family and friends. And when the nurse, who had gone away from him awhile ago, came to him again, he held out his hand and said: "Well, Lee; you have come to be with me in my last sickness. I am so glad to see you."

Because he belonged to the world, I open the door just a little that you may behold your own for a moment as he was within. After a day of fearful suffering and labor, he lay at night on the bed somewhat relieved. Our mother was lying near, ready to answer the slightest wish. He put out that wall hand that has fought so valiantly for over half a century and lovingly caressed her. She quickly asked: "What is it, Mr. Graves? Do you want anything?" The answer came as from a young husband in those sweet tones of the bridal chamber: "No, mother, nothing. It is so sweet to have you near me." And then after a moment she said: "But don't you want anything?" "No, I don't need anything." "But don't

you want a kiss?" What were the unspoken thoughts of the bereavement so soon to come on his devoted, untiring, ministering angel we may not know. But a great soul feels keenly for the suffering of all, and more so for those so near to it.

On Sunday it was evident that the battle was gathering for the final issue. The family and the physician (Dr. J. A. Battle, who has rendered much untiring service), were here. And later the pastor, Dr. R. J. Willingham, came and staid to the last. Let this do. At 1 o'clock in the morning, surrounded by all but one daughter, "Aunt Nora," and the two sons-in-law, he escaped, or was rescued by the angels. The Master had refined the silver, the jewel was claimed, and we held only the casket.

Near the close, when after some tender ministrations he found himself a little easier, he put out his hand to Willie and said: "Willie, boy (so he used to call him), oh! such a change, such a change!" Willie said: "What change, papa? Are you suffering?" He shook his head and fell soon into unconsciousness, from which he never recovered. Indeed, it was such a change! Glorious change! And our eye of faith follows his ransomed spirit into the presence of the Savior, who welcomed him and said: "Well done. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

He had a wall roll of daily Scripture texts and mottoes. He was accustomed to have a leaf turned each morning and the lesson read. It is now as he last saw it. I look at it as I sit at his table where he sat so long, and I read:

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JOHN H. BOYET. Vicksburg, Miss.

Then and Now—1861-1893.

Dear Bro. Folk:—When I was a boy at school studying for the ministry in Mt. Lebanon, La., my college president, Dr. Wm. Carey Crane, had me and a schoolmate elected as delegates to the Southern Baptist Convention, which met in Savannah, Ga. We were young and hadn't seen much of the world, and had never seen a railroad. I could write a humorous account of our trip which would be ludicrous and laughable enough, but only wish to give some impressions made upon me then and now, or in 1861 and 1893.

In Savannah an ordinary house easily hold all the delegates and visitors present, as well as I remember. In Nashville we had a house as big as a potato patch and—as far as hearing distinctly is concerned, if you will pardon the criticism—not much better for hearing purposes. It is a pity for some of us to go a thousand miles and not be able to understand distinctly what we heard. Of all the men in Savannah I only remember to have met one of them in Nashville—Bro Cabanis. His talk to the children thirty-two years ago is as fresh in my mind as if it had been made this year.

The most remarkable things with me at both meetings were the sermons heard on Sunday at 11 o'clock. At both places I attended preaching at the First Baptist Church. Then I heard Dr. Richard Fuller, of Baltimore, his successor in the same church in Baltimore, preached. Both were great men. The text of Dr. Fuller has never been forgotten. To be able to hear such men preach is enough to go a long way towards paying the expenses of attending these meetings.

G. W. HARTFIELD. Arcadia, La.

At the great Missionary Conference at London in the summer of 1888, the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, spoke these burning words: "The success of the work has been remarkably cheering; but when we look back to eighty years of missionary labor and compare it with the results of eighty years of commercial labor, I am afraid that our brow must be covered with shame and our hearts filled with sorrow. After eighty years of missionary labor, we are thankful for thirty-two thousand communicants; after eighty years of commercial labor there are more than one hundred and fifty millions of opium smokers in China. You may go through China and you will find thousands, I can safely say tens of thousands, of towns and villages in which there are but small traces of the Bible or of Christian influence. You will scarcely find a hamlet where the opium pipe does not reign." What a contrast! What an appeal! Finally, "Christian reader and friend, we appeal to you for your sympathy, for your prayers and for your personal help. We beseech some of you to give your lives to this work, and all of you to give a generous, constant, systematic support to the cause of missions."

—Extreme always awake our interest. They touch the border life and thus combine the novelty of two worlds. Birthdays and death days shut us out and in from the awful mystery that lies just beyond. The one who has gone furthest and come back, no matter in what direction, is the hero of his hour. This is why spiritualism lives as a dreary negative force. One may expose its absurdity a thousand times, still humanity listens for the tongueless voice of surrounding silence.—Ex.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

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Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR

Nashville, Tenn., July 6, 1893.

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DR. J. R. GRAVES.

Only brief mention could be made last week of the death of Dr. Graves, for so long the editor of this paper. But for the absence of the editor in Chicago at the time he would have attended the funeral of his former associate and honored friend. Bro. Hailey, however, has given some account of his last hours and also of his funeral services. It only remains for us to give a brief summary of his life and work and to pay some tribute to his memory. James Robinson Graves was born in Chester, Vt., April 10, 1820, and was consequently a little over seventy-three years of age at the time of his death. His father was of Huguenot extraction, whose family fled to America at the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Young Graves was converted at fifteen and was baptised into the fellowship of the Baptist Church at North Springfield, Vt. At first he was a teacher, and taught in Ohio and Kentucky. On July 3, 1845, at the age of twenty-five, he came to Nashville and opened a school on Vine street, and shortly afterward united with the First Baptist Church. But from the time of his conversion he had felt called to preach, though he had tried to put the feelings away from him. But while in Kentucky the church, against his desire, had called for his ordination. When he first came to Nashville he did not attempt to exercise his gifts as a minister. In a long and pleasant conversation, with him last summer he told us how he had been forced against his protests to begin preaching here, and how from the first crowds attended upon



REV. J. R. GRAVES, LL. D.

his ministry and success followed his labors. In the fall of 1845 he took charge of the Second Baptist Church on Cherry street, now the Central Church, this city, and the following year, in 1846, he was elected editor of the *Tennessee Baptist*, which had been started by Dr. R. C. Howell. This paper he conducted at Nashville with signal ability and growing influence until the war, at the close of which he removed it to Memphis, but in 1887 it was consolidated with the *Baptist Reflector*, then published in Chattanooga, and again removed to Nashville. In 1848 he originated the Southern Baptist Publishing House at Nashville, and afterwards the Southern Baptist Sunday-school Union, both of which were destroyed by the war. In 1874 he organized the Southern Baptist Publication Society, which, owing to the financial crisis, soon afterward suspended. As an author Dr. Graves was quite prolific. The following books are the products of his pen, besides numerous sermons and articles and innumerable editorials: "The Trilemma," "The Great Iron Wheel," "The Middle Life," "Modern Spiritism," "Old Landmarkism," "Intercommunion," "The Seven Dispensations," "The First Baptist Church," "John's Baptism," and other smaller ones. As indicated by this bare outline of his life, Dr. Graves was no ordinary man. In fact, he might be called great. Certainly he was great as a preacher, one of the greatest, we think, America ever produced. His fire, his logic, his simplicity, his eloquence made him peculiarly powerful before an audience, and together with the fact that he always gave them something to think about, enabled him to hold their attention as long as he pleased. We spoke recently of having once heard him preach for two days in succession, twice each day and two hours each time without becoming tired. Dr. Eaton told of having heard him preach three hours and a half once, without wearying the people. What his ability. Many young ministers in Tennessee to-day owe their education to his efforts and will

