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CURRENT TOPICS.

—The Sultan of Turkey has refused to allow the commissioner appointed by President Cleveland to investigate into the Armenian outrages to go with the others. The evident purpose of the Sublime Porte is to prevent a fair and impartial investigation. But despite his efforts to prevent it, if the outrages continue, such an investigation must be had some day, and then it will be worse for the Porte than if he had consented to it at first.

—In a recent interview Mary Anderson, the great actress, now Mrs. Navarro, said that "she looked upon the stage with positive aversion. For six or seven years she loved her work, but after that the unnaturalness of the life, its unwholesome excitement, its glitter and glare became apparent to her eyes." This is certainly strong testimony from a very high source. It should have some weight, we believe, with Christians who think that there is no harm in going to the theatre.

—There are two conditions upon which people do not object seriously to the big "I" in other persons. One is that the "I" must be really big, and the other is that the "you" must not be too small. That is to say, egotism does not seem so offensive, provided the person has something of which to be proud, and provided he does not appear to think entirely of himself, and depreciate us too much. As a rule it does not make much difference to people how much a person may think of himself provided he thinks something of them also.

—"Christmas Crime" was the alliterative and significant headline in one of the daily papers on Dec. 28th. But why Christmas crime? Why should there be more crime Christmas than at any other time? Nay, why should there be any crime Christmas? Is not that the day intended to celebrate the birth of Him whose advent was announced by the angelic host praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men"? If there is any day in the year when there should be peace on earth and good will toward men, if there is any day when crime should hide its head in shame, it should be Christmas day. But alas! it is not always so. Frequently it is the case that Christmas is the time when there are more crimes committed than usual. This is due probably to the influence of the whiskey which many people seem to feel themselves under moral obligations to drink in order to celebrate the birth of Christ. But how thoroughly incongruous are drunkenness and crime with the birthday of Christ, the Savior of the world!

Hints From My Pastorate.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CULVER, D.D.

A half century of pretty wide observation has convinced me that it is almost impossible to build up a solid, substantial church without pastoral oversight. The more thorough that oversight is, the better. The Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, had the unequalled power of Charles H. Spurgeon in its pulpit, and the untiring pastoral labors of his able brother, Dr. James A. Spurgeon, during the week. Henry Ward Beecher told me that he "could not be a pastor;" his people therefore employed for him an excellent and spiritually-minded assistant, Mr. Halliday, who "tended the flock" carefully. My brilliant friend and near neighbor, Dr. Talmage, has had an extraordinary career as a preacher and lecturer, and sent his gospel messages into millions of hearts. He ignored all pastoral oversight. The result is that after twenty-five years of eloquent preaching in Brooklyn, he leaves a huge edifice in ashes, and a church so scattered that at the time of his resignation only about four hundred members (out of a nominal membership of over four thousand) could, after careful search, be discovered. An imposing mass-meeting is as different from a well-organized church as a pile of stones is from a solid stone wall.

Of course the systematic oversight of a large congregation consumes an immense amount of time. But can time be better spent than in winning the hearts of your flock, in ministering to their spiritual wants, and studying human nature which is next in importance to the study of God's word? On the Sabbath we ministers address souls; during the week, in pastoral visitation, we come into close personal contact with the individual soul. The book of the Acts of the Apostles is chiefly the record of dealings with various individuals—of Philip with Queen Candace's treasurer, of Peter with Cornelius, of Paul with the Philippian jailer, with the cripple of Lystra and with Felix and Agrippa, etc. Here is a hint for us ministers. We ought to individualize our efforts; for people go to heaven or to hell, not in the mass, but one by one. Christ laid himself out in personal interviews. The most remarkable condensation of vital evangelical doctrine that fell from His lips was in that private talk with Nicodemus in a private room. That may be regarded as the most wonderful bit of personal conversation this world has ever known. There can be no finishing, my brother, when you get one of your parishoners within arm's length; he cannot be lost in the crowd. You can reach his exact case; you can give him "the truth in love." Such

close personal talk is not only of immeasurable benefit to the individual you are laboring with; it is of vast benefit to you. It teaches you how to be direct and practical in your preaching. Too many sermons are "glittering generalities;" they lack point and pungency. The ministers who are the closest and most helpful in personal interviews are apt to be the closest and most helpful preachers. Charles G. Finney was tremendous in his talks with an awakened sinner. Mr. Moody has often told me that he does his best work in the inquiry-room. I can honestly say that the best part of my long ministry was in my constant pastoral intercourse with my people. I take a little pride in originating; the often repeated formula—study the Bible in the forenoon, and the door-plates of your people in the afternoon. Then your work is not an hemisphere; but it is a well rounded globe.

Sermons are often spoken of as "dry fodder," and such they are in too many cases. One way to moisten them is to soak them in your people's hearts; put them in a warm bath of personal sympathy. Paul was not only a prince of logicians; he had an immense heart in him; he "ceased not to warn night and day with tears." Constant personal intercourse with your people, in all their varied experiences of joy and sorrow, of temptations and of troubles, keeps your sympathies in full exercise, and prevents you from drying up. Jesus Christ overflowed with sympathy; it reached to the lowliest and the most wretched. It is this quality which wins our people, and binds them to us with hooks of steel. When we have grappled the affections of our parishoners to us, they will listen to our message all the more eagerly on the Sabbath; they will bear any amount of the most pungent truth and of the most faithful rebukes of their besetting sins without flinching. "You hit me often very hard," said an unconverted hearer to me once, "but I like you all the better for it;" that man had been won by personal kindness, and he was converted soon afterwards. On his dying bed he said to me, "Won't you promise to come sometime and visit the spot where I am lying in Greenwood?" Now it is just such close and tender relations with our people that creates a kinship and makes the office of a pastor so sweet and so sacred. Book-worms who lock themselves up in their studies and fry all the unction out of their sermons never get into the inner sanctum of their hearers' hearts. A cold-hearted man has no divine call to the ministry.

How much time must be devoted to pastoral visitation must be left to a minister's good judgment and the

conditions of his parish. For myself I seldom allowed a day to pass without being in some one or more houses. On the Sabbath you will often hear of some absences on account of sickness, and you will wish to visit such cases on the next day, although Monday ought to be as far as possible a rest and recreation day after the strain of Sabbath work. Go through your parish systematically, street by street; that saves time and secures the reaching of each family. It is not wise to announce from the pulpit any route of calls you intend to make on any particular day. You may not be able to carry out your plan and your parishoners will be disappointed. Run your risk of finding them at home; if they are away, try again. Make your visits familiar, cordial, affectionate, and profitable. Learn all you can about your flock. Encourage no gossip, but free, frank talk about the important things; make your people confide in you as their spiritual guide and loving friend. If they unload their troubles to you, don't repel them; "bear ye one another's burdens" is the Master's orders to His servants. If it costs you something to be sympathetic, accept it as a part of your holy calling; a faithful ministry can never be a cheap or a careless one. It is a good custom to offer prayer with the family you call on, especially if circumstances clearly demand the service. Get hold of the children, by all means, with a loving word; and when you have come to know them, never pass them (or older people either) in the street without remembering them. Every human being, rich or poor, likes to be noticed.

Funeral services involve a strain on your nerves, and sometimes a demand on your delicate discretion. Put yourself into sympathy with a bereaved household and then let your heart speak out freely. "Weep with them that weep;" did not the Master do the same at Bethany? When hearts are softened, strive to stamp saving truth on them.

Always be watching for the Holy Spirit. When you detect special tokens of His presence, be prompt to follow His leadings. Strike at once. Co-operate with the Spirit. That means a revival, and there is no genuine revival in any church unless it be produced by and attended with the "power from on high." Such a revival is a foretaste of heaven. But whatever the spiritual state of your flock, be continually preaching to save souls.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

—The heavens and the earth shall pass away, but God has declared that His word shall never pass away.

Thanksgiving Sermon.

[Delivered by Dr. W. E. Hatcher at the First Baptist Church, Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 29, 1894, and reported especially for the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR.]

"And he called unto him his disciples, and said unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury: For all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all of her living." (Matt. xii. 43, 44.)

In the Temple at Jerusalem, where the devout of God's ancient people were accustomed to worship, there was in a certain room a box with an opening in the top that was popularly called the treasury. It was the place into which the worshippers put their voluntary offerings, and these offerings were used in defraying the expense of public worship and for such charities as it seemed proper to help. During our Lord's earthly ministry, while on one of his visits to Jerusalem, and while at the Temple, he went into this room and took his seat over against the treasury and looked at the people as they cast in their money. He sat there as the stream of worshippers moved by. Many of the people had the look of thrift, of comfort, and of wealth about them; and let it be said to their credit, that none of them passed by, not one, without casting in their gifts. The rich people cast in much, and our Lord sat a silent watcher over his own treasury. In the crowd there came a widow, with the weeds of sorrow and the signs of want. She dropped in her mite and passed on, and when she did that our Lord called his disciples unto him, and pointing her out, said that she had cast more in than all they that had cast into the treasury; and gave as his explanation that they had cast in of their abundance, but that she had cast in all that she had, even her living.

This is a modest, shrinking little incident, a gleaming spot in the great line along which Christ went; a bright, fascinating, ennobling fact in that great history of his on the earth. And so on this Thanksgiving day I have thought I would invite you to a brief study of this incident that you might get some lessons that would be of value to you in your own religious struggles. Let me say, that this incident breathes out the very life of the gospel. It has in it the essence of true religion. It throbs with the great fundamental thought of the gospel. And let me say with earnest emphasis, that the fundamental idea of the gospel is that of giving. This is a grudging and unacceptable theme to narrow and mean people, but it is yet the thought of the gospel of God. And this is true whether we look at the gospel from the divine or from the human side. If we look at the gospel as something that God has done for us, it is giving. If we look at the gospel in its highest illustration in human life, it is giving. If we look on the Godward side of religion, everything is a gift; Jesus Christ himself comes to us as a gift, for God so loved us that he gave him. The Holy Spirit is specifically a gift, and a gift of infinite and everlasting value. The Bible is a gift, it was given by the inspiration of God. The church, bought with Christ's blood, is a gift. Christian worship is a Christian gift. Our songs, our fellowship, our communion—these things are gifts. Or if we turn to the human side of salvation, it is giving. Repentance is a gift. Faith, that presence that can forecast the future and

live on friendly terms with God, is a gift. Justification is a gift, pardon is a gift, regeneration is a gift. Strength to live as we ought to live is a gift, strength to conquer as we go is a gift, grace to die is a gift, and heaven itself is a gift. The palm that we are to wear is a gift, the crown that we are to wear is a gift, the robe of righteousness in which we are to be dressed is a gift. Religion in the very conception of God and in the very action of men is a gift from the beginning to end.

It is true God gets some things from us in this great undertaking, but not much; for it is not much we have to give. We give him our being and our hearts and our services, but what are these compared with the unspendable gift? So we see that on both sides religion is a gift. When that woman, with her threadbare mourning upon her, came into the Temple, and with her shrivelled hand dropped in that little piece of money, she expressed what is the great idea of the Christian life.

True religion consists in giving. It consists not so much in what comes in as what goes out. It is estimated not by its receipts, but by its expenditure. If you wish to see the riches of the gospel, look and see the sinner receiving the Son of God. A precious blessing he receives; but if you only see him standing with outstretched hands, taking what God gives him, you see him in his weakness and beggary—here is not much in him. But if you will go to the Out-go gate and study what goes from him, you will see the actual essential product of the gospel.

Why are we Christian people today? How did you begin? What was the start of your religious life? I will tell you what it was. It was when you came to the foot of the cross and laid yourself helplessly down and said in substance, if not in terms, "Here, Lord, I give myself to thee; it's all that I can do." That was where you began. You began with a gift, and when you sang the grateful song, that was a gift. When you went out and told your friends what God had done for you, though half unconscious to yourself, that was a gift, a tribute to him who loved you and had redeemed you. Every good act that you have done to make this earth better was a gift. Every tear that you have shed by the bedside of sorrow or at the grave of the dead, if you shed those tears out of a Christian heart, were gifts, they were jewels, crystals of divine love to be worn in the crown of your Redeemer. When this world has spread its enchantments before you and bid you come in, every time you have stopped and said, "No, for my Master's sake I reject it, I give it up," that was a gift. Whenever you have brought your influence, or your money, or your social power, or your affections and laid them upon God's altar and said, "I give this," that was a gift; and when you die and enter into the presence of your Father and meet the Redeemer that bought you with his blood; and when the crown shall be put on your head, you will take it off, and looking at him who has given so much for you, you will put it at his feet and say, "Not unto me; do not give me anything; I deserve nothing; not unto me; but unto him that loved me and gave himself for me be everlasting praise."

The glory of the world to come will not be so much what God gives us as it will be that unspendable and infinite joy with which we shall give everything to him. That is religion. That is the very essence of religion. That is what struck Jesus Christ that day with this woman.

I would like to make this remark before I leave this department of the subject. This is Thanksgiving day. This is the day in which people all over the country will tell out the secrets of their life. The selfish and thankless will run away to the chase and have no thought except of themselves. The gluttonous will wait with growing hunger for their feasts and will out-do the very beasts in their excesses. But there will be some to-day—God be with them every-where—whose great thought will be, what can I give, what can I do that will help my brethren and honor my Savior? That is a Thanksgiving indeed. Oh! wouldn't it be a glorious day if we had that generous spirit?

Dear brethren, if you understand what the fundamental idea of the gospel is, come up to-day and give yourselves over to him who gave himself to you. If you have not been living as you should, wouldn't this be a splendid day to reconsecrate yourselves to him, and while giving other gifts, give yourselves afresh to God?

But there is another thought here that must bewilder you, and that is the extravagant compliment which our Lord paid to this woman and her gift. There is something so hyperbolical, so extravagant and in such discord with what we believe and practice that we can hardly understand it when Jesus Christ says that that woman gave more than any of them that cast into the treasury. What sort of mathematical system is it that Christ has? We cannot work out that result by our arithmetical methods. What was it? Why, she gave the smallest piece of money that was known in that country. She gave what in the world's great market was hardly known or recognized. It was the little change money of the paupers and the rich people cared not to touch it. And I will venture to say that when the officers of the Temple took that money back to count it, and opened the box and pulled out the great heavy pieces of gold and silver and piled them up and counted them with gleaming eyes, they swept up this trash, as they looked on it, and put it in a separate box and appointed some inferior person to count it as a thing not worthy to take into calculation. You who count money in the church treasury, mind what you say and mind what you do when you get down to those little pieces. They have a history that may bring tears to the eyes of God's Son. Don't you deal lightly with them.

