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The Vizcaya, Maria Teresa and the Quenda were sister ships, built at Bilbao in 1890-91. They were of steel, each with two screws, two funnels, two funnels and two military masts, with tops. They had a displacement of 6,890 tons, length 364 feet over all, beam 65 feet 2 inches, mean draft 21 feet 6 inches. Their speed of 18.5 knots was given by engines having a horse power of 9,500. On forced draught they were capable of making 20.2 knots. Their coal capacity was 1,050 tons each, which gave them a steaming distance of 9,700 miles at 10 knots per hour. Each had two sets of vertical expansion engines and six funnels, four double-ended and two single-ended.

The armor of these ships made them particularly formidable. On the water line there was a belt of armor 4 to 6 inches broad and 315 feet long, of 12 inches in thickness and of steel. The funnels were surrounded with 9 inches of steel armor, the conning tower 12 inches. The protected deck covering the vitals of the ship had from two inches to three inches of steel. Surrounding the ammunition tubes and magazines was a circle of 8 inches of steel.

The armament consisted of forty guns and from 6 to 8 torpedo tubes on each ship. In detail these guns were two 11-inch Hotchkiss breech-loading guns in the turrets, one forward and one aft, ten 5.5-inch Hotchkiss quick fires, five on each beam, the forward and after ones being sponsored eight six-pounder quick fires, ten one-pounder quick fires; eight Nordenfalk machine guns; two Maxim machine guns. The Vizcaya had six torpedo tubes and the other two ships eight torpedo tubes. On each ship two of the torpedo tubes were submerged. Each ship carried a complement of 481 men.

The Cristobal Colon was substantially similar, but was of later build, being turned out in 1896 at Sestri Ponente. She was 6,480 tons, 328 feet long and in other respects was similar to the three first-named ships with slight variations. She carried a complement of 500 officers and men.

The torpedo boat destroyers were built at Clyde Bank, England, in 1896, and were the latest type of these formidable craft. They were of steel with two screws, three funnels and one military mast. Their displacement was 570 tons, beam 22 feet, draft 5 feet 6 inches. Their armament consisted of six guns, the heaviest being 14-pounders, quick-fire; also two 11-inch torpedo tubes on deck. Each had a complement of 70 officers and men.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST 4, 1898.

New Series, Vol. IX., No. 50.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND

What is the voice I hear
 On the wind of the western sea?
 Scattered, broken from out Cape Henry,
 And my what the voice may be.
 'Tis a proud, free people calling loud
 To a people proud and free;
 And it says to them: "Knowmen, hark!
 We've never had been too long;
 Now let us have done with a worn-out tale.
 The tale of an ancient wrong;
 And our friendship last as long as love doth last.
 And be stronger than death is strong.

Answer them, sons of the softening race,
 And blood of the softening clan;
 Let us speak with each other, face to face,
 And answer as man to man.
 And loyalty love and trust each other,
 As one but free men can.

Now bring them out to the breeze,
 Shamrock, thistle, and rose,
 And the Star Spangled Banner unfurl with these.
 A message to friends and foes,
 Wherever the sun of peace is seen,
 And wherever the war wind blows.

A message to thrill and bond to wake,
 For whenever we come, we wake;
 The thrum of the tyrant shall rock and quake,
 And his measure be void and vain,
 For you are lords of a strong young land,
 And we are lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice on the hark March gale:
 "We've never had been too long;
 But now we have done with a worn-out tale.
 The tale of an ancient wrong,
 And our friendship last as long as love doth last.
 And be stronger than death is strong."
 Alfred Austin, in New York Herald.

SUNSET SCENES.

BY REV. W. C. GOLDEN.

Were you ever out in Texas? I tell you now you have gone somewhere when you do go. There is nothing small there but the sand grains, the gofer hills and the little Mexican children that play around the adobe homes.

During our first night's travel we ran upon a wrecked train. It had run off of the track. It is hard on people and trains both when they get off of the track. We went back and traveled a long way around to pass the wrecked train. When we stopped at a town for breakfast it was nearer dinner time. They were not looking for so many hungry folks, and were not well prepared for us. An ugly, thick-lipped, big-nosed, long-haired, hump-shouldered boy sat near me. It seemed to me he would have to rest his face two or three times each night if it was as hard on him to sleep as the ugliness seemed to be when awake. He was so kind and good natured. Others grumbled and snatched the food, but he would slip his water and taste his salt and brag on those. "This is good water," and "This is good salt," he would say, smiling all the time. His lovely spirit made me forget his ugliness. It made me think of what my grandmother used to say, when talking of nice people: "Pretty is as pretty does."

Early one morning I heard a quiet fellow in the next berth say: "Where are we now?" "In Texas," was the reply. "How big is Texas any way," said he. "Texas is 800 miles long and 750 miles wide," some one said. "We must be going the long way, or our train is lost out of the two," said the droll man. But Texas is a great country. Nowonder Dr. Carroll said: "Texas is a world in embryo." Dr. Campbell tells us that Texas has 1,000 miles of frontier mission territory. It is said that there are 1,500 churches in Texas without a house of their own in which to worship.

As we ran into San Antonio I had my eyes ready for almost anything. I was looking for sights. The first thing I got was sand. My eyes, ears, and

mouth seemed to just suit for the sand that came with every gust of wind. I had to keep my mouth shut, which was good for me. A great many people ought to move to San Antonio for some reason.

We visited the old missions some miles outside the city. They are works of art for their day. They were built nearly two hundred years ago. They are curious and lonesome to me and sadly desolate. We returned to the city, which is a pretty little place.

The next point was the long-wished-for sight of the Alamo. If during deeds and courageous loyalty could sanctify the soil with blood, this is that spot. The people were walking here and there, talking of the bravery of James Bonham, Col. Bowie, David Crockett, and Col. Travis. One man said to me, as he pointed to a certain spot: "Right here Crockett fell on human bodies five deep." Another man said, "My uncle was stabbed through with a sword on a sick bed right here." "The last one of the noble Texans fell here," said our driver and guide, "Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none." This is the inscription that Texas has carved on the monument to the memory of these brave men. I never expect to feel as I felt that day unless I am permitted to stand on the soil stained by martyr's blood, or on the hill of the cross where my Savior died.

We boarded our train from San Antonio to go farther West. Sand hills and plains are everywhere. What hills and mountains are made from such small things as grains of sand. It brought to mind that:

"Little drops of water,
 Little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean,
 And the pleasant land."

The lesson from the sand hill I shall never forget. This hour now going by is made of little moments of time. Life will soon be gone. The little things of life make the life. The best life of earth was not made so by one great deed, but by many, and these many small things in themselves, but great in their count for good.

The people on our train furnish a lesson for study in human nature. The scenes are the most wonderful. One trip through this country is worth ten times more than the cost of travel, just as a means of education to say nothing of the pleasure. But it seemed that nothing pleased these people, not even were they pleased with themselves, to my surprise. The train was one of the most beautifully equipped, the trainmen were courteous and obliging, giving all attention and information one could ask, and the weather was beautiful, but these people were always dissatisfied. Nothing pleased them. They belong to the world's perpetual grumblers.

The sun went down and the porter prepared our berth for the night. We retired and would have slept almost as well as if we had been at home, but for the jostle of the train and the stories of train robbers and horrible deeds on the western plains. We crossed over the high bridge of the Pecos River, more than 300 feet high, and Devil's River, and I know not what else. When daylight came we were rounding the sand hills and mountains. As we slowed up on one of the curves we saw a little child's grave at the foot of a sand hill near the railroad. The little rough frame around the grave made me feel that perhaps a sad-hearted father made it and placed it there while the family stood and looked on. Was it a traveling family, seeking a home in the West? Did the little child take sick out on the plains away from home and physician? I could not help but wonder with sadness in my heart. Our

train rolled on and the lonely little grave disappeared. I cannot tell you how that little, lonely grave appeared to me. A strange, deep sadness fills my soul as I think of it to-day. I shall never see the mother of that child in this life, I am sure. If I could I would tell her how the heart of a stranger went out in sympathy for her, in an hour sad and trying.

We do not have sympathy with each other as we ought. The world has never had a sympathizer since Jesus went away. There are hard feelings and bitter wishes and selfish cravings, but where are the tender, sympathizing hearts to help as Jesus did? I sometimes feel that any sadness that could come to us would be a blessing if it only moved our hearts to tenderness and sympathy. We would probably grumble at such a messenger, yet it would be a mercy to us and the world about us, should it conquer our hearts, for there are so many—

HEARTS THAT NEED OUR HELP.

There are sad hearts in our pathway,
 That we've never tried to cheer;
 They are on a lonely journey,
 And their lives are full of fear.
 They've had troubles without number,
 And no help from human hand
 Has been given to relieve them,
 And its more than they can stand.
 They have waited long some helper,
 Even some kindly hearted friend,
 To come willing to the rescue,
 With the needed help in hand,
 Oh, for hands that seek for dry!
 And with hearts aglow with love:
 They whose lives are imitations,
 Of our Christ who dwells above,
 Nashville, Tenn.

A New Chapter in Baptist Church Discipline: Receiving Members "By Relation."

BY REV. W. C. DAYLESS,
 (Copyright 1898 by the Author.)

1. There are four ways of receiving members into a Baptist Church, namely: (1) By experience and baptism. (2) By letter. (3) By restoration. (4) "By relation," "by enrollment" or "on experience," as it is called.

2. The Scripture principles, and the usage, that govern the reception of members in the three first ways are very well understood. But every year, in many of our Associations, there are queries and resolutions handed to the committees on these subjects, showing difficulties among the churches which could have been avoided by a correct understanding and application of the principles and usage that should govern a Baptist Church in receiving members by relation. Moreover, our books on discipline and usage, so far as we have been able to ascertain, give very little on this subject. Hence the necessity for this chapter.

3. Nomenclature; that is, what should it be called—"by relation," "by enrollment" or "on experience?" One of these three terms, no doubt; for these are the only terms ever applied to this way of receiving members, and every one of them may express some act in the process. "By relation" refers to the fact that the candidate is required to relate how he came to be without membership and why he now applies in this way. "By enrollment" refers to the fact that the church applied to for membership orders the candidate's name enrolled as a member. "On experience" refers to the fact that some churches require the candidate to give an account of his Christian experience, including

how he came to be without membership, which is his church experience. The term "on experience" is objectionable for two reasons: (1) It is used to express the first part of the first way of receiving members, and (2) most churches, perhaps, do not require the candidate for membership in this fourth way to relate his Christian experience. "By enrollment" is objectionable because it expresses only the last thing done in the process, that of enrolling the name. "By relation" is the more expressive term, describing as it does the action by which this application for membership is made, and by means of which it is granted; that is, by a relation of all that pertains to having had membership in a sister church extinct or extant. Hence our terminology, by relation.

There are about four cases of application for membership by relation. For convenience and reference we analyze and treat them as follows:

1. The simplest case of application for membership by relation is made by a member of an extinct, or rather defunct, Baptist Church.

2. In this case it is only necessary to know that the candidate is pious and orthodox, then he is received into full fellowship upon a relation of the facts. Of course the church records should show that the member was received by relation, and the name and post-office of the defunct church in which he once had membership.

3. A stranger should not be hastily received into the church by relation, even though the church to which he belonged be defunct. Some of the church members should have an opportunity to know him well enough to recommend him for piety and orthodoxy before he makes application for membership. By disregarding this precept unworthy and heretical persons are sometimes inducted into the church.

4. Of all the applications for membership by relation, the most difficult case to manage, and one out of which most trouble grows, is made by an excluded member of a sister church extant in the same Association as the church applied to.

1. While there is no such thing as the interdependence of Baptist Churches, and while there is no question as to the right of one Baptist Church to receive by relation an excluded member of a sister church, still on account of the unity of Baptist Churches in doctrine, in discipline, in usage, as well as the brotherly love, and fraternal courtesy which should prevail among the churches, one Baptist Church ought to be exceedingly cautious how she receives by relation an excluded member of a sister church.

2. Every Baptist Church sanctions the validity of the ordinances, receptions and ordinations of every other Baptist Church by receiving, or standing ready to receive, upon letters of recommendation, members and ministers for any other Baptist Church. It is clear that this principle of usage binds every Baptist Church to respect the exclusions of every other Baptist Church till they are proven to be erroneous.

3. The Scripture principle of government by the majority is firmly maintained by every Baptist Church. While this principle is not binding outside of each individual church, it should not be ignored in matters concerning which all Baptist Churches are interested. When one church excludes a member the majority rule would require that more than one church concur in his reception by relation into another church.

4. Considering the propositions made under headings 1, 2 and 3 above, in connection with the best Baptist usage, the following course is recommended with the case now in hand:

(1) Upon a relation of the facts by the candidate, and some questioning by the moderator if necessary, to make all the facts clear, if there seem good reasons to believe he has been justly excluded, he should be admonished to seek membership by restoration in the church which excluded him. In this phase of the case any other course would be subversive of correct discipline.

(2) But if it appear that he has been unjustly excluded the church applied to should notify, through her clerk, her sister church that the excluded member has applied for membership by relation, and should request an abstract of the charges, evidence, findings and exclusion of said member, that the church applied to may investigate the case before taking action. The excluding church would show want of Christian courtesy not to grant the abstract.

(3) When the abstract is received it should be placed in the hands of a judicious committee for thorough investigation and report. This committee should take time and exercise great patience in thoroughly working out the facts from the abstract in connection with all the corroborative and confuting evidence that can be had.

(4) If the report of the above committee shows that the candidate was justly excluded, and the church so decides, he should be admonished to seek membership by restoration in the church which excluded him.

This course now becomes doubly imperative since the justice of his exclusion has been verified.

(5) But if the report shows that the candidate was unjustly excluded, and the church applied to so decides; the church which excluded him should be requested to call a council from sister churches and reconsider his case. The mistake should be corrected where it was made, if possible.

(6) Then if the excluding church refuses to call council and reconsider, after having an opportunity to do so, the church applied to should call council, from three or more sister churches, to sit with her, and her committee above mentioned, and canvass this case and recommend to the church whether this candidate should be received by relation or not. If he is recommended to receive him, and the church so decides, he is to be received into full fellowship by the same vote that is necessary to receive members in the other ways.

(7) The church records should show in substance the findings of the committee and church in this case whether the candidate is received or not.

(8) Attention is here directed to the value and use of a judicious committee in ferreting out the truth and recommending to a church what to do. Of course the church is sovereign and is not bound to adopt the report of a committee, or even of a council, or of a committee and council conjointly; but in most all cases it is the safest course to pursue. The organization of a committee is very like that of a council. For the value, scope, limitation and management of councils see "The New Directory for Baptist Churches—Hiscox."

III. The next most difficult case of application for membership by relation is that of an excluded member of a church extant in a different Association from that of the church applied to for membership.

1. The excluding church in this case may be at a great distance from the church applied to for membership; or they may both be very close together in the same neighborhood. The proximity of the excluding church should not concern the church applied to so much as the importance of being sure to proceed properly with the case. Nevertheless it is generally true that less harm can come to the churches concerned and to the cause in general from receiving, by relation, without proper consideration, an excluded member of a church at a good distance and in another Association; for, in this event, the aggrieved church is not in the neighborhood or Association where the excluded member has been received to raise any disturbing questions. In the case of an excluded minister, however, disturbing questions might come from a great distance.

2. The treatment of this case, so far as is possible, should be substantially the same as that of Case II, last above, to which reference is here made, especially subheadings 1 to 3.

IV. According to our analysis the fourth application for membership by relation is made by an excluded member of a defunct church.

1. This case should be placed in the hands of a judicious committee for investigation and report in writing, that the church may act intelligently. There is likely to be one of the three following most probable findings in this case:

(1) It may be found that the candidate was justly excluded by the defunct church. Then the church applied to should demand, before receiving him, whatever reparation and acknowledgments would be demanded of one of her own members overtaken in like offenses. The report of the committee, as corrected, if necessary and made the finding of the church, should go to record whether the candidate is received or not.

(2) It may be found that the candidate was wrongfully excluded. Of course in this phase of the case the church applied to could not do her duty otherwise than by receiving said candidate, by relation, into full fellowship. In this finding it is also important that the report of the committee, which should show the reasons for the reception, be placed on record.

(3) It may be found that this candidate has been rejected by a Baptist Church extant which had investigated his case since his exclusion. In this phase of the case, if the church decides to consider it at all, it would be advisable not to receive him till a council has been called from sister churches and after investigation said council recommends his reception; for although the church is defunct from which he stands excluded, yet his being rejected by a church extant and active revises the charges against him, and makes it important to treat the investigation and decision of that church with Christian courtesy and respect. In conclusion please note:

1. The design is to fit this chapter into the present system of church discipline and harmonize it with all that has been accepted as good usage by our Baptist Churches.

2. It is not sought to make any changes or innovations; but simply to state, in a concrete form, usage which is more or less common, and develop from this and Scripture principles a complete system for our Baptist Churches in receiving members by relation.

3. This chapter is not sent forth as perfection. Perhaps no statements of religious truth are perfect, except those of the Bible, and even those must be considered in their connections. Wherefore, in consulting any part of this chapter the environments and connections must be considered.

Commended to the blessing of the Lord and the consideration of the churches, by the author.

What Does The World Know of God?

BY REV. D. V. CLEVELAND.

