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$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 29, 1906. VOL. 75--NO. 26.

TO THE PUBLIC.

In view of the many inquiries that have been most naturally made during the past week, it becomes our duty to make a frank statement to the public.

Because of the fact that a number of persons are interested in the AMERICAN SENTINEL and job printing office; for the protection of all these interests the undersigned were by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, appointed Receivers, and will continue the publication of the AMERICAN SENTINEL and all the work of the office, under the same business and editorial management that existed before the death of Mrs. E. J. Rippard.

So far as the interests of the public are concerned there is no change whatever in the conduct of the office, and we solicit the continued patronage of subscribers and advertisers, assuring them that they will receive as in the past, faithful and efficient service.

E. O. GRIMES, Jr.,
W. L. SEABROOK,
Receivers.

The Westminster FERTILIZER CO.

On the 3rd of February last the well known Fertilizer business of Chas. Schaeffer passed into possession of the Westminster Fertilizer Company, an organization incorporated that day under the General Laws of the State of Maryland. This company is composed of citizens of this county, all of whom are more or less well known. The business of the new company will not only be conducted upon the same general and conservative methods carried on by its predecessor, but special care will be taken in securing pure material for its patrons. The celebrated brands of

BIG GUN, GOVERNOR, LEADER AND SUPER A.,

made by Mr Schaeffer and before him by the H. S. Roberts Co., will still be continued, and the same care exercised in their mixing will be carried out, so that practically the only change is in that of the name of the firm.

The company is now prepared to meet the wants of any of its old or prospective patrons, whether in the line of

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters testamentary on the estate of

FRANCES S. STARR,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 29th day of December, 1906; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate

Given under my hand this 29th day of May, 1906.

DENTON S. GEHR,
ju 1 4t Executor.

Dr. J. W. Helm, New Windsor, Md.,
Surgeon Dentist.

Crown and Bridge Work, Plate Work, Filling Teeth, and Teeth extracted without pain.

I will be in TANEYTOWN, 1st WEDNESDAY of each month. Engagements can be made with me by mail, and at my office in New Windsor, at all other times except the 3rd Saturday, and Thursday and Friday, immediately preceding that day. Nitrous Oxide Gas administered.

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ju 10 1905.

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50c Lace Baby Caps	39c.
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25c Ladies' Sun Bonnets	15c.

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Stylish and comfortable Oxfords for the whole family.

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We carry all other grades of Oxfords for Women, Misses and Children, from the cheapest to the best grades.

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BACCALAUREATE SERMON

Delivered Before the Graduating Class of Westminster Theological Seminary, May 6th, 1906, by the President, Rev. H. L. Elderdice, D. D.

"Our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel: whereunto I am appointed a preacher."—II TIMOTHY 1: 10-11.

Forty years ago President Lincoln was assassinated in Washington.

Was that the last of Lincoln?

A fourth of a century ago President Garfield's life-blood ebbed away with the Atlantic tide.

Where is Garfield?

Five years ago our third martyred President—McKinley—closed his eyes in Buffalo and whispered: "Thy will be done."

Did that trustful soul perish when his mutilated body died?

Why is this Baccalaureate sermon not preached by the saintly Dr. Ward—the former President of this Seminary? Last March—nine years ago—"his feet on the hills of Life grew weary" and his familiar form was laid to rest in "the silent City of the Dead."

Is that Christly character no more than six feet of common clay?

Last summer young Parsons—fresh from our College and Seminary—entered his Pittsburg parish only to pack his trunk for the mountains of Colorado, to live in a canvas house and fight disease. Soon he "folded his tent, and silently like the Arab passed away."

Was his grave a Goal beyond which he could not go or a Gateway to another pulpit?

In the old Homestead father's flesh failed and mother's heart beat its last: we covered them with the burial sod of our ancestors, and began to sigh "for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

Shall our Family Circle be broken forever?

