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CHALK TALKS.

(NO. XXV.)

BY GEO. A. LOFTON, D. D.

Kissing.

THE kiss has always been one of the sweetest tokens of love and friendship. Nothing is more sacred and holy than a kiss. All through the Bible—in all the annals of antiquity—the kiss has been the common expression of confidence, affection and intimacy among men. The brethren of the Scriptures saluted each other with a kiss, and among some nationalities the men keep up the same custom. I have seen old, rough-whiskered Germans clasp hands, or put their arms about each other, and kiss as heartily and lustily as if they had been women; and so I have seen fathers and sons kiss as if they had been mothers and daughters, and brothers and brothers as if they had been sisters and sisters. It looks a little curious in this day and generation, but one of the most refreshing scenes ever witnessed is to see two strong and burly men kiss each other.

In no sense or instance can a kiss be sinful when it is true to its token or significance, whether between the same or a different sex; and yet even when true to its object it may be improper. It wouldn't do for every young gentleman and lady, nor for every married gentleman and lady, to kiss because they were friends, when not related. The laws of society are such, and such is common sense propriety in the nature of things that there must be a limit to the practice of indiscriminate kissing. Except between persons of the same sex, kissing is getting too close to one another when not close enough by relationship or nature. The shake of the hand is enough, and close enough for purity and safety; and the clutching of the arm and the holding of the hand is just simply and outrageously too much—"too utterly utter"—for anything, when a dude walks with your sister, or daughter, to church or elsewhere. Men may kiss men just as much as they please, and so may women kiss women, *ad infinitum*; but human nature is such between the sexes, when not related, that there must be a bar erected between the lips even of the friend and the lover.

There is something wonderfully magnetic and thrilling in a passionate kiss. When two sets of lips come together it is like two clouds charged with electricity, the one positive and the other negative; and the result is, in certain cases, an emotional explosion and cloud-burst of excessive passion and ecstasy. A kiss goes straight, like the shock of a galvanic battery, to the heart; and the weaker party is always paralyzed under the blow, whether for good or ill, or for weal or woe. Nothing has more of heaven's fire, or the fire of hell, in it than the kiss of a lover, or a villain; and the first step of the fiend incarnate, in order to destroy the innocent but deluded victim in his clutches, is to get his lips to hers. The lips are often the gate to the citadel of virtue in the young and loving heart; and thousands have surrendered the fortress of character to the thrilling kiss of the licentious libertine who well knows its psychologic and dynamic power when affection and confidence have been won in a woman's heart. The touch of his hand is foul and laprous enough. His embraces are as deadly as the coil of the anaconda; but beware, above all, of the serpent charm of his eye and the fatal magnetism of his lips when, O, young woman, you put yourself in his arms and your face near his to be kissed. I have known of several young ladies who, under



LOFTON

the mesmeric infatuation of such a moment, became oblivious of their existence and surroundings.

Even what is called the lover's kiss is a dangerous and deadly thing, and is the result of dramatic and romantic education. Romeo and Juliet are stereotyped upon the brain of the visionary who is created by novel reading and theater going. "He" and "She" are trained up to the "hugging and kissing" scene in the lover's story or the lover's drama until the idea that courtship and marriage would be insipid and monotonous without the lover's kisses and embraces. Otherwise it wouldn't be heroic and gallant; and thus it is that in the very nature of the novel and the stage play our young people are trained to the infatuation of a familiarity and a contact which can with any sort of purity and safety belong alone to married or family life. No wonder the course of true love so often runs roughly and uncertainly. It is too often deluged in kisses and embraces, or washed away with poetic effusions and protestations, or checkered with flowers and brambles which are alike

watered with the tears of a thousand misunderstandings and reconciliations. There is no common sense or propriety in half the love affairs among young people; and the kiss and the hug of the lover have often either bred contempt by familiarity or else degenerated into licentiousness which has turned many a well-begun and well-meant match that never mated into ruin that never righted.

In some countries and communities it is the conventional privilege of lovers engaged to hug and kiss each other. How much of it there is everywhere nobody can tell; but it is certain that in the South the custom has never been recognized as proper or decent in good society. A young lady of the olden time in this section of country, to say the least of it, would not have permitted this privilege at the lips and the arms of the most ardent and distinguished lover; and she would have held him at arm's length and finger's end until the marriage ceremony was finished. Even then with some of them he would have had to scuffle for a kiss; and he would have had to wait until the honeymoon was well under way before the kissing process became easy and frictionless. This seems prudish and old foggy in this progressive day and generation, but the way of prudence and propriety is the path of purity and safety. In the good old days gone by there were not as many scandals and divorces in this country as now; and forty years ago in the South society was purer than it is today. It may be that what was then a sin is no sin now; but my early recollection of the Southern people was that they were, socially, the purest people on earth. I cannot tell how far the Southern rule on kissing has varied; but I know that in the palmy days of old the noblest and purest man in these parts did not kiss the woman he was to marry without pistols and coffee for two.

Beware of the kissing devil. The true friend or lover cannot flatter nor fondle his angel until she is his own by right; and her aures and best way to keep his love and respect is to keep him at the tips of her fingers and upon his knees and at her feet. There is one species of tyranny that every man will endure—the despotism of love; and the more he writes in its chains and its fires the hotter and purer the flame will burn. A million of times has a kiss or an embrace quenched this heavenly flame forever or turned it into the fire of hell. Even when the kissing and hugging process has preceded and ended in marriage, it is not always true that it is pure and undiluted virtue; and my observation has been that the most infatuated and fondling and slavish

bering courtships have ended in unhappy and misjudged marriages. Lust instead of love, insanity instead of reason, hell instead of heaven, lie at the foundation of many a marital union; and many a married life, as I have said before in a former sketch, is nothing more than a lifelong state of legalized adultery.

Beware of the kissing devil. He is seen not only in the lustful but the professional kiss, and, above all, in the traitor's kiss. Some preachers are very much given to kissing the girls and some of the lady members of his church and other places; and about the most dangerous and costly kiss in the world, sometimes, is this same clerical kiss. It has ruined many a pastor's influence and lost him his position and reward. Even doctors have been destroyed for kissing their patients, and lawyers embroiled for kissing their clients, and merchants cowhided for kissing their customers; and the preacher must remember that his white cravat and broadcloth coat do not exempt him from the censure and the punishment of less conspicuous professionals. There is, however, a professional kiss that does not depend upon any title for its claim or right of administration. It is of itself professional, and merely so when, as matter of custom or habit, one lady kisses another whom she may despise; and a million of kisses go every day and hour for naught bestowed in cold indifference or deadly contempt. Such kissing of course is lying, and is next to the kiss which Judas imprinted upon the face of his Lord and Master in order to betray him into the hands of his enemies.

Good Lord, deliver us from the kissing devil, the kiss of lust, the kiss of infatuation, the professional kiss and the traitor's kiss. The best things that we habitually regard as perfect are only partially so. Take, for example, the familiar old ballad, "John Anderson, My Jo." All our lives we have regarded this as a perfect ballad, but when we add another stanza, composed not long ago by a gentleman in Ohio, we see that it was, as originally written, not complete:

Unfinished Things.

(A graduation address delivered at the recent commencement of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary by Rev. W. H. Major, of Charlotte, N. C., and published by request.)

It is not the well rounded, fully completed work that is most suggestive, but that which by its very imperfection and want of end fastens our attention and awakens our mental powers to activity. The acorn is suggestive of the great forest tree, and the smooth, soft grain of the billowy yellow field of wheat. The blown rose is more attractive than the full blown rose, the child than the man, and the design than the edifice which it represents.

Our minds are very much like our bodies; we walk down the old lane easily and quietly, but here we come to a halt, measure the lane, and we cannot follow it out to our destination, but must climb the fence or else return. Lack of completion is the fence which blocks our journey in the lane of our thoughts, and leads us to seek to overcome the obstacle and know the beyond.

That sermon which is complete in every part and systematic as a whole, which develops every thought and carries it out to its last analysis, may be most attractive in style and very beautiful as a work of art, but it will not dwell in the mind of the listener as the discourse which is full of suggestion and leads one to think for himself.

We need not search for objects that possess this quality, but simply open our eyes and behold. They lie in rich profusion on every hand. We can scarce find one that has completely worked out its mission. Nature, science and art all furnish their quota, while the world of thought and every day life give us those examples that are the most instructive. So many things that we habitually regard as perfect are only partially so. Take, for example, the familiar old ballad, "John Anderson, My Jo." All our lives we have regarded this as a perfect ballad, but when we add another stanza, composed not long ago by a gentleman in Ohio, we see that it was, as originally written, not complete:

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We winna mind that sleep
The grave see could and will, John,
The spirit cannot keep.
But we will meet in heaven, John,
When young again we'll grow,
And ever live in heaven's love,
John Anderson, my Jo.

I stand beside the old foundation there and say, Why is there no building on this? The answer comes back, They who began to build lacked the strength to complete. In this reply lies the answer to the "why," which comes to our lips when we view such objects.

This lack of power is a failure sometimes of muscle and not of mind. The old man sits at his desk busily weaving out the threads of fancy which are to charm a multitude, suddenly his hand grows weary and his eyes gently close, and Edwin Hood goes out to the world with an unknown charm for all because none may know its end.

The purpose for which one labors may no longer exist, and when incentive dies exertion cannot live. That beautiful old house, why was it never finished? Within are materials for its completion; plate glass for its windows, carved oak for its mantels, and bandallars to light up each beau-

tiful room. I have often passed it on a summer afternoon as the sun went to sleep in the west and shad a halo of glory on windows and walls, but never without filling out in fancy the picture. Its windows are in, its floors carpeted, and the bright light of many jets sheds its gleam on richly furnished rooms and a happy family of mother, father and children. But the picture could only exist in fancy; for one day the loved wife, for whom this home is being prepared, is called to another mansion brighter and fairer; love's purpose exists no longer and hers stands its monument.

The master of perfection is the will. I believe that the words that have helped me most during my school course were those I heard on Matriculation day:

"Young men, I say to you, Stick, stick through hard study, discouragements and sickness, and come to me at the close of the school and say, 'I've stuck.'" Difficulties should but stimulate us to a more determined effort. Napoleon said: "Impossibility is a word found only in the dictionary of fools," and he carried out his precept in his practice. When told that the Alps were an impassable barrier to the relief of the French army in Italy, he said: "There shall be no Alps." And lo! his mighty army with their baggage and munitions of war all are led across the snow clad peaks and into the valley of victory beyond.

Each one of us can call to mind some man of great ability and magnificent intellectual powers who, despite all his great gifts, has only failure to look back upon. Such men always remind me of a picture of the Madonna by Michael Angelo, now in the National Art Gallery, London. A sweet, tender face, with gentle loving eyes, looks out at you from the canvass; but the master never completed his work. As we gaze at that picture we can but think, If the mere sketch is so wondrously beautiful, what would the completed work have been.

While such unfinished things and lies are suggestive of thought and useful lessons, they yet lack the brightest good. We are placed here by God to do a work, and our endeavors should be to make that work complete. The words of all others that thrill my soul are words that were uttered in pain and sorrow, "It is finished," because they tell of the greatest work perfectly completed.

Is it not possible for each of us to have as the beacon star of his life a noble, exalted purpose, and, guided by its rays, to climb life's mountain ere life shall end? Then would there not be less of wasted life and more of real summer here? Let us not say "It is past" as we look back on life's journey, but let our lips be blessed with those better and nobler words, "It is finished."

The Atlanta Constitution on Dr. Briggs.

The following "leader" in the Constitution of June 5th is so good I want to ask for it a place in the Baptist and Reflector. There is nothing in it but what some of our religious journals have said, and repeatedly, but coming from a secular journal, and that one of the most, if not the most, potential in the South, it is significant. It means that the common

sense and firmness of our people have not yet yielded to the maudlin sentimentality and false logic of modern liberalism.

It also shows a healthy progress on the part of secular journalism towards right utterances on religious subjects. One, as old as the writer, well remembers the time when in our leading secular papers religion was never mentioned except by way of slur and sarcasm, and the hostility of infidel or semi-infidel editors had scarcely an attempted concealment. Now, as far as such papers as the Constitution are concerned, the entire weight of editorial influence is on the side of God and religion. It is a hopeful sign of the world's improvement—a complete answer to the charge of pessimists, that it is growing worse instead of better. While it is perhaps true that the bad part of the world is growing worse and worse as the years roll by, it is equally, as I think, true that the good in it is ever lengthening its cords and strengthening its stakes, and Christianity is making increasing and steady progress towards the predicted day when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ. It is cheering to think so. But hear the Constitution.

W. A. M.

A LAY SERMON.

The Constitution does not claim the gift of prophecy, but it long since predicted that the higher criticism, as interpreted by Dr. George Briggs, would be repudiated by the Northern General Assembly.

The prophecy has now become history and Dr. Briggs has been suspended from the Presbyterian ministry. This is a milder sentence than the burning of Servetus by the magistracy of Geneva or the imprisonment of Galileo by a political order. It is more in accordance with nineteenth century methods, and will meet with the general approval of evangelical Christendom. If a minister becomes so advanced in his ways of thinking and teaching as to find himself out of harmony with the standard theology of his church, the proper thing for him to do is to retire gracefully from the scene.

To occupy the pulpit of a church and under cover of his robes to bombard the bulwarks of its faith is, to say the least, a grand impertinence. If Dr. Briggs had adopted this common sense view of the situation he would have saved himself a personal mortification and prevented the unseemly strife of tongues and the unpleasant heartburnings which for a season are sure to follow his enforced retirement.

If a layman may be allowed a suggestion, we would venture to say that this matter of Biblical criticisms, which began with the German theologians of the last century, has ceased to be practical or profitable. The great commission reads: "Go ye in to all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Here there is no authority given to cavil and criticize after the latter day fashion. It matters little whether a word or letter drops out here and there by the carelessness of transcriber, enough remains intact to point the way heavenward. Tlohendorf's Codex Sinaiticus and the later found Acts of the Apostles are of less practical worth than the street preaching of Booth's

Salvationists in the heart of "darkest London," or the alledge hammer blows of some backwoods evangelist, aimed at popular vices.

The greatest preachers of past or present times did not meddle much with Hebrew roots or Greek accents. The great Dr. Chalmers, who carried a whole library in his massive brain, quit the professorship of theology in Edinburgh College to preach as a missionary amongst the laboring classes of "Auld Reekie." John Wesley, who spoke Greek as though it was his mother tongue, knew how to preach to the edification of the Cornwall miners. It would have been far better for Dr. Briggs if, instead of befuddling the theologians of Union Seminary with hypercritical discussions on plenary inspiration, he had taught them the simple story of the evangelists. Most of the universities of Germany have for these many years been the spawning places of heresy, and more than one theological seminary in America notably that at Andover—have been the hotbeds of issues that have hindered rather than helped the propagation of the gospel.