feel his loss as a benefactor and a friend. Dr. Graves had his faults. We shall not deny it. To admit it is but to admit that he was human. But he only claimed to be a "sinner saved by grace." Salvation by grace through faith in Christ, not by works nor by water, was the constant theme of his tongue and pen, and he was never more powerful as a speaker and writer than when discussing this theme. He was a man of the deepest piety and always, but especially in his last years when the hand of affliction was laid heavily upon him, he loved to talk about the religion of Jesus and the great salvation which it had brought to him. But he had finished the work God gave him to do. The only desire he expressed for living longer was to write out his "Chair Talks" for publication, which, we believe, was denied him. But his life work was unusually well rounded out so far as human appearances go, and from his bed of suffering the Lord called him home on June 26th, and in perfect health could have done His "Chair Talks" after his paralysis had been a source of the greatest delight to many people. It is a matter of regret that he was not able to write them out before his death and so give them to the public in a permanent form. But great as was Dr. Graves as a preacher, he was if anything still greater as a writer, both as author and editor. His style in writing was, we think, not so interesting as in speaking. But his writings produced even greater effect and exerted a wider influence. Bold, uncompromising, with the strongest convictions himself, he toned up the conscience of Southern Baptists and gave to them a moral backbone, such as they had not before possessed. And the fact that the Baptists of the South are more loyal to Baptist principles, more orthodox, as they believe, than their brethren of the North, can largely be traced to the influence of Dr. Graves. There are some even in the South who believe that Dr. Graves was too strict and too partisan in his views, but there are none who will deny the influence which he exerted upon Southern Baptists. This we may say: How ever stern he may have seemed in his writings, in his personal relations he was as gentle as a woman. For our part we have always found him exceedingly pleasant and companionable in all of our personal intercourse with him, extending over some ten or twelve years, and it was always a pleasure for us to be with him. Others also found him the same way, often to their surprise. In his family he was kind and affectionate. To young ministers especially he showed much sympathy and always stood ready to help them to the extent of his ability. Many young ministers in Tennessee to-day owe their education to his efforts and will

THREE GREAT PREACHERS.

During the two Sabbaths we spent in Chicago we had the pleasure, as we mentioned last week, of hearing three distinguished ministers—Dr. P. S. Henson, Rev. Thos. Spurgeon and Mr. D. L. Moody. Perhaps some more detailed ac-

count of each sermon would be of interest. Dr. Henson, as every one knows, is pastor of the First Baptist Church, Chicago. The building is a handsome stone one, seating probably 1,000 persons, including the gallery, which runs around three-fourths of the church. It was quite full the morning we were there, and we presume it is usually so. The text was taken from Acts 28:26, "The sect everywhere spoken against," meaning Christianity. He preached for an hour, but throughout the whole time he held the closest attention of the audience. The sermon was an earnest plea for old-fashioned Christianity, full of wit and wisdom, and was one of the strongest we have heard for many a day. When incidentally he referred to the Sunday opening question, which had just been decided the previous day, and said that he did not object to opening the Fair on Sunday, if it were done free of charge, but what he objected to was the directors opening the gates and charging every man 50 cents for going in and then calling themselves the poor man's friend, the audience broke out in spontaneous applause, in which, though we were sitting in the pulpit, we could not help joining heartily, the first time, we believe, we ever applauded a sermon. Dr. Henson is doing a grand work in Chicago. We thank God for such a man, with such sturdy Christian principles and such holy boldness to declare them in the midst of a city so largely given over to sin and wickedness.

REV. THOS. SPURGEON.

On the night of June 18th and again on the morning of June 25th, we had the pleasure of hearing this distinguished young minister. He is on his way from New Zealand, where he has been preaching for some years, to London to take charge of his father's pulpit, to which he has been called for a year, with the prospect of his being then called indefinitely. At the invitation of Mr. Moody he came to Chicago to spend a few weeks. We were glad that we happened in Chicago at the time he was there. It is both fortunate and unfortunate for Mr. Spurgeon that he is a son of his father—fortunate in that that fact serves to attract a large audience to hear him, unfortunate in that it creates expectations which it would be exceedingly difficult for any one to meet. It is impossible, though, to keep from comparing him with his father, especially as he is to be his father's successor. He does not much resemble his father, but is more, we presume, like his mother. He is rather tall for an Englishman, is thin, has a light complexion and sandy hair, with a red face, a small light mustache and a blue eye which is dull looking in repose. He has the regular English brogue; says either and rather, pronounced

pray *pry* and gives the broad sound to the 'a' and has the English accent to a marked degree. His voice is not rich and round like his father's, but rather sharp and slightly harsh. Unlike his father, he gestures frequently and freely, and unlike his father again he speaks somewhat on the eloquent style rather than in a simple conversational tone. Both of his sermons were preached from brief notes, about such as his father was accustomed to use in the pulpit. Like his father again, he made juicy, running comments on the Scripture lesson the first night, which, as with his father's, were, if anything, of more interest than his sermon. And again, and better than all, like his father he preached both times the simple, plain, old-fashioned Calvinistic gospel of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ and in him alone. His text the first night was Matthew 5:20, "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven." The second time we heard him the text was Luke 15:31, "The elder brother." Both sermons were just the plain old gospel simply and earnestly presented. If Tom continues to preach that way, while he will not be as great a preacher as his father, still he will hold the vast congregations gathered by the latter and will accomplish great good. The third great preacher whom we heard in Chicago was

MR. D. L. MOODY.

the distinguished revivalist. Like both of the others he had a crowded house, as he always does in Chicago or anywhere else. He is a short, thick, fleshy man, now rather gray, reminding us something of Dr. Lansing Burrows, or of Rev. W. Mahan, of Clinton, Ky. He is evidently a master of assemblies. During the song service preceding his sermon he kept his audience in a good humor by frequent remarks. His sermon, from a homiletical standpoint, was hardly a sermon at all. But from the still higher standpoint of touching hearts it was a great success. We had applauded Henson and admired Spurgeon, but we wept under Moody. Mr. Moody sometime ago conceived the idea of carrying on a campaign against evil in Chicago during the period of the World's Fair, and he has been making things pretty lively, having obtained the use of several houses of worship in different parts of the city. He is a great spiritual force in that wicked city. It was a matter of much gratification to us to hear the old-fashioned gospel, as we had learned to believe and teach it, preached with such earnestness and boldness and simplicity in Chicago by three such men as Henson, Spurgeon and Moody. Thank God for them.

PERSONAL AND PRACTICAL.

