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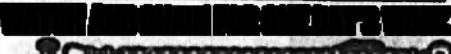
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QUEER SALARIES.
Probably few people to-day know that the original name of the State of Tennessee was "Franklin," or that, in 1788, the salaries of the officers of this commonwealth were paid in pelts; but the following is a correct copy of the law:

"Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Franklin, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same: That from the first day of January, 1788, the salaries of the officers of this commonwealth be as follows, to wit:

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"His honor, the chief justice, 500 deer skins.

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BULLETINS OF VICTORY.

Not a few of the great commanders of different countries have, when announcing a victory endeavored to improve on Caesar's famous "Veni, vidi, vici;" but the present war has as yet produced nothing striking of this sort. Some of the messages of the past are worth recalling. John Sobieski, when sending the Musulman standards captured before Vienna to the Pope, sent also this message: "I came, I saw, God conquered." It is related of the Russian Gen. Suwarrow, when yet a Major and in command of an outpost, that he desired to attack the enemy, but that this was forbidden under pain of death by the Commander-in-Chief. Judging that the attack should not be delayed, Suwarrow dared to disobey orders, encountered the enemy, defeated them, and then sent this message to the Commander-in-Chief: "As a soldier I deserve death for disobeying my orders; as a Russian, I have done my duty, the enemy is no more." This was forwarded by the Commander-in-Chief to the Empress, who in reply sent this dispatch to Suwarrow: "As a soldier, I leave you to the mercy of the Commander-in-Chief; as a Russian, I congratulate you as my Lieutenant-Colonel." Later on, in his career, when he had captured Prague, he wrote thus to the Empress: "Hurrah! Frugal Suwarrow!" And Catherine, equally terse, again promoted him thus: "Bravo! Field Marshal Catharine!"

Turenne announced the victory of Dunes, by which Dunkirk was retaken from the Spaniards, in these words: "The enemy came, was beaten. I am tired, good night." Perhaps the shortest message ever sent by a commander was the one word Sir Charles Napier chose whorwith to announce his victory at Hyderabad, in the province of Seinde. It was "Pocavi!" (I have slained).—London Mail.

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New Series, Vol. X., No. 11.

CRUCIFIED WITH CHRIST.

Crucified with Christ in dying,
Spirit from the flesh set free;
Happy change! no pang or sighing,
But a glorious liberty!
Life of my life,
Christ in power now lives in me!
Death devoid of aught distressing,
Which the soul with gladness meets;
For it brings a vital blessing
When the sinful breath expires;
When my Savior
Gives me life that never fails!
Death becomes transfiguration,
Quivering with no touch of pain,
Radiant with a new creation,
Truly, thus to die is gain,
Life immortal
Then begins its glorious reign!
Hail! all hail this crucifixion!
Be its holy rapture mine;
Come, sweet death, with no restriction,
At the cross I all resign!
O welcome death,
Making life in Christ divine!
—Sidney Dyer, in Commonwealth.

SUNSET SCENES.

BY REV. W. C. GOLDEN.

We were nearing the western line of Arizona. The conductor called out, "Yuma, Yumm, twenty minutes for dinner!" I looked out through the car window, and there was a crowd of half-clad, bare-footed Indians. There were children, young men, and young women, aged men and aged women—a picture of real life. Tall, black-eyed, brownish, copper-faced, coarse, black-haired men sat on the fences or climbed lazily over the box cars that stood on the switch. They seemed to be perfectly harmless, but a kind of chilly feeling ran over me as they jabbered to each other and moped around in the sunshine.

The first thing we heard as we stepped off the train was a kind of grunt from the Indian women as they sat on the ground within ten feet of the train. They all had something to sell. Shells from the Colorado river that runs near by, rocks from the Yuma reservation just across the river, and quality work of their own hands constitute their entire stock in trade, and they sit there and wait for each incoming train. I noticed a number of the women had a board of some three feet in length with small wood bows about three inches high at each end and increasing to about eight or ten inches at the other. This funnel shaped affair was covered with coarse goods and balanced on the knee as they sat flat on the ground. The small end of it was on the ground. I noticed that it moved frequently and so I wanted to know what it was and what it was for. A closer observation revealed the fact that there was a little Indian babe in each one of these curious receptacles—Indian cradles.

There was a tall old man that looked to me to be about one hundred years old, moping lazily around selling bows and arrows. His black eyes and daring countenance made you think of all your dreams of Indians, and bring afresh the words you heard some miles back at a little town called Montezuma. Montezuma was a great chief in early days. The town was named for him, but just north of the town is a range of mountains on whose crest is plainly cut the huge figure of a man. The Indians say it is Montezuma asleep, and that some day he will awaken to gather his people into his empire of which they say he was robbed. I could not help but wonder what this old man thought and felt about the past cruelty and the present condition of his people, who are fast fading from the earth. There was something inexpressible said to me as I looked at those people and thought about them.

Their copper colored faces still glow with the stripes of vermilion and green, laid off in fanciful figures. As our train pulled out, the white walls of the Territorial Prison were seen, behind whose high protections doubtless, many of these people work out life sentences for crimes perpetrated in revenge for the deeds committed upon their people in days gone by. Soon these poor unfortunates will have gone from the earth, and their names will live only in history. There is a sadness about their history that must linger as long as the story of these people shall remain with men.

After the white town of Yuma had faded from sight, and the little willow booths and wigwams of the Indians had grown less of a curiosity, I ventured to say that we were in California. Then I heard the "Oh's" and "Ah's" all down the car, for we were passing over a miserable, lonesome looking desert. For a long time we traveled over what is said to have been the bed of an ancient sea. The hills on either side show the surf line, where the waters beat their mark into the stone, in their restless plashing against the shore. It is believed that the Gulf of California once extended up and flowed all over this region. With the marks of ancient occupants of parts of this country there is also a tradition that long ago this region was fertile and populous. This tradition tells the story of a great city, the capital of a numerous race that has long since disappeared from the face of the earth. It was after one of these stories that a young lady said, very quietly and unassumingly: "This is a country of cultivation, irrigation and exaggeration."

On went our train beyond Mammoth Tank and Volcano Springs, where they told us that mud volcanoes bubble up to a height of from five to twenty feet, but we failed to see them. They were on their good behavior and so we saw none of their curious exploits. It is said that along here is the healthiest country in the world. And like El Paso and other places in New Mexico and Arizona, people who have gone out there invalids, are now well and hearty. It does seem that there is everything there that will help those suffering, especially with lung trouble, and nothing that could be against them. Many men who are now well and able-bodied will tell you that they came here hardly able to walk and some of them had to be carried from the train to their room.

Some distance to the south of the railroad, there appeared a snow-like sheet covering some miles, and glistening in the sunlight like a wasted sea of precious gems. "That is a salt lake," said the conductor. But instead of being a few miles in area, as I thought, he informed us that it was thirty miles long, and ten miles wide. The air is so clear and pure that you would declare that it could not be more than two miles across it. It is a vast marsh fed by thousands of springs from the mountains far off, and whose waters rapidly evaporate as it rippled down under the cloudless skies. The evaporation leaves over this vast marsh a white sheet of salt that sparkles in the sun like a valley of gems or a sea of ice. To realize fully the splendors of that region, they told us that we should be there on a moonlight night to see the snow mantled mountains hanging over this white sea of salt.

The first hundred miles or so of California is dry desert land, but after that is passed, it begins to show itself. From Salton and this salt lake on, you begin to see why eastern tourists spend annually over five million of dollars here. It is a wonderful country, 880 miles wide and 770 miles long, with fifty million of acres of arable land and twenty mil-

lion of forest. It is a land of sunshine and flowers. All through the West beginning with San Antonio, you can see and hear of old Missions. Many of them live only in history, others by the heap of ruins where the priests once gathered the Indians and taught these superstitious mortals that which was but little better than their own weird traditions and imaginations about the future.

The old white walls of the Missions that are still standing are well worth visiting. However much you may differ in your belief from the monks, who not only superintended but who helped to build these wonderful structures, you must admire their unselfishness and devotion to their religion. The buildings are massive, with many rooms and apartments. They are usually surrounded with high walls for protection, that made them a kind of fort as well as a protection against any intruders. They have more the appearance of a prison or a graveyard than a place of worship. They have a large audience room with wonderful pictures cut or painted on the inner walls as well as on the outer. The little rude benches made me think more of a children's play-house than anything else. In fact much of this large room for worship looked to me as though it were prepared especially for children, but of course it was for all the people who would come there for worship.

There was not only a solemn feeling but a sad feeling that clung to me all the time as I went from room to room and from cellar to cellar about the old, old Mission. There were deep, dark, underground rooms into which we could not go. What these were for I could not tell. Great caverns seem to have been made in the building far back to the rear of the main place of worship. Flights of steps running up here and down there as ways of entrance and exit. I wondered what dark deeds had been performed in these dark rooms by still darker hearts and minds. In the audience room, I wondered how many souls had been aroused to think upon the eternally yet to come, but I fear left to grope in darkness concerning Him who came to redeem them from eternal woe. A chill of sadness came over me as we strolled through these wonderful old places. Their very appearance seemed to me to be but relics of lost hopes and misdirected zeal.

—The Examiner says that Rev. A. J. Diaz was wounded in the battle of Santiago, but that he has recovered and that he is at work again on his old field in Havana, under the support of the American Baptist Publication Society. In a note to Dr. Seymour, written from Havana, he says: "I arrived here on the 16th inst. and found everybody well. Among the members of the congregation a great many have died from starvation, and others are in great want of food. Our missionaries are in bad shape; some of them, especially the women, did not receive salaries for four or five months. The spirit of the outside people is very good, as they all want separation of the church and State. On Sunday, the 18th inst., I will have a service in the building with my congregation. I hope to have a large attendance. The schools are very flourishing, and last Sunday they had a congregation in one of the stations with a large attendance, perhaps 800 people. The number of the school attendance is from 200 to 300 daily at different departments. The Lord has protected His own work. Blessed be His name."

—A man's strength in this life is often greater for some single word, remembered and cherished, than in arms or armor.—Brecher.

SEEKING THE LOST.

BY W. L. A. STRANBURG.

"And when they were come into the ship the wind ceased." Mark xv. 22.

When Christ came to this earth to seek and save that which was lost, he invited no man to take passage on a vessel whose bottom was leaky and whose machinery was uncertain. To God the Father the stormy voyage with all of its trials, difficulties and dangers was foreseen. In view of the stupendous work to be accomplished, the triune God sent out a ship that would outride every storm, stem every tide, outweather every gale and make her lauding sure. That ship was built, not by Abraham, but by the triune God, and that, too, before the foundation of this world. (Eph. i. 4.) She was built in heaven's navy yards. As a wise master-builder God made no mistakes. Upon her bow was written the object of her mission.

Seeking the Lost.

Upon her sides, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. Within her cabin, My presence shall go with thee and I will give thee rest. Upon her pilot-house, I will guide thee with mine eye. Upon her stern, The gates of hell shall not prevail against thee. To take passage on this vessel is to dwell in absolute safety. For he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is her keeper, therefore happy is the man that trusteth in her.

A Dangerous Craft.

In the ordinary walks of life no man likes to deal in uncertainties. When the question of investment comes up, all men like to entertain a reasonable hope that success will crown the venture, yet when it comes to the immortal interest of the soul, a large per cent. of the human family prefer to deal in uncertainties. That is, for salvation they take passage on a craft that is, by its managers, said to be an uncertain vessel. This uncertain ship is a modernly built one. She has human heads and foundries. Upon her bow is written, "Apostasy." Upon her broad deck stand intelligent men inviting passengers for eternity. A desire to escape the wrath to come entitles any one to come on board and register for passage of this modernly built ship of apostasy.

As her passengers come on board, by her managers they are told that there is great danger of being lost on the way, yet multitudes through her gang-way and upon bended knees take a solemn oath to support her machinery, obey her mandates and to never forsake their ship. Alas! alas! Again, not only do intelligent men and women take passage on this ship of apostasy, but with rites and ceremonies bind and lash their helpless babes to this very uncertain ship of salvation. How strange it is that sensible people will thus force their offspring to launch out for a ride through eternity upon such an uncertain craft when Christ offers passage on one that will safely land every soul that trusteth in her. (See John x. 25.)

A Figure.

For twenty years the writer was by infant baptism and ritualism bound to one of the modernly built ships of apostasy, during which time I was tossed about with many a fear and many a doubt. By my masters I was driven hither and thither. Long, dark and unhappy was the voyage. An occasional reminder of being lost on the way added much to my discomfort. Rocked upon the billows of an unrenewed and a wicked life, I drifted far, far from God.

While being thus tossed about through glasses that were smoked, I beheld another vessel as she hove in sight. All day long she moved slowly, yet majestically across the deep blue sea. As I stood gazing upon the stranger, trying to make out her name, my commander ordered me off. "To your work," cried the mate; "the clouds betoken a squall." Tipping my cap to my superior, I hastened to my work. Having, as we thought, gotten all things in shape for a stormy night, I returned to the upper deck to see if I could sight the stranger. Again looking through glasses that were smoked (for I had none other), I saw that the stranger was still in sight, and that she seemed to be heading in the direction of our craft. By this time I could clearly and unmistakably make out her name, which was Ship of Salvation. Upon her bow I read, Seeking the Lost. Strange vessel, said I, I never saw you in these waters before. Seeking the Lost—what can it mean? One thing of which I am sure, and that is you are not seeking for me, for my name is registered on my ship's book, and as yet we are not lost. Moreover, from my vantage I have been aboard of this vessel, and good and learned men have their limbs upon her wheel. Alas! I saw not the future. But follow on she would. As the sun went down an awful pillar of cloud was seen gathering in the Southwest. The thunders rumbled and the vivid lightning flashed along an angry sky. Darker and darker grew the night about us.