There is in some quarters a superfluity of learning and a morbid excess of "philosophy, falsely so called." It would be well for some of our younger divines, if they would be warned by the fate of Briggs, and better still, if they would give more earnest heed to Paul's exhortation to Timothy: "Preach the word; be instant in season and out of season."

The Exposition—America and The World.

The opening of the gates of the Columbian Exposition on Sunday is no very great surprise. It is only the natural outgrowth of a condition allowed to exist by the neglect of the Christian churches and encouraged by the politicians of this country. The folly of exhausting our forces in a futile effort to evangelize other nations on their own soil, while heathenism is rushing to our doors, instead of wisely gathering up strength in the conversion of our foreign population for the final conflict with darkness, can have but one result. The unfavorable effect upon our own civilization is appalling; and, as unpopular as this view may be with politicians and the more zealous advocates of mission work abroad at this time, the sooner our leaders wake up to the situation the better. Anarchy and indifference are being sown broadcast all over this country, while our efforts do not in any foreign land give promise of a favorable reaction upon the increasing population of this country. Our mission contributions to the work at home and abroad are increasing, to be sure, but it is from the increased or enlarged gifts of the few and not from a general uprising of the Christian people. The contributions at present, all told, are not more than equal to the demand at home if we hold our hand with the opposition and make this country finally the source from which shall go out the light into other nations and conquer the world for Christ. If Christianity fails in this country, and we look at it as responsible human agents, we shall only see failure written everywhere. This is our last retreat where we shall find an asylum from our foes, and if we do not hold our own here

we can hardly hope to regain a footing in the lands from which we have been driven. Here the last fight for existence is to be made and we are notified from Chicago that the fight is on.

Staying away from the Exposition on account of the Sunday opening is well enough as a matter of principle, and every Christian man and woman ought to stay away just as they would stay away from any other institution run in the interest of the saloons, the devil and the mother of harlots. But if we suppose that staying away alone is going to preserve the American Sabbath and the allied institutions of this country, we are very much mistaken. The same political meanness and cowardice which is all the while determining the character of immigration to this country will ever expose us, more and more, to the enemy's onslaught, while our own folly in distributing our working forces will ever weaken our efforts and reveal to them the surest means of successful attack.

If I could save the home of my neighbor and return in time to save my own home from destruction, I would gladly do it, but if I knew he was on the way with torch in hand to burn the home of my own loved ones, I would meet him at the threshold and settle first the question of self preservation. Politicians will give us no relief from the approach of the enemy. They court the coming of the most dangerous kind of immigration and turn up their noses if we object to special honors being paid to the man of sin.

Our own people are running off after robes and liturgies and Easter sermons; and spend half their force on foreign fields, while our American Sabbath is being desecrated by so-called American games, played by men whose names begin with an O and have two or three l's and s's in the middle. If these professional Sabbath breakers are not met with the gospel at the gates of our country, and taught, out of a pure heart, to respect the religious feelings of our people, it will not long amount to much whether the World's Fair gates were closed on Sunday or not, so far as our civilization is concerned. If anybody questions as to whether I am in favor of Foreign Missions or not, let me say that I am in favor of making Foreign Missions possible and practicable from an American point of view. We are at the last Jerusalem from which the pure word of God is to be sent out, and if it be over run and corrupted, I can see no earthly hope of reinforcement. There is in the situation but one view for the optimist, and that is, that God is sending the heathen to our doors to learn from us the gospel of the world's redemption, that here may be illustrated the absolute oneness of the human race in the light of the Master's face, and that it shall be the heaven that shall leaven the whole lump. Let us go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, but with twice the amount of money we are now raising for missions the shortest and the only way to do it is to first evangelize the millions of foreigners already here. Herein is the conservation of our forces which will close the gates which lead to the ruin of our own homes and open the gates which will lead ultimately to the salvation of the nations.

JOHN E. BOYER,
Vicksburg, Miss.

Seconds The Motion.

Bro. Editor:—I arise to second the motion that none be appointed delegates to the Convention who will not consent to remain until the adjournment.

It was demonstrated by actual count at our late session in your city that over half the members enrolled do not attend the sittings of the body. Some are out sight-seeing; some are with relatives and friends whom they came to visit rather than to attend the Convention; and some, sad to say, stand around on the outside or in the ante-rooms and smoke. Would it not be well for those who take this trip to the Convention to see their relatives or friends, which is a praiseworthy motive, to just buy their tickets and go along as visitors and not burden the committee on entertainment with providing them homes? The work of the Convention was at one time actually stopped by these good brethren who had their names enrolled, but who were not present to attend to the business of the body. A measure which should have passed, and on which all were agreed, could not prevail because the constitutional two-thirds of the members were not present.

But taking it all in all, was it not a fine Convention? Nashville immortalized herself. Texas will not dare to do less next year. We have a reputation to sustain and a stimulating example to emulate. Your entertainment was Golden if your welcome was Frosty; and your appointments truly Lofty.

I should have been delighted to have seen the "Old Folks at Home," but religiously attended every sitting of the Convention and could not.

The Baptist and Reflector improved with age. The editor seems not a whit older than that bright day we passed our final examination together and the editor treated this correspondent to lemonade.

Brother editor, will you permit a question in confidence? What shall we do with some of our splendid younger brethren who cannot restrain themselves from speaking, when they aud others would learn more if they would keep silent. It is a dangerous thing to talk to them. It would be somewhat like the mouse convention that resolved to bell the cat. Who is going to put the bell on? But was it not a beautiful speech that the venerable Dr. Pritchard made when he said he had been a constant attendant on the Convention for thirty-two years and had made but one speech before. Some were there who were not born thirty-two years ago, but persisted in trying to teach such men as Dr. Pritchard and a hundred other sage old men whose voices were not heard at all during the Convention. Now, you are good at making motions. Just make one, will you, and it will receive seconds enough, and let us gently and brotherly break the news to some of our brightest and best younger brethren that there be some customs which are honored more in the breach than in the observance. But all great men were once young and mayhap indiscreet. The venerated and lamented Dr. R. Fuller administered a kindly but cutting reproof to a young brother at the Southern Baptist Convention when it met in Charleston eighteen years ago. Yet that young brother survived and has

meretoriously attained a conspicuous and useful position in our denominational work. But enough; and "too much too," as Dr. Brodus said.

A. J. HOLT,
Palestine, Texas.

"Rescued by His Wife's Wit."
(Hadean Dialect.)
Rescued by His Wife's Wickedness.
(Plain English.)

Of course a good Methodist editor of a good Methodist paper didn't think any reader would do anything but laugh when he read the little story under the above heading, which I have supposed was a caption borrowed from the Hadean Dialect, or Dialect of Hades, and which I have presumed to translate into plain English. This is the story: "A popular clergyman saw a lady coming to his house whom he was anxious not to meet. He said to his wife: 'Now I am off, my dear. I'll run upstairs and escape till she goes away.' After about an hour he quietly tiptoed to the stair-landing and listened. All was quiet below. Reassured, he began to descend, and while doing so he thoughtlessly but emphatically called out over the banister: 'Well, my dear, has that old bore gone at last? The next instant a voice from below caused the cold perspiration to bedew his ministerial brow, and rooted him to the spot. There came a response which sounded inexpressibly sweet to him just then. It was the voice of his wife, who, with true womanly tact, replied: 'Yes, darling, she went over an hour ago; but here is our good friend, Mrs. Blank, whom I am sure you wanted to meet!'"

To be sure, the wife displayed wit, but was not her wit the climax of wickedness? She was loyal to her foolish husband, but a traitor to the truth. Perhaps she did only what thousands of others would have done in like circumstances. But that fact is no palliation of her conduct. Circumstances is a very poor apology for hypocrisy. A professed Christian dissimulating, telling a falsehood either in word or action, is not an object of mirth, but the profoundest pity. What room there is for improvement along this line in our social life!

Close observation will impress any true Christian that our social sins are legion. The trouble is, too many of us allow the world, the flesh and the devil to formulate our creed of social morals. We are too much inclined to think and act on the principle that we may in social life say and do just almost anything that is insincere or hypocritical, provided we are not caught in the performance. No doubt there is virtue in keeping some of our sins secret from the world at large. But I can see no virtue in consecrating God-given wit to committing sin right in the face of a fellow-man in such a way that he cannot understand that you are intentionally sinning. This same principle prevails to an alarming extent in our pulpits. It has prevailed to the extent that a visiting minister is accorded privileges of speech that would be strongly condemned in the pastor. Hence it is quite customary for a pastor to preach sermons from home that he would not dare preach at home. And pastors very often write things for the papers that they studiously refrain from uttering from their pulpits.

Let us have consistency all along the line. Let our writing and our preaching harmonize. Let our public reception of an objectionable brother or sister harmonize with our private associations. Endure the "old bore" with Christian fortitude, or repel her openly and honestly. The golden rule is a good one by which to work.

ENOCH WINN,
Madison, Ky.

CORRESPONDENCE

Bethel College Commencement.

Bethel College has just closed one of the most prosperous years in her history, and her patrons and friends will be rejoiced to note her prosperity.

Unfavorable weather, which at first threatened to mar the pleasures of commencement week, gave way to sunshine, and all nature seemed to conspire to make the closing week a fitting conclusion of a pleasant and profitable year.

Thursday, commencement day, was the principal occasion, when diplomas were awarded the following: Miss R. N. Lloyd, Ky., J. C. Mobley, Ky., P. B. Grant, Ky., R. W. Davis, Ky., C. S. Bradshaw, Ky., S. J. Buquo, Tenn., H. N. Spooner, Tex., H. P. McCrath, Ky., W. J. Lanier, Ark., S. D. Averitt, Ky., J. W. Givens, Ky.

The commencement sermon was preached by Rev. T. P. Bell from the text "Follow Me." It was an earnest, eloquent appeal to the young men of the graduating class, all of whom are professors of Christianity.

The annual address before the literary societies was delivered by the Rev. Gilbert Dobbs of Paducah, Ky., taking as subject for his discourse "Every Subject Has Two Sides."

Mr. Dobbs prefaced his remarks by showing man's duality in body as well as in mind, he being bi-pedal, bi-manous, bi-literal, bi-nocular and sometimes, though lamentably so, bi-facial, duplex in brain and in the manner in which he looks at subjects; showing this by pointing to some of the problems of national importance demanding solution at the hands of the American people and now engaging the attention of our political economists.

He showed that labor and capital arrayed one against the other and demanding more than a just profit for the one and the other was wrong. He said that while he held strikes and labor unions, having for their only object a securing to the laborer of his right, to be allowable, yet we could not sanction a wanton destruction of property that they may force an acquiescence to their demands, that it was but right for labor to share the losses if she shared in the profits.

He closed his remarks by discussing the persistency of the World's Fair management in their efforts to throw open its gates regardless of the condition on which Congress made

an appropriation of \$2,500,000 and over a Christian nation's protest.

On Tuesday morning the graduates delivered their orations in the Baptist Church to a well filled and appreciative house. This occasion was made the more interesting from the fact that a medal for oratory was to be awarded the best speaker in the senior class.

The young gentlemen acquitted themselves with credit both to themselves and the institution they represented, showing by their efforts the earnestness with which they had striven to make themselves men in all that goes to make up the true man.

Thursday, commencement day, was the principal occasion, when diplomas were awarded the following:

Miss R. N. Lloyd, Ky., J. C. Mobley, Ky., P. B. Grant, Ky., R. W. Davis, Ky., C. S. Bradshaw, Ky., S. J. Buquo, Tenn., H. N. Spooner, Tex., H. P. McCrath, Ky., W. J. Lanier, Ark., S. D. Averitt, Ky., J. W. Givens, Ky. The degree of A. M. was conferred on the following: Rev. B. A. Copass, Smith's Grove Ky., W. Bruner, Louisville, and J. D. Jordan, Louisville. After the conferring of degrees and awarding honors Dr. W. S. Ryland delivered the baccalaureate address, which was full of kind instruction to the young men.

The exercises were interspersed with delightful music by "Charley's" band of Nashville. Altogether it was a most brilliant commencement, drawing to a close the most prosperous year in Bethel's history.

D. R. MURPHY, Board of Ministerial Intellect.

The State Convention last year changed the location of the Board of Ministerial Relief to Brownsville, Tenn. This Board has moved on very slowly since its organization. The former chairman, whose soul was so deeply interested in this work, was at times discouraged because the pastors of the State, with few exceptions, gave him scant encouragement, paying no attention to his personal letters and taking no collections from their churches for this worthy cause.

We ask no church for a large collection. We do ask for a small one. We ask simply that the claims of the Board be presented and the people be then allowed to give to this cause according to the inclination of their hearts without any pressure being used to get a large collection. We are anxious for our people throughout the State to know what efforts are being made to aid our ministers who have worn themselves out in the cause of Christ and are disabled for this service. Surely they deserve to be borne up on the strong arms of the Baptist hosts of Tennessee.

To see one of Christ's ministers, who, like a worn out garment, is no longer fit for service, poor and worn, needing the necessities of life, with all sources of revenue out of, and with no new ones open to him, to see such a man of God laid aside and neglected by those for whom he spent his manhood's best energies, is enough, it seems, to make the angels weep. I do not believe we as a people are disposed to so neglect them. We would

not forget the noble deeds they have done, neither could we forget the souls they have blessed by their Christian example and preaching. Their influence, like the perfume of the flowers, lives on to bless the world, though like the perfume, we may not be able to trace it.

The ministers in the State we will try to aid are:

- 1. Aged or otherwise disabled ministers.
2. Those without sufficient means of their own.
3. Those who have no children or relatives on whom they can reasonably rely for support.
4. Those who have spent several years in active ministerial labors in this State.
5. Those recommended by the churches of which they are members as worthy and deserving.

These may be given as some of the notes that will govern us. We ask that all appeals for help be first sent for the endorsement of the Board before they are published. Our purpose will be to investigate as to the worthiness of all such appeals.

I. P. TROTTER, Brownsville, Tenn. Brownsville Female College.

The forty-first commencement of this staunch institution of learning occurred on the 7th and marked the close of a session that was highly gratifying to the friends of the school and exceedingly creditable to the faithful instructors.