—Dr. T. P. Bell is supplying for Bro. Boone at Clarksville for three Sundays during July while the latter takes a needed rest. —We congratulate our friend, Rev. E. B. Carroll, of Albany, Ga., upon the honors won by his two daughters at the Monroe Female College, Fayette, Ga. —The King of Greece has abdicated his throne and the government has been declared a Republic. This is significant as showing the drift of things in Europe. —Dr. P. T. Hale, of Birmingham, has recently been assisting Dr. French at a meeting at Talladega, Ala. There were fifty additions to the Baptist church and some will join other churches. —In Clarksville last week there were four weddings. The maiden names of the brides were Green, Gold, Flowers and Boilin. Bro. B one thinks that these names are all quite suggestive of summer. —Gov. Altgeld, of Ill., is being scored unmercifully on every hand for his recent pardon of the anarchists in the State prison, which we condemned at the time. He deserves all the indignation which a patriotic people can heap upon him. —Rev. A. W. McGaha, D.D., has been elected President of Howard College, Ala., to succeed Dr. B. F. Riley, who goes to the University of Ga. We suppose that Dr. McGaha will accept. If so we congratulate both him and Howard College. —Bro. J. H. Anderson, our very efficient Missionary Secretary, is sick with fever, and had to call in a doctor the other day for the first time since he was grown. He is a good deal better, though, at present, we are glad to state. —Rev. Oscar Haywood of Morris-town has gone to North Carolina for a vacation. He thinks that he has in Morris-town one of the banner churches of the State and the third largest congregation in East Tennessee, if not the second. —We do not believe that any mention has been made of the fact that Dr. T. P. Bell declined the election as Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board and will remain with the Sunday-school Board. This decision was very gratifying to the Board and to all of its friends. —Dr. J. J. Taylor of Mobile declines the call as President of Georgetown College, Kentucky. We supposed that it was understood that he would accept, though we felt that he would perhaps be doing himself an injustice to leave the pastorate, for which he seems so well qualified. —The Florida Baptist Witness editorially endorses our recent suggestion to have a banquet at Dallas next week, to which only Southern Baptist editors shall be invited, and after the banquet a Southern Baptist Editorial Association to be organized. We should be glad to hear from other papers upon the subject. —We may be pardoned for reporting the fact that there has been a steady growth in our subscription list for some time past, and last week there was the largest gain we have had for a good while. This is, of

course, very gratifying, especially considering these hard times. We are glad to know that the course of the paper is meeting such substantial approbation. —The Texas Baptist Sunday-school Convention in its session last week passed very strong resolutions in commemoration of Dr. Graves and expressive of its appreciation of his distinguished services for the denomination. The resolutions were read and we presume were written by Dr. S. A. Hayden, editor of the *Texas Baptist and Herald*. —We learn that Rev. J. P. Weaver formerly of the 3rd church, this city, now of Dardanelle, Ark., has been called as pastor of the church at New Providence, Tenn., and will take charge August 1st. We extend a cordial welcome to Bro. Weaver back into Tenn. He is one of the most genial and companionable of men, and besides, is a fine preacher of the old-fashioned gospel of Christ. We are glad to have such men in our State. —At the meeting of the Texas Sunday-school Convention recently, a test case was made as to the time of conversion of those present. The following is the result as reported in the *Texas Baptist and Herald*: Over 70, none; over 60, none; over 40, none; over 30, five; over 20, 17; under 20, nearly the whole convention. A similar test made in almost any audience would show a similar result. What an argument is contained in this fact for the Sunday-school work. —That was a delightful occasion last Monday, when by invitation of Pastor Strother, of Howell Memorial Church, the Pastors' Conference met in his church. After the usual reports the time was spent pleasantly in talks, songs and prayers until about 12:30 o'clock, when the pastors and other ministers in the city adjourned to the grove near by the church and partook of an elegant and bountiful dinner, prepared by the ladies of the church, after which an hour or more was spent in social converse under the shade of the trees and on the green grass. Before dispersing, a short but pleasant visit was paid to the Baptist Orphans' Home, a short distance away, and all enjoyed seeing the twenty-eight orphans now in the Home and evidently so well cared for by the matron, Mrs. E. C. Sanders. The whole affair was refreshing and helpful and served to bring the preachers nearer together, and to make them more useful in the Masters' cause. RECENT EVENTS. —The latest news from Wall Street, in New York is that money is easier and being offered at 3 per cent. on all loans, and at from 6 to 8 per cent. on mercantile paper. It is believed by many "knowing ones" that in a little while the financial depression will give place to prosperous times. May it be so. —Bro. O. W. Herbert, of the First Baptist Church, Memphis, Tenn., died at his home near that city Tuesday June 27th, in the 57th year of his age. He was a neighbor of Dr. J. R. Graves, who baptized him forty years ago. He was an ardent admirer of his great father in the gospel, and followed him closely to the heavenly Canaan. (Continued to page 12.)

THE HOME.

DREAMING AND DOING

BY WILLIAM S. LOUD

Dreaming is pleasant, I know, my boy. Dreaming is pleasant, I know. To dream of that wonderful, far-off day When you'll be a man and have only to say...

Dreaming is pleasant, I know, my girl. Dreaming is pleasant, I know. To dream of that far-off, wonderful day When you'll be a queen and hold full sway...

Ray

BY MISS BEULAH GREEN.

CHAPTER III (CONTINUED)

Christmas day dawned bright and beautiful. Glenwood never looked fairer than on this glorious morn, and Vivian St. Clair had never been so happy before. She had awakened to a new life and had made some one else happy!

"You shall live with us, dear, till your papa comes to claim you," Miss St. Clair had said, and her word was law; everyone had to bow to her will.

"I would be so happy if my dear mamma was here," Ray thought, standing at the drawing room window looking out on the pretty, well-kept lawn, and at the memory of her mother tears filled her eyes.

"But mamma is in heaven and much happier there than she would be here on earth. If I am good I can go there too some time, and maybe papa will be there with mamma to meet me. Oh! I wish I could see my dear father. I wonder if he is still living, and if he is, why he doesn't come home?" She was still standing by the window when a few minutes later a gentleman hurried up the drive, and another instant was ringing the bell. When the servant opened the door he

asked if Miss St. Clair was at home. Being answered in the affirmative, he handed the servant his card, and was then shown into the drawing-room. He never noticed the little girl standing by the window partly concealed by the rich silken curtains, but stood before the fire place, his hands folded behind him apparently in deep thought. Vivian soon came in and looked at the man in surprise, while she asked haughtily, returning his bow:

"What business, sir, can have brought you here? I see you are Mr. G., the detective," glancing at the card she held in her hand.

"Madam, I dislike to disturb you and would not if it could be avoided, but unfortunately it can not, as I have come on very grave business," and he bowed again.

"Pray, go on," very coldly.

"I understand that you brought a little girl home with you yesterday about noon, a child whom you found on the steps of the First Baptist church, and who was receiving very harsh treatment from the sexton. Will you be kind enough to tell me the child's name?"

"Ray Willoughby," Vivian answered, wondering why the man could be so interested in the case.