I do not undertake to say what Christ meant when he made this declaration, that this woman had given more than any of them. I take it not only to mean that she gave more than the rich men, but that she gave more than all of them put together. When he fixed his eyes on that gift it looked bigger and brighter and meant more than all the great gifts that went down into that box that day.

Well, how was it? Why did Christ say all that? I cannot hope to answer the question fully, but I can give

you one or two suggestions which may assist your meditations on the subject. One is that the gift was wrapped up in the grateful love of that woman's heart. It carried much with it; it had a new signature stamped upon it—the handwriting of devotion. It was the seal of a woman's unbounded love. I wonder how it came that she gave it? Sometimes I feel something more than a curiosity, as I expect some of you do, to go back and find out who the widow was, where she came, from, and how it all happened. I think probably she came from some of the squalid alleys in the crowded city of Jerusalem, or possibly she came from those barren hills of Judea dotted with the little cottages and hiding-places for the poor. I fancy she was living there without fortune or friends, perhaps her little babies crying for bread, and she rarely able to get any. This time she could not resist the impulse to come to the Temple. Her sick heart must meet with God and get help from him. So in faded garb, and hidden beneath the veil of her sorrow she bade her little ones good-bye, saying, "My babies, stay until mamma gets back," and with her heart hungry and faint she trod the floors of that great Temple. She went in, not to see the crowd, nor the house, nor to hear the strains of music, but with her heart crying for pity and rest. She took her place in the procession to the treasury. Perhaps a woman with dazzling jewels walked in front, and maybe some rich man walked behind her. As she heard the rattle of the gold and the jingle of the silver she said, "My God! Oh! that I could join in with them; but what am I, a beggar's widow, the mother of starving children? What am I, only a lone child of that God who has been good to me in many a way and that this world does not know. I wish that I could tell him how I love him. Oh! that I could express my grateful remembrance of his goodness to me. But what am I? I have nothing." She did remember that lone piece down in her pocket; but it was so little to give to him and yet it was too big for her to part with, wasn't it? For her to cast that in would be a frightful venture for her. It would mean no dinner for the children that day. It would mean all she had to live on. It meant her total worldly estate. What a struggle it must have been; but as she got near the treasury and her love for him grew stronger, down went her hand into her pocket, out came the money, and she dropped it into the box. There was no rattling. Silently went the lone one piece. But she gave it to God. It was the sacrifice of her love which gave it value.

But another thing. Our Lord indicated that he knew where that money came from. He knew there was not any more where that came from. Mark you, our Lord did not utter any word of criticism against the other givers, and in imitation of him I have nothing to say against anybody here to-day. Do you know that he who sat over the treasury and looked on that day knew that when that woman pulled the piece out of her pocket there was nothing left? Our Lord has various ways of estimating value, and when he comes to estimate the value of a gift one of his ways is to take what we give and then go back and see what we kept and then bring them together; just in proportion to what remains after the gift is its value in his sight.

We cannot understand it. That gift gets bigger and bigger as we gaze on it. It filled the whole scope of Christ's vision until the only thing he could see was the gift of this woman. I think, too, there was a good deal of faith expressed in it. It was a faith which said, "I can give God everything and withhold nothing." She must have thought seriously about it and her conclusion was reached by her womanly intuitions and with the aid of God's Spirit.

I recollect during the war (and who of us whose hair to-day is gray, and who lived in these parts in those days have not many recollections of those stormy times?) that in my town of Manchester, Va., across the river from Richmond, we had filled all the factories and public buildings with our wounded, and we were filling our graveyards and fields with our dead.

There was a young man who came from South Carolina to be a chaplain in the hospitals in our town. He was a Baptist young man and devoted to his work. One Sunday night we had a great mass-meeting in Richmond to raise money to send tracts and books to the soldiers in the camp. The piety of our people had become aroused and they were thinking of the religious welfare of those who were fighting in the battles. Money came in great torrents. It was about the middle of the war, after a great many battles had been fought. I remember a woman giving a great gift in token of the fact that her son had been converted in the camp; whereupon this young chaplain rose up and said, "I want to give you fifty dollars as a gift." Some one said, "Fifty dollars, you say?" That meant a large sum for a chaplain to give. The young man said, "I want to give fifty dollars as a thank-offering for the conversion of my two brothers. They are not saved yet, but I give it on faith and in advance." It had a great effect upon the crowd and deep feeling prevailed. About a month after that I heard a joyous rap at my study door and in sprang this young man. "Why," said I, "what is the matter?" He said, "It is too good to tell. I have received my first installment on my gift; my younger brother is converted." I said, "Bless the Lord;" and down on our knees we both went.

And then came the battle of Gettysburg. Oh! that terrible tragedy that sent so many of our noble men on both sides to their death. A few mornings after that I heard a little touch at my study door and there stood this young Baptist chaplain, pale and sick. I said, "Come in, brother; what is the matter?" He said, "My older brother has been shot down in the charge and left mangled on the field, and now I reckon he is dead. I trusted God that he would save him, and to think that he should die that bloody death, and without hope, is too much for me to bear." What a time I had! I tried to comfort him as best I could, but he went away almost broken in heart. He called at my study again a short time afterwards and said, "My brother is living; I want you to read this letter." I

read his letter from a hospital in Pennsylvania, stating that he was not only saved in the battle, but had been saved by converting grace. I tell you faith is a wonderful thing. It can look ahead and wait for God to do the seemingly impossible. That was the faith this woman had, and I reckon that faith had much to do with what Christ said with reference to her gift.

Now I come to the end. I told you that Jesus watched the money-givers in the Temple, but I don't mean he watched them in any sharp way. I have heard of some Christians who played the detective, watching that they might find some one giving from a bad motive. Christ is not looking for the bad, but for the good; and so Christ with gracious eye looked on as they brought their gifts; but when this woman came he sprang to his feet, and calling his disciples said, "Brethren, come here," and as they gathered around, he said, "I want you to look at that poor woman in the line there before she gets out." Not that he did it in a way to make it disagreeable for her, but that with silent eye he watched the figure as it went out. Then he turned around and said that she had given more than all in the crowd put together. She didn't make any noise about it. She was not seeking to be conspicuous. Christ hates for us to be conspicuous. It spoils our gifts—the very desire to advertise and lift it up makes it odious to him. Secrecy is a beautiful napkin in which to wrap up a gift, if it is great; but it is an scandal to unsecrecy to veil the meanness of our gifts. When dedicating my church a little while ago in Richmond I had a plain, good man that had had hard business buffetings, but fortunately had a big, bounding heart. He caught me one day and pulled me aside and said, "Don't let anybody see us together. I want you to go and buy a communion service; I want to do that for my Master, now that we are finishing our church." I asked him how much it must cost. He said, "I wish it could be more; you know I haven't much—make it \$200 anyway, but don't tell it to anybody." I took the robe of secrecy and wrapped around it, and the giver is still unknown. Many a man and woman came to me and asked who gave it, but I never took off the napkin.

This woman had given all that she had; but she never dreamed of talking it, never dreamed of any one knowing it except God himself. But Jesus Christ has a wonderful way of bringing out and making conspicuous the things his people do for him in secret. If we try to make things conspicuous, Christ turns off the light; but if we give them out of simplicity and love, Christ pulls them out of their hiding place and holds them up to public view. Little did that woman know that Jesus Christ was going to turn his camera upon her to get her photograph and hang it in the gallery of his elect. Little did she know that the splendor of this gift would eclipse every gift that was given that day, and little did she ever dream that the gift would go through the world telling its blessed story, moving Christian hearts and leading thousands of others to give.

That is what Christ did. I wish I could tell you more, but I will illustrate this subject and then come to an end. Over in my city, years ago, in a chapel on a back street, one morning, they were taking up a collection to build a church, the church in which for years afterwards that man of God whose memory you hallow there on the wall [Dr. R. B. C. Howell] was pastor. The deacons were taking up the contribution, and as they passed down the aisle there sat two little black-haired orphan printer boys, one fifteen or sixteen and the other younger. They were bright, fine little fellows. The deacon said, "Well, boys, are you going to help build the church?" One of the little fellows, blushing and smiling, said, "You come back this way." But he forgot the boys. That is what you and I do. We forget the children; we don't know what they can do. My little boys in my church at Richmond—my little boys with the short breeches and jackets—have raised \$1,200 for building our new church. But as the deacon came back they didn't forget him. One of them put his hand out and said, "Put brother and me down for \$50." And the deacon said, with a look of incredulity, "Go away, Henry, go away. What do you mean?" "Well," he said, "we have saved \$25; we will give you that. We thought by the time you had the house done we could make the other."

They gave all they had, and gave it with faith, those two friendless orphan boys. One of those boys is a minister, now gray-haired; the other died three years ago on Thanksgiving day, and he was the most eminent layman the Baptists in Virginia ever had, Henry K. Ellyson. He was the boy that pulled the deacon back and said, "Put us down for \$50." He started life by giving all for Christ, and when he died he died amid plenty and wealth and honored and beloved from one end of Virginia to the other. Selfish and narrow-minded people cannot be loved. That precious boon, the love of our fellow, is given only to those that are big-hearted and self-forgetful.

I will give another illustration. I was at the funeral a while ago of a great man. Many came from different cities to attend it. The great house was filled. Men came from every direction, and such a display my eyes rarely ever saw. And when they published the will of this man he had thirteen hundred thousand dollars. He gave more to the Baptist cause than any other man in his State. Where did he come from? Who was he? About sixty years before that a little boy fifteen years old started to walk one hundred and fifty miles to Lynchburg to work in a tobacco factory. The morning he started on this long walk his father said, "I wish I could help you, but this is all the money I have in the world," and gave him a silver half dollar. And as he went along, stopping at the farm houses and getting the milk and bread they gave him, he wandered his way to Lynchburg. As he was walking along the road one day he heard a wail of sorrow at a cabin by the road-side. He stopped and listened. It was a woman crying. He walked up to the door and looked in. There was nobody there but this woman and something in the cradle. He went in with a sort of brotherly curiosity, and there lay a dead baby and there stood a crying widowed mother. He was awkward and didn't know what really to do or

say, but as he went out he said, "I wish I could help you, but I have nothing to help you with but this," and he dropped the half dollar in her hand and departed. God never forgot him. That hand that emptied everything to help another was never empty afterwards.

Brethren, do you love the Savior? Do you believe in God? Let me beg of you to-day that you will get close enough to him to be able to do great things for him. You cannot do a thing in his name and with the right spirit without finding he will send it back ten thousand fold. May God in his grace bless us to-day and give us his salvation, that we may feel as we never did before that we will give all to him.

Pastors' Conference.

The conference of the pastors of the Ebenezer Association met in their regular meeting at 11 a. m. Tuesday, Dec. 11, 1894, and was called to order by the President, Bro. A. T. Davis; Bro. M. L. Rowe led in prayer.

The conference was then interested for a time in hearing reports from the pastors concerning their respective fields.

Bro. A. L. Davis, pastor at Columbia, expressed his gratitude for the great revival we all enjoyed in his church, paying to all a tribute of honor for the work each had done. He laid all the honors at the Savior's feet and felt, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us; but unto thy name be the praise." His field promises much. He asks the prayers of all that he may reap much.

Bro. R. A. Fitzgerald, pastor at Union, has baptized every month since August. The prayer-meeting and Sunday-school are good.

Bro. R. K. Dawson, pastor at Carter's Creek and Pleasant Grove, reports his field as being very hard, yet there is some promise. He expressed high hopes and strong faith as to the success of God's cause.

Bro. M. L. Rowe represented himself as being a babe in the work. He has just received his first call to be pastor from the Union Valley church. He asks all to pray that he may not always be a babe in the work, but a strong and useful man.

Bro. George W. Sherman then spoke of his visit to Missouri, which himself and family took and enjoyed so much. He said he would enter the work in January, 1895, half the time as pastor and half the time as missionary of this Association, working under both the Associational and State Boards. He asked for prayer for success in God's sight.

Bro. Hull then spoke upon the subject, "The kind of work needed on this field now." This subject was assigned him at our last meeting. Among other things he said: "We need a higher consecration to God and his work as preachers. We need stronger faith in God. Why are not sinners saved every time God's people come together to worship him? Some things have changed since the days of the apostles, but one thing has not changed, and that is, Holy Ghost religion. Brethren, let us all get much of that."

We adjourned to meet at 2 p. m. Tuesday after the second Sunday in January, 1895. We extend a cordial invitation to all our ministers to meet with us when they can do so.

GROVER W. SUMMERS, Secy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

East Tennessee Tidings.

We learn that Rev. R. B. Garrett has accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Chattanooga, and that he will enter upon his work early in the new year. Mr. Garrett is a strong man, and with the co-operation of the church will do a noble work for the Master.

Rev. R. D. Haymore of the Central rejoices in what he is pleased to call the very best church in the State. This church is wisely located, and is destined to become one of our strongest churches. Bro. Haymore expects to begin about the middle of January a series of meetings in which he will have the assistance of Elder R. R. Acree of Knoxville.

Cleveland and R. L. Motley have a case of mutual love. Each thinks the other best. The church has just closed a year of most successful work, and they turn to the future with hands full of work and hearts throbbing with courageous hope.

Harriman, where the beloved Grace is bishop, has recently enjoyed a gracious revival conducted by Rev. A. J. Holt. Bro. Grace is one of the men whom every one loves and in whose success all rejoice.

In Knoxville the pastors are busy and the work progressing. All of the churches have had special meetings and "much people" have been added unto them.

Bro. Snow, the popular and aggressive pastor of the Centennial church, has next to the largest Baptist Sunday-school in the State, and is constantly wrestling with the question of what to do with the crowds that flock to hear him.

Rev. M. D. Jeffries, the calm, strong, invincible pastor of the Second church, is struggling with the burdensome debt still resting on his brave church. He is managing the matter with consummate skill, and if any man on this terrestrial ball can pay that debt, Dr. Jeffries is the man. Give him time, give him good cheer, and then give him money, and listen for the doxology! It will be sung.

Pastor Powers has outgrown his old quarters and is planning a larger and better house for his people. Powers is a quiet, steady worker, and he brings things to pass. I believe in Powers. He is worthy and well qualified, of lawful age and properly avouched for; but there is in his home a quiet, unobtrusive woman to whose faithful support much of her husband's success is due. What an armorbearer she is! What a work she has done and is still doing for the Master!

At the Third church the work goes on in spite of the fact that for six months they have had no pastor. The church is united, enthusiastic and aggressive, and the man who comes to them will have a loving, loyal people and a field capable of large development.