And it seems but yesterday since a fever burned a little House of Clay whose guest was the image and likeness of you. Like Aldrich's "Baby Belle," she departed with a smile so sweet and silent that you

"Thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died."

Is she still sleeping under the shadows of a night that has no dawn, or is she still smiling under the sunlight of an endless day?

All of us who "have loved and lost" have echoed again and again, half in hope and half in fear, the cry of the centuries: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Agnosticism answers: "We cannot know. There may be a future life but our eye is too dim to pierce the gloom of the grave. The soul may be immortal but our mind is too finite to fathom the darkness of Death. All that we can know is the Trinity of Earthly Existence: Meeting, Loving, Parting."

Ingersoll's eulogy over the coffin of his brother is like a wintry night—beautiful but cold. He hopes that his loved one still lives somehow, somewhere; but he does not know. His voice is music in the ear but discord in the heart. The lip is eloquent but the soul is shrouded in silence; and his farewell speech is the doleful dirge of him,

"Who, heipless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marble play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to flesh and sense unknown—
That Life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own."

"Alas! for him who never sees
The stars shine through the cypress trees."
(Whittier—"Snowbound.")

There is another answer—a sort of Sadducean theory—no resurrection for the body but an unconscious immortality for the soul. The body is lost in dust and the soul is absorbed in God and becomes a part of the Universal Spirit.

Some of these modern Sadducees tell us that the Race may be immortal but not the Individual. Humanity will survive but men perish and their dust becomes food for following generations. In German Schools we hear the teaching: "Immortality and eternity of man does not consist of the endless duration of the individual, but in the eternity of the moral idea and of moral progress."—(Foster.)

It was this chilling creed which caused George Eliot to chant her cheerless song:

"O, may I join the Choir invisible,
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.
So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world."

But this immortality of mere influence does not feed your hungry heart. George Eliot's heaven is no heaven for you. You are glad to believe that your life has beautified and purified the earth; but you cannot believe that your life is no more than a mere, impersonal influence. You are willing for your voice to echo its melody in the ears of men ages after you are gone but you are not willing to perpetually play "the prelude of a chorus that is never to be sung."

"This idea of immortality mocks the heart and hope of man by eternally frustrating the supreme end of a spiritual creation. The treasures of life—of its struggles and passion and pain—are inseparable from personality. The whole movement of human history is toward the perfected individual. The loss of personality is the utter loss of being."—(Moxom.)

There is one more answer—more monstrous yet—the answer of Materialism. This profane philosophy proclaims the driveling doctrine that man is only matter. The soul is but an organ of the body—like lungs or limbs—and lasts only so long as flesh and blood endure. The mind is only an action of the brain and is lost when the brain decays. These shallow-brained, coarse-bred teachers tell us that "all those capacities which we comprehend under the name of the soul's activities are only functions of the brain—substance—and the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile." These Pagans are not puzzled over Job's problem—"Man giveth up the ghost and where is he?" for their ready reply is: "Nowhere! There is no longer a man. 'Death ends all.'"

But your spiritual vision is not to be dimmed by this ghastly picture of Death as a Vulture—devouring human flesh until the bones are bare and then feasting on the human mind and soul as a dainty dessert; for you have been taught by wiser teachers that man is more than matter.

Therefore the foundations of your faith in the future life are not shaken when certain skeptical Scientists announce to the world that after many experiments they have failed to find in man a soul.

They have searched in their Chemical, Physical and Biological laboratories—loyal to their Scientific ethics: Believe only what you can prove by demonstration.

The Surgeon stands by the dissecting table, cuts every ounce of flesh in the corpse, lays bare every nerve, analyzes every muscle and then makes the startling statement to his Medical Students: "Gentlemen, my scalpel scrapes no soul."

The Prof. of Chemistry removes the bare bones to his crucible, boils them at highest pressure, empties them into a mortar and pestles them into powder, mixes with powerful acid and distills in a retort—only to announce the amazing tidings: "Gentlemen, I have discovered no more than the calsium salts and organic materials which compose the dust of the earth."

