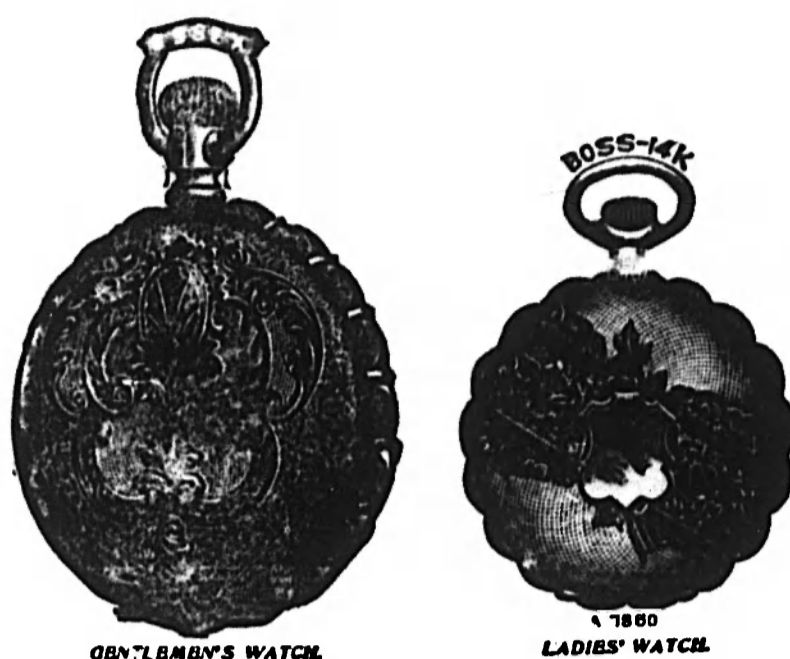


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BAPTIST and REFLECTOR,
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Baptist and Reflector

SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE.

Old Series, Vol. LXI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER 4, 1897.

New Series, Vol. IX, No. 11

THE GOSPEL FOR AFRICA.

BY REV. C. E. SMITH

Country.—The Yoruba country, the part of Africa where the Southern Baptist Convention are at present working, is situated on the Gulf of Guinea in West Central Africa, lying, as near as possible, between 6 degrees and 8 degrees North Latitude, and between 2 degrees and 5 degrees East Longitude, and is about 200 miles square. It is (or was) divided among some six or seven nations, or tribes, all speaking the same language. Near the coast, the country is mostly flat, often swampy, and heavily timbered. About sixty miles from the coast the timber gives away to prairie, covered with a heavy growth of very high grass, growing from five to ten feet high. There are few swamps, except small ones, in the interior, and there are many high hills, many of them of solid granite. At Ogbomoshaw our most northern station, the country is about 200 feet above sea level. As far as to this last point there is always a fresh breeze from the sea, except for a small part of the year, a wind from the north, called Harmattan, prevails. Of course the climate is warm, for we are close on to the Equator. The sun is very power-

ful, and seems to think the future is all right, and are unconcerned about it—at least so far as I can find out.

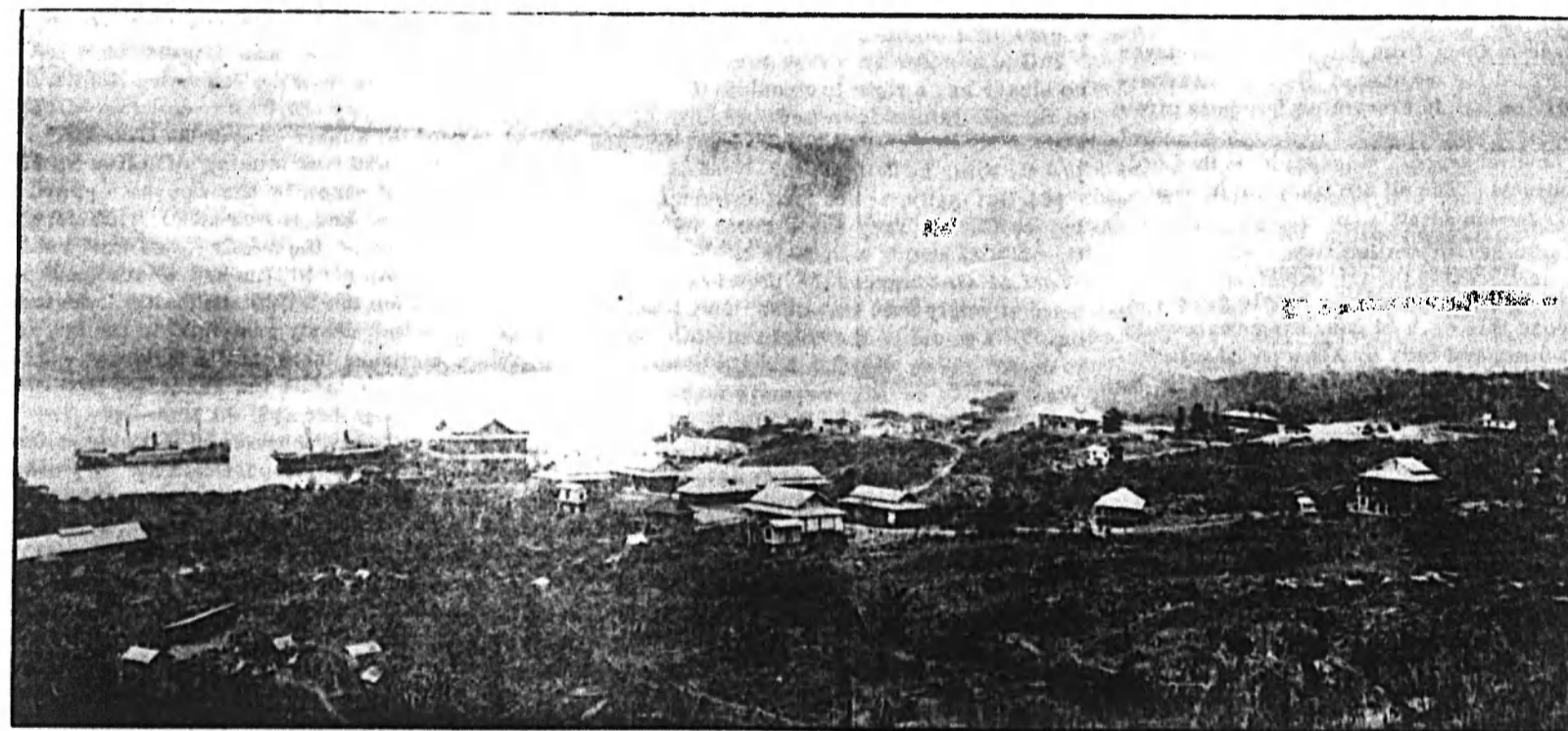
A Little Mission History.—Our Convention's first work in Africa was in Liberia, afterwards extended, in 1850, to the Yoruba country. Later the work in Liberia was given up. Our first missionary to Yoruba was the lamented Bowen. Between 1850 and 1869, when our work here was practically given up, we had at different times twenty-two missionaries on the field. I think some died not very long after reaching the field, and some others were compelled to return home to save their lives. I think not more than half of them were able to stay long. The climate is better understood now, and our surroundings are better, so I think our chances for living and staying are better. Our civil war, and a war in this Yoruba country, which destroyed our chief station west far to stop our work; and an outbreak of heathen against the Christians in Abeokuta, in 1868, and the ill health of our last missionary on the field put the final stop to our work in 1869. The work was begun again in 1875 by W. J. David. On arriving in Lagos, he found a small handful of our converts regularly meeting for worship, a young native

from Lagos is the large city of Abeokuta, estimated at from 150,000 to 200,000 inhabitants. Our work here has always been very discouraging, and there are now less than twenty members, but it is partly because we have had too few missionaries. If we could keep two strong men there I think we might do something. It is now in charge of a native man.

Our next station is at Awyaw, 100 miles northeast of Abeokuta, the capital of the Yoruba nation, as distinguished from the whole country which we call Yoruba. This place is estimated to have about 75,000 people. We had a station here many years ago, but if there were any converts they were not to be found four years ago, when the work was reopened there. As yet the work there has been house building and seed sowing. There have been two baptisms, and there are now four members. The C. M. S., has a small organization and the Wesleyans have a beginning.

Our next and last station is at Ogbomoshaw, about 30 miles east of Awyaw, or, by the road we have to travel, about 300 miles interior from Lagos. It is estimated to have about 75,000 inhabitants.

Missionaries.—Following is a list of our mission-



MATADI.

One hundred miles from the Atlantic coast. Matadi is the highest point to which ocean steamers can ascend on the Congo. Here the cat-rails begin; this is the point of departure of the new railway.

ful, and one soon pays for his rashness if he exposes himself too much. It is a sure way to bring on fever. The seasons are, the rainy from May to October, and the dry from November to April.

On the coast the countries are under English rule. The interior is under the influence of the English, who will allow no more wars. This latter is only within the last two years.

People.—The people, of course pure negroes, are quite industrious in their way; carrying on farming (all by hand), trading, and the various trades with considerable energy, when we consider the race and climate. They are, for the most part, strong, well built, and very decent looking people.

Religion.—They are pure idolaters, but they acknowledge one supreme God over all, whom they call by a word which means the owner of heaven, but if they ever worship Him I don't know it, though individuals have told me that they prayed to Him before worshipping their idols. They often speak of matters that are beyond them as in the hands of God, and they often say "Thank God," when asked after their welfare, but all of this is mere form. All their worship and all their fear is for their idols, with no thought for the future or of spiritual worship. They

brother (M. L. Stone) preaching for them and working at his trade as carpenter for a living. At Abeokuta, Bro. David found three or four converts, and at Ogbomoshaw a few more. With the help of some native young man, he opened up work in all these places. He found those at Ogbomoshaw worshipping under a tree.

Present Work.—We are working four principal cities and in two villages. Our first station is Lagos, on the coast. It is under England, and is estimated at 75,000 people. There is much of civilization, yet the majority of the people are heathens or Mohammedans. There are two Baptist churches there, one called the Native Baptist Church, with about 100 members, (it needs a revival of exclusions,) and the Mission Church, numbering about eighty members, only partly supported by the mission. The Mission Church is growing quite rapidly. At a short distance from Lagos, the Mission Church has a mission in a village, where there have been a few baptisms.

At Ilawusa Farm, a village a few hours' travel from Lagos, we have long had a station under a native man, but at no expense to the mission for about two years now. I think there are about twenty members there. About sixty miles interior (north)

aries, sent out since the reopening of the mission in 1875. W. J. David came out in 1875, but was compelled to return in 1880 and has not yet been able to come back. At the same time W. W. Colley, col., came out, but resigned in 1879. Mrs. David came out in 1879 and died in 1881. P. A. and Mrs. Eubank came out in 1882, but after eight years of hard work felt compelled to retire, but they look forward to a time when they may re-enter the work. W. P. Harvey, Mrs. Harvey, S. M. Cook and C. E. Smith came out in 1884. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey returned home in 1886, on account of ill health, and the same year Mr. Cook withdrew. Miss Cynthia E. Morris (afterwards married to C. E. Smith) came out in 1886 and died in 1889. In 1889 C. C. Newton, Mrs. Newton, Miss A. Newton, W. T. Lumbly and Mrs. Lumbly arrived on the field. Mrs. C. E. Smith came out in 1891, C. E. Smith having married again while at home. In 1890 S. G. Pinnock came to us from the Wesleyans, and later was married to a lady of that society, who also joined us.