The sermon was preached by the scholarly Dr. G. A. Nunnally, of Memphis, from the text, "Ye are the light of the world." He brought out in most vivid and beautiful language the fact that Christians are the lights to dispel the deep gloom of moral darkness that enveloped the world. Christianity is like light in its silent power. Light will draw to itself the mighty oak when ropes and prope have been used to change it in vain; the influence of a pure Christian's life will draw the most hardened sinner to Christ when arguments and reasonings have been of no avail. Nothing can be substituted for light; nothing can take the place of religion.

On Monday and Tuesday nights occurred the grand annual concert and musical recital, the latter by the graduates in music. These graduates showed a degree of proficiency that can, I believe, be seldom equalled anywhere, and for this excellent performance credit is due their efficient and untiring teacher, Prof. J. I. Ayres. The audiences were large and the exercises eminently successful.

On Alumni day the feature of the occasion was the superb address by the talented young lawyer, J. W. Folk, Esq., of this place, on "The growing liberality of the age."

Six young ladies received their degrees on commencement day. They were as follows: Miss Mai Bond, Tennessee, M. S.; Miss Jennie Crow, Arkansas, Mus. B.; Miss Alice Powell, Tennessee, M. S.; Miss Rosella Hogan, Kentucky, A. M.; Miss Julia Rogers, Louisiana, A. M., Mus. B., B. O.; Miss Laura Scott, Tennessee, M. S.

The past session has been in some respects the most gratifying in the history of the institution. The boarding department has been larger than for any session heretofore. The

standard of the school is high and it is sought to raise it still higher with each succeeding year. The trustees of the institution think its management is in the hands of the best president to be found at the head of any college male or female in the South. Other schools are wanting him, but fortunately for the greater growth and success of this institution, he will continue as president here. There lies before this tried and noble institution a bright future of usefulness and honor. FRIEND.

Brownsville, Tenn. Third Church, Knoxville.

We had a red letter day. No church is happier. Our church made its final struggle yesterday, but it was out of the darkness into the lounge for day. Our brethren have done nobly, nobly. No church as poor has done as well, I believe, anywhere. Our appeals to others in the main have not met with what would be called a big response. Capt. W. W. Woodruff said to us yesterday at the close of the service: "You Baptists have a right to hold up your heads; you have in a brief time raised and in part expended in your church nine tenths of the cost of building, besides paying nearly all the pastor's salary."

The church property is valued at \$6,000; ground, \$1,000; the whole is now worth about \$10,000. The indebtedness as announced yesterday was \$1,800. By the skillful engineering of that prince among men, Dr. T. T. Eaton, not only the \$1,800 was provided for, but a contingent of \$514 additional. This, however is an assumption of the debt by the church, which begin to make monthly payments, and running through a few years. To show the beauty of this piece of financeering, each member pledges himself so much a month, and thus the debt will be easily met. Thirty noble men and women who mean all they said, have shouldered the burden in the main, and most of these have made large contributions before. Besides completing the new building, which is a very elegant and convenient structure, the pastor has helped to add about sixty persons, about thirty of these by baptism. Others now await baptism. During my eleven months stay here there have been raised and in part expended, counting yesterday's work, about \$6,000. The outlook is very hopeful. The church is well organized, has open to it a hopeful field, and altogether the future is bright.

S. E. JONES, Dedication day of the Third Baptist Church, June 11, 1898. 1. Invocation by Rev. Ashby Jones, of Louisville, Ky. 2. Anthem by Choir—"Praise His Holy Name." 3. Hymn No. 192, Baptist Hymnal. 4. Reading Scripture and prayer by Rev. J. Pike Powers, of Knoxville. 5. Hymn by congregation—"The Wondrous Cross," No. 78, in Gospel Hymns, No. 6. 6. Sermon by Dr. T. T. Eaton, of Louisville, Ky. 7. A brief History of the Church by S. E. Jones, Pastor. 8. Hymn—"Coronation." 9. Dedication prayer by Rev. W. C. Grace, of Harrison. 10. Hymn 521 in Baptist Hymnal. 11. Benediction by pastor.

NEWS NOTES.

MEMPHIS.

Rowan Church—Pastor Slack has been absent from his field of work for several days, having been appointed to preach the commencement sermon for Mississippi Normal College at Houston, Miss. Good services yesterday; Sunday-school time of meeting changed from 8 p. m. to 9:30 a. m.; one addition by letter.

Trinity—Services of the week well attended; prayer meeting splendid; fine congregations morning and night. Central—Good congregations and pleasant prayer-meeting; interesting Sunday-school. Several of the members sick. Great many of the congregation going away for the summer.

First—Good interest; good congregations. Church expects to elect three new deacons Wednesday night; three additions by letter. Millington and Big Creek—Bro. Anderson reports good congregations at each place; three received into the church. Central Avenue—Preaching by Pastor Owen; good congregations morning and night; church covenant meeting before sermon Sunday morning pleasant and impressive. Four hundred dollars raised for improvement on church building.

CHATTANOOGA. First Church—Preaching at both services by Pastor Jones. The subjects were: 11 a. m., "A Religion Surpassing that of Scribes and Pharisees;" 8 p. m., "Moses' Choice."

Second Church—Pastor C. E. Wright was in his pulpit morning and evening. His subjects were: "What is Your Life?" 8 p. m., "Love's Mission and Divine Co-operation." Bro. Wright preached the commencement sermon at Ryal's High School, Sugar Valley, Ga. Central—Pastor R. D. Haymore preached. Subjects: 11 a. m., "What We Shall Know in Heaven;" 8 p. m., "Temptation." This church has just bought a beautiful lot for a new house of worship, paying \$4,000.

Hill City—Pastor W. A. Simmons preached. Subjects: 11 a. m., "Rise, Progress and Triumph of the Gospel;" 8 p. m., "The Water of Life." Had 150 in prayer-meeting last Wednesday night. Hope to finish the house of worship soon. Harrison Avenue—Pastor J. H. Bryant baptised four candidates in the Tennessee river. Sherman Heights—Preaching by Rev. J. M. Chauncey at the morning service.

KNOXVILLE.

Island Home—Children's day; fine time; took up a good collection for American Baptist Publication Society. East Knoxville—Pastor Powers preached in the evening, Luke ix. 61. Third—Pastor preached at both services; in a. m., 2 Tim. ii. 3; in p. m., Ps. ex. 3. Centennial—Pastor Pace preached at both services; in a. m., Eph. iv. 32; Mahon at Humboldt, and Forest Smith at Tullahoma. One other of the graduates, Frank M. Walls, is already at work among the Indians.

First—Preaching by Bro. A. J. Dickinson at both services. Second—Pastor Jeffries preached at both services; in n. m., Ex. iii. 5; in p. m., Ps. l. 1, "Young People in Society." G. M. SAVAN.

—Notice to the churches composing the Southern division of Concord Association. The Association should meet next year in the Southern division of our territory. The churches composing this division are Murfreesboro, Mt. Hermon, Palestine, Etta's Chapel, Eagleville and Franklin. To avoid confusion, let some of these apply for the Association in 1894. A. SPEAR, Clerk.

—A good day at Antioch Church. Bro. Thompson was present and presented the claims of the Orphanage, making a collection of \$65. Bro. Jarmon was also present and made an acceptable talk. Bro. Gupton, the old pastor, was present Sunday night shaking hands with old friends. Bro. Hurd is the busiest man in the church, running two schools each Sabbath. The outlook for this church is promising indeed. G. A. OGLE.

—All delegates to the Sunday-school Convention to be held in Brownsville, Tenn., beginning July 13th, are requested to send me their names at their earliest convenience that homes may be assigned them. All parties coming in on the day trains will be met and assigned homes at once. Those coming on night trains will have to go to the hotel for the night at their own expense. They will be assigned homes next day. A. M. MARR, Ch'm. Entertainment Com.

—I held splendid services at Alamo yesterday. A collection was taken for State Sunday-school work amounting to \$105. I will continue the meeting this week (D. V.) Alamo is the county seat of Crockett county. The church at this time is without a pastor. Some good man ought to call around. Pastor Brown preached to a good congregation at Belle at 11 a. m. Bro. Frank Bozeman, one of our University boys, preached at night. The sermon was said to be splendid. B. F. BARTLES, Bella, Tenn.

—Recent letters from Mrs. Garrett of Pocahontas and Mrs. Geo. Reed of Memphis are truly encouraging. The former sends a contribution with a prayer for the young ministers, and calls for one of them to preach at Pocahontas; the latter gives me notice that the Ladies' Aid Society of the Memphis Central Church is ready to furnish a room for the young brethren. Such a willingness to help is highly appreciated, and is a cause for gratitude. Yesterday brother B. W. Smith gave thirty dollars for current expenses of the University. He is the present moderator of the Unity Association and a regular attendant at fifth Sunday meetings; and at the same time is one of the leading planters of Hardeman county. What a work this University would do for the Baptist denomination, if gifts become frequent, till all the departments are fully equipped! Eumboldt and Tullahoma have recently taken pastors out of the class of 1898. B. P. Mahon at Humboldt, and Forest Smith at Tullahoma. One other of the graduates, Frank M. Walls, is already at work among the Indians.

Brother J. D. Wafford and W. D. Galloway also sent the University some money to-day. They are noble Baptists, and farmers of Hardeman county. G. M. SAVAN.

—Bro. J. W. Couch, of Trenton, Ky., has just closed a most glorious revival meeting at the Baptist Church of this place. The Spirit of God seemed to pervade the atmosphere from the beginning, and it is no wonder that the oldest sinners, and some who claimed to be infidels, were convicted and converted to God. Bro. Couch's zeal and energy reminds one of the apostles of old. His sermons were full of the Spirit and at times his logic and tender appeals were irresistible, and his oratory matchless. He has fully demonstrated that "the gospel is the power of God unto salvation." There were forty-seven conversions and twenty-four additions to the church by baptism and one by letter. The church is in a fine spiritual condition to receive their new pastor, Bro. Mahon, the first Sunday in July. The pastors and members of the various other denominations took an active interest in the meeting. Bro. Couch has a warm place in every Christian heart in Humboldt, and his successful labors will long be remembered by this people, and he leaves with their prayers and blessings on his head and with a hope that he may be with them again at some future time. A powerful instrument in the hands of God is our departed brother. Bro. B. F. Bartles, colporter for this section of the State, was with us several days and disposed of a good many Bibles and other literature. JNO. T. CARW. Humboldt, Tenn.

—Rev. W. K. Cox is now pastor of four churches: Liberty, White, Harmony and Fall Branch. Since I reported four baptized at Liberty, he informs me he has baptized three at one of his other churches and two at another. Liberty has no house of worship. Fall Branch has a good house erected a few years ago. Harmony, five miles from Fall Branch, has a good house, comparatively new. But White church, on the Watauga river and on the S. C.'s railroad, about four miles from Johnson City, has nearly completed a new house, which Bro. Cox thinks is the finest church building this side of Knoxville. On the second Sunday in this month Bro. Cox preached a good sermon for the church at Muddy Creek to an immense audience. His text was "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." The Lord's supper was administered to a goodly number. This church is without a pastor, and needs a new house. For thirteen long years they have been talking of building, and yet they do not begin, because, it seems, they can not agree upon a location. Some want it at the old site, because their dead are buried there. Others want it farther west, and more convenient to the body of the membership. It would be well to build at two points; but they say they can not support preaching at both, and so they drag along. They have some real good members, but they seem to lack leadership. I think if they would read and study the book of Nehemiah they could build. N. J. PHILLIPS.

—The meeting in Covington, which we began on the third Sunday, May 21st, closed June 8rd. Bro. O. L. Hailey was with us from the beginning until the night of the 1st, when he had to leave to meet another

appointment. Although he was not well and the rains the latter part of the first week and on through the other hindered, yet the results were good. I think the church is in a better condition than it has been for a long time. Six were baptized into its fellowship, among whom were two of the most prominent men of the town, Messrs. A. J. Douglass and C. N. McFadden. Along with Bro. McFadden I baptised his youngest son and oldest grandson. It is not often that one has such a privilege—three generations in one family to baptise at once. This closed my labors in Tennessee. I am now in Meridan, Miss., while Bro. Nathan Maynard of Maryland takes my place as pastor of the Covington Church. I most heartily commend him to the Baptists of the State and especially of the Big Hatohie Association as a man of God. I hope he may find it as pleasant a field of labor as I did. There are some of the noblest Christian people there that it was ever my privilege to labor among. In closing I want to say that the pastor who can get Bro. Hailey to help in a meeting is fortunate. His sermons are simple, forcible, earnest and powerful presentations of the Truth, and I know of no man that I would prefer to have with me. I could not help wondering what he could have done if he had been well and at himself. I see I omitted to say that there was one addition by letter and another letter written for, so that the whole number added was eight. CHAS. G. ELLIOTT, Covington, Tenn. Our Orphan's Home. We feel thankful and encouraged in this great missionary work when we see the great improvement that is so very perceptible both morally and mentally. Several of our children were promoted at the close of their first year at the public schools. Our contributions of money are decreasing very perceptibly. Now, my brethren and sisters, will you come to our rescue and do for these little ones in our time of emergency? Below is a list of contributions received during the months of April and May: 1 quilt, Miss Emma Cooper; 1 large box of crackers, Mr. Tufts; bread, Mr. Charles Mitchell; 2 hams, Dr. Crutcher, Smyrna, Tenn.; box of bedding and clothing, Centennial Baptist Church, Knoxville, Tenn.; 1 box of popcorn, Master Willie Whitman, Smyrna, Tenn.; 1 bucket of butter, Mrs. M. A. Lane, Smyrna, Tenn.; pillow cases, clothing, Spring Creek Church; clothing, Dora Polard, aged 10 years; quilt, Em Crouch, 8 years; bundle of clothing, Orinda; clothing, Mrs. Keelin; clothing, Mrs. Maddox; bedding and new clothing, East Church, Knoxville; hats and flowers, Hill's Bazar; 1 box containing pillows, pillow cases, soap, towels, tea, etc., Mrs. Chesley Williams, Eagleville. Money contributions received: Clarksville Baptist Church, \$17; East Knoxville Baptist Church, \$5.50; Mr. and Mrs. Rucker, Arkansas, \$4. Our urgent needs are money and a good cow. Will all of the readers of this exert themselves and send us a small amount to buy a cow? I have \$2 for a start. Or will you give us a cow? We have twenty-nine children in the Home. MRS. G. B. CALHOUN.

MISSIONS.

MISSION DIRECTORY.