Suddenly a heavy sea struck our vessel. The wind blew a gale, the waves ran wild and high, the angry elements beat with ceaseless rage upon the torn sail, the shattered mast and the reeling deck. The groaning timbers parted and the angry waters came rushing in. The engine was tolling with limbs of iron and heart of fire to hurl the sinking vessel on its way, but alas! all in vain. There was a sudden lurch of the ship, a cry of terror, a plunge in the waters, and I was struggling for life in the deep, clinging to a mast, terrified by the intensity of the darkness and the hopelessness of my condition. I longed to look once more upon the ship of salvation, seeking the lost. From the depth of my poor soul I cried out, Lost! lost! O God, save ere I perish! It was midnight, and nothing could be seen through the darkness; but there was no mistaking the sound that fell upon my ear. It was a voice sweeter than the harp of angels that comes from the mansions of rest.

Look unto me (said that voice) and be ye saved all ye ends of the earth, for I am God, and besides me there is none else. I turned my eyes and looked. Under the glare of a great search-light that was sweeping the waters I beheld a giant ship with all sails spread to help the groaning wheels as she came bounding over the deep like a sea-bird fresh upon the wing. Upon her bow I read, Seeking the Lost. Blessed ship! She had followed all the way. Standing upon her deck I beheld one clad in whiteraiment. Again I cried out, Lord, save ere I perish. Quick as thought, but none too quick for rescue, the life-line was thrown out, and by unseen hand was made fast to a poor, lost and helpless one, and by strong arms was quickly drawn on board of the great Ship of Redemption. All of which was done by that infinite grace of God which throws open heaven's eternal mansions to the wanderers of earth, and which seeks its own highest glory in saving the lost. A hopeful and happy throng of passengers were walking the beautiful deck; cheerful voices and joyful looks greeted me as each one gave to me the hand of welcome, with a hearty God bless you. Having exchanged my filthy garments for better, I at once entered her beautiful cabin, where I found upon a center table an open book; rays of light from above were streaming down upon its open pages, from which, upon bended knees, I read as follows:

The Record.

This is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is his Son. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son, hath not life. These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life. To me there was a strange and solemn power in these beautiful words; a tide of joy filled my soul as my faith reached out and grasped the precious promises of Eternal Life. All fear of being lost on the way was now banished, for it was the voice of God speaking to me. It was a heaven-sent message, and in it I found that which satisfies the deep needs of the soul. With a new life, new hope and joy within I went back to the upper deck, and to my great delight I found that the darkness, with all of its terrors, had fled; that it was now day, and that the grand old Ship of Redemption was hastening on to seek and save that which was lost.

Reader, this divinely built Ship of Redemption is salvation by grace. She is girt around with bands of everlasting strength. She has Christ for her captain and the Holy Spirit for her guide. All are safe who sail with Jesus. It shall never be written in the Lamb's Book of Life against the name of any soul that trusted in Jesus, Lost on the Way. When all the storms and wrecks of time are past and the great army of the redeemed is gathered on the heavenly shore; when the roll of the ransomed is called, it will be found that none who believed and trusted in Jesus have failed to reach the heavenly rest.

Reader, I beseech you to remember that yours is to be a ride through time and eternity. God has a vessel that will carry you safely through. All others are destined to wander from the true course and to founder in darkness without a hand to help in the final hour.

Reader, have you registered your name upon a modernly built ship of apostasy? Have you lashed your children to the same? If so, why? Do not her managers tell you there is a great danger of being lost on the way? Reader, believe me—Christ authorizes no man to preach such an uncertain plan of salvation. He invites no poor sinner to take passage on such an uncertain craft. Then why not forsake at once that uncertain vessel for a better? God offers you better. Why not accept it?

Reader, go out upon the deck of your uncertain vessel and sweep the waters with your vision, and you will sight the grand old Ship of Redemption, raise the

signal of distress, cry unto God for that which brings solid comfort and sweet peace to the soul. Be not discouraged, she is in sight. (See Luke xix. 10.) State Springs, Miss.

Growth and Power of the United States.

BY REV. A. B. CABANIS.

The growth and power of England's daughter, the United States, has been just as remarkable and much more rapid than that of her old mother. A little more than a hundred years ago she started with only thirteen States, nearly all of them east of the Alleghany Mountains. Now she has nearly fifty States, and her possessions extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, taking in all the territory beyond the Mississippi from the Mexican borders and the Gulf of Mexico up to the British possessions on the north, where she steps over and takes in Alaska up to the North Pole. Recently she has extended her possessions seaward very unexpectedly and without previous desire for such conquest. But in attempting to aid her oppressed neighbor, Cuba, she found it necessary to take the island of Porto Rico to pay the expenses of the war and to keep the peace in the future. While this war was going on in Spain, Commodore Dewey, in the Chinese seas, found he needed a harbor for his ships, as the neutral nations would not let him remain long in their ports. As our enemy had a good port in Manila, near by, he concluded to go there, destroy her fleet and take possession of her harbor. Thus he unexpectedly put us in possession of the island of Luzon, and ultimately circumstances may induce us to take all those islands, which we did not really want. Many of our people are strongly opposed to our keeping them, thinking we have already extended our borders too widely for our nation's good.

This war opened our eyes to the fact that we needed a harbor and coaling station for our naval ships in those Eastern waters if we expected to keep a squadron there to protect our commerce. Hence Dewey's victory at Manila seemed providential, as it gave us just what we needed. The Hawaiian Islands had for some years been begging us to take them into our confederacy, but we did not want them. Now the acquisition of the harbor of Manila has convinced us that we need the Hawaiian Islands as a half-way coaling station in the Pacific on our voyages from San Francisco to our possessions in the Philippine Islands in the East. Hence we have annexed them. In addition to the above, one of our naval officers, in carrying troops from San Francisco to garrison Manila, stopped at the Ladrone Islands long enough to take the Spanish governor prisoner and get possession of his fort and harbor as another coaling station in the Pacific. It is also currently reported that, instead of protecting them till they are able to manage their own affairs, the better class of Cubans and Spaniards are anxious for us to annex them to the United States, just as were the Hawaiians.

Thus it seems that these islands, near our doors, as well as the Philippine and Ladrone Islands in the Pacific Ocean, have been providentially thrown upon our hands. While it is admitted that we can take care of those near us without detriment, fears are entertained that it will be a dangerous precedent to extend our territory so far from home as the Philippine Islands in the Pacific. It is rather too late to talk about the dangerous precedent of extending our borders so far from home when we have already stepped over the British possessions at the North and taken in Alaska, as near to the North Pole as we could get. But for the icy barrier we could not have hesitated to annex the North Pole.

Some fear we will get an elephant on our hands if we keep the Philippine Islands. As I sailed among the East India Isles in going and returning from China, and landed on several, I am prepared to show that the prolific, tropical Philippines will be worth more to us commercially and add more to our strength politically than half a dozen Alaskas and ice-clad North Poles.

As we are compelled to have a coaling station in those Eastern waters, some are in favor of retaining the Island of Luzon with its harbor of Manila, but say we ought to return the balance of those islands to Spain, as we fear the responsibility of governing them. It would be a cruel mockery to turn those oppressed people over to the tender mercies of tyrannical Spain again, when we have just driven her from Cuba and Porto Rico, because she had proven herself incompetent to govern those colonies in accordance with the enlightened, civilized and Christian spirit of this age. Yet some fear expansion and Imperialism and are in constant dread of not giving heed to Washington's ill-fated advice.

In another article I propose to show that the condition of the waters, the commerce, and the general affairs of the whole world have greatly changed since

Washington's day; and that the nation which refuses to change her policy to suit these changed conditions, will ultimately find herself in the sad and effete condition of poor old Spain, who would know no change, but continued to rely according to the laws and usages of four hundred years ago.

CHRIST'S LAST PRAYER FOR HIS PEOPLE.

SERMON BY REV. J. B. HAWTHORNE, D.D., PASTOR FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, NASHVILLE.

Text, "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil." (John xvii. 15.)

A few moments after Jesus offered this prayer he left the Temple and went out of the city into the garden of Gethsemane, where he endured that unutterable anguish which made him "sweat, as it were, great drops of blood." He knew that he had but a few hours to live. He knew that that night he would be crucified; and yet his thoughts were not upon himself and the cup of woe which he was soon to drink, but upon his people—upon those who had journeyed with him in his earthly ministry, and also upon all those who in subsequent ages should believe on his name and devote themselves to his service.

Self-forgetfulness in suffering and danger is an infallible sign of a great and noble nature. The last words of the most unselfish being that ever contributed to my comfort and happiness were, "Ob, my children!"

Though about to leave the scenes of his earthly labors and ascend to the right hand of his Father, our blessed Lord seemed to bestow very little thought upon himself. His mind seemed to run upon the temptations and woes that should come upon his followers. He looked down into advancing centuries and saw the cruel and relentless foes with which his people should contend. That future was dotted with stupendous and appalling difficulties. There were Alps to climb, Hellespont to swim, lions to subdue and fires to brave. He saw a future red with the blood of his saints, lurid with the flames of martyrdom, and dark with bitter and lonely anguish.

Having admonished his disciples of the tribulations in store for them, and having assured them that the great Comforter would journey with them and support them in their hours of trial, he offered the prayer in which the words of the text occur: "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil."

In all the wide world there is not a Christian who has not a personal interest in this prayer. It was offered for me. It was offered for every one of you.

My brother, if you will take it into the sanctuary of secret devotion and meditate upon it and commune with Him who uttered it, you will ere long find the explanation of many a painful mystery in your past life.

We cannot doubt that our Savior in this prayer, as in everything else that he said and did, desired and sought the highest welfare of his people. He prayed only for those things which he knew were indispensable to their spiritual growth, and their preparation for the higher activities and grander delights of the coming world. Human wisdom would have coveted and chosen many things for which he did not pray. He did not desire and he would not pray that his people should be taken out of the world.

By "the world," in this passage, he did not mean the material globe which we inhabit. By taking them "out of the world" he did not mean the removal of his followers from their present state of existence. By "the world," he meant the evil influences—the temptations, struggles and sorrows incident to their earthly career. He would not pray for their exemption from these trials.

We must believe that our Lord understood fully the import of his own words. He knew "the world." He knew that in it the devil was "going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he might devour." He knew that this people would have to contend with "principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places." He knew that there was no sin, no vice, no crime which they would not be tempted to commit. He knew that at every step of their pilgrimage through the world they would hear the siren voice of some seducer. He knew that they would be falsely accused. He knew that pagans, infidels and hypocrites would drag them before magistrates and bear false witness against them. He foresaw all that Papal Rome would do. He foresaw the martyr-fires that have been kindled all along the pathway of the obdurate. He heard the shrieks and groans of all the victims of Imperial despotism and wrath. He foresaw the inquisition with all of its infernal oracles. He foresaw every dungeon, pillory, whipping-post, galleys and scaffold that would be used to mutilate and exterminate his followers. He foresaw every

alliance of statecraft with priestcraft, and every devilish conspiracy against his cause that infidel malignity would organize. He foresaw every struggle and anguish in the hearts and lives of those who should take up their cross and follow him. And yet, foreknowing all these things, he would not pray that his people should be taken from them.

To poor finite minds there is something marvelously strange about his conduct in this respect. Supposing a mother, as she sits by the cradle of her infant boy could foresee that his life, if spared, would be one of perpetual struggle, weariness and wretchedness, would not her maternal affection constrain her to pray, "Lord, if such be my child's experience, wilt thou not in mercy take him out of the world?"

There is not an infant prattling in its mother's arms or sleeping on its mother's breast who, if it could foresee the storms and woes which await it, would not pray, "Oh God, let not these things come upon me. Now in life's dawn, ere sins and sorrows compass me, take me to thyself."

But Christ, who knew all things that should come upon men, and who has written the testimony of his love in the red capitals of his own precious blood, would not pray that his people should be spared from conflict and suffering.

Christ would not pray that his followers should be exempt from trials, and the history of the church shows that they have not been exempt. He said that in this world they should have tribulation, and tribulations dark and dreful they have had. No human hand can write the story of their sufferings. Not until the books are opened and we see what the recording angel has written, can we know how God's children have struggled and what they have endured.

Why would not our tender and loving Lord and Redeemer pray that we should be exempt from temptation, conflict and pain? To know why we are subject to all these ills would be a sweet relief. I am sure that it is not irreverence in us to seek to discover God's purposes in our afflictions.

1. Among the most obvious reasons why Christ would not pray for our removal from temptation is, that temptation is indispensable to our moral development. He recognizes the fact that every human being has a work to do in himself and for himself, and that for the successful accomplishment of his task the discipline of temptation is absolutely necessary.

Salvation includes two things. First, the justification of the sinner by the atonement of Christ, and secondly, his sanctification by the work of the Holy Spirit. But sanctification is a joint work. It is accomplished by the co-operation of man's will with the divine spirit. There is a sense in which the believer works out his own salvation. In the matter of the atonement, he can only accept what Jesus has done for him. But in the progressive work of sanctification, he is required to work with the Holy Spirit, who works in him.

Sanctification is a growth. No man becomes holy in heart and life by any sudden and arbitrary bestowment of divine favor. God has not bestowed upon any priesthood, or any church, power to make any man holy. Sanctification is not a gift that is communicated through human hands to human hearts. It is not something that falls upon a man like lightning from the lowering cloud. At a camp-meeting which I attended about seventeen years ago, I met persons who told me that in answer to prayer God had suddenly lifted them into a state of sinless perfection. While I respected their feelings, I did not hesitate to tell them that they were deluded. Holiness in the human heart is a growth. It is a development. It is the outcome of spiritual struggle and agony.

There is no faculty of our being that grows and expands without resistance and conflict and strain. It is not the arm of the sluggard that attains the highest muscular development, but the arm that tugs at an oar, or wields the blacksmith's hammer—the arm that lifts and pulls and strikes.

It is not the mind which lies idle that sees the furthest orb of truth. It is the mind that is wont to grapple with great problems, and that makes its discoveries by overcoming stupendous difficulties.

By the operation of the same law, we reach results in moral and spiritual life. We grow only by resistance and conflict. We make progress only by encountering and overcoming temptations. By resistance to evil we develop our moral energies and impart vigor to our spiritual being. This resistance to temptation—this fierce struggle with evil—is a divinely appointed course in our moral gymnastics, by which we educate our tottering steps, our trembling hands, and our puny arms, until we attain to the strength, dignity, symmetry and glory of man in Christ Jesus.