This old world is a very ignorant world. It is old enough to have learned many things. Men have a certain knowledge which they call science, and they are very proud of it. One man claims that he can produce a flash of lightning five feet long; God makes it miles long, flash after flash. Men are just beginning to discover a few of the hidden things in nature's laboratory, but there are mighty secrets all about us and within us we may never know. A man cannot produce one blade of grass. The world does not know God. It is so old that it has forgotten who created it and it is beginning to think that it never had an origin. The man who put the dates into the Old Testament book of Genesis says that men have lived here for six thousand years, but he was only guessing at it, and his views about the age of the world were very moderate. Lately discovered documents in the brick libraries found in the ruins of the ancient cities of Asia set the dates of old time back for long periods. The civilization of this last age of the world finds itself confronted with the long lost history of a dead past. The restless spade of the excavator has penetrated the concretions which buried under the ruins of lost ages the recital of the daring deeds of heroes whose names seem like myths to us, they lived so long ago. The magic wand of the decipherer of ancient tongues has thrown upon the canvas of the living present those shadowy phantoms of by gone cycles so long forgotten that their names are now almost unknown, and made them speak to us about their own times and reveal the thoughts of Nebuchadnezzar and Sennacherib. The decipherer's hands have drawn back the veil of oblivion from the ruins of old Babylon and opened to our wondering gaze long colonnades of time peopled with flesh and blood, breathing, acting, doing, living, dying, like other men. We see the armored hosts of the mighty Sennacherib marching on to battle, we hear the cries of distress in beleaguered cities, and pity the captives chained to the conqueror's chariot wheel in his triumphant march through the capital. We follow the footsteps of imperial Nebuchadnezzar as he walks among the fountains and trees of the hanging gardens, and looks over the battlements into the thronging streets of that great city. Kingdoms rise and fall in this old time panorama and epochs and eras present their changing scenes. Long periods of petrifed history, ancient to the Babylonians, stretch back from their day into a past as hazy, as mysterious to them as theirs is to us. Many notches, new to us, have been discovered on old Father Time's tally stick, and we wonder how far back in the occult aeons of life Adam saw the light and whether he were a man or a giant.

How these revelations from an ancient world broaden our views of eternity and the power of God to run the machinery of the world. Races of people have lived and died of whom we are totally ignorant except for some slight trace of them that has withstood the tooth of time that we might know that they existed. All else has changed to dust to await the dawn of the resurrection morn. Man is made to realize his own abject insignificance in the presence of these stupendous eras of peoples forgotten by the modern world. Then, when we read in Genesis, "In the beginning, God"—the flight of the imagination flags and droops at the threshold of that unknown beginning so far back in the world's history that even the faintly marked footsteps of Geology are effaced by the boundless ocean of eternity that lies beyond. "What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?" Yet even in man is found the Godlike principle of a longing desire to know the infinite, to take hold on eternity. To satisfy this desire God has revealed himself, just a little, to man with the promise that, sometime, to those who obey, there shall be a greater and more satisfactory revelation in which the knowledge of God shall be perfected. But how little we know now. How faint are our efforts to know him. How little we read God's revelation of himself to learn that which he has told us. And what shall we say of the great mass of men? How many of them are trying to know their Creator? They trade and labor and get

Ruin and strive for the mastery and cherish ambition and forget God. They forget that God rules and gives them all things to use for man's good and God's glory. "For she did not know that I gave her corn and wine and oil, and multiplied her silver and gold." What Israel forgot men to-day forget. They do not know God and do not care to know him. They are mindful of the affairs of this life only which pertain to their own limited spheres.

And what of the heathen world? Millions of them absolutely do not know that God is. They are degraded to the very lowest depths of crime and woe. They die like brutes, having no hope and without God in the world. God just lets them alone and they work out their own destruction. The gates of death yawn for their reception, and crowds pass through every minute. What a procession going down into the borders of everlasting woe! "Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure; and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it." "Because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened." They do not want to know God "because that which may be known of God is manifest to them; for God hath showed it unto them. . . so that they are without excuse. As they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind." Do you see why the heathen is lost? It is for the same reason that anyone is lost, because they hate God.

From this picture of human despair let us turn to another. "And they shall fear the Lord and his goodness in the latter days. I will say to them which were not my people, Thou art my people, and they shall say, Thou art my God." This is a picture of such sweet and sacred intimacy with God that we shall speak to him and he to us in terms of such love and such intimacy as can be known only between the dearest friends. When we draw nigh to him, then shall "the counsel of the Holy One of Israel draw nigh and come" nigh to us, so nigh. Then when this sweet communion comes and the knowledge of the living God enters the soul, tell it out, let the outlying world know of God's mercy and truth. Send the message to them that sit in darkness, who are utterly wretched and lost. Help to hasten on the glorious incoming of the King to his own, when all the earth shall recognize his mercy and truth, and none shall longer be ignorant of him.

GOD'S HAND IN THE NATION'S CONFLICT.

BY ROBERT STUART MCARTHUR, D.D.

In the destruction of the Moors and the triumph of the Spaniards in 1492 the same law of the survival of the fittest was again illustrated.

In 1469 Ferdinand of Aragon was married to Isabella of Castile. In 1479 these two States were united into a single kingdom, and in 1492 came the conquest of Granada. The Mohammedan was at that time reduced to a limited dominion; but the province of Granada, by the skill of the Moors, was one of the richest districts of Spain. Besides Granada, its potent and opulent capital, the district embraced seventy walled towns. Terrific was the battle of Granada. The Moors were weakened by internal dissensions, as were the Goths whom eight centuries before they had conquered. Glorious was the victory of Spain, when Cardinal Mendoza, climbing one of the historic towers of the Alhambra, waved the banner of Spain and shouted "Granada is taken, Granada is taken." We have already seen that almost immediately upon reaching the zenith of her power and glory Spain began the downward course which has now well-nigh reached its nadir. The establishment of the Inquisition, the neglect of wholesome industries at home because of the exaggerated reports of Goleondas in newly discovered islands and continents, the loss of the youth of the country who in spirit of adventure went to the lands recently acquired, the banishment of the Protestants, Jews and Moors who had not been cruelly put to death by the officers of the Inquisition, all these things hastened the downfall of Spain, until her name has become a byword and hissing among the nations of the earth. No nation, no church, no man can escape the operation of this great and universal law as to the survival of the fittest. Only as by the observance of righteous law, human and divine, we prove our worth can we expect to survive in the terrible competitions of the time and the fearful conflicts of the ambitious nations of the earth. The nation which will not obey the laws of the highest civilization of the time will by that very civilization be utterly destroyed.

GOD'S HAND SEEN IN THE RESULTS.

God's hand will be conspicuously seen in the results of this war. Many of the results, no doubt, will be sad. We cannot expect that the losses inseparable from war will be all on the side of Spain. There will be darkened American homes, broken American lives,

and saddened American hearts. War is war for evermore. Much as we deprecate war, now that we have been forced into it, it is a kindness even to Spain to press the war with the utmost vigor, and to make it as short, sharp, decisive and terrible as possible. One result of this war will be the destruction of the sectional spirit in America and the union of all parts of the country in loyalty to the flag. During the last Presidential campaign a dangerous sectionalism revealed itself in different parts of the country. It is now gone and we hope it will never return. There is now no North and no South, no East and no West. There is one country united in love and loyalty for the glory of the flag and for the honor of the nation. Some of the bravest officers and soldiers who may invade Cuba are men who fought against the flag during the civil war. Those who wore the gray and those who wore the blue will die with one another in protecting every star and stripe in the beloved flag. We do not forget the passage of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment through Baltimore in 1861; that occasion is historic in the annals of the civil war. Then the hostility shown toward that regiment was bitter and deadly. A few days ago the same regiment passed through the same city, and it received unmeasured hospitality. The city was gaily decorated, and the soldiers were pelted with roses instead of stones as on the former occasion. This difference of treatment typifies the new epoch upon which we have entered. The North and the South are one. Baltimore and Boston are one. All the States are one, and shall be one and inseparable forever.

Another result of the war will be a virtual, if not a formal, Anglo-Saxon alliance. The recent speech of Mr. Chamberlain has made a sensation throughout the civilized world. He has made not only all the Latins but all the Teutons anxious as to their future. The best classes both in Great Britain and in the United States will hail with joy this sympathetic alliance. A few pulmonary Thibetan patriots, whose chief subject of oratory and means of sustenance are dissensions between the different branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, will oppose this union; but all true Britons and Americans will welcome it with patriotic enthusiasm. A new day is dawning for the great Anglo-Saxon race. The Queen's birthday awakens an enthusiasm in the United States second only to that evoked in Great Britain and her colonies. It was an American who spoke of "the womanliness of the Queen and the queenliness of the woman." It was an American who gave us the toast, "Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, and woman of the world." In her pure and noble womanhood she is queen of all pure and noble hearts in all parts of the world. This Anglo-Saxon alliance will not be of the nature of the so-called Holy Alliance, the Kaiserbund or the Dreihund. But it will be an alliance for peace and not for war; an alliance for liberty and not for tyranny; an alliance for all that is noblest in human government and divinest in human liberty and progress. The Anglo-Saxon race is marching forward to the conquest of the world. Already the English tongue is spoken by 125,000,000, while but 90,000,000 speak Russian, 70,000,000 German, 55,000,000 French, 45,000,000 Spanish, and 35,000,000 Italian. Great Britain and the United States united can control the destinies of the human race. A triumphant Anglo-Saxondom can speak the masterful word on all continents and among all peoples. Such a union would contribute to the advancement of every interest of the human race. Had such a union been in existence a few years ago thousands of Armenians would have been saved from horrible deaths; and were this union really compacted there would be now religious liberty for our persecuted brethren and all other Christian believers in Russia. The Union Jack and the stars and stripes entwined in loving and inseparable friendship and fellowship, and waving over an Anglo-American alliance will be the crowning glory of the closing century. It will be one of the great factors in the evangelization of the heathen, the humanization of all governments and the divinization of all peoples. It will be a sight which will rejoice the hearts of saints and seraphs, of angels and archangels. When this alliance shall have been recognized, then the eastern sky will be radiant with the crimson and gold of the millennial dawn.

Another result of this war will be that the American Republic will come up to its great place in the Congress of Nations. This nation has now reached its majority; it will never again go back to childhood. It must take its place in bearing the responsibilities and discharging the obligations of the leading nations of the world. We have too long striven to be an isolated people. George Washington was one of the greatest men of the human race, but he was not omniscient. We have often made his farewell address a sort of fetish. He spoke according to his light, as all men must speak. But he could not conceive of the greatness of the Republic whose foundation he so nobly laid. In his day Liverpool was farther from Washington than

is Calcutta or Bombay in our day. In his day Boston was farther from New York than is Liverpool or London in our day. He could not conceive of a time when railways, telegraphs and telephones would unite continents and make a whispering gallery of the world. We do well, indeed, to avoid the enangling alliances which he feared; but we shall do ill if we shrink the solemn and sublime obligations which we must now assume. We have too much left Great Britain to fight alone in the world's battles. Henceforth the beautiful daughter must nobly stand beside her queenly mother. Matthew Arnold set forth the thought that Great Britain is overburdened with the care of empire. He described her as a "weary Titan."

Bearing on shoulders immense,
Attendant, the load,
Well nigh not to be borne,
Of the too vast orb of her fate.

We shall respond to the call to share in bearing this burden and in rejoicing in these honors. The Anglo-Saxon is the great colonizing race; it is also the great missionary race. Great Britain has been the most potent missionary nation in the world. Her rule in Egypt and India has brought with its acknowledged evils untold blessing to many tribes and peoples. Her colonies, compared with those of France, Germany and Russia, are abodes of prosperity and peace. Wherever her flag has gone, there law, liberty, civilization and Christianity are found. Her "far-flung battle line" is the symbol of peaceful possession and prosperous enterprise. She is illuminating the dark places of the earth. We need not hesitate to take our places loyally by her side. The heroic days of the American Republic are still to come. Great problems are demanding solution; and we must not fear the task of bravely meeting these problems. Our young men sometimes think that the glorious days of the Republic were the times of Washington and of Lincoln. But greater questions than either Washington or Lincoln ever dreamed of are soon to be asked and answered by the American people. We want statesmen who can stand beside John Bright and Gladstone, the microcosm king of the world. We want statesmen who shall take their place beside the noblest Americans whose names shall shine forever as stars in the firmament of our history. Never did we need such statesmen more than we shall need them in the near future. Perhaps we ought not to bring politics into religion in the technical sense of these terms; but it is certain that we must put religion into politics in the true meaning of both these terms.

We shall not shrink from the new and enlarged mission which the providence of God is opening to the thought and duty of the American people. We have a message to all the nations of the earth. Every stripe in our flag is a herald of human equality; and every star is an evangelist of civil and religious liberty round the globe. We must push out into the Pacific Ocean. History began its sublime achievements on the shores of the Mediterranean. It erected its enduring monuments later on the shores of the Atlantic, and it is now laying its foundations of its grandest triumphs on the shores of the Pacific. The Hawaiian Islands lie like a necklace of pearls on the bosom of that emerald sea; that necklace, by the alchemy of American patriotism and by the mercy of divine Providence, will be transformed into a star in the American flag. And we may yet have other islands in the sea as yet stepping stones to our possessions in the far East. We must speak our word with reference to the dismemberment of China; we are entitled to all the commercial privileges that China grants to all other peoples. Our trade with China now amounts to \$20,000,000 annually, and it will soon increase to \$100,000,000 annually. We need a naval base in the Orient; and we may yet require a squadron in Eastern waters sufficiently strong to oblige all nations to respect our rights. Backed by Great Britain and Japan, we must utter our protest against the selfish schemes of France, Germany and Russia in the Orient.

These new problems will develop new resources on the part of our people. They will lead us away from the schemes of petty politicians who are seeking simply place and power. They will lead to the development of a true civil service reform, of a virile statesmanship, and of a world-wide Americanism. The golden age of our politics is thus in the future. Let those deride who will, but some of us dare believe that a new era has dawned, that new issues have come, that a larger place in the world's history is to be ours, and that a fuller American patriotism and a nobler American citizenship than we have ever known will soon be realized. If this be a romance of dreamers, it is a blessed romance; but it is rather the sober truth of sound reason and the forecast of true American patriotism and Christian enthusiasm. Americans can never, like the Chinese, allow themselves to become a stagnant people. The Chinese empire has had peace for centuries, but it has been the peace of the cemetery. China has been a dead sea and even a

a stagnant ocean. Certain doctrines in America, if their voices are heeded, would give America a similar isolation and stagnation. We must not listen to this selfish philosophy and this degenerative religion. It is the language of lotus eaters rather than of men whose spirits are fed by American patriotism, and whose souls are inspired by a Christian evangelism. Great racial movements mark the close of the nineteenth century. The first duty of the Anglo-Saxon people is union in all parts of the world. Perhaps there may yet be a conflict between the Slavic nations and the Anglo-Saxon peoples. Russia has already hypnotized and paralyzed great portions of Europe and Asia. The battle royal of the world will be fought when mighty Russia and mightier Britain meet in terrible shock in some Armageddon. If that day shall come, God grant that the beautiful American daughter may bravely stand beside her noble British mother.

Out of such a union will come civil and religious liberty in the Philippines, in Cuba, and finally, in Spain and throughout the world. From the Cavalry Church went a noble young man and his heroic young wife as missionaries to Cuba. The months passed, and she went down to the mysterious land of motherhood. The babe returned alone. This woman's crime was that she was a Protestant. Bigoted priestcraft was so united with civil authority that there was not a spot in any cemetery in which this broken-hearted man could bury his young wife. Every effort to secure for her appropriate burial was in vain. When buried somewhere because a necessity there was no place found but an ash heap where the offal of the city was thrown; and there our brother, with grieving heart, buried his loving young wife, until opportunity was found for removing her body where the Roman priesthood could not trample upon all the tenderest feelings of humanity and upon all the sacred principles of liberty. The great God is not dead. He cannot be indifferent to such crimes against humanity. Wrong shall not be forever upon the throne, and right forever upon the cross. There may be a baptism of blood on the hills and valleys of Cuba, but, as God lives, liberty, civil and religious, shall yet be proclaimed throughout the Gem of the Antilles. Then the glorious gospel of the Son of God shall be preached in every part of that island; then converts shall be multiplied; and then the song of liberty shall be sung to the music of the Southern sea breaking on the Cuban shores as its divine accompaniment. God hasten the day when the colporteurs and missionaries of every class shall scatter the Bible and other Christian literature which shall be leaves for the healing of a down-trodden, misgoverned and broken-hearted people. God grant that the flags of Britain and America may be entwined in loving fellowship as the symbol of true Christianity and of evangelical aggression and achievement, while over both is placed the banner of Immanuel as the symbol of all that is divinest in religion, noblest in humanity and lovingest in deity. And to God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost shall go up unceasing praise from a world thus largely delivered from superstition, and thus gloriously inspired with the beatific vision of a fully redeemed earth and so a realized heaven!

A Retrospect of the Buffalo Convention.

This is not a report of the Convention nor an account of the things seen and heard, but some impressions and recollections of the greatest gathering of Baptist young people in the history of the Union. The attendance was large: at least 12,000 registered, with several hundred more who failed to register. Most of these were at the Convention for business and for profit. No one could possibly make himself believe that the B. Y. P. U. is an "ebbing tide," for the tide seems to be coming in and rolling higher upon the beach.

The Convention was not lacking in enthusiasm, but there was a wholesome absence of vociferousness and *celat* which prevailed at some of the other Conventions. The interest from first to last was deep, intense and abiding. The deep water of earnestness was there, but the froth and foam were absent. Some dyspeptics have thought the latter was all there was to these gatherings, but this has never been true.

The spirit of patriotism was rampant during the Convention. Love of country was evident and freely manifested. When it was announced that Santiago had surrendered, the long pent up anxiety burst forth in long and loud demonstration, and it was some time before quietude could be restored. But why should not this assemblage of Christians express their love of native land? The occasion was opportune. The crisis of our country is world-wide in its significance, and throughout there is a spiritual meaning. Love, loyalty and enthusiasm must have language. They must find expression. Many of the speakers, however, went out of their way to play upon the feelings of the people, and by a few decisive and eulogistic

phrases in reference to the heroes of the hour won for themselves applause. But the atmosphere was so impregnated with patriotism that the weakness of human nature should be excused.