At the First church Pastor Acree has just closed a very fine meeting. The preaching was done by Rev. W. W. Landrum of Richmond, one of the best men and best ministers in the denomination. As a part of the results of the meeting, 84 have been baptized, several have been restored and others have been received by letter. In the next year we are

hoping for great things for the Savior. Newport still rejoices in the results of her gracious revival. Here are some of them: Thirteen baptisms, the daring devil chained to the chariot wheel of the Lord, a Sunday-school library purchased, a free-will offering to Sunday-school and Colportage of \$74.

At Duplein Bro. Quisenberry preached with his usual fervor and ability and good results followed—23 were baptized and \$100 given to Sunday-school and Colportage.

Successful meetings have also been held at Johnson City, where there were 28 additions and \$65 given to Sunday-school and Colportage; and at Alder Branch, where seven were baptized, \$62 given to Sunday-school and Colportage and \$15 each to Home and Foreign Missions. At the four last mentioned churches Bro. Quisenberry conducted the meetings and did much good in building up the saints and in leading sinners to the Savior. Recently he has been trying to enlist the aid of the women in our country churches by having them donate to his work "a hen with all her increase." The women are willing and it is to be hoped that the hens will not go on a strike. It is a matter for sincere congratulation that the Sunday-school and Colportage Board is out of debt, and that its work has already more than doubled in a year and still grows.

It is not too much to say that the biggest and best thing the Baptists have in East Tennessee is Carson and Newman College. From her walls are to come the future preachers of East Tennessee, and the men and the women who are to shape and guide the denominational policy of our people. Just now, more than anything else, the College needs a larger endowment. Oh! for the day when our people shall gather around this College and give it an endowment worthy of it and of the denomination.

R. R. A.

From Mississippi.

A recent meeting of days was held at Clinton, the seat of Mississippi College, in which Pastor Leavell was aided by J. K. Pace of Hazlehurst, and resulted in more than 40 additions to the Clinton church, 32 of them by baptism. Bro. Z. T. Leavell took charge of this church about Sept. 1, 1894, and since then he has received more than 50 members into the fellowship of the church and has greatly encouraged the membership and strengthened every department of church work.

The College is in a healthy condition, having now in attendance about 220 students, about 40 studying for the ministry. The College has a fine faculty, and President R. A. Venable is doing the best work of his life. By the way, Brother Editor, have you seen President Venable's new book, published by the Baptist Book Concern of Louisville? It is entitled "The Baptist Layman's Book."

It is a book of 252 pages on Baptist polity, and is so simple in style and faithful in treatment as to meet the requirements of every earnest student of Baptist principles and practices. Every Baptist, young and old, should have a copy for constant and ready reference.

Hillman College for young ladies, under the wise management of Dr.

Hillman's widow, is doing a good work. This school, also located at Clinton, is the Alma Mater of many of the noblest women of this and other States.

The Convention Board of the Mississippi Baptist State Convention has the supervision of all of our mission interests—State, Home and Foreign. Rev. A. V. Rowe, D.D., is the Corresponding Secretary of this Board, and is recognized as one of the most efficient Secretaries in the South. At a recent meeting the Board decided to undertake State Mission work the ensuing year on the basis of \$6,000, reserving the privilege of enlarging the work should the prospect for collecting funds give sufficient encouragement. Some \$7,000 was expended last Conventional year in State Mission work, but the low price of cotton makes us move cautiously.

Pastor Sproule is, after a long, steady pull, in the Sunday-school rooms of the handsome new Baptist meeting-house at Jackson. All of the brotherhood rejoice greatly with him, for our cause had suffered at the capital for want of a suitable house. When finished ours will be the best in the city.

A CALAMITY AT CLINTON.

Since writing the above, on Thursday night, the 20th ult., the residence of Dr. W. S. Webb was burned, and in it the 15-year-old son of Elder J. R. Hughes of Greenwood, Miss. Joe Hughes was not only a professing Christian, but was considered one of the best of the students of Mississippi College. His father is a consecrated minister of Jesus Christ. I have known him for many years, and believe there is no better man in the world than he. Those who read this will pray for him and his devoted wife in this their great sorrow. Dr. Webb lost all his household effects, except what was in the dining room and kitchen. His valuable library, gathered carefully and wisely, all of his important papers, the records of Mississippi College and the treasured possessions of himself and his faithful wife were consumed by the flames. Dr. Webb's head was painfully though not seriously burned in the attempt he made to get to the room of young Hughes. Two of the boys from our church here came near losing their lives, escaping over the roof in their night clothes. I know that the many friends of Dr. Webb and his family will pray that the blessing of heaven may rest upon them. The house and furniture were partially covered by insurance, but of course there were many things above price which money cannot replace. The most trying loss to Dr. Webb is that of Joe Hughes. There are no warmer friends of young men in the world than these servants of God, and those under their roof were esteemed as children of their own. They will have a home with their son-in-law, Dr. Venable, until their house can be rebuilt.

There are many other things about which I should like to write, but my letter would be too long. More anon.

J. K. Pace.

—Rev. O. C. Brown, of South Carolina, is engaged in the good work of perfecting a Mutual Benefit Association, in that State, to protect the families of Baptist preachers with good insurance.

State Mission Appropriations.

The State Mission Board has completed the appropriations for the year 1894-5. There were so many applications, so many needy places to respond to, and such limited resources that the Board felt greatly embarrassed because not half could be helped.

The brotherhood should know that the Board investigated each petition impartially, and acted according to the best judgment they could bring to bear in making these appropriations. But they are now made. They are divided as follows: City stations, 10; country village stations, 2; country work, 85 stations; total stations, 116. These are equitably divided between the three great sections of the State.

We have gone beyond last year in the amount appropriated. In making this estimate of our probable receipts, we calculated that each church and individual that gave last year would slightly increase their contributions this year, and that the number of contributors would also be increased. We ought to do this each succeeding year until Christ shall come, or until all our great destitution be supplied.

Now the work is laid out, will not every Missionary Baptist in Tennessee help us to accomplish it?

In the promises the Board has made the missionaries, we trust to the brotherhood and sisterhood at large to aid us in fulfilling.

We trust that the Missionary Baptists of Tennessee will vindicate their right to the name.

Will not every pastor help us? Place the work before your churches, brethren, and urge the adoption of a systematic plan of contributing to the mission work. Preach on missions frequently, will you not?

Will every Sunday-school help us? If the superintendents will ask for a monthly or quarterly contribution from each school for missions, we shall be grateful.

Will not each Aid Society in the State help us? Please place the matter before your society, sister, and secure for us a fair contribution for our great work.

Will not every Baptist in the State help us?

It is our work, your work, the Lord's work; let us do it wisely and well to his glory.

A. J. Holt, Cor. Sec.

Orphans' Home.

This issue of the paper begins 1895. I have sent to the brethren notices of pledges due Jan. 1st. Some of them have already sent the amount due; others will, of course. No true man can get his consent to make a promise to a work like ours and then plead "hard times" instead of sacrificing to pay. Hard times come upon all, which makes efforts upon the part of all necessary to success. We need cash more now than at any time in the history of the Home.

We have a family of 84. Add to this the help about the Home, and we must provide for 37. May the Master move all hearts to us for his name's sake.

T. T. Thompson.

—The A. P. A. elected their municipal ticket in Tacoma, Washington, lately. They are said to be 3,000 strong there.

NEWS NOTES.

NASHVILLE.

First Church—Pastor Frost preached. Morning subject, "Putting you in remembrance" (2 Pet. i. 10); evening subject, "Christ's failure to save" (Mark x. 22).

Central—Three services; meeting being conducted by Elder Walter D. Hines of Richmond, Va.; meeting will continue through the week; 300 in Sunday-school.

Third—Pastor Golden preached; usual services.

Edgefield—Preaching by Elder T. T. Thompson.

Howell Memorial—Pastor preached at morning hour and Elder A. J. Holt at night; 90 in Sunday-school.

Centennial—Pastor preached; 68 in Sunday-school.

Seventh—Elder A. J. Holt lectured on Wednesday night; one approved for baptism; Pastor Wright preached. North Edgefield—Elder R. P. McPherson preached.

Rev. A. Robertson has accepted calls from Union Hill and Hebron churches.

Brethren W. C. Golden was elected President, A. J. Barton Vice-President, and Joe P. Jacobs Secretary of the Pastors' Conference for the first half of 1895.

—Father and I came home last Wednesday from Doeville, where we had been conducting a series of meetings for fifteen days. The meeting resulted in 33 additions to Little Doe church, 21 of whom we baptized on Christmas day.

E. H. Hicks.

Allentown, Tenn., Dec. 31st.

—I have just closed a great meeting with the church in Cloverport, Ky. There was the greatest revival in the history of the church, and 35 were converted. The pastor is happy. Interest on the question of Prohibition was aroused, and a vote will be taken on that question in March. I have launched out as a Baptist evangelist and God is blessing me in the work.

BEN M. BOGARD.

Fulton, Ky.

—I preached three times here yesterday and made one Sunday-school address. Bro. S. C. Hearn and his people have given me a most hearty reception. God was with us. A number of persons asked for prayer. The congregations were fine and very attentive, notwithstanding the fearful day without. A happy and useful New Year to all who read this. May each new day bring you some new opportunity to do something that will glorify our Master.

W. Y. QUISENBERRY.

McKenzie, Tenn., Dec. 31st.

—I am just home from the greatest revival I ever conducted, of which Bro. A. J. F. Hyder has written you. They did well for me financially. May the Lord bless them. I left their pastor, A. J. F. Hyder, stronger with them than ever before. The Lord grant that the time will speedily come when revivalists will build up our churches, and leave their pastors strongly entrenched in the hearts of their churches. The man that will seek to displace worthy men, when he gets the opportunity in protracted meetings, is not worthy the confidence of the denomination. May the Lord

bless you in your work of giving us a sound Baptist paper.

J. W. WATSON.

Bluff City, Tenn.

—We all feel thankful to God for the gracious blessings he gave us in our meeting at Friendship church, Ebenezer Association. We began the third Sunday night in December. Bro. T. T. Thompson came Sunday night and was with us to the end, except one day. He did all the preaching. It was well done. God honored his Word from the lips of this faithful servant. There were 26 professions of faith, 10 additions to the church, with others to follow.

The church gave Bro. T. \$20 for the Orphans' Home. Bro. T. has a warm place in our hearts. We closed on Christmas day. GEO. W. SHERMAN.

Culleoka, Tenn.

—We had a most gracious meeting yesterday, and after preaching I called the church to order for the purpose of calling my successor and old friend and school-mate, Rev. E. Pendleton Jones, son of Dr. J. William Jones and brother of Carter Helm Jones, who was unanimously called to take charge the Sunday after I leave, and at my suggestion the salary was increased \$100. I am rejoiced to know that I leave my church stronger every way than I found it, and that a good man will take up the work right where I leave off. Is that not ideal, and can it not be done more often, and God's name honored and his form of church government glorified? It can, if our pastors and people will work together for the Master's cause.

RUTHERFORD BRETT.

Clifton Forge, Va.

—Brethren T. T. Thompson and G. W. Sherman closed a ten days' meeting at Friendship church on the 25th inst. Bro. Thompson did all the preaching, except two sermons preached by Bro. Sherman, our former pastor, who is one of Tennessee's best preachers. The meeting resulted in 23 or more professions of faith in Christ. Five were baptized, four stand approved for baptism, one joyfully restored, and the church greatly revived. Others of the new converts say they will join, and a number of other denominations talk of coming to us. And an abundance of gospel seed was sown, which we hope will yield a harvest of many souls. Bro. Thompson won the hearts of the entire church and congregation. We pray God's richest blessings to rest upon him and his work. This church has given more than \$30 this year to Bro. Thompson for his Orphans' Home, and will do more in the near future. Who could help giving to such a worthy object?

J. H. REDDING.

Culleoka, Tenn.

—On the third Sunday in December Rev. Jos. E. Hicks was ordained to the full work of the gospel ministry under the authority of the Chickasaw Grove Church, Sullivan County, Tenn., by a presbytery consisting of Elders John F. Kincannon, M. B. Upchurch and A. J. F. Hyder. Bro. Hicks is a young man of great promise. He is at present a student at Carson and Newman College. There is much expected of this young brother. When I got home from the ordination of Bro. Hicks I found Bro. John W. Watson in the midst of a

great revival with Zion Church, near my home. I was with him part of the time toward the close. With one exception, everything considered, this was the best meeting I was ever in. The meeting was conducted in a Methodist house. They turned us out, would not let us in. On the last day we met we called for joiners. We stirred up a Methodist hornet's nest. There were 27 baptized, two restored and three stand approved. To God be all the praise.

A. J. F. HYDER.

Milligan, Tenn.

Adieu to '94—Welcome to '95.

Old father Time on his swift wheels has rolled round another cycle. With deft fingers he has snatched the grand, gladsome Old Year '94 from us and calmly let the smiling New Year '95 dawn upon us. We can not call these back, Old Year; thou art gone, on fleeting wings, from our grasp. All of thy blessed privileges, all past enjoyments, numberless as the sands of the seashore, are now classed with the things that were. In the great diary of life '94 will come vividly to our minds and show us the benefits reaped, the good deeds accomplished, the duties neglected. "He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

The silver-wrought canvas of reflections will often paint the images of the many friends '94 gave us, and we can only trust that '95 will add many more to the list. Life is no fancy sketch. It is earnest. So with the years. Each comes as a token of joy to some; to others it brings sorrow. To what shall we liken the bursting forth of '95? To bright, gladsome girlhood; to the beautiful, clear, rippling stream that moves placidly on till it finds the great river, empties, and is obscured from our view forever. Truly the years are a mighty labyrinth. Let us remember out of eternity this new year is born, and in eternity it is destined to return. Life is a great kaleidoscope. Each second, each minute, each hour, are things converted into a chain of days, weeks, months, and years, forming the web.

"It is better to weave a bright and golden flitting, And to do God's will with a ready heart, And handle that are prompt and willing, Than to snap the delicate, minute threads Of our curious lives asunder, And then blame heaven for the tangled ends, And sit and grieve, and wonder."

ALICE BROWER WINGO.

Rev. P. I. Lipsey.