The man who runs away from the world and hides himself in a cave or a monastery, that he may escape temptation, chaunts his own soul. He has no oppor-

tunity to grow. Where there is no temptation there is no moral resistance, and where there is no resistance there is no development.

The man who comes out and stands before the world, sees its pride and pomp and glory, and feels its mighty power—the man who hears the voice of the arch-tempter saying, "All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me"—the man who bravely confronts the great adversary and destroyer of men, and says, "Get thee behind me, Satan"—he is the Christlike man. He is God's Hercules. He is the true exemplar of that spiritual power which shall by and by conquer the world.

Many pious parents worry themselves into premature graves because they cannot keep their children "out of the world." Our children will go into the world, and we cannot prevent them. We should never try to prevent them. Going into the world is just what God wants them to do. Our work is not to keep them out of the world, but to prepare them to resist and overcome the world. Let us bring them to Christ, implant the principles of his divine truth in their hearts, put the weapons of spiritual warfare in their hands, and then let them go into the world and struggle as we have had to struggle, and fight as we have had to fight, and suffer as we have had to suffer.

2. Christ would not pray that his people should be taken out of the world because he knew that he could never bring the world into subjection to himself without the struggles, conflicts and sufferings of his people. He knew that his people would be persecuted. He said to them in the beginning of his ministry, "If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you." Fidelity to Christ will bring conflict with the world. It will bring sneers, ridicule, slander, bitterness and hatred.

The man who has not religion enough to provoke the opposition of the world, is a religious failure. If his loyalty to truth, purity and God are not sufficiently marked to call forth the malignity of sensualists and infidels, he belongs to that class of whom the apostle says, "They are bastards, and not sons."

It is the Christian progressiveness which provokes the antagonism of the wicked that is conquering this world for Christ. What have been the times of greatest prosperity to the church? Not times of peace, but times of war. The blood of the saints has ever been the seed of the church.

It is not strange then that our Lord should pray, "Take them not out of the world." It is not strange that an inspired apostle should write, "We glory in tribulation." Our strength is born of agony. Sewing with tears we shall reap with joy. Great battles bring great victories.

But while Christ would not pray that his followers should be taken out of the world, he did pray that they might be kept from the evil of the world.

To be kept from the evil is simply to be empowered to overcome evil. Jesus would not pray that his people should not be exposed to temptation, but he did pray that they might be divinely strengthened to withstand temptation. Temptation is harmless if we do not yield to it. It is helpful if we stand and resist it.

Christ would not pray that his disciples should not be hated and persecuted, but he did pray that in the midst of their persecutions they should not falter and fail.

The answer to that prayer is visible on every page of the church's history. There is no power in temptation that believers in Christ have not felt. But in every age they have stood by their colors and preserved their faith. Neither for pleasure, nor distinction, nor power, would they deny their Lord and Master.

If infidel rage and imperial despotism could have destroyed the church, long ago it would have perished from the earth. But God has kept it from the evil. It has had a thousand baptisms of fire, but from each it has emerged brighter and stronger for the burning.

Christ ever liveth to make intercession for his people. At this moment he is praying, not that they should be "taken out of the world," but that they "should be kept from evil." From the evil God will keep them. No child of grace ever died and no child of grace ever will make shipwreck of his faith and hope. Men professing Christianity have forsaken Christ and gone over to the enemy, but they went out from us because they were not of us. The man for whom Christ prays God will keep. The earth may perish, star after star may fall, the sun go out, and the whole frame-work of the universe crumble, but the man whom God keeps shall never be moved.

—It is not generally known that Admiral Carvaca, the commander of the Spanish fleet at Santiago de Cuba, was formerly a naval attaché at Washington. He represented the government of Spain in that city about fifteen years ago. Lieutenant Carvaca was universally liked, and was a close student of naval matters.

"Present Feeling in the South."

Dear Bro. Editor:—I have just finished reading the eloquent address of our beloved and gifted Hawthorne of your city "Before the Boston Baptist Social Union," Oct. 19, 1898. My heart leaped for joy and my pulse bounded with patriotic impulse at his beautiful bridging of the bloody chasm, and tears of exultant joy rolled down my cheek as he so graphically and grandly and graciously and gloriously held forth the olive branch of peace to the once warring sections and schisms. But it is not possible to portray with pen the pain that pierced my heart as I read the following extract, uttered after the cessation of our "current controversy," and the expressed hope of denominational peace. He expressly excludes from his proclamation and protocol of peace "one-fifth" (?) of his so-called brethren, and held them up at the center of continental, if not cosmopolitan, refinement as the fifth and off-scouring of the earth. I love this so-called one-fifth as well as the "four-fifths" (?), and I cannot withhold my protest at this public spewing they got out of his mouth, unless I seem in so doing to give consent. Let me inject by way of parenthesis the thoughts which, like poisoned arrows, pained my heart as I read and reread the fearful fulmination of anathemas.

"The history of Southern Baptists during the last half century shows them (that is, four-fifths of them) to be worthy of the esteem and fellowship of their brethren in all sections of the globe. Not all of them (by one-fifth) are as pure in faith and holy in life as they might be. Some (say one-fifth) are extremists; a few of the one-fifth are fanatics. Scattered among the hills and hollows there are communities of them almost as blindly wedded to sacramentalism and traditionalism as the misguided victims of Romish priestcraft. . . . almost as blindly wedded to sacramental salvation and to tradition as superior to God's word. . . . They put the Baptist brand on almost everything that has been dipped since the days of John the Baptist. . . . That takes in the Greek and Roman Catholics, the Church of England and all Pseudo-Baptist immersionists. . . . They pretend to trace a succession of orderly Baptist churches from modern Louisville to ancient Jerusalem. . . . They include the one-fifth, and in all my extensive acquaintance with them I have never found a single one who ever pretended to do any such thing, or whoever contended that it could be done. . . . They would decapitate, without benefit of clergy, every antagonist of their succession dogma." (See Rom. II, 1-3 and 21-23. They that live in glass houses should not throw stones, and physicians should heal themselves. He not only "would," but he actually did decapitate as far as civil law will allow.)

NOW COMES THE FOUR-FIFTHS.

"But I am proud and happy to be able to say that four-fifths (?) of the constituency of the Southern Baptist Convention are not chargeable with this narrowness and intolerance." (That includes the speaker, and of course he is not chargeable with intolerance. His great heart can tolerate everybody and everything except the despised one-fifth. "Their slogan is, The Bible and the Bible alone our rule of faith and practice." (The one-fifth has no such slogan.) Their fellowship is for all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth." (Except the one-fifth.) "In natural gifts, intelligence, purity of life and consecration to their work, their ministry is not inferior to that of any other division of the Lord's hosts." (This was intended as a contrast to the "one-fifth." The disjunctive "but" sets the one-fifth and four-fifths over against each other like the Pharisee and the Publican, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men, or even as this Publican.")

Now, brother editor, that is the *finis* of that fiery effulgence. It will go forth from the "Hub" to the Circumference. Some people and papers will quote it for its sweetness and some for its sourness, some for its grace and some for its gore. One thing is settled. The one-fifth (?) for its *how* they stand if not *where*. If these charges are not true, then our liberal brother (?) violated one of the ten commandments; and more, he falsely accused, not his neighbor, but his brethren (so-called). I deny none of the claims with which he distinguished and contradistinguished the "four-fifths," but I do affirm that, according to my best knowledge and belief, all of his charges against the "one-fifth" are maliciously false. In devotion, consecration and success in winning souls and building up weak churches and making sacrifices they will compare favorably with the other division of the Lord's hosts. Is this bitterness "The Present Feeling in the South?" God forbid.

J. B. MOODY.

Tampa, Fla. [We may add to the above that, like Dr. Moody, we greatly regretted the expressions of Dr. Hawthorne on this subject, as we stated last week. He is much

mistaken as to the number of those holding the views in question. We are not sure but that the proportion he gave would be reversed. Anyhow, we confess that it seemed to us unnecessary, to say the least, to cast reflection upon so many good brethren, whether one-fifth or four-fifths of Southern Baptists, especially before an audience of strangers. We objected to the address of Dr. Brown before the American Baptist Publication Society on the same ground. —Ed.]

A Change of Plans.

Ever since the Lord's people began to do co-operative work there have been frequent attempts at independent effort. These sporadic attempts have invariably proven abortive, and while all true Baptists earnestly claim for themselves, and freely concede to all their brethren, the right to work for the Lord as they think best, still the principle of liberty to co-operate in advancing the Lord's kingdom, so clearly allowed in the Scriptures, seems to be the one principle on which the evangelization of the world is to be accomplished.

The latest attempt at this independent work (by no means the only one among Southern Baptists, is commonly known as "Gospel Missions." As to the feasibility of this independent plan, and as to the probable future of it, we have a most serious question. The following resolutions, adopted October 2nd by the Riedville Baptist Church, Riedville, N. C., which is the strongest church in that State that has been working on the independent plan, speak for themselves. The one comment I have to make is that they were passed without any move upon the part of the pastor, Dr. Moody, who has never urged the church to change its plan of missionary work, though he himself has been in full harmony with the systematized efforts of his brethren of the South, simply urging the church to do its duty in obeying the Lord's great command.

Perhaps it would be well also to add that the vote by which the resolutions were passed was practically unanimous, showing fifty-six for and eight against such resolutions, it being generally conceded also that those members absent would have voted with the fifty-six had they been present.

Here are the resolutions: "Whereas, The independent mission plan has been given a sufficient trial to determine whether or not it is a better method of carrying the gospel to the heathen and planting the cross of Christ on a heathen soil and.

Whereas, Having watched with anxious hearts the result of this work, we now feel satisfied that it is too weak in force and wattering in effect to reach the end desired; and.

Whereas, We consider the work of the Board more effectual and far-reaching in its results, therefore be it Resolved, That our beloved leader in China, Bro. F. M. Royall, be requested to unite his efforts in the foreign field with the Foreign Mission Board, and work with and through it.

Resolved, That if Bro. Royall is not willing to go under the direction of the Board, we feel it to be our duty to tender him his return passage to North Carolina.

Resolved, That we, as a church, deem it better to return to this great work through the Foreign Mission Board."

Beech River Association.

The fifth Sunday meeting of Beech River Association convened with Judson Church, as heretofore announced, on Oct. 28th and 29th.

The meeting was called to order by Bro. B. F. Bartles, who stated its object. Bro. J. H. Davis was made Chairman and Bro. J. R. Hall Secretary.

The meeting opened with a song service and prayer by Bro. J. R. Hall. Bro. B. F. Parlow preached the introductory sermon. It was a soul-cheering discourse.

The congregation was called to order after feasting upon the best of the land, prepared by the good women of Judson Church and vicinity, by Chairman Davis, and prayer by Bro. A. Nunnery.

Importance of Co-operation of Churches and Pastors in Beech River Association. Bro. A. Nunnery very ably presented the subject, followed by others. Pastoral Unrest; Cause and Cure. Bro. B. F. Bartles and Bro. W. F. Horton made some brief and pointed remarks, and stated one way at least in part was to talk up, pray up and pay up your pastors.

Other topics were mentioned, but were suspended with for the time being.

The meeting adjourned until night, at which time several questions were discussed by the brethren.

There was a Sunday-school mass-meeting at 10 a. m. Sunday, and interesting talks were made by several of the brethren along the line of Sunday-school work.

At 11:30 o'clock Bro. A. Nunnery preached the mis-

sionary sermon. A collection of \$3.75 was taken for State Missions.

The meeting closed by offering hands as a token that we would do more for the Lord in the future than we have done in the past.

The meeting adjourned to meet with the Parsons Church, Deatur County, next fifth Sunday. Thus ended a most pleasant and profitable meeting.

Bro. A. Nunnery represented the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR and took the names of several new subscribers.

Resolutions of thanks were tendered the good people of Judson Church and vicinity for the very hospitable manner in which the meeting was entertained. W. F. BOKES, Sec'y.

From the Field.

The second division of the fifth Sunday meetings of the Nolichucky Association met with the Alpha Church, Col. T. H. Reeves Moderator, J. J. Burnett Secretary.

The first topic, "How can we interest all the members of our churches in our denominational enterprises?" was discussed by Dr. S. E. Jones in a finely prepared paper, also by W. H. Strickland and the writer.

"The spiritual condition of our people and how to improve it," by Elder J. N. Eldredge, called for a number of spirited speeches.

"Social life in church and Sunday-school work—its place and importance," was opened by J. J. Burnett, and further discussed by S. E. Jones, W. L. Cate, W. H. Strickland, J. W. Foster and the Moderator.

Dr. W. H. Strickland made a very effective talk on "Why I am a Baptist," giving largely his experience in turning from the Presbyterian faith to that of the Baptists—an experience of mingled pathos and amusement.

The churches represented were Morristown, Mosey Creek, Macdonald, Central, Adriel and Alpha.

Dinner was served on the ground. The writer preached to-night and Dr. Strickland preached to-morrow, morning and night, and will help the pastor, Rev. W. L. Cate, in a meeting of days, either continuing from the present, or beginning anew within two weeks.

Rev. P. H. C. Hale has accepted a call to the pastorate of Concord (Greene County) Church, recently vacated by Rev. S. S. Hale.

P. H. C. Hale, J. M. Walters and W. C. Hale are holding forth in fifth Sunday meeting work at Hebron. John Oley, J. M. Phillips and company at Flat Gap. Bro. Benjamin Yates and others, at Central Point, all in the bounds of the Nolichucky.

P. S. We had a splendid Sunday-school mass-meeting this morning, and a delightful sermon by Dr. Strickland, congregation fine. J. J. H.

Bethlehem Reports.

Rev. A. H. Rather, assisted by Rev. W. C. Shannon, conducted a series of meetings for eight days with the Bethlehem Baptist Church, Robertson County, Tenn., closing October 23rd, which resulted in much good, we trust. We had about twelve professions and a grand revival among the Christian people, and many others asked for prayer during the meeting. On October 23rd Bro. Rather baptized five new converts into the church, one of them having been a professor for sixteen years. There was a large crowd of people to witness the baptism.