Our present native force consists of three men (and their wives), whose chief work is preaching, and two school teachers. Ogbomoshaw, Africa.

Pabloan. He expressed it when, with his last laboring breath, he prayed, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." In that prayer of the expiring felon, helpless and cast himself on almighty power, and unholiness embraced infinite purity. In that prayer the guilty and frightened soul took refuge in the sheltering bosom of a forgiving God. The exhausted and dying Redeemer at his side had ceased to hear the oriel mockery and the wicked imprecations of the mob beneath him. The stillness of his mangled form, and the silence of his seared lips, indicated that life was almost extinct; but when the poor, conscience-stricken and friendly thief said, "Lord, remember me," his ear heard, his great heart moved, and his lips responded. His divine arm clasped the spirit of the dying suppliant, and bore it upward through the gates of paradise to a place where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are forever at rest." Arm in arm they entered the pearly gates, arm in arm they walked the golden streets, and side by side they sat upon the great white throne, while the innumerable company of angels and the countless throng of glorified saints rent the air and shook the high vault of heaven with hosannas for the Redeemer and plaudits for the redeemed.

Missouri Baptist General Association.

This body of Baptists convened in its 63rd session in the Baptist Church of Mexico, Mo., of which Rev. N. B. Pittman is pastor.

The annual sermon was preached by Dr. W. R. L. Smith, pastor of the Third Church, St. Louis, from John III. 12. Theme: "Earthly and Heavenly Things," or "Sin and Its Remedy." The sermon gave no uncertain sound. Its orthodoxy, as Dr. Smith said of sin, "struck through and through." The following sentences will give some idea of the subject matter of this powerful sermon: "Mistakes in earthly things instantly touch the heavenly. These two ideas of sin and salvation are inseparably united. They are like the divisions in a reservoir which are joined by an opening in the dividing wall. The inflow which raises the water level in the one, raises it in the other; the outflow which lowers the level in one at the same time depresses it in the other. Depress the fact of man's ruin and inevitably you diminish God's glory in redemption. All human nature is defiled; it must be made over." "Ye must be born again."

Dr. W. Pope Yeaman, who had been the honored Moderator of the Association for twenty years, requesting that his name be not used in that connection, Hon. E. W. Stephens was elected as his successor.

Pastor Pittman said in his beautiful address of welcome: "A saloon keeper gave money to help provide entertainment. It was a lovely deed because it was unselfish. Certainly he did not expect the members of this Association to patronize his saloon."

The first morning's session might be said to have been national, as speeches were made by Dr. Morehouse of the Home Mission Society of New York, and Dr. E. C. Dargan of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, who delivered one of the most thrilling speeches during the Convention. At its close a subscription was taken of more than \$800 in response to Dr. Dargan's plea for the "boys," which evinced the fact that the Seminary had not lost its hold in the minds and hearts of Missouri Baptists.

Later in the session Dr. S. H. Ford read resolutions requesting Dr. Whitsett to resign, and a motion to suspend the regular order for their discussion was tabled by a vote of two to one, which showed that Missouri Baptists were willing to trust the Board of Trustees in this matter. Whereupon Dr. Ford said, kindly and tenderly: "I shall entertain no feelings of bitterness against those who differ from me. You have a right to your opinions," etc.

Dr. Willingham suggested in view of the good feeling which prevailed to rise and sing, "Blest Be the Tin that Blends," and the great audience did, with a power and pathos that we have seldom seen equaled. This will not settle the Whitsett matter, but it does evince the fact that it is possible for God's people to "agree to disagree."

Rev. W. Y. Campbell read the report on State Missions, and while the results of the labors of the missionaries were most gratifying, yet the report showed a debt of \$600, which was raised in a few minutes.

The report of the Home Mission and Foreign Mission Boards showed a falling off in contributions, which some thought to be the result of having one Secretary for the two Boards instead of one for each, as in the past.

Dr. I. T. Tichenor, Corresponding Secretary of the Home Mission Board; R. J. Willingham, Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board,

and John H. Eager of Italy, made fine speeches while the reports were under consideration which were enjoyed by all. Dr. Eager told the lamented L. B. Ely had drawn up a plan the day of his death of a much needed building, and he thought of starting soon a subscription as a memorial to this honored brother, but a number claimed they wanted to start it then, and in a short time between \$1,800 and \$2,000 were subscribed to this object.

Missouri is a great State and the Baptists are a powerful people, but perhaps a little selfish, as they gave about as much to district missions as State, Home and Foreign combined the past year.

The paper men were there in full force. Bro. D. B. Ray modestly announced his paper, published at Springfield, as "the best in the State." A brother, however, had previously stated that he "thought the Baptists of Southeast Missouri did not think Bro. Ray orthodox," and he suggested that Bro. Ray "go to Texas."

The Association meets next year at Kirksville. There are some Missourians, at least, that enjoy much, very much, your treatment of the Hall-Carewell case.

E. A. LEONARD.

Clinton, Mo.

Texas Letter.

When I read your excellent account of the late Tennessee Convention I appreciated more than ever the verse which says:

"Strange we never prize the music
"Till the sweet-scented flowers and sunshine
"Never seem one half so fair,
"As when winter's snowy pinions
"Shake the white down in the air."

The brotherly love, peace, and harmony of that meeting are much enhanced by contrast when we remember our last convention at Houston, or look forward to the coming one at San Antonio.

It is a sad mistake to regard our trouble in this State as a personal or newspaper affair. He who reads the riddle thus, only looks upon the surface of affairs. In the past some brethren found material for witicism in the mole hill of Martinism which the Baptists of Texas were exaggerating into a mountain. But the mole hill has seemed much larger since it has traveled into their own borders.

We are fighting a battle here for truth and righteousness that will have to be waged openly in almost every State composing the Southern Baptist Convention, in case we are defeated. The personal element has been brought in and will always be used, but the real root of the matter is exactly the old Hardsell idea of expenses.

There is really not so much actual strength in the forces that oppose our organized work as there is noise. Like Tammany, they always make great claims as to numbers that are not borne out by the result. The friends of our mission cause are more united than ever before; and their real earnestness is shown by the fact that \$12,000 was easily raised during last quarter for State Missions.

The Baptists of Tennessee are to be congratulated upon their possession of such a magnificent instrument for good as the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR. No doubt its past educational work and the wisdom displayed in dealing with various questions that have lately arisen, made possible that harmonious Convention just past. Newspapers are like the little girl, "When she's good, she's very, very good. And when she's bad, she's horrid."

One missionary at least in Texas turns his eyes to Tennessee as "Fatherland" and rejoices over each step in your progress.

WM. H. MAJOR.

Galveston, Texas.

Among the Brethren.

Recently it has been my pleasure to mingle with our brethren of several East Tennessee towns, and to find the Baptist interests at least holding their own.

The Baptist brethren have never had a more flourishing outlook. Dr. M. E. Broadus, with his big heart and brain, is doing a great work for the church, and also for the Southwest Virginia Institute. President Jones was never more pleased with his outlook, and is conducting the affairs of our great school in a most satisfactory manner. Such we would expect of such a man as President Jones. May he and Dr. Broadus live to see the fruits of their earnest labors.

The Baptists of Elizabethtown stand together as a noble band of Christian workers. It was my pleasure to be present on the second Sabbath of this month and aid Pastor Glenn in the ordination of Deacon Miller. Bro. Miller is a most excellent young man, and is well qualified for the position he was called by his church to occupy. Bro. Glenn has a delightful field in this the most beautiful town in Tennessee. In saying so much for this little town I of course take into consideration what nature has done for the place. In two rivers, the beautiful val-

ley, its towering mountains, with a multitude of other attractions, all combine to make it a delightful little town. Johnson City is in the wrong place and would do well to move up and help to build a city there. I was also with Pastor Glenn the following Sunday at Johnson City and had the pleasure of preaching at night to his excellent people. At both places Bro. Glenn has a firm hold upon his people and is doing a fine work.

My next stop was Jonesboro, my old home. The church here is pastorless. May the Lord soon send them a man. Many noble people belong to this congregation and it is a good field for the right man.

When I reached Greenville I found Pastor Murrell off in a meeting. As it was their prayer-meeting night Bro. Hall asked me if I would preach for them, which it was my pleasure to do. Bro. Murrell is doing a good work, and is a first class man.

The last point which I will mention is Moses Creek. Dr. Phillips is doing an excellent work on this important field. President Henderson seems encouraged at the outlook of the college. The students this year are of a superior character. It is inspiring to year are of a superior character. A warm religious feeling seems to pervade the whole body. At Carson and Newman great stress is laid upon heart culture, and the cause of missions is made a special feature.

In my travels I will say that the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR has been my main topic of conversation, and I find the people in love with it. They will take it, and sometimes will pay up what they owe on their subscriptions.

I. G. MURRAY.

From Dr. Eager.

Dear Bro. Folk:—Thank you for the marked copy of the paper and the kind mention of myself for remembrance in the prayers of our people. God only knows what a strain we have been under. To most of our people, however, the panic has been worse than the fever. Truly it was a time "to try men's souls." But, as is always the case, numbers have stood the test. God's grace has proved "sufficient," and there have been here, as elsewhere, numerous exhibitions of the truest heroism.

We have had ninety cases of the fever so far, but only six deaths—three of which were in my congregation. Four of our physicians have been down. Two are up and out again and the other two are doing well.

Our Baptist pastors have all stood at their posts, as have all the other pastors of the city save one. Our good governor was one of the first "refugees," and has been severely reproached for his seeming cowardice and inconsistency.

On my return Sunday, October 11th, I was greeted by full houses, and the outlook for a prosperous season of church work was excellent. I was to bury Mr. O. W. Stebbins, the first "suspect," at 1 p. m. that day. It turned out that he was ordered by the Board of Health to be buried early that morning, and before the day was over the city was wild with rumors as to the cause of his death. Then the agony of suspense began, which, with the autopsy in Mr. Pat White's case (another member of my flock) ended in the dread certainty of the presence of "the yellow fever scourge." I need not repeat the story of what followed. We have kept up our Sunday morning services, but have ministered, of course, to greatly diminished audiences. Nearly all who could get away have gone.

The death of Maj. J. W. Dening, general agent of the G. & A. Railroad, a most useful member of my Advisory Committee, was peculiarly sad. He was at church as usual on Sunday, the 17th, and was buried the next Saturday. He died in perfect possession of his mental powers and in simple trust in Christ for salvation. His widow and daughter are now refugees in hospitable Nashville.

We are sure that, so far as the fever is concerned, the worst is over, but we have a serious problem on hand to care for the unemployed and the poor. To this end thousands of dollars have been raised, a Relief Committee, in addition to the several church committees, has the matter in charge, and the good work goes bravely on.

GEO. B. EAGER.

Montgomery, Ala.

—We closed a good meeting October 7th at Union Valley, Giles County, Tenn., with 20 additions, 10 by experience and baptism, two by relation and two by letter. The church was greatly revived and strengthened. The Lord has done great things for us in this section. In four meetings there were 89 professions, 104 additions to the churches, one new church organized with 48 members. Bro. J. R. Wiggs of Jackson was with us and rendered valuable service. To God be all the glory. We humbly bow, thank God and take courage to press forward.

R. A. FITZGERALD.

Campbellsville, Tenn.

NEWS NOTES.