At Murfreesboro, last Sunday, the following action was taken in regard to the resignation of Rev. P. I. Lipsey: The Rev. P. I. Lipsey having this day tendered his resignation as pastor of this church, we, the officers and members thereof, assembled in conference, do hereby accept his resignation. In doing so we desire to express the regret we feel at the severance of the very pleasant and gracious relations which have existed between us for the space of nearly two years. We hereby testify our appreciation of the earnest Christian character of our brother and the zeal which he has manifested in the word and work of a minister, truly called, as we feel assured, to preach the unsearchable riches of the Lord Jesus Christ. We are glad to say that his walk among us has, in all things, commended the goodness of our holy

religion in this church and in the community; and, moreover, we are made glad in remembering that since he came among us many souls have been brought, through his labors, as we believe, into the fold of the Good Shepherd. We would indulge in no fulsome eulogy, yet we conceive that the expression of a just appreciation of a faithful Christian minister is due to him and honorable to the people by whom his labors are cherished in grateful hearts. He has been to us and to this community a faithful herald of the cross and preacher of righteousness; to the church a pastor of genial qualities, courteous, sympathetic and persuasive, and a leader of God's people diligent and untiring in every good word and work. And therefore, reviewing his pastorate among us, we tender to him this expression of our unreserved confidence and regard and our earnest wishes for his personal welfare and his success in that great calling to which he has consecrated his life.

Unanimously adopted and ordered to be published in the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR and Western Recorder.

E. C. COX, Moderator.

LELAND JORDAN, Clerk.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., Dec. 30th.

Seminary Notes.

Bro. W. O. Carver showed his smiling face among us last week.

Bro. N. B. Wood, a former student, is paying us a visit and working a new book he has written, "The White Side of a Black Subject," a vindication of the Afro-American race.

Bro. W. B. McGarity, a graduate of '92, and now pastor at Harrodsburg, Ky., visited us during the holidays, and on Dec. 3rd took unto himself as help-meet Miss Ray Osborn, the attractive daughter of Bro. T. D. Osborn of Broadway Church.

Prof. W. J. McGlothlin spent Christmas with his parents at Paducah, Tenn.

Dr. Broadus goes to Florida to attend the State Convention.

Dr. Pickard takes half of his vacation during the winter and will join his family in Florida.

The Kentucky Baptist does not propose to die. A Georgetown company has purchased it for \$2,000.

Bro. G. H. Crutcher, of Jackson, Tenn., stopped with us a few hours on the 30th as he returned from a trip to Washington.

"Stop thief!" Alas for Christmas expectations! On Christmas Eve night our caterer surveyed the well stored pantry with feelings akin to those of the rich man who had much goods for many years. But next morning we learned to our sorrow that a thief had broken in during the night and made away with eight hand-some cakes, fifteen pounds of butter and seven pounds of tea. He mislaid the turkeys, however, and we had that much joy left.

During the three months just closed, 122 students have taken 500 books from the library, 20 per cent of them being books on missionary subjects. There is nothing more popular here than missions, the soul of the gospel commission.

Dr. Duggan will supply the Highland Church till a pastor is secured. Bro. G. H. Simmons, the former pastor, goes to St. Joseph, Mo., this week to engage in a meeting.

ROSE N. BARNETT.

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 31st.

MISSIONS.

MISSION DIRECTORY.

STATE MISSIONS.

REV. A. J. HOLZ, D.D., Missionary Secretary. All communications designed for him should be addressed to him at Nashville, Tenn.
W. M. WOODCOCK, Treasurer. Nashville, Tenn.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

REV. R. J. WILLIAMSON, D.D., Corresponding Secretary, Richmond, Va.
REV. J. H. SNOW, Knoxville, Tenn., Vice President of the Foreign Board for Tennessee, to whom all inquiries for information may be addressed.

HOME MISSIONS.

REV. L. T. TUCKER, D.D., Corresponding Secretary, Atlanta, Ga.
REV. C. G. JONES, Chattanooga, Tenn., Vice-President of the Home Board for Tennessee, to whom all information or inquiries about work in the State may be addressed.

MINISTERIAL EDUCATION.

Funds for young ministers to the S. W. B. University should be sent to G. M. Savage, D.D. Jackson, Tenn.

For young ministers at Carson and Newman Colleges, to J. T. Henderson, Meigs Creek, Tenn.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS AND COLPORTAGE.

REV. W. Y. QUINNBERY, Corresponding Secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY UNION.

PRESIDENT.—Mrs. R. C. Stockton, Nashville, Tenn.
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.—Mrs. J. T. Paria, Nashville, Tenn.
RECORDING SECRETARY.—Mrs. C. H. Strickland, Jr., Nashville, Tenn.
EDITOR.—Mrs. Elijah Ford, Nashville, Tenn.

"Amen!"
The blessing, and the glory, and the wisdom,
And the thanksgiving,
And the honor, and the power, and the strength,
(Is) unto our God
Unto the ages of the ages.
Amen!"

—There is one thing all may do for missions, and that is, pray. Jesus taught his disciples to pray the Lord of the harvest for more laborers.

—There are two classes of women who hinder the work of their sex. The first belong to that class of women who want to preach, lecture, or do something not natural to woman. The second belong to that do-nothing class—the church members who love fashion more than they do their Savior.

—What the women of America need, and Tennessee not excluded, is piety, true homespun, a yard wide piety. The kind of piety that is gotten on banded knees, my sister, is what you and I need.

—All will remember Mrs. Early, who did so much for missions, now gone to her heavenly home. She so much loved to work in harmony with her sisters. These were her words when she knew her death was near: "I would like to be in touch with my dear sisters just as long as I live, which the doctors tell me cannot be but four or five months longer." She felt the joy of communion with her Savior and with the Marys who strove to praise him. Let the women of Tennessee arise to the privilege of united effort for Christ. May we "stand up" for the pastor and the church; but above all, for Christ.

"Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
The day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song."

THE QUERY CORNER.

We will open a corner of our department to any who wish to ask any questions concerning the work of the Woman's Missionary Union. Questions on any other subject pertaining

to the Scripture, or missions, or any subjects in which Christian women are interested will be answered. If the questions are too hard, we will get help to answer them. Don't ask about Melchizedek or the millennium.

THE BIBLE CLASS.

Your editor is a very weak person and can do very little that is unmixed with evil. I can say that at one time the Lord permitted me to do some good that was good altogether. It was this, viz., at one time I was the means of influencing three hundred persons to join a Bible class. It was not in Sunday-school. That number simply wrote to me and pledged to read a chapter a day in God's Word. I wonder if my class in the State of Tennessee will not be larger than the Missouri class. Whose name will be the first on the roll? Our first reading will begin Monday, January 7th, with the 2nd chapter of Matthew. Each week a Bible reading will be given for the sake of convenient reference, as follows:

Monday, January 7th, Matt. ii.
Tuesday, January 8th, Matt. iii.
Wednesday, January 9th, Matt. iv.
Thursday, January 10th, Matt. v.
Friday, January 11th, Matt. vi.
Saturday, January 12th, Matt. vii.
Sunday, January 13th, Matt. viii.

Do not delay to send your pledge to the W. M. U. editor. Don't say, I can do it without pledging any one that I will do so. Yes, you can; but wouldn't you like to be the means of encouraging others?

SISTERS, LISTEN!

Our Bro. Folk has given the women of the State of Tennessee two columns a week in the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR. The Woman's Missionary Union, through its editor, bows and says, "Thank you." He has not given up two columns of his valuable paper to me, but to the women of our State. Will you accept the gift? Now I want you to listen as I talk confidentially to you. You and I have never met, and may not meet until we stand before our Master on the eternal shores. Let us work while daylight is ours, and let us work together. It did my heart good to hear the women tell in their annual gathering this fall how the work was done at this place and that. Will you not write to me of your work that it may stimulate others to effort? Let the sisters report the progress of the work at different places. Don't wait for somebody else to do it! Address the W. M. U. editor.

GOOD WORK AT SPRING CITY.

Mrs. Sallie E. Brown writes as follows: "We had our first meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society on last Sabbath (Dec. 16th). We used the program in the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR. Several very interesting and instructive papers were read on the subject, Cuba. We will have regular monthly meetings the first Sabbath afternoon in the church. We are beginners in this work. Write us letters of instruction and encouragement. Pray for our women that they may become more interested in missions."

—Love makes the home pleasant and happy.

"We Girls."

BY MRS. E. T. MULLINS.

How is it with you, ladies? Do you have your missionary meetings each month, enjoy them, work energetically yourselves for the cause, and then—forget the children? The boys and girls who are growing up in the church and Sunday-school, their tastes forming day by day, their interests becoming more and more bent in some direction—ought you not to plan something for them, some means by which they may become instructed and interested in the great cause of missions?

Dr. Bell says every child's mind crystallizes around some one great idea, as sugar in solution crystallizes around a string and forms a stick of rock candy. Whether that controlling idea shall be Christ, or fashion, or pleasure, depends on the wise care of those to whom the child is committed.

Two ardent mission workers the other day were talking earnestly over the work while a young listener sat by unnoticed. When the visitor had gone, the young listener said to her mother, "Why don't we girls know something about missions? I think we ought to."

"We girls" was a set of bright misses, with young brains all alert, ready to drink in knowledge of any kind, and full of enthusiasm over a cherished interest. I have seen their bright heads bent eagerly over a fashion book trying to decide how the new dress is to be made; with beaming faces planning for a coming party or picnic; or with eager eyes seeking the solution of a problem. But be sure, wherever these young heads are bent together there is vivacity, enthusiasm and success.

"Why don't we girls know something about missions?" This question put that mother to thinking, and it has put others to thinking.

"We girls," what does that mean? Not only this one bright set, but the hundreds, yea thousands of bright heads and young hearts all over the South. And why don't they know anything about missions? Because we older ones do not put them in the way of knowledge. Women of the South, are we not responsible for our children? Let each missionary society think of the young in their church, the boys and girls, the young women, and do not be content until hands are formed that shall give our young folks an opportunity to know about missions, and train them to work for this supreme interest of the church to-day.

Do you know what we are doing in the South for our young people in a missionary way? Some facts have been gathered lately that may surprise many of you. In one of our Southern States there are 355 ladies' societies and only 90 bands; in another 291 ladies' societies and 75 bands. In only one State are there as many bands as ladies' societies. There ought to be at least one band in every church where there is a ladies' society. Let us bring this about.

Helpful material has been prepared. Send to your Central Committee, or to 9 W. Lexington St., Baltimore, for "Gleaned Gleanings" (free to Woman's Missionary Union workers), a small manual for band work. Kind Words Sunday-school

paper has a mission page in every weekly issue, with fine program and blackboard exercise once a month. Subscription 50 cents per year. The Young People's Leader, 40 cents per year, has able mission helps. Send to Baptist Sunday-School Board, Nashville, Tenn., for these last two. A Band Department appears in every issue of the Foreign Mission Journal, price 85 cents per year. A large assortment of leaflets is on sale at Maryland Baptist Mission Rooms, 9 W. Lexington St., Baltimore. Send 2 cent stamp for catalogue.

"And Us Boys."

BY MRS. R. C. STOCKTON.

On Sunday, after returning from church, it is my custom to read the new "Kind Words." Not long since, after having removed hat and cloak, with paper in hand, comfortably seated by the fire, there came gleefully bounding into my room Margarette, a girl of eight summers. She recognized the paper and said, "Why do you always read this child's paper the first thing every Sunday? Why not read to me." Those questions had scarcely passed the lips when Hugh, Margarette's brother, accompanied by two boys from next door, Lucien and Robert, appeared in the doorway and exclaimed: "And to us boys." I was highly pleased to have such a group of bright children to hear the reading of "Kind Words." The children were delighted with the pictures and were very eager to learn what was therein printed.

Margarette thought the picture and conversation, on first page, of grandma telling how a little girl could be "Sunbeam" or "Thundercloud," had been written especially for her, since her grandma was so displeased that she should say ugly words to grown folks. After listening, she concluded she would now be Sunbeam.

Hugh looked up, expressing so much disappointment in those big blue eyes, and said: "We asked you to read to us boys and you don't read nothing but about girls, everything is girls. Why didn't there be something to tell whether us boys were Sunbeams or Thunderclouds? Can't we do anything, can't we sow seed? You read about the seed in the Word of God." Lucien and Robert, grasping the idea, join in with: "Mother let's us sow flower seed every spring, which is very easy, and we want to do like the little folks on missionary page. Isn't giving part of our candy money to send God's Word to heathen people, sowing seed?" Their ideas of sacrificing and saving for the cause of missions were so good I asked how they made money to buy candy. Lucien quickly replied: "I help clean the house and watch baby brother, while mother does what I am yet too little to do." Robert, a younger brother of Lucien, says: "I dress myself, keep my clothes put away instead of leaving them strewn on the floor to trouble mother, and run errands." Hugh says: "When grandpa mends our house I hand him the saw, hatchet, square and hammer, as he needs them."

Lucien, the oldest of the boys, anxious to begin the mission work, said: "Let's go now to tell Will, Letcher and Evelyn how nice it is to give some of our savings, so that

children everywhere, even in heathen lands, can hear about our Savior."

Some days after, I went to the home of those children and found that the mother, who had taught her boys lessons of usefulness and order, readily encouraged them and provided a separate purse for their savings. It is wonderful to see how their zeal increases to do more for Christ as well as mother. Are there no teachers, no one willing to organize bands of children?

That work is very difficult in our State, but let us not be reproached in the future by the sad expression of the children's eyes because of neglect.

"The Pious Unimmersed."

Sometime since H. W. Smith of Franklin sent the following question to the Gospel Advocate:

"Is it right to hand the bread and wine, in passing it around in the congregation, to unbaptized persons—the pious unimmersed?"

The senior editor, D. Lipscomb, makes a lengthy reply, in which he straddles the question by "physical force," as follows:

"To pass it around them, or keep it back from them, is to prevent them by physical force. That is not the way to cure spiritual wrongs or to correct religious errors. The way to do it is by teaching correctly. If they partake of it improperly when we do our duty in teaching the truth, the wrong is theirs—the injury is to them. So I do not think it is right to hinder them by physical force—that is, by keeping it out of their reach. If a drunkard or a thief wished to partake of the bread and wine, I would not use physical force to hinder him. His partaking would not make me the worse."

The above query and queer answer suggest a few things I wish to say:

1. There is a growing unbelief among the better informed of the Campbellite denomination that intercommunion with other sects, whom they regard as unbaptized, consequently out of Christ, out of the church and unsaved, is unauthorized by the Word of God. It is a matter of profound gratitude to see progress toward the truth on the part of any religious sect, however far they may be from the right ways of the Lord. That this modern denomination has practiced the most palpable inconsistency in communing with people whom they teach are out of the church and unsaved, cannot be denied. Neither can it be denied that there is a disposition among the better informed of them to renounce the practice as grossly inconsistent and without one iota of authority in the Word of God.