We keep up the good old-time practice of dinner on the ground and two sermons a day. We had plenty to eat and good preaching and good singing, led by Brethren William Dorris, Henry Cook and Charles Plinson.

Bro. G. H. Spruice organized a young people's prayer meeting on Sunday night, October 23rd.

The good Lord has blessed us gloriously, and we should ever be ready to work for him, who is willing to do so much for us if we serve him right. The writer feels strengthened in the faith after hearing the truths of God's word preached by our beloved pastor, Rev. A. H. Rather, and Bro. W. C. Shannon. Bro. Rather has been pastor of Bethlehem Church for the past eleven years, and we have learned to love him. We would be sad to know that we would have to part with him. He carries sunshine in his face for everybody that he meets. The church is better organized than it has been for three or four years. It will pay its pastor more this year than for any one year in the last four. Bro. Rather is a wise and faithful pastor, an earnest, efficient and gifted preacher, a devout, consecrated man of God. Under his leadership many have been added to the church.

We are expecting good things of Bro. Holt at Greenbrier the third Sunday in November.

J. H. BOWLING, Treas. Bethlehem Ch. Greenbrier, Tenn.

NEWS NOTES.

PASTORS' CONFERENCE.

NASHVILLE.

First Church—Pastor Hawthorne preached at the morning hour. Song service at night. Three received by letter. Pastor preached at the Clarendon-street Church, Boston, last Sunday week. He brings back encouraging reports concerning the work there.

Third—Pastor Golden preached at both hours. Good morning congregation. Good young people's meeting.

North Edgely—Pastor Sherman preached in the morning and Bro. Burns at night. Meeting continues at the Seventh Church with good results.

Centennial—Pastor Ray preached at both hours. Small congregation in the morning; better at night. 107 in S. S.

Centennial—Pastor Stewart preached at both hours to fine congregations. Two baptized.

Seventh—Pastor Burns preached at the morning hour to a good congregation. Preached for Bro. Sherman at night.

Howell Memorial—Pastor Howse preached at both hours. Good services.

Spruce-street (col.) Pastor Ross preached at the morning hour and Rev. Harris at night.

Mt. Zion (col.)—Pastor Mason preached at usual hours to good congregations. Received two by letter. Bro. Kingston was present at the Conference.

Dr. Holt reports a good time at the fifth Sunday meeting of the Judson Association. Assisted in the ordination of Bro. J. R. Matthews.

—All those who expect to attend the Memphis Association, which meets with the Whiteville Church November 12th at 3 o'clock p. m., will please send in their names that homes may be provided.

M. W. PREWITT.

Whiteville, Tenn.

—A good day at Milton. A full house. The young church for the first time commenced. The entire service was delightful. The writer was extended a unanimous call as pastor. Will accept if the Sunday day, either continuing from the present, or beginning anew within two weeks.

G. A. OGLE.

—We desire a large and enthusiastic delegation at the Memphis Association, which convenes with the Whiteville Church November 12th. Let the churches see to it that their delegates attend. We are aware of the busy season, but we must not let the cause of Christ suffer on this account. This is the last association meeting in the State, and we invite our Corresponding Secretary and editor especially to be with us. Let us stand by our organized work.

W. A. JORDAN, Pastor.

Whiteville, Tenn.

—The writer preached a week recently at Kelley's Creek. The church was not in a good condition for a meeting, as it was somewhat divided. God blessed our labors and the church, I think, will move forward. This is one of the strongest churches in William Carey Association. The writer has been called to the care of the church. If I take the work I hope under God to do a great work for the Master. There is much to be done by the Baptists yet. May we all pull together.

J. K. BONE.

Globe, Tenn.

—I recently visited Doyle College, at Doyle Station, Tenn. This institution is under the management and control of our worthy brethren, Profs. Ben Jones and S. W. Nickson. It has over eighty students enrolled, four of whom are promising young Baptist preachers, getting their tuition free. I was very favorably impressed with their management of it, and some of the best citizens and patrons told me there never was a faculty in it that gave as good satisfaction. This institution was built and is yet owned and controlled by the Baptists of Union Association, and is unsurpassed for good health, good water, good and cheap boarding and favorable location. Therefore I do not believe our brethren anywhere in the State can do better than to patronize it. For particulars address Alonso Johnson, Secretary Board of Trustees, Doyle Station, Tenn.

A. L. PARKER.

Seminary Notes.

A great number experienced their Seminary examination in the Old Testament this week. The work was on Genesis and the first of Exodus. Dr. Sampey had gone to Baltimore and left the class in the hands of Dr. McGlothlin.

Dr. W. D. Powell, financial agent of the Southern Baptist University, was a very pleasant visitor this week. He made an excellent talk on the Mis-

sionary Spirit. His idea is to keep "very zealous missionaries at home."

Brethren L. E. Barton of Jackson, Tenn., and J. R. Garrett of Greenfield, Tenn., came in last week to attend the Seminary.

Bro. Parker, who has been sorely afflicted with typhoid fever, is convalescent.

Dr. E. Tatum, our China missionary, passed through the city this week on his way to Orinda, Tenn. He made a pointed talk to the students along the line of China missionary work.

The Young People's Society of Walnut Street Church gave the young men of the Hall an invitation to a social one evening this week. They were entertained by Col. Hays, the composer.

J. R. JOHNSON.

Still Alive.

Think us at Winchester not dead because we have not been in the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR for some time. We are very much in evidence, and we would smile clear across our faces if those brethren in the various localities, who have subscribed to our building fund, would by the next mail forward their subscriptions. We are still begging because we are as needy as ever. Our people give, and give, and give again, and still more is needed. We have some money on the windows and ceiling, but much more is needed. Our roof bill is not yet paid. It must be paid before brethren will give to anything else. Some ex-Mary Sharpers have at different times said they were going to help us. Now, sisters, is your opportunity. Some have responded generously, but very many more have not done anything. For Christ's sake let me have a long list of names to write in our book. Some pastors are kind enough to invite me to visit their churches in the interest of our building fund. Two such invitations, given without solicitation by Brethren Baker and Bone, are yet unanswered. But the Lord willing they will be answered. May the Lord put it in the hearts of still other pastors to invite me to visit their people.

ENOCH WINDES.

The S. W. B. University.

The following extract is taken from an editorial in the *Baptist Reeper* of October 6th:

"In fact, one man has already said that should Dr. Moody be established as a professor of theology at Jackson in connection with the other strong teachers in that department who are already located, that he will give \$100 per year to his support. Another says he will give \$50 per year. These are voluntary propositions, without the least pressure to evoke them. That begins to look a little like Landmark Baptists mean business."

Now if these two brethren will send their names to the Executive Board at once and state over their own signatures that they will give these amounts to pay for theological teaching provided Dr. Moody is employed, also if all other brethren who desire to help pay the expenses of the Board provided they incur this expense, it will look still more like business.

Brethren, if you really desire the trustees to employ Dr. Moody in the theological department, send us your name and the amount you will pay for theological teaching if he is employed, and I am sure they will give your request due consideration.

J. A. CROOK, Sec'y. S. W. B. University. Jackson, Tenn.

A Grand Meeting.

Before his leaving home last night for another field of labor for a few days, husband requested me to report his Cave City meeting to the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR. It closed yesterday with twelve baptisms and others to follow soon. Among those baptized was a respectable and prominent old gentleman 75 or 80 years old. Oh! what an impressive scene as his snowy locks went under the water. His conversion was such a bright and happy one, and every Christian in the community rejoiced with him. What a grand work was the saving of these precious souls. But God did much more for us. I never saw a church more thoroughly revived, every member seeming to rejoice in God's rich blessings. How discouraging was the outlook when husband took charge of the church twelve months ago. Such divisions and such coldness are rarely found in a church, and many of the troubles had been brewing for years, getting worse all the time. These were all removed, the members were united in Christian love, and all entered into a covenant to consecrate themselves more to the service of God, and do much more for his cause in the future. It is a noble band of Baptists in and about Cave City, and they have the ability to do much for the Lord. Now here is a suggestion for any church in like difficulty. I fully believe that the great blessings bestowed upon our church are the re-

sult of daily, earnest beseeching a throne of grace in behalf of the church by a few of its members, and for several months before God revealed himself. What power in prayer. Miss W. H. S. Cave City, Ky.

Dr. Hawthorne's Lectures.

On the evening of Oct. 11th, Dr. Hawthorne delivered his famous lecture, "The World's Great Orators," to a good audience in Seminary Hall, for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist Church. The audience was cultured and consequently appreciative. Many were the expressions of approval and delight heard by the writer at the conclusion of the lecture.

On the night of the 12th Dr. Hawthorne lectured to a large and deeply interested audience in Athens on the subject, "Courage and its Counterparts." Those who heard both lectures could not decide which was the better. Both were certainly masterly efforts. I have had the pleasure of hearing quite a number of noted lecturers, among whom were Henry Ward Beecher, Talmage, Hall, Henson, Meade, Wendling and Willets, but I am free to say I never listened to two lectures with more pleasure or profit, I believe, than to those of our own Dr. Hawthorne. Our ladies conferred a benefit on this community by securing the services of such a speaker. The influence of such lectures upon society is elevating and instructive and especially helpful and stimulating to young people. Sweetwater, Tenn. W. C. GRACE.

Carson and Newman College.

The Executive Committee of our Association has divided our territory into four parts and has appointed a superintendent to direct affairs in each division. It is his business to see that collections are taken in all the churches of his section for missions, etc., and that the programs of the fifth Sunday meetings are well distributed, and that messengers are appointed by all the churches of his diocese. Each of the four divisions uses the same program. On Sunday at each meeting a collection is taken for missions. On last Saturday and Sunday we tried this plan for the first time and the success was gratifying. We are enthusiastic over the matter. The Executive Committee meets in Morristown next Thursday to hear reports from each superintendent and to plan for the next quarter. At these four meetings we hear reports as to the Sunday-school and mission work done by the churches.

I attended the meeting of the first division held with Hebron Church, Greene County, P. H. C. Hale being the active and successful superintendent. Nine out of ten churches were represented. It was a fine meeting. Hebron is a new church, but active and full of promise.

I wish your space would allow me to commend in proper terms the zeal of Dr. J. H. King, Rev. Elsha King, H. J. Wisecarver, Brethren Craft, Kelley, and others in planting this promising work in this community where Baptists have never had a foothold before. I write this in hope that it may contain suggestions of value to other Associations.

J. T. HENDERSON.

Personal Liberty.

The following is a letter from Prof. James Byars of Covington, Tenn., to Hon. Benton McMinn, candidate for Governor of Tennessee, on the subject of personal liberty. This is a subject of vast interest to mankind, which was first espoused and proclaimed by Baptists, and which was born of the constitution of the local Baptist Church. Prof. Byars is an Episcopalian, but he gives the Baptists credit where credit is due. He has been a teacher for more than half a century, and is a man of profound learning and great wisdom. The letter is clipped from the *Covington Record*, and is as follows:

"Hon. Benton McMinn:—I read with much interest your Memphis speech of September 6th. The liberty of Rome, of Venice and of other governments previous to ours was the liberty of the State, the liberty to impose tribute on other States, but to pay tribute to none. During the long time between the foundation of the world, and the foundation of our government, the liberty of the man had never been conceived. America had to be discovered, the Baptist preacher, Roger Williams, had to live and to preach that the State has no right to force its religious opinions on the man; and in a subsequent century, the Democrat, Thomas Jefferson, had to live and to write his statute of religious liberty, before the liberty of man existed anywhere on earth. There was no liberty of the man in Rome where a man could be persecuted for his religious opinions. The liberty of France was the liberty of the State. Louisiana the fourth said, 'The State, it is me.' There was no liberty of the man in France, where a man could be shot down in St. Bartholomew's Massacre for his religious opinions. There was no liberty for the man in England, where a man could be imprisoned thirteen years for being a Baptist, as was John Bunyan. All governments previous to ours were paternal governments."

H. B. F.

BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR.

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A WORD WITH OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We are sending out statements to those of our subscribers who are in arrears. We hope they will remit promptly the amount due. The consolidation of the *East Tennessee Baptist* and the *Baptist Repeater* with the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR has entailed considerable additional expense upon us. We are dependent upon our friends to enable us to meet it. Do not disappoint us.

We are trying to make a first class paper in every respect for the Baptists of Tennessee. Won't you help up do so, both by renewing your own subscription and also by sending us some other subscribers? We have a wide circulation outside of Tennessee and we are glad to know that the paper seems to be so highly appreciated by those in other States. At the same time, however, as the State paper of Tennessee, we expect, of course, to give special attention to Tennessee affairs, and we look especially to Tennessee Baptists for support. Let us put the paper in every Baptist home in Tennessee this fall and winter. The result would be felt, we believe, in a mighty uplift to all of our denominational work in the State. What say you? May we count on you? If you cannot do anything more, may we not count on you at least for the prompt renewal of your own subscription?

FALLING FROM GRACE.

Quere.—Will you please explain the following passage? It seems to confirm the doctrine of apostasy: "Looking diligently lest any man fall of the grace of God," (Heb. xii. 15.) And in Gal. v. 4, "Ye are fallen from grace." The two seem to be parallel passages.

INQUIRER.

Ans.—1. As to Heb. xii. 15. The author of the epistle to the Hebrews was addressing Hebrew Christians. They had abandoned Judaism for Christianity, and now under the urgent appeals of some proselyters they seemed strongly tempted to abandon Christianity and return to Judaism. The epistle was written to show the superiority of Christianity over Judaism and thus confirm their faith. The literal translation of the passage in question is, "Looking diligently lest any one *lacking* in the grace of God." The word lacking is a participle, not a verb. It may be interpreted either (1) as being connected with a verb which is understood, and translated "lest any one be lacking," in which case it would refer not to a person's losing the grace of God after he has received it, but to his failure to receive it at all; or (2) it may be interpreted as being connected with the verb "to be" in the same verse, in which case it would read, "lest any one

lacking in the grace of God may be a root of bitterness, and trouble you," referring not to those who had received the grace of God, but to those who never had it, meaning the Jews, who were trying to induce them to return to Judaism.