Pastors' Conference Report.

Nashville.

North Edgely Church—Pastor preached in the morning and Bro. J. H. Anderson of Owenton, Ky., preached a helpful sermon at night. One profession of faith and one received for baptism. 132 in S. S. Good young people's meeting.

Howell Memorial—Good day. Bro. E. S. Bryan of Petersburg preached at both hours.

—But little money has been received this month for the Ministerial Board. The month is nearly out, and over one hundred dollars is needed to meet the demand.

G. M. S.

—My Osburn Creek church is in a thriving community. Going out to it Saturday from Booneville, Miss., I met wagon after wagon going to market. Some were loaded with bales of cotton, some with cotton seeds, others with corn. The community had built since my last visit a commodious academy building, within two hundred feet of the church house. One of the leading teachers of northeast Mississippi, Prof. Lacey, is in charge. My promise was elicited to be with them again next year.

G. M. S.

—Our meeting at Old Union, Wilson County, lasted ten days and nights, resulting in 40 additions by experience and baptism, eight by letter and restoration. There was much rejoicing among the members. The church in general was much revived. Glory to God. Brethren Raikes, Fuqua and our pastor, C. L. Dillon, were with us. God bless them, we love them dearly. By the richest blessings of God rest with Bro. Fuqua while he is in school: W. H. ALBUR.

McCullough, Tenn.

—The Seminary is "booming" this year. Every chair in the dining-room is taken, and when visitors come additional seats must be provided. Every fellow is right down to hard study. I am trying to study more carefully than ever before, and spend more time on my knees. I realize that it is a waste of time "not to take time to pray." Many of the brethren had good vacations, and were used of the Lord in bringing many to Jesus. I preached 125 sermons; would have reached 200, but I was sick four weeks in Jackson. A preacher who lives a day without preaching, it is a day lost to him. I want to hold a meeting or two this winter, and will go wherever the church and the Lord say so.

FRANK M. WELLS.

Louisville, Ky.

—There has been a meeting at Riverside, Ky., for the past week, conducted by Evangelist C. W. Freeman, with marked interest on the part of both saint and sinner; large crowds at every service. Bro. John Austin is here also. He is an old veteran of the cross, and is a persistent worker even if he is old in years. The Campbellites have had this section solidly for a number of years, and they did strongly oppose the work in the beginning, but the old gospel of Christ, the power of God, is doing its work, and the foundations of infidelity and skepticism are trembling. To God be all the glory. Bro. Freeman held a very successful meeting at Mortar Branch school-house in his tent, resulting in 30 professions and 18 additions to the church. This was also a stronghold of Campbellism. Bro. Freeman is to move to Bowling Green the 1st of November, and as he has four churches in this county it will make his work convenient. And he is working for the Board of this Association as missionary, which keeps him in Warren County all of his time.

Carson and Newman College.

Dr. Phillips preached a fine sermon yesterday to a large audience on the work of the Holy Spirit. Last night he spoke of the recent Convention at Fayetteville.

Yesterday afternoon in the College chapel, the students had a very interesting missionary meeting. In addition to an address by W. J. Cheek, papers were read by Miss Allie Wilson and Miss Ethel Chute. Miss Chute is the oldest daughter of Rev. E. Chute, who is now laboring as a missionary among the Tagalogs. Her paper was a strong and stirring one, the product of a soul all aglow with zeal for the work to which she means to give her life.

Our Baptist Young People's Union will give a public missionary meeting next Sunday night.

Our Sunday-school observed "College Day" yesterday. Without any strong appeal, the sum of \$12.58 was quietly contributed to education. How I wish that every church and Sunday-school in East Tennessee would observe "College Day" once a year.

It would prove a blessing to them and would be a great help to the College. I am now planning to pay a \$2,700 note by March, 1898.

I plead with every lover of our cause in East Tennessee to give me all the support he can. How easily we can do this, if each one will feel a personal responsibility.

J. T. HENDERSON.

Florida Notes.

The winter is on us with all its rush and push. Associations are convening all over the State. Our Baptists are doing a noble work, considering all things, while education is not forgot. Of course we have had a hard struggle for the last few years, yet we are hopeful.

The orange groves are showing up finely, while other fruits have had more attention than in the past; hence the great variety of fruit almost the year round. Our lakes are clear and full. We are not at all frightened about the world drying up, as the Northern papers tell us it is doing. Let all such scary people come down and look at these numerous lakes and take courage. The alligators are going into winter quarters, so they may venture down and enjoy the balmy breezes and boat rides without fear. I think more Baptist preachers ought to come where "there is much water."

One Kentucky preacher had his friend, Dr. Guerant, of Mount Sterling, Ky., who winters here, to arrange with the Umatilla Baptists for three months board while on a health trip, but he failed to come. I think his name was Taylor. Perhaps he will remember us this fall.

Bro. C. E. Wright also made us a promise, but we have lost him. Where is he? Umatilla is a nice place to winter. So healthy, and so many lakes around to fish in and boat ride on. Good school, with competent teachers. Any child may go free while it remains here.

S. A. B.

A Wonderful Revival.

Yesterday morning closed a series of revival services at the First Baptist Church, Memphis, the most blessed, I think, it has ever been my privilege to attend. It was a genuine old-fashioned Holy Ghost revival, if you please, a revival of "the fittest." What is that? Why, the fittest is that which meets and supplies our greatest need. And our greatest need, the preacher's greatest need, the church's greatest need is the endowment of the Holy Spirit. And blessed be God, the endowment of the Spirit is within the reach of all. Only comply with the conditions: Shut yourself up alone with God, turn the search light on your heart, tear them out by the roots, make an absolute, unconditional surrender of yourself to God, and by simple, child-like faith receive.

Since Broughton's coming to Memphis I am a new man—yes, before he left I became a new man. I have been reconverted (not regenerated again), but converted from lukewarmness, neglect, half-heartedness, rotten perfumance, to fire, diligence, whole-heartedness, service rendered, not for the sake of getting rid of the duty, but because service is sweet. And I believe that many who attended these services could say to all this, Amen. So many have said to me, "I am so different from what I was before the meeting." Brethren in the ministry, brethren in the churches, the secret of the happy life, the secret of a useful life is "down in the dust." Let us honor the Spirit more, let us seek Him more, let us receive Him more. Let's have a Holy Ghost convention—each one in his secret place converse with God.

W. A. LUKK.

Memphis, Tenn.

Pulaski Notes.

We had a fine closing to our school-house meeting. Received into our little church 14 members; 10 by baptism and four by letter. Many of the grown people never heard a Baptist preach before, and one old man said he had never heard the gospel before. So much, Bro. Gilliam, for being a "country Baptist preacher."

The possibilities of our work in this section are opening to some of my members as never before. We are now arranging to open another mission on the opposite side of the town, which will fill my time full. May I not give something of what a real missionary can do? On the first and third Sundays he teaches a Bible class, preaches at 11 o'clock, drives in a buggy 24 miles and preaches at night. On the fourth Sunday he teaches Bible class morning and evening, preaches three times, and drives out and back five miles. On the second Sunday he only has one class to teach and two chances to preach until we can organize the other mission, which will fill up the Sundays. On Tuesday nights we have prayer-meeting at our mission, Wednesday night at home, and Saturday

day nights two times per month. Our Dr. Broadus said no man can preach his best more than one time in a day. I think he was right about it, but a missionary in a destitute field must do the best he can, as often as he can, and as much as he can.

We began our work here a little more than a year ago. We had 10 members in the town and community. Now we have 65. Have lost four. We have a neat, commodious frame house, all paid for except \$328, which must be paid in February; after which, we want Dr. Holt to come and help us dedicate it in the morning. At night we want the editor to preach the ordination sermon for some deacons. Brethren, don't forget it.

T. T. THOMPSON.

Pulaski, Tenn.

For Love of His People.

In tender memory of Rev. D. I. Purer, D.D., who died of yellow fever in New Orleans, October 22nd.

The yellow plague was abroad in the land, but in the city where the preacher tarried, ruddy-faced health scattered jewels of gladness and his friends prayed, "Abide with us." But the people whom the preacher loved was stricken and the light of a beautiful purpose shone on his face as he talked of the saddened homes where the fever king reigned.

"Nay, friends," he said, in answer to their pleading, "I have never faltered when duty called. My people are in trouble, my place is with them."

And so he went forth gladly to his heaven-appointed work, and wherever the plague stalked, with darkness in his wake, sorrow was softened by sympathy's touch and the people who loved him were comforted because the preacher was near.

Ab! mission most beautiful to come with the sweetness of healing to grief burdened hearts.

It was worth the martyr's death to have been a comfort in time of trouble to his loved ones.

Day after day he fulfilled his sweet mission, and then the plague entered the preacher's home, and dark indeed was the cloud overshadowing his people. But by and by he fell asleep, and when they saw the smile of victory on the preacher's face exultation sought place with sorrow, that God had given to earth for even so brief a space such splendid courage—such Christ-like heroism.

He gave his life for his friends. Because of his affection for his people he was stricken.

"Greater love hath no one than this,"

"Ah! Lord of the pers and blast
My lifeless lay, he tenderly near
To the hearts the preacher love best:
Fear not the helm of his healing spear
And the light of his service will lead
As a pathway of glory his people to lead
Unto heavenly heights and to Thee."

JAS. L. LUKK.

Chattanooga, Tenn., October 28, 1897.

From Memphis.

The fever excitement brought to a sudden close a very remarkable meeting in progress at the First Baptist Church. Bro. Broughton, that prince of evangelists, and Bro. Wolfe, his sweet singer, were with us. They stirred the town and every night packed the church. It was in no sense a nation meeting, but I counted seventeen ministers at one service. Six other churches received members from the meeting. Our membership was thoroughly awakened. So helpful was the meeting to them that we would have pronounced it a wonderful success if not a coal had been converted. But with such awakened souls that was impossible. The joy of salvation was restored to God's people, consequently sinners were converted, and in great numbers. There were more than 180 professions. About forty have named with the First Church. I am sure these figures would have been doubled if we could have continued another week.

Well, the fever is here is good earnest. Thirty cases have been reported, and I suppose the correct number is anywhere between that and fifty. The cool weather, the expected frost and lateness of the season keep up the courage of the people who are left, for about a fourth of the population has gone. I fear the effect of warm weather, which I look for after Saturday. Business is at a standstill. The schools have closed, and religious services have been suspended. The first case was in the Montgomery family near the New Orleans depot. The doctors, who sometimes differ, you know, pronounced the case malarial fever. Dr. Smart of the First M. E. Church called upon his congregation from the pulpit to assist the family. Many responded by sitting up with the mother and daughter, and many more later by attending the funeral. Most all the cases in town are traced back to contact with the Montgomery case. It has not yet reached the Baptist congregations. Pray for us.

E. A. TAYLOR.

Memphis, Tenn.

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BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR.

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Questions Answered.

We stated last week that Bro. Hall, in the exercise of his (self-appointed?) censorship over us, had asked us a number of questions which we would answer this week. We do not recognize his right to catechize us, but we take pleasure in answering the questions anyhow.

"1. Were Baptist churches organized by Christ?"

Yes.

"2. Have they continued to exist from Christ's personal ministry until now?"