Another feature which made the Buffalo Convention unique was the plan and purpose of instruction. Other Conventions have been inspirational, but this one was inspirational plus educational. A glance at the program shows how this had been wisely planned, adding a new emphasis to the motto: "Culture for Service." There were "Hours with the Old Testament Prophets," "Hours with the Gospels," "Hours with the Poets of the Bible," "Hours with the Epistles," and Lectures on the "Holy Spirit." These courses were conducted by men of well known ability and piety. They were largely attended and enthusiastically received. Most of the addresses were educational in their purpose. They were on "The Need of the Hour," "The Believer's Standing in Christ," "How to Promote Temperance Reform," "Fellowship in Worship," "The Local Church the Point of Fellowship in Work," "The Opportunity of the Hour in World-wide Missions," "The Baptists and the Future." These are but a sample of the subjects spoken upon. It seemed as if you were at a great Bible and Missionary Institute. The awakening and the thrill sent through the hearts of the thousands at Buffalo will surely give impulse and direction to the larger life of our great denomination.

One other thing the Convention did that had not been done before. It brought into more prominence than previously the young life of the denomination, and showed how reliable and inexhaustible are our resources for leadership. The young men on the program were conspicuous, and their addresses were masterpieces of thought and eloquence. "There were giants in those days." Yes, and there are giants in these days. I cannot mention all, but will say we are justly proud of your quota of speakers at the Convention, some of whom were E. B. Pollard, Ph.D., L. O. Dawson, D.D., R. P. Johnston, D.D., C. S. Blackwell, D.D., and your own unique, unrepentable and brilliant John O. Rust. His speech on "The Local Church" captivated the assembly and stirred the hearts of all, and many turned away saying, "We have never heard man speak like this man." I am glad you are to print the speech.

To attend a great gathering of Baptist young people like the one in Buffalo will send one back home a better Baptist, a more helpful church member and a more intelligent and dedicated Christian.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Those Questions Again.

Several weeks ago our Society asked some questions to be answered through the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR. We expected not only one answer, but several, but received none. Paul said if a woman wanted to learn anything let her ask her husband, but as some of us are old maids we appeal to the "household of faith," as represented by the readers of the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR.

Some of our members think the reason we were ignored was because we did not ask aright, while the others think the inconsistencies could not be explained and that the brethren "kept silent" in this instance because they had nothing to say.

We asked how, according to the Constitution of the Tennessee Baptist Convention, they could refuse to accept women as delegates simply because they were women, and why such action was not taking "ecclesiastical jurisdiction" over the churches.

Now, brethren, get your minutes of the last Convention, turn to the last page and study the Constitution and let us see where "we are at," laying all prejudice aside, and deciding in the light of plain, every-day honesty, justice and fair play. Usually no credentials are required. The brethren are put on their honor. Now don't you think you can trust Baptist women "on their honor"?

Quoting from the report of the committee on women's work at the last Convention, one clause says "to do, and to hide their doing under the veil of modesty." Now, why a committee on women's work? Why not have the secretary of the Woman's Missionary Union, or her representative, read her own report? Quoting farther, the total amount contributed by the women through their Unions was \$4,646.16.

How do you suppose that money was made? Do you imagine that every woman has an allowance given her, stays quietly at home and gives one-tenth of it to Christian work? If you do, you were never more mistaken. We work for that money, and often serve the public to get it. One drives around, contracts for and delivers her gilt-edged butter; another serves the public over a counter, etc.

Last year in the Convention it was said the delegates went there to represent the money. Merely, do you think it would be a greater shock to our mod-

esty to represent that money before our pastors and our brethren than it is to serve the public to make that money? And again, are our pastors and our brethren any bigger men when they get to the Convention than they are at home? In a business meeting at home they would not dare silence us simply because we are women.

Will "ye editor" and others of the brethren think on these things and give us the benefit of your thoughts through the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR?

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY UNION.

McMinnville, Tenn.

[Somebody answer these women. They threaten to keep coming until they get an answer.—Ed.]

Carson and Newman College.

The contributions since last report are as follows:

T. H. Newman, Alpha	\$ 5.00
J. A. Lockhart, Flat Gap	1.00
W. D. D'Vault, Providence, R. I.	5.00
Anonymous	2.00
Miss Emma Tallaferra, London	.50
J. H. Sims, London	1.00
Miss Fannie Tallaferra, London	.50
S. N. Mitchell, Concord	.50
Wm. Cross, Scarborough	.50
Mrs. Wm. Cross, Scarborough	.50
W. W. Reagan, Ball Camp	.50
W. J. Stewart, Fayetteville	.50
C. A. Jones, Barden	1.00
J. R. Mullens, Barden	1.00
Mrs. Sue Hendricks, Mossy Creek	1.00
H. F. Gilbert, Oldtown	1.25
D. L. Marks, Springdale	1.00
J. E. Oxendine, Mossy Creek	1.00
J. C. Welsh, Columbus, O.	5.00
S. E. Jones, Mossy Creek	10.00
Total	\$45.75

I write scores of letters to which I get no reply. If the brethren would write a few words expressing their interest, if they can't do anything more substantial, it would count for much by way of encouragement.

Prof. Welsh of the chair of Natural Science has accepted a position with the Weather Bureau at Columbus, Ohio. While there he means to take a course in the State University, as the duties of his position will give him time for study. His place in our College for the ensuing year will be filled by Prof. Charles Walker. Prof. Walker graduated from our State University in '85 with the degree of B.S., took the M.A. degree from the same institution in '90, studied three years in Clark University, Worcester, Mass., taking the degree of Ph.D. from that institution in 1893. He has taught in our State University and in the State Normal College of Wisconsin. He also studied in the Johns Hopkins University four months. He is a specialist in Chemistry and Physics. He is now taking steps to make some needed additions to our physical apparatus. We must have at least a hundred dollars for this purpose right away. Who will help in this line?

Let the churches and associations arrange to have representatives at our Convention at Athens in October. Let's have a great meeting.

J. T. HENDERSON.

Why Not This Year?

This to the young preacher who is done with his college work or who cannot obtain college training. Are you ready to begin the work of explaining the Scriptures? That is a large part of your mission. Some knowledge of the subject to be explained would certainly help the expounder. The more knowledge one gains from the Scriptures, the richer his message is to men.

Surely it is hardly necessary now-adays to argue the need of Seminary training for the minister. Many have longed for it and could not get it. You can get it. Do you long for it? You may mean to try to come after awhile. That is risky. You know you can come now. You do not know how it will be another year. Entanglements come with the years. It will be harder every year to pull up and do this thing. The difficulties are not impregnable. No tuition is charged nor room rent. The board is cheap and other expenses are nominal. Special railroad rates can be obtained by writing to Dr. W. H. Whitsett, Louisville, Ky. Write him also for catalogue or other information. If aid for board is needed write to Dr. E. C. Dargan. The session opens October 1st and it is much better to be on hand the first day. It is better, far better, to come one year than not at all. The Pastor's Course offers an attractive and helpful line of study and comprises one session. It is essential that the preacher shall have a working knowledge of the English Bible. The English Bible and the hymn book are the preacher's text books. He must know them.

A. T. ROBERTSON.

Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.

NEWS NOTES.

PASTORS' CONFERENCE.

NASHVILLE.

Central Church—Dr. Frost preached at both hours. Edgetfield—Pastor Rust preached at the morning hour. No service at night.

Seventh—Pastor Burns preached to the children in the morning and Bro. Davidson preached at night. Good services.

Immanuel—Bro. W. C. Cleveland preached at the morning hour.

Third—Pastor Golden preached at both hours. 155 in S. S. Good young people's meeting.

North Edgetfield—Pastor Sherman preached at both hours to good congregations. 154 in S. S.

Howell Memorial—Pastor Howse preached at both hours. Unusually large congregation at night. Interest good.

Lebanon—Pastor Lannon preached at both hours to large audiences. Work encouraging.

Dr. Holt reports good services at Gibson.

I am assisting Bro. Ledford in a meeting at his country church at Pine Orchard, near Harrison, Tenn. We have already had 47 additions and the meeting continues. God is gracious and is pouring out the Holy Spirit upon us. We have large audiences. Pray for us.

U. S. THOMAS.

Let all the Woman's Missionary Societies of our Association (Holston) bring or send their reports to the annual meeting, which convenes in connection with the Association at Glenwood on Friday, August 12, 1898.

Mrs. E. LEE SMITH, Leader.

Greeneville, Tenn.

Our meeting is on us. The much-loved J. H. Wright is doing our preaching, and you know that means good, heart-searching gospel. Have had much indifference to overcome, but the word of God is as a "fire and hammer," and will prevail. Help us to pray for a great harvest.

I. N. PENICK.

The most remarkable work of grace I have ever witnessed is in progress in this camp. During the last ten days while preaching in the large tent of the First and Second Brigade, I have seen over 300 soldiers accept Christ; and last night 100 came forward and wrote their names on cards as volunteers for the service of the Prince of Peace. Request the prayers of Christian people for this work in the camp.

H. ALLEN TYPPEE, JR.

Camp Cuba Libre, Jacksonville, Fla.

I am now at Baker's Grove. Our meeting has been in progress the past week with no visible results whatever. It has rained every day or night. Everything has been against us. The last week in July will long be remembered by all churches which tried to hold meetings. Bro. Bather was with me and did some good preaching, but left Monday morning. Bro. Carney is with me now. Prospect dull for a meeting. May let loose to begin later on. I hope to see ye editor at the Concord Association.

J. T. OARLEY.

I had a quiet, good day Sunday worshiping with the home church. Dr. W. L. Cate preached a good sermon in the morning and Bro. Foster from Harrison preached at night. Friday I attended the Jefferson County Sunday-school Convention at New Market, and heard some good speeches. It was my purpose to attend a fifth Sunday meeting, but was prevented by a bad cold and nervous headache. Our pastor, Dr. Phillips, is spending a part of his vacation in Kentucky.

J. J. B.

Mossy Creek, Tenn.

Our meeting at Egypt Church began the third Sunday in July and continued till the fourth Sunday night. Bro. H. L. Winburn, a student of the Southwestern Baptist University, came Monday and remained till Saturday, doing all the preaching. Bro. W. is a young man of much promise. He has been preaching only about a year, but is one of the best young preachers I have ever been my privilege to hear. The people were delighted with him, and when he left there was not a dry eye in the house. The church voted him a unanimous invitation to hold our meeting next year. The meeting resulted in eleven professions and ten additions to the church. I baptized seven Sunday evening, one a consecrated young lady from the C. P. Church. Our church was greatly revived. To God be all the glory.

M. M. BIRDSON.

Jackson, Tenn.

Our services Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night were a fitting climax to a successful year's work. Bro. B. McNatt, our pastor, delivered three powerful sermons to very attentive congregations. Our church in its report sent up to the Association shows a gain of several dollars over each of the contributions for last year. Bro. McNatt has a powerful influence, and is doing a wonderful work among the brethren at this place. Bro. Sloan of Lewisburg will assist him in the protracted meeting to begin here the fourth Sunday in August. Brethren, let us pray that we may have a revival of pure and undiluted religion at this place that shall shake the whole surrounding country and may many souls be led to glorify God.

J. R. BARR.

Eagleville, Tenn.

Our upland preachers are divided up into two this week, strong teams, pulling the gospel wagon, freighted with the rich truths of the gospel. Gilliam and Brett are at Round Lick, Oakley and Bather at Baker's Grove, Dillon and Bates at Republican Grove, Ogle and Fleming at Christians, Grime and Vance at Dry Creek. And then others are taking it single file and file from high and low positions. Indeed, it seems that the strong fortifications of the enemy are being bombarded and many points blockaded. It seems that Holston (Fleming) has at last sunk the Merrimac across the neck of the bay of sin at Christians and the enemy is sailing around in much uneasiness. Can't tell yet what the effect will be. This is Bro. Fleming's eighth day with me at Christians. Large congregations, five conversions and the meeting continues. Bro. Fleming is a strong gospel preacher.

G. A. OGLE.

Milton, Tenn.

During July I was in four meetings, two with Bro. H. W. Hooker and two with my churches. The first week we were at Pechontas, Tenn., Bro. Hooker's church. It was a good meeting, with three professions and two baptisms. The second week Bro. Hooker preached for us at Hickory Valley, to the delight and edification of the members and community. There were eight professions and one baptism. The third week I preached for Bro. Hooker at Oak Grove Church, in Gibson County. We had a splendid meeting there, and I enjoyed a visit back to that dear people. Eleven had made profession when I left Saturday before the fourth Sunday. The meeting continued, but I have not learned the result. Bro. Ross Moore came to Middleburg to do the preaching for my people here. This meeting has just closed with eight baptisms and four other professions. We had a fine meeting. The people are very fond of Bro. Moore.

R. A. KIMMORON.

Jackson, Tenn.

The meeting Saturday and Sunday at Sylvia, Dickson County, was a success. Brethren H. Whitfield, J. P. Weaver and myself conducted the first "circle meeting" ever heard of by that community. Rarely, if ever, has such a meeting been attempted where no Baptist Church exists. But that cannot long be said of Sylvia. Yesterday (Sunday) sixteen gave their names for the organization of a Baptist Church at that place. Several others not present can be counted on when the day of organization arrives. Bro. Weaver preached Friday and Saturday nights and this reporter occupied the pulpit Sunday night. Saturday and Sunday were spent in discussing such questions as were found to be of interest to the community. The attendance was quite good, culminating in an overflowing house Sunday night. Services were held in the district school-house. Next third Sunday—August 21st—the organization of the church will be effected and about twenty-three are expected to unite to that end. We consider this the best session of the Eighth Circle of Cumberland Association held this year.

W. D. THIRLEY.

Clarksville, Tenn.

East Tennessee Baptist Sunday-school Convention.

This body meets with the Centennial Baptist Church Knoxville, on Tuesday, August 10th. A large attendance is expected. While it is desirable that all who can shall attend, let me urge our superintendents and teachers to be present. The program has been arranged with special reference to their work. We have been striving, hitherto, to organize schools. This has been in a large measure accomplished, as several of our Associations will perhaps report as many schools as they have churches. Our purpose should now be to make these schools effective as organizations, by having them under the direction of competent superintendents and teachers. Special stress will be laid on this feature in the coming Convention, and any superintendent or teacher who neglects to come will be the loser. Will not all our vice-presidents send in their reports to Rev. T. R. Waggener, our Statistical Secretary, Athens, Tenn., according to

his request, that he may be able to prepare the most complete report we have ever had. A number have failed to do so up to date. Please, brethren, respond to his appeal.

The president of the Middle Tennessee Sunday-school Convention, Dr. Folk, is cordially invited to be present.

W. C. GRACE, President.

Sweetwater, Tenn.

[All right. We will be there.—En.]

By the Way.

Dr. Acree takes his usual August vacation. He will likely visit the mountains.

Rev. J. H. Snow is expecting a large delegation at the East Tennessee Sunday-school Convention, to meet with his church, August 10th and 11th.

Pastor Murrell reports for the Third Church good congregations.

Clinton is now without a pastor. The writer enjoyed a good prayer-meeting service with the young people.

The agent—Bro. Ronch—of the Clinton Association High School, located at Andersonville, is raising the last \$100 on buildings, which are expected to be ready by the meeting of the Association at Andersonville, September 22-25.

Rev. C. L. Bowling has been pastor at Jacksboro about fifteen years. He has a beautiful home four miles in the country. It was our pleasure to stay all night with him and talk over "old times." There are few better men or more useful preachers than C. L. Bowling.

Rev. J. C. Hutson is a pioneer of Campbell County. I have from him some interesting "notes," to be published by and by.

J. J. B.

Jackson Items.

Jackson is in mourning. He who stood at the head in the list of outdors in the city of culture and strong and effective pulpits is no more. Dr. C. H. Strickland, the peerless, is dead. He fell full armed and died the death of a valiant soldier of the cross on the evening of July 28, 1898. He had been in Jackson only six months, yet he had won the admiration of all. He was admired for nobility of character and splendid manhood. He was loved for his many Christian graces and manly devotion to truth and the right. The whole city is sad and the First Church is bowed down in grief and sorrow, and realizes she has the sympathy of the brotherhood and craves an interest in their prayers.

Bro. Lovejoy is engaged in evangelistic work in Mississippi and Bro. D. D. Shuck is still in Kentucky.

The recent rains have retarded the work on the University chapel, yet there is hope that it will be ready for the beginning of the new session on the 7th of September. The outlook for the University is brighter than ever. Profs. Savage, Deupree and Irlby are just in from long tours in the interest of the University, and they report there will be a large increase of pupils.

The whole country is blessed with superior crops, the farmers are joyful and the people have ceased to talk of hard times, and the churches are having a harvest in the spiritual field.

MADISON.

Mid-summer Work in Memphis Association.

Friday, July 28th, the hosts gathered with the brethren at Mt. Pisgah Baptist Church to spend the day in annual celebration. A pleasing program was rendered by the young people of the church and Sunday-school. Bro. A. C. Edmonds the superintendent and leader, was assisted by an efficient corps of officers and teachers. After the morning exercises were completed, about 1,000 people gathered around a most sumptuous spread of good things prepared for the hungry and faint, and at the word, "away it went." The afternoon was spent delightfully. A beautiful souvenir was handed to each teacher and officer by one who loves the cause, and the young were refreshed with ice cream, cakes, etc., such as most folks like.

Friday night our Memphis young people held their monthly meeting with the Johnson Avenue Baptist Church. Good house full. The topic of the occasion was "My Hero and Why." Sister Ida Thomas presented Elijah and forcibly sustained her selection. Bro. Waddell suggested David and his life. Bro. Townsend, the National meeting at Buffalo and our opportunities. Miss Crumpton and Mrs. Elmore sang an appropriate duet. Miss Henley recited "The Bar-lew-Crown," touching and beautiful. One other presented the life and character of the beloved disciple as the hero to emulate.

Next week the workers go to Bartlett and Arlington, Tenn., also to Central Avenue to assist Bro. Swain in a protracted meeting. The weather is warm, many have gone, yet some are still at their post.

R. O. CRAIG.

MISSIONS.

MISSION DIRECTORY.

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

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

HOME MISSIONS.—REV. L. T. TUCKERSON, D.D., Corresponding Secretary, Atlanta, Ga. REV. M. D. JEFFRIES, Vice-President of the Home Board for Tennessee, to whom all information or inquiries about work in the state may be addressed.