2. Gal. v. 4 means a doctrinal falling from grace, not a personal. Like the Hebrew Christians, the Galatians had been troubled with some roots of bitterness, and under their pernicious teachings were tempted to abandon the doctrine of salvation by grace through faith and substitute for it the doctrine of salvation by works. Paul writes this epistle to correct the error into which they were about to fall. He proves the doctrine of salvation by grace in a most masterly argument which he afterwards develops more at length in the epistle to the Romans. He closes the argument by saying: "With freedom did Christ make us free. Stand fast, therefore, and be not held again with a yoke of bondage"—of bondage to the law, under which you were before Christ came and set you free. "Behold I Paul say to you, that if ye become circumcised Christ will profit you nothing." If you rely on circumcision to save you Christ cannot save. You must rely on him alone for salvation. "And I testify again to every man who becomes circumcised that he is a debtor to do the whole law." If he starts out on the line of trying to be saved by obedience to the law he must go the whole way. He cannot stop with obedience to one commandment. If he must obey in one respect to be saved, he must obey in every respect.

"Ye are separated from Christ, whoever of you are being justified by law; ye are fallen away from grace." You have left salvation by grace and have substituted salvation by works. And this is true of any who substitute the doctrine of salvation by works for that of salvation by grace, they have fallen away from grace. And they are the only ones who have fallen from grace.

BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR DAY.

Under our present denominational system, a paper is a necessity in any State for the fullest development of the work in that State. It forms the medium of communication for the Baptist brotherhood of the State. Through that they touch elbows and join hands for effective labor in the Master's cause. Such a paper helps all our denominational interests. It is back of all, at the bottom of all. Without it they could not succeed. For that reason it is the most important of all. If you take away one department of denominational work the others will go on. But you take away the paper, and all will fall and will fall.

Under our present polity it has come to be the custom for some private person to own the paper in a State. But while the legal title is vested in an individual, the moral title is in the brethren of the denomination, and he must run the paper in their interest. He becomes the servant of all. But this fact implies a reciprocal relation. If he is under obligation to serve his brethren, they are under obligation to pay him for his service. In return for the time, trouble and expense which he puts on the paper for their benefit they should subscribe for it and pay for it, and try to get others to do the same.

This is especially true of pastors. And the more they get their members to read the paper, the better it will be for the members, the better for the pastors, the better for the church, the better for the denomination in the State and the better for the cause of Christ over the world. When a person reads his denominational paper it is very apt to make him more liberal, more consecrated, a stronger Baptist and a truer Christian.

We make these suggestions for the consideration of our brethren in the State, and in view of the above facts we propose that the first Sunday in December shall be regarded as BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR DAY, when a special effort shall be made by all the pastors to put the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR into every home in their church. If, for any reason, it would not be convenient to use that Sunday for the purpose, then adopt the nearest one to it that would suit. In the case of those pastors who preach to several churches, let them present the paper to each of their churches, beginning with the first Sunday in December. But it was thought best to have a special day set apart for the presentation of the

claims of the paper, so as to focalize the interest on that day. We should be glad to know what pastors will agree to observe the day. Drop us a card telling us that you will do so. We can send you as many sample copies of the paper as you may desire.

INGERSOLL AND PHILIP.

The following editorial in a recent issue of the *Nashville American* was read with much interest:

That hoary blasphemer, Robert G. Ingersoll, took advantage of the crowd drawn to Chicago for the peace jubilee, journeyed to that city and delivered one of his characteristic addresses at so much per head. At the Auditorium thousands of people were taking part in the thanksgiving to God for the victories which had come to our army and navy; in another part of the city Col. Ingersoll was saying: "I do not thank God for the victory at Manila. I thank Dewey, the bravest Admiral that ever trod a deck. I thank the brave men and officers under him; I do not thank God. I do not thank God for the destruction of Cervera's fleet; I thank the brave officers and men. I do not thank God for the capture of Santiago; I thank the heroes; I thank the regulars, white and black; I thank the men in the trenches; the volunteers; the tough riders, the wounded and the maimed; I thank the worn and the fainting; I thank them all, the living and the dead."

His jarring note makes the song of praise lifted to the Father of Battles all the purer and mellow. Each year his blasphemy, his cold and hopeless and cheerless speech, falls upon more unappreciative ears. Each year his audiences decrease, each year his fame becomes more limited and each year the greater the number of people who condemn his cruel mockeries. When Jack Philip bowed his head on the deck of the Texas, after the destruction of Cervera's fleet, and asked officers and men to thank Almighty God for the victory which had been vouchsafed, his action was met with a wave of applause in all Christendom. What sort of a reception would have been given a mocking speech by Ingersoll delivered to the officers and men assembled on the quarterdeck of the Texas at that time?

These are true, brave words. They are especially gratifying coming from the editor of a secular paper. They show the drift of public sentiment back towards Christianity. We commend them to any who may have thought that Christianity was losing its hold upon the people of this country. After all this is a Christian nation.

REV. WILLIAM HUFF.

We learn with deep regret of the death on last week at his home in Bell Buckle, in this State, of Rev. William Huff. We had expected that some one would send us an account of his death, together with a sketch of his life, but we have not received them. We hope, however, that we shall receive them for our next issue. For the present we may only say that Bro. Huff was one of our oldest and ablest and noblest ministers. He came to this State from Virginia a good many years ago, how many we do not know. He had for a number of years been Moderator of the Duck River Association, but was unable to be present at its last session. He was an excellent writer, a faithful preacher of the Word, a true Christian man. We extend our earnest sympathy to his bereaved family, and to the members of the Duck River Association, to whom he was almost like a father.

Our old ministers are rapidly passing off from the stage of action. Are ye younger ministers prepared to take their places?

QUESTION BOX.

Quere.—What ought a Baptist Church to do with a preacher who claims and preaches sanctification according to the "second blessing" theory, when a majority of the members are in favor of his staying in the church and preaching this doctrine? Please answer in the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR.

IDA B. FLETCHER.

Shiloh, Tenn.

Ans.—If, as you say, a majority of the members agree with the pastor, then there is only one of two things for the minority to do.

1. Try to teach the pastor and the other members the way of the Lord more perfectly.
2. Failing in this, withdraw and organize another church. In the latter case they might also, if they wish, bring suit to recover the church property, on the ground that the majority, to whom the property would *prima facie* belong, have departed from the Baptist faith and so do not now represent the principles, to promulgate which the church was founded. We confess, however, that we do not like law suits at all, and especially church law suits, and, as a rule, we believe it would be better even to suffer wrong than to engage in one. The result is not apt

to be so damaging to the cause of Christ. But we hope the matter may be amicably settled without any division.

Quere.—Please advise and comment with advice in the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR on the following case: Several years ago a brother belonging to the Erwin Baptist Church joined the church of another denomination, after which he was excluded from Erwin Church. After a few years the excluded brother saw the error he had made and desired membership in a Baptist Church again, and living nearer to Cherokee Church he made application there and was received into full fellowship. Now there appears some dissatisfaction with some members of Cherokee Church, and the brother endeavors to remedy the irregularity by making application to Erwin Church for restoration and a letter to join Cherokee Church. Has Erwin Church any jurisdiction in the case? and what is the duty of both Erwin and Cherokee Churches? The case is referred to a committee by Erwin Church.

A. R. BROWN.

Erwin, Tenn.

Ans.—The brother had been excluded from Erwin Church and afterward joined Cherokee Church on his experience and baptism without Erwin Church being consulted. Cherokee Church had a right to receive him that way, though it would have been some better, we think, for him to have sought restoration to the church from which he had been excluded. But, under the circumstances, we do not see that Erwin Church has any jurisdiction in the matter.

PERSONAL AND PRACTICAL.

—The Tennessee Baptist Convention voted unanimously against a suggestion to reduce the price of the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR. They believe it to be worth two dollars a year, and that to reduce its price is to reduce its value.—*Central Baptist*.

Quere.

—The *Southern Baptist* has been moved from Bryson City, N. C., to Candler, N. C. Rev. S. C. Owens will become half owner with Bro. M. P. Matheny, the present editor and proprietor. These are both excellent brethren. We are very sorry that they have gone off into the impracticable "Gospel Mission" movement.

Quere.

—We have just received a card from Dr. Acree of Knoxville, telling us that his daughter died on last Sunday night. She was about 15 years of age, a sweet, lovely character. We extend our profoundest sympathy to him and his wife in their great sorrow. May they find God's grace sufficient for them in their hour of trial.

Quere.

—On account of the presence of yellow fever in Baton Rouge, La., the Louisiana Baptist Convention has been postponed indefinitely. We sympathize very much with our brethren in Mississippi and Louisiana in their afflictions caused by yellow fever. We hope, however, that they will have no more trouble of the kind in the future.

Quere.

—Rev. M. T. Martin of Mississippi died on the train near St. Louis last week in the arms of his son, Rev. T. T. Martin, and was buried at Gloster, Miss., on Tuesday afternoon. Bro. Martin was a strong man and an able thinker. We did not agree with some points of his theology, as our readers know, but we loved the man. We tender our deep sympathy to the bereaved son, and other members of his family.

Quere.

—The action of the Riedeville, N. C., Church, as related by a correspondent on another page, is quite significant. It shows the utter futility of a church attempting to carry on mission work alone without co-operation with other churches. There must be some co-operation with others, whether the group of those co-operating embraces only two or three churches, or the churches in a whole Association, or those in a State, or in the South. The principle is the same in all cases.

Quere.

—The weather during the past week has been unusually fine. The frosts have been heavy and the atmosphere generally has been cool and bracing. Frost came earlier this year than usual, which was a matter of deep gratification to every one account of the relief which it brought to the yellow fever sufferers in Mississippi and Louisiana. We hope that it presages an early and a long and hard winter; at least one long enough and hard enough to kill out all the germs of yellow fever. Hereafter with the United States in control, or at least in virtual control, of Cuba, we hope that we shall be able to stamp out the fever entirely on the Western Continent, or certainly to keep it from our own shores.

—The Western North Carolina Convention, after an existence of forty-two years, has dissolved to unite with the State Convention. The work of the Convention will be turned over to the State Board. This, we believe, is a wise consummation. The churches will maintain a General Association as a kind of advisory board to the State Convention with reference to all work local to that section, but will not keep a paid agent in the field.

Quere.

—The *Watchman* well says: "The contrast between the management of the commissary and transportation departments of General Kitchener's Sudan expedition and those of our own army has been duly emphasized, but we ought not to lose sight of the fact that General Kitchener's camp in the Sudan was a prohibition camp. General Boynton, in his testimony before the investigating committee in regard to Camp Thomas, stated that 372 carloads of beer had been sold in the camp, and General Brooke's orders permitted the absence each day of 1,200 men to visit Chattanooga, which was run 'wide open.'"

Quere.

—Geologists have been laboring hard for some time to determine the length of time which the water has consumed in cutting the channel of Niagara Falls six miles in length. They have arrived at very different conclusions, some fixing this period at three hundred thousand years, and others at thirty thousand years. But more recent calculations based on scientific principles have gone to show, as stated by *Science*, that "the age of the gorge cannot be more than ten thousand years, and is probably considerably less." The *Christian Observer* well says, "And thus, one by one, the conclusions of scientific study are approximating more and more to the unchangeable Word of God."

Quere.

—The public statements that have been given out by the literature of the whisky element of the United States announcing 74,412 saloons in this country no one doubts. This will indicate that there are probably half that number of people in this land who are willing to rent their property for such nefarious business. For it is a well known fact that not half of the saloon keepers own their places of business. But now the startling and at the same time saddening information is added to this, that there are 2,275 women saloon keepers, with 147 actual bar tenders in these saloons. We can see how a man with coarse nature can be induced to enter into the saloon business, but for a woman to do so we confess we are unable to see how it is possible.

Quere.

—The visit of the Emperor of Germany to Jerusalem, of which we spoke last week, is attracting a great deal of attention all over the world. He goes ostensibly for the purpose of participating in the dedication of a Lutheran Church in that city. This of itself is significant. It is quite a question, however, as to how much more the visit means. Does it mean that Germany is to become an ally of Turkey, and that the Emperor is to back up the Sultan in his Armenian outrages? Does it mean that in return for this alliance the Sultan will give the Emperor some of his Asiatic possessions? Does it mean that the Emperor has an eye on Palestine itself, and that the sacred country may pass into the possession of Germany? If this last is to be the result of the visit, then we in common with all Christians will rejoice.

Quere.

—Second Lieut. H. M. Smith, First West Virginia Volunteers, has been dishonorably discharged from the service of the United States by a sentence of court martial approved by Maj. Gen. Miles. Smith was convicted of using abusive language in a hotel lobby in Knoxville, Tenn., and was found guilty of insulting a brother officer in the presence of enlisted men. The lieutenant explains to the court that his conduct was due to his having partaken too freely of intoxicants, but the court found no mitigating circumstances in that fact.—*Christian Observer*. The *Baptist Banner* commends the action of the court, and adds: "It is truly refreshing to know that drunkenness is no longer recognized as a mitigation of criminality. Let public sentiment be educated to regard drunkenness as an aggravation of crime rather than an excuse for it." Amen.

Quere.

—Returning from the fifth Sunday meeting of the Beulah Association, we stopped over in Union City for a while on Sunday, and by invitation preached for Pastor Gillon at night to a large congregation. Bro. Gillon has been pastor in Union City for not quite two years, but he has done a fine work there. He is very popular with the members of the church and with the community. He has received a call to a strong church in Texas, and on last Sunday tendered

his resignation as pastor at Union City. An effort however, is being made to hold him in Tennessee. We hope it will be successful. He is one of our most valuable men, and is none the worse, but all the better, for the noble little Baptist wife whom he recently married. The church at Union City is composed of many excellent members. They have recently repaired and recarpeted their house, which presents quite a handsome appearance in its new dress.

Quere.