STATE MISSIONS.
REV. J. H. ANDERSON, Missionary Secretary
All communications designed for him should be addressed to him at Nashville, Tenn.
W. M. WOODCOCK, Treasurer. Send all money for State, Home and Foreign Missions to him at Nashville, Tenn.
FOREIGN MISSIONS
REV. H. A. TRIPPS, D.D., Corresponding Secretary, Richmond, Va.
REV. R. J. WILLINGHAM, 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. HAILLET, 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 R. W. H. University should be sent to U. M. Savage, D. D. Jackson, Tenn.
For young ministers at Carson and Newman College, to J. T. Henderson, Meigs Creek, Tenn.
Woman's Missionary Union
CENTRAL COMMITTEE FOR TENNESSEE.
Mrs. G. A. Lofton, President, 607 South Sumner Street.
Mrs. R. C. Stockton, Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, 130 West Demonbreun St., Nashville, Tenn.

Over Forty Years in China.

II. IN A STRANGE WORLD.

Our home for the first two months was with Rev. T. L. Shuck and his three motherless children. It was indeed a strange world in which we found ourselves. Strange sights, sounds and odors met us everywhere and filled us with a sense of far-away helplessness. Our only refuge was in the companionship of our fellow missionaries who had preceded us by a few years, and dear Nettie Shuck, then eleven years old, who alone had time to be our constant interpreter and guide. Her aid was invaluable and we owe her a debt of gratitude never to be paid.
Shanghai, the most northerly of the "Five Treaty Ports" then open to foreign residence, situated in the great fertile and populous Yang Tze valley, which is intersected throughout its length and breadth by a system of navigable canals, was considered the most desirable of them for the occupancy of missionaries and merchants. The foreign settlement was begun in '48, the year after the Treaty of Nankin, among grave mounds, ponds, ditches, cotton patches and rice fields north of the city wall and along the west bank of the Whong Poo river. It was, in 1852, a straggling town of many nationalities, growing up in the midst of a vast native population constantly augmented by traders from all parts of the Empire. Each party being unable in the main to understand the language, ways and feelings of the others, the whole was throbbing with hopes, fears and suspicions, no one knowing what a day or a night might bring forth. The merchants of the English speaking portion of the community being chiefly single men, the missionaries young married couples, and all alike recent arrivals, everything was in the experimental or formative stage. Such were the conditions under which we began life in China.
Our Southern Baptist mission here was opened in the Autumn of 1847

by Messrs. Yates, Toby, Shuck and their wives. Upon our arrival it consisted of Messrs. Yates and Percy with their wives, Mr. Shuck and Miss Baker, the Tobeyes having returned to the United States and Mrs. Shuck having died the previous November. Of other missions there were then: Southern Methodist, two families; Northern Presbyterian, two families; Seventh Day Baptist, two families; American Episcopal, two families; two single gentlemen and three single ladies; London mission, three families and two single gentlemen; English Episcopal, one family. Besides these, the British Chaplain had many sympathies with the missionary body. Some lived in the "Foreign Settlement," others in various places among the natives.

According to the prevailing custom the gentlemen of our party were expected to call first upon the resident missionaries, after which they would in turn call upon me. In a few days Messrs. Shuck and Yates led the way to the performance of this pleasant duty, and thus we soon formed the acquaintance of all our fellow-laborers, with some of whom we made strong and helpful friendships. While still at Mr. Shuck's we each had an attack of illness, one from the damp, malarial climate, the other from the effects of the sea voyage.

The mission, prior to our arrival, had rented a large double house called 'Yah Toh Loong, in the Southern part of the native city. One half was already occupied by Miss Baker, the other half awaited repairs for our residence. A murder having formerly been committed in this house, it was believed to be "haunted," and as no native would therefore live in it the rent was very low. The two portions of the establishment, each with its own court and ventilators, were separated by an ornamental wall pierced by a large doorway of elaborate tile mouldings. A great hall taking up much of the space on our ground floor was surrounded by pillars, between which were doors of carved lattice work, beautifully varnished. These with many other doors and windows numbered in all about seventy. The ventilators, called "air wells," were tiny courts, about six feet square, enclosed by walls extending to the eaves, with windows on two sides. No wonder the house seemed "haunted," for the noises of the city, collecting in the ventilators, and the wind hissing through the lattice work all around the establishment produced most weird and unaccountable sounds.

The repairs, though not extensive, made a tedious and trying job for Mr. Crawford, notwithstanding the valuable aid rendered him by the senior missionaries. In spite of delays from sickness and repairs, we entered our strange home on the 24th of May. Mr. Crawford for several years before our marriage, while prosecuting his education, was without any fixed abode, and since then we had together been on the wing more than fourteen months. Now we had reached the end of our journey, the field of our choice, and a home among the people for whose salvation we had dedicated our lives. We were indescribably happy and can never forget the calm, restful feelings experienced during our first few days at Yah Toh Loong.

All things being now ready, we began at once the work of house keeping and the study of the language, which, under the circumstances, made anything but smooth sailing. The cook, a raw, good natured young countryman, had taken a few lessons from Mr. Shuck's servant, but he learned very slowly, and I often found myself in most perplexing dilemmas. Ludicrous mistake in ordering one article instead of another occasionally convulsed us with laughter on coming to the table and finding what was prepared for us. I was too busy with the study of the language to spend much of my time in the kitchen. But things grew better as we all gradually learned to understand each other. Fortunately our house woman, the wife of a deaf man, had attained such skill in sign making that we often boasted she could sign out an abstract idea. Still, when ever missionary friends called to see us we had a large store of interpreting in reserve for them. One such incident made a lasting impression on my mind. A carpenter delaying to finish a needed article of furniture, Mr. Crawford requested Mr. Percy to inquire the reason of the procrastination. The carpenter replied that the drought had made it impossible to varnish it sooner. Not knowing that Chinese varnish, to dry properly, must be put on in rainy weather, Mr. Crawford said, "Please tell him that is the way Adam did—when he sinned he threw the blame on his wife." And I still remember how patient Mr. Percy labored to explain to the dazed carpenter who Adam and Eve were; how they had been created by the true God and placed in the garden of Eden; how, through the temptation of the devil, they had eaten the forbidden fruit, and how Adam, when called to account by the Lord, had thrown the blame upon his wife. This occurrence is often recalled when interpreting for new comers. The puzzled young missionary, seeing five minutes consumed in translating a simple sentence, sometimes asks: "Does the Chinese language require such circumlocution to express so simple an idea?" We answer: "No; but the hearer needs a great many introductory explanations before he can comprehend your meaning."

Our first teacher of the language, Mr. Zau, sent us by Mr. Percy during his absence for the summer, was a fat, lazy, thick tongued man, without wit or teaching ability. He would sit stupidly waiting for us to lead the way, though we could neither ask a question nor frame a sentence. There were then no "lessons for beginners," no "phrase books," no old missionary man to help us out of a difficulty. Our only resource was an English and Chinese dictionary, to which we could turn. With this help, however, we managed to plod on after a fashion for a couple of months. By that time Mr. Zau's inefficiency had become so intolerable that we employed another teacher, Mr. Nee, to give us lessons at night. Fortunately he proved the opposite of Zau, being a man of active mind, distinct enunciation and quick perception. Under his instructions we made rapid progress, and as soon as possible engaged him permanently, gladly returning "Fatty," as we called him, to Mr. Percy. During our first summer a drought,

occurred which threatened a famine. A famine in China is a fearful thing, bringing a host of evils in its train, and is dreaded alike by all from the Emperor on the throne to the beggar on the street. The poor reduced to want, first begin to steal, then join in bands to rob the rich, thus producing a state of general confusion. Under this dread the officers went out in state to pray for rain. The people gathered in long processions, paraded the streets with garlands twined around their heads, visited the temples and burned incense. Taking the rain god out in a large sedan, they placed him in an open field to be scorched by the blazing sun and to be cursed by the crowd for his indifference to their prayers all in vain. A fast was finally proclaimed by the authorities, during which no animal could be slaughtered. Those who had no meat at home were obliged to content themselves with a vegetable diet, and thus, volens volens, join in the fast. One morning on going to breakfast we perceived a disagreeable odor coming from the table and found our eggs had been fried in lamp oil, as no lard could be procured.

The drought continuing, the heat increased day after day. Our house fronted on a street about ten feet wide and our only open space was a small courtyard inclosed by walls reaching the roof. The rooms on the ground floor being too close and damp for health, we occupied only those above stairs, which were so low that one could almost touch the ceiling with his hand. The heat became so intense that it threw me into a fever, and for several days I lay tossing on the couch. But finally the longed for shower came. While lying there I watched the great drops as they fell upon the scorched porous tiles covering a side room. A large drop would fall, a puff of steam rise up and the place immediately appear as dry as ever. But drop after drop continued to fall upon the same spot until finally the tiles began to show signs of moisture. Then they became quite wet, and at last little rills of water flowed down between the rows. So, thought I, must the gospel have time to saturate the hearts of these heathen people. Sermon after sermon, exhortation upon exhortation, line upon line, must be given them, though they may still seem as hard as ever; for the same law holds good in the spiritual as in the natural world and results will as surely follow causes at the proper time. So I took courage for the work before us.

A few hours after the rain the fever was gone. Mr. Yates having come in to see us, remained until the shower was over and gave us a kind invitation to spend the next day at his house, which we gladly accepted. He lived outside the city, surrounded in part by open fields, while his front yard was brilliant with green grass, bright flowers and two lovely trees. We were greatly refreshed by our visit, realizing more than ever the necessity of having occasional glimpses of green fields, blue skies and a distant horizon. The hottest part of the summer and the dread of famine being dispelled by the rain, we addressed ourselves with renewed vigor to the study of the language. M. F. CRAWFORD. Tung Chow, China.

BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR

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

SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND COLPORTAGE.

O. L. HAILLET, Cor. Sec. Knoxville, Tenn.

OUR FIELD GLASS.

BY REV. A. B. CARANIS.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Sam Jones, in speaking of the sanctified people of the present day who think they have received the second blessing, says, "When people are converted they are reconciled to God; but when they are sanctified, they are reconciled to themselves." This, we think, is rather hard on some of the sanctified ones who, no doubt, are honestly mistaken as to the facts in the case from want of a proper understanding of God's Word. His Word clearly teaches the doctrine of sanctification, but not the doctrine of entire freedom from sin.

All God's people are, or ought to be, sanctified and were sanctified, if true Christians, when they were baptised and joined the church. They were then set apart to the service of God and pledged themselves to devote their time and their talents to the promotion of His cause. This is one of the Scriptural meanings of sanctification.

It will surprise some of our readers to learn that President Cleveland claims to be sanctified. Here it is in his inaugural address. Read it:

"My Fellow citizens: In obedience to the mandate of my countrymen, I am about to dedicate myself to their service under the sanction of a solemn oath. Deeply moved by the expression of confidence and personal attachment which has called me to this service, I am sure my gratitude can make no better return than the pledge I now give before God and these witnesses of unreserved and complete devotion to the interest and welfare of those who honored me."

You will see, he here claims to be sanctified to the service of his countrymen just as Christians are sanctified to the service of their God. Sanctification is also a growth. Hence the Savior, in praying for his disciples, says, "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy Word is truth," showing that he did not consider them already perfect. See what Paul says about his not being already perfect in Phil. 12, 14.

The Savior said to the Jews: "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures." Thus it has been from that day to this; many have erred not knowing the Scriptures.

The writer remembers well a case related by the deceased Rev. Wm. F. Broadus, showing how the Hardshell Baptists erred, not knowing the Scriptures, by believing there was no necessity for a minister to study and prepare his sermons before delivery, as they thought God would give him special illumination for each effort when he entered the pulpit.

A prominent Hardshell brother, after hearing Wm. F. Broadus on a certain occasion, accosted him thus: "Brother Broadus, I am afraid your religion is all of the head and not of the heart."

"Why so, my brother?" "Because I have noticed you never make a failure, but give us a fine

talk every time. Therefore I think it must be a head prepared talk, and you do not rely on the Spirit to help you. I have noticed that my good old Baptist preachers often preach well, but they sometimes get in the brush and make entire failures and can't go on. They account for it in this way. They say God usually grants them his presence and enables them to preach; but sometimes he sees fit to withdraw his Spirit to humble them and to keep them from being puffed up, as if by their own strength and talents they could preach the gospel. But you never get in the brush, Brother Broadus, which makes me fear it is altogether a head affair with you. I don't mean any harm by this, Brother Broadus, but just tell you my fears."

Roger Williams University.

The commencement exercises of Roger Williams University are over. The school has closed till fall. The program was as follows:

Sunday—Baccalaureate sermon.

Monday—Graduating exercises of the academic department, consisting of seven young men and ladies and also six from the normal department.

Tuesday—Business meeting of the Alumni and an address before the Alumni by President Benton of Lane Institute, Jackson, Tenn.

Wednesday—The 29th anniversary of Roger Williams University. Commencement exercises took place before a large, and in the main cultured audience, many white friends being present. The final program was as follows:

Class motto, "Remigite non Fluctuate."
Oration—Economics and Liberty, by William A. Hutchinson, Milan, Tenn.

Oration—America's Safeguard; Civil and Religious Liberty, by Daniel W. Kennedy, Columbia, Tenn.

Oration—Life's Beginning, by Moses L. Jones, Memphis, Tenn.

Oration—Perils of the Times, by Leander A. Kirksey, Vining Station, Ga.

Oration—Origin of Man, by James C. Mazique, Natchez, Miss.

Oration—What's Beyond, by William A. Singleton, Bell's Station, Tenn.

Oration—Principles Eternal, by John W. Ware, Guthrie, Ky.

Oration—Habits, by William J. Yerby, Memphis, Tenn.
The annual address was to have been delivered by our popular Dr. G. A. Lofton, but for some reason he was absent.

There were twenty-one graduates from the four departments: Normal, Academic, Scientific and Classical. Since 1864 about 400 have graduated from the Normal and fifty from the College departments. Results, a great number have gone out who did not finish any course. There have been 100 young men in attendance this year and ninety young ladies, a total of 190. A thorough Christian education is aimed at. Many, in fact about all, of the students are or become Christians before leaving the school. Many do excellent work in churches and Sunday-schools of the city during the session and carry their usefulness with them in their respective fields during vacation. The teaching is of a high order, free from show and bombast. While the Institution desires fame, it will not have

it unmerited or stoop to a low plane to get it even when merited. The students generally have departed themselves well, and by their scholarship won for the institution the reputation of being one of the most thorough schools of the country—the most thorough of color of any in the State—a reputation worth having. In the Centennial in this city some time since the work of this school was pronounced the best; in the oratorical contest for five consecutive years the gold medal for four of these years went to Roger Williams, the other to Central, this too when in every case the majority of the judges were of a faith different from Baptist. In pulpits and schools both public and private, students from this school act well their part. This school needs friends, students and money.