MINISTERIAL EDUCATION.—All funds for young ministers to the S. W. B. University should be sent to C. M. KASOW, Knoxville, Tenn. For young ministers at Carson and Newman College, send to J. T. HENDERSON, Mossy Creek, Tenn.

ORPHANS' HOME.—Send all money to A. T. WILKELSH, Treasurer, Nashville, Tenn. All supplies should be sent to C. E. CHURCH, Nashville, Tenn. All supplies should be sent prepaid.

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY UNION.—President, Mrs. A. C. S. JACKSON, Nashville, Tenn. Corresponding Secretary—Miss M. M. CHAMBERLAIN, Maxwell House, Nashville, Tenn. Recording Secretary—Miss Gertrude HILL, Nashville, Tenn. Editor—Miss S. E. S. SHANKLAND, 221 N. Vine Street, Nashville, Tenn.

Woman's Missionary Union.

The quarterly report of the Central Committee will appear next week. It is always pleasant to receive a letter with a returned blank. Some items we share with the readers of the W. M. U. column.

Mrs. West Harris writes of Johnson Avenue W. M. U., Memphis:

"The Missionary Society met at the home of the President. Only five in attendance, but God was in the midst of us and a precious meeting was the result. Faith, subject for devotional exercises; Mexico mission topic; one member: nine visits reported; one subscriber for *Home Field*; nine boxes accepted by all present and literature distributed for home reading. I find the reading of many leaflets is productive of inattention, so make exercises short and to the point, giving each family an envelope full of missionary literature to be read and then exchanged with another member having something different. All brought in at next meeting."

If we do not care for the instruction of our children in missions and Christian activity, others perhaps will be kind enough to do so for us, but will that content us?

The request to revive the old and effective monthly Concert of Prayer for missions is awakening responses. We shall be glad to hear of many such meetings: "The interest in missions in our church (Chattanooga Central) is on the increase. At the last meeting we received three new members. Our pastor will have a mission prayer-meeting the last Wednesday night in every month now. The Society has purchased a set of maps the Foreign Board has published and they will help increase the interest by giving object lessons to all the church members who will be present at those monthly mission prayer meetings. Pray that we may all grow in missions. We are willing to hear from you and the frontier missionary that I wrote you about."

"I have succeeded in getting up a club for the *Foreign Mission Journal* by taking two myself and asking my brother to take two and give one away, so you see there are more ways than one to get a club."

Santa Fe is ready to prepare a box. The President writes: "Our Society

enjoys the work so much and it is something that *every one* helps in and seems to be interested in. We think best to begin the work soon so it could be ready before cold weather."

We are rejoiced to hear of the good W. M. U. meeting at Big Hatchie Association. There will be a similar meeting at Concord and Cumberland Associations. We trust that all our Vice-Presidents will make arrangements to embrace these opportunities for reaching and interesting the women of our churches.

The Missionary Controversy.

REPLY TO J. A. SCARBORO.

BY A. J. HOLT.

It is due to the readers of the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR that in this sentence I apologize for again appearing as a controversialist. I promise you, beloved brethren and sisters, that my replies shall not be objectionable in spirit or expression. Recognizing that this is a family religious newspaper, I shall write nothing that would cause the most unsuspicious and innocent child to shudder. I shall deal entirely in principles. I feel that in this introductory note I should explain why I decline to follow my Bro. Scarboro in his unpleasant and unprofitable personalities:

I disclaim the introduction of this feature. I was replying to Bro. Scarboro's book. I found that he assailed most bitterly the Georgia State Board, (pages 28, 29). Thinking that if he had suffered at the hands of that Board as he claimed, then he might have some personal reasons for antagonism to that Board, so I concluded that the first time I passed through Atlanta I would enquire about it. I considered, too, that if his assailing was unjust, I could not afford, in justice to the cause, to ignore that feature in my reply to his booklet. The opportunity was afforded me, and being in Atlanta on the business of the Board, and without a cent of cost to any one, I called on Dr. Gibson, the Secretary of the State Board. But he was absent from the city and I left a note to him to which he replied, authorizing the publication of his reply as the vindication of his Board. This reply was published.

This greatly offended Bro. Scarboro, and called forth his accusations that Bro. Gibson and myself were seeking to disgrace him, persecute him, ruin him, etc. For myself I must say that, having never seen Bro. Scarboro, and having never had any communication with him, I have not the least personal antagonism to him. So I kindly, but with emphasis, disclaim the least intention of doing him injustice.

I have no doubt but there are many excellent brethren and sisters who hold the sentiments of this unfortunate "Gospel Mission" movement. My assailment has been of the system, not of the persons advocating it, and one of the faults I find with the system is that it seems to foster and encourage the expression of these same bitter personalities. The recognized founder of this system set the pace, and its most prominent advocates have maintained well the unfortunate feature. If our brethren who left the old paths for this untrod and untried way, had gone off quietly, regretting that they were forced to separate from the brethren whom they loved, they would have manifested much more of the Spirit of Christ, and would not have courted the antagonisms that their belligerency has brought forth. With this explanation of the reasons why I must decline to discuss the personal features of Bro. Scarboro's reply, I shall address

myself as briefly as possible to issues and arguments set forth.

REPLY TO NO. 1.

Bro. Scarboro feels flattered that his one speech has created such a profound impression on the denomination that it has called forth "four strong papers and seven Doctors of Divinity." If this were an argument for the intrinsic value of his speech it might be offset with the historic fact that one pistol shot from Gaulteau convulsed an entire nation and caused the death of a President of the United States. Bro. S. states: "By your plan it requires about 200 churches to support a missionary, and by the Gospel Mission plan ten churches support one." In this sentence it seems to me that Bro. S. yields the principle at issue and contradicts his own statement that the "Board people do not work through the churches." So it is only a question of how many churches enter into the co-operation. In the Board plan 200 and in the Gospel Mission plan 10. But I do not concede his figures to be correct. Later he goes more extensively and particularly into the statistics; there I shall follow him and show him his mistakes.

FAILED.

He states that after a hundred years of experience our Board plan has failed to develop the benevolence of the churches so that from one-half to one-fourth of our people are doing nothing for missions.

Let it be borne in mind that some seventy years ago there was a movement among American Baptists, which in almost every particular was identical with this Gospel Mission movement and a majority of the arguments now used by Bro. Scarboro and his brethren were used by those brethren who seventy years ago opposed all missions. When this division occurred, not one Missionary Baptist out of 500 gave to missions. But from this little beginning we have gone on increasing in number, in contributions and in efficiency every year until the present, as the statistics abundantly show.

Following his argument Bro. S. says: "It may be that God is providentially destroying a system which has failed to do the work." Just the reverse of this is correct, as a casual glance at any of our minutes will show. I respectfully call the attention of all "Gospel Missioners and all others to the fact that there are more conversions and more baptisms in *any one day* among the missionaries of the Boards than our Gospel Mission brethren can show ever to have taken place among their missionaries in the whole five or six years of their entire existence as a separate system. Without argument or explanation will our Gospel Mission brethren publish a table of comparative statistics showing the missionary work actually performed by the missionaries of the two systems. These brethren certainly ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to publish what is being done by them toward preaching the gospel in all the world and to every creature. It will not avail to assert that Missionary Baptists are dying out when our records show that our missionaries out number theirs a hundred to one and when our baptisms out number theirs five hundred to one.

Bro. Scarboro's entire argument in this chapter is based on the assumption of the failure of Missionary Boards. Inasmuch as an attack is made by Bro. S. later in his reply on our Tennessee missionary work, I regard it as entirely proper to use that work as the refutation of his charge that the Board is a failure. In 1897 the Tennessee Board employed 71 missionaries and colporters. Page 17 of the minutes of the Convention gives the following figures as the result of one year's work:

Days labored	12,252
Stations occupied	240
Sermons and addresses delivered	10,111
New churches established	25
Constituent members of same	265
Baptized into Mission churches	826
Professions of faith	1,812
Received by letter	66
New church houses built	16
New Sunday-schools organized	101
Pupils in same	5,512
Sunday-schools addressed	101
Sunday-school institutions held	91
Tracts and Testaments sold	3,915
Illness and Testaments donated	852
Pages of tracts distributed	30,521
Religious family visits	25,571

If our "Gospel Mission" brethren can show this much work actually done by all the missionaries they have ever employed over all the earth during all the years of their existence as a separate system, I shall not call their work a failure. In the face of these facts how dare they brand our system as a failure?

We have not done nearly what we ought to have done, but it is not so much the fault of our system, as it is the fault of those who are opposing our system. This last year's work of Tennessee Baptists working through their chosen channel, is the best year's work they have ever done. Is it a very graceful thing for our "Gospel Mission" brethren to ridicule our work and say our system is a failure, unless their system could be shown to produce such good results. We challenge our "Gospel Mission" brethren to a generous rivalry as to which can do the most to carry out the commands of our Lord Jesus. If they can excel us there will be more cogeny in their claim that "God is providentially destroying a system which has failed to do the work."

(To be Continued.)

Summer in the Country Church.

The spring is well passed; the summer is upon us. The violets have bloomed, the blue birds have mated, and the country fads and fancies have begun to think about summer clothes and the protracted meeting. The once rusty plowshare now sowed by the fallow field gleams in the sunlight; the merry song of the plow boy, astride his mule going afield, mingles with the music of the trace chains, while the self-indulgent animal, nipping the corn or bushes by the way, is brought to repentance or reminded of his duty by the visitation of a plow line to the region of his ornamental ears. Nature has touched wood and field with her wand. All the country is a scene of life. Even the Saturday meeting, chilled for several months, begins to yawn and stretch itself more lustily than usual; the Sunday-school that got mired soon after the first heavy rain last fall, is beginning to make some effort to pull out, and the herds grazing in the old field can hardly hear the song of their bellies for the songs of the heaux and belles assembled in the Sunday afternoon "slugging" at the church. The deacons have shined their boots, and the preacher is looking about for his last summer's alpaca and sermons. The committee

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes much further than any other brand.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., N. Y.



Feeding the Fire.

The most powerful engine must stop if the fires are not fed. Man is the most wonderful piece of machinery in the world, yet no matter how strong and well made his bodily frame may be, if the fire of life within him is not constantly fed with food and nutritive organs, he becomes powerless and useless. The reason men become helpless and diseased is because the food they eat, which is the fuel of life, is not properly digested and appropriated by the stomach and nutritive organs. It is not completely transformed into the strength and working power which is to man what steam is to the engine.

That wonderful power-making "Golden Medical Discovery," invented by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., imbues the human digestive juices and blood-cleansing glands with capacity to extract abundant nourishment from the food. It builds up organic tissue, nerve fiber, hard muscular flesh and working force. It gives a man steam.

What it did for Mr. P. S. Hughes, of Junction, Henderson Co., N. J., is given in his own words. He writes: "I received your kind letter, and in reply would say that mine was a bad case of kidney and liver trouble, and that six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and four bottles of little 'Pellies' effected a complete cure. It is well known that almost every engineer is troubled more or less with kidney trouble, especially on our fast express trains. I run one hundred and forty-four miles on these trains every day in the week, and have had no return of the trouble since taking the remedies, nearly three years ago."

These days of renewed life and revived activities in the country church bring great opportunities to pastor and people. The soil of every heart is ready for the good seed of the word of God. All the tendrils of the new life of the season are to be trained and made to take hold of the strong enduring pillars of heavenly things. The church now in a receptive and responsive state must be led out into a larger and more liberal life of self-sacrifice for the Lord. In the very nature of things, in many of our country churches the principal work of the year must be done during the spring, summer and fall months. The pastor whose eyes are in his head will see this, and plan for himself and people a vigorous campaign for the great work of world-wide evangelization during these months. He who does so will soon find the life and power of his church so solidified and increased that the break in the work during the winter months will not be necessary.

These summer months are a time when some of our denominational work suffers for lack of funds. Let every country pastor and church resolve that the interest of Foreign Missions shall have a warm, earnest presentation and a prayerful, sympathetic hearing and a large, liberal response. As the crops grow and the flowers bloom, let us make the waste places in Zion bear their precious fruit, and yield their fragrance as the Lord blesses us with sunshine and shower, let us help to bless with the light of His Word and the dew of His grace all those who sit in darkness, their hearts parched by sin. The people are ready to respond if the preacher is ready to make the appeal.

If you will write to the Foreign Mis-

son Board, Richmond, Va., and get a supply of tracts and leaflets and sample copies of the *Foreign Mission Journal*, distribute them among your people and then preach on this great work, asking the people to give as the Lord has prospered them, you will help on the work and receive a great blessing yourself, as well as be the means of bringing an equally great blessing to your people. Then receive and forward to us the subscriptions of all who want to read the *Foreign Mission Journal* through the year. Remember that the price is only twenty-five cents each when ten or more are sent at once. You can send a club from each one of your churches, or you can combine and get up a big club among all your churches. If you will do this, we will do our best toward helping you instruct and inspire your people as to this work. Many times through the year you will have to give your time and attention to other subjects at such times we will be preaching the doctrine of missions to your people with all the fervor of our souls. We have some nice premiums that we offer to those who send clubs.

Come, brother, do these things at once. Remember that summer in the country church does not last always; unless you act promptly, the frost will catch your efforts immature.

Our country churches ought to contribute thousands upon thousands of dollars to Foreign Missions, and send us thousands of subscribers to the *Foreign Mission Journal* in the next four months. Give us your hearts and hands, brethren. Let us give and work for Foreign Missions through the summer, have a great rally for Foreign Missions in the protracted meetings, and then sing "Coronation" as a hallelujah chorus.

This word to every reader whose membership is in a country church: If there be any doubt as to your pastor's getting *The Index*, take yours and ask him to read this and act upon it, or, if he does not get *The Index*, and there is doubt as to his acting on these suggestions, go to him in a loving way and ask him to take the matter up.

While the foregoing has been written with special reference to the country church, it ought to be said that what is lawful in a country church cannot rightly be regarded as criminal in a town church.—REV. A. J. BARTON, in *Christian Index*.

Tennessee Associational Meetings.

AUGUST.

Concord—Friday, Aug. 5, Rutland Ch.

Sequelatchie Valley—Thursday, Aug. 11, Dunlap.

Holston—Thursday, Aug. 11, Glenwood, 18 m. Bluff City.

Nolachucky—Thursday, Aug. 18, Warrensburg.

Cumberland Gap—Tuesday, Aug. 23, Wolfensberger Chapel.

Duck River—Thursday, Aug. 25, Tullahoma.

Chilhowee—Thursday, Aug. 25, Maryville.

Mulberry Gap—Tuesday, Aug. 30, Beech Grove, Hawkins Co.

SEPTEMBER.

Walnut Grove—Thursday, Sept. 1, Laurel Bluff Church.

Big Emory—Thursday, Sept. 1, Caney Ford Ch., 6 m. Rockwood.

Unity—Saturday, Sept. 3, Ebenezer Ch., 6 m. Hollivar.

Watnaga—Tuesday, Sept. 6, Roan Mt. Ch.

Memphis—Wednesday, Sept. 7, Whitelyville Ch.

Ebenezer—Wednesday, Sept. 7, Columbia Ch.

Sweetwater—Thursday, Sept. 8, Prospect Ch., Roan County.

Central—Wednesday, Sept. 11, Oak Grove Ch., 8 m. Milan.

Eastmaniteo—Thursday, Sept. 15, Ocoee Ch.

Friendship—Wednesday, Sept. 21, Dyersburg.

Wiseman—Wednesday, Sept. 21, Dixon Creek Ch.

Clinton—Thursday, Sept. 22, Andersonville Ch.

Tennessee Valley—Thursday, Sept. 22, Ogden, 7 m. Dayton.

Holston Valley—Thursday, Sept. 22, Plum Grove Ch.

Weakley Co.—Friday, Sept. 23, Pleasant View Ch., 2 m. South of Dukesboro.

Beech River—Saturday, Sept. 21, Darden.

Indian Creek—Saturday, Sept. 21, West Point.

Union—Saturday, Sept. 21, Macedonia, Smith Co.

Beulah—Tuesday, Sept. 27, Obion Ch.

Tennessee—Tuesday, Sept. 27, Knoxville 2nd Church.

New Salem—Wednesday, Sept. 28, Plunkett's Creek Ch.

Ocoee—Thursday, Sept. 29, Concord.

William Carey—Friday, Sept. 30, Poplar Hill.

OCTOBER.

Judson—Saturday, Oct. 1, Maple Grove Church, Dickson Co., 8 m. North East of Tennessee City.

Western District—Tuesday, Oct. 4, Union Ch.

Northern—Tuesday, Oct. 4, Milan Ch., Union Co.

Cumberland—Tuesday, Oct. 4, Erin Church, Houston County.

Enon—Wednesday, Oct. 5, Peyton's Creek, Smith County, 5 m. North of Carthage.

Dover Furnace—Wednesday, Oct. 5, Hickory Grove Ch., Montgomery Co., 3 miles West of Oakwood.

Sevier—Thursday, Oct. 6, Friendship Ch.

S. W. District—Friday, Oct. 7, Shiloh, near Westport.

Midland—Wednesday, Oct. 12, Fairview Ch.

Providence—Thursday, Oct. 13, Chandler's View, Knox Co.

State Convention—Thursday, Oct. 13, Athens.

NOTE. The above table was compiled from the minutes of the Associations. If, however, any mistakes have been made, I would be glad to be informed, when the necessary corrections will be made. The following Associations do not appear: New River, Riverside, Salem, Harmony, I will be thankful for a minute of any of these. A. J. HOLT, Cor. Sec. Nashville, Tenn.

Army Hardships.

I see from a letter in the Banner some days since detailing the horrors of moving artillery during the campaign just closed, and that Gen. Shafter, under most supreme difficulties, did move it, but was only able to cover about ten miles per day. This brought to my mind a train of thoughts of long ago. I thought of a campaign Capt. J. W. Morton told me of once, when Forrest was moving South after destroying the Federal flotilla at Johnsonville. Capt. Morton said it did not rain, but simply poured. Wagons went up to the hub, horses floundered, while the artillery dragged its axles in the mud of the bottoms and clay hills farther

out. They only covered about two miles the first day.