—The Story of Christian Missions. From the Apostles to the Present. Revised and enlarged from lectures delivered before Baylor University Summer Bible School, 1897. By Robert N. Barrett, Th.D., author of 'The Child of the Ganges,' 'In the Land of the Sunrises,' 'Our Missionary Problem,' etc. A handbook for class use, for Women's and Young People's Societies and for Popular Reading. Price 25 cents. Waco, Tex., 1898. We have had occasion to read a good deal on the subject of missions, but we have never seen a better compendium on the subject than is here presented. Dr. Barrett has for many years made a special study of missions, and is thoroughly conversant with the story which he tells. We should be glad to see the pamphlet have a large circulation. We hope that Dr. Barrett will bring it out in a more attractive and more permanent form.

Quere.

—England and France seem determined to go to war. Hurried preparations are being made by both sides. The Fashoda incident, to which we referred last week, has been lost sight of in the larger Egyptian question. It is claimed that it has never been definitely decided that England is to control Egypt. Both Russia and Germany, as well as France, have long desired to have something to say as to the government of that country. Besides, England is now in control of the Suez Canal, and these countries want it declared neutral. Russia will probably back France in her opposition to England, but whether Germany will do so is a question. She has no love either for Russia or France, and she knows that they have none for her. Besides, her relations with England have recently become more cordial. At the same time, however, her interests on this question are on the side of Russia and France. The kindling wood for the great European conflagration which has been so long expected has been piled up and may be lighted any day.

Quere.

—The peace commission appointed by the United States and Spain is still in session at Paris. A desperate attempt was made by the Spanish commissioners to induce the United States to assume the Spanish debt, amounting to about \$400,000,000. This, however, was unsuccessful, as our commissioners politely but positively declined to assume the debt, on the ground that they did not assume sovereignty in the island. They have, however, indicated the purpose of this government to take control of the entire Philippine Islands, but with the understanding that we will give Spain a reasonable compensation for them, and will also assume the indebtedness incurred by Spain in the improvements on the island, but not in putting down the insurrection. So it seems to have been definitely decided that we shall enter upon a policy of territorial expansion. This will give us a much greater opportunity for accomplishing good in the world, in planting the flag of civilization and of Christianity, but it will also put a tremendous responsibility upon us.

Quere.

—Having missed the session of the Beulah Association we concluded to attend its fifth Sunday meeting, which was held at Hornbeak. Owing to various causes the attendance upon the meeting was small. Brethren R. E. and J. M. Nowlin, G. L. Eilla, H. C. Deal, and the editor, being the only visitors present. Still we had quite an interesting meeting. The local attendance was very good, and the discussions were sometimes quite lively, and we hope were helpful. Brother R. E. Nowlin was chairman *ex officio*, being Chairman of the Executive Board of the Association. According to appointment the introductory sermon was preached by Bro. J. M. Nowlin, and the missionary sermon on Sunday by Bro. G. L. Eilla. Hornbeak is located in Obion County, only a few miles from Reelfoot Lake. It is quite a lumber market. The church there is small, having been organized only a few years ago. It has an excellent house of worship, new and all paid for. Bro. E. L. Watson is the popular pastor. He has been attending school at Hornbeak for some years, but is now a student at Jackson. He is quite a promising young minister. We are indebted to Bro. Corkran for kindness in carrying me to and from the railroad, and for hospitable entertainment at Hornbeak. We enjoyed also taking meals with Brethren Cleaver and Bolton.

THE HOME.

DAT LIL' BRACK SHEEP.

Po' lil' brack sheep what strayed
erway.

Done low in de win' an' de rain;
An' de Shepherd he say: "O hieilin',
An' de hieilin' frown: "O Shepherd,
Dat sheep it brack and bad."
But de Shepherd, he smile laik dat lil'
brack sheep,
It de onlies' lam' he had.

An' he say: "O hieilin', hasten!
For de win' an' de rain am col'.
An' dat lil' brack sheep be lonesome
Out dere, so far fum de fol'.
An' de hieilin' frown: "O Shepherd,
Dat sheep it weak an' po'.
But de Shepherd, he smile laik dat lil'
brack sheep
He lub it des' all de mo'.

An' he say: "O hieilin', hasten!
For de frost am' blin' keen.
An' dat lil' brack sheep des' shiv'rin'.
De storm an' de blis' between."
An' de hieilin' frown: "O Shepherd,
Dat sheep it o' an' gray.
But de Shepherd, he smile laik dat lil'
brack sheep
Wus fair es de break ob day.

An' he say: "O hieilin', hasten!
For de hall am' beatin' hard.
An' dat lil' brack sheep git bruises
"Way off fum de sheepfol' yard."
An' de hieilin' frown: "O Shepherd,
Dat sheep it mos' wore out."
But de Shepherd, he smile laik dat lil'
brack sheep
Des' couldn't be done widout.

An' he say: "O hieilin', hasten!
For de winter it a'mos' here.
An' dat lil' brack sheep you shear it
"Tell its po' skin a'mos' clear."
An' de hieilin' frown: "O Shepherd,
Dat sheep am' a wuthless thing."
But de Shepherd, he smile laik dat lil'
brack sheep
It fair es a princely king.

An' he say: "O hieilin', hasten!
Lo, here dey off ninety an' nine.
But dere, way off fum de sheepfol'.
Dat lil' brack sheep ob mine."
An' de hieilin' frown: "O Shepherd,
De rest ob de sheep am' here."
But de Shepherd, he smile laik dat lil'
brack sheep
He bo! it de mos'es' dear.

An' he wander out dere in de dark-
ness,
W'ere de night wus col' an' bleak,
An' dat lil' brack sheep, he fin' it.
An' lay it ergains' his cheek.
An' de hieilin' frown: "O Shepherd,
Dat sheep come back ter me!"
But de Shepherd, he smile laik de Lord
he wus
An' dat lil' brack sheep am' me!
—Ethel M. Colson, in the Independ-
ent.

The Queer Story of An Egg.

Wilkinson, in his interesting book on Ancient Egyptians, tells the following laudable story of Pharonic times. A man digging in his vineyard, having found a jar full of gold, ran home with joy to announce his good fortune to his wife; but as he reflected on the way that women could not always be trusted with secrets, and that he might lose a treasure which of right belonged to the king, he thought it better first to test her discretion. As soon therefore as he had entered the house, he called her to him; and saying he had something of great importance to tell her, asked if she was sure she could keep a secret.

"Oh, yes," was the ready answer. "When did you ever know me to betray one? What is it?"

"Well then—but you are sure you won't mention it?" "Have I not told you so? Why so tiresome? What is it?"

"Now, as you promise, I will tell you! A most singular thing has happened to me; every morning I lay an

egg!" at the same time producing one from beneath his cloak.

"What an egg! Extraordinary!" "Yes, it is indeed, but mind you, don't you mention it."

"Oh, no, I shall say nothing about it, I promise you."

"No, I feel sure you will say nothing about it," and so saying he left the house.

No sooner gone, than the wife ran up to the terrace and finding a neighbor on the adjoining roof, she beckoned to her, and with great caution said: "Oh, my sister! such a curious thing happens to my husband; but are you sure you won't tell anybody?"

"No, no! What is it? Do tell me!" "Every morning he lays ten eggs!"

"What, ten eggs!" "Yes, and he has shown them to me; is it not strange?" but mind you, say nothing about it," and away she went down stairs.

It was not long before another woman came upon the next terrace, and the story was told in the same way by the wife's friend with a similar promise of secrecy, only with the variation of twenty instead of ten eggs, till one neighbor after another to whom the secret was entrusted had increased them to a hundred!

It was not long before the husband heard it also, and the supposed egg-layer, learning how his story had spread, was persuaded not to risk his treasure by trusting his wife with the real secret.

"Do Thy Best."

The hand of a master artist had lost its cunning. The infirmities of age had robbed his touch of its strength and dexterity. He had begun a picture, but was not able to finish it. Calling to him a favorite pupil, in whom he had detected the signs of genius, he asked him to complete the task. "I commission thee, my son," he said, "to do thy best upon this work. Do thy best!" The young man shrank from the task, but the master urged, and said: "Do thy best!" The young painter, it is said, knelt before the canvas, and, looking toward heaven, besought skill and power to do the work which he undertook for the sake of his loved master. In his spirit he addressed himself to the task. His mind became filled with his theme, and absorbed in the outworking of it. His soul was stirred with enthusiasm, and as he prayed and pondered and wrought, his hand grew firmer, and his touch more delicate. At last the work was done. The master was carried into the studio to inspect the

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Woman's Mission.

Successful competition in any field depends on physical health.



questions about woman's future are constantly asked.

Shall women vote? Shall they practice law? Shall they compete with men in every field? Whatever woman's mission may finally be declared to be, it is certain that something must be done for her physical health.

Ignorance, superstition and mystery surround woman's delicate organism. Heroic efforts to endure pain is part of woman's creed. Many women's lives are a constant struggle with lassitude; many are violently ill without apparent cause, and few indeed are in normal health.

This is all wrong and might be different if women would follow Dr. Hartman's advice. Perhaps the most practical printed talk to women to be found anywhere is in Dr. Hartman's book called "Health and Beauty," which the Per-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O., will mail free to women only. It is certain that Dr. Hartman's Per-na has proved a perfect boon for women's diseases of the pelvic organs. It treats them scientifically and cures them permanently. All druggists sell it.

"I received your book and commenced the use of your medicine at once," writes Mrs. H. D. Amoss of Greensboro, Ga., to Dr. Hartman. "I took five bottles of Per-na and two of Man-a-lin. I feel like a new woman. When I commenced taking Per-na I could hardly walk across my room; now I am doing my own work and can walk to church. I shall never cease to thank you for prescribing for me. I had been under the treatment of two doctors but never received any benefit until I commenced taking your medicine. I wish every woman who was suffering as I was would send for one of your books. May God bless you and spare you many years to relieve women who are suffering as I was."

Fifty thousand women will be counselled and prescribed for this year free of charge by Dr. Hartman, president of the Surgical Hotel, Columbus, O. All women suffering from any disease of the mucous membrane, or any of the peculiar ills of women, may write to him and the letters will receive his personal attention. Write for special question blank for women.

linked labor of love. His eyes filled with tears. Tenderly embracing his pupil, he said: "My son, I paint no more." That young painter was Leonardo da Vinci, whose picture of "The Last Supper" stands among the masterpieces of art, and, even in its fading beauty, elicits universal admiration. Is there not a lesson for us in the spirit in which he undertook his task? Our Master has entrusted to us a commission. He permits us to be associated with him in a great work, the work of producing in human life and society a picture of heavenly beauty, the lineaments of the Divine. No infirmity, indeed, has interrupted his work, but he chooses to carry it on through us. From his throne in the unseen world he says to us: "Do thy best!" Only as we give ourselves wholly to the work, in the spirit of devotion to him, as with the upward look for grace and wisdom and strength, can we hope to work worthily. Then shall we feel the very spirit of the Master passing into us and inspiring us. And when the day of inspection comes he will say to all who have thus wrought: "Well done."

Assault on The Bible.

In the northwestern part of South America there has recently been a very vigorous effort to prevent the sale of the Bible. The charge has been brought in the courts of the United States of Columbia against some of the colporteurs of the American Bible Society that they were circulating an immoral book. The immorality, according to one of the experts who was called on to sit on the case, consists in this: that "the books did offend Christian morals, inasmuch as they served as a basis for the worship of the Protestants."

In June last Mr. Norwood, agent of the Bible Society in Brazil, sent an

assistant, Jose Gonzales Perez, to circulate Bibles at Sorococo. On Sunday, June 10th, the priests from their pulpits denounced the books as obscene. On Monday, Perez was summoned before the alcade. The alcade, under pressure, submitted the Bibles to three lawyers (all Romanists), of whom two approved the continued sale of the Bible. Still the alcade prohibited their sale. The matter was appealed to the prefect, who finally declared that the case was beyond police jurisdiction. But the alcade continued his prohibition of the sale. Not until after Mr. Norwood had invoked the aid of the American Minister was the prohibition withdrawn.

The incident reveals to us two things: First, the opposition of the Roman priesthood in South America to Bible circulation is as strong as ever; secondly, the ultimate decision of the case which was given by the Governor of Santander, and was in favor of the unrestricted sale of the Bible, puts its further prohibition beyond the power of the priests.—Ex.

Christian recreation is a Christian duty. You and I are free agents, perhaps; but certainly not to the extent that we may neglect or destroy ourselves. We are heaven-appointed keepers of heaven-bestowed gifts. Self-sacrifice without adequate compensation to self or another is sin. Poor stewardship in God's world will not go unpunished. Let the guilty beware!

For the ideal life love is fundamental, is necessarily all pervasive, and is, at last, the crowning characteristic. It initiates all movement toward the good, sustains every step in that direction, and becomes, in proportion to progress toward that end, the prime quality of the soul.

Thou hast made us for thyself and the heart never resteth till it findeth rest in thee.—St. Augustine.

YOUNG SOUTH.

Mrs. Laura Dayton Eakin, Editor.

804 East Second Street, Chattanooga, Tenn., to whom communications for this department should be addressed—Young South Motto: Nulla Vestigia Retrorum. Our mission: To address Mrs. Jessie Maynard, at Sakai, Kochi, Kokura, Japan, via San Francisco, Cal.

—Mission subject for November, JAPAN.

Out of Japan's 40,000,000 people, only 40,000 are Christians.

"Let the whole earth be filled with His glory!"

Young South Correspondence.

I see by the very few letters you have written this week that you want the sweet story sent us by our missionary. So we'll dispose of these as soon as possible and give you at least the beginning today.

The first message comes from Mississippi: "Enclosed please find \$1 for Mrs. Maynard."

A MISSISSIPPI BAPTIST.

We feel especially grateful for help from this State now. With the fever and the riots to engage all hearts and hands, it must be a very unselfish person who goes outside, and we are all the more indebted to this friend at Harpersville. May better times soon dawn!