2. The answer to the query is a labored effort to straddle the question and shirk responsibility. The answerer of the query sails around on what he is pleased to call a "physical force" argument, which is to the ordinary reader as clear as mud. He argues at length that the "pious unimmersed" are unscriptural participants at the Lord's Supper, but argues with greater effort that such characters should not be deprived from eating the bread and drinking the wine by "physical force;" but, on the other hand, they should by "physical force" have an opportunity

of so doing. The editor means by "physical force" the act of the deacons in passing the bread and wine among the people. The gist of his argument is, it is wrong for the pious unimmersed to eat at the Lord's table; but it is right to offer them the bread and wine that they may eat. That may be a "physical force" argument, but it lacks a good deal of being a New Testament argument.

Editor Lipscomb says: "If a drunkard or a thief wished to partake of the bread and wine I would not use physical force to hinder him." That is, he would hand a drunkard or a thief the bread and wine and try to justify himself on the ground that he would not be hurt by it, but the drunkard or thief would. That is a queer way of arguing a question. He argues that a drunkard should not take the supper, but will use "physical force" that he may have an opportunity of so doing. What sort of logic is that?

Mr. Lipscomb says, and correctly, too, that "the way to correct religious errors is by teaching correctly." Now let us see how far he is willing to abide by what he says. The New Testament says: "If any man that is called a brother be . . . a drunkard . . . with such an one no not to eat." (1 Cor. v. 11). Lipscomb says: "If a drunkard or a thief wished to take it I would not use physical force to hinder him." That is, he would see that the drunkard had a chance to take it, and if he did take it he (Lipscomb) would not be any worse by it.

To boil the whole matter down, the Bible says: "Not to eat with a drunkard," while Lipscomb says: "If a drunkard wants to take the bread and wine I will use physical force to give them to him."

I am of the opinion that if it is unscriptural for the unbaptized to eat the Lord's Supper, it is also unscriptural and inconsistent to use "physical force" that they may eat it. Lipscomb says it is unscriptural for the unbaptized to take the Supper, but says it is the duty of the deacons to pass them the bread and wine, and adds that "the deacons are not policemen with clubs to protect the service of God." That is very true, perhaps, but for a man to stand in the pulpit and preach to the unbaptized in his congregation that they are out of the church, out of Christ, and unsaved, and not proper subjects for communion at the Lord's table, and then send the deacons to them with the bread and wine and offer it to them, is high-handed nonsense.

I wish "our Bro. Lipscomb" would stick to the New Testament; and if the "pious unimmersed" have no authority to take the Supper, have "physical force" to quit pandering to sickly sentimentalism to "stand in" with the Pedobaptists by offering them the elements of the Supper.

He closes by saying that we ought to take the Word of God and "use it skillfully." That is certainly good advice to use the Word of God "skillfully." But what he means by using the Word of God "skillfully" is this: My dear unbaptized friends, you are unsaved; you are out of the church; you are out of Christ; you have no scriptural right to take the Lord's Supper. If you eat the bread and drink the wine you eat and drink damnation to your souls. Then he

turns to the deacons and says: Brother Deacons, pass the bread and wine around to the unbaptized, and if they take it, it won't hurt us. And with a squint he says it won't do to be close communionists; that would hurt "us as a people." The Bible says "not to eat with a drunkard," but take him the bread and wine and offer them to him. If he eats it will only hurt him. You see, Brother Deacons, we must use the Word of God "skillfully."

I think, under all the circumstances, David Lipscomb got hold of the wrong word when he said "let us use the Word 'skillfully,'" when his practice would indicate that he meant, "let us use the Word of God deceitfully." Yes, our Campbellite friends claim they want to stick to the Bible, and by their practice they try to stick to the pious unimmersed also. Hence Bro. Lipscomb's disposition to fudge.

JOHN T. OAKLEY.

"Big Words."

Some days ago I was looking over one of our "religious papers," and by and by ran upon this caption, "Scripture Exercise." Now I knew that at the Seminary we had a pretty fair apparatus with which to exercise, but I distinctly remembered that we had no scope. So now, thinks I, I'll have something with which to exercise that no ordinary "Theolog," such as frequents the gymnasium at the Seminary, ever has. I was much interested as I read how this strange apparatus was to be manipulated. I thought if the thing was too intricate for me to use that I could send it to the Seminary. I read on, and soon my ambition to possess the thing, as Dr. Sarnay would say, became "volatilized," for the editor—heaven bless him—had the good sense to say in a postscript that "scope" was the Latin for broom. Now what troubles me is to know why the "literary friend" who wrote it couldn't have said broom at the outset. Of course I suppose when my Latin vocabulary comprised about 150 words I might have known what scope meant, but that has been long since, and my vocabulary has dwindled to about half a dozen words.

Another "big word" from the "religious press." A distinguished minister of the further South was writing an article on the "Higher Critics," an admirable article it was, too. But by and by I ran plump up against this, "res gesta." I supposed when I saw that that surely now the "Higher Critics" have done something awful, but couldn't imagine what, so I climbed hastily to the top of the book-case for the Unabridged, and soon found that the terrible word only meant exploit. I felt greatly relieved that they had done nothing worse. I used to hear a great deal

about *res gesta* when I practiced law, but that was a good while ago, and I had forgotten; but when I read the innocent meaning I remembered it all. But then it was too late. I had taken the trouble. Now let me ask why that great man could not say exploit—just plain exploit! It would have saved me trouble, and doubtless many not so fortunate as to possess an Unabridged Dictionary would have known what the brother meant.

One more "big word" and then I can say, in the language of the immortal Emmet, "I have done." Not a great while ago in one of our young but brilliant magazines—I wish I could say which ones, for it ought to be on every preacher's table; but some one would "catch up" with the young brother who used the "big word"—a number of excellent short articles appeared upon this subject, "The Preacher in his Various Relations." One of the articles discussed, and ably, "The Preacher as an Educator." One of the points made, and a good one, too, was that he must have the power of God, etc. But under this innocent statement the brilliant young writer says these powers must be "kinetic." When I saw that word I at once came to the conclusion that that was the "largest word to its size" that I had yet seen. I laboriously dragged out the "Unabridged" and found that this word, which I supposed meant some mysterious, subtle, inexplicable power, only meant moving power—i. e., a man who possessed "kinetic" power in reality only possessed moving power. "Only this and nothing more." I was anxious to know if I was the only preacher who was so far behind on "big words." So at a Pastors' Conference in one of our larger Southern cities I asked the brethren, some of whom were D.D.'s, and one an ex-college president, what "kinetic" meant. Only one ventured an answer. He said he was not sure, but thought it had something to do with the Karens. The others acknowledged that they did not know what it meant. All seemed to be rusty in the technical terms of the science of Physics. Let me venture a few statements with reference to this brother and his "kinetic":

1. That he has not yet studied Homiletics under Dr. Broadur.

2. Or, if he has, he never used the word "kinetic."

3. Or, if he has, he will never do so again, so help him Julius Caesar. Finally, Brother Editor, in the language of Dr. Frost, "I do not wish to make a speech, but only rise to protest against" our writers using words unintelligible to the average reader. Brethren, don't send us to the dictionaries so often.

N. W. P. BACON.

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BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR

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MODERATORS.

While we are writing upon the subject of Associations, we want to say a few words upon the question of moderators. The moderator of an Association is an extremely important factor in the interest of the Association. He is to guide its business, to give general direction to its discussions, to check disorder of any kind, and, in short, to see that everything during the sessions of the Association is conducted decently and in order. As a rule, a good moderator makes a good Association, and a poor moderator a poor Association. If he knows his business he will keep the business of the Association moving along smoothly and easily, giving each report its portion in due season. But if he does not know his business, then the business of the Association is very apt to get into a tangle, or to drag its slow lengths along until every one is tired out. And yet, despite these facts, a good moderator is a very rare animal. We have attended a good many Associations—now some hundred or more—going to some ten or fifteen a year for the last six years, and we declare to you that, during that time, we have never seen but two or three good moderators. We

shall not call their names, though we could easily do so. We prefer that each one should think that he is one of them, if he wants to do so. But time and again our soul has fretted within us at the dreadful incompetency of more than one who had been chosen by his brethren as moderator of the Association because he was a good brother and they felt that they ought to honor him. Now, we did not object to honoring the brother. The fact is that we should feel like taking off our hat to him and giving him all the honor he deserves. But we do not believe in honoring a man in any such way, by electing him to a position which he knows and everyone else knows he is incompetent to fill. While honoring him you are bringing reproach upon the Association and upon the cause of Christ. We believe that a moderator of an Association ought to be elected to the position not because he may be a good man in many respects, but because he is competent to fill that position—because he is a good preacher, or a good lawyer, or a good doctor, or a good farmer, or a good anything else. The idea in electing a man moderator, we believe, is not in order to honor him, but in order that he may be able to serve his brethren in that capacity. It is not the interests of the individual which are to be considered by the brethren, but the interests of the whole Association. Bear this in mind at the next meeting of your Association, pick out the man among you who is the best qualified, by ability and experience, to preside over your Association, and elect him as moderator. And then don't turn around and elect some one else next year so as to have rotation in office and honor different brethren, but elect that same man, whom you have decided will make the best moderator, again, and then again the next year and next year, until either the Lord calls him home or you find some better man than he to preside over your body. In this way you will give efficiency to your Association and add life and interest to its sessions. You may not honor so many men, but you will honor yourselves and honor the cause of Christ more. We have thought a good deal along this line before writing what we have, and we hope that you will think a good deal along it before you go to your next Association.

SAM JONES AND THE BISHOPS AGAIN.

In the Tennessee Methodist of December 20th, Sam Jones quotes Dr. Rush of Alabama as saying, in reply to some remark by Mr. Jones upon the Kelley case, "The man who makes the gods mad will be destroyed by them." Upon this Mr. Jones comments as follows: "He makes Bishop Duncan the mad god and Dr. Kelley the victim. If Bishop

Duncan were 'a god' and he were to take me off Elm Street church where I had been only two years and appointed me to Bell Buckle when my Board of Stewards unanimously desired my return, in such a case I would consider the act out of place very much for a god in a good humor. Dr. Kelley hadn't learned, perhaps, so much as his presiding elder. I am told his presiding elder (Dr. Kelley's) once remarked: 'I used to pray over my appointments, but I have learned now it pays better to monkey with the bishops.' Be it remembered, Dr. Kelley is under the ban of some of our bishops most terribly. He ran as a Prohibition candidate for Governor of Tennessee, and made some of the gods mad; hence he is taken from one of the most prominent stations in the Tennessee Conference and placed as pastor in charge at the village of Bell Buckle, Tenn., when his church, almost to a unit, if not altogether, desired his return."

In the same issue of the paper he remarks:

"I believe in bishops, love and honor many of them, but there are some bishops I don't admire."

Sam Jones, evidently, is not afraid of making the gods mad. In fact, he is something of a god himself, and seems to think that he is even a bigger one than the bishops. It is worthy of remark, by the way, that Mr. Jones always spells bishop with a small, "b." He has defiantly thrown down the gauntlet of battle to the bishops, and dares them to do their worst. He knows that they cannot hurt him. He feels quite independent of them, and so is leading the fight against their usurpations of power. It is fortunate for the Methodist ministry that they have a man of Mr. Jones' ability and influence to lead them in the fight. A lesser man than he might have hesitated a long time before entering the lists against the powers that be, thereby endangering his own head. But Mr. Jones feels that he is a bigger man than the bishops, and snaps his fingers in their faces. The fight is on, it is growing warm, and we shall watch it with interest.

THE CENTENNIAL.

As we have previously stated in these columns, it has been decided to hold a Centennial Exposition in Nashville during the fall of 1896 in celebration of the 100th year of the admission of Tennessee as a State to the Union. Davidson County, in which Nashville is situated, has already voted \$50,000 for that purpose, and it is expected that similar appropriations will follow from other counties in the State. Already the Centennial seems to be an assured success. We think that the holding of this Exposition will have a very beneficial effect, not only upon Nashville, but upon the whole State. It will increase our material prosperity, in the first place, by turning loose a large amount of money in Nashville for the purpose of erecting the buildings for the Exposition. And then it is estimated that it will probably bring into the State not less than 250,000 people who will spend in the aggregate perhaps as much as \$3,000,000, at a low estimate, and

probably more. Then, too, it will be the means of inducing a number of persons, who will thus come into the State to visit the Exposition, to settle among us when they perceive the advantages of the soil and climate which the State presents. Then, besides, it will give the people of the State a common interest toward which to look and work, and will thus succeed in binding them closer together than they have ever been before. Another similar result of this will be, we think, to create a greater State pride. The people of Tennessee, we fear, are lacking in that State pride. Certainly they do not have it in such a degree as do the people of Virginia or Georgia, or of Kentucky, or of other States. But we believe in State pride. It makes one more patriotic. It gives him a greater love for the people around him and a greater respect for himself. It makes him stand by his own interests and enterprises of his own people more earnestly. Bro. J. H. Anderson, our former Missionary Secretary, used to say that Tennesseans need to be Tennesseeized. That is a good idea. We believe that the Centennial will help to Tennesseeize Tennessee better than almost anything else that could be done.

1895.

"The king is dead. Long live the king." The old year has gone. The new year has come. Off with the old. On with the new. Let us turn our backs to the past, our faces to the future. Let us forget the things that are behind and press forward to the things that are before. We know not what awaits us in the coming year. It may be success, it may be failure. It may be joy, it may be sorrow. It may be life, it may be death. But whatever it be let us be prepared to meet it. Let us do the duty which lies before us, earnestly, faithfully and trust God for the rest. Farewell, 1894—along farewell until we meet the record which we have made in thee at the judgment bar of God. Welcome, 1895; and may the bright skies which ushered thee in prove auspicious of the prosperity which we shall experience during thy existence, both in temporal and spiritual affairs.

—We must be pardoned for publishing the following letter which comes to us from a good brother in Knoxville, as he is renewing for his paper. Such words put down into an editor's cushion, and bring sunshine to his heart. We wish that this was the only kind of letters that he ever receives, but then he gets a good many of such, and he always appreciates them very warmly:

"It is almost beyond the power of words to tell how much joy and love and instruction and knowledge and wisdom of divine and heavenly things your paper brings into my home and life. I very often refer to its pages for knowledge along deep and mysterious avenues of thought, and it is in my heart to express to you personally the high esteem in which I regard your fearless and true editorials."

PERSONAL AND PRACTICAL.

—Did you turn over a new leaf? Is it still clean?

—Cesar's wife should be above suspicion"—and so should Cesar.

—Extremes of all kinds meet in cities—extremes of wealth and poverty, of intellect and ignorance, of virtue and vice.