Morton, all huddled with mud, so you could hardly tell the color of his clothes or face, the artillerymen and a detachment of cavalry in the mud knee deep, at the wheels to aid the jaded, overworked horses, presented a deplorable picture after the brilliant victory at Johnsonville, where Morton's field guns sunk gunboats and destroyed immense quantities of army stores. Gen. Forrest was in one of his worst humors—the soldiers understood him and knew what he meant. Capt. Morton and Maj. Anderson, of his staff, seemed to be the only ones on whom the General did not pour out his vials of wrath. Approaching Capt. Morton the General said: "Young man, how are we going to get your guns over these roads?" Morton asked him to make a detail and bring every yoke of oxen to be found in the country.

The cattle commenced to arrive about daylight and twelve pairs were put to each gun. One raider, failing to get oxen, brought in two cows. Morton improvised harness and soon had them doing military duty hitched to a 6-pound Rodman. When they reached Lexington the roads had to some extent dried out and the cattle were returned to their owners.

I recalled the campaign of old Stonewall when he made his flank movement from Bath to Romney. In Northern Virginia, in January, 1862. A deep snow covered the ground, while the mercury was playing with zero and far below. Ice covered the roads. After work, such as old Stonewall could do, his army covered 600 yards in one day. Spasmodic starts would be made, but only to cover about from twenty to thirty yards. Each fellow would appropriate the fire when he stopped, while those in his rear would appropriate his. I returned to the last night's camp to recover the straw used as a bed the night before, only to find a squad of North Carolina boys had appropriated it. I tried to find some other fellows, but everything was preempted, as every fellow but myself had dropped on to what was on the ground when he stopped when order was given to go into camp.—H. in Nashville Banner.

A Sad Neglect.

J. Shidell Brown, president of the West Virginia Press Association, and editor of the *Kingswood Argus*, tells a story which is equally applicable to many portions of other States. Mr. Brown is well known by a number of people in Nashville, and this little story for which he is responsible will no doubt be read with interest:

A Preston County preacher who has just returned from a tour of Tucker County, tells an amusing incident which happened at a farm house one day where he stopped to get dinner. While eating, the lady of the house inquired his business, and he replied: "I am hunting the lost sheep of Israel."

She left the room and in a few minutes returned with her husband, when she said:

"This man is hunting some stray sheep, and I bet that old ram that's been round here is his'n."

"No, sister, you don't understand me. I am hunting sinners, those for whom Christ died," replied the preacher.

"And is he dead?" she queried.

"Yes," replied the man of God, astonished at her ignorance.

"And hurried, too, I reckon?"

"Oh, yes; long ago."

"There, now, old man, I told you we'd die in ignorance for not taking a newspaper."—*American*.

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BISMARCK.

Bismarck, the former Iron Chancellor of the German Empire, died at his castle, Friedrichsruhe, on last Saturday night at the age of 83 years. He was born the year the battle of Waterloo was fought, and thus was a connecting link binding us to what seems the dim past. He has been well characterized as a man of blood and iron. He had an imperial will which rode rough-shod over all opposition. To his determination and his constructive ability was due the creation of the German Empire out of a number of pretty discordant States. He was, however, a reactionary. In this Nineteenth Century when the doctrine of individual rights has been the great dominating political principle, he succeeded in turning the tide backward in Germany towards imperialism, and towards the heresy of the divine right of kings. The young emperor, William II., had learned his lesson from Bismarck most too well, and when he came to the throne he proceeded to apply the principles of Bismarck, which led to the latter's retirement to his own castle, where he spent a sour and surly old age. But despite these differences between them Bismarck was in reality the greatest prop to William's throne. And now that Bismarck has gone we shall expect the democratic and republican ideas he had combated so successfully, and which were held in check largely by his powerful influence, to come to the front again, and to give more trouble to the young emperor. The death of Bismarck, following so closely upon that of Gladstone, will give fresh occasion for a comparison between the two men. We take the liberty of repeating the comparison which we made at the time of Gladstone's death.

The two were nearly the same age, Mr. Gladstone being a few years the older. The principal periods of their careers were contemporaneous. Both were statesmen of the highest type. Both stand out as the most prominent representatives of their respective countries during the present century. Both were idols of their parties. Both were the best loved, and at the same time the best hated, men in the nation. Both were prime ministers, and as such had upon them the responsibility of government. Both were creators of new policies.

But here the similarity ends and dissimilarity begins. Bismarck ruled with an iron hand; Gladstone with one of flesh. Bismarck was a man of blood and iron; Gladstone a man of flesh and blood. Bismarck ruled by force; Gladstone by moral ideas; Bismarck by might; Gladstone by right. Bismarck said, "Might makes right." Gladstone said, "Right makes might."

Back of Bismarck stood the army; back of Gladstone the people. The characteristics of Bismarck were courage and firmness; those of Gladstone justice and truth. Bismarck was an imperialist; Gladstone started as such, but gradually grew into a democrat of the broadest type. Bismarck lived for Germany; Gladstone for the world. With Bismarck the question was, what was best for Germany; with Gladstone it was simply, what was right. Bismarck was narrow and selfish; Gladstone broad and liberal. Bismarck was comparatively uncultured; Gladstone was a scholar of varied accomplishments. Bismarck was driven from power against his will and retired to his castle, where he spent a miserable old age, sour and surly; Gladstone at the height of his influence resigned the reins of government on account of the infirmities of age, and retired to private life, carrying with him the love of his friends and the respect of his enemies. His last years were passed happily in reading and writing, and in experiencing the comforts of the religion by whose principles he had so long been guided. Bismarck could say with Cardinal Woolsey,

"Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, he would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies."

Gladstone could say with the Apostle Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

DR. C. H. STRICKLAND.

It was a great shock to his many friends in this city and elsewhere when they read in the papers last Friday morning the announcement that Dr. C. H. Strickland, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Jackson, had died suddenly the night before. Dr. Strickland was one of the most eloquent and most popular ministers in the South. His pastorates were Greensboro, Ga., the First Baptist Church, Knoxville, the First Baptist Church, Nashville, the First Baptist Church, Sioux City, Iowa, the First Baptist Church, Jackson, Tenn. In all of these places he did a fine, substantial work and was greatly beloved. It was during his ministry here that the fine edifice of the First Baptist Church, this city, was erected. The severe climate of Sioux City having greatly affected his health, he accepted a call about the first of this year to the First Baptist Church, Jackson. He was just entering well upon his work in that important pastorate when the summons came so suddenly to him. His death is supposed to have resulted from a fall while bathing.

One of the members of his church said to us the other day, "We are all broken up over the death of our pastor. We had just begun to love him, and to think that there was no man in the world like him. His sermons were so eloquent." Funeral services were held in Jackson on Saturday morning, conducted by Dr. C. M. Savage, President of the Southwestern Baptist University, and also in the First Baptist Church, Nashville, Sunday morning, conducted by Dr. J. M. Frost, formerly pastor of the church, in the absence of Dr. Hawthorne, assisted by Rev. J. O. Hunt. Large congregations attended upon both services. He was laid to rest by loving hands in beautiful Mt. Olivet Cemetery.

Dr. Strickland was a noble man—handsome, cultured, genial and popular. He counted his friends by the hundred, and he bound them to him as with hooks of steel. It seems a terrible calamity that he should be taken in the prime of life—he was just 51 years of age—and taken so suddenly, like the snuffing out of a candle. He had been in bad health for sometime, but when we saw him a few weeks ago he was looking so strong and vigorous that we supposed he had at least a score of years before him in which to work for the Master. Verily, his death is a striking illustration of the words of David, "There is but a step between me and death." Thank God, however, he was fully prepared to go. His close friends say that he seems to have been ripening very rapidly for heaven lately, and talked a good deal about going to be with the Master, and with his only son, who died a few years ago,

We feel that in the death of Dr. Strickland we have lost a dear personal friend, and it is with no cold formality that we extend our deep sympathy over his loss to the members of the First Baptist Church, Jackson, who had learned to love him so warmly; to his hosts of friends in Sioux City, Nashville, Knoxville and elsewhere; to his daughter-in-law, who has been a very faith to him; and especially to his loving wife so sorely bereaved in his death. Thank God for the blessed promise, "All things work together for good to them that love God." We may not understand it now, but we shall some day.

"Man cannot judge the eternal mind by his,
But must accept the mysteries of life
As purpose divine with perfect ends,
And in our darkest clouds God's angels stand
To work man's present and eternal good."

THE ARMY CANTEENS.

During our civil war a canteen meant a kind of tin can in which the soldier carried water to drink, or it may be something stronger if he could get it. In our present war, however, the canteen means a saloon attached to the different regiments in the army, where beer and other strong drinks are sold. There are a number of these canteens at Chickamauga, at Tampa, and at other camps. They have been the source of great demoralization. The soldiers spend both their leisure time and their money there drinking and carousing. Drunkenness is common, and rows and fights are frequent.

It is a matter of the deepest shame and disgrace that such institutions should be allowed in connection with an army bent on so noble a mission as ours. As a matter of fact, our boys are in much more danger from these canteens than they are from the bullets of the Spaniards. We are glad to know that the attention of President McKinley has been called to this state of affairs, and that he expressed a desire to limit or extinguish the influence of alcohol in the army. We trust that this will be done.

The *New York Voice* has done good service in helping to put at end to this abomination. It makes the following suggestion:

Let every pastor, officer and member of Woman's Christian Temperance Unions, Christian Endeavorers, Young Men's Christian Associations, Good Templars, Sons of Temperance and everybody else out on the petition given below, paste it on a sheet of paper, get your friends and neighbors to sign it, and mail it to President McKinley, quick. If you prefer, write a petition of your own and write a personal letter besides. The President is not pleased with the current system, and last week received two delegations in one day, who called to protest against the outrage. Now let the President feel the power of American conscience. Choke the White House mail-bag with petitions, letters and protests.

A PETITION.

To the President of the United States:

We, the undersigned petitioners, citizens of the United States, do most respectfully represent: that there are now established at the army posts and army encampments numerous regimental saloons called "canteens," run under the direction and authority of army officers, professedly designed to keep our soldiers out of temptation of saloons outside of camp, but which in fact have resulted in bringing the saloon temptation directly within the camp, exposing thereto many thousands of young men carefully nurtured in temperance principles in Christian homes and churches.

And further, the amount of honor consumed (the sales often averaging from \$100 to \$500 a day to a canteen) threatens seriously to injure and does injure the military efficiency of our troops, and causes widespread demoralization in the troops, wholesale drunkenness, numerous shooting and stabbing affrays, nameless outrages, and several murders.

And further, leading army surgeons declare the use of alcoholic liquors of any kind to be extremely dangerous to the health and stamina of our soldiers campaigning in a tropical climate like that of Cuba.

Therefore, we do hereby respectfully petition that you will, to the extent of your authority as commander-in-chief of the army, forbid the sale of intoxicating liquors at all post and camp exchanges, or elsewhere within the lines of the armies of the United States.

We hope these petitions will be sent in large numbers.

P. S.—Since the above was written we have received the letter from Mr. Levering published on another page, and which we commend to our readers.

In his report of the battle with Cervena's fleet, Captain Evans of the battleship Iowa says of his crew: "So long as the enemy showed his flag they fought like American seamen, but when the flag came down they were as gentle and tender as American women." This was certainly a noble tribute both to the valor and to the humanity of our brave sailors. All honor to them.

CAPTAIN PHILIP.

Rev. Harry W. Jones, chaplain of the battleship Texas, writes an interesting letter to the *New York Herald*, in which he gives the following words as those used by Capt. J. W. Philip to his officers and men immediately after the great battle of Santiago de Cuba on Sunday, July 3rd: "I wish to make confession that I have impelled faith in God and in the officers and crew of the Texas, but my faith in you is secondary to my faith in God. We have seen what he has done for us, in allowing us to achieve so great a victory, and I want to ask you all, or at least every man who has no scruples, to uncover his head with me and silently offer a word of thanks to God for his goodness towards us all."

The chaplain adds: "I went into the cabin after the captain had gone there. Holding out my hand to him, I said, 'Captain, I congratulate you, not alone for your tremendous victory, but for the stand you took after the action.' His countenance brightened up as he replied: 'Why, chaplain, I was sure of it when I went on the bridge, for surely God has been with us, and it has been all on account of prayer.'"

The *Watchman* says that Captain Philip is a member of the Winthrop Congregational Church of the Charlestown District, Boston. When Captain Philip was ordered to the navy yard at Boston in the fall of 1891, he at once sought out a church where he might worship God as has been his wont. He selected the Winthrop Church, to which he brought a letter from the Plymouth Church, San Francisco, and entered heartily into its life. He was regular in attendance at the weekly prayer and conference meeting, and at Sunday services. His duties at the navy yard prevented him from such social mingling with his fellow-church-members, but all who met him were impressed by his modesty and devotion.

Thank God for a Christian soldier. No wonder the Lord blesses our arms when we have such men to lead us.

MERCEER AHEAD AGAIN.

We mentioned recently the fact that in an oratorical contest between the University of Georgia and Mercer University, not long ago, Mercer came out victorious. And now comes the news that in an oratorical contest held at Monticello on July 26th, in which the University of Mississippi, the University of Georgia, the University of Alabama, the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Tulane University, Mercer University and Millsaps College were represented, the medal was awarded to Mr. John Ruch Stratton of Mercer University. The speeches were judged by two committees, one passing upon their literary merit, and the other upon their delivery. The combined estimate of the two committees decided who was to be the medalist. It is stated that the Georgians made night hideous when it was announced that Mr. Stratton had won the medal. This double victory for Mercer must be gratifying to all friends of the University, among whom we beg to be counted one. The only regret we have about it is that the medal was not won by a representative officer of the Southwestern Baptist University or of Carson and Newman College. Immense, however, as the contest was held in Tennessee, the representatives of these schools very considerably refrained from taking part. Had they done so there would have been no doubt, of course, about the medal being bestowed upon some Tennesseean, and this would have been hardly courteous to our visitors.

PERSONAL AND PRACTICAL.

The *Baptist Standard* says of the *Western Recorder*: "That paper never loses an opportunity to compliment the leaders of the Crawford movement in the South, and its alignment with this element is strong and notorious." Unfortunately there is too much truth in this.

We were glad to see Rev. Rutherford Brett, of Carthage, in the city last week. He had been to Fayetteville to attend the funeral of his wife's father, Brother Whitaker, who died on July 25th, and was on his way in Waterbury to assist Pastor Gilliam in a meeting. With two such men as Gilliam and Brett to conduct a meeting, we shall expect to hear of good results.

Brethren L. A. Halley of Murfreesboro and J. H. Thompson of Columbia were in the city last Tuesday attending the meeting of the State Board. They are among the best pastors and finest preachers we have in the State. It is always a pleasure to see them.

The *Heaven Lost Without the Gospel*. By W. W. Gardner, D.D., author of "Church Communion," "Mistakes of Truth," "Bible Inspiration," etc. Price 5 cents: Louisville, Ky., Baptist Book Concern. This is the best tract that we have ever seen on that subject. We have read it with much interest. We should be glad to see a copy of it in the hands of every Baptist in Tennessee. If so, he would, we believe, be a Missionary Baptist in fact as well as in name.

Dr. J. S. Felix has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Asheville, N. C. During the three years of his pastorate he has accomplished a splendid work. His congregations have been large, and a number have been added to the church, and the debt upon the house has been greatly reduced. He is a fine preacher as well as a genial, lovable man. We shall expect to see him called to some prominent pulpit. The church at Asheville is one of the best in the South.

Dr. W. G. Inman of Humboldt stopped in Nashville for a day or two on his return from the meeting of the Tennessee Educational Society in Murfreesboro. He has relatives in the city. He was formerly pastor of the Central Church, this city. He is a good preacher, a popular pastor, a strong Baptist and a genial Christian man. He is doing a good work as pastor of some country churches around Humboldt. His history of Tennessee Baptists is about completed and he hopes to have it published soon.

A dispatch from Ponce on the Island of Porto Rico, states: "Chaplain Childwick of the Chelmsford, formerly of the Maine, introduced to Gen. Wilson this morning two of the leading Jesuits of Ponce, representing a thousand churches and their dependents in this province. The priests wanted information regarding their support, and Gen. Wilson said that under the Constitution of the United States it was not possible to apply any governmental money for church purposes." This will be sad news to those Jesuits, who have so long been accustomed to fatten at the public crib. After the fall of Porto Rico they will be priests without a job, for they are not likely to stay where they are not paid. That will be one of the best results of the war.

Our Sunday-school lesson of several Sundays ago reminded us of an incident which came under our observation at the time when we were studying the same lesson, Elijah at Mt. Horeb, some years ago. We were in a country Sunday-school, and overheard a teacher teaching the lesson to his class. He asked what it was which first appeared to Elijah. The answer came promptly, "A whirlwind." "What came after the whirlwind?" "An earthquake." "What came after the earthquake?" "A fire." "What came after the fire?" No one seemed to remember. The teacher repeated the question, "What came after the fire?" One little fellow held up his hand. "Well, what came after the fire?" "Smoke," he said. And we presume he was right about it.

After publishing the account written by some Baptist preacher of how he had baptized several persons in a large vat or bath tub, the *Southwestern Presbyterian* adds: "Add the fact that water is scarce in some countries and circumstances, crossing the desert for example, and we cannot help suggesting the inquiry, whether, if the mode be so essential, that our wise and loving Savior would have selected one unfit for ice-bound or arid regions or aged and invalid believers, or timid women?" Let us remind our contemporary of two things: 1. That while water may be scarce in the desert Philip baptized the Eunuch in the desert by immersion, as indicated by the fact that they both went down into the water, and came up out of the water. 2. That even now in such ice-bound countries as Russia, immersion is the form practiced by the people.