"Ray Willoughby! Then I was right in supposing it to be her. Madam, I am very grateful for the information, and will now explain the cause of my visit. Yesterday I was one of the detectives engaged by Capt. Aubrey Willoughby, who had just returned home, to search for his daughter and find her if possible, a handsome reward being offered to the first one who could bring him news of her. I heard about ten o'clock last evening of that little scene at the church door, and guessed, at once, who the child was, but disliked to disturb you at that late hour. With your permission I will now take the little girl to her father." Just then Ray bounded forward, her little face pale with excitement:

"Oh please, please, Miss St. Clair, let me go to my dear papa!" she cried, clasping her little hands in a very touching manner.

"Of course, dear child, you shall go, but I am sorry to have to give you up so soon," and she drew the child to her and printed a kiss on her brow.

"I am glad, though, for your sake that your papa has returned," and she smiled sweetly, running her hand caressingly over the amber curls as she spoke. Turning to the detective she said kindly:

"I am glad you have won the reward. I will put the little girl in your charge and trust you will carry her in safety to her father. Good-morning," and she turned to leave the room, but the detective detained her.

"One moment, madam. The sexton was dismissed yesterday; more than one witnessed his cowardly act. I know you will be pleased to learn of his dismissal."

"Yes indeed, it will teach him a

lesson; in the future he will not be so quick to drive people away from the church door," Vivian said, and then she carried Ray to her room and put on her hat and little cloak.

"Ray, you must come back to see me now," she said as she told the little girl good-bye. She really hated to see her go.

"Yes I will come back and bring my papa," and kissing her kind friend again she followed the maid down stairs where Miss St. Clair's carriage stood waiting to take them up town. Vivian stood at the door and watched them drive off. She wondered absentmindedly what kind of man Capt. Willoughby was and if Ray favored him. Visitors coming in shortly afterward drove both the child and her father from her thoughts the rest of the day.

Captain Willoughby was sitting in his room idly turning the leaves of a book he held in his hand and thinking a little bitterly of the last five years of his life, when the servant gently opened the door and he turned to see who entered. The next minute he started up, a great joy breaking over his face, for standing in the center of the room was the prettiest, daintiest little creature he had ever beheld—his lost child!

"Ray! my little daughter, is it really you?" he cried in glad surprise, stretching out his arms towards her.

"Papa, oh papa!" and she rushed forward and was clasped in his arms, close to his breast. For a moment he wept like a woman, mingling his tears with hers, then the detective, who had stood on the threshold, softly closed the door and withdrew, followed by the waiter.

"Papa, here is mamma's wedding ring," Ray said, untying a blue ribbon fastened around her neck and laying a gold band in the captain's hand.

"She sold everything else nearly except this, but she said she could not sell it. She wore it around her neck on this very ribbon, for her hands grew so thin she could not wear it on her finger."

They had been talking for some time, had told each other all that had passed since they had last met, that they could remember, and had talked long and lovingly of the dear mother, now sweetly sleeping beneath the white snow, but at sight of the ring fresh tears rose to

their eyes. How forcibly it reminded Aubrey Willoughby of that June day twelve years ago when he carried to his home his fair young bride! How well had they loved each other, and alas! how sadly fate had dealt with them! That evening he and Ray visited the cemetery and stood by his wife's grave. It was covered with a mantle of dazzling snow, and Ray placed at its head a bouquet of beautiful flowers.

"To-morrow I will order a handsome monument to be placed there, little one, where you have laid your flowers," Captain Willoughby said as he took her hand to lead her away. And he did so early the next day.

Ray kept her promise. She and her father called on Miss St. Clair, and Captain Willoughby thanked Vivian in no small terms for her kindness to his little daughter. He did not go back to sea until spring, and then he left Ray at a good boarding school in that city and had the promise from both Vivian and Mrs. Wilson that they would visit her and see that she was not neglected.

Vivian did a great work among the poor after she was once awakened to a full knowledge of their distress, she spent her money freely and yet not rashly; she knew just when to give and whom to give to. Many a wretched, poverty-stricken home was made bright and happy through her means, while the little waifs of the city found a comfortable home in the orphanage her money and her untiring zeal had helped to erect. The poor blessed her as she passed them in the streets, and at their humble homes sent up earnest thanks to the Lord for sending them such a cheerful helper. She professed faith in Christ and joined the Baptist church, the kind old pastor led her down into the baptismal waters and "buried" her "with Christ in baptism." She had been happy before, but had never tasted such real "unspeakable joy" in those golden butterfly days as she experienced now, going about on her mission of love and of mercy among the poor, the sick and the suffering.

Two years passed by, and one bright spring morning, when the birds were singing and the sun shining, she was led to the altar and there joined in the holy bonds of wedlock to Captain Aubrey Willoughby. It is needless to say that Ray was delighted, for she loved Vivian devotedly, and now as they are all happy we will let the curtains fall.

YOUNG SOUTH.

Mrs. O. L. BAILEY, 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, 'Tis this the glad Centennial Year

Dear Children.—Although our Centennial year is really past, yet we are still at work on our Chapel Building Fund, and there is time and space remaining for doing a great deal of good along this line. We are moving along very slowly since the Convention, and I feel it will do us all good to read and act upon the following story, titled "Sister Loomis' Centennial Offering." For it can surely show us that with a little tact and forethought we each and all have the means with in our reach for doing a great deal of good by teaching others how they may work for Jesus. Our people need instruction. If they knew more about our different Christian activities they would do more. Pray do not let any one of you after reading this story say you can do nothing. Lovingly, AUNT NORA.

SISTER LOOMIS' Centennial Offering.

BY MRS. A. D. BRONSON.

Sister Loomis was feeling much depressed. She had been an earnest lover of and worker in the cause of Foreign Missions, but now, in these latter days of her life, she was in straitened circumstances, with barely sufficient income to meet her absolute necessities, and with neither time nor strength to add to her income by extra work.

So, besides her annual dollar, and the mite dropped into the contribution box at the "monthly concerts," she had nothing to give, no special "centennial offering" to make. Yet the call seemed imperative, and the appeals from press and pulpit for everyone to "give something," "do without," to "give," fell upon her heart with a dull thud.

"If there is a way, Lord, please show it to me," she said almost in bitterness, yet the dear Lord, who has pity on all who have an honest desire, answered her prayer "not in her way," with more money of her own to bestow, but in "His own way" by showing her how to reach the hearts and purses of others. It all came to her as she sat busy with her mending, now and then stopping to read a few items from the religious weekly which the kindness of a friend made hers. Something was said about a woman who lived long ago, who though not possessed of much wealth, was the means of bringing much into the Lord's treasury by her gift of interesting others in the objects she wished to help.

"But I can't do that," soliloquized Sister Loomis, renewing her patching, "I never can say what I want to, and if people don't feel interested in these things it makes me almost angry, I'm afraid; if only I could speak like that lady, or write nice pieces like those in the papers; but here her grand idea flashed upon her and

almost took away her breath. Was this the answer to her prayer?