The second message comes from Lexington:

"Enclosed please find \$1.20 from Class No. 1, Lexington Baptist Sunday-school, for Mrs. Maynard. This class is small and composed of young members, but they contribute freely when asked for a missionary collection. We hope to do more. May God richly bless the work the Young South is doing."

MRS. W. R. PHILLIPS.

We are so glad to enroll this little company to march under our banner, and so grateful for their coming in just now. Let us hear often so we may be better acquainted with each other.

I am so sorry to learn that I made a mistake in reporting that grand offering of more than \$10 given by Zion Sunday-school of Brownsville. I don't see how I could have done it, but I must have omitted a whole line in copying Mrs. Jones' letter. In the issue of October 6th, you read:

"Most of this amount was given by the congregation on September 21st, when the little ones returned their boxes."

Instead you ought to have read: "Most of this amount was made and saved by the children, the remainder being given by the congregation on September 21st, when they returned their boxes."

Just see what a big difference the omission of a few words can make. I am so glad to correct it even at this late date, and I am so much obliged to the friend who called my attention to it. All honor is due to the little ones who toiled and saved for such a fine contribution. I shall try to be more careful in the future. We shall hope to hear good results when their boxes come in again.

Dr. Willingham sends "many thanks" for a recent check sent in during his absence in Texas.

That is all for our November opening. Be sure to note our grand total for October. Can't we do as well in this month? There's the pop-corn ready for market, and the red apples and all sorts of nuts. There's cotton to pick and wood to cut and coal to carry in. And the schools are all in full blast again, and the children are ready to be organized into working bands. Who will lead them?

This is our month to study and pray for Japan, you know, and this is the dearest of all the fields to us because our own missionary is toiling there. Prove your interest in her and her work by sending in some offering for her before the cold November days pass by. Won't you do that? She has written a little leaflet called "The Future of the Japanese Woman," that will be read in all the Southern churches during the next few weeks. If you would like to see it, send a 2 cent stamp to Mission Rooms, 804 North Howard Street, Baltimore, Md., and Miss Armstrong will mail you a copy. You will enjoy it and be benefited by it. Here's hoping for better things next week and good bye!

LAURA DAYTON EAKIN.

Chattanooga.
P. S.—Don't forget that \$25 for the Orphanage Support Fund.

L. D. E.

Receipts.

First half-year's offering	\$238 01
October offering	25 35
FOR JAPAN.	
A Mississippi Baptist	1 00
Class No. 1, Lexington S. C.	1 20
Total	\$264 56
Received since April 1, 1898:	
For Japan	\$238 01
"Orphanage	51 24
"Healing Chapel	2 50
"Colportage	8 50
"Postage	5 81
Total	\$355 56

A True Story of a Japanese Girl.

[By Miss Annie S. Buzzell in *The Japan Evangelist*.]

O Toyo Igarashi was born in 1831, during the reign of the grandfather of the present Emperor. Her father and elder brother were retainers of Lord Date of Sendai, the most powerful Daimyo of Northern Japan. Her mother died before she was old enough to remember her, and just as she was beginning to take delight in the thought that her father was a soldier and could carry two swords, he too was taken away from her. But she was carefully raised by her brother and his wife. She was kept secluded, for she was the daughter of a Samurai. Had she been the child of one of the merchants or mechanics living down in the town, she could have run about the streets and played as she wished, but being of such high birth, and living on his lordship's estate, she was kept within the high board fence that surrounded their yard. She had a miniature world of her own there; a lake filled with gold fishes, curious shaped pine trees; plum, cherry and camellia trees, putting forth their blossoms in their season; and a small mountain with tiny stone steps leading up to the shrine with which it was surmounted. Perhaps there was a mile of a waterfall hidden away somewhere too. There often is in the quaint little Japanese gardens.

O Toyo never ventured outside the gate alone, but sometimes she was taken out, attended by two servants, to visit or to see the sights on fête days. At such times she was dressed in bright colored robes with a rich, heavy silk, and her hair would have so many ornaments in it that it would look like a bit of a flower garden. Her face and neck would be made white with powder, and her lips touched with bright red paint.

There were no schools for girls in those days, but O Toyo was taught at home to read and write a little, and every day a sewing teacher would come. Then she learned how to be polite, how to make paper flowers, how to play the harp and such things, and she was quite busy. But she was not satisfied. She had no father or mother to wait upon, and so wanted to serve some one. So her heart turned to the gentle lady, the O Hime Sama, who lived in retirement in her beautiful palace upon

the hillside toward the great Castle of the Daimyo. This princess was the eldest born, and so heiress to the title. She was married at fifteen, and had her husband lived, he would have been the lord of Sendai, but he left her a widow and childless at nineteen, and she adopted her younger brother for her heir, and he became the last lord of Sendai, father of the present Count Date, who now resides in Tokyo.

O Toyo studied hard all the things which would help her find favor in the eyes of the O Hime Sama, and at last, by the help of friends, she was brought into her court and became one of the ladies-in-waiting, serving her faithfully until her death ten years later. O Toyo was very happy here, for she loved the gentle princess, and to serve her was a joy and delight. Her salary was about 35 bushels of rice and 100 yen a year, and every New Year's day she received beautiful new silk and crepe dresses and a fine obi. She had a servant who did everything for her, and her own time was devoted to her O Hime Sama and to study, for the Princess had teachers come to the house, so her ladies-in-waiting were all well educated. The O Hime Sama had 60 people in her house, and the one aim and desire of each and all was to serve her faithfully. Of these, twelve were special ladies-in-waiting, their duties keeping them with her day and night. These twelve were divided into two groups, six serving at a time. O Toyo never went outside to accompany her Princess, and then always in a palanquin. But twice in a year she was given a holiday, three days in the spring and two days in the fall, and she would go to her own home, laden with gifts for all the family from the O Hime Sama. What wonderful stories she told her admiring relatives and friends, and how she was petted and feasted during those days. Then she would go back not to see her home for another six months. She would not return empty-handed, for she must carry "honorable return gifts" to her Princess and all the household, and her family must also send presents.

Not far away was a large temple where the O Hime Sama often went to worship, accompanied by her ladies. At the foot of the hill on which this temple stands, in the house where the priests lived, and in the large front room where, in those days, the Princess was received and tea served, there is now a flourishing Sabbath school.

O Toyo was 20 years old when she entered the service of the O Hime Sama, and she served ten years. Then the beloved Princess, not yet 40 years old, died. Her body was embalmed and kept in state for fifty days. During this time O Toyo and her companions kept lamps constantly burning around the coffin to light the departed spirit on her way to the land of shades, and they offered fresh food every day to supply the nourishment the long journey demanded. On the fiftieth day the funeral services were held and the faithful waiting-maids followed the bier to the mountain upon whose top are the tombs of the Date family. But at the foot they stopped, and bowing upon the ground, took their last farewell, saying, "Good bye, good bye." Then as the long line of priests filed down from the top of the mountain to meet the bier, a voice spoke to the prostrate ladies, giving them a last message from their Princess, praying them for their fidelity to her, and urging them to imitate her in all things, to live pure and noble lives, to be patient and endure with fortitude whatever trouble might be their lot, and to give themselves to but one husband, serving him faithfully during his life, and cherish his memory after death. Then O Toyo and her friends entered their palanquins and

returned to the lonely palace, where they stayed fifty more days, putting all to rights. The Daimyo divided the Princess' wardrobe and furniture among her ladies-in-waiting. At the end of the fifty days they all returned to their homes. Soon after the Daimyo sent for O Toyo's brother and spoke words of praise of his sister's fidelity and sent her quite a sum of money for a testimonial. Thus ended one epoch of O Toyo's life, but its influence was not ended. She went home with that last message engraven upon her heart, and with the determination to obey it always.

(To be continued.)

Familiar Superstitions.

A party of friends meeting at luncheon, the conversation happened to turn upon "pet superstitions," and, to the surprise of the hostess, each lady present confessed to some small weakness of the kind, to which she acknowledged herself to a certain degree in bondage. The hostess alone was mute, but finally exclaimed, "You surely do not believe in the agency of malignant spirits. Then, how is it conceivable that a deity of intelligence, if not of benevolence, should make his dealings with mankind dependent upon the casualty of breaking looking glasses, seeing moons over right shoulders, walking under ladders, or assembling thirteen at table?"

Her guests acknowledged the absurdity of such views, when one stopped to analyze them, whereupon she continued:

"Come, I challenge you all to meet here again at luncheon, on the thirteenth day of the month, when that day shall fall on a Friday, and I will have thirteen at table. The breaking of a looking-glass shall summon us to the dining-room, which we will enter, passing under a ladder. We will spill salt freely among ourselves, and you are specially requested to wear opals, if you have any; to sing before breakfast; to put on your garments wrong side out, and do anything else to invite the calamities feared by the superstitious."

Two only accepted her hospitality. The lady then made the invitation general among her friends—but she is still awaiting her guests.—*Table Talk*.

Wide-Awake Boys.

When General Grant was a boy, his mother one morning found herself without butter for breakfast, and sent him to borrow some from a neighbor. Going, without knocking, into the house of his neighbor, whose son was then at West Point, young Grant overheard a letter read from the son stating that he had failed in examination, and was coming home. He got the butter, took it home, and without waiting for breakfast, ran down to the office of the congressman from that district.

"Mr. Hamar," he said, "will you appoint me to West Point?"

"No; so and so is there, and has three years to serve."

"But suppose he should fall, will you send me?"


Mr. Hamar laughed.

"If he don't go through, no use for you to try."

"Promise you'll give me a chance, Mr. Hamar, anyhow."

Mr. Hamar promised.

The next day the defeated lad came home, and the congressman, laughing at Uly's sharpness, gave him the appointment. "Now," said Grant, "it was my mother's being out of butter that made me General and President." But it was his own shrewdness to see the chance and promptness to seize it, that urged him upwards.—Ex.—



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OBITUARY.

KIRKPATRICK.—It is with great grief that we chronicle the death of our beloved sister and co-laborer, Mrs. Mattie H. Kirkpatrick, who departed this life September 18th. She was born March 30, 1870; converted in May, 1888, and was baptized into the First Baptist Church by Dr. C. H. Strickland. She became a member of Howell Memorial at its organization and remained a faithful member until the Lord called her home. She was married Sept. 5, 1893, to Amos S. Kirkpatrick, and God blessed the union with two children—Willie Ray, who is left to share the grief with his father, and Helen Katharine, whom God claimed more than a year ago. Words are too inadequate to express her earnest zeal for the Master's cause. No work too hard nor task too difficult for her to accomplish for her Lord. She always wore a cheerful face which bore a smile for every one.

It was her pastor's happy privilege to be with her in her last illness and learn a lesson of patience from her gentle forbearance. When she was informed that death was near she cheerfully replied: "I am ready to go when God calls." Her grief-stricken husband was greeted with a smile as she said, "No pains in death." The early life went out in the triumphs of a living faith, whispering faintly, "The warfare is over, the Bible is certainly true." Weep not for your friend and loved one, for she is only sleeping while her spirit is basking in the sunlight of God's own presence on the brighter and happier shore.

HER PASTOR.

BRYANT.—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Rev. iv. 12. Mr. J. L. Bryant was born Aug. 24, 1837, and died Feb. 24, 1898, being 60 years and 6 months old. In February, 1860, he was happily married to Miss M. H. Welch, who survives him. This union was blessed with five children, only two of whom remain to mourn his death. In August, 1862, he professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and three years later joined the Pleasant Hill Baptist Church, from which church he withdrew in 1888 to become a charter member of the Lewisburg Baptist Church, of which church he lived a consistent and useful member until he heard the Master's voice, "It is enough, come up higher." He was ordained to the office of deacon in 1870, which position he filled unto the end. His faithfulness to his church duties was proverbial, and scarcely has there a sweeter spirit lived in this world of sorrow and wickedness. He was greatly loved and respected by all who knew him. Being naturally tender-hearted, he always covered the faults of others with the mantle of charity.

Whereas, It has pleased God, our Heavenly Father, in his infinite wisdom and goodness to remove from our midst this beloved brother in Christ, and

Whereas, His life had such a wholesome influence on his church and community; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of our brother, his sorrowing wife loses a devoted husband and companion; the children a loving father; the church a faithful officer and member; and the community a useful and upright citizen.

Resolved, That we deeply deplore this loss, but realizing that our loss is heaven's gain, we bow submissively to the will of Him that doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we, as a church,

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hereby tender to the bereaved wife and children our deepest sympathy in this, their saddest bereavement, commending them to Him who alone can comfort in such an hour.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be handed to the afflicted family; that they be also spread upon our minutes, and a copy be furnished the BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR for publication.

Respectfully submitted by the committee. **LEON W. BLOAN.**

The Campbellite Doctrine.

Dear Bro. Folk:—Some time ago you published in your excellent paper the doctrines or tenets of the Campbellites. My observations have led me to wish that you had published side by side the doctrines of Mr. Campbell and those held by us as Baptists. It is amusing to know how few of our own people know the difference between the two faiths. It is alarming to note the growth of the idea, too, that one church is as good as another. May not this account for the fact that many of our Baptist people drift into other denominations—those who never inventilate the doctrines of any denomination—not even ours, and are simply led by convenience or association?

There are, perhaps, two classes that contribute to this state of things above all others—failure to study the Bible, and to read our denominational papers, and the failure of our pulpits to enlighten our people as to our benefits. Some of our people seem to fear the least semblance of controversy, even when it is essential to correct errors of faith.

Can't you yet publish the two faiths side by side? We will do so, soon.—[Ed.] **A. HATCHETT.**
Memphis, Tenn.

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The Hawaiian Islands.

The Chicago & North-Western Railway has issued a booklet with the above title, giving a brief description of these islands, their topography, climate, natural resources, railways, schools, population, etc. It contains a folding map and mentions the various steamship lines plying between the Pacific ports and the islands. Attention is also called to the unparalleled facilities offered by the North-Western Line, the Pioneer Line west and north-west of Chicago, for reaching San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland and other western points. The booklet will be sent to any address upon receipt of four cents in stamps by **W. A. Cox**, 485 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio; or **W. B. Kiskern**, 22 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

New Oxford Tea at C. B. Horn & Co.'s, 206 Union Street. Send us your order for a pair. We can please you.