Yes. In his "Church Perpetuity," Dr. W. A. Jarrel quotes Dr. S. H. Ford as saying: "Succession among Baptists is not a linked chain of churches or ministers, uninterrupted and traceable at this distant day. . . . The true and defensible doctrine is, that baptized believers have existed in every age since John baptized in Jordan, and have met as a baptized congregation in covenant and fellowship where an opportunity permitted." Dr. Jarrel adds: "To this explanation of church succession . . . all believers in church succession fully agree." And so do we. Bro. Hall knows perfectly well, however, that neither we nor he nor anyone else can trace these churches. Nor do we consider it necessary to do so. We are accustomed to use the illustration of an underground stream. You see the stream here, and then for a while you don't see it. But when it comes out again you find it has the same kind of water, and you know it is the same stream.

"3. Did Christ commit to them the preaching of the gospel and administration of the ordinances?"

Certainly.

"4. Are any others true churches except Baptists?"

No.

"5. Are there any others true ministers except Baptists?"

No. They may preach a part of the truth, but they do not and cannot preach the whole truth.

"6. Can any others administer the ordinances in a valid way?"

No.

"7. Would you accept any of their baptisms, under any circumstances?"

No.

"8. Would you accept baptisms of Hardshell Baptists?"

No.

We have expressed time and again our opposition to alien immersion. It is a question with many of our best brethren, however, as to whether Hardshell churches should be considered "alien."

This point will be considered more fully under the next question.

"9. Are Hardshell churches the churches of Christ?"

No.

Everyone knows that historically they were a part of our great Baptist family until the early part of this century, when they split off from us on the subject of missions. We do not believe that any church can be a true church of Christ which does not believe in missions. But these Hardshell churches are not much more, if any, in error than those churches which claim to be Missionary Baptist and yet never give a cent to missions the year around. The only practical difference is that the Hardshells are consistent, while these others are not. They say and do not. It is rather a curious fact that some of those who are nearest to the Hardshells are their bitterest opponents. Bro. Hall, for instance, said of them in commending the recent movement to have them unite with the Gospel Mission Baptists, of whom he is avowedly one:

"Of course they will operate on the Gospel Mission plan, as they had always opposed Boards. In fact, the Board plan of missions was the real cause of their sloughing off from us on a little scheme, and we are glad to see them returning to the practice of the old church in sending out preachers to the lost."

"10. Would you affiliate in the pulpit with ministers of other churches?"

No. We are glad, of course, to recognize them as Christians, and we should take pleasure in co-operating with them as Christians just as far as we can consistent with principle. But we should not care to do anything which would be construed into an official recognition of them as properly ordained ministers of Christ.

"11. Would you hold union meetings with them?"

No. We have frequently expressed our objections to union meetings. For ourselves we never while pastor engaged in but one union meeting, and then a Baptist did the preaching and we baptized twenty-two of the twenty-five converts.

"12. Do you believe Dr. Whitsett is right in his statements about Baptists of 1841?"

We have said several times that we thought he was mistaken.

"13. Do you believe he should remain President of the Seminary?"

If his retirement would mean the establishment of an historical test of orthodoxy, as claimed, or the limiting of freedom of research or of speech, or the surrender of principle, we should, as a Baptist, say for him to remain. But with these things eliminated, considering the fact that Dr. Whitsett has, in the manner of announcing his "discovery," given occasion for offense to many of his brethren, we should advise his resignation in the interest of peace and harmony in our Southern Zion, just as we should advise the resignation of a Baptist pastor upon whom his church is hopelessly divided, if no principle is at stake, on the ground that the cause is more than any man. This, it seems to us, is the only tenable position, as many others recognize. Bro. Hall ought to know that he himself is doing more than anyone else, probably, to prevent the resignation of Dr. Whitsett and to widen the breach between Southern Baptists, by his violent and intemperate denunciations of Dr. Whitsett and his friends. Calling a man a Judas, ridiculing his friends in every way possible, is not, it seems to us, the best way to secure his resignation or to bring peace to our Southern Zion. Whatever else he may be Dr. Whitsett is a gentleman and deserves to be treated as such.

"14. Do you believe an editor should speak out on questions of general public interest?"

Certainly. But it is a mighty good thing to know when and how to speak. Josh Billings said: "It is better not to know so many things than to know so many things that ain't so." And so it is better not to speak so many things than to speak so many things which do more harm than good. The art of keeping one's mouth shut is one which some people do not seem to have learned. It would be better for them and for others if they could learn it. There is a time to keep silence and a time to speak. As a matter of fact there has been entirely too much "speaking out" by Southern Baptists on both sides recently. Bro. Hall has been one of the chief offenders in this regard.

15. Bro. Hall asked us in the body of his article if we would sign the following sentence:

"The commission of the Savior was committed to his churches, and the churches are his divinely authorized executors."

Most certainly. We fully agree, also, of course, that "Conventions and Associations are advisory bodies." But at the same time it is the right and duty of the churches to organize Associations and Conventions for greater effectiveness in carrying out the commission of the Savior by co-operating together to that end. Each church is independent, so far as any ecclesiastical authority or any legislative power is concerned. But besides this independence there is also an inter-dependence of the churches—a moral dependence of one upon the other in fulfilling the Savior's commission.

Associations and Conventions are simply the expression of this principle of inter-dependence or of co-operation. These Associations and Conventions have the right to appoint executive committees or Boards, or whatever else they may be called, as their agents in carrying out the command to the churches to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. Does Bro. Hall agree to these statements? Will he sign them? Does he deny them? Then will he sign this sentence? "Associations, Conventions, Boards are all creatures of men without divine authority, either directly or indirectly, to execute Christ's commission. They are unscriptural organizations. As such I do not believe in them. I am opposed to them. I cannot consistently work through them or with their advocates. I will work with Hardshell Baptists on the Gospel Mission plan, but I cannot work with Missionary Baptists on the Board plan. Believing, as I do, that Boards are unscriptural, I feel it my bounden duty to do all I can against them and to use my influence in every way possible to break them down and destroy their influence." Will Bro. Hall sign this? We think this is a subject on which he ought to "speak out" clearly and unequivocally.

A Question of Duty.

The death of Dr. D. I. Pursuer in New Orleans, from yellow fever, has served to revive a question which was so much discussed during the prevalence of yellow fever in 1878, as to the duty of a pastor when an epidemic disease breaks out in his community. Shall he leave and thus save his valuable life for future usefulness? Or shall he stay with his people to nurse the sick, to bury the dead and to comfort the sorrowing? There are two sides to this question. Some say that the minister can do no good nursing the sick, as there should be and usually are trained nurses for that purpose; that he cannot be of much service burying the dead, as it must necessarily be done so hurriedly; that he cannot even do much good comforting the sorrowing, as they are in no condition to receive comfort at that time; and that consequently the best thing for him to do is to advise all his members to leave and then get away himself as soon as possible; and especially if, like Dr. Pursuer, he is away he had better stay away, as it will be too great a risk for him to return. This is one side. It seems strong.

But there is another side. It is the side of duty. A pastor's place is with his people. And if they are in distress or danger, that is all the more reason why he should be with them. Of course if they all leave he can leave too. But if, as is usually the case, many of them must stay, he

should stay with them. He may not be able to do much good. But he can do some. And he should be ready to do what he can. He can be with them to give a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple to some suffering ones. He can at least see that those who die have a decent Christian burial. He can say "ashes to ashes and dust to dust" over their grave, and can read the glorious promise of a resurrection morning, when the body which is now sown in corruption shall be raised in incorruption; sown in dishonor it shall be raised in glory; sown in weakness it shall be raised in power. He can bring the blessed consolations of the gospel to saddened hearts and can help to lift the shadows from doubly darkened homes. He can cheer and encourage those who are left, in the midst of their gloomy surroundings.

And if he himself should be smitten with the dread disease and fall a victim to its fatal power—well, he must die sometime. Where better can he die than at the post of duty?

"The noblest place for man to die is where he dies for man."

So true are these things and so strongly does every one instinctively feel them that if a pastor runs away from his people in time of danger he might as well stay away. "The hireling fleeth because he is a hireling and careth not for the sheep." But "the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep," if need be, and the sheep will hold him in everlasting remembrance and gratitude, while the hireling who flees they will despise, and so will the world.

Pursuer dead at his post of duty exerts a wider, nobler influence than Pursuer running from duty could have done. "He being dead yet speaketh." It is true here in a special sense: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it." He may lose it in the narrow sense of his physical life. But he shall save it in the higher, nobler sense of his character, his influence, which shall remain in the world for years to come—

"Like the vase in which roses once have been distilled, you may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, but the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still."

And then he shall save it in the eternal life beyond the grave. There the Savior's own hand shall place the martyr's crown upon his brow and the Savior's lips shall pronounce the gracious plaudit: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The Centennial.

The Centennial Exposition closed last Saturday, October 30th, in a blaze of glory. The crowds in attendance upon it last week were very large. On John W. Thomas Day, October 28th, there were about 90,000 people in the grounds—a worthy compliment to a noble man and an efficient officer.

The Centennial far surpassed the expectations of every one in extent, and especially in its beauty. We have attended every Exposition of any great pretensions ever held in the United States, from the Centennial in Philadelphia to the Centennial in Nashville, and this one was, we believe, the most beautiful of any. The World's Fair at Chicago was, of course, on a much larger scale, but it lacked, we think, the symmetry and beauty of our Centennial. We are sorry for any one who missed seeing it.

As to what will be the effect of the Centennial upon Nashville and upon Tennessee it is most too early to say. It has certainly advertised the hospitality of Nashville and the resources of the State far and wide, and in a most favorable manner. We are very much afraid, however, that from a moral standpoint the influence of the Centennial has not been advantageous to the city or the State. It has been a kind of protracted disaffection, especially for the people of Nashville, and besides it has introduced into our midst a number of customs and ideas which, we fear, will not be very conducive to morality and religion. Still, we trust there will be a reaction. Now is a good time to hold a revival in Nashville, when the consciences of many people are smitten them.

Question Box.

Ques.—Please state through your valuable and highly appreciated paper the amount of land contained in the Tennessee Centennial grounds and oblige several.
Milledale, Tenn.
WOODBERRY.

Ans.—About 200 acres. [By mistake this was published in the paper last week without answer.]

PERSONAL AND PRACTICAL.

—Dr. J. H. Barrows said recently that after going around the globe he is more convinced than ever of the universal efficacy of the gospel.

—President McKinley has issued a proclamation setting apart Thursday, November 25th, as Thanksgiving Day. Let us observe it with due solemnity and thankfulness.

—How do you account for the fact that the men who give least for missions say most about the cost of administering mission funds? *Texas Baptist Standard.* We give it up. Can any one tell?

—We learned with deep regret of the recent death of Mrs. Leland, wife of Rev. L. J. Leland of Jackson, Bro. and Mrs. Leland were married only a short while ago. She was a lady of fine character. We greatly lament her untimely death and sympathize very deeply with our bereaved brother in his unutterable loss.

—It was a great pleasure to the editor to have his brother, Prof. Carey A. Folk, President of the Brownsville Female College, together with his wife and baby, to spend a while in his home recently while visiting the Centennial. President Folk reports the school at Brownsville in good condition. There is room, however, for a few more pupils.

—Married at the Tulane Hotel, this city, on October 27th, by the editor of this paper, Mr. C. C. Young of Wilson County and Miss Mai Meale of DeKalb County. Mr. Young is a prosperous young farmer near Watertown. His bride is a beautiful young lady, the niece of Hon. H. C. Gliven of DeKalb County. Our richest benedictions rest upon them in their pathway through life.