Then she fell to thinking over the plan of campaign, for she had one already in mind. It was this: Not to try merely to interest or convince people in missions, but, somehow, to get them to reading those very things which so stirred her own heart.

She reflected that even in the active church with its live pastor and many workers, there were some who were really ignorant of the great cause; others willfully blind, though brought up in the light.

A near neighbor belonged to the first class. She was a young married woman with three little children. But she had a kind, well-meaning husband, who, though not a Christian, was always willing and even anxious that she do her full share of church giving, and supplied her liberally with funds for whatever she wished to do.

She had not been brought up in a missionary atmosphere, not even a Christian one, but in strictly moral uprightness; and so when she came to Loomis she attended the church nearest her, the same to which Sister Loomis belonged, and ere long became interested in her own personal salvation, and united with the church on "profession of faith."

So while honestly anxious to do her duty, she was as yet only in the alphabet of Christian life and work.

Sister Loomis had often been to see her and the children, and was always made cordially welcome.

Here seemed to be an open door, oh for wisdom to enter it!

Somehow she had a feeling that the newspaper articles were too far advanced, took too much previous knowledge for granted to meet this case, so she determined to go in and have a little preliminary talk; she felt as if she could do that with Mrs. Truman, and then see what was best.

She found her sitting by her six-weeks-old baby rocking the crib very gently and reading a book from the public library.

"Aunt Loomis," she said, after a little chat about baby and the next oldest, Susie, and so on, "I am having such a nice time for reading just now. The doctor thinks it best for me to keep off my feet awhile yet, and my husband is so anxious for fear I will overdo, he says I must read all I feel able to, so as to tell him when he gets home, he don't get much time you know; it's a nice little trick of his though to keep me still, you see, but I like it very much myself."

"You like stories best?" asked Sister Loomis, taking up "Mrs. Whitney's."

"Oh, yes, I like them, but I want to be feeling that I am really getting good too. That is a good story, and tells about good people, but I want to be getting ready to teach my boys when they are older; can't you recommend me some real good books, you have quite a library I believe."

"Yes, said Sister Loomis, "My husband was a preacher, and he left me his books. To-morrow will be Sunday, I will go home now and get you one I think you would like to read," and home she ran and brought "Our Gold Mine," for the first installment.

"You know, my dear," she said as she laid it down, "our pastor has been telling us about the missionaries in foreign lands, and this year is what is

called the Centennial Year in missions, and the men who have this in charge want to raise a great deal of money to help along to celebrate it you know, just as we are to do at the World's Fair—the discovery of America. This little book will tell you about the missionaries in the past, so that you can better appreciate what is now being done; you will like it, I know."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Truman, rather slowly. "I hope I shall, but I don't know much about it. Tom says he thinks there are heathen enough about here without going off over the ocean to find them."

"Yes," said Sister Loomis, "so there are, it is a shame that there are so many, but you just read my little book to-morrow and see what it says. You know your husband is a great hand to see fair play always; you and he want to see both sides."

"Yes, of course," said Mrs. Truman and then she took up Bougie, who was lifting up his fat arms and bright eyes, and Sister Loomis after kissing him went away, a prayer in her heart that this mother's love for the children might lead her to pity the neglected children of dark men.

Sister Loomis' next effort was for a very different class of Christians.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce had been brought up on missions, so to speak, but somehow had seemed to lose interest in them as the years went by. They had been absorbed in making and saving money, and now, when all their family has left them for well-provided homes of their own, they had settled down more and more closely into their own well-feathered nest, giving out just enough to keep decent appearances, but taking little interest in any active work. Still, they were kind neighbors, and more than once Sister Loomis had found "basket and store," well filled in some mysterious way, but which she was sure came from her rich and kindly, but not generous friends, for did not all they owned belong to Him, "whose they were" or thought they were.

How to reach them?

The foundations had been well laid in youth; what was wanted now was to get them to building thereon, not "hay, wood and stubble," but with the precious stones of life saving deeds.

Among their many economies still practiced was that of taking no religious paper.

"Oh, we have the Bible, and Henry's 'Commentaries,' and the 'Rise and Fall,' and Mr. Bruce takes the daily and the county News," said Mrs. Bruce one day, when Sister Loomis ventured to hint at their subscribing for the paper she loved so much. "I really don't think we have time for any more reading matter, Sister Loomis, thank you though for thinking about us. Won't you stop to tea and see the deacon?"

As Mrs. Loomis thought of this conversation her heart almost failed her, but she tried to strengthen it with "all things are possible," and so carefully selecting the numbers from two different papers in which she found articles last week to her purpose, carried them over that very afternoon, just before teatime. That was Deacon Bruce's time for literary labors.

"Why, what have you got for us now I wonder?" exclaimed Mrs. Bruce

laughing, good-naturedly, as she took her visitor's bonnet and shawl and the file of papers.

"Why, I've been thinking that as long as I have these papers sent to me, it seems dreadful selfish to keep them all to myself, so I have sorted them out, some I thought you would like, maybe you and the deacon would enjoy looking them over. There are real interesting accounts of revivals in some of the Western churches and out in Minnesota. I shouldn't wonder if there was some mention of C—, where your Harry is, let me see; yes here it is," and the cunning manager laid the paper just in reach of the deacon's hand, as he wiped his spectacles, and then he read the account aloud to his wife as she brought in the supper, and both were deeply interested in it. The talk at the table ran on life out there and further West where another son lived and a dear daughter in Colorado, and when Mrs. Loomis left the house she was pretty sure those papers would be gone over with.

Details are interesting, processes of mind are more so, but they take up time and space, which make the maximum of value in a religious weekly perhaps.

So we will only add, that the tearful prayer efforts of Sister Loomis to bring the light and knowledge so much needed into one heart, and the heat and conscience stirring into the other set of hearts, brought forth fruit, "Centennial" fruit.

When the subscription was finally taken for the special offering all but Sister Loomis were surprised to see the name of Mrs. Flora Truman, "\$25.00." The climax was reached, however, when Deacon John Bruce's "\$100" was read, not quite though that came when it was reported on good authority that Mr. and Mrs. Bruce were going to the "Centennial Missionary Meeting" at Denver, partly to visit their children, to be sure, but not a little from desire to be present at that great gathering of the tribes of Israel.

"Here," said Mrs. Bruce to a knot of friends who clustered about her after meeting, "we have lived all these years, saved every cent we could and never saw anything. How I just ache to get a sight of those great prairies and deep canons Carrie writes about, and won't it be just splendid to see all those people together and hear the biggest kind of talking, returned missionaries and all. I just wish you could all go!"

"Yes," said the pastor to Sister Loomis as they walked home after church, "they will get their hearts open wide enough. I expect to add two or three hundred to the one we so rejoice in, and they will never let themselves get close again, I reckon. Why, Sister Loomis, they have just given me subscriptions for a missionary magazine and two of our best weeklies," and he added in a lower tone: "They told me that it was the papers you lent them and got them interested in which opened their eyes to their duty. See, dear sister, what a Centennial offering you have made." Ithaca, N. Y.

Centennial Fund.

ROLL OF HONOR.