Then the Prof. of Psychology—the one who reduced all mental and spiritual phenomena to a physiological basis—plays the last role in the brutal and blasphemous farce by subjecting the brain to the tests of the microscope and the galvanic battery, then gives the final verdict: "Gentlemen, I find no soul nor any cell ever occupied by a soul."

Any one who declares that he will not believe in the existence of the soul unless it be discovered by a Scientific experiment, is as idiotic as the man who will not believe in the principle of righteousness unless you can measure it with a yardstick, in the emotion of love unless you can weigh it by avoirdupois, and in the existence of Conscience and Memory unless you can drag them out of the dregs of a bottle!

And all young doctors who are going daft over the shallow statement of any Surgeon—no difference how famous—that Science cannot prove the existence of a soul, would do well to heed the words of Dr. Armstrong to a graduating class in the South: "Gentlemen, if you are materialists, you are not physicians. you are no more than veterinary surgeons." He might have added with equal truth—"You are not fit even to be horse doctors."

Nor is this discounting Science. It is simply demanding that Science mind her own business. Let Science render unto nature the things which be Nature's. And let Revelation render unto the soul the things which be the soul's. The Scientist has his throne and the Theologian must not resist him so long as he remains upon that throne. In the realm of matter he speaks with authority; but when he enters the realm of spirit he is on forbidden ground.

It has been well said that "the opinions of a Scientific man on philosophy or theology are no more a part of Science than are his opinions on politics or poetry."—(Prof. Fisher quoting Prof. Rice.)

Therefore, so long as he tells us of atoms, we shall sit at his feet eager disciples; but when he begins to talk of angels, we shall rise and depart.

What if Science cannot prove the existence of the soul? The firm foundations of our faith are not shaken for Science has also failed to Disprove. The fact is Science is powerless to deal with the snbject and is therefore ruled out of the discussion.

Let it not be inferred, however, that the matter is too etherial for debate, too unreal to engage our profoundest thought: for there are *mental* and *spiritual* laboratories as well as physical; there are *Mind* and *Soul faculties* as well as the *Five Senses* of the *body*. And so invisible things are seen and intangible things are touched and silent voices are audible.

We pass from Science to Reason. If Immortality cannot possibly be proven by a Scientific Discovery, perhaps our Logic may find it. This is the fond hope of many devout seekers after a knowledge of the future life. But Alas! for them. Immortality hides from the searchlight of Reason as completely as from the analysis of Science; death is as dumb to the Mental philosopher as to the Professor of Physics; and the secrets of the grave defy the arguments of the Logician as well as the experiments of the Biologist.

And yet though men have always failed to find, they are always seeking to find. Why? Because they believe in spite of failure. Martineau has well said that "Man does not believe in immortality because he has ever proved it; but he is ever trying to prove it because he cannot help believing it."

Would you hear the arguments of the wisest and best? They are too many to mention. But may be packed into a threefold argument: Nature-Man-God.

The Analogy from Nature establishes a strong Probability of a future Life. In the world of matter there is no annihilation but only change. Death is not destruction but change of form and function. The fire that lays a city waste is not a demon of destruction; for all that seems to perish in the flames will reappear. The rain and sunshine and atmosphere will produce another forest whose timbers shall some day build another city. The autumn wind strips the oak of leaves but the spring breeze blows them back again. The rose fades and falls but the same bush bears the same rose again. The lightning rips the arms of a giant tree from the trunk; they fall shattered to the earth; moss and leaves cover them deep in the sleep of centuries—yet they awake to sparkle as live coal upon your open hearth.

Since God never destroys any force in Nature is it likely that he will destroy the being whom he has crowned master over every force of Nature?

Will He change the surface of the sea into a mist and make that mist a raincloud; will He burst the shell of the buried acorn and change it into the oak; will He warm an egg on the rocky cliff until from the nest there mounts an eagle to dally with the sun; and will He convert the caterpillar into a chrysalis and the chrysalis into a butterfly—and not change me from a mortal body to an immortal body?