—A new Baptist church, known as the Spurgeon Memorial Temple, has been opened at Leith, Scotland. The building cost £2,500 and will seat 500.

—The total receipts of the Foreign Mission Board so far since last May are \$56,471.58. Of this amount Tennessee gave \$3,114.62. Let us raise at least the \$5,000 which was asked of us, by next May.

—Rev. Fred D. Hale recently held a good meeting with his church at Owensboro, Ky., doing the preaching himself. When a person can do it, this is the best way for a pastor to hold a meeting, simply with the help of the Lord and his brethren. But then not every pastor is a Fred Hale.

—Rev. W. P. Hines, of Richmond, Va., arrived in the city last week, and is assisting Dr. Lofton in a meeting at the Central Baptist Church. The meeting starts off well. Despite the cold weather large congregations attended the services last Sunday. We trust that much good may be accomplished and many souls saved.

—We have seen the statement recently in several papers that Evangelists Moody, Mills, Yatman, Varley and Sam Jones, none of whom are Baptists, have been immersed. Is this true? What about Sam Jones? It is news to us that he has been immersed. There is no doubt, we believe, about some of the others.

—We are sorry to learn of the death, recently, of the father of Sister R. B. Mahoney at Stanford, Ky. He was a prominent man in the community, and made himself a necessity in every circle of life. Bro. Mahoney says of him, "He was the kindest man I ever knew in his family." We tender our sympathies to Brother and Sister Mahoney.

—Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst is quoted as saying that he does not call his church his field, he calls it his force. This is a striking saying. So it should be with every pastor. His church should not simply be the field of his operations, but it should be a force back of him with which he works for the salvation of men and the conversion of the world. How is it with you? Is your church your field or your force?

—The Foreign Mission Journal for January comes out in new dress, illustrated and better printed. The illustrations in each issue for 1895 will make us feel like we know our missionaries better. The price of the Journal is only 35 cents for a year. Subscribe at once and get the January issue with pictures of Drs. R. H. Graves and R. T. Bryan. Address Foreign Mission Journal, Richmond, Va.

—We are sorry to learn that Bro. S. A. Davidson will soon leave Nashville to go to Rutherford County with his son, who recently purchased a farm near Reidsville. Bro. Davidson is an old man with a young heart.

He has been a valuable member of the Seventh Baptist Church of this city, and will be greatly missed, not only by the church, but by the Baptist brotherhood of the city in general. We are glad to know, however, that while he leaves Nashville he will still be in the Concord Association, of which he has been a useful member so long.

—Dr. W. W. Landrum began his thirteenth year as pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Richmond, Va., on Dec. 18th. When he first took charge of the church it had about 400 members, and now has double that number. Then its annual contributions were about \$7,500, and now are about \$18,000. These figures speak for themselves. It may be added that Dr. Landrum was never more popular with his church than he is to-day. He has declined several calls to strong churches both in the South and in the North.

—Rev. W. C. Cleveland of Springfield, Ky., is in the city on a visit to his mother. He is a genial companion as well as an excellent preacher. His friends in Nashville are always glad to see him. We wish he could be induced to come back to Tennessee. An effort was made last year to get him to do so, but he seemed to be wedded to his present field. He lacks one essential qualification of being a good bishop—he is not the husband of one wife. But there is yet hope that that sad lack may be supplied.

—We have been over the world a good deal, and have seen a number of excellent communities, but we do not know anywhere a better community, a finer class of people than those in the neighborhood of Oryssa, Tenn. The Rices and Estes, who largely compose it, are among the salt of the earth. The fact that we were born among them and that all of them are our friends and many of them our relatives may make us partial to them. At any rate, it was a very great pleasure to spend a few days during Christmas with them. It reminded us of old times.

—We are very sorry to learn of the misfortune which happened to the First Baptist Church of Chattanooga last Sunday. Dr. T. P. Bell of Nashville preached, and had just pronounced the benediction when the fire broke out. After much difficulty, however, it was checked before the building was entirely destroyed. The main damage was done to the roof. The walls are thought to be intact, and it is thought that the insurance will cover the loss. We do not know the cause of the fire, unless it was the warm sermon preached by Dr. Bell. We congratulate our Chattanooga brethren that there was no greater damage to their beautiful structure, and hope that it may soon be restored to its former beauty.

—Mrs. Lucy H. Dayton, the widow of Dr. A. C. Dayton and the mother of Mrs. Laura Dayton Eakin, editor of the Young South, died on Dec. 31st, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. M. Phillips, Pembroke, Ky., at the age of 70 years. She joined the Presbyterian Church when 18 years old, but followed her husband into the Baptist Church some years afterwards. For a long time, now, she had been more or less an invalid, and death came to her as a sweet release from her bodily pains. She was buried in

Nashville on Jan. 1st. Funeral services were held at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. W. Kannon, conducted by the editor of this paper. We tender our sympathies to the family, and trust that her death may be only a link to draw them nearer to heaven to meet her there.

—Dr. A. C. Barron, editor of the Baptist of Baltimore says that "Georgetown, Ky., has more Baptist preachers than any other town of its size in the world. There are fifteen living here, and the population numbers only about 4,000." Is this true? Are there not some towns in Tennessee which have a larger number of Baptist preachers in proportion to their population than Georgetown? What about Mossy Creek? Of course this is true, counting in the ministerial students there, but is it not true even if they are left out? We shall be glad to hear from other places upon this point. Dr. Barron thinks that the number of Baptist preachers in Georgetown "may account for the fact that it is such a good place in which to live." That ought to be true, but is it always the case that the more Baptist preachers you get together the happier will be any community? Sometimes just two of them can make things quite unpleasant.

—The English correspondent of the Examiner says that "weakness at the chest has compelled Rev. Charles Spurgeon to resign his charge of the church at South Street, Greenwich, where he has been most successful. He undertook the pastorate in 1879, when there were only sixty members, and now the membership is over 600. He took his farewell of his people Sunday, Nov. 25th, and of the Tabernacle friends the following evening." He goes to South Africa, where he hopes to be fully restored to health in that warm climate. Mr. Spurgeon is the twin brother of Rev. Thos. Spurgeon, who is now his father's successor as pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. He has not, perhaps, the originality or strength of character of his brother Thomas, but he is a most excellent man, as the above statement of his work at Greenwich would indicate. We trust that he may soon be fully restored to health, and may return to England to continue the great work which was being done by him.

—The Western Recorder states that the Rev. William Murray, missionary at Peking, China, has made a most valuable and interesting discovery. He wished to give the Bible to blind Chinese, of whom there are a great many. Considering how he could make a raised alphabet for them, he decided to make letters which would represent sounds. To his great joy he found that the more than 20,000 Chinese written characters represented only 408 distinct sounds. So he devised a system of raised dots to represent these sounds. And now he finds that by joining these dots he has a complete Chinese alphabet, which incalculably lessens the labor of learning to read Chinese. As the new standard to read the simplest book requires a knowledge of over 4,000 distinct characters; while to read the classics requires a knowledge of more than 20,000. Hardly five per cent. of the Chinese men know how to read, while hardly any women at

all ever learn. Now learning to read will be put within the reach of the masses. The Recorder adds: "This is a great thing for China. Nothing benefits a country in all respects like missionaries. In every way the missionary is a blessing." It is through the missionaries that nearly all health on countries have been opened up to commerce and civilization as well as Christianity.

—Dr. James Spurgeon, the surviving brother of Charles H. Spurgeon, has just completed the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate at West Croydon, London, England. In celebration of the event his friends presented him with £1,000, which he generously returned for the renovation of the chapel and school-room. In speaking of the present condition of the churches of England, he says: "I should say of the Baptist ministers I know, and few men know more, that nineteen out of twenty want to move, and the twentieth is wanted to move by the congregation, if he himself does not wish it. The depression in trade has made everything flag. Then the churches are restless. There have been great attempts at novelty in many places, but these are now exhausted, and they begin to think that the next change should be in the pulpit." The doctor is of the opinion that the standard of Baptist preaching in London to-day is far lower than it was twenty-five years ago. "We have," he says, "got equally good men as far as moral qualities are concerned, but they are not of the same mental strength and popular power as men like Dr. Brock, Dr. Landale, Dr. Steane, and my brother. The old preaching used to start from the Godward side; to-day it starts from the manward side, and speaks of man's rights and claims. That I think is a great descent."

—Dr. John Robertson, of Glasgow, Scotland, was recently converted to Baptist views, and preached a strong sermon, giving his reasons for his change of faith, which we hope to publish in a short while. Now it is announced that Rev. John S. Nye, a clergyman of the Church of England in Birmingham, has been baptized also. He preached the first of a series of sermons, giving the grounds of his conversion, to an immense congregation. The Baptist of London reports him as saying in that sermon that "the will of Christ was supreme, and if Christ had given certain directions so plainly that he could not mistake them, not all the bishops, archbishops, convocations, conferences or assemblies or courts ecclesiastical throughout the world, not even the decrees of the whole church Catholic, if that decree could be obtained, could sweep those directions away. Christ's authority was supreme, and that servant was a fool who refused to obey his Master's command and took the command of others instead. He argued from the Scriptures that baptism, which meant immersion, was Christ's command, that baptism must be preceded by faith, that such baptism was the only kind of baptism recorded, either of Christ or of the apostles who carried out Christ's commands, and that therefore, children were not proper subjects for baptism. They could not evade the plain directions of Christ without bringing down upon themselves a just punishment." Let the good work go on.

THE HOME.

Farewell, Old Year.

Farewell, Old Year, we walk no more together,
I catch the sweetness of thy latest sigh;
And, crowned with yellow brake and withered heather,
I see thee stand beneath this cloudy sky.

Here, in the dim light of a gray December,
We part in smiles, and yet we meet in tears,
Watching thy chilly dawn, I well remember
I thought thee saddest born of all the years.

I knew not then what precious gifts were hidden
Under the mist that veiled thy path from sight;
I knew not then that joy would come unbidden
To make thy closing hours divinely bright.

I only saw the dreary clouds unbroken,
I only heard the plash of icy rain;
And, in that winter gloom, I found no token
To tell me that the sun would shine again.

Oh, dear Old Year, I wronged a Father's kindness:
I would not trust Him with my load of care,
I stumbled on in weariness and blindness,
And lo! He blessed me with an answered prayer.

Good-bye, kind Year! We walk no more together,
But here in quiet happiness we part;
And, from thy wreath of faded fern and heather,
I take some sprays and wear them on my heart.

—Sunday Magazine.

Johnny and the New Year's Moon.

BY SYDNEY DAYNE.

"Hurrah! hurrah! in fourteen hours more I'll be calling out 'Happy New Year!'"

Johnny tore through the halls after tea, thinking of nothing except his own gladness. "Mamma, are you there?" he said, looking into the half-lighted sitting room.

"Yes, dear."

"Sitting here all alone, and in the dark, when it's almost New Year! Aren't you glad?"

"Yes, my boy, but in a quieter way than you. And when you are as old as I am, you will do a little thinking even when you are glad."

"Let me think with you now, mamma. What are you thinking about?" He climbed into her lap, and laid his head on her shoulder.

"I am thinking about the old year, which is so nearly dead," said his mamma.

"Dear me, so it is!" said Johnny. "I didn't think of that. Yes, the boys at school said it would die to-night at twelve o'clock."

"And I wonder if we have made the best of it while it lasted."

"You mean been as good as we ought to be, mamma?"

"Yes."

"You have, I know," said Johnny, patting her cheek lovingly; "but I haven't; I've done a good many naughty things."

"The New Year is a good time to begin a new life," said mamma. "How do you mean, mamma?"

"Well, I mean first, if we have any wrong habits, we should try our best to put them away."

"Yes, number one," said Johnny, marking on one small hand with the fingers of the other. "Let me see, I'm going to stop whining when you tell me to do what I don't want to do; and I'm going to do things quickly, too, and not dawdle about them. What's next, mamma?"

"If we have neglected to do right things, to begin doing them at once."

"Yes, number two," Johnny made another mark. "I'm going to learn my text every day, and I'm going to remember not to lose my mittens every time I go skating—is that the kind of things you mean, mamma?"

"Yes dear; anything great or small, that means doing right."

"What else?"

"If we have been unkind to anybody, to tell them we are sorry, so as not to let the sins of the old year run over to make a blot on the nice, clean, new year."

"Oh, dear!" Johnny did not mark number three, but moved a little restlessly on his mother's lap, and then asked:

"Isn't it enough to do to begin fair and square, not to be unkind to anybody any more?"

"I'm afraid not, Johnny; I don't think we can begin the new thing fair and square until we wipe the old thing away, do you?"

"I was mean to Jack Pratt," said Johnny, slowly, "but he has been hateful to me lots of times. I think it's a good deal nicer to be good to people that are good to you and let the others alone."

"If that was Jesus Christ's way, how would it be with all the poor wicked people in the world, Johnny?"

His mother was called away, and he looked out into the fast-gathering twilight. She was so much in the habit of talking with him that he could guess pretty nearly what else she would have said.

"It's almost too dark to go out," he said to himself, "and after all, Jack was every bit as mean to me as I was to him. He might just as well come to tell me he was sorry. Oh, there's the moon peeping through those trees. Looks as if she knew all about me and Jack. Wonder if she does?"

Johnny watched the silver disc as it slowly arose, higher and higher, among the distant branches. It did not seem so easy to feel angry with Jack, as its calm face seemed quietly to look upon him.

"P'raps nobody talks to Jack as mamma talks to me. P'raps Jack doesn't know what Christ says about forgiving. I've a great mind to go and tell Jack I'm sorry. But it's getting so dark I believe I'll wait till to-morrow."

"Now, as a matter of fact, Johnny did not care one straw about the darkness; but he did find it

very hard to make up his mind to speak to Jack.

"Yes, one day is just as good as another."

The moon had by this time got above the trees, and was sending her cheerful rays directly into the room.

"But to-morrow's the New Year. And, oh, dear, the stain will go over and spoil it. You great, beautiful moon, you look as if you were saying to me, 'Go at once, Johnny!'"

He slowly began pulling on his coat and fur cap.

"Wish I hadn't kicked the wheel off Jack's cart that day. I wouldn't have done it if he hadn't slung my new cap into the mud. And it was a mean old cart, anyway, that he made himself. But 'twas all the cart he had. Jack don't get lots of things as I do at Christmas. I was glad of it at that time, but I'm not glad of it now."

He stepped out on the back piazza with a mind still occupied with Jack.

"I read a book called 'Making Restitution.' Restitution's a word that means when you do a fellow any harm you must make it up to him if you can. I wonder why they have such long, hard words to tell things with. I wonder how I could make it up to Jack."