There is great wisdom in the advice of the Apostle Paul: "Let your moderation be known to all men." It means: avoid extremes of feeling, of action, of thinking. Safety is in discretion. We wear out our hearts, minds and bodies by extreme passion, worry and exertion. Within proper limits we can use a tool a long time. By unwise tension or strain we snap it. By an ordinary gait one can walk all day, but with a

hurried step only a few minutes. So excessive grief, excitement, anger, passion of any kind, starts an abnormal action of the heart and soon weakens and wears it out. Many a person dies before his time by such excess. A wise man soon finds that giving way to extreme anger weakens his body like too long bearing a heavy burden, or like hard work when one is weary. Avoid extremes of every kind. In the middle way alone is safety.

We take the liberty of publishing the following extract from a very kind letter received from Dr. Z. C. Graves, the noble old teacher who was for forty years president of Mary Sharp College, and who made it, probably, the most famous institution of learning for girls in the South. The names of the Graves brothers, Z. C. and J. R., will never be forgotten in the South: "I am so grateful to our Heavenly Father that he has placed the mantle of my beloved brother upon one so worthy as I consider you to be. I am truly proud of our denominational paper. I am now in my 83rd year. I have lost my hearing to that extent that I cannot understand anything said in public or at my own table. My health is not good. I have lost my physical strength so much that I cannot work in my garden." Dr. Graves is now living quietly with his son at Winchester. As he passes through "the valley of the shadow of death" may the Lord be with him, and may his rod and his staff comfort him.

The Pope has revived long enough from his struggle with death to make an appeal to the people of Scotland to return to the Catholic Church. This appeal strikes us as the most senseless thing which we have known the Pope to do, and this is putting it pretty strongly. The people of Scotland are too thoroughly grounded in the principles of the Bible, as taught them by John Knox and other sturdy Scotch Presbyterians, to think for a moment of turning to the bosom of the "mother church" from which John Knox so bravely led them. That the Pope should make such a proposition is enough to make the bones of that old hero turn over in their grave, where they have lain for over three hundred years. And if there should be any serious consideration of the proposition, we imagine that those bones would rise out of the grave, and clothe themselves with flesh and voice as in the days of yore in indignant protest. Such a proposition by the Pope is to us pretty good evidence of his approaching death.

Dr. J. C. Hiden quotes Dr. W. H. McGuffey, the late distinguished professor of moral philosophy in the University of Virginia, as having once told the following story: "A distinguished bishop had delivered before the assembled clergy of his diocese a very able and ingenious address to prove that a man is not always obliged to tell the truth. After his speech the clergymen were congratulating him upon his splendid effort. There was present, however, a poor ex-preacher who had been silenced on account of softening of the brain, which had made him half-witted. He still loved to meet his brethren; and the bishop, wishing to show him some attention, said to the 'weak brother': 'And what did you think of my address?' The brother replied: 'Well, I must know first what you think of it yourself. Do you believe what you said?' 'Of course I do,' said the bishop. The weak brother replied like a flash: 'Ah, yes; but you undertook to prove that a man might lie under certain circumstances; and how do I know but you are at it now?' This was a power.

The *Baptist Argus* recently stated: "A large number of temperance workers met last week in Nashville to formulate plans to carry on a never-ending, never-compromising war with the liquor traffic. Professor F. H. Kerfoot, of course, was there and threw himself into the plans with all of his enthusiasm. A systematic canvass of our churches in the South is to be made and all of our forces organized." This has been copied in several of our exchanges. Did the *Argus* mean that the meeting was held in Nashville, Tenn., or in there a Nashville, Ky., where it was held? If the former, we think there is some mistake about it. Dr. Kerfoot was in Nashville attending the meeting of the committee appointed by the Southern Baptist Convention to arrange for the celebration of the year 1900, several weeks ago. He spent only one day here, but as we know he was busy all day on that committee. If he made a second visit to meet a large number of temperance workers here, we know nothing about it. We claim to be something of a temperance worker ourselves, and had such a meeting been held we should have hoped to be invited to it. Ask Dr. Kerfoot about the matter, Bro. Prentiss, and let us know if you are not mistaken.

THE HOME.

I MISS YOU, GRANDPA.

WRITTEN BY MARGARET V. NEWMAN, WHEN A CHILD.

I miss you sadly, Grandpa;
Since that night you went away.
The days are long and lonely
And I do not care to play.

I miss you in the evening,
When the fire flicks lit around.
And I think of you, all by yourself,
Lying in the dark, cold ground.

I miss your charming stories;
And all around the place,
Where'er I am, where'er I go,
I miss your dear old face.

And I miss you always, Grandpa,
In your arm chair by the fire,
But I think I shall not miss you
In the happy home up higher.

Alpha, Tenn.

Mother.

WRITTEN BY MISS MERLE M. CAR-MICHAEL.

What a beautiful name is mother. How sweet it sounds to me. Upon all this wide earth there's no name to equal it, no love like a mother's love. How little we appreciate a mother's love until we are deprived of it. And how little we think of a mother's tender, caressing hand until death has stilled it, and we can no longer feel that gentle touch upon our aching brow. Then, and then only, do we realize the comfort of a mother's hand.

In sickness she stands by and sighs with your every painful moan; she bathes the fevered, aching brow in night's darkest hour. From a babe in the cradle to a man of silver locks her love is unchanging.

Heaven has imprinted in the mother's face something beyond this world, something which claims kinship with the skies. The sweet smiles, the tender look, the ever wakeful eye is that of a noble mother. Can a mother's love be supplied? No. A thousand times no. There is no love like a mother's.

Often do I sigh in troubled hours for a mother's soothing sympathy. But I have no memory of a mother's kiss; years have passed away since we laid her to rest in the green graveyard. Yet her voice whispers to me, and her eye keeps watch over me, and I cherish in my memory her noble name. For the noblest being on earth is a loving mother.

There is a tenderness in the love of a mother for her son that nothing can weaken. It is not to be daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness. She will sacrifice every pleasure for him. And if misfortune overtake him, he is the dearest to her. And if disgrace settle upon him she will still love him. If all the world speak idly of him, he is her son, and she loves him still.

Oh! how little we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living. How little we think of her anxieties and kindness, until her eyes are closed in death's slumbers, and her voice is stilled in her sleeping. When we no longer hear her soft foot step, and the cold experiences of this world envelop our heart, we then find her need. We miss her gentle voice, and sympathy. The thought of that praying mother brings scalding tears to our eyes. But alas! it is too late; she is gone from us, and we cannot call her back.

Young man, young lady, if you have a loving mother I beg of you to bestow upon her your untiring love; make her your confidante and companion. Make her feel that in old age she is a comfort and not a burden. Speak kindly and gently to her. Cause her no pain by a harsh, ill-spoken word. And when death, with its shadows, has cast its dark wings over your home and taken away that mother, no stinging thought can then arise in your mind that you ever caused her pain.

Think of the pitiful little one who raises its sorrowful, tear-stained eyes up to yours and says, "Mamma is dead." It is then deprived of its most tender comforter and wisest instructor.

Repose of Manner.

"She whom the gods love, Tranquility." Our great-grandmothers taught their daughters that "repose of manner" was the first requisite of true propriety. No well-bred lady would sit in company, put her hands to her face, toss her head, or finger her buttons. If she talked, she did it in a soft voice and without gesticulation, no matter how many rings she wore or how pretty her hands might be. She was taught even to control her features; that squinting and winking the eyes and twitching the mouth were not "nice," and that they could and should be intermitted in polite society. In sitting, neither the knees nor the feet were to be crossed; rocking was odiously vulgar; yawning and stretching were unspeakable offenses; and, above all, the hands must be crossed or folded in the lap, and kept there.

A later generation reversed these edicts. Its motto was: "Whatever you do, don't be stiff." The stately ladies of the old regime were voted "slow" and "prim." Movement and demonstration "came in," and repose "went out." In the craze after "naturalness," the pendulum, as usual, swung past the happy medium, and feverish unrest marked the deportment of our young women.

As the outward manner is said to influence largely the inward state, who shall say that the present reign of nervous diseases has not been sensibly aided by the fling and unrestrained of the modern school of manners? Is it not true that the habit of controlling the face and members helps to establish a control of the emotions and thoughts?

We plead for at least a partial resumption of the old forms. Let mothers once more teach their girls to sit still in company, to cultivate calmness; let our women learn to carry on earnest conversation in subdued tones and without gesticulation.

We used to be told that lying in bed with hands folded and eyes shut was half as good as sleep when sleep was impossible. It is quite credible that frowning and tossing about largely increases the loss of strength from sleeplessness, as we know that the sleep which is accompanied with much tossing and turning is not as refreshing as that which is taken quietly. Just so, if a reposeful manner is acquired early in life, an enormous expense of nervous movement is spared, and a corresponding amount of power may be saved. — Kate Upton Clark, in Banner.

A Russian Legend.

A poor shoemaker, Martin by name, had a great longing to behold the Lord Jesus. One night, in a dream, he received the promise that the Savior would visit him on the morrow. Martin's dwelling was a cellar, and his workbench stood beside the low window, from which he saw nothing but the feet of those who passed by. He rose early, worked at his trade, ate his morning meal, and said to himself: "To-day the Lord Jesus will visit me."

Looking up, he saw a poor woman, who had wandered about all night long, carrying a sick baby in her arms. Martin took her into his dwelling, gave her the remnant of his breakfast, and fed the child with milk. When she had gone, he again sat down to his work, hoping that now the Lord Jesus would soon appear. About noon he saw an old man who had not tasted food that day. He invited him in and shared with him his midday meal, but thought sadly: "The day is half spent, and the Lord Jesus has not yet come."

Towards evening he saw more feet in violent movement hurriedly flying hither and thither, and when he went out he found an old fruit seller and a street boy in a fierce fight. The woman, clutching the sleeve of the boy's threadbare jacket, screamed: "He stole my apples, and I will beat him for it!" Martin made peace between them, and, finding that both were hungry, he took them home and shared his supper with them.

The day being ended, he went to bed with a sad heart, for the Lord Jesus had not visited him, as it had been promised him in his dream.

He slept, and again he dreamed; and, behold, in his dream appeared first the tired woman and her sick child. She looked into his eyes, and said: "Martin, dost thou know me?" And the old man came, and the fruit seller, each asking: "Martin, dost thou know me?" Then Martin remembered the words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Famous Trees.

The Charter oak is in Hartford, Conn., and concealed the charter of the colony for several years from 1687.

Washington took command of the army under an elm tree in Cambridge.

The Treaty elm, under which William Penn signed the famous treaty with the Indians in 1682, was upon the banks of the Delaware. It died in 1829.

The great linden in Wurttemberg was 800 years old. The city Neustadt was for many years known as the city near the linden. In 1408 a poem was written about it. It was proposed by 67 stone pillars; in 1664 these were increased to 82; in 1892, to 106. Its trunk then measured 37 feet. It was wrecked in a gale that year.

There is a walnut tree 1,200 years old in the Balder Valley, near Dalaklava. It belongs to five Tartar families. It still yields nearly 100,000 nuts, which are divided between the five owners.

The famous banyan tree is in Ceylon on Mount Lavinia, seven miles

WILLING TO HELP

Securing freedom from the grip of calvary makes loyal friends for the liberator.

Pe-ru-na has been making friends of this kind for many years. It cures catarrh wherever located.

Mrs. E. Eades, of 35 Twenty-eighth St., Detroit, Mich., is one of the many thousands of Pe-ru-na's friends. This is what she says to Dr. Hartman:

"We have used your Pe-ru-na with the most remarkable results and would not be without it. We have always recommended it to our friends. A few years ago I purchased a bottle of your Pe-ru-na and after seeing its results, recommended it to my grocer who was troubled with dyspepsia, the curing of which induced her to sell it in her store. She has sold large amounts of it. My daughter has just been cured of jaundice with Pe-ru-na. My pen would grow weary were I to begin to tell you of the numerous cures Pe-ru-na has effected in our household vicinity within the last couple of years."

Dr. Hartman, President of the Surgical Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, will counsel and prescribe for fifty thousand women this year free of charge. Every suffering woman should write for special question blank for women, and have Dr. Hartman's book, "Health and Beauty." All druggists sell Pe-ru-na.

from Colombo. There are two roads through its stems. It throws a shadow at noon of four acres.

The famous cedars are on Mt. Lebanon. There were sixteen that measured more than thirty feet in circumference in 1690.

The walnut was originally called the gaulthier in England because it came from France (Gaul). Walnuts played an important part in the siege of Amiens, near the end of the Sixteenth Century, when a party of Spanish soldiers, dressed as French peasants, brought a cartload of nuts to sell, and as the gates opened for them to enter the nuts were spilled upon the ground, and sentinels stooped to pick them up, when the Spanish soldiers pounced upon them, killed them, and guarded the gates while the Spanish army entered.

The fig tree leaves were sacred as a crown for Solomon.

The black mulberry was dedicated to Minerva because of its slow growth. — School Record.

Starvation never yet developed thin and style.

A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER

DR. PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER

Awarded

Highest Honors, World's Fair
Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair

YOUNG SOUTH.

Mrs. Laura Dayton Eakin, Editor.

201 East Second Street, Chattanooga, Tenn., to whom communications for this department should be addressed—Young South Editor: Nellie Vestige Holcomb.
Our editorial address: Mrs. Eakin, Maynard, 62 Sackin' Street, Kokoro, Japan, via San Francisco, Cal.

—Mission subject for August, HOME BOARD.

"Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ."

Home Board.

FINANCIAL.

The amount raised and expended on the field for Home Missions this year is \$51,251.01 against \$45,671.82 last year. There have been collected and expended in building houses of worship on the field this year \$56,385.16 against \$51,540 last year, making a total of money raised on the field \$110,636.50 against total raised on the field last year of \$97,211.82, an increase of \$13,424.68. Total cash received by the Board from all sources has been \$89,887.27 against \$83,181.31, an increase of \$6,705.96.

WORK OF THE YEAR.

The number of missionaries employed this year was 467 against 372 last year. Baptisms this year 4,739 against 4,700 last year. Total additions to churches this year 9,509 against 9,455 last year.

It is gratifying to the Board under the adverse conditions of the year, to present to the Convention one of the best reports it has been privileged to make.

CHURCH BUILDING.

In addition to the \$50,000 raised by our missionaries and expended in building houses of worship on their field, the Board has invested more than \$10,000 in cash in places of worship.

It has made the last payment upon the property purchased for the use of the First Church in New Orleans. It has appropriated \$500 to the building of the house for the German Church in Kansas City, and \$500 to aid in saving the house of worship of the First German Church in Louisville. It has appropriated \$1,000 to aid churches in the tornado swept district of Florida in rebuilding their demolished sanctuaries, besides smaller contributions to other churches.

The Convention will recognize these amounts as investments, not expenditure. There has been about \$5,000 thus added to the property of the Board. — B. M. U. Notes.

Young South Correspondence.

This is very warm, sleepy weather I know. Does that account for the few letters received this past week? Let us see if it is not possible to shake off the mid-summer lethargy and make August count in our fifth year. We are falling behind in our receipts for Japan. Just scan our record for the first week in August, and ask yourself what you can do to push things forward at a little faster rate. Won't you?

The first message comes from our dear earnest little friend at Watertown: "Good morning! Here I am again, but not alone this time. Let me introduce to you my sister Alice, whom I have brought with me. She, too, wants to be a worker for Jesus. We bring you 25 cents each. We are right busy going to our protracted meeting. I like to go, but I get tired sometimes." — MAGGIE BARR.

We are very happy to meet you, Miss Alice. May you make us good a member of our circle as our own Mag-

gie. I hope the meeting may bring you great good. I give your quarters to Japan, as you do not say what you wish done with them. I thank you both so much.

The next brings Lillian Burdette's long-lost dollar. The post-master at McKenzie sends the order, but he does not say by whose fault it has been delayed. I think this must be the last one stolen by the dishonest carrier. I hope now for better times.

Now comes a brief note from Henning:

"We send 65 cents for Mrs. Maynard."

INTERMEDIATE CLASS.

This is the work that tells. The keeping at it is the thing. We appreciate such steady workers, and I thank you from my heart. You certainly set a fine example.

Athena comes next: "Enclosed find 55 cents from the First Baptist Church of Athens, for our missionary, Mrs. Maynard."

JUNE DONORS.

Here are more indefatigable workers. Thank you so much. We are all looking with interest to Athens, because there the Baptist hosts of Tennessee will assemble in October, and we hope to meet these happy workers in Christ's name face to face.

Now just one more! This would have been rather a "short" week without it. It comes from Newport:

"I enclose you my check for FIVE DOLLARS for the Orphanage."

NEWPORT.

What a nice "lift" that is! We are so much obliged to this kind friend whose name I am forbidden to disclose. God knows of his generous help to these most worthy of His "little ones." He will reward him abundantly.

I have had a private letter of sweetest sympathy from dear "Mamma Saunders," for which I am deeply grateful. My sister felt a deep interest in her work in the Home at Nashville, and so often spoke of it and her. We all enjoyed her stay with us here in my home during the Convention of May, '96. May we meet again at Athens.

I have not been able to find out whether our soldier has gone on to the front or not. His mail will follow him and your papers and books will be welcome wherever his tent is placed. They are going at the rate of many thousands a day to Porto Rico, poor fellows, and I sadly fear many a poor boy will never see his mother's face again. Let us make them as happy as we can while the Spanish bullets spare them.

Now, who will write me the first letter? Let me have a word at least for next time. These summer birth-days, what has become of them? And the little fruit sellers? Are not the chickens ready to fry? Soon the school bells will be ringing everywhere. Already in the country the children are studying and reciting. Let's make the most of these August hours. Affectionately yours,

LAURA DAYTON EAKIN.

Chattanooga.

Receipts.

First, quarter—Fifth year	\$140 52
July offering	65 30
First week in August:	
FOR JAPAN.	
Maggie Barr, Watertown	25
Alice Barr, Watertown	25
Lillian Burdette, McKenzie	1 00
Athena fund, Athens	55
Intermediate Class, Henning, N. H.	65
FOR ORPHANAGE.	
Newport	5 00
Total	\$218 61
Received since April 1, 1898:	
For Japan, fourth year's salary	\$14 04
For Japan, fifth year's salary	141 48
Orphanage	65 75
Colporteur	2 00
Postage	15
Total	\$340 70

Singing For Jack-knives.