—Dr. F. D. Hale of Owensboro, Ky., is in the city assisting Dr. G. A. Lofton in a meeting at the Central Baptist Church. The meeting has started off well. Dr. Hale is one of the plainest, simplest, most earnest gospel preachers and one of the most effective evangelists as well as one of the most successful pastors in the South. We hope to report good results from the meeting at its close.

—We are sure that the hearts of all Southern Baptists will go up in earnest prayer to God for the safety of our pastors in New Orleans, Mobile, Montgomery, Memphis and other places, all of whom have remained at their posts of duty during the prevalence of yellow fever in their respective cities. And especially will Tennessee Baptists pray for our pastors in Memphis. May their valuable lives be spared.

—The Rowan Memorial Baptist Church, Memphis, Tenn., was dedicated on Sunday, October 24th, with appropriate exercises. The church was built in 1886, but had never been formally dedicated to the Lord. Recently some considerable improvements have been made in the interior of the church and it was thought an appropriate time to dedicate the house. Rev. R. P. Lucido, who recently accepted the pastorate of the church preached the dedicatory sermon.

—With reference to the article by Bro. Cooper on another page we have simply to say that our opinion of "Martinism" was deliberately formed after a careful and thorough reading of Bro. Martin's pamphlet. We still think that it is correct. There are a great many others also who agree with us in the estimate, as evidenced from the fact that the Mississippi Convention condemned "Martinism" as expressed in that pamphlet by such an overwhelming majority.

—Great interest has been aroused all over the country in the municipal canvass for the first mayorship of Greater New York. The four prominent candidates were: Seth Low, of the Citizens Union, Geo.

Benjamin F. Tracy, Republican; Judge Van Wyck, Tammany Democrat, and Henry George, Jeffersonian Democrat. Quite a tragic turn was given to the canvass by the sudden death of Mr. George on last Friday morning, due probably to the excitement of the campaign. His death has upset all calculations and throws the campaign into quite a state of confusion. At the present writing the probability seems to favor the election of the Tammany candidate, Judge Van Wyck. Betting in New York is largely in favor of him.

—His many friends in this city were delighted to see Rev. J. H. Anderson of Owensboro, Ky., when he was in the city last week visiting the Centennial. Bro. Anderson will be remembered as for some years the popular and efficient Missionary Secretary in this State. He is one of the finest gospel preachers we ever heard, as well as one of the noblest and truest men in the world. We wish very much we could get him back to the State. His host of friends all over the State would rejoice to see him return.

—We stated that we expected to publish in full the Convention sermon by Rev. Martin Ball of Paris. Bro. Ball promised it to us, but said that he wanted to copy it off. He writes us that the reason why he did not send it was because his wife was very sick, and he could not find time to copy it. We are glad to learn, however, that his wife is much better now. We hope that she will soon be fully restored to health and strength. It will not be too late, we think, to publish the sermon even at this date.

—Reference has been made once or twice to the fact that the vote on the resolution that the Whitsett question should not be introduced in the Convention at Fayetteville, stood 147 to 11. We want to say that among the 11 were some of the best brethren we have in the State. They are also some of the best friends we have, both of ourselves personally and of the paper. They were thoroughly conscientious, we believe, in their vote. They only differed from the majority of their brethren in their judgment as to the best course to pursue. We thought it well to say this, in justice to them.

—Rev. J. S. Jones of Knoxville, State organizer for the anti-Saloon League, was in the city last week in the interest of the League. We hope very much that an anti-Saloon League will be organized not only in the State, but in every county and in every town and village of the State. The League, as we understand it, is entirely non-partisan. Its motto is, "The Saloon Must Go." Around this motto we believe every one, whether Democrat or Republican or Populist or Prohibitionist or what, can rally, if he is only opposed to these accursed saloons and to the nefarious liquor traffic.

—We are sorry to learn of the death on last Saturday of Mrs. S. W. Conner in Dallas, Texas. She was the mother of Prof. R. D. Jamieson, formerly of Murfreesboro, now living in this city and of Mrs. Judge J. L. Henry of Dallas, at whose home she died. She was a Miss Thomas, and closely related to the large and influential Thomas family of West Tennessee. She was in her 70th year. The older residents of Rutherford County where she spent most of her life, and many of the old students at Union University will remember her very pleasantly as a most excellent Christian lady. Prof. Jamieson her son says of her, "Her life was full of kind words and good deeds." We tender our sympathy to the bereaved family.

—The fifth Sunday meeting of the first division of the Cumberland Association, held at New Bethel Church last Friday night, Saturday and Sunday, was quite a pleasant one. The ministers present were: G. W. Sherman, W. C. Golden, S. M. Gupion, J. S. Rice and the editor. Bro. Sherman presided with much tact and efficiency. The brethren mentioned, with several laymen, took part in the meeting. As a rule the talks were of a helpful, inspiring character. Bro. Gupion preached an earnest, practical sermon Saturday night. The editor preached Sunday morning. Bro. Gupion was announced to preach again that night. The church at present is without a pastor. We trust that the Lord may send them a good man before long. The community in which it is located is thickly settled and composed of excellent people. Our home during the meeting was with Bro. John Hitt. We are indebted to him and his excellent wife for their kind hospitality.

THE HOME

A Child of Jesus.

(Published by request of Rev. W. M. Price, cooperator for English and Friendship Associations, in the interest of religion in children.)

CHAPTER II.

"Not with mother," said little Daniel, with a smile; "and if I could go, mother don't own a carriage."

"Don't she? Why we own every thing. We've got a great, grand house, with sofas and pianos, and—and—oh! every thing! But for all that, don't you believe I heard my father say this very morning, that he would be a poor man, and live in a little bit of a place like this, willingly, if he could only be well!"

"Does he love Jesus?" asked little Daniel.

"What! love who? Jesus! do you mean our Savior? Oh! I don't know; I expect he does; but he never says any thing about him," answered the child, an earnest look in her great, gray eyes. "Do you love Jesus?"

"I guess I do!" cried Daniel clasping and unclasping his slender white fingers, while a look of ineffable transport shot across the pure face. "I didn't; for much as mother loves me, she can't keep awake with me and Jesus is by my bedside watching, so I talk with Him."

"Jesus watching! Do you mean that our Savior comes down from heaven?"

"Oh, yes!" and under the thin white dress the little chest dilated, and the large, soft eyes were suffused with a luminous splendor. "Jesus comes. He's there, I know he is! for though it's so dark, and I can't even see the bed-posts or the white quilt, I seem to see a flashing in and out, and something so sweet comes into my heart! And so, when I hold my arms out and whisper 'Jesus,' the flashing grows brighter, and the warm, beautiful love covers me all over. Oh, yes, I know Jesus comes to me—I know he does!"

Who, looking upon him there, his white brow uplifted, his smiling eyes fastened upon the blue heavens, could doubt but he—the little child who never could walk; who in pain and anguish had sighed on his short life—saw and held communion with that holy being?

The little girl stood still; her red lips working as if to seize upon the thought and form it into something that might solve the great mystery that might solve the great mystery

(Continued on page 14.)

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Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair.

DR.

PRICE'S
GREEN
BAKING
POWDER

A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Yellow Fever.

Medical Authorities Differ as to Minor Details.

WHAT FLINT AND LOOMIS SAY.

Does the Medical Profession Know of Any Reliable Preventive Remedy?

In the midst of such a conflict of opinion as to the facts of yellow fever, it is well, especially in the days, to know what the authorities say on this subject. The nature of the yellow fever poison; how it originates, propagates, and is conveyed from person to person, are not only subjects of interest to the non-professional reader, but of vital importance. It is reckless, if not criminal, to expose the friends and attendants of the victim of a highly contagious disease to the danger of infection. On the other hand, it is cruel to a patient who needs the care of attendants and friends to subject him to the rigors of strict quarantine when it is not necessary to do so.

One of the best authorities on the subject of yellow fever in his day was Dr. Austin Flint, Sr., physician to the Bellevue Hospital, New York, and professor of the principles and practice of medicine in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College. In his work on the subject, he says:



AUSTIN FLINT, SR.

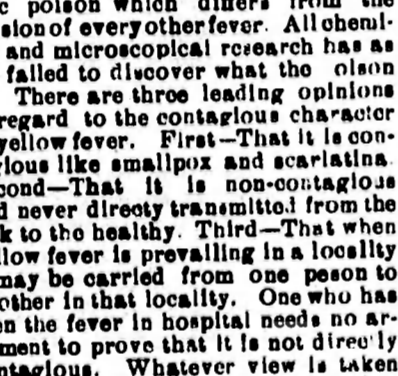
"Volumes have been written by those who believe yellow fever to be contagious and those who believe it not to be contagious in defense of the two opposing doctrines. I will state what seem to me good reasons for believing yellow fever to be contagious. First—The disease is confined to certain territories. Second—The beginning of an epidemic, as well as the progress, indicates that it does not spread from person to person, but many persons are simultaneously attacked in different parts of the same locality. Third—In certain places a few cases of this fever occur almost every year. Fourth—An epidemic of yellow fever spreads too rapidly to be diffused by contagion. Fifth—Persons going from a yellow fever district to a place where yellow fever does not exist, and stricken down with this fever, will not communicate the disease to others. Sixth—Attendants of patients do not as a rule get the disease; or, at least, the proportion is less than it would be if the disease were contagious. Seventh—Epidemics of yellow fever cases do not abruptly to suppose that it spreads by contagion. The special poison may be carried from place to place in clothing, special merchandise, etc. As to the nature and source of the special cause of yellow fever, we have no positive knowledge beyond the fact that it originates without the body. It is rarely developed south of 20 S. latitude or north of 20 N. latitude. Epidemics occur only in certain years. High temperatures necessary for its occurrence. Natives of yellow fever localities are rarely attacked. The negro race is singularly exempt from this disease. Statistics show that the mortality among negroes affected is very insignificant. An epidemic is arrested by one or two hard frosts. No specific remedy has been discovered. It has been claimed that quinine will out the disease short. But experience does not confirm this claim. There seem to be three varieties of the disease: Mild, inflammatory and malignant. The mild is not very fatal, while the malignant is very fatal. One of the ablest and most widely recognized authorities of the present day is Dr. Alfred Loomis, professor of the principles and practice of medicine of the Medical University of the city of New York. His statements, as gleaned

from his work on the subject of yellow fever, are in substance as follows:



PROF. ALFRED L. LOOMIS

"The time of year during which the fever prevails in the United States is usually July and August. It disappears with the first frost. The epidemic in New York City in 1795 began in August and terminated in October. The spread of an epidemic is favored by southeasterly winds, while northwesterly winds check or arrest it. It is indigenous in some regions; for instance, seaports along our Southern coast. When an epidemic exists a resident of one of these places is far less liable to have the disease than a non-resident, especially one from the North. One attack is usually, but not absolutely, a protection against a second. The negro race has marked immunity from this fever. The nature of the yellow fever poison some assert to be a malarial miasm in many respects similar to the poison of typhoid, both in its origin and the manner of its conveyance. It is unquestionably a specific poison which differs from the poison of every other fever. All chemical and microscopical research has as yet failed to discover what the poison is. There are three leading opinions in regard to the contagious character of yellow fever. First—That it is contagious like smallpox and scarlatina. Second—That it is non-contagious and never directly transmitted from the sick to the healthy. Third—That when yellow fever is prevailing in a locality it may be carried from one person to another in that locality. One who has seen the fever in hospital needs no argument to prove that it is not directly contagious. Whatever view is taken of the contagious character of yellow fever, all agree that it is portable; that it can be conveyed from one place to another, by clothing, merchandise and ships. Ordinarily there is little danger in visiting those sick with yellow fever if there is free ventilation and one does not remain in the infected locality for a long time. The only absolute protection from this disease is quarantine (keeping the patient away from all other people.) When this is impossible and one is necessarily exposed to yellow fever, sulphate of quinine may be taken as a preventive. Exposure to cold and wet, alcoholism and other excesses render one more liable to this fever. The mortality differs in different epidemics. The highest mortality is given as one out of every three, while in mild epidemics, one out of fifteen or twenty dies."