At the last session of the Alumni the following committee was appointed to solicit students, money and funds for the school: Prof. C. D. Phillips, J. W. Johnson, Messrs. T. J. Carr, W. L. Cansler and S. W. Anderson. We need a model building on the campus for the children, a hall in honor of Dr. D. W. Pihlpe, the founder, and to accommodate the young ladies who often must be turned away because of lack of room.

Our white friends can help us greatly at present, and we are sure from what you are doing that you can and will do more if the way is pointed out. Allow me to say here that you can help (1) By going into our colored churches and preaching sermons for our people on the subject of education and telling them about our school. (2) Our white pastors can speak to some young and promising man or woman of color and encourage him to go to Roger Williams University, bearing in mind, and make no mistake, send to school only such as ought to go to school, and to the insane asylum such as belong there. (3) Pray for the school. Ask our Maker to open the hearts and pockets of individuals and churches that money may be forthcoming to pay teachers, to aid worthy students and to erect needed and suitable buildings.

The field that will yield the richest harvest is the negro field. We are at your door, in your houses. The black field is white to harvest. No language to learn, no experiment to make, no lives to lose on account of bad climate, nothing but to take hold of what your hands find to do. To the Baptists we come, we have no where else to go. Will you help us? If so, begin now. Preach a sermon, send a student, pray for means, we expect it of you. S. W. ANDERSON.

A Remarkable Woman.

Bro. Folk:—My mother, Mrs. Susan Bilbow Hudson, passed her 100th birthday yesterday, June 5th. She was born in Mecklinburg county, Virginia, June 5, 1798, moved to Rowan County, North Carolina, in early childhood, where she was married to William R. Hudson June 17, 1818. They moved to West Tennessee in the fall of 1825 and settled about eight miles South of Jackson, Madison County, where she has lived ever since, never having lived over one-fourth of a mile from where she first settled in 1825. She has lived under the administration of every president of the United States from Washing-

ton down, and remembers seeing Lorenzo Dow. She is the mother of ten children, seven sons and three daughters, of whom two sons and two daughters are still living. She has sixty-two grand children, over 200 great grand children, and ten or fifteen great great grand children. From the best information I can obtain (her posterity being scattered over four States) her posterity now numbers over 300. She has always led a very active life. It was her custom, with the help of her daughters, to clothe her entire family with what was then called home-spun cloth and woven by their own hands. She has always been very temperate in her habits, a moderate eater, and always preferred a plain diet. She has never used tobacco in any form. She remained quite active until she was stricken with paralysis in her right side on Oct. 2, 1890, which affected her speech very much and rendered her almost helpless ever since. Her general health has been very good since she was paralyzed except a very severe attack of la grippe in January, 1892, which came very near taking her off. Considering the fact that half her brain is paralyzed, she retains her eyesight, hearing and mental faculties remarkably well. She professed religion at home in early life and joined the Methodist Church, in which she lived a devoted member until about her 84th year, when she became dissatisfied with her baptism, and in order to be certain of obtaining Scriptural or valid baptism, she united with the Baptist Church and was baptised by Elder Levin Savage. She came out of the water praising God and has enjoyed religion to a remarkable degree ever since. To human appearance she seems to be perfectly ripe for heaven and often expresses a longing desire to "depart and be with Christ" and meet with "loved ones gone before." Since the death of her husband, which occurred in August, 1869, she has lived with her youngest son, C. W. Hudson, near Malesus, Tenn. C. W. HUDSON.

—A gun is quite human in one respect. It generally kicks when it is discharged.—Rochester Democrat.

—Bishop Phillips Brooks, going along a street in Philadelphia one day, saw a very small boy standing on tiptoes before a door and making vain efforts to ring the bell. "Let me do that for you, my little man!" said the kind hearted bishop, and gave the bell a hearty pull. "Thank you, sir," said the small boy, holding out his hand; "and now let's run away!"

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BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR

Nashville, Tenn., June 22, 1893.

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EPISCOPAL METHODISM.

Several weeks ago we quoted extracts from an article in Zion's Herald by Bishop Fitzgerald upon the subject, "Episcopal Methodism at the Forks of the Road." The trouble, he said, was brought about by the fact that some wealthy churches insist upon choosing their own pastors, and if this practice was not stopped he thought that Episcopal Methodism would have to choose between itinerancy pure and simple when preachers and churches put themselves entirely in the hands of the Bishop, as they used to do in the good old days of early Methodism—and of course the Bishop would prefer this "fork" of the road—or the adoption of a congregational form of government, to which Methodism seemed tending, but which the Bishop hoped might be avoided, and entered a warning note for that purpose.

The Tennessee Methodist copied in full the article of Bishop Fitzgerald, and then with its usual enterprise sent out notes to different brethren asking them for an expression of their views upon the situation, especially with reference to the two questions: (1) How we got there [to the forks of the road.] (2) Which fork shall we take? The replies were published in its issue of June 8th, and, as the editor says, form "some very choice reading." There are nine of the articles, some of them rather long, the whole taking nearly eight of the long columns of the Tennessee Methodist. We shall not be able, therefore, to quote from them at any length, and can only give in a word the position taken by each writer upon the two questions asked.

Rev. J. T. Duncan, of Bell Buckle, thinks that their getting there is the fault of the "administrators"—meaning the Bishops and their cabinet, the Presiding Elders—and says that the way it came about was:

- 1. By the administrators' yielding to the clamor of a few misrepresentatives.
2. By the administrators' allowing a roving class of men to accumulate on their hands, who are a thorn in their flesh unless they are constantly skimming the cream of the church.
3. By the spirit of worldliness dominating the church, reaching out after men who have forfeited fidelity for fawning and fortune.

As to which fork to take—whether episcopacy or congregationalism, he seems to have no hesitancy in deciding in favor of the former.

Rev. W. R. Peebles, of Gallatin, thinks that the fault lies with the Bishops. He says: "So far as the writer is able to recall, during his brief incumbency of the Presiding Elder's office no change in any of the principal appointments was ever discussed in the cabinet."

He then makes quite an advanced suggestion for an Episcopal Methodist. He proposes that there should be "some laymen in the cabinet." In support of his proposition he urges:

"They furnish the ministers for her altars and stand in their places all the year round striving to promote the church's interest, and yet they have no real voice in selecting their pastors."

But he says: "Whenever the subject is broached some horror-stricken preacher raises the cry of 'Congregationalism!'"

He suggests: "Let the laymen of each District Conference elect a layman to be a member of the Bishop's cabinet at the ensuing Annual Conference session, and the cabinet be composed of a Presiding Elder and layman from each district. Thus constituted, let it require a majority vote of the cabinet to fix an appointment."

In closing he says that by this plan "the laity's reasonable if not inalienable rights would be recognized. No good man, be he Bishop, preacher, layman or 'giraffe,' would be hurt."

Dr. W. M. Leftwich, of Nashville, says that one way they got to the forks of the road was by "development, especially of the democratic idea that all 'government is of the people, for the people and by the people.' The development of this purely American idea of government for a hundred years must be responsible for its share in bringing us to the 'forks of the road.'" And he adds "that the genius of the itinerancy is in the surrender of this right [of self-government] for the general good. Tacitly the churches surrender by that fact. It is so vital that it finds expression and asserts itself in many ways to the embarrassment of any other theory of government."

This is true, but unexpected. He also lays the blame for being at the forks of the road at the door of the Bishops, and in doing so makes some rather startling charges

against the Bishops which we may be allowed to quote, notwithstanding their length:

"When the Bishop meets the Presiding Elders once or twice, and then informs them that he has no further use for them; or when he puts some of the principal preachers and churches in his 'vest pocket,' not even allowing the cabinet to know what he proposes to do with them, sometimes going so far as to write down—in pencil"—nominations made by the Presiding Elder for certain churches as a blind to the cabinet, knowing full well that he intends to make other arrangements; or when the Presiding Elders all agree about a certain appointment, that it ought to be made, and the Bishop refuses to make it; or agree that a certain appointment ought not to be made, who are supposed to know the man and the church, solemnly and unanimously protest against it, and the Bishop coolly informs them that the matter is not under discussion and makes the appointment over their protest; such things shake the confidence of men in the administration of the system, and do more to demoralize the system than anything else. When a Bishop stands up in open conference before reading the appointments and says, with telling emphasis, that only death can alter these appointments, he assumes for himself an infallibility of judgment and a superiority to the most crying needs of men and their families that only the providence of God can affect. No system can long stand such a strain as that in a free country."

As to which fork to take he says: "I am for the old fork of our itinerant system, pure and simple, provided our Bishops will hold us to it and treat all churches and preachers alike, but if they will not or cannot, let them say so frankly, and we will go into Congregationalism, and preachers and churches will make their own contracts and appointments and do away with the useless and expensive luxury of episcopal confirmation."

Rev. W. H. Klyce, of Sparta, Tenn., lays the blame upon the Bishops, who, he says, "have yielded to the pressure of wealthy churches and granted Methodistic indulgences." As to which fork to take he says: "Either route possesses advantages and disadvantages and God may be glorified in either," but he still inclines to the old system of the itinerancy.

Rev. J. J. Ransom, of Spring Hill, Tenn., calls Methodists "opportuniste to the core in Church Government," and says that "the legislation that admitted 'the laity' to the supreme council of Southern Methodism would by Mr. Wesley have been bewailed as the dire portent of her speedy dissolution." He thinks that they should take neither fork, by which he means that they should take both.

Rev. Green P. Jackson, of Fayetteville, thinks that the "ministers and members" helped Episcopal Methodism into this "perilous dilemma." He advocates the itinerant system in very strong terms, saying:

"And in this alarming crisis every preacher should stand firmly by his ordination vows. And if the Bishop station him anywhere in the bounds of his own Conference let him be content to go and do the work assigned him as best he can; and if he should see proper to send him into regions beyond, still let him go cheerfully and without a murmur, knowing that he has no right, under the law of the Church to which he belongs, to choose his field of labor. And the faithful and loyal laymen who so nobly support the ministry with their means should bring all the churches, place them in the Bishop's hands, and say to him: 'Send us a man, any man that you may think will suit us, and we generally pledge ourselves to stand by him one year at least.' This is Episcopal Methodism in the good, old-fashioned style."

The editor of the Tennessee Methodist, Rev. B. F. Haynes, comments upon these articles in an interesting editorial. He thinks that the situation in which they

find themselves is "not a combination of itinerancy and congregationalism, but of itinerancy and aristocracy," and says that "our system cannot and will not bear much longer the unnatural and illogical strain put upon it of grafting on an Episcopal itinerant economy an aristocratic feature. He thinks also that they "put upon good but fallible men burdens which require infallibility to carry," and suggests that "the legally constituted advisers of the Bishop, known as the cabinet, should be burdened with more of the tremendous responsibility which now overburdens those few good men." He is inclined to favor also the suggestion made by Mr. Peebles that laymen should be introduced into the cabinet, saying "the suggestion has to commend it, at least, the force of logic and very broad analogy."

We have given considerable space to these matters because they are of very special interest to Baptists, as showing the drift of things among our Methodist friends upon the question of church polity. The articles from which these extracts are taken show the other side of the itinerant system—the preacher's side. And it is a little remarkable to see with how much unanimity they put the blame for the present dilemma of the denomination upon their Bishops. Some rather severe charges are brought against them, and the whole symposium reveals quite a restlessness among the Methodist ministry. The "wealthy churches" and the "giraffes" men who feel in high stalls come in also for their share of blame. We do not think that the discussion reveals a very happy state of affairs among our Methodist brethren or reflects any great credit upon the itinerant system. Indeed, we think it indicates that that system is a practical failure, looked at even from the standpoint of an "opportunist." It is a fact worthy of remark that no one of the writers seemed to look at the question from the standpoint of the New Testament, as that antiquated document is not quoted or even referred to a single time in the discussion.

The suggestion made by Mr. Peebles to have laymen in the cabinet is rather a radical one. We doubt if it will receive general endorsement. At any rate, it is a small tub thrown at the congregational whale. Meanwhile, that whale seems to be moving straight forward and threatens to smash anything like Bishops, cabinets, itinerancy, etc., which come in its way. In other words, the trend among Methodists seems to be toward Congregationalism and we believe it will come sooner or later—and come to stay.

The choir of the Mormon Tabernacle will go to the World's Fair for three weeks in September, to take part in the musical contest to be held there then.

find themselves is "not a combination of itinerancy and congregationalism, but of itinerancy and aristocracy," and says that "our system cannot and will not bear much longer the unnatural and illogical strain put upon it of grafting on an Episcopal itinerant economy an aristocratic feature. He thinks also that they "put upon good but fallible men burdens which require infallibility to carry," and suggests that "the legally constituted advisers of the Bishop, known as the cabinet, should be burdened with more of the tremendous responsibility which now overburdens those few good men." He is inclined to favor also the suggestion made by Mr. Peebles that laymen should be introduced into the cabinet, saying "the suggestion has to commend it, at least, the force of logic and very broad analogy."

We do not suppose that it will even have any effect upon the directory for people to stay away now. It is simply an evil like Sunday trains and Sunday newspapers, which, if they can't be cured, must be endured, though under protest. We had hoped and prayed and worked for a different result, but we shall try to make the best of it as it is, though we confess that we do it with very poor grace. Chicago is on top now. (Great is Chicago.)

CHICAGO nation QUESTION BOX. (He understood that the editor claims neither omniscience nor infallibility, but he restates his opinions, with the best lights before him, upon the questions asked.) Ques.—If a preacher preaches and teaches that foot washing is not a church ordinance, but preaches and teaches and practices it in connection with the Lord's Supper, and says hard things about and to the church of which he is a member for not practicing it, what course ought the church to pursue in regard to him? Please answer immediately. JOSHUA JORDAN. Ana.—The church should inform him that Baptists do not believe in foot washing as an ordinance, and advise him that if he does he had better join a people who do.