In Egerion R. Young's fascinating story of missionary work among the Cree Indians in the Hudson Bay territories is the following episode, which will especially interest boys:

Indian boys dearly love pocket-knives. As they have to make their own bows and arrows, the paddles for their birch canoes, and also the frames for their snow shoes, of course a good knife is valued possession. In whittling, Indian boys do not push the knife from them, but always draw it toward them. They are very clever in the manufacture of the few things which they require, and are encouraged by their fathers to do their work unceasingly as possible. So the better the knife, the better the work which these Indian lads can do, and they are ambitious to possess the very best knife that it is possible for them to obtain; just as the older Indians will give any price within their means for the very best guns that are made. Knowing this love for a good knife, I once used it among a lot of Indian lads as an incentive to encourage them to sing, as our story will explain.

Taking out six very good knives, I stood up before the crowd and said: "Boys, listen to me. I am going to give these six knives to the six boys who will sing the best. And look! While five of them are good two-bladed knives, one of them is a splendid four-bladed one. Now I am going to give this best one to the boy who will sing the best of all."

Great indeed was the excitement among the Indian lads. Nearly every boy in the audience rushed to the front and the trial began. Indians in their wild state have no music worth preserving, and so in all of our missions our hymns and songs are translated, and the tunes of civilization are used. The teacher seated himself at the little organ, and the testing began. They sang such hymns as "Rock of Ages," "Come, thou Fount of every blessing," "Just as I am," "Jesus my all to heaven is gone," and many others.

The inferior singers were weeded out very rapidly, and sent back to their seats. When the number was reduced to about ten, the work of selection proceeded more slowly; but eventually the number was reduced to six. The question now was, which of these six was to receive the four-bladed knife? This was not easy to settle. The members of the committee differed very decidedly; so one boy after another was tried, over and over again, and still no unanimous decision could be reached.

While the committee was discussing the matter, five of the boys, seeing our perplexity, took the matter out of our hands and settled it in a way that surprised and delighted us all. These five were fine specimens of Indian lads. They were lithe and strong, and full of life and fun. The sixth boy, Jimmie Jakoon, was a cripple, having one leg which was very much shorter than the other; the result being that he had to use crutches. These five had moved over to one side, and were observed to be excitedly, though quietly, engaged in conversation.

After their brief discussion one of them sprang up, and looking at me, asked:

"Missionary, may I say something?" "Certainly you may," I replied. "Well, missionary," he answered, "we five boys have been talking it over, and this is what we think about it. You see we are well and strong. We can chase the rabbit and partridge, and other game; and then when winter comes, we can skate on the rivers and lakes; but Jimmie is lame; he has a bad leg. He cannot run in the woods. He cannot go skating on the ice. But

Jimmie is fond of whittling. He is a good hand at making bows and arrows, and paddles and other things, and a fine knife would be just the thing for him. And so we five boys have talked the matter over, and as he is a cripple, we shall be glad if you'll give the best knife to Jimmie."

Noble boys! How the people were thrilled at this speech. It electrified me, and not only filled my eyes with tears, but my heart with joy.

I could but think of the past, of the cruelty and intense selfishness of those dark days, when among both the young and old every one was for himself, and the unfortunate and feeble were neglected and despised. Now, thanks to the blessed ennobling influences of Christianity, even the boys were catching this Christly spirit, and would spontaneously act in this delightful way.

So to Jimmie was given the four-bladed knife, and to the other boys were handed the two-bladed ones; but so pleased was I with the beautiful spirit displayed by them, that I added to the gift a good shirt or jacket as each boy chose.

Items of Interest.

The Franco-German war cost \$3,000,000,000.

Santiago bombardment powder cost \$1,000,000.

England's ordnance survey map cost \$20,000,000.

The army of Germany boasts eight women colonels.

A Red Cross nurse won a husband among her patients.

Yellow fever killed 11,500 Spanish soldiers in Cuba.

Spain has sent to Cuba 1,000 tons of medicines, etc., in three years.

To escape from Ceuta jail, a prisoner must swim the Strait of Gibraltar.

Our oldest vessel still in service, the schooner Polly, was built in 1806.

The demand for cavalry horses has revived the equine industry in Wyoming.

Our coast signal service system extends all the way from Bar Harbor to Galveston.

The constitution forbids the President leaving the United States while he is President.

The sword of Napoleon was laid unsheathed on the pillow where rested his lifeless head.

Profanity is forbidden by both the army and the navy regulations of the United States.

During the siege of Paris, no fewer than 22,000,000 letters sailed out of the city in the fifty-four balloons.

The breaking of the sword in halves and throwing the weapon at the feet of an enemy is the expression of insubordination, the spirit that admits defeat, but remains unconquered.

Good roads mean nearer and better neighbors.

Will Keep Forever.

Kin-hee
Coffee

Roasted Java and Mocha.

Packed in air-tight cans and always fresh and strong. For sale by grocers everywhere.

Mrs. Harter's booklet, "Coffee & Cocoa," free.

JAS. BEKKIN & CO., Cincinnati, O.

RECENT EVENTS.

—Rev. Joe P. Jacobs of Evansville, Ind., was in the city last week on his vacation and visiting relatives. He is doing a good work in Evansville.

—During the meeting of the Big Hatchel Association an interesting meeting of the Woman's Missionary Union was held, presided over by Mrs. H. B. Folk.

—Rev. L. W. Sloan has resigned as pastor of the church at Lewisburg, Tenn. He is one of the best pastors we have in the State. We take great pleasure in recommending him to any church in need of a pastor.

—The Baptist Standard concludes an editorial on Hardshell Baptists by saying: "We have far more respect for a Missionary who was baptized by a Hardshell than we have for a Hardshell who was baptized by a Missionary."

—Rev. S. A. Owen has resigned his work in Kentucky to take effect the first of September. We should be glad to have him back in Tennessee. He is a Tennessee boy, and is an excellent gospel preacher. He has been quite successful in evangelistic work.

—We were glad to have a call from Rev. A. H. Ratter of Greenbrier, as he was passing through the city on his return from Baker's Grove Church, Wilson County, where he had been assisting Bro. Oakley in a meeting, of which Bro. Oakley makes mention on another page.

—The recent death of W. L. Samuels, of Bardonia, Ky., was extremely mourned by all who knew him. He is spoken of as a strong, gentle, lovable, Christian man. His death had been bad for sometime. We tender to his bereaved family and to his loving friends our deep sympathy in their great sorrow.

—Prof. B. G. Lowrey has been elected president of Blue Mountain Female College in place of his brother, Dr. W. T. Lowrey, who resigned to accept the position of president of Mississippi College. Prof. Lowrey has been a professor in the college for nine years. He is spoken of as solid, safe, sensible and strong.

—The church at Bryson City, N. C., asked for the resignation of Rev. M. P. Matheny. He has been tried and found guilty of conduct unbecoming a minister. He and Bro. J. A. Scarborough were joint editors of the *Southern Baptist*, which has been one of the most pronounced Gospel Mission papers in the South.

—The National Baptist Play, of Springfield, Mo., and the Baptist Missionary, of Pierce City, Mo., have been consolidated and will in the future be published at Springfield, Mo., with Rev. A. Carlin, the former editor of the

A TEXAS WONDER

HALL'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

One small bottle of Hall's Great Discovery cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, seminal emission, weak and lame back, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. Regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months treatment, and will cure any case above mentioned.

All orders promptly filled. Send for Texas testimonials. E. W. HALL, Sole manufacturer, P. O. Box 218, Waco, Texas. Sold by Page & Sims, Nashville, Tenn.

READ THIS.

(Gonzalez, Texas, July 1.)—This is to certify that I have used Hall's Great Discovery for kidney and bladder troubles, and I am satisfied that I have been very greatly benefited by it. I can fully recommend it to others who are afflicted. JAS. P. MILLER, Banker and Ex-Congressman.

Baptist Missionary, as editor of the consolidated paper, the *National Baptist Missionary*. We wish him much success.

—Rev. John H. Helm, who was for sometime pastor of the church in Clinton, Tenn., but who during a year and a half spent in the Seminary has been preaching at Wallisboro, Ind., expects to return South about the last of September. He does not know yet just where he will locate. He is a good man, a hard student, and an excellent preacher, and we should be glad to see him located again in this State.

In speaking of the present war Dr. Chivers said at the recent meeting of the B. Y. P. U. A. in Toronto that it should be significant to us as Baptists. The leader of our American armies, Gen. Miles, and the leader of the Cuban armies, Gen. Gomez, were both Baptists. Another very significant fact was that the only man killed on the American side when Cervera's fleet was destroyed, Geo. F. Ellis, was a consistent member of a Brooklyn Baptist Church.

Rev. R. S. Fleming of Tusculum, Ala., stopped in to see us last Tuesday on his return from Christiana, where he had been assisting Bro. Ogle in a meeting. He reports a very good meeting, despite the almost constant rain. There were eight additions to the church. He says that his work at Tusculum is moving along very nicely. Funds are being raised to repair the house. Bro. Fleming is especially cordial in his praises of brethren S. S. and Boyce Broadus, sons of Dr. John A. Broadus, who are members of his church.

—The following letter, published originally in the *New York Herald*, is a striking example of a forgiving spirit: "I am a mother of one of the sailors of the Maine. I am an unlearned woman who can do little but read her Bible, but I have heard of the women's letters that asked this country to fight to avenge the death of their husbands and sons. I wish to say to the other mothers of those dead sons, think shame to yourself that you should ask others to take cruel vengeance for the death of your sons. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,' saith the Lord. In my grief shall I forget the Lord and wish that another mother should mourn because of a son at the bottom of the sea? If all the sailors on the Spanish ships were killed, would that give us back our sons who died on the Maine? May we do no murder, nor wish in our hearts that other hands may be dipped in blood, which is the same thing."

—Mr. Geo. Mueller (pronounced Miller) of Bristol, England, died recently. He was the distinguished founder of the Orphanage at Bristol. It is calculated that Mr. Mueller cared for and educated more than 40,000 orphan children, besides supporting numerous foreign and home missionaries, and circulating vast numbers of copies of the Scriptures and religious tracts. He was also the pastor of a church built up by his own labors. It was a principle of his work that he would not apply to any person for money. He prayed to God for the means to carry on his enterprises, and he regarded the large sums that were put at his disposal as the direct answer to prayer. The five orphan houses, erected at a cost, it is said, of \$6,000,000, are now vested in a board of trustees, but they have no endowments, since Mr. Mueller believed that funds would be provided as required.

POTTER COLLEGE
The most beautiful place in the South for girls. The Lookout Mountain of Kentucky. A combination of all the best features of a school life happy, everything to make school life happy, everything to make school life happy. Write for catalogue. 2000 State St., Bowling Green, Kentucky.

To All Interested in the Boys in Blue.

As a member of the Army and Navy Commission of the Y. M. C. A., it was my privilege recently to visit some of the army camps and see the good work which is being done for the soldiers through its efforts.

As a result of this personal observation I cannot speak too highly of the privileges afforded the soldiers for their social, physical and religious well being, by this agency, nor of the appreciation shown by them for the unselfish efforts put forth in their behalf. Many of these soldier boys came from Christian homes where they were surrounded by safe guards of every kind, and feel the need of just such influences and helps to counteract the temptations to evil so prevalent in army camp life.

The evangelistic work is made, the supervision of a special committee of which Mr. D. L. Moody is Chairman, and at whose request earnest gospel preachers like Rev. A. C. Dixon, R. A. Torrey, H. M. Wharton and Major Whittle with others have spent weeks in the camps preaching nightly to crowded audiences the "Old, Old Story of Jesus and His Love." I never saw more eager or attentive listeners, more earnest desire to know "The way of Life," nor the presence of the Spirit of God more clearly manifested.

Surely this is the golden opportunity for the Christians of this country, working through an organized, but undenominational agency, to accomplish a great work for the Master. The field is ripe for the harvest and the laborers are ready, but money is absolutely needed for the continuance of the work. Surely the Christian people of this land will not permit an agency so honored and blessed of God to be hampered for want of funds. Send all contributions to Mr. D. L. Moody, East Northfield, Mass., marked for army work.

There is a dark side, however, to the picture. In all these camps, with perhaps but one or two exceptions, there have been established the so-called army canteen, but which in reality is nothing more than the regular beer saloon.

Not only have these saloons been thus established, but some subtle mysterious influence seems to be at work to force the soldiers to patronize them and thus start them on the way of becoming drunkards, or so weakening their constitutions as to make them an easy prey to yellow fever or other tropical diseases.

Just a day or two before I visited the camp at Chickamauga Park an order had been issued forbidding the sale of all soft drinks, including lemonade, soda water, and even ice cream and cake on the theory that these articles were detrimental to the health of the soldiers, but at the same time allowing them all the beer they desired.

When their money was exhausted beer checks were issued, which were taken out of the pay of those using them when pay day rolled around. It is hardly necessary to add that when pay day did come some of the boys had little or no money due them to send home to loved ones dependent on them.

The establishment of the canteen in soldiers' homes, where they are working and have among the veterans of the late war, in army posts and camps, was inaugurated by the Secretary of War under Mr. Cleveland's first administration, endorsed by Congress making an appropriation for the starting of them, has been continued and gradually extended by the succeeding administration of Mr. Harrison, Mr. Cleveland's second term and that of the present executive.

It is to be remembered that there is no law authorizing these canteens, but

they are allowed by an "Army Regulation" wherever a Commandant of an Army Post desires one. This regulation has been construed to mean that any Colonel of a regiment can have a canteen or saloon if he wishes, and therefore it is that in the camps the canteen can be found in some regiments and not in others.

The surprising fact is that notwithstanding the unanimous testimony of the highest medical and military authorities of our own and foreign lands, that the safest protection soldiers can have in going into tropical countries is to abstain entirely from alcoholic beverages, as witness the statements of Gen. Miles, Surgeon-General, Sternberg, Capt. Woodson, Government Expert, Gen. Woolsey and others; yet these saloons are allowed to continue their process of debauching our soldier boys and preparing them to become early victims to the climatic diseases of Cuba, Porto Rico, and even our own Southland during the unhealthy fall season. Surely it is enough to ask of the people of this country to give their husbands, sons and brothers to face the ordinary dangers of the camp and battle, for the maintenance of the honor of their country and the protection of its flag, without adding the additional and unnecessary risks, which come from indulgence in intoxicants almost forced upon them. Had this fact been known at the time of enlistment, how many of these boys, fresh from Christian homes, would have felt it their duty to enlist?

The responsibility for the continuance of this great evil rests with the Colonel of the regiment where it exists, with the General in command of each camp, with the Secretary of War and with the Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States—the President—any one of whom can suspend the operation of the "Army Regulation" by a simple order to that effect.

Realizing this fact, and knowing by personal observation the great havoc which was being wrought by this agency of evil among the soldier boys, I resolved to lay the matter before His Excellency the President and beg of him to use his prerogative, as Commander in Chief, to put a stop to this destruction going on among those who had a right to claim the protection of the government they were giving their lives to defend.

After a little correspondence regarding the matter, I was notified the President would be pleased to see me. In company with two friends composing a committee interested in the same subject, we called at the White House on Thursday, July 14th.

After a brief delay we were received by the President in company with Gen. Alger, Secretary of War. We were accorded the greatest courtesy, listened to attentively, and assured by the President that he now had the matter under consideration and that it was his desire to minimize and, if possible, to abolish entirely the use of alcoholic beverages in the army. I believe fully in the desire of the President as above expressed, but it must be remembered that the friends of the beer interests are a mighty host, and their influences far reaching and assertive, and therefore it is but right that the President should have the active

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and internal surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best (and known) combined with the best blood purifiers, and acts directly on the internal surfaces. The perfect cure of the two internal diseases is what produces the wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free. P. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c.

support and encouragement of all those opposed to the continuance of the canteen in the Army Camps and Soldiers Homes, so that he can feel he has behind him a mightier host still asking protection for the soldiers from an enemy worse than Spanish bullets.

I therefore take the liberty of urging all churches, organizations and associations of every character which believe the canteen to be injurious to the "Boys in Blue" to pass resolutions setting forth that fact and petitioning the President for its removal from every camp and Soldiers Home over which float the Stars and Stripes, emblem of protection and liberty, and to forward same to him by mail.

The right of petition is an American Citizen's inalienable right and I truly believe that if this suggestion is promptly and generally acted on that the canteen in American Army Posts will be a thing of the past.

JOSHUA LEVERING.

Baltimore, Md., July 29, 1898.

P. S. If the reader sympathizes with the foregoing, I beg of him to put sympathy into action by sending a contribution, large or small, to Mr. Moody for the Army work and by seeing that the organization with which he may be connected acts on the suggestion as above outlined.

HERE IS MONEY FOR YOU.
A correspondent says: "I was awfully hard up and it seemed almost impossible to make money at anything. Five weeks ago, almost in despair, I began selling Hall's Great Discovery extracts and have cleared over \$20 a week; one day I made \$85. Everybody wants them, as they are in powdered form, and lovely for tea, puddings, cakes, candies, etc. They are perfectly pure and far superior to liquid extracts. Address the U. S. PHITT 117, St. Louis, Mo., and they will start you to work at once, and at your own fault if you don't make money. His new work for ladies' side sold as much as I did last week. You can sell over and over to the same family. Why be idle when you can make \$20 a week. I give my experience for the benefit of others who desire a profitable employment."

The Christian Commission.

I have been looking over the letters that have come to me with contributions for the work of the Army and Navy Christian Commission, and I think that some of the things I learned may be both interesting and suggestive to others.

In the first place the letters are helpful and encouraging in their heartiness. I judge from 2 Cor. 9:7, that they come from those whom God loves. A Michigan contributor writes: "There is nothing at the present time in our land that demands the attention of God's people as much as this work." A Christian Endeavor Society in New Jersey sends a check, "In loving memory of one of our members whose body lies in a soldier's grave at Santiago." Very few of the letters close without a prayer for God's blessing upon the work.