"No, siree!—I couldn't do that. Mrs. Moon, you needn't look right at me as if you were saying, 'You'd better give that sled to Jack, 'cause he don't get nice things as you do.'"

Johnny had turned towards a corner of the piazza in which stood the pride of his eyes and the joy of his heart—a sled, such a sled as not one of the other boys owned. Its runners stood up in front with a backward curve which took a sudden notion to turn to the right and end up with a swan's head.

"Give him my sled!" Johnny turned away with a look of scorn at the very idea.

"I've got plenty of things that I don't care for, left over from last Christmas. My locomotive—only its broke; or my kite, only you can't fly kites in winter."

Five minutes later a little figure with thick wrappings was casting squatty shadows over the bright, sparkling snow. The gilding on the runners also sparkled, and the swan's head shone silvery white as the sled glided swiftly along.

It was not far to go, only a run down the long garden path, out into a back street, and a few more steps brought him to Jack's door.

Jack was picking up some chips in an old shed, and his quick ear soon caught the sound of the small feet crunching the snow. Johnny could see his scowl as he gathered a handful of snow, and pressed it into a ball.

"Don't, Jack," cried Johnny, "I didn't come to do anything to you. Wait a minute."

But to Jack it was a rare chance at the enemy. He followed up the first ball with another and another until Johnny was glad to scamp away as fast as he could.

If it had only been a friendly fight he would not have minded it at all, and as it was he did not mind it much. The glow of kindly feeling in his heart increased with every moment, as such feelings will if cherished and fostered, and was too warm and strong to be quickly overcome.

"Well," he said, looking up into the moon's beaming face with a merry smile, "this is a joke, isn't it? What are you and I going to do about it now, I'd like to know? Mamma's gone out, so she can't tell me."

Johnny dragged his sled back to the piazza and went into the house. He found some New Year's cards, and after a half hour's hard work had written on the back of one these words:

"Der Jak, I am sorry I kikt yure cart weel. I hav got a weel of an old weel barra, I will giv yu my nu sled, it gos down hill skitin cos its nu yer, and evry boddly ought to mak up wen its nu yer."

He placed the card in an envelope and carefully tied it to a swan's neck. Out in the brightness again he quietly stole up to Jack's door and left his peace-offering in the moonbeams which shone into the old porch.

"All right now," he said, nodding confidentially to the moon, and adding to himself, "She looks as pleased as if she knew all about it. I wonder if she does. She really is smiling at me."

And she smiled as sweetly when she sent her shining rays to brighten his pillow as he lay down to sleep.

"I wonder," he said as he grew drowsy, "if they called it restitution because when you begin to think of it you can't rest till you do it. I must ask mamma about it when she comes to tuck me up."

He was fast asleep, however, long before she came. But the moon shone on as brightly as before.

It never pays to cherish a fault-finding spirit.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair

DR.
PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

YOUNG SOUTH.

Mrs. LAURA DAYTON EAKIN, Editor.
224 East Second Street, Chattanooga, Tenn.,
to whom communications for this department
may be addressed.
Young South Motto: Nulla Vestigia Retrosum.

The Golden Side.

There is many a rest in the road of life
If we would only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land
If the querulous heart would make it.
To the soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the winter's storm prevaileth.

Better hope, though the clouds hang low,
And keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown.
Or the miser's hoarded treasure:
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And do God's will with a cheerful heart,
And hands that are ready and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, minute thread
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

—Charles Mackay.

Young South Correspondence.

The first use I make of my Christmas pen, a lovely "John Holland," shall be to give you most happy

NEW YEAR GREETING.

May 1895 bring you great prosperity! I have great hopes of you. We have grown to understand and love each other, and we could scarcely begin a year under happier auspices. The times are brightening every day, I think. There is nothing to hinder our doing a grand work. You will see that as far as the finances go we make an excellent beginning. As for the

TITHES.

I put mine in first of all. One of my brothers gave me \$3 and I turn over the 30 cents most gladly. Who will follow me?

I have a whole "pigeon-hole" full of letters. Suppose we read them together. The first is short and sweet: "Aunt Nora's bell has \$1 for the Orphanage machine. Wishing you all a merry Christmas."

Mrs. G. W. MENNEN.

We are most grateful. The machine fund is growing beautifully. The new year will not be old before we have its busy hum resounding through the great halls of our Orphanage.

East Tennessee helps on the good work also:

"We have a Missionary Band of 27 little girls and boys, just organized, and you will find enclosed \$1 for the machine fund. Lovingly,
Mrs. JOE CATER."

How much that Band can accomplish this year! Let us hear again from them soon.

Bill Buckle greets us most handsomely:

"The Ladies' Aid Society of the Bell Buckle Baptist Church contributes the amount enclosed to the machine fund. You have our prayers in your work. Very truly,
Mrs. E. H. WILLIAMS, Pres."

How very kind it is in these good

ladies to thus remember our work and the orphan! How much obliged we are! If a few more ladies' societies will spare us \$1 even we shall soon accomplish this desire of our hearts.

Here's a sweet letter with a true Christmas ring from one of our old friends:

"Here I come with my \$1, this time for the Orphanage. I collected all but nine cents in my pyramid and mamma gave me that. I sent you 10 cents last Christmas, and ten times this one. Would it not be nice if I could send \$10 next year? My little brother Lucien and I are expecting Santa Claus to-night. How I hope he will visit all the little ones and especially the orphans! Wishing you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, I am, your little friend,
LUCIEN JERRARD."

Let us all hope that this wonderful proportion will hold good. At any rate, we know she will do all she can this year. Will Japan come next with her?

This is from another of our oldest and best working families.

"Enclosed find \$1.50 for our missionary. It is the result of Esther's missionary chickens. She has been away from home at school and I have been sick for more than two months, or you would have heard from us before. I will not divide with the Orphanage, because I know many will give to that who will not send the gospel to heathen lands. Very truly,
Mrs. M. C. WINGO."

Our receipts this week at least seem to prove that last statement, but we are most anxious for the Young South to develop symmetrically. It is well for the older, wiser heads to keep it well balanced.

I have this, too, in the same envelope:

"I am only eight years old, but I picked cotton this year and made 20 cents. I have read the 'Story of the Gospel' and now I am reading the New Testament. I send 10 cents for missions. Your little friend,
FAUSTINA WINGO."

Those who read the Testament are very prone to give to missions. Children of a larger growth may well follow this tiny one's leading, work, read, give.

The tide has turned. Here's another for missions:

"You will find enclosed 25 cents for our Mrs. Maynard. I love to work for Foreign Missions more than for any other object. I hope even this amount may be of some help.
A FRIEND."

It is not the amount, but the spirit with which we give. We have only to do our best, and God will not regard the rich man's thousands more kindly than our pennies. With his blessing there is no computing the good even one quarter may do.

I think you will read this letter below with great interest. I am so glad to give you such a lovely record to think over:

"Enclosed find \$3. My brother and I send 50 cents of it to Mrs. Maynard. We love to read about her in the Young South, and we want to work for her. The rest of the money is from our little Sunday-school class, to help buy the Orphanage machine. We have sent the orphans \$15 since last Christmas, and we give them St. Nicholas' magazine. Our class takes

the greatest interest in these poor little ones, and we want to hear about them every Sunday. Your little friend,
JULIA D. WALKER."

Who can beat that? It is certainly a lovely thing for a class to accomplish. May they keep on in this good way!

I like this record, too, very much. I wish there was such a Band in every church in Tennessee:

"Enclosed find \$2.50 from the little 'Willing Worker's Mission Band' of Stanton Baptist Church, \$1.50 for Mrs. Maynard's work, in which we take a deep interest. We learned to love Bro. Maynard during his two short visits to us, and we are sure, since reading Mrs. Maynard's soul-stirring letters to the Young South, that she is noble and good. May God bless them! The other dollar is for the Orphanage. We trust it may help to gladden the hearts of the little ones. We are a small but earnest band of workers just organized this fall, but we hope in our humble way to accomplish some good for the Master's cause. Sincerely,
HARRY L. MARTIN,
Pres. W. W. M. B. Stanton Bap. Ch."

This comes from Talbot:

"You will find enclosed 34 cents for the machine fund. I hope even this amount will be some help. I like to read our paper very much. May the Lord bless the orphans!"

MAY BETTIS.

A few more such little gatherings will give us the machine. Thanks to this little Baptist.

It would not be Christmas without Aunt Nora's bells. This is the second that has chimed for us.

"Enclosed you will please find \$1 collected in the bell Aunt Nora sent me. It is for our missionary. I hope to be able to send something for the Orphanage soon. This is my Christmas offering as a member of the primary class of Zion Sunday-school. Wishing the Young South a happy Christmas, I am your little friend,
HERMON A. JACOBS."

Here's another Sunday-school class to the front!

"Enclosed please find \$1 for the Orphanage machine, given by the Infant Class of Kirkwood Baptist Church, near Hampton Station. I read the Young South page with great interest. Wishing that Band great success in their efforts both for the Orphanage and missions during 1895, I subscribe myself your sister in Christ,
(Mrs.) CHARITY MORGAN."

We are most grateful, both for money and kind words.

Now, is not that a nice lot of letters to be received in one little week? Keep it up, dear young readers, and we shall do wonderful things this year.

We are much indebted to our "Unknown Friend," whose \$2 she will find acknowledged in "Receipts."

I have sent the quilt (sent to me in Chattanooga some time since) to the Orphanage, and as I put it in with a Christmas bundle going to Nashville, there were no express charges this time, but I prefer always that you send direct to Rev. T. T. Thompson, Nashville, Tenn.

I think Miss Lucie Cunningham may very soon make her selection of the Orphanage machine, and draw on me for the cost. Another such week as I report this time will bring it very

near our eager grasp. Don't flag for a moment in your efforts. Let us make this the very best year of our existence. We can if we will. With all good wishes, I am, yours faithfully,
LAURA DAYTON EAKIN.

Receipts.

Previously acknowledged	\$175 00
Mrs. G. W. Mennen, Nashville	1 00
Mrs. Joe Cater, Mosley Creek	1 00
Ladies' Aid Society, Bell Buckle	4 00
Ligon Jeffreys, Willard	1 00
Mrs. Wingo, Treasurant	1 50
Paustina Wingo, Treasurant	10
A Friend, Langdon	25
Julia D. Walker and brother, Dyersburg	25
Dyersburg Sunday-school	3 50
An Unknown Friend, Grand Junction	2 00
A Willing Worker, by Harry L. Martin, Stanton	3 00
May Bettis, Talbot	34
Hermon A. Jacobs, Hampton	1 00
Mrs. Charity Morgan, Hampton Station	1 00
Tithes	45
Total	\$192 50
Now in Treasury	\$ 73 50

ORPHANAGE MACHINE FUND.

"A Friend"	\$ 25
Eva Hanson	25
Lawrence Hanson	25
Mrs. Norville and children	25
Nora Williamson	50
L. J. Osburne, for North Fork Church	1 00
Boy of Greenwood S. S. Church	1 00
Pamela Hall	50
Hall Naylor	50
Jerome Pendleton	50
Ashport Sunday-school	1 00
Nilwren Nowlin	10
Robbie Warmath	50
P. R.	50
Fred Waters	25
Mrs. Hager	50
New Hope S. S. Church	1 00
Morrisstown Sunbeams	2 00
Nettie Price	50
Three Little Ones	1 00
Clyde Jennings	25
Eugene Jones	1 00
"A Friend," Chestnut Ridge	1 00
Annie Joyner	25
Mrs. Morris and grandchildren	1 00
Nelly Powell	25
St. E. Deakin	1 00
Mrs. Charity Morgan's Class	1 00
Mrs. Mennen	1 00
Mrs. Joe Cater	1 00
Ladies' Aid Society, Bell Buckle	4 00
Ligon Jeffreys	1 00
Dyersburg Sunday-school	3 50
An Unknown Friend	1 00
Willing Workers, Stanton	1 00
May Bettis	34
Total	\$ 30 45

TITHES.

L. D. Eakin, Chattanooga	\$ 20
Becky Eakin, Chattanooga	15
Total	\$ 35

Eastern Ideas of Mercy.

"Better raise her or not? What do you think?" The questioner was a Chinese farmer. We had been preaching in his village, and he followed us away from the crowd to make this important query. The creature whose fate was undecided had been recently born with an extra toe on each foot, hence his dilemma. Farmers at home are sometimes in doubt in regard to animals a trifle deformed whether or not to raise them, but did you ever know a farmer in America to go about asking advice whether to rear his little baby girl, or to take a fan and fan away the breath that God had breathed into her nostrils so that she had become a living soul? The explanation that fell upon our ears was: "I have a female child, and she has six toes on a foot; many of the neighbors tell me I had better not raise her; her feet can never be made to look well. What do you say?" I said, of course, that this child was given him by the God of heaven; to kill her was murder; a great sin, and one for which he must give account at the judgment day. The Chinese, most of them, believe in a judgment. This seemed so unexpected that he turned to Elder Khong, hopefully puzzled, and asked: "What does the teacher say?"

"The teacher says it would be very wrong for you to kill your child; our religion teaches that." "O-hi! that's it." And he turned away with the air of a man who has heard some new thing. —Foreign Mission Journal.

—We cannot do our best for a cause we are not sure is right.

RECENT CONFIRMATIONS OF OPINIONS

From Parties Who Have
Previously Testified About
the Electropoise.

Rev. W. O. Hearn, D.D., Talladega, Ala., Sept. 29, 1894: "My good opinion of the Electropoise has not changed or abated."

T. M. Bradley, Assistant Cashier of First National Bank of Birmingham, Ala., Oct. 10, 1894: "I am willing to sign anything you want about the Electropoise. My letter of three years ago still holds good."

Mrs. E. W. Story, La Place, Ala., Oct. 8, 1894: "I am willing to do anything to aid the Electropoise. I am still using it with beneficial results."

Mr. P. Sid Jones, with Louisville & Nashville Railroad, Birmingham, Ala., Oct. 8, 1894: "With pleasure I renew my testimonial given several years ago."

Mr. D. A. Bryant, Hackneyville, Ala., Oct. 8, 1894: "I still think the Electropoise is the greatest invention of the age, and I would not be without it for any price."

Rev. S. J. Knowles, Headland, Ala., Oct. 22, 1894: "I still think the Electropoise is the greatest of all curative agents, and I have not language strong enough to express my confidence in it."

Mr. Z. D. Childress, Ralston, Tenn., Oct. 2, 1894: "My father has improved a great deal since he got the Electropoise."

For full particulars concerning the Electropoise, with prices, terms, etc., write or call for our 50-page book, mailed free to any address. DuBois & Webb, Nashville, Tenn.