PERSONAL AND PRACTICAL. —We have just received a letter from a very prominent and able minister in Tennessee that some articles he had written in regard to the management of the Board had found their way into the waste basket.—Baptist Watchman. We call upon the Watchman to give the name of the minister and the paper. The implication is left—unintentionally, we are sure—that the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR is the paper, when the truth is, such a thing never occurred in our office. —Says Bro. J. H. Milburn, editor of the Baptist Watchman, Oklahoma, formerly of Fulton, Ky: "We consider Bro. Folk's severe review of Bro. Hall's strictures of the management of the Board altogether uncalled for, and, in fact, a blotch on the hitherto fair pages of the noble BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR." You are entitled to your

SUNDAY OPENING.

The Court of Appeals of the United States, Chief Justice Fuller presiding, decided last Saturday in favor of Sunday opening of the World's Fair. We believe the decision is thoroughly rotten. The Chief Justice was himself a Chicago lawyer and stands in with the local directory. He called to his assistance two other judges whom he knew would be in sympathy with him. He has, we believe, disgraced his official ermine, and if there were any way to secure his resignation we should like to see it done. Still, no matter how it was secured, this decision makes Sunday opening the law of the land, as no appeal will be taken to the Supreme Court, which does not meet until October, and however much we may deplore the decision or protest against it, there is nothing more now to be done. We do not suppose that it will even have any effect upon the directory for people to stay away now. It is simply an evil like Sunday trains and Sunday newspapers, which, if they can't be cured, must be endured, though under protest. We had hoped and prayed and worked for a different result, but we shall try to make the best of it as it is, though we confess that we do it with very poor grace. Chicago is on top now. (Great is Chicago.)

CHICAGO nation QUESTION BOX. (He understood that the editor claims neither omniscience nor infallibility, but he restates his opinions, with the best lights before him, upon the questions asked.) Ques.—If a preacher preaches and teaches that foot washing is not a church ordinance, but preaches and teaches and practices it in connection with the Lord's Supper, and says hard things about and to the church of which he is a member for not practicing it, what course ought the church to pursue in regard to him? Please answer immediately. JOSHUA JORDAN. Ana.—The church should inform him that Baptists do not believe in foot washing as an ordinance, and advise him that if he does he had better join a people who do.

PERSONAL AND PRACTICAL. —We have just received a letter from a very prominent and able minister in Tennessee that some articles he had written in regard to the management of the Board had found their way into the waste basket.—Baptist Watchman. We call upon the Watchman to give the name of the minister and the paper. The implication is left—unintentionally, we are sure—that the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR is the paper, when the truth is, such a thing never occurred in our office. —Says Bro. J. H. Milburn, editor of the Baptist Watchman, Oklahoma, formerly of Fulton, Ky: "We consider Bro. Folk's severe review of Bro. Hall's strictures of the management of the Board altogether uncalled for, and, in fact, a blotch on the hitherto fair pages of the noble BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR." You are entitled to your

opinion. Others have expressed themselves very differently. —Dr. J. J. Taylor of Mobile, Ala., has been elected President of Georgetown College, Ky., as successor to the late Dr. Dudley. We presume that he will accept. He is admirably fitted for such a position, and we shall expect him to make a brilliant success in his new position as he has in the pastorate. We congratulate both him and the college upon his election. —Prof. Henry Drummond, the author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" and other books, has an article in McClure's Magazine upon the subject "Where man got his ears," in which the rankest evolution is taught. He thinks that man got his ears from fish gills. We should like to ask Prof. Drummond two questions: 1. Where did the fish get his gills? In fact, where did the fish get anything? Where did he start? 2. Where did man get his soul or has he got any?

The Tennessee Press Association met in this city last week and spent two days in session. They are a clever, jolly set, these quill drivers. If we may offer any criticism upon the meeting, we are inclined to think that they were more disposed to fun than business. Still, we are told by the Secretary, Judge Pitkin C. Wright, that this was a kind of off year with them, as they had very little business to do and they had met more for the purpose of taking a trip to Chicago together than the transaction of business. —In applying for quarters in Chicago during the Fair, Robert J. Burdette wrote: "I want a room for three weeks; the occupants will be a boy and a man; we want the meanest room in the house for the money; a room without a carpet, no window, and lighted only by the stovepipe hole; one towel every three days, thin but wet, will furnish the lavatory amply; we especially crave insolent and inattentive attendants: if you can't give us this, give us the next worst room you can furnish during that period. I specify this sort of thing because I am pretty sure nobody else has tried to secure it."

The cyclorama now on exhibition in this city, called the Battle of Missionary Ridge, is one of the finest works of art we ever saw. It is 400 feet long by fifty feet high. It was painted in Germany at a cost of \$42,000. The import duty was \$10,000, making the total cost \$52,000. It is so realistic that sometimes it is difficult to tell where the real leaves off and the painting begins. Messrs. Brown, Atkinson and Frierson are the proprietors and managers of the cyclorama. Mr. Brown is a good Baptist and all of them are clever. It will repay any one who is in the city to spend an hour in viewing the beautiful scenery spread out upon the canvases and witnessing one of the greatest battles of the war almost as if it were going on right before his eyes. —Recently The National Baptist called attention to an article published in the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR and copied into the Western Recorder and other Baptist papers, alleging a decline in membership in several P. D. denominations. The National Baptist having made inquiry and found that the statement was untrue, criticised the papers which published it, insisting that such publication brought "discredit upon relig-

ious journalism." The only response that the Western Recorder has to make is that The National Baptist itself has been guilty of a wholesale statement concerning the South and West which is "groundless." The two cases are not parallel, and even if they were, the offense of the Western Recorder would in no wise be lessened thereby. How much better it would have been if the Recorder had made a simple, straightforward explanation and relieved itself of the responsibility of knowingly circulating false and injurious statements.—Independent (New York.) No, that was not the only "response." We gave in the same "response" the corrections Dr. Carroll furnished to the National Baptist. The BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR is a thoroughly reputable paper and its editor is a bightened Christian gentleman. To quote his conclusions from the careful examinations he has made, is a long way from "knowingly circulating false and injurious statements." That charge is both unjust and unkind. The Independent owes an apology to both the Western Recorder and the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR. We leave to Bro. Folk the vindication of his figures. The crime of the Recorder consisted in quoting, giving proper credit, from the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR. This, according to the Independent, is "knowingly circulating false and injurious statements," and it follows, of course, that the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR must have invented these "false and injurious statements." Such reckless charges do indeed bring "discredit upon religious journalism." The Independent is usually above such things, and no doubt it will make ample amends in this instance.—Western Recorder.

The figures, as we stated at the time, were taken directly from the Baptist Year Book, and the result was reached by comparing the figures in the Year Book for 1893, just out, with those for 1892. It should be added that Dr. Lansing Burrows—the editor of the Year Book, got his figures from the latest obtainable authorized sources for the different denominations. RECENT EVENTS. —The Chicago Standard is authority for the following: "Thomas A. Edison says that no person can be brought in close connection with mysteries of nature, or make a study of chemistry or of the law of growth, without being convinced that behind it all there is a supreme intelligence." —In the city of Savannah, Ga., it is said there are only found, out of a total school population of 5,398 whites, ten boys and four girls over ten years of age unable to read and write. And while the colored school population is 5,871, there are only 538 of these, illiterates. —Of the total school appropriation in Georgia of \$750,000, \$800,000 go for the benefit of the colored schools, whilst out of a total taxable valuation in the State of \$450,000,000, \$19,000,000 are credited to colored property owners; that is to say, the colored population gets the benefit of nearly one-half of the school funds and contributes only about four hundredths to such funds. —Mr. Lemuel D. Jarvis, Jr., a former student of Broadus College, in West Virginia, on Monday evening of last week was found dead at the root of a tree under which he had taken shelter during a thunder storm. He and his faithful dog were struck by lightning and killed. His horse, from

Continued on page 12.

THE HOME.

THE HELP THAT COMES TOO LATE

'Tis a wearisome world, this world of ours With its tangles small and great. Its weeds that smother the springing flowers And its hapless strife with fate But the darkest day of its desolate days Sees the help that comes too late. Ah! woe for the word that is never said Till the ear is deaf to hear. And woe for the lack to the fainting head Of the ringing shout of cheer. Ah! woe for the lagging feet that tread In the mournful wake of the hier What booteth help when the heart is numb? What booteth a broken spat Of love thrown out when the lips are dumb? And life's burque drifteth far Oh! far and fast from the allen past. Over the moaning bar A painful thing the gift to-day That is dress and nothing worth Though if it had come but yesterday It had brimmed with sweet the earth A fading rose in a death-cold hand. That perished in want and dearth Who fair would help in this world of ours. Where sorrowful steps must fall Bring help in time to the waning power. Ere the hier is spread with the pall. Nor send reserves when the flags are furled. And the dead beyond your call For baffling most in this dreary world With its tangles small and great Its lonesome nights and its weary days And its struggles forlorn with fate. Is that bitterest grief too deep for tears Of the help that comes too late Margaret E. Sanster in Harper's Bazar

Italy.

BY MISS BEULAH GREEN

CHAPTER II THE FUTURE'S RETURN

A tall, fair haired gentleman dressed in the uniform of a sea captain hurried through the crowded streets and the drifting snow that Christmas Eve morning, his heart beating high with hope and the glad thought of meeting once more the loved ones at home. Pansing at last before a nice little brick building in a quiet street, he ran up the steps and rang the door bell. Presently he heard a child's voice in the hall, then light footsteps pattering over the floor, his heart beat louder and faster— was that his child, his little girl coming to meet him to welcome him home? Dear heaven! How could he wait for the door to be opened? How slow they were! He longed to rush in and clasp his wife and child to his breast! But patience—they would soon bid him enter. Even now other voices sounded within and heavier footsteps could be heard approaching. A moment later the door was thrown open, and the mother and child stood before him. But alas, for all his glad anticipations those were strange faces that met his eager, searching gaze! Not the fair child he had last seen five years ago when he went to sea, nor the sweet, gentle-faced woman who stood on that same threshold, bidding him a tearful good-bye! No, but dark, strange faces he had never seen before, and the sight of them sent a cold chill of fear through his heart. Where was his wife? and where was his little daughter? Leaning heavily against the door-facing, his face grown suddenly white with a terrible dread in his blue eyes, he

naked in a tone of deep disappointment: "Where is my wife and child? and why are you here in their home?" The woman stared hard at him for a moment in surprise, then broke into a scornful laugh, as she replied, drawing her little daughter back into the hall: "You must be mad! This is my home! and as for your wife and child why, I should think you are the one who could best answer that question!" and she was going to slam the door in his face, but he stepped forward quickly and exclaimed pleadingly: "Oh, madam, pardon me! I am in such distress I forget all courtesy, but I left this city five years ago, and went to sea as captain of the 'Siris,' as pretty a vessel as ever you saw. I left my wife, Fannie Lou Willoughby, and my little daughter Ray here in this house. It was there, I bought and loaded it to my wife just before I left. I had been out at sea but a short while when the vessel was wrecked in a terrific storm. I, with a half dozen others, was then left in a frail little life-boat and in mid-ocean. We were picked up a few days later by the 'Fairy Queen' and carried to Lisbon, in Portugal. There I was struck down with the fever, and for weeks lay unconscious in the hospital. When I recovered I found myself in a strange country, without friends and without a penny, and I drifted about from place to place, working when I could get work, but it was often weeks and months that I was hardly able to earn my bread. I wrote to my wife from time to time, but never received an answer to my letters. I thought probably she had failed to get them. At last the wheel of fortune turned in my favor and I was made captain of the 'White Swan,' a beautiful vessel bound for New York. As soon after landing as I could get off, I set out for the South, hoping to find my wife and child well and happy in the home in which I left them. And now, for the love of heaven, tell me if you can where they are! You shall be handsomely rewarded for any information you can give that will help me to find them," and Captain Willoughby paused, waiting eagerly for any news the woman might be able to give of his wife and child. Her face softened into something like pity as she listened to him, and saw how disappointed he was at not finding them, so she answered in a kinder tone: "I am sure I am very sorry for you, sir, and don't want any pay for what little I can tell you about them. I remember the lady now, since you mentioned her name. My husband bought this house from her two years ago. He bought it because she offered to sell so cheap. Sam said she and her little girl were mighty nigh on starvation and had to sell the place to get something to live on. She rented a room in the third story of a large tenement house on --- street and they are still living there I suppose." Pain and disappointment shone from the Captain's face, but he asked quietly when she concluded: "And the child, you remember her?" "Oh yes, a pretty yellow haired little thing who cried as if her heart would break when they left here. The lady cried too, but said it couldn't be helped; the place had to go."

Thanking her, and inquiring the number of the tenement house, etc., he wrote it down in his note book and turned with a heavy heart away from the home in which he and his loved ones had spent many a happy hour. Hailing a cab, he was soon whirling through the city at a rapid rate. He was put off in front of a tall frame house in a dirty, noisy street, where poverty in its worst form reigned supreme. About a dozen ragged, pinched faced children played about the doors, some quarreling and fighting, others too cold and miserable to do much else than jump about to keep warm. Hunger, nay! starvation was stamped on every face present! "Not here, surely not here!" Captain Willoughby exclaimed under his breath, as he stood for a moment watching the scene before him, a look of compassion stealing over his face. "Impossible! there must be some mistake, I am on the wrong street," and he took out his note book and read again the address that the woman had given him. But no, there was no mistake, this was indeed the place. Going up to a boy of perhaps twelve years of age who stood shivering in one of the narrow doorways, he asked kindly: "My boy, can you tell me if a lady by the name of Mrs. Willoughby lives here?" "No, sir! that she don't, she has gone to a new country," and a grin spread over the boy's dirty face. "What do you mean?" Captain Willoughby asked, puzzled by the boy's expression. "I mean just what I said, she is dead." Aubrey Willoughby shuddered and shrank back as if struck by a heavy blow while the full meaning of the boy's words dawned upon him. Dead! Fannie Lou, his dear young wife, dead!—the word fell like ice upon his heart, freezing the very blood in his veins, he stood like some marble statue, so white, so still and cold he appeared. "Why, sir, did you know her?" the boy asked, staring curiously up into the Captain's face. "Know her? she was my wife!" he answered huskily, raising his hand in a helpless kind of way to his head and again a shudder shook him from head to foot. He leaned against the house for support, feeling strangely weak and faint, while a dull, horrible pain shot through his breast. At last he spoke again, only a few minutes had elapsed, but it seemed like hours to him. "When—can you tell me how long it has been since?" he asked, putting his hand in his pocket and taking out some small change. "She died two weeks ago. I don't know much more about her. She had a little girl, but she never allowed her to play with us, though they were as poor as any on this here street," and the boy tossed his head in a defiant way. Captain

Willoughby handed him some pieces of silver, and asked again: "One more question, do you know of any one who can tell me something about them? or where my child is?" "Yes, sir, Bridget McGintias can tell you all you want to know; she lives in the third story of this room, No. 10. Thank you, sir," putting the money in his pocket. Entering the house, Captain Willoughby soon stood at the door of No. 10 knocking for an entrance. "Come in, whoever ye be!" a thick voice called out gruffly, and opening the door he entered. Such a room! so dirty, so loathsome! reeking with the fumes of liquor and the smoke of cheap tobacco, and as gloomy as the tomb! "What is it ye want, a coming to disturb a poor body on a cold day the like o' this?" the same gruff voice growled, as he stood just inside the door, unable for a time to see from whence the voice came, everything was so dark after being out in the snow. At last, however, she was able to discern the form of an old woman crouching before the fireplace, although there wasn't a speck of fire to be seen, wrapped in an old bed quilt. "You are Bridget McGintias, I believe?" he said approaching her. A kind of grunt by way of assent was all the answer he received. "I am Captain Willoughby, in search of news from my wife and little daughter. I understand that you can give me some information," he continued, pausing beside her. The old woman started to her feet now and he could see her quite plainly. Her face was red and swollen, heavily marked with dissipation, and her large shapeless form was clothed in rags. She was, as he guessed from her name and brogue, of Irish descent. She bent forward and peered curiously into the Captain's face, while her keen blue eyes lit up with an eager, expectant look. "Faith sir, and is it raly ye? Many is the time I've herd Miss Willoughby spake of her bonny man, but be sated sir, be sated," pushing a rickety chair towards him. "No, no, my good woman! but tell me quickly all you can of my dear wife and little one," he exclaimed, refusing the offered chair, indeed, it would hardly have held him up! After some minutes time he got her to tell him all she knew of them, which was as follows: (I will give it in my own words, not Bridget's.) (To be continued.)