We give below the names of all who have earned a certificate since April 30th by sending us \$5 for this fund, and we call it our Roll of Honor. White Oak Grove Sunday-school, Tenn.

JUNE.

Sallie Glivan, \$2.20; Charlie Laigne, \$1; Louis Ford, \$1; Patrick Short, \$1; Willie Betts, \$1; Baptist Sunday-school of Whitesburg, Tenn., \$1.00.

**WONDERFUL Country**  
 This, with Vacuum  
 Leather Oil; 25c, and your  
 money back if you want it.  
 Patent lambskin with wool  
 on swob and book—How to  
 Take Care of Leather—both  
 free at the store.

—Pots and kettles and pans do not  
 at first sight seem to have much to  
 do with wedding cards and orange  
 blossoms. It is only when the ques-  
 tion of furnishing the home and  
 shelter for the young brood has to be  
 considered that the kitchen comes to  
 the front, and comes to stay. That  
 is why the PHILLIPS & BUTTORY com-  
 pany have made such magnificent  
 provisions at their immense new  
 stores on College Street for the sup-  
 ply of everything needed in house-  
 furnishing, especially in the dining-  
 room; from a plain and substantial  
 lay-out, befitting a slender purse, up  
 to the daintiest decorated china and  
 elegant cut-glass for those who have  
 luxurious tastes and the wherewith  
 to gratify them. — To be continued.

FROM \$50 TO \$300 A YEAR  
 Mr. W. H. McNell Has Reduced His Ex-  
 pense in One Line to Almost Nothing.

In September, 1891, my wife was  
 very much affected with pain in her  
 back, and, after trying all the usual  
 remedies with no relief, I concluded  
 to get an Electropoise (very much  
 against her will, however), and after  
 using it a short while she was so  
 much relieved that she was able to  
 attend to her household duties, and  
 it soon cured her.

We have used it in our family con-  
 tinually since then, and I am free to  
 confess that it is the best investment  
 that I ever made, as, previous to  
 getting the Electropoise, my doctor's  
 bills for eighteen years had been from  
 \$50 to \$300 a year, but I have not  
 had a doctor in my house but about  
 three times since I got the Electro-  
 poise.

My oldest son was very much af-  
 fected with catarrh in the head, which  
 occasioned a great deal of suffering;  
 but, by applying the instrument to  
 his forehead for fifteen or twenty  
 minutes every night, he was relieved  
 and is now well of it.

I have no hesitancy in saying that  
 the Electropoise is the best little  
 doctor that I ever saw, and he is  
 always read to relieve suffering hu-  
 manity. I have recommended it to  
 numbers of my friends, who have  
 purchased, and I have yet to see the  
 first one of them who has not been  
 benefited by its use. If you wish to  
 publish this you have my permission,  
 as I feel that I owe it to suffering  
 humanity to let them know what a  
 great physician the Electropoise  
 is. Yours truly, etc.,  
 W. H. McNell, 411 Union street,  
 Nashville, Tenn., April 20, 1893.

For further information in regard  
 to the Electropoise, and for a fifty-  
 page pamphlet describing treatment  
 and giving testimonials of responsi-  
 ble parties, write to Dubois & Webb,  
 54 to 61 Cole Building, Nashville,  
 Tenn.

For Nervous Prostration.  
 Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.  
 Dr. A. G. Bissell, East Saginaw,  
 Mich., says: "I have frequently pre-  
 scribed it for indigestion and nervous  
 prostration, and in nearly all cases  
 with success. In the latter especially  
 it seems to produce marked improve-  
 ment in a short time."

**DR. W. J. MORRISON,**

**DENTIST**

814 Union Street, Nashville, Tenn.

**RECENT EVENTS.**

(Continued from page 11)

—Our confrere, *The Christian In-  
 der*, is all at sea when it says:

Tryon St. Church, Charleston, S. C.,  
 of which Dr. Pritchard is pastor, is  
 adding a \$2,000 Sunday-school and  
 lecture room to its house of worship.  
 Dr. Pritchard is not pastor of Try-  
 on St. Church, Charleston, S. C., but  
 of Charlotte, N. C. How delusive a  
 thing is fame, when a great journal  
 locates a distinguished minister in  
 one church, city and State, when he  
 is trying to build up another church  
 in a different city, in another State.

—Having published what the  
*Standard* said of Dr. Eaton, we with  
 pleasure give place to Dr. Eaton's  
 denial in the following extract taken  
 from the *Western Recorder*:

Dr. Eaton, of the *Recorder*, has  
 been up attending the Baptist annu-  
 versaries at Denver, Colorado. He  
 heard a woman speak and saw the B.  
 Y. P. U. on a high horse and is now  
 laid up for repairs. — *Baptist Stand-  
 ard*.

"Dr. Eaton, of the *Recorder*," has  
 not been "up attending the Baptist  
 anniversaries at Denver, Colorado,"  
 he has not "heard a woman speak,"  
 he did not see "the B. Y. P. U. on a  
 high horse," nor is he "now laid up  
 for repairs." Barring these little in-  
 accuracies, we make no objection to  
 the above charming paragraph. Try  
 again. — *Bro. Standard*. — do.

—The friends of Dr. C. H. Strick-  
 land in Tennessee, where he labored  
 so long and so well, will be pleased  
 to note the following account of his  
 work in his new field:

"Dr. C. H. Strickland recently  
 preached his fourth anniversary ser-  
 mon as pastor of the First Baptist  
 Church, of Sioux City, Ia. The fol-  
 lowing figures give some idea of the  
 work done and progress made during  
 that time: Membership Young Peo-  
 ple's Society, 110; average attendance  
 on Sunday-school, 335; religious  
 papers taken, not including Sunday-  
 school publications, 136; contribu-  
 tions for city missions per annum,  
 \$1,200; contributions by Ladies' Aid  
 Society, \$1,738.68; Ladies' Missionary  
 Society, \$560; for church support,  
 home and foreign missions, education  
 and general benevolence, \$57,113.06;  
 new names added to Church roll,  
 155."

—Rev. Dr. S. A. Steele, pastor of  
 McKendree Methodist Church, Nash-  
 ville, delivered an eloquent lecture  
 on the "Pioneers of Methodism," at  
 the Tulip Street Methodist Church,  
 Sunday night, July 2nd, to a large  
 audience. He said that Methodism,  
 founded by John Wesley, was Christi-  
 anity reverted to its original type. In  
 zeal, in going into all the world, in  
 heroic endurance of great trials, yes;  
 but in faith, in church practice and  
 government, no. Whilst the pioneers  
 of Methodism obeyed that part of  
 the great commission of the Master, "Go  
 and preach the gospel," they did not  
 obey the other part, equally as im-  
 portant, "teach all nations, baptizing  
 them . . . teaching them to ob-  
 serve all things whatsoever I have  
 commanded you." Had they preached  
 the whole gospel and adopted the  
 apostolic form of church government,  
 with their fire and zeal, they would,  
 indeed have turned the world upside  
 down and converted the nations to  
 Christ.