DR. S. B. HARTMAN

As a popular writer for the masses, no man in the United States is better known than Dr. S. B. Hartman, of Columbus, O., President of the Surgical Hotel and Hartman's Sanitarium. His many books written for the non-professional reader have made him well known in every State of the Union. In an interview with the doctor as to the present epidemic of yellow fever, he stated: "That whatever

may be true about the contagious character of yellow fever, this much is certain, that in some manner it can be conveyed from person to person; it is not through the air like measles. It is not conveyed through clothing, etc., like typhoid fever. The disease germs of yellow fever (for germs they are, without a doubt) like all other disease germs, must find their entrance into the body through some mucous membrane. In contagious disease the germs are breathed into the nose, throat and lungs, and thus brought in contact with the mucous surfaces lining these organs.

It seems a safe conclusion that the contagion of yellow fever is either conveyed by actual contact with some thing which has had contact with the affected patient or by atmospheric contagion, or by both agencies. Atmospheric contagion seems to be restricted to certain soils and elevations and receives additional restriction, but of uncertain rule in latitude.

In any case, the fact remains that the poison must find entrance into the system through the mucous membrane. Keeping the patient strictly isolated from other people, especially the contagion, and extra care of the patient, is, of course, the most obvious and practical precaution against taking this disease. That this cannot always be done is plain, from the fact that we are so frequently visited by epidemics of this scourge. If, however, the disease is wholly endemic in its origin, like malaria, such precautions will not render adequate protection. In such a case, each person must protect himself against an infection coming in the midst of all the uncertainty as to how the disease finds its way from one person to another, one thing is certain—it must find its entrance into the body through the mucous membrane.

Now it is a well known fact that while some fatal victims, many escape, although suffering the same exposure; and formerly, in the case of negroes, it was well known that they almost entirely escaped the contagion. I would like to raise the question: Why is this? Why is it some people escape, while others fall victims?

My theory of this matter is that this poison can only find its way into the system through a mucous membrane more or less diseased. A healthy, mucous membrane affords a more or less perfect protection. The slightest catarrhal derangement of a mucous membrane makes the person an easy victim to yellow fever. Catarrh may be in the head or stomach, the throat or lungs; the result would be the same. Such a person exposed to yellow fever is sure to take it, while a person free from catarrh is practically safe.

The negroes were brought to this country from Africa, where catarrh is unknown. Until lately the negroes were singularly exempt from catarrh. It was not until after generations of exposure to our climate that the negro began to acquire catarrhal diseases. With the acquisition of catarrhal derangements came his liability to yellow fever, the same as white men. There are other arguments which might be mentioned to prove that catarrh subjects are likely to contract yellow fever; but they would, of course, be of interest chiefly to the professional reader. It will possibly be thought by some, in view of the fact that I am the author of so many works on catarrh and the originator of the now famous remedy for catarrh—Peruna—that I would naturally be inclined to exaggerate the importance of catarrh in this matter; that I would be unconsciously prejudiced in some degree on this subject. I hardly think that this can be true, because of the plain and self-evident arguments upon which my theory rests.

No one will dispute that contagious poisons find their way into the system through the mucous membrane; that an unhealthy mucous membrane is very favorable to their entrance; that the great, if not the sole cause, of unhealthy mucous membranes is chronic catarrh; and that Peruna is the justly recognized internal remedy for catarrh. Now all these are well known facts.

From these facts I conclude that in the absence of a careful protection from the poison of yellow fever, the only logical or rational protection is Peruna. Of course, it would have been far better had Peruna been taken before the epidemic made its appearance, but better late than never. Not to avail oneself of what seems to be so plainly a natural prophylactic remedy for yellow fever is nearly suicidal in view of those well known facts. This may be regarded as a radical statement, but radical or not, only safety can follow if it happens to be a true statement, while no harm could certainly follow should it be a too enthusiastic opinion.

YOUNG SOUTH.

Mrs. LAURA DAYTON EAKIN, Editor.

204 East Second Street, Chattanooga, Tenn., to whom communications for this department should be addressed.—Young South Motto: Nulla Veritas Liberior.

Our missionary's address: Mrs. Jennie May, 204 East Second Street, Chattanooga, Tenn., via San Francisco, Cal.

—Mission subject for November, Africa. "The heathen shall fear the name of the Lord."

Young South Correspondence.

So many have come in to take part in our opening of November that I do not dare to take the time and space to talk farther of the "Dark Continent." I commend it to you, however, for thought and prayer during the "melancholy days," and turn immediately to the many sweet messages that have accumulated on my desk since last week.

No. 1 comes from old friends at Anson.

"Enclosed you will find \$5 for our much-loved missionary. We regret very much that we could not send it sooner, but illness has prevented. We hope to do better in the future, both in the amount and in promptness. We ask your prayers that we may grow up useful in the Lord's vineyard, and we wish the Young South great success."—Effie, Harvey, Estella, Felix, and Leslie Harris.

What a grand "Home Band" that is! God bless each one. We are so grateful for their continued interest in our work. We send the pyramid with great pleasure.

No. 2 is from Newport: "Enclosed you will find \$1 for our dear missionary." A FRIEND.

Ab! these "Friends" of ours. They come from all quarters, and each new one is so welcome.

No. 3 brings up old memories from Amory, Miss.: "Enclosed find \$1.25 for Japan. I intend to come offener in the future. I am quite a large girl now, as I will be three years old soon."

IRMA FLINN.

I was thinking that our baby regiment was deserting us not long ago. But I was wrong. Several of our tiny ones have returned. We are always so glad to hear the patter of little feet in gospel paths. May you grow up with the Young South, Irma. Thank you so much for this help for the little "Japs."

No. 4 is from Adairville, Ky.: "We send \$1 for Japan. It is what we received for our missionary chickens. We had at first thirty-five little chicks, but all died except six. When they grew large enough to fry, mother gave us \$1 for them. We were so anxious to raise them all so our offering would be larger."

MAY AND JESSIE TAYLOR.

That's a way chickens have. I paid a whole dollar for fifteen eggs and counted on at least ten Buff Orpingtons, but alas! I have only three of the awkward things. So I can sympathize with May and Jessie. Try again, though, and may fortune smile. Thanks for this help, so greatly needed just now.

No. 5 brings us tidings from friends we have sorely missed who work faithfully at Humboldt:

"I am so sorry that I have neglected to send our mites, and I hope not to do so again. Last spring I gave each of my four children two chickens to be set apart for our missionary, and I send you the proceeds, \$8.50. Stanley and Velma wish you to know that they are learning to read, and they hope soon to write letters to the Young South. A few weeks ago while at the Centennial I visited our Or-



WASHING CLOTHES

This is a familiar scene in Africa. Clothes are taken to the river, and, wading into the water, the washer-woman makes a tub of the stream itself.

phanage, and I was so much pleased with the dear, kind matron. My brother, G. F. James, sends 50 cents of this offering. The rest is from our home band. We pray God's blessing on it." (Mrs.) A. J. HAMILTON.

Another splendid band! How blessed are we! They will find names and credits in our "Receipts." We are deeply grateful to each and all. Don't stay away so long again.

Last week I had a notice from the money order clerk at the Chattanooga postoffice that there was an uncollected order for me, dated July 7th, from Miss Margaret Wallace of McMinnville. I had no record of any letter from her, nor any recollection of any complaint of anything lost. She writes me in No. 6 that her Sunday-school class sent it, and she was under the impression that it had been acknowledged on this page. She will get a duplicate order, as the one she sent me was lost, and I will credit the dollar to her faithful band. I am so glad it was an order, and so sorry to give Miss Wallace the trouble to get another. I hope you will all be careful to report to me any money not acknowledged in fifteen days after it is sent.

Then No. 7. Oh! this is rare, good tidings from Mexico, not from our usual charming correspondent, dear Mrs. Chastain, nor any of the older little "Mexicans," but from the very newest member of the infant brigade: "Six days ago I reached Mexico, where I have come to live. Although very young and small, and unable to speak the language of the people, my voice is loud and strong, and my parents hope that I will one day employ it in helping them win souls for Christ. I send the enclosed dollar for Japan as my initiation fee into the Young South Band."

REGINA CAREY CHASTAIN.

Cry, "Hurrah for the Young South Mexican Band!" and give an extra "whoop" for the latest addition, won't you? Is it not sweet in her to come so far at her early age to greet us? We are so much indebted to all these dear ones in Doctor Arroyo. We tender our heartfelt congratulations to the father and mother. May they be ever blest in these little ones. We hope to hear from the mother soon. This offering will touch the heart of our missionary I know, because Mrs. Chastain and she were school girls together at Hollins. May the good missionary name be honored by this little girl, born on the field of Mexico.

No. 8 is from the honored treasurer of our Orphanage, to whom we send our offerings for the support of the children. After acknowledging the receipt of our last installment he says: "Many thanks for the continued kindness of the Young South. Truly

our Home has much to be thankful for since so many hearts beat in sympathy for our orphans and so many hands are working to give them the 'daily bread' for which they pray. May the Young South children grow more and more Christlike."

A. J. WEEKLER, Treas.

We are so glad to do what we can. And that brings us to No. 9, in which our editor-in-chief has a suggestion to make:

"While the subscription was being taken up at Fayetteville to pay the last \$1,000 of the debt on the Orphans' Home I stated that the Young South would give

of the amount. I feel confident the young people will be glad to have this opportunity of settling the last indebtedness upon this building, and securing it forever to the Baptists of Tennessee. We give you until January 1, 1898. What will the Young South do?"

Of course we will do it, Dr. Folk. Just watch the columns for the next few weeks. We'll do our part most gladly to wipe out forever that debt. Who will be the first to respond to Dr. Folk's request? Once before he promised \$100 for us, and we did not disappoint him. We'll make his word good once more in our own Tennessee. We are so glad Dr. Folk thinks so highly of our Band as to pledge for us in this good work.

Now comes No. 10, the last for this writing, from our genial State Secretary:

"Again the Young South deserves the thanks of Tennessee Baptists for recent services in three lines, the Orphanage debt, Colportage and State Missions. Step by step these young people are led along. The name of the Young South will be emphatically enshrined in the memories of these workers. No one can tell what hopes may be inspired, what ambitions may be awakened, what aspirations aroused. Some will be led to Jesus, some to foreign fields, many to lives of activity and usefulness at home, and all to nobler aims. The end of this company of willing souls extends is not inconceivable, and while it is a pleasure to them to give, it is profitable to us to receive. May the Lord bless and guide the Young South. I almost envy the editor the pure, sweet, spontaneous love of these guileless young hearts. 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

A. J. HOLZ, Cor. Sec.

The editor says "Amen" to all Dr. Holz hopes for the Young South. May we be able to do more and more. I think we begin November very fairly. Don't you? Don't delay a single day, if you have it in your heart to write us. See what we lack of Mrs. Maynard's \$200 for our first

six months ending October 1st. I am so eager to say she is ours for this time. No letter comes from her yet. Surely one will come before many days.