—Is there nothing to which God has imparted the Spirit of Himself? Are the years a mere funeral procession marching on to judgement, and is man a child held up in the window in his hours of depression; but life is more than an exhibition on wheels. Love is constant. God is love, and to know one is to enjoy the other.—E.C.

YOUNG SOUTH.

Mrs. O. L. HAILEY, Editor. No 916 N. Fourth Avenue, Knoxville, Tenn. To whom all communications for this department may be addressed

POST-OFFICE.

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

Dear Children:—As it is about time to swing your hammocks, and you have plenty of time to play in them, as school is out, I wonder how many of you have a Magic Hammock with a puckering string like the one this little story I give you this week tells about. Read it, and stop and think have you one like it, or did you ever see one? If so, write and tell us about it. Or, maybe it is not a hammock you have. If not, tell us what it is. Lovingly, AUNT NORA THE MAGIC HAMMOCK.

Such a queer hammock it was. Sometimes it was large enough to hold Bees and Benny and Bert, with plenty of room to spare for dollies and kitties and even Bert's little pug dog Popsey. Then the very next day it would be so small that there was just barely room for one little child, with only one dolly or kitty. This is the way I found out about it.

One day Bert and Popsey were having a nice swing in the hammock, and I sat on the porch watching them. Pretty soon Bees came out with Kitty Gray in her arms and said: "Let us get in, too, Bert." "No," said Bert, crossly; "there isn't room enough, only just for Popsey and me."

"Why, Bert," I said, "that is very strange. Is not this the same hammock that held all of you this morning?" "Yes'um," said Bert, hanging his head. "I will tell you how it is," said grandma, who sat by the window with her knitting; "it is a magic hammock with a puckering string. Two fairies take care of the string. One fairy always lets out the string as far as she can and takes all the children in. She is a good fairy and her name is Love. The other is a bad fairy called Selfishness. She always draws up the string so tight that only one little boy or girl with his own pet dog or kitty can possibly squeeze in. Either one of these fairies will come at the children's call. I think Bert made a mistake just now and called the wrong one."

Bert looked so red and ashamed that I said: "Shall we call the other fairy, Bert?" Bert nodded his head and I called softly: "Come, Love; come, Love." And if you will believe it, the moment I spoke the words, the hammock flew wide open, and Bees and Kitty Gray sprang in. Bert's face was all smiles and the hammock swung so gayly that I feared the children would be tossed out. Did I see the fairy? Oh, no! Fairies are too small to be seen with our eyes. But I saw her good work, and that was enough.—Our Little Ones.

Dear Aunt Nora:—We received our certificate in due time and are very proud of it. I was going to suggest that we work for the Orphanage, but I see from the paper that you are not going to change our work. I am ready to work, and will send you as much as I can. There are twenty-six children at the Orphanage at present. We were out there yesterday. The children, led by Mamie

Featherston, one of the orphans, sang for us, and they sing sweetly. Little Willie, the baby, is so sweet. I could write all day about them, but I have something else to tell you. I have been converted and have united with the church. I am going to make the Young South one of my objects of prayer. LILLIAN ROTU. Nashville, Tenn.

I would like to work for the Orphanage, Lillian. It has been suggested before as a new work, but it is a State work, and our cousins and workers are in States far and near, so you see it would not do. We must have something of more general and universal interest. Some mission field would be better. I rejoice to hear the "good news." Write us when you can of the Orphanage.

Dear Aunt Nora:—Inclosed find \$1 for my chapel bell. It has been so long since you sent me the bell I guess you have forgotten me. I collected 15 cents, and as I was a poor hand to beg, my mother gave me the rest. I wish you much success in the grand work in which you are now engaged. PATRICK H. SHORT. Walter Hill, Tenn.

Dear Aunt Nora:—Inclosed find \$1. It has been so long since I received my bell I expect you have forgotten about it. I was such a poor hand to beg that I only begged 20 cents, and worked for the rest myself. I have done the best I could, and hope my little mite may do some good. LOUIS FORD. Knoxville, Tenn.

Dear Aunt Nora:—I wrote to you some time ago, but I suppose that you and the cousins have forgotten me. I saw in the paper where you were behind some, and I thought I write for a bell and help all I could. By beginning at such a late hour I have no hopes of getting a certificate, but I want to help push the work on. LILLIE MURRAY. Thyla, Tenn.

Dear Aunt Nora: I say aunt, although I may be older than yourself. I am a reader of your valuable paper, and like the way you instruct the children. In giving the mottoes of the different States you put Alabama "No motto." Alabama's motto is, "Here we rest." AN ALABAMIAN. I knew the name Alabama meant "Here we rest," but was not sure it was the motto of the State. However, that was simply a clipping. I did not write it.

Dear Aunt Nora:—I have been thinking for some time of writing to you and the cousins, but neglected to do so, and when I found the Centennial year would not close until October I decided to write and get a bell. I think perhaps I can fill it—yes, I know I will—so please send me one immediately. Papa knew Uncle Oren when he was a little boy; he is also well acquainted with your father. We once lived at Eureka, Tenn., and I am a member of Harmony Church. I attend Sunday-school at Poplar Grove. We have a large school. Papa is Superintendent. JULIETTA STOTT. Brazil, Tenn.

Dear Aunt Nora:—It has been a great while since I wrote to you last. I expect you and the cousins have forgotten me. I am a constant reader of the "Young South." Aunt Nora,

I have good news to tell you and the cousins. I have professed faith in Christ since I last wrote you. Sister and I have collected \$5 on a brick card and we sent it to H. A. Tupper, I think. I have a missionary ben and eight little chickens. I hope your next work will be Bible studies, and if that is your next work, I want to try and write oftener. I am a girl now sixteen years old. I live four miles west of Anderson. I will close for this time. Your loving niece. CARRIE ESKRE. Anderson, S. C.

Dear Mrs. Hailey:—I cannot express the sensation of gratitude that thrilled my heart when I read that the work of the Centennial had been extended till October. Last year when you began sending out bells I felt that I wanted to join you in your work. Fearing I would not be able to carry out my plans, I sat still and let days, weeks, months, and at last a year pass without sending any money, and now I feel that this is my opportunity, if a late one. When I read your dear letter in the issue of May 25th, telling of those noble, consecrated women who have not only sacrificed our dear country, but home and kindred ties for the love of the blessed Master, I thought how could I look them in the face in heaven and think not one nickel had I given this Centennial year. I pray for me that my offering, however small, may be blessed. I send a 2-cent stamp. Please send me a bell, as it will be a reminder of my promise and thereby aid me in my work. Wishing you still greater success in your grand work I am, sincerely, MRS. C. E. JETER. Paragould, Ark.

Dear Aunt Nora:—I come again this morning to tell you about my quilt. I have had it sent off for some time, but had not heard from it until this morning's mail. The children thanked me very much for it. I feel glad that I have had the privilege of piecing a quilt for them, and I thank you so much for having something we girls can do for our little orphans. I am anxious to know what you will have us do next, as you said last week you would tell us this week. I have not found my certificate yet, but think I will some time. I will close, wishing you much success in your work. EMMA COOPER. Kries, Tenn.

I hope you have seen my letter telling you that we have decided to continue our present work through October, Emma. I have received very few suggestions as yet. Some have suggested the Orphanage, but it is a State work, so would not suit our band of workers. Here is a suggestion I appreciate from the Wingo family, and I may act upon it. I am thinking of studying the field of Japan and supporting a missionary there. What say you and all?

—There was a large boiler of scalding water over a fire in the yard, and several black pigs playing near it. Suddenly a shrill voice was heard from inside the shanty: "Yon, George Washington, keep away from dat ar biler. D'rectly you is gwint ter upset de biler and scald yerself ter def, an' w'en you is yon'll be de fust one to say: 'Twasn't me, mummy.'"—Texas Siftings.

Dear Sister:—I am interested in your work, and when you asked "what shall we do when you asked "what year ends?" I thought "let us help the Cuban work," but Spurgeon said, "Mother would we not do more by helping to support a missionary?" and Esther agreed with him. Whatever you undertake we are willing to help you, and may the Lord bless you. Your sister. M. C. WINCO. 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. MAY. Edgar Nelson, \$1; Pauline Senter, \$1; Minnie Arnett, 50 cents; Della Vaughan, \$1; infant class of the Central Baptist Church, Chattanooga, Tenn., \$1.60; Theo. Jesse and Nellie M. Jett, \$1; Miss Cora Greenlee, 50 cents; Sharp Lannom, Jr., \$1; T. R. Atkins, \$2; Lura Atkins, 50 cents; Grace Truman Tinsley, 25 cents; Margaret Sullivan, \$1; Stella Allen, \$1; Mary Dodson, \$1; Eudora Gerald, \$1; Susie Coles \$1; Emma Gerald, \$1; Ida M. Edwards, \$1; Daisy Watts, \$1; Cassie Cain, 40 cents; Fortie Lovelace \$1.20; Alice Osborn, \$1.25; Roy Bennett, \$1; George Day Dodson, \$1; Birdie Sanders, \$1.50; Lizzie Hatfield, \$1; Clarence Bales, \$1; Salome Jordan, \$2.50; Dixon Sandling, \$2; Grace McElhoney, \$1; Maria Johnson, 30 cents; total, \$32.50.

JUNE. Sallie Givan, \$2.20; Charlie Lavigne, \$1; Louis Ford, \$1; Patrick Sort, \$1. —I know of nothing that has given more pleasure to a number of children than a jar of mixed dried beans; from lima to the smallest bean; a few dried peas will help to shape and color. Empty the contents of the jar on the table. Each child selects a particular bean and picks out all of that kind. It is well to have twice as many of the larger kinds, as they are so easily found. Arranged flat on the table the beans are formed into squares, triangles, etc. The children delight in calling the shapes by the proper names, and it is quite as easy for a little one to say triangle as to call it a "box with three corners." Placed in lines of five, tens, etc., each, numbers are easily learned. Also arrange the beans to form letters and words.—Cor. New York Recorder.

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DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder. The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report. Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

RECENT EVENTS.

(Continued from page nine.)

which he had dismantled, was found hitched and unhurt a short distance away. Lesson for the living: Beware of taking shelter under a tree in a thunder storm.

The following statute law of old Virginia is not a recent event, but that there ever was such a law on the statute book of any State is fresh news to a great many people. Here it is: "All and every Person and Persons, that, in Contempt of the Divine Sacrament of Baptism, shall refuse, when he or they may carry his or their Child, or Children, to a lawful Minister in that County where he or they dwell, to have them baptized, shall be amerced Two Thousand Pounds of Tobacco; Half to the Parish, Half to the Informer." See "An Exact Abridgment of all the Public Acts of the Assembly of Virginia, in Force and Use, Together with Sundry Precedents adopted thereto, and Proper Tables, By John Mercer, Gent. Williamsburg. Printed by William Park, 1833," Page 6. Thomas Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia, says: "Several acts of the Virginia Assembly of 1659, 1662, and 1683, had made it penal in parents to refuse to have their children baptized."

We had the rare pleasure of attending the great World's Fair, in company with the Tennessee Press Association, consisting of the editors and managers of the Tennessee news papers and their wives and daughters. The route was over the L. & N. R. R. from Nashville to Evansville, thence over the Evansville & Terre Haute R. R. and the Chicago & East Illinois to Chicago. The coaches were superb, the road-bed and tracks perfect, the time, well, almost annihilated, the run being almost a mile a minute, and the officers courteous and polite. There was no accident and no delay. Most of the passengers stopped at the Hotel Manchester, on Wentworth Ave. The proprietors are most attentive to their guests, the rooms are new and the bedding clean and sweet, and the price is most reasonable. It is but a few minutes ride to the turnstiles. The scene within the gates is wonderful for magnificence, grandeur and beauty. No adequate idea of it can be conveyed by description.

Last Sunday Dr. P. S. Henson said in his pulpit at the First Baptist Church, Chicago, to an immense audience filling the auditorium and galleries, in his sermon on "The Sect Everywhere Spoken Against," that it was a grief to his heart that Chief Justice Fuller had decided the Sunday opening or closing of the World's Fair, as he had the day before, in favor of opening the gates on Sunday as on any other day; but, he said, if the World's Fair directors will now decide to open the grounds on Sunday free to all, and take away the turn stiles on that day and let the masses have the benefit of an outing in the beautiful grounds on the Sunday, if they wish, they would popularize the great Fair, not outrage the

DR. W. J. MORRISON, DENTIST, 816 1/2 Union Street, Nashville, Tenn.