—The *Baptist Courier* of June 29th  
 has the following notice of the Bap-  
 tist Congress:

Dr. Lansing Burrows in a private  
 letter says: "Arrangements are be-

ing made to hold the Baptist Con-  
 gress at Augusta in the fall, probably  
 November. That will be a fine chance  
 for South Carolina men to bear and  
 be heard, also. They that couldn't  
 speak at Nashville will have a good  
 chance to speak now. From indica-  
 tions, the program will be very line  
 and the speakers that are thought of  
 will be the best to be had in the land."  
 Concerning this meeting the *Augusta  
 Chronicle* says: "In the fall, prob-  
 ably about the latter part of Novem-  
 ber, that powerful and important  
 body known as the Baptist Congress  
 of America will convene in Augusta.  
 Rev. Lansing Burrows stated to a  
*Chronicle* reporter that he had put  
 the question before his congregation  
 yesterday, and they had unanimously  
 extended the most hearty invitation  
 to the congress to hold its convention  
 in Augusta. This will bring a very  
 large concourse of people to the city,  
 among whom will be some of the rep-  
 resentative men of the country. Dr.  
 P. S. Henson, of Chicago; Rev. Dr.  
 Horr, of Boston; Dr. O. P. Gifford, of  
 Chicago; Dr. Edward Jackson, son  
 of the great missionary; Dr. Haw-  
 thorne, of Atlanta, and a large num-  
 ber of other prominent gentlemen  
 will address the convention, and some  
 questions of vital importance will  
 be discussed, none but subjects of pre-  
 sent interest being chosen. Two of  
 the principal questions which will  
 come up for debate are 'What is  
 Valid Baptism,' and 'Rationalism in  
 Religion.'"

—The people met at Cedar Ford,  
 near Luttrell, on the Knoxville, Cum-  
 berland Gap and Louisville Railroad,  
 Union County, Tennessee, on June  
 21, 1893, to erect tombstones at the  
 graves of Elder William Hickie and  
 wife. Two nice tombstones had been  
 purchased for that purpose by the  
 Masons, Baptists and other friends.

1. A march by the Masons.
2. Singing by the New Flat Creek  
 choir.
3. Prayer by the writer.
4. Presentation address on the part  
 of the Masons by Hon. Jacob Graves,  
 of Maynardville, Tenn.
5. Acceptation address on the part  
 of the Baptist church, by Elder J. A.  
 Acuff, of Clear Springs, Tenn.

The above named parties did their  
 parts well. A bountiful dinner was  
 then spread on the ground. After  
 dinner was over, the people then  
 marched to the cemetery and a com-  
 mittee who had been appointed by  
 some of the churches, of which Bro.  
 Hickie had been pastor, proceeded to  
 erect the tombstones at their graves.  
 After this was done, the people sang  
 that good old hymn, "How Firm a  
 Foundation." Prayer being offered  
 by the writer, the congregation retired  
 to their homes.

Elder William Hickie was born in

**Vanderbilt University,**

NASHVILLE, TENN.

**NEXT SESSION OPENS SEPT. 20th.**

Full graduate as well as under graduate  
 courses. Ten fellowships for college graduates  
 seven departments: Academic, Engineering,  
 Medical, Law, Pharmaceutical, Dental, Musi-  
 cal. Fully equipped laboratories and museums.  
 WILKINSON WILLIAMS, Secretary.

**Boscobel College,**

Nashville, Tennessee.

1. A Faculty of  
 Vigorous Educators.
2. High Standard  
 of Scholarship.
3. Ideal Location.

For Catalogue, Address

J. G. PATY, B. A., Pres't.

Virginia on the 9th of March, 1807,  
 and removed to this state when a boy  
 with his parents. He professed faith  
 in Christ and joined the church at  
 Little Flat Creek, Knox County,  
 Tenn., when 19 years of age, and  
 was ordained a little over a year after  
 this. He was 65 years in the minist-  
 ry. During that time he served 29  
 churches as pastor. He was one of  
 the most successful preachers of his  
 day. He witnessed thousands of  
 conversions and baptized thousands  
 of people. He engaged in two dis-  
 cussions with Pedobaptists on bap-  
 tism, and one with a Hardshell Bap-  
 tist on missions. He showed himself  
 equal to the occasion, to the delight  
 of his friends and to the dismay of  
 his opponents. He served as clerk  
 of the Northern Association ten years  
 and moderator twelve years.

He preached under direction of  
 of Mission Board for many years.  
 And finally on the 25 of June, 1891,  
 he departed this life in full assurance  
 of faith, at the advanced age of 84  
 years.  
 R. M. WYCK,  
 New Flat Creek, Tenn.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO,  
 SS. I, J. CHENEY, Clerk of the Court,  
 do hereby certify that the within and  
 foregoing is a true and correct copy  
 of the will of FRANCIS J. CHENEY,  
 deceased, as the same appears from  
 the records of said Court, and that  
 said will was admitted to probate  
 on the 9th day of December, A. D. 1892.  
 J. CHENEY,  
 Notary Public.

Sold by Druggists, 7c.

**Special : Announcement.**

**SOME THINGS YOU NEED TO KNOW.**

The Baptist Book Concern carries a large stock of religious and mis-  
 cellaneous books—that they are headquarters for all books published by  
 the American Baptist Publication Society, The Fleming H. Revell Co.,  
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 in all leading book markets in the world, through whom any publication  
 now in print may be obtained. We are prepared to quote both wholesale  
 and retail prices for the above firms, or for any books published. Special  
 discounts to the trade and the ministry.

**BAPTIST BOOK CONCERN,**  
 (INCORPORATED.)

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 Young Ladies, Marion, Alabama.  
 The fifth annual session closed the  
 8th of June with brilliant exercises.  
 Twenty young ladies graduated in  
 the Literary Course and two in Piano  
 studies and Course of Music. The  
 Art Class of twenty-four members ex-  
 hibited some beautiful work. More  
 than a thousand persons attended the  
 exercises of the Elocution Class. The  
 Annual Concert was greatly enjoyed  
 by a very large audience. Read the  
 Judson's announcement in our ad-  
 vertising columns.

For Over Fifty Years  
 Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has  
 been used for children teething. It  
 soothes the child, softens the gums,  
 allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is  
 the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty  
 five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists  
 throughout the world.