To Readers of the Baptist and Reflector.

Dr. E. J. Worst of Ashland, Ohio, has kindly offered to mail all readers of the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR one week's trial treatment of the famous Australian Electro Pill remedy free, for catarrh, kidney, liver and stomach trouble, sick headache, sleeplessness, rheumatism and nervous ailments, or seven week's treatment for only \$1.00. Readers of the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR desiring to manage branch agencies for the sale of this great remedy, should apply now for terms and territory, naming the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR.

Dr. Kollock in Nashville.

The attention of the reader is especially called to the card of Dr. MATTHEW HENRY KOLLOCK, which is in another column. The Doctor is a native of Norfolk, Va. (1834), of a prominent Southern family of Savannah, Ga. He is quoted as standard authority by the "Encyclopedia Britannica," Vol. X, page 186, the "largest and most important work in the world," being in twenty-five volumes, each the size of a large church Bible. He is noted as the discoverer of the active principle of galvanism, a specific for neuritis of the face and womb. The Doctor has been all over the world, and has made many cures, especially at Hot Springs, Ark., given up by other physicians.

Dr. Kollock in Nashville.

OBITUARY.

NOTICE—Obituary notices not exceeding 200 words will be inserted free of charge, but one cent will be charged for each succeeding word and should be paid in advance. Count the words and you will know exactly what the charge will be.

CUNNINGHAM.—On the morning of November 26, 1894, at his home near Cottontown, Tenn., Robert Cunningham quietly passed away after a lingering and painful illness of many months. He was in his 81st year, and had been for 60 years an earnest and consistent servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was a diligent Bible reader and a loving but unyielding defender of its truths. We voice the sincere feeling of all within his wide circle of relatives, friends and acquaintances when we say, *We miss him.*

He is missed in his home. It was a home which his affection for his children, and their's for him, made a home in every sense of the word. To his sorrowing loved ones it is a home no longer.

He is missed in his church. He loved the Master's cause and in all that tended towards its advancement he was a wise counselor and a self-denying helper.

He is missed in all his community. He was a good neighbor and a useful, public-spirited citizen. He was always ready to help the struggling and needy. Many are the kind words spoken of him by those who loved him most because they knew him best.

He leaves a family of ten children. Nine of them were present at the funeral, which was preached by his former pastor, Rev. V. K. Witt, of Franklin, Ky., in the church at Cottontown on Nov. 27, 1894.

O. C. PATTON.

McNEELY.—Whereas, the Almighty Father took from amongst us lovely little Lucille McNeely, the only daughter of our beloved Superintendent, at the age of six years, on Nov. 26, 1894; therefore, be it

Resolved, by the members of our Sunday-school, That while the school has lost a good and greatly beloved pupil, her parents a sweet and loving child, her brother a loving sister, and her playmates a truly affectionate friend, we should submit to the will of our Heavenly Father, who has seen best to take her to dwell with the loving Jesus.

Resolved, That we tender to the devoted family our deep and heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement, and that we point them to the precious promises of the gospel, and would say to them look up, your darling has only passed the pearly portals a little in advance and is now with angels and will wait and watch for you.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, the Sunday-school Board for publication in *Kind Words* and to the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR for publication.

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Franklin, Tenn.

Dear Bro. Folk:—I see in this week's BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR that Dr. Tribble, of the First Church, Jackson, says his people have given a contribution to our church here. How it gladdens our hearts! Oh, if we could only see letters from pastors of other churches with such encouraging words! During the autumn I visited several churches in West Tennessee in the interest of our Franklin Church, among them the First and Central Churches of Memphis. The First Church promised to help us and one of the deacons in the Central Church said if we would send a petition as a church to them we might get help from the Central Church. Now we stand before all the Baptist churches of Tennessee as a little mission church, bending all our energies to the building of a house of worship here to replace the one which was destroyed by fire last June. Why this brother wished us as a church to send a special petition to the Central Church for help I do not understand, for it is well known throughout the denomination in this state that the Franklin Church stands in the utmost need of assistance. We have a beautiful little structure going up, and it is now almost ready for the roof, but we must have help from somewhere. While I was in the hospitable little city of Humboldt the church gave me \$10 and friends, members of the churches, gave me \$3.55. At Union City brethren and friends contributed privately \$7.10. At Jackson Dr. Tribble promised to take up a collection, and I see it is forthcoming. How I enjoyed my visit to the dear old First Church there, where I was a member in years gone by! I had the pleasure of seeing the pastor baptize 21

A Beautiful Present.

Miriam Heth, a tale of the times of Christ, by A. J. Holt, D.D., written in Jerusalem. This unique volume is elegantly bound with illuminated covers, full gilt and with an engraving of the author.

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Things That Do Not Pay.

It is foolish to make professions that you do not live up to. It will not do to offer God excuses when he calls for living actions. It never pays to send the children into the street to get quiet in the parlor.

There is no profit in arguing with an unbeliever.

It never pays to do in private what you would be ashamed to have known in public.

It never pays to rob your stomach to put fine clothes on your back.

It never pays to ridicule religious teachers before the children.

It never pays to starve the soul to feed the body.

It will not pay to join a church that does not require something of you.

Job Work.

The BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR solicits orders for all kinds of job work, such as the printing of minutes, tracts, circulars, cards, etc. We guarantee that the work will be done both as cheaply and neatly as anywhere in the city. We should be glad to receive your orders.

—Spurgeon's Sermon Notes which we offered as premiums a few months ago proved so popular that we have ordered another large lot and offer them again as follows: For three new subscribers and the money, \$5.00, we will give a complete set of Spurgeon's Sermon Notes, 4 vols., cloth-bound, price, \$4.00. Send in your orders soon.

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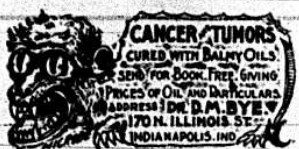
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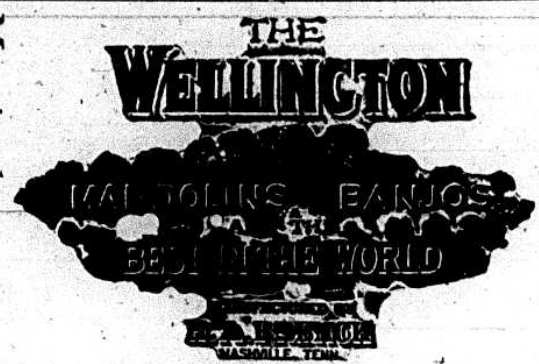
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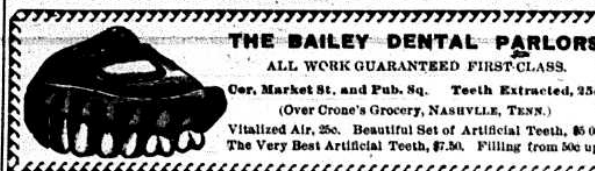


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Entered at the post-office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

OLD SERIES, VOL. LIX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY 10, 1895.

NEW SERIES, VOL. VI. No. 21

CURRENT TOPICS.

—The pope has recently issued a manifesto objecting to Catholics being members of secret orders, specifying the Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance and Knights of Pythias. We should like to ask, what about the order of the Jesuits, or the Catholic Knights of America, or other similar Catholic organizations? We may answer our own question by saying that the simple difference is that those who belong to these organizations swear allegiance to the pope, and those who belong to the Masons, Sons of Temperance, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and similar organizations do not. The difference may be simple, but in the eyes of the pope it is very great. The pope must be first, and everything else second. Besides, no one must have any secret which he cannot tell to the pope or to his representatives. Let us ask another question in this connection: If a man owes his allegiance to the United States of America, can he be a good Catholic? Or we may turn the question around and ask: If a man owes his allegiance to the pope of Rome first, can he be a good American citizen? We leave these questions to answer themselves.

—Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, who recently figured so notoriously in the Breckinridge-Pollard scandal, has started out upon a lecture tour. We are glad to know, however, that in the places which he has visited, so far, he has been greeted by small audiences, in which there were few ladies, and sometimes none except his wife. We hope he will learn before his tour is over that he cannot fly in the face of the moral sentiment of this country, and expect people to forget all about it in a few months time, or to gulp down their indignation and receive him as a conquering hero. He should know that notoriety is not fame, and that the people of this country have some self-respect left. Col. Breckinridge should have the good taste to hide his disgraced head quietly at home for a few years, at any rate. We see it stated that he is a candidate for United States Senator from Kentucky. We can hardly believe the report. Certainly we are confident that the people of Kentucky will not so disgrace themselves and our common country as to send him as their representative to the United States Senate as a reward for his shameful conduct.

—Dr. Young J. Allen, a missionary of the M. E. Church, South, in Shanghai, China, writes an interesting letter to the Christian Advocate about "The War in the East, Its Objects and Bearings," in which he says (we

quote somewhat at length in order to give our readers a thorough idea of the situation from one on the ground): "By this sudden triumph of Japan a new and unexpected mentor, endowed with the spirit and methods of our Western civilization, has been raised up here in the East seemingly for the special benefit of China. To speak frankly, it has long been the conviction of those who know China best, who love her and would do most for her, that not until her superciliousness and arrogance; her ignorance and cowardice; her mendacity, cruelty, and perverse conservatism, could be abated, or in other words, not until she had suffered some terrible humiliation, could any very favorable or hopeful change in her relations to the rest of the world be expected, much less inaugurated. Much may now be expected. And particularly does the present change as to the political status of the respective nations, Japan and China, address itself to the Church in Christian lands. This war has been an effective object lesson to China—worth more to her than a hundred years of preaching—and henceforward, as she now must know and recognize, her only safety as a nation will depend on how earnestly and thoroughly she accepts and masters its teaching. With the restoration of peace then we may expect the beginning of a new era in the history of China, of Corea, and, not less so, in that of Japan. Accordingly the outlook for missions gives that enterprise a wider and intenser significance than ever before. The hour of her humiliation is the Church's opportunity, and there are not wanting even now signs of a reaction in the imperial court in favor of the missionary and his work, as evidenced by the undisguised pleasure with which the Empress dowager received a few days ago the copy of the New Testament especially prepared and presented to her by the Christian women of China, on the occasion of her sixtieth birthday, and also by the fact that the Emperor himself, immediately thereafter, drew up a list of Christian books, including the Old Testament, and sent a eunuch to bring them from a Christian bookstore in the capital. There are also other tokens, all of which would seem to indicate that if the dynasty is spared, our work and workers will hereafter receive such consideration and protection throughout the country as to justify an advance call on the Christian Church at home for enlarged and more hopeful views for the work in China, and for greater liberality, that this opportunity may be simply availed of to confer on this great, but now humiliated, heathen people the blessings of the

gospel." It may be remembered by some that both in these columns and in speeches we predicted just about this result at the very beginning of the war last summer. As we have said before, God's hand seemed to be in it all.

The Unread Book of the Bible.

BY REV. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, D.D.

There is one book in the Bible which may be called the unread book. Though in the very heart of the sacred library given us by our Heavenly Father, it is ignored and neglected. Metaphorically upon the top shelf, and given over to dust, it is forgotten alike by the preacher of the gospel and by the reader of Scripture in public worship. Rarely are texts for sermons taken from its pages. Or, if such a text be taken and preached upon, it is developed according to an allegory, which has no real connection with the original of the Word of God, though it may have with the chapter headings which printers have unwarrantably incorporated into the English Bible.

The Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, which set all other denominations the noble example of reading abundantly the Scripture as a part of the devotional exercises of the house of God, pass this book. No regular place is given to it in the Lectionary, though liberal parts of the apocrypha are appointed to be read. Possibly, on Easter Monday, a fragment of this neglected book may be read in public.

In order to have "The Song of Solomon" appear safe and acceptable, it has to be covered over with the whitewash of tradition and allegory. In this respect, it is like the beautiful medieval paintings on the walls of Dutch cathedrals, which are hidden from sight by century-old laminas or whitewash. Cunning and busy allegorists, excelling the spiders in the fineness and long spun threads of their webs, have woven over this beautiful poem a theory which has no support in the sacred text itself. The Song of Songs, when rightly understood, does not in any way militate against that eternally beautiful parable, that glorious allegory of the eternal Lover, and his Beloved. Reading the Song of Songs in its natural and manifest sense, and according to its form in the Revised Version, does not for one moment disturb the Bible picture of Christ and the church, of the Bridegroom and his Bride, of the thorn-crowned One knocking at the door. On the contrary, just as our ideas of God and heaven and home and love are intensified, made more real, by their counterparts on earth, so does

the right reading of this Bible book of love increase our understanding and appreciation of the continuous parable and allegory which begins in Genesis and ends in Revelation.

No book of the Old Testament stood more in need of the reviser's touch, and of the scholar's presentation, than the Song of Songs. A hundred years of devout scholarship enables the reader of to-day to see the real form of this matchless Hebrew pastoral. There is no excuse now for not enjoying to the full this fruit of divine inspiration. The unanimity among Hebrew scholars as to its form and real nature is remarkable. The overwhelming majority of them agree that it is a dramatic poem in five movements or divisions, and fourteen scenes. There are three chief characters in the poem. These are: first, the Shulamite, the pure and virtuous woman, who remains faithful to her betrothed lover, the shepherd, while Solomon vainly endeavors to have her yield to his advances, his purpose being to make her one of his harem. Between each movement of the poem there is the adjuration that love be not excited or aroused, but that it spring spontaneously.

There is not in the whole poem of five thousand words one impure thought, or evil suggestion, unless it be at one point from the polygamist king who has disobeyed his God and the law of Israel. True poetry pulses in every stroke, the images are vivid, the passion of true love is ardent, and all is glowing and perfumed, as in the oriental style, but both language and thought are pure. The snowy-minded maiden, the man of purest thought, the white haired Christian who expects absolute staidness in God's word, can read the poem from beginning to end without finding one phrase or thought to object to, if he will but make some reasonable allowance for oriental poetry and warm expressions which may pass beyond the limit of our colder occidental and modern taste.

Many persons, in reading this book in the old version, are troubled to find that the name of God is not in it, nor is there any reference to Christ or the Messiah. This indeed, they think, is also the case with the book of Esther; but their minds are more disturbed in the case of the Canticle because it treats a subject that is more or less disturbing, while the book of Esther deals with history.

Now, in the Revised Version, this objection is removed, for the name of God is in the English version just where it has always been in the Hebrew—that is, at the culmination or poetic climax of the book, where also its doctrinal apex is found. In the book of Esther, if one reads the Hebrew carefully, he will find the name of Je-