Another thing is, that while there have been some large gifts, the greater part of the (about) \$6,000 which I have received has come in comparatively small sums. It is a movement in which those who cannot give large amounts have been especially interesting. I believe this is one thing that has brought about the marvelous results that we have been witnessing in

the army camps. The gifts have been followed by the earnest prayers of a multitude of givers.

The money has come from all parts of the country. From Maine to Washington and from Michigan to Louisiana God's people are being moved to give freely of their substance to this great work.

I want to call especial attention to some methods that have been adopted in different places, and suggest that others try them also. A young man in North Carolina wrote me of his desire to arrange for a mass meeting in the place where he lives. We were glad to furnish printed matter, letters from the field, etc., to assist him, and the result of the meeting was an offering of \$130. I notice a contribution from a union service of a Baptist and Methodist Church in a New York town. Another similar one comes from Washington, another still from Massachusetts and another from New Hampshire. In a Massachusetts city a young lady arranged for a Sunday afternoon meeting in one of the churches, addressed it herself and the church treasurer sent a check for \$50 as the result of it. A church in Georgia sends the result of a special offering for the Commission work, one in Colorado does the same; in fact these services have been held over pretty much the entire country. The same is true of the various Young People's Societies. Several Sunday-schools have sent in liberal contributions.

My purpose in mentioning these instances is to suggest to others what may be done to help on the Christian Commission work. I believe that in the presence of this wonderful door of opportunity which God has opened before us we cannot be too earnest in exhorting one another to take the fullest advantage of it. We have no reason to suppose that we shall ever have another such opportunity to reach the young men of this generation with the gospel, as that now presented in the great military camps. And the hearts of God's people all over this land are very tender toward our soldier boys; they are very glad to give to help make their lot a little easier, and above all to lead them to Christ, if the possibilities of the work can only be brought clearly before them. I shall be very glad to supply any pastors or others who wish to arrange for meetings in the interests of the Christian Commission, with printed matter, etc., to assist them. The facts of the work so manifestly reveal the mighty power of God at work that no Christian can bear them unmoved. Over 2,000 men at Camp Thomas alone have already made public confession of faith in Christ. Any contribution sent to me at East Northfield, Mass., will be promptly acknowledged, and any help we can give those who wish to present the work to the people will be gladly given.

D. L. MOODY.

East Northfield, Mass., July 28, 1898.

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OBITUARY.

PHILLIPS.—God has gathered to Himself the generous spirit of our friend, Mrs. Robert Phillips. She left an affectionate husband to weep and fight the battles of life while in this world of desolation and strife. Mrs. Phillips has been married about three years, and was a consistent member of East Fork Baptist Church a long while. Her life was well spent with happiness until the Creator called her to joys more sublime. Mr. Phillips' heart is made sad when he realizes that his partner for life has gone to happier climes to return no more. Remember what the poet has said:

"Be still, and heart, and cease replying
Behind the clouds the sun is shining."
ROBERT WILSON.

Robertville, Tenn.

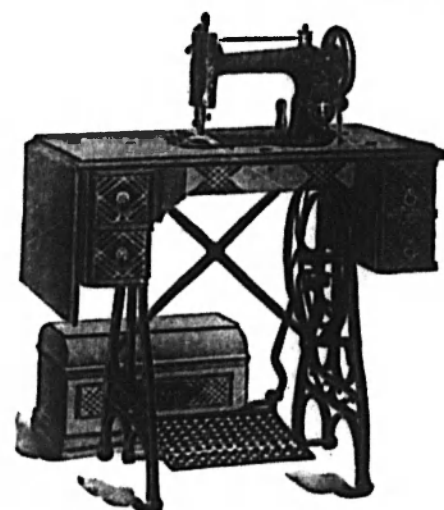
COLE.—Little Marie Griffin, daughter of John D. and Annie Cole, died at Allinson, Tenn., May 25, 1898, aged about four months. Loving husband and babe both in so short a time in a sore trial for the wife and mother. But to a lover of Jesus all things, whether of joy or sorrow, are for the best. Then grieve not, dear mother, for little Marie will never have to suffer the trials and bereavements that you have, she has performed her mission. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away," and by this precious gift, your name, dear mother, is made to live throughout eternity.

"O not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth
And took the flower away."
A FRIEND.

ANDERSON.—Once again the reaper with his sickle has entered our midst and this time has transplanted one of the choicest flowers from earth's garden to the beautiful "Valley of Eden." On June 25th, Miss Eliza Anderson, aged about 20 years, in the full bloom of youth, died. She had been bordering on that ill-fated disease, consumption, for some time, when death by other diseases overtook her. She was a member of New Bethel Baptist Church for a number of years. She was left without father or mother; so for many years she has had the battle of life to fight as best she could, with no mother's loving care or father's guiding hand to lead her over the rough places of this sinful world. As the Alpine flower leans upon the bosom of eternal snow, so did she, with unwavering confidence, lean upon the bosom of her God, and as she stepped from the crumpling shores of time and her feet went down into the cold waters of death, she feared no evil. She was soon to be married to a promising young man. But ah! death levels it now. Oft will he think of the gentle words that fell on his enchanted ear in by-gone days, as he wandered through life and no one to love. Dear brother, look ever to Jesus. "Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal." "And when he comes to claim us and says it is enough," then you will have your diamond wedding "in the skies."
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OBITUARY.

COLE.—On April 4, 1898, at Allinson, Tenn., John D. Cole died of consumption, aged about 38 years. He was born and raised at Bellville, Lincoln County, Tenn. He was a member of the Missionary Baptist Church and demonstrated to the world by his daily walk that he had been with Jesus. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." May the merciful Father tenderly watch over his companion and comfort his dear and only sister. God doeth all things well; therefore, let us bow in humble submission, and so live that we can say, as did Johnnie, "If it be God's will I am ready." The funeral was conducted by W. J. Stewart. Burial at Cole graveyard.

Done by order of Oak Hill Baptist Church, May, 1898.

H. R. WHITAKER,
PINK WHITAKER,
MAY E. WHITAKER,
Committee.

PHILLIPS.—On the morning of the 8th of June death came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Phillips and plucked their beautiful bud to transplant into the Master's garden. Herbert Eaton was near eighteen months of age. In that brief time he was continually expanding in beauty and brightness, and loving hearts thrilled with the hope that he would attain into noble manhood, and do valiant service for the Master, who in His unerring wisdom needed him just now. We dare not ask why; for we are fully assured that He deals only in loving mercy. May His grace enable the grief-stricken parents in their sore tribulation to feel his hand pressing tighter and tighter still, until they will look up into his loving face and say, "not my will, but Thine be done." May the brother and sister while sorrowing in the darkness which death has cast upon their home, be led by the Holy Spirit to give their hearts to the Savior, who by and by will gather all His jewels and take them to the Father who has prepared glorious mansions to which comes no death or even the shadow of sorrow.
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I saw them plunging thro' the foam,
I saw them pacing up the shore—
A thousand horses, row on row;
And then a thousand more.

In fear they leaped upon the land;
In fear they fled before the wind;
Prancing and plunging, on they raced—
The huntsman raced behind.

When the old huntsman goes to sleep
The horses live beneath the waves;
They live at peace and rest in peace,
Deep in their sea-green caves.

But when they hear the huntsman's shout,
Urging his hounds across the sea,
Out from their caves in frenzied fear
The great white horses flee.

To-day they plunged right thro' the foam,
To-day they pranced right up the shore,
A thousand horses, row on row;
And then a thousand more.
—Hamish Henry.

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For further information, send for catalogue.

W. H. THARP, Pres.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
 The outer trenches guarding,
 When the heated guns of the campus
 allid
 Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
 Lay grim and threatening under;
 And the tawny mound of Mahkoff
 No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman
 said:
 "We storm the forts to-morrow;
 Sing while we may, another day
 Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
 Below the smoking cannon;
 Brave hearts from Severn and from
 Clyde,
 And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
 Forgotten was Britain's glory;
 Each heart recalled a different name,
 But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
 Until its tender passion
 Rose like an anthem rich and
 strong—
 Their battle eve confession.

Dear girl! her name he dared not
 speak,
 But as the song grew louder,
 Something upon the soldier's cheek
 Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
 The bloody sunset's embers,
 While the Crimean valleys learned
 How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
 Rained on the Russian quarters,
 With scream of shot, and burst of
 shell,
 And howling of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
 For a singer dumb and gory;
 And English Mary mourns for him
 Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
 Your truth and valor wearing;
 The bravest are the tenderest,
 The loving are the daring.
 —Hayward Taylor.

TO THE ARMY MULE.

The war steed wins his meed of praise,
 Off sharing, on the shining page
 Of history, fame's golden words,
 Which are the hero's heritage;
 In monumental brass he makes
 A part of glory's entourage.

A city once was named for him,
 With thee, O mule, it is not thou!
 No modern Alexander'll find
 In thee a new Baecphalus;
 Thou'rt nothing but a nondescript—
 In life and death inglorious!

I mind me of but one, 'mong all
 Thy kind, who'er on glory's track
 Has made a record—only one—
 And that the white mule Alhokar,
 Who, so 'tis said, bore Mohammed
 To Allah's heaven upon his back.

The battle charger's shade, no doubt,
 Neighs in Valhalla's vestibule;
 But ne'er a niche doth Fame reserve
 For thee, O plodding army mule!
 Thy ghost, among the demigods,
 Would be a butt for ridicule!

Yet, tho' to Glory's camping ground
 Fate ne'er for thee let down the
 bars;

Thou' thou may'st never be mount-
 edly while the hero seeks the stars,
 I strike my lyre to celebrate
 Thee, O thou toughest aid of Mars!
 —Boston Globe.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST 11, 1898.

New Series, Vol. IX., No. 51.

LET US FORGET.

BY RUDYARD KIPPLING.

God of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle line,
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine,
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies,
 The captain and the king depart,
 Still stands Thine ancient altar here,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget.

Far called our navies melt away,
 On dune and headland sinks the fire,
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget.

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the law,
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget.

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reckless tube and iron shard,
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on thy people, Lord, Amen.

THE LOCAL CHURCH THE POINT OF FELLOWSHIP.

[Address delivered by Rev. J. O. Rust, Nashville, Tenn., before the B. Y. P. U. Convention at Buffalo, N. Y., and published in the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR by request.]

The point of fellowship! I have to make a point, and you have to see one. Sometimes it is harder to see a point than it is to make one. However, we are both relieved on this occasion, for the point is large and grand—it is the local church.

The local New Testament church is a divine institution; it is as divine as regeneration. It was not a growth, though it did grow; it was a creation. Its organization was completed, though not perfected, at Pentecost; and that day, for the first time in human history, the Holy Spirit took up his residence in an organized society of saints. Since that time each local church which has been organized, indwelt and operated by the Holy Spirit has been a divine institution.

The New Testament writers accord the local church this distinguished honor. The author of Hebrews in the phrase calls it the house of God. Paul, addressing a local church in its corporate capacity, says: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God; and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" and Peter splendidly conceives of it as a spiritual temple built of living stones. Living stones, not shaped and sized alike, but each having its own peculiar form and function, are fitted into the beautiful mosaic of this gloriously growing composite structure of human lives and human loves; and above the portal God writes the splendid eulogy: The Home of the Holy Spirit. The local church is the royal residence of the reigning God. No other institution on earth has such an honor; no community, communion, or council can compare with it in the majesty of its dignity as the house of God. The Holy Spirit with the strange, grand genius of ubiquity is everywhere, but with the power of his sovereign personality he dwells in each church in the sublime totality of his divine being.

The Holy Spirit honors the local church, not only by dwelling in it, but also by using it as the mightiest agent of his will. Paul means just this when he calls it the body of Christ. The Holy Spirit dwells in individuals, but in a larger and grander sense he dwells in a church. This side of a church, in an individual, the incarnation of the Spirit is small because of the smallness of the individual. The fullness of the Spirit in a church is an immensely greater fullness than in an individual. It takes the large, composite person-

ality of a church to give the Spirit full expressive and efficient incarnation. I am not sure but that a local church gives us our largest and the ultimate conception of personality, humanly speaking. There cannot be that intimate acquaintance, affectionate association, and cordial co-operation among the saints of a sect to give to a denomination the form and functions of a personality. Beyond a church, out in the broader life of the kingdom, the Spirit does not have efficient incarnation, because believers are not constantly co-operative and unitedly usable. The Spirit dwells in a local church in a certain personal and potential way in which he dwells nowhere else. It was easy for Paul to call it the body of Christ and to conceive of it as a divine organism with Christ as the head, the Holy Spirit as the heart, and the regenerate members that make up the body. As the Holy Spirit dwells in each local church, so each church is a separate and distinct body of Christ, complete in its composite personality, to give the Spirit everywhere an agent of capable versatility of talent and efficient variety of power.

I would not affront you with a dogmatic definition of a church; I care nothing for your definitions; I would impress you with a great Biblical fact. I say it boldly, the local church is the operative idea in all sects; it is not the organizing idea, but the operating idea; and great pity it is with many that the organizing idea embarrasses and encumbers the operative idea. It is because of this that the local church is the world is operatively in the practice of church autonomy. What pure work of grace that is done is done mainly by the local church. It is in fact the point of fellowship in work. Here the gospel is preached, the ordinances administered, and the saints assemble for work and worship. We get ready to work in our denominational capacity, but we do the work in our local church capacity; a denomination cannot act effectively into work without first acting into a local church. We do a little individually; we do less ecclesiastically; we do most corporately. Providence has guarded the existence and guaranteed the perpetuity of the local church as an institution by making it an operative necessity in all the sects.

The local church is worthy of our highest honor. We should not be driven to disregard it or despise it by any form of cant or criticism. I have four words of warning. I denounce any kind of blatant, braying hate that huris its anathemas at our churches. When patronizing unbefel, arrogant worldliness, cynical sociology or resentful vice utter their imprecations in sneer, or jest, or taunt, or curse at the imperfections of our churches; and when the milk-sops and mutton-heads of Christendom truckle at the feet of a gain-saying world to beg its pardon for being members of the body of Christ, it is enough to make pious adjectives burn red with rage and righteous verbs tremble with indignant passion. Beware of the baleful disposition to apologize for the most sacred honor and the most solemn function you perform in life. Stand up bold and brave for your church as the house of God. Again, I deplore the pale sentimentalities of religious altitudinarians who imagine that the local church is altogether too small and mean a thing for them. They would dissolve the solid and substantial body of Christ and resolve the members back into the original gases and save humanity by holding to the nose of the world the smelling bottle of a lot of vaporized pieties. There are people so tired of actual living in a real church that they sigh for evaporation. They do not want to live a spiritual life, but a spirit life here in the flesh, to be in the next world before they leave this. As our genial friend Bishop Blougram, would say, they are

"As when a traveller, bound from North to South,
 Moons far in line; what's the use in France?
 In France spurs flannel; what's the need in Spain?
 In Spain drops cloth; too cumbersome for a tiger!
 When goes next, and last the skin itself,
 A superfluity at Timbuctoo."

God does not want gas; He wants sons, flesh and blood sons, with stout hearts and strong arms to catch

hold of the world and lift it up to glory. Isn't it grand that God uses and honors plain, honest imperfection that will work? As Mr. Browning quaintly puts it:

"This low man seeks a little thing to do; sees it and does it.
 This high man, with a great thing to pursue, does ever he know it?
 This low man goes on adding one to one, his hundreds soon hit.
 This high man, aiming at a million, misses a unit."

Again I deplore any form of ecclesiasticalism which grows fat with perfunctoriness and dons dignity for duty in order to belittle the local church. By the law of God churches must co-operate up to the point of an effective inter-dependence, but beyond that point there is danger. It is a thousand pities that these local churches were ever organized into "the church," bound by man-made creeds, and burdened with denominational machinery operated by a lot of broad ecclesiastical, "brave with the needwork of Noodledom," with faces out bargain-wise, who practice piety with worldly wisdom and control spiritual sagacity with sectarian cunning. God says no to all this; a curse is upon it. Organization beyond the point of inter-dependence, employing machine bosses instead of the simple agents of co-operation, soon falls away from spiritual life into sectarian lust, and the rot of a carnal corruption eats the heart out of it. Beware of loving this thing above the churches more than the churches themselves. Beware of loving machinery more than the churches.

New Testament ecclesiology is more than many. The local church in worth and work stands as high above these organizations as God's thoughts are above man's thoughts. My fourth word of warning is this: I deprecate the efforts of a sour orthodoxy to condemn our churches to an endless repetition of old habits and customs, a dull mechanical sameness of life, an unchanging monotony of existence. This dogmatism does new life with theological soothing syrup and rubs it with old phrases soft and smooth to put it to sleep. The church of God is alive; it is an impressionable, thinking, acting personality; and to be a success, it must have the freedom to do new duty. Church sovereignty is not so much local self-government as it is local Holy Spirit government; and the Spirit has some liberties left. The church cannot retain its sovereignty unless it has the liberty within the limits of New Testament principle and precedent to do its full duty under all circumstances. Living in an age of intricate complex conditions, its modes of life must be as various as the variety of circumstances about it. An ultra dogmatism which will not permit a church to meet the maturing obligations of Providence discounts the dignity, despises the duty, and destroys the destiny of God's mightiest agency of grace.

Honor your local church; give your full self to it with ardent devotion. It is God's best way of using us and our best way of serving him. In it you will do most of what you do for the Master. Individual work is isolated energy, denominational work is often dissipated energy; but local church work is concentrated energy. Duty done here has a value and a reward that duty has nowhere else. Of the humble saint faithfully serving his local church I can sing as rapturously as Tennyson sang of the heroes of English valor:

"Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory;
 He that walks it, only thinking,
 For the right, and learns to dwell,
 Love of self, before his journey ends,
 He shall find the northern thistle-blossom
 Into glossy purple, which our rulers
 All voluptuous garden roses."

Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory;
 He that ever following her commands,
 With toil of heart and knees and hands,
 Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
 His path upward and prevailed,
 Shall find the lopsided, drag of duty sealed
 As close as the shining late-leaf
 To which our God himself is moon and sun."

Fellowship centers in the local church. Beyond a church, fellowship is a feeling; often the feeling