Christian sentiment of the nation by money making on the Lord's day, nor disregard the sanctity and solemnity of the condition on which they accepted the \$2,000,000 appropriation from Congress. His utterances met so hearty approval that the large audience applauded right out in church. —We reproduce from the Florida Baptist Witness: "It is often the case that a man's latest years are his most useful. One of the most efficient ministers of Tennessee is Rev. H. B. Folk, father of our friend, the present able editor of the Baptist and Reflector, Rev. E. E. Folk. For years he was a capable and distinguished lawyer; but now, in his last years, he has taken upon him the work of the Gospel ministry. If we mistake not, both father and son were first honor men at grand old Wake Forest College."

Thanks to our esteemed confreres for kindly words. It is true that Edgar E. and H. B. Folk, Jr., graduated at Wake Forest College with the first honors in their respective classes, the first in the class of 1877, in which Prof. E. L. Poteat also graduated, and the latter in the class of 1883, in which Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., graduated. But H. B. Folk, Sr., the father, graduated there in the class of 1849, along with Dr. W. M. Wingate, but the valedictory was awarded to Rufus C. Meachum, who died soon after graduation. But, alas! all the alumni of the class of 1849, save this scribe, have long since departed this life, and his noble and brilliant son, the valedictorian of the class of 1883, died as he was entering the threshold of a useful career.

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

- Associational Meetings. Big Hatchie—Woodlawn church, Haywood county, July 20th. Concord—Powell's chapel, Rutherford county, Aug. 2nd. Holston—Erwin, county seat of Unicoi, Aug. 10th. Cumberland—Big Rock church, Stewart county, Aug. 15th. Nollachucky—Mill Spring, near Mossy Creek, Aug. 17th. Cumberland Gap—New Salem, Claiborne county, Aug. 24th. Beulah—Mt. Moriah, Obion county, Aug. 30th. Big Emory—Grassy Cove church, Cumberland county, nearest station Spring City, Aug. 31st. Mulberry Gap—Richardson Creek church, Hawkins county, Aug. 31st. Western District—Bird's Creek church, near Whitlock, on the P. T. & A. R. R., Sept. 1st. Unity—Henderson, Sept. 2nd. Watauga—Bethel church, Johnson county, Sept. 5th. Sweetwater—Harmony church, McMinn county, Sept. 7th. Memphis—Grand Junction, on Memphis and Charleston R. R., Sept. 7th. Sequatchie Valley—New Life, Sequatchie county, Sept. 8th. Northern—Maynardsville, Sept. 12th.

- Central—Trozoant, Sept. 13th. Salem Smithville, DeKalb county, Sept. 11th. Eastanallee—Cog Hill church, near Cambria station, Marietta and North Ga. R. R., also thirteen miles from Athens, Sept. 14th. South Western District—Chalk Level church, Benton county, six miles of Camden, Sept. 15th. Wiseman—Dixons Creek church, Sept. 20th. East Tennessee—Clay Creek church, Sept. 21st. Clinton Grantsboro, ten miles east of Jacksboro, Sept. 21st. Rhea New Union, four miles of Dayton, Sept. 21st. Union—Laurel Creek, Van Buren county, Sept. 22nd. Indian Creek New Harmony church, Hardin county, Sept. 23rd. Friendship Newborn, Dyer county, Sept. 23rd. Ocoee—Philippi church, Sept. 26th. New Salem—Alexandria, Sept. 27th. William Carey Kelley's Creek church, Sept. 27th. Holston Valley Gill's Chapel, seven miles of Rogersville, Sept. 28th. Tennessee Smithwood church, Knox county, Sept. 28th. Providence—Antioch church, Loudon county, Sept. 28th. Judson—Pleasant Grove church, six miles of Mt. Pleasant, Maury county, Sept. 29th. Enon—Sycamore Valley church, Macon county, Oct. 4th. Sevier—White Oak Flats church, Oct. 5th. Dover Furnace—Neville Creek church, Stewart county, Oct. 6th. Fairview—Independence church, Madison county, Oct. 11th. Weakley County—Union Academy, Oct. 20th. Chilhowie—Where? when? Beech River—Where? when? New River—Where? when? Riverdale—Where? when? Walnut Grove—Where? when? State Convention—Jackson, Oct. 11th. J. H. ANDERSON.

Virginia College For Young Ladies. Will open Sept. 21, 1893, at Roanoke, Va. Under the presidency of Dr. W. A. Harris. The college is beautifully located in the Valley of Virginia, famous for health, and offers one of the most attractive college homes in the South. New buildings with all modern improvements, and entirely new equipment. The college site embraces a campus of ten acres, commanding a magnificent view of rural and mountain scenery. The curriculum will embrace a full course of study taught by European and American teachers. In such a beautiful and beautiful location (one of the most attractive cities in the South), easily accessible by rail, under the management of Dr. Harris, will rank among the best most schools for young ladies in the South. 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. —Read advertisement of Southwest Virginia Institute in another column Oct. 5th. Delightfully Cool and Refreshing. Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate with ice-water and sugar. —Churches in Duck River Association desiring fifth Sunday meetings in July will please make it known to our Board. J. C. AKIN, Ch'm. Shelbyville, Tenn. —Nearly all women have good hair, though many are gray, and few are bald. Hall's Hair Renewer restores the natural color, and thickens the growth of the hair.

B. H. STIEF JEWELRY COMPANY, The Leading Jewelry House of the Southwest, Carry the Largest, Choicest and Best Stock of Watches, Jewelry, Solid Silver, Diamonds and Elegant Gift Goods. This company makes a specialty of the furnishing of Fine Gold Medals and Badges, to be used as prizes or honorary distinctions by Schools, Colleges and Societies. Novel and original designs furnished, and estimates given. Correspondence invited. JAMES B. CARR, Manager.

WARD SEMINARY. Twenty-five thousand dollars spent in improvements in the last two years. Without a rival in location, buildings and equipment. Extensive Faculty of the best talent. Superior advantages for the study of Music in all its branches. French, German, Literature, Elocution, etc. Finest Art Department in the South. Pupils enjoy advantages of lectures, concerts and entertainments not possible in smaller towns. Young ladies from Baptist families attend First Baptist Church. No school gives so much for the money as Ward Seminary. For catalogue address, J. D. BLANTON, President, Nashville, Tenn.

D. H. BALDWIN & CO., 517 Church Street, Nashville, Tenn., Manufacturers and Dealers in High Grade PIANOS AND ORGANS. INSTRUMENTS SOLD ON FAVORABLE TERMS. Call on us or write for terms and prices.

LEATHER Gets hungry for Vacuum Leather Oil—it's a long time between meals sometimes—25c, and your money back if you want it. Patent lambskin with wool on swab and book—How to Take Care of Leather—both free at the store. Vacuum Oil Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The rapidity with which the cholera is spreading in Europe, and the fact that thousands of people in the plague-stricken sections are dying in terror from their homes sounds a note of alarm which should be heeded in America. The germ of the disease do not find lodgment in perfectly healthy digestive organs. For the purpose of inducing the conditions of health necessary to destroy all disease germs, Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cures others, will cure you.

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—Nearly all women have good hair, though many are gray, and few are bald. Hall's Hair Renewer restores the natural color, and thickens the growth of the hair.

"Hot enough to roast eggs" If the quite too generous supply of heat which the sun is sending us just now could be utilized for cooking purposes, what a blessing it would be. Inventors have not yet succeeded in harnessing the fiery orb and setting him at work in the kitchen; but they are working in that direction when they give us the PERFECT GASOLINE STOVE, which beats the sun in one respect, that is, you can have all the heat you want, just where you want it, and when you have no further use for it you can shut it off and get rid of it. Call at the ware-rooms of the Phillips & Buttrick Manufacturing Co., College Street, and see the latest improvements in summer cookery.

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SEVEN Good Reasons For Advertising in The Baptist and Reflector

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HOLLINS INSTITUTE, BOTETOURT SPRINGS, VA. For Young Ladies. Six sessions opens Sept. 13th, 1893. Scientific courses in all Languages and Sciences, Music, Art and Education. Eight male Professors and seven Ladies. Beautifully situated in Valley of Virginia, 1,200 feet above sea level, on N. & W. R. R. near Roanoke. Mountain scenery. Mineral Waters. Climate Unexcelled. Write for catalogue to CHAS. L. COCKE, Supt., Hollins, Virginia.

Southwest Virginia Institute FOR YOUNG LADIES. For Nine Years Located at Glade Spring, Va. The Tenth Session will open on 10th Sept. 1893, in the handsome new Buildings at BRISTOL, VA.-TENN. THE HIGHEST AND BROADEST CULTURE AT LOWEST COST. TWENTY OFFICERS AND TEACHERS, selected from the finest institutions of learning, among which we name University of Virginia, V. A. & M. College, Vassar College, Boston University, Academy of Arts, Paris, France, New England Conservatory, Boston, Conservatory of Leipzig, Germany, Royal Academy, London, England, Cincinnati College of Music, Northrop's Business College, Albany, Boston School of Oratory, etc. BUILDINGS NEW AND ELEGANT—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. Elevators, Electric Bells and annunciators. Ten acres of lawn largely covered with oak grove. THE TABLE FARE is good, well cooked and nicely served. All needed comforts and conveniences. TERMS MOST REASONABLE. Are fixed by the Board of Trustees in the interest of those desiring education. Now, if you are at all interested in the education of any young woman, see that she gets a catalogue of this Institution, for which apply to Rev. J. R. HARRISON, Agt. of Trustees, or SAMUEL D. JONES, Principal, BRISTOL, VA. TENN.

Southwestern Baptist University, JACKSON, TENN. G. M. RAVAGE, A. M. LL. D., President. THE college has a most eligible site and a beautiful campus, a strong Faculty, chosen for their fitness to give instruction in their special lines. The number of students in all departments during the year '92-'93 was 221. BIBLE STUDIES. There will be during 1893-'4 two classes studying the Bible in Hebrew, one Greek New Testament class, one class in the English Bible. The Commercial Department, under the management of Prof. H. C. Jamison, fully up to the requirements of a thorough business course. There is also a class in Stenography. A well furnished Reading Room, two Literary Societies, the J. R. Graves Society of Hellenic Country and a good Gymnasium are a part of the auxiliary equipment. Boarding in private families at from \$10 to \$15 per calendar month. Two well ordered clubs advanced their boarding expenses at about \$6 per month. The city of Jackson has an elevation of 450 feet above the sea level. It has probably the best water works and water supply in the South, and a complete system of sanitary sewerage; has also a public library, four weekly and two daily newspapers, sixteen churches with Sunday schools. Climate and society make Jackson a desirable place of residence. NEXT SESSION begins Sept. 6, 1893. For catalogue address H. C. JAMISON, Jackson, Tenn.

Princeton The Presbyterian School of Kentucky. Thorough, Practical, A Christian Home. Every Department in Charge of Specialist. Collegiate Classical, Scientific, Business, Normal. Shorthand, Typewriting, Telegraphy. Institute. Primary and Preparatory Departments. Catalogues free. Address Rev. J. S. BINGHAM, Principal, PRINCETON, KY.

TO BE OPENED SEPTEMBER 6, 1893, MARY SHARP COLLEGE, With Dr. Z. C. GRAVES, Prof. J. M. BLANDSON and a full corps of Teachers. For catalogues or any further information address Z. C. GRAVES, President, J. L. THOMPSON, Business Manager, Winohester, Tenn.

SACRED SONGS Words of Truth. Edited by E. M. McIntosh and E. C. Sewell. A collection of the best words of truth. Price, single copy 25 cents prepaid. Christian Hymns. Has been before the public only a short time. About 100,000 copies have been sold. A rare collection of songs for all occasions of Christian work and worship. Price, single copy, 25 cents prepaid. Single copies furnished free on application. Address GOSPEL ADVOCATE PUBLISHING CO., Nashville, Tenn.

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

COUNTRY PRODUCE. Beeswax, 22c per lb. Broom corn, 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 1/2 choice 12 @ 15c. Feathers, prime, 40 @ 42 per lb mixed, 25 @ 30. Tallow, 4 @ 4 1/2. Ginseng, clear of strings, dry, 200 @ 2.25 per lb. Peanuts, 2 1/2 @ 2 1/2c per lb. Chickens, 10 @ 12 per lb; hens 8 per lb. Eggs, 8 @ 7 1/2c per doz. Irish potatoes (from store) Bur-banks, \$2.25, new, 3.50 @ 4.00 per bbl. Sweet potatoes \$1.75 @ \$2.00 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, \$2.25 @ 2.40 per bu. Red Top, 48 @ 50; Blue Grass, \$1.25 @ 1.40; Orchard Grass, \$1.10 @ 1.40; Clover, \$8.00 @ 8.50; Millet, 70 @ 80; Hungarian, \$1.00.

SIDES. 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 @ 16c per lb; burry, 10 @ 11 per lb; choice, tub washed, 27 @ 28 per lb; dingy, 23 @ 25c per lb.

LIVE STOCK. Cattle, extra shippers, 3.50 @ 3.75 good shippers, 3.25 @ 3.50; best butchers, 3.50 @ 3.75; common butchers, 2.00 @ 2.25; steers, 2.50 @ 3.75. Hogs, 250 lbs average, \$6.25 @ 6.50 200 lbs average, 6.25 @ 6.35; 130 lbs; average, 4.50 @ 6.00. Sheep, good fat, \$3.00 @ 3.50; best lambs, 4.25 @ 4.50; good lambs, 3.75 @ 4.00.

WHEAT. No. 2, car lots, 65; No. 3, car lots 60 @ 62 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.

Destroyed by Fire and Again at Work. The Price Baking Powder Company of Chicago, which is known throughout the country for the superior excellence of its Baking Powder, met with a serious loss on the morning of May 11th, in the nearly total destruction by fire of its factory and offices. No sooner had the flames been subdued than the work of restoration commenced, and the Company by prudent foresight, having had stored in outside warehouses duplicate machinery, labels and supplies of raw materials in preparation for any emergency, was enabled by energetic management to resume the manufacturing within a very few days after the fire, there by causing its customers but a trifling delay in the filling of their orders. Had the Company not been so prepared the delay would have been very serious since it would have required months of time to get new machinery. It is now forty years since the great manufacturer by this company were first placed on the market, to Dr. Price being due the distinction of having prepared the first case of Cream of Tartar Baking Powder ever manufactured in any country. It was a great discovery, announced as it did the old method of using cream of tartar and soda separately, to any nothing of salutaris, with which the result of early days was smothered. The Price Company has no connection whatever with any other baking powder company or manufacturer, notwithstanding representations to the contrary made by other manufacturers whose sole aim is to deceive the public and borrow the good name and fame acquired by the Price Cream Baking Powder, which is known all over the world as the purest and "most perfect made."