THE LAW STUDENT

Who is unable to get away from home for the first year's work may have proper direction in reading by correspondence under the tutelage of instructions. One who does satisfactory work by this plan, through the text assigned in junior year, will be admitted regularly to senior class for residence work in **NORTHERN INDIANA LAW COLLEGE** as a candidate for degree of **D.C.L.** (Nineteenth year); Graduate practicing every where; write for list from your state. **Lewis D. Simpson**, Director, Valparaiso, Ind., U. S. A.

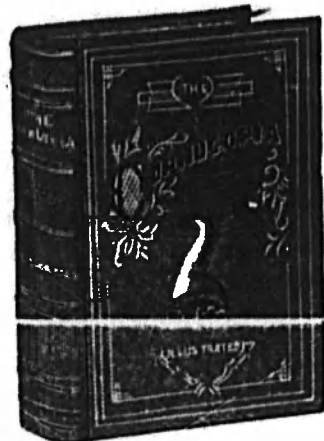
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Space here does not admit of our doing full justice to the merits of this book.

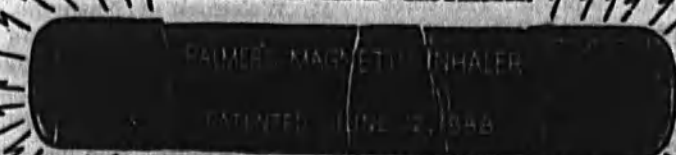
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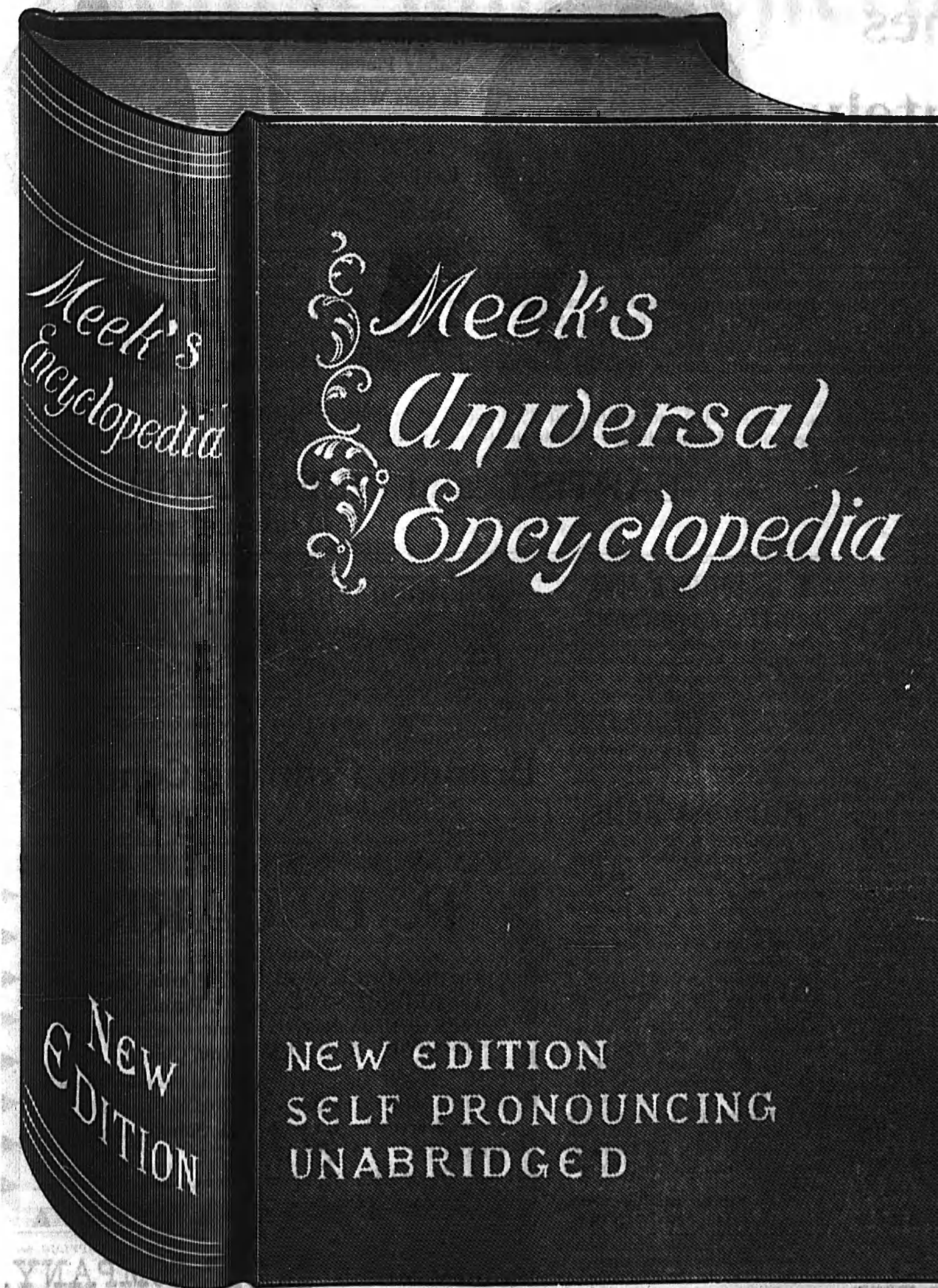
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NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER 10, 1898.

New Series, Vol. X, No. 12.

ALONE WITH GOD.

Alone with God—
That my poor bleeding heart,
May tell him thus apart,
Of all his cares and woes,
Its struggles and its fears,
As friend to friend.

Alone with God—
That he may counsel give,
With strength divine to live,
Above all ill and care,
To overcome each snare,
As Guide and Friend.

Alone with God—
Who will my cries attend,
And best assistance send,
Who all my tears shall dry,
And every need supply,
As Helper, Friend.

Alone with God—
To ask that he will come
And make my heart his home,
My life to enter in,
It aims for good to win,
A Savior, Friend.

Alone with God—
That I my joys may tell,
And gratitude as well,
For all his gifts to me,
And loving kindness free,
My Maker, Friend.
—Roger H. Lyon, in Examiner.

GREAT DIANA AND THE SALOON.

BY S. C. CLOPPON, D.D.

These two great evils are more closely connected than they at first sight appear to be. The partisan cries which are raised in defense of each of them before the advancing hosts of Christianity are the same in substance. The watchword, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," which stirred that city from centre to circumference, has its parallel in the shibboleths which rally great multitudes now to the support of the saloon. It is a sad comment on the condition of the world that the gospel, which is good news from heaven, has to fight its way at every step on earth. The conflict between Christianity and heathenism has been long, sharp and terrible, because Christianity is holy and heathenism is sinful. The conflict between Christianity and immorality is now furious and awful. Sin is the cause of the struggle. And Christianity has come to drive sin out of the world and to establish a reign of righteousness. All sin is heinous in the sight of God, but in some forms it is peculiarly and extremely offensive. This is particularly so when it rises in organized opposition to his revealed will and his holy nature, which is the case in the idolatrous temple and the drinking saloon. These are both of them destructive of light and life, of grace and love. They are intensely hostile to God, and he sends forward Christianity for their complete overthrow. Though they seem widely separated, they are one at heart, and Christianity assails them both with omnipotent vehemence. Each of them raises a rallying cry against Christianity because it attacks their bad business, bad places, bad politics and bad traditions. Mark these counts:

I. Christianity opposes a bad business.
As human nature is so bad, and also has so much business to do, it is very natural that many men should get into some bad business. But God does not leave men alone in bad occupations.

Christianity opposes making money out of idolatry. This is seen in the very origin of this tumult at Ephesus. "Demetrius, a silversmith," who "made silver shrines of Diana" and brought no little business to his fellow-craftsmen, called them and other workmen together and reminded them that Paul was teaching the people all through the country that "they be no gods which are made with hands." "Sirs, ye know that by this business we have our wealth," but "there is danger that our trade come into disrepute."

Now, in saying this, he told the truth. If Paul had

been only a Jew, he would have been against idolatry. But since his conversion to Christianity, a spiritual religion, teaching that "God is a spirit," he was more opposed to idolatrous religions than ever. He was teaching the world true ideas of God, as given in his Son. And this gospel truth led men to see, not only the folly of worshipping anything whether made of silver or gold, or anything else, but also its great sinfulness before God. The progress of this truth decreased the volume of trade in these lines. When people became converted they did not want any silver shrines, miniature temples of Diana. And this silversmith "had an eye to business." It was as plain as daylight could make it that the success of Christianity meant the destruction of his trade. And from this we ought to learn that if a business is bad God will destroy it. If it is at the very foundation of human livelihood, he will sap the foundation in order to overthrow it.

Christianity opposes making money out of intemperance. This is what the saloon does. It makes many people rich. There is no doubt of that. It brings great fortunes to many, and the means of a low, degraded, irreligious, godless life to a multitude. The annual cost of intoxicating liquors in this country is enormous. It is variously estimated at from \$1,200,000,000 to \$1,800,000,000. The latter estimates may include criminal trials and prison expenses entailed upon the country as consequences of intemperance. All of which ought not only to be charged up to this account, but ought to be collected from the people who make the money out of this evil business. The average estimate for one year would be enough to give a dollar Bible to every immortal being on the earth.

It builds magnificent mansions for millions, but it produces a prodigious amount of intemperance at the same time. This may not be the design of the trade. Doubtless it is not. It is against the interests of the trade to make drunkards. When a man gets drunk he is soon too stupid to buy any more, and when he becomes a habitual drunkard he will soon have nothing with which to buy. Then, too, a drunken vagabond is a bad advertisement to have about a place. He is a solemn warning to all. But this business likes "the moderate drinker," who can drink a great deal and keep on at it every day in the year, at the same time making money to keep up his patronage, while his health is being ruined, his stomach ulcerated, his blood poisoned, his flesh festering, his nerves shattered, his bones softening and his brain added. This business is ruinous to the body and reckless about the soul. It destroys man for time and eternity. In spite of the fearful consequences which are involved, men push this awful business to the full extent of their ability everywhere, from the low dive, whose stench would seem to be enough to drive away the most worthless sot, to the most gorgeous liquor palace, with its gilded and glittering gewgaws dazzling the eyes of selfish, greedy husbands, fathers, sons and brothers who guzzle down the earnings which ought to provide comforts for the homes to which they belong, and from which they get full "value received" for all that they could bestow.

Now, Christianity is against this business which combines the intemperate love of liquor with the inordinate love of money to the eternal undoing of immortal souls! If a man will make money at such awful expense as this, then he is certainly covetous. And covetousness is idolatry. Not only are the rallying cries of the ancient and modern evils similar, but the very motives of the ancient idol-maker and the modern liquor-seller are one—covetousness. The Scriptures declare that no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven, but these business men keep up their nefarious traffic, though they know it is continuously sending men to hell. Now, brethren, Christianity is against that. Are you on the side of Christianity or of the liquor business? the side of the Savior or of Satan? "Who is on the Lord's side?"

II. Christianity opposes bad places.

A bad business must have a place, and it makes the place bad.

Christianity was against that temple because it was the rallying point of idolatry. Whether Paul had said anything directly against that house we are not told, but the gospel was against it. Demetrius had sense enough to see that, and said there was danger "that the temple of the great goddess Diana," be made of no account, and that she should even be deposited from her magnificence, whom all Asia and the world worshipped." Whether he was really a devout worshipper of the heathen goddess or whether this was simply a plausible argument, designed to further business interests, we may not be able to tell. But he was sharp enough to see the effect of the wide spread of Christianity on the worship of that temple. Doubtless the apostle's words during his stay of three years in Ephesus had often rung against those magnificent walls and columns as significant prophecies that the truth he was preaching would batter down the whole system of idolatry, from turret to foundation stone, and so would overthrow the temple, too.

Jews were regarded as atheists because they would not worship birds or beasts, insects or reptiles, powers or nature, heat or light, sun, moon or stars, images of wood or stone, silver or gold, the image on the plains of Dura, which Nebuchadnezzar set up, the statue of the Roman emperor, the emperor himself or any other man, dead or alive. Their presence in a community was a protest against idolatry. Their unanimous and unvarying declaration was, "The Lord Jehovah is God." They repeated his summons, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else."

Christians were sent with this as their chief business, making an aggressive campaign. Paul declared in Athens, almost under the shadow of the Acropolis, with its splendid temples and its thousands of gods, "The God that made the world and all things therein, he, being Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands." And in Ephesus he evidently taught with great power against idolatry till men felt that their temple was in danger. That immense edifice, 425 feet long, 220 feet wide and sixty feet high, was one of "the seven wonders of the world." Croesus, the rich king of Lydia, aided in building it. And it was the treasury of Western Asia. It was to the East "what the Bank of England is to the modern world." And so it was a great centre around which heathen life revolved. And the gospel thundered and rolled against this stronghold. Our missionaries now sometimes preach under the very shadows of heathen temples. Christianity was then and is now pressing hard against these centres of idolatrous life to turn away their devotees to the worship of the true God. And he will divert their revenues into Christian channels and thus fulfill the prophecy, "He will furnish all the gods of the earth."

Christianity is against the saloon because it is the rallying point of intemperance.
This great evil is so interwoven with human life that it is a stupendous undertaking to eradicate it. And the saloon supplies the strength by which men are bound hand and foot, body and soul. We ought to preach against the distillery and brewery and wholesale house with all our might. But the saloon in the olden time which must be stormed. Here sings the siren voice which beguiles unwary voyagers upon the sea of life. Here is spun the web of silken threads with meshes so soft that the young man does not, at first, observe their coils about him any more than he would gentle sephyn fanning his cheeks on a summer evening. But the life there, as well as the beverage, exhilarates. The tinkling glasses, the jingling coins, the engaging ogle, the rollicking stories, the frolicsome companions, the hilarious merriment, all combine to make him forget the solemn warning, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red; when it giveth its color in the cup; when it goeth down smoothly: At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." The young man drinks and