**The Markets.**

The following are the market prices  
 of the articles mentioned, with the  
 latest corrections:

- COUNTRY PRODUCE.
- Beeswax, 20c per lb.
  - Broomeorn, straight Red Tipped, 3 1/2  
 @ 4c per lb; long, good quality, 4 1/2 @  
 5
  - Butter choice 10 @ 12 per lb.
  - Country bacon (from wagon), clear  
 sides, 12c per lb; shoulders, 10c; hams,  
 12 @ 13; jowls, 6c; lard, 8 1/2 @ 9; choice  
 12 @ 13c.
  - Feathers, prime, 40 @ 42 per lb mixed,  
 25 @ 30.
  - Tallow, 4 @ 4 1/2.
  - Giusing, clear of strings, dry, 2.00 &  
 2.25 per lb.
  - Peanuts, 2 1/2 @ 2 3/4 per lb.
  - Chickens, 10 @ 12 per lb; hens 8 per lb.  
 Eggs, 7 1/2 @ 8 per doz.
  - Irisa potatoes (from wagon) Tri-  
 umph, 1.10 @ 1.25 per bbl; Rose 1.00 @  
 1.25 per bbl.
  - Dried peaches, halves, 5c cents per  
 lb; dried apples, 4 @ 5 per lb; dried  
 blackberries, 4c per lb.
  - Apples, northern, 3.75 @ 4.00.
- SEEDS.
- Prime Timothy, 12.25 @ 2.40 per bu  
 Red Top, 48 @ 50; Blue Grass, \$1.00 @  
 1.40; Orchard Grass, \$1.10 @ 1.40; Clo-  
 ver, \$7.00 @ 7.50; Millet, 70 @ 80; Hun-  
 garian, \$1.00

**HIDES.**

Green salted, 3 1/2c per lb; dry flint,  
 6 @ 7c per lb; dry salted, 5c per lb.

**WOOL.**

Choice unwashed, 16 @ 17c per lb;  
 coarse, 14 @ 15c per lb; burr, 10 @ 11  
 per lb; choice, tub washed, 27 @ 28  
 per lb; dingy, 23 @ 25c per lb.

**LIVE STOCK.**

Cattle, extra shippers, 3.25 @ 3.50  
 good shippers, 3.25 @ 3.50; best butch-  
 ers, 3.25 @ 3.50; common butchers, 1.50  
 @ 1.75; steers, 2.50 @ 3.00.  
 Hogs, 250 lbs average, \$5.40 @ 5.50  
 200 lbs. average, 6.25 @ 6.50; 100 lbs;  
 average, 4.50 @ 5.00.  
 Sheep, good fat, \$3.00 @ 3.50; best  
 lambs, 4.00 @ 4.10; good lambs, 5.40  
 @ 3.25.

**WHEAT.**

No. 2, car lots, 55 @ 57 1/2; No. 3, car lots, 63  
 Corn, 48 @ 50 bu., from wagon.  
 Oats, 38 @ 40, from wagon.

**LEAF TOBACCO.**

Common lugs, \$2.75 @ 3.25; medium  
 lugs, 3.50 @ 4.00; good lugs, 4.50 @ 4.75;  
 common leaf, 4.50 @ 6.00; medium leaf  
 6.25 @ 7.00; good leaf, 7.25 @ 8.00.

**OTTOM.**

Ordinary, 5 1/2 per lb; good ordi-  
 nary, 6 1/2; strict ordinary, 6 1/2; low mid-  
 dling, 7 1/2; strict low middling, 7 1/2;  
 middling, 7 1/2; strict middling, 7 1/2; good  
 middling, 7 1/2. Market quiet.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY  
 The Foundry & Machine Works of  
 Cincinnati, Ohio, has been  
 established in Nashville, Tenn.,  
 at the corner of Third and  
 Jefferson Streets, under the  
 management of  
 J. S. BINGHAM, Principal,  
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 J. W. BLAIR, Associate Pres.

**Sweetwater Seminary For Young Ladies.**

THIS institution has been for many  
 years favorably known to the  
 public. It stands without a rival  
 in the delightful location, elegant  
 buildings, new furniture and all mod-  
 ern improvements. Seventeen offi-  
 ces and teachers distinguished as  
 educators. This fact guarantees to  
 the pupil the best advantage in Mu-  
 sic, Art, Elocution, Literature, His-  
 tory, French, German, Latin, Greek,  
 Book keeping, Stenography, Type-  
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 to attend an institution of the highest  
 merit at a moderate cost and under  
 conditions most favorable to health,  
 are invited to investigate the claims  
 of the Seminary. No death, not even a case of serious illness in six years.  
 Twenty thousand dollars have been spent on improvements in the past year.  
 Thorough Scholarship. Refinement and Health a special feature. Church facilities  
 the very best. Sweetwater is on the E. T. V. & Ga. Railroad, 40 miles from  
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J. H. RICHARDSON, President. J. W. BLAIR, Associate Pres.

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 FOR YOUNG LADIES.

For Nine Years Located at Glade Spring, Va.  
 The Tenth Session will open on 14th Sept. 1893  
 in the Handsome new Buildings at  
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 selected from the finest institutions of learning, among which we name: University of  
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 many, Royal Academy, London, England, Cincinnati College of Music, Northrop's Business  
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 Brick, Stone, Slate. One hundred and sixty five rooms, carpeted, newly furnished. Steam  
 Heat Hot and Cold Water, Closets and Bathrooms on every floor. Electric light and gas,  
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 conveniences.

TERMS MOST REASONABLE are fixed by the Board of Trustees in the interest of  
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 gets a Catalogue of this Institution, for which apply to Rev. J. H. HARRISON, Agt. of Trustees,  
 OR, SAMUEL D. JONES, Principal,  
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G. M. BAYAGE, A. M., LL.D., President.

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 ments during the year 92-3 was 231.

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Antiseptic, non-poisonous, non-ir-  
 ritant, germicide. The best thing  
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 gia, Sore throat, Hoarseness, Asthma,  
 La Grippe. It is neat, convenient,  
 ready, powerful, new, effectual, cheap.  
 It is invaluable to all speakers and  
 singers, and as an ever-ready House-  
 hold treasure. Over one hundred  
 thousand were sold last year.

Terms:—The regular price has been  
 \$1.00. But I will send an Inhaler to  
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 thirty days use if the purchaser is not  
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 ana and Arkansas, and will give them  
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 take back all unsold Inhalers. Could  
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 want to know where you can have the  
 best educational advantages for the  
 least money? Then read the following:  
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 mercial Institute is still in the land.

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 month.

Annual enrollment 650.  
 Its rapidly increasing patronage  
 shows its popularity. Its friends are  
 jubilant and enthusiastic. The battle  
 was hard and long, but truth, econo-  
 my, and honest work always win.

Located on the rim lands of Middle  
 Tennessee, 200 feet above the sea  
 level, in the region of summer re-  
 sorts, bright skies, and sparkling  
 waters, it is far removed from the  
 malaria of the South and West. This  
 is a school for both sexes. After read-  
 ing this will you throw your money  
 away? For complete catalogue ad-  
 dress,  
 Wans & Looney,  
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Baptist and Reflector

THE BAPTIST, Established 1846. THE BAPTIST REFLECTOR, Established 1871. Consolidated August 14, 1889. Published every Thursday. Speaking Truth in Love. Entered at the post-office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

CHALK TALKS. BY GEO. A. LOFTON, D. D. Cutting Off the Nose to Spite the Face.

THIS subject might be more classically stated thus: The amputation of the nasal protuberance in order to injure the physiognomy; but it is all the same in plain English.



possibility; and there is nothing, for any length of time, which can awaken cheer, ambition, or purpose, in the man who is always looking upon the dark side of everything and the bad side of everybody.

only one who is injured. What a fool a sulker is, and yet there are thousands of just such tools in every grade of life who are sulking away their otherwise useful and fruitful existence.