Pray for the fever-stricken portions of our beloved Southland. Pray for Africa.

"Hoping for many more sweet messages when again I call you together, I am yours most faithfully, LAURA DAYTON EAKIN, Chattanooga, Tenn."

Receipts.

First half year	\$11.25
October offering	43.77
FOR JAPAN.		
The Harris Band, Anson	5.00
A Friend, Newport	1.00
Irma Flinn, McMinnville	1.25
May and Jessie Taylor, Ky.	8.50
Or. F. James, Humboldt	1.00
Mrs. A. J. Holz, Humboldt	1.00
Stanley Harris, Humboldt	1.50
Velma Hamilton, Humboldt50
Glen Hamilton, Humboldt50
Dwight Hamilton, Humboldt50
Regina Carey Chastain, Mexico	1.00
FOR ORPHANAGE DEBT.		
Stanley Hamilton50
Velma Hamilton50
For postage00
Total	\$26.44
Received since April 1, 1897:		
For Japan	\$75.26
Orphanage debt	45.42
Colportage	7.70
James O. Warner Fund	11.45
State Missions	25.20
China	4.85
Orphanage	1.75
Foreign Board Debt	1.00
Dr. Diaz in Mexico50
Postage00
Total	\$264.33

Stingy Jimmy.

Jimmy was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent, or a bite of an apple, or a crumb of candy. He couldn't bear to lend his sled, or his hoop, or his skates. All his friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked to him about it; but he wouldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he would say, "I could give it away. But why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is also to be generous," said his mother, and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your sled to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it." The sled went off. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked by and by. "I don't feel as well as I did when I had the sled. Are you sure I will feel better?"

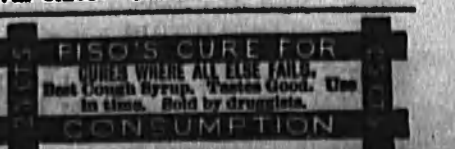
"Certainly," answered the mother; "but if you should keep on giving, you would feel better all the sooner." Then he gave away his kite, and thought he did not feel quite as well as before. He gave away his silver piece he meant to spend for taffy. Then he said:

"I don't like this giving things. It doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny came up the street dragging the sled, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a slide. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said:

"You might give Johnny my old overcoat. He is littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny my sled. I'll give away something else."

And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since.—Our Little Ones.



(Continued from page 10.)

of his language. But presently she said:

"Oh! I wish my father could see him at his bedside! But then he keeps a light all night; perhaps he only comes in the dark. I hear him groan sometimes when I wake up, and then he says it makes him impatient and angry to lie hour after hour aching so. I wish he could see Jesus—but then her sad eyes drooped; "He couldn't be with you and him at the same time, you know."

"Oh yes! he can send his holy angels everywhere. He can be there as well as here; my mother tells me that. He goes wherever anybody wants him. He'll always come—tell your father I say so; tell him I only have to say 'Jesus' in my heart, and he's sure to come and make me forget my pain."

"I'll go and tell him now—this minute," cried the child, throwing on her bonnet.

CHAPTER III.

PLEASANT DISCOVERIES.

As the little girl had said, her father was out under the shadow of the great elm-tree. They had placed the carriage cushion so that he rested comfortably; and now his sister stood near, humming a gay air, and his wife, little Lilly's mother, knelt bending over the invalid, smoothing back the brown tresses.

"I am weary—weary of life," he exclaimed, looking up with an impatient sigh. "I cannot even enjoy this short ride, so terrible is this pain. Oh! for health, for health!"

"You may get better soon," murmured his wife.

"Oh, don't say that—I'm tired of hearing it," he responded, pettishly. "I shan't get better, I see it plainly. I grow weaker every day, and it matters but little—" his voice faltered—his lips moved with a convulsive quiver, and turning his head aside a few hot tears fell.

"What in the world is Lilly running from the house in that style for?" cried Ellen Irving, the sick man's sister. "The child will be heated to death," she added, as breathlessly the beautiful little girl unlatched the gate, and panting—trembling—so eager to speak that she could scarcely find voice—she cried:

"Oh, dear father—that little sick boy in there says if you'll only say 'Jesus' in your heart, he'll be sure to come and make you forget your pain."

The invalid looked with cold eyes—the mother gazed with a strange expression gathering over her lip and brow—the fashionable sister stopped the gay carol—all seemed struck with the manner and the words.

"Oh, father!—he looks so happy!" cried the child, "and he's a great deal thinner than you are—just as pale—but he says that though he has been always sick, he doesn't mind it much, you know, because in the night he sees Jesus stand by his bedside, and be fill his heart full of love, so that he never once thinks of his pain. Now father—you say 'Jesus,' and perhaps he'll come just so to you."

"Stand out of the sun, Lilly," rasped her father, after another long

pause; and his lips trembled so that he could scarcely say it. "I believe we had better go now," he added, lifting himself; "come, Lilly, help father into the carriage," and he held out his hand.

"Oh, father, just say 'Jesus!'" repeated Lilly, entreatingly.

"Well, well—wait awhile, dear, wait awhile—perhaps I will—I must see first—I must think first—ah! now we are snugly seated in the carriage. Do you believe the little boy would like to have you bring him a pretty plaything?"

"Perhaps so," said Lilly, diverted somewhat from her previous train of thought; "but he can't play very much, for he has never even walked—only sat all the day—all his lifetime."

The carriage rolled slowly into the city—slowly along the streets, and stopped, at last, before a beautiful house in the centre of a square. The mansion had marble steps in front, and glass, handsomely ornamented, composed part of the door, while the handles and the plate were of silver and glittered in the light.

Up every step the sick man took from that luxurious carriage to the elegant chamber where his couch stood waiting for him, a voice seemed to ring in his ears, "Oh! father just say Jesus!" Sweet music would not drown it, although his wife sang and played for him as he lay there in his gorgeous dressing gown. The sight of the fairest pictures that ever made sunshine on the walls of any house could not shut them out. Like three little angels, fresh bathed in the light of glory, moving hand and hand through the portals of his brain, they came to and fro, continually, "Just say Jesus!"

Oh! that he could just say Jesus. The word was so strange to him! To him—the man of ease, of wealth, of fresh air. Almost any other name would seem less out of place on his lips. He who had thought of nothing but the world till within a few short months—to whom life before that had seemed eternal; he who had slipped of pleasure in almost every land; who had drank the red wine in France and Italy; sung the song of the *Bohémians*; shuffled cards at the brilliant tables of the Parisian saloons; danced and shouted in the carnival of Venice; he to say Jesus! Oh! no; it was impossible!

But, oh! that haunting! that terrible haunting! Again and again, as he lay on his couch through the night's long watches he wished they had not stopped before that little red cottage. He could see it so distinctly, and the pale and face always at that one window. He could see the child of his adoration flying down the gravelled walk, her cheeks pink-tinted, her golden hair tossed by the wind in clouds of curls; he could hear—oh! yes, too plainly, the childish voice, always dual to him, "Just say Jesus!"

The next day and the next, the three little, shining, hand-linked angels, would not leave him. As the sun peeped coyly in before the dew was dried; as it streamed broadly over the rich carpet at noon; as it crept paler and paler over the painted orchards and the painted skies of his beautiful pictures while the day waned, so did the words still visit him.

The Whitsett Question.

During our Association a reporter for our city papers inquired of Dr. Holt what Dr. Whitsett taught, who answered that he taught that the English Baptists, prior to 1641, used sprinkling for baptism; but that the Baptists immersed from the time of John the Baptist. It is to be hoped his opponents will never teach anything worse for the Baptist cause.

I have known Dr. Whitsett many years, listened with pleasure and profit to his lectures, and believe him to be a scholarly, Christian gentleman, while many of his opponents, well, to say the least, are not very gentle.

While some of our pastors were advocating the resolution in the Association against the doctor with talk, one of our most prominent laymen, having been talked down, remarked: "You preachers may do the talking, but we are doing lots of thinking, all the same."

One thing our masses are thinking about is why the Baptists, in so many places, with the Bible and the whole truth, can not keep step with the world's progress, nor even abreast of some other denominations in Christian work and success?

There seems to be a deep-seated internal disease at work in our body politic. Its tendency is destructive, not constructive; to pull down, rather than build up; and unless the poisonous germ be destroyed, there may be death to one of our most lovely Christian graces—brotherly kindness—which is the fruit of brotherly love.

If we are Christians we belong to Christ—body and soul, character, influence and all—for we are bought with a price. And who injures a Christian in person, character or influence, if they would but listen patiently, might hear the whisperings of that still, small voice, saying: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Oh! for a genuine revival of Holy Ghost brotherly kindness.

E. M. PARKS.

Memphis, Tenn.

OBITUARY.

SWAGGARD.—Miss Sammie died at her home in this place Friday evening, Sept. 24, 1897, aged 18 years and 11 months. She had been a member of the First Baptist Church at this place for two years. The mysterious providence that closed her sweet and happy young life, must have some secret meaning unseen by tearful eyes, and unknown to hearts so sorely bereft. We cannot understand why a life so full of promise should end so soon, and why she was taken from the home and community where she brought so much sunshine and happiness. We sadly miss her, but it satisfies to some extent the pangs of our bleeding hearts to know that her beautiful life was culminated in a beautiful death, and the angels have taken her to her reward in heaven. When the news came to us of her sudden death, the thought came to us that God in making his bouquet for heaven must have buds as well as full grown roses and he plucked this lovely bud to adorn his temple above. The loveliness of her character was manifested in her self-sacrifice and unflinching devotion to her mother and friends. Sammie will be missed by her class in Sunday-school, the church and the social circle, and she her mother's only stay and comfort, her death carried sorrow and anguish to many hearts and many were the tears shed by those who bore no other relation to her than that of friend and acquaintance.

Miss EDDIE BARNES,
Miss MAUDE COOKE,
Mrs. T. L. JOHNSON,
Committee.

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OBITUARY.

NOTICE.—Obituary notices not exceeding 20 words will be inserted free of charge, but will be charged for each succeeding word and should be paid in advance. Count the words as you will know exactly what the charge will be.

GOODWYN.—Mrs. Sallie Buntyn Goodwyn died at her beautiful home near Whiter on October 7th in the 66th year of her age. Her youngest boy, Spencer, preceded her just one month and her husband, R. D. Goodwyn, last December to the Heavenly Home. She longed to follow them, and after an illness of one week the Master called for her. Sister O. joined the First Baptist Church in Memphis in her young womanhood, afterward she united with Eudora church near her country home. She was a faithful, studious and consecrated teacher in the Sunday-school. Almost all her scholars became Christians and all her children are church members except one. I have scarcely ever known a more beautiful Christian character, strong faith and active in Christian work, yet modest and retiring. Like the Master she served others, in which she was unselfish, almost to a fault. Her gifts to the cause were many, varied and valuable. Hers was a useful life and a triumphant death. May the children emulate her example and follow her precepts.
J. D. ANDERSON.

HENRY.—Our beloved brother, John Henry, has fallen asleep in Christ. Truly, death found a shining light. He was born in 1825; died in August, 1897. He professed faith in Christ early in life and united with a Baptist Church in Sevier County, East Tennessee, and was ordained in 1866. Our brother was a Confederate soldier and fought bravely four years. He was for his Lord in the mountains and in the valleys which gave us no uncertain sound, but the true password by which so many Baptists go in and out today in his native land. He moved to McNary County in 1881 and joined Mt. Zion Missionary Baptist Church, still proclaiming Christ the foundation, the rock, and Baptist doctrine the Bible doctrine. Few men exemplified more perfectly the Christian life than did our Bro. Henry. He had the confidence and esteem of all who knew him. In heaven many will recognize him as the instrument of their redemption. In his long and painful suffering he manifested the utmost resignation and awaiting the hour of his departure with triumphant assurance of being conducted to the paradise of God. We tender to his aged wife, sons and relations our sincere sympathy.

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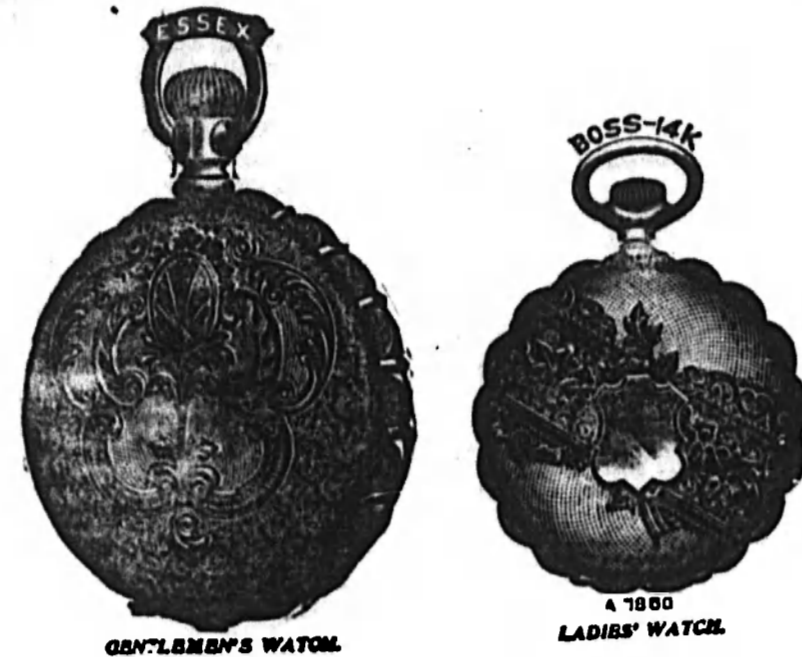
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SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE.

Old Series, Vol. LXI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER 11, 1897.

New Series, Vol. IX, No. 18

The Story Sweet.

BY LAURA MURPHY LAWSON.

Is Love's sweet spring,
It was thy was I to tell me I was fair;
To watch thy gleam
Of golden glory in my shimmering hair:
To tell me how
Thou roams on my youthful cheek outglowed
That queen of flowers;
To catch the laughter from my lips that flowed.
The summer came,
And yet thou midst that I was fairer still;
My wealth of hair
But made a fitting crown, that sweetest thrill
Of feathered songsters:
With my sweetest voice could not compare;
The holy glow
Of mother-love but made my face more fair.
Now autumn falls;
And still thou meet with Lovell's eyes, here where
Thou blithely front
Hath fallen on my crown of golden hair.
Thy kisses fall.
My withered cheek, where once the roset played,
Thou stayest now
Hath just fulfilled Time's fairest promise made.
When winter comes,
And shadows fall across my falling night;
With only here
And there a thread of gold among the white;
When age hath bent
This form, hath dulled this voice, I shall be told
The story sweet
As a or before; for Love is never old.

THE SUCCESSFUL MINISTER.

There is much confusion in the minds of men as to what constitutes ministerial success. It is worth our while to sit down and think the matter over.

Let us first try to do away with some wrong ideas on the subject; let us consider what ministerial success is not.

It does not consist in securing many calls. There are many who are led to think when they see in the newspapers that the Rev. Simon Somebody is now considering a call to the Tabernacle, on Nameless Avenue, that it is an indication of the great success to which he has attained. Far be it from us to underestimate all brethren that receive many calls, for many of our most excellent men are wanted, and hence are often called; but the mere fact of securing many calls is not a sure proof that the man is a successful minister.

There are some preachers who bid for calls, and who are especially happy to have one or two in the pocket, and advertised through the papers. They are full of this delusive idea that to obtain a call is evidence of ministerial success.

There are other ministers—"may their tribe increase!"—that are invited by churches to serve them who feel that it is not the proper thing to publish it to the world, or to court a call which they do not intend to accept.

Then, too, we must not overlook the fact that many churches call from wrong motives; call ambitiously, carelessly, prayerlessly, so that such a call does not mean that the man called is necessarily a successful minister in the true sense.

Many calls, therefore, are not an infallible sign of success. One would find it hard to reconcile the idea of Spurgeon with that of a minister who took delight in many calls. Neither is it a sure proof of success that a man secures large or rich and fashionable churches; or that he commands a large salary.

We have no design to disparage those brethren who occupy the pulpits of such churches; but the idea is prevalent in thoughtless minds that if a man holds a big place, he is himself a great success. The place a man holds no more determines his real success than does the size of a man's gift determine his spirit of liberality. The highest possible success is as obtainable in a lowly place as in one of exultation. Before we can say that a minister is a success because he is in a prominent pastorate, we need to know how he comes to be there, and how he remains there. Is he there because he is intellectual, eloquent, and

vated, learned, gifted with soft manners, and pleasing to a worldly-minded people? or is he there because he is pious, earnest, faithful, brave, and conscientious? One that labors to please God, and not men? These things will need to be considered before we can say that he is a truly successful minister.

Another mistaken idea is that a popular ministry is a successful ministry. So many are deceived by seeing crowds after a man. We know that crowds followed our Lord, but all after whom crowds have flocked have not had the spirit of our Master. Often the crowd is the sign of a ministerial sensationalist, rather than of ministerial success. Sometimes the crowds are flocking to hear an eloquent tongue, or flowery and sweet sounding sentences. Then, again, crowds have hung on the lips of faithful preachers of righteousness, such as Whitfield, Spurgeon and others, so that a man's real success cannot be determined by the popularity of his ministry. We rather question whether many that heard Elijah preach ever wished to hear him a second time.

Again, it is a mistake to suppose that eminence in position, or some high-sounding title, is a certain mark of success in the ministry.

If a man occupies the President's place in some annual gathering, or is appointed Moderator of an Association, or wears the ambitious title of "D.D.," and is called "Doctor," "Doctor," some deem him on the pinnacle of success ministerial. The success of the people are carried away by this outward show, and suppose that they who wear these worldly honors are therefore the successful ministers. We would guard our meaning by saying in passing, these men may be successful ministers, but are not necessarily so. All of these things put together do not, cannot, make a man a successful minister of Jesus Christ; furthermore, a man can be just as successful without them as with them.

Let us now consider what ministerial success is.

That minister will prove a success who is truly called of God to preach. There is, I fear, a weakening hold upon the truth that real preachers are called of God to their work. Hence, there is an increasing number of men in the ministry of whom it may be said: "I have not sent them, yet they ran." They speak a vision out of their own heart, and not out of the mouth of the Lord. There should be in the mind and heart of every man that preaches the gospel "an abiding conviction that God has designed him to devote his life to this work." I do not think that Spurgeon puts it too strongly when he says to his students in speaking of a call to the ministry: "If you can do anything else, in God's name, do it." The man, then, who is called of God to this work, and who enters upon it and prosecutes it in God's name is the successful minister.

He is the successful minister who does that work unto which God called him. If God calls a man to work in the back-woods, in the mountains, in the city slums, or in some great congregation, he is the successful man who does his God-given work. To turn aside from that to other work is to fail in his mission.

He is successful who does his work in the fear of God, and unswayed by man. There are many influences at work to hinder the gospel minister. There are many adversaries to the truth. Worldly motives fascinate themselves, and urge us to do their bidding. Love of ease, idleness, fear of men, public opinion, worldly friendship, temptations in a hundred forms tempt us to neglect our whole duty.

He who sets God always before him, and who will harken neither to the favor nor to the fear of man, will be successful. He will preach the truth of God regardless of popularity. He will not seek to curry favor with men, but will seek to please God. I know of nothing more necessary to the minister than deep devotion to God coupled with dauntless courage.

The minister that attains unto success will have a soul full of the love of God and of his fellow-men. Our ministry is a ministry of love. Loveless attitudes

have no place in it. He who does not love God and men was never called to tell men of the love of God in Christ. He who goes forth among men with God's message of love, and tells it out of a burning heart, will glorify God and win souls.

The measure of a minister's success is determined by his faithfulness, not by visible results. Many things affect results. Men have differing talents; fields differ, some are virgin soil, and some are worn out and fruitless. Difficulties at one place will be greater than at another. We cannot therefore judge of success by visible results. Let a man labor according to the gift given unto him, and leave the results with God.

I have written this article to encourage and cheer any of my co-laborers in the gospel who any sometimes grow despondent and weary, and may feel that their toils are spent in vain. Be faithful, brethren, and true success is yours.

In closing I will point you to a bright example of ministerial success. In the mountains of North Carolina there was a young man who, at twenty-two years of age, had had no advantages of education. Being called of God to preach, he first gave himself earnestly to the work of preparation; for the ministry by years of study. When the war broke out, he entered the army as a private, and through all the hardships of those years he showed himself a good soldier of Jesus Christ. The war being ended he settled at a lonely spot in North Carolina, and was called to serve four weak churches on the outer circle of the county. This was the beginning of a ministry which for devotion to the Master, self-sacrifice and labor has few equals in the annals of our State. For thirty-five years it has been his lot to serve far distant and weak churches. Never has his salary exceeded six hundred dollars a year, and many a year he has not received so much as that. His whole heart has been set on serving God, and not upon earthly ease or goods. Wherever he has labored the churches recognize in him a man of entire consecration, of untiring energy, a very man of God. He has baptized over twenty-five hundred persons during his ministry; and his churches have always grown and prospered. In devoted piety, in whole-hearted consecration, in large liberality, in loving accord with every good work, in faithful discharge of duty, he is a bright and shining example whomever he is known. He wears no title of earthly honor; holds no prominent place in denominational gatherings; has no appointment on Treasurers' Boards; but when the good Master shall read out the list of the names of His faithful ones, I would be content if my name might be found beside his. He is one who comes near filling in the truest sense the ideal of a successful minister.

JOHN.

FOUR.

1. Horses that draw heavy loads for a series of years grow clumsy, and they generally stumble when on a smooth road. But whoever failed to be surprised when his horse stumbled? So we are filled with wonder when a great scholar makes a statement that anybody knows is not true. Or, when a devout Christian betrays a weakness of human nature that would bring the blush of shame to a mere novice in grace.

2. People are generally more charitable to notes than silences. If a man talks before Associations and Conventions, especially if he talks with comparative ease and a deal of earnestness, whether he says anything or not, most people conclude that he knows something. But if a man does not talk it is generally taken for granted that he knows nothing to say.

3. If our preachers, big ones as well as little ones, did not stick any closer to their texts when preaching to their people at home than they do to their subjects which they attempt to discuss in our fifth Sunday meetings—well, their people would not tolerate them.

4. When you are at a fifth Sunday meeting, as As-