"Shall man alone,
Imperial man be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than the grain on which he feeds?"

Is it probable that God would place His own Image and Likeness in man simply to play the role of iconoclast—destroying a part of Himself—a constant suicide?

But the Argument from Man is even more powerful than that from Nature's Analogy. In the human heart there are intimations of immortality which have weighty value. Foremost among these is the Universality of the Belief. In all ages and among all nations the future life has been a fond hope, expressed in creeds crude or refined according to the degree of civilization. In the grave of the Chinese warrior his warhorse must also be buried for he is to be mounted again on some other battle fields; and the Indian sleeps in the same grave with his dog and bow and arrow for he hopes to visit with them "the happy Hunting Grounds."

What all the world believes must be true.

If you object on the ground that there are superstitions which men believe as true, the reply is that there is a core of truth at the heart of every superstition else it could not exist.

The final argument for the Immortality of the soul is found in the existence and character of God.

Rosseau said: "I believe in God. If God exists, He is perfect, He is wise, just and almighty: if He is just and almighty, my soul is immortal."

Prof. Caird tells of a Scotch preacher delivering a series of sermons in proof of the immortality of the soul, when he was interrupted by a half-drunken parishioner with the expression of disgust: "You make a deal ado over a sma' matter. Postulate God and Immortality follows."—(Seabrook.)

And Prof. Ladd declares: "I believe in the immortality of the human soul because I believe in God and this is God's world."

In this world there are moral evils. Right is often trodden in the dust and wrong is placed upon the throne. "A Nero is crowned and a St. Paul is beheaded; a Borgia receives the tiara and a Savonarola is burned at the stake; an Augustus wins an empire and a Christ is crucified."—(Moxom.)

If God permits these wrongs in this life, His Morality is challenged unless he have a future life in which to rectify them.

"Creation is a colossal failure if there be no immortality. Better to have been a brute on the hillside than a man if there be no life after this. If immortality be a myth, then life is a burlesque, integrity is a burden and cinscience is a curse."—(Locke).

God has given to the human race the thought of a future and He is duty-bound to provide that future.

"Man thinks he is not to die—
God made him and He is just."

God has also placed in the heart of man the capacity for loving. Death cannot end love for the heart will pour its treasures even upon the grave. David Hume said he believed in immortality when he thought of his mother.

And Charles Kingsley and wife felt that Death could not sever the chords of their two lives when they prepared their epitaph—"We have loved; we are loving; we shall love."

And Thackery asks the question which has come again and again while gazing upon that picture hanging on the wall: "If we still love those we lose, can we altogether lose those we love?"

And yet—after the last argument of Reason—the immortality of the Soul is still shrouded in the darkness of doubt. The gloom of the grave is not dispersed. The night of Death has yet no dawn.

In that black sky the most brilliant mind can shine only as a twinkling star. No discovery of Scientist nor argument of Logician can prove that man shall live for ever. And why? Because it is a Revelation.

And where shall we find this Revelation? In the Gospel of the Son of God.

"Our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."

Jesus Christ did not Create immortality. The soul was immortal before he came and would live forever had He never come. But this blessed truth was in the darkness of Nature and uninspired man, and He Brought it to Light. How?

By His teachings: "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

"Because I live ye shall live also."

"In my Father's House are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself that where I am there ye may be also."

But how do we know that these teachings are true? By the *practice* of what he *preached*; "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up."

By His Resurrection. In the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea He abolished death, rent in twain the dark veil between this world and the next, and bade the noonday sun of eternity shine upon the shores of time!

Brethren of the Graduating Class: There remains one lesson for you. "Life and immortality brought to light through the Gospel: '*Whereunto I am Appointed a Preacher.*'

The Immortality of the Soul is your message to the Sinner and the Saint. The blessed truth which pagan sages sought in vain, which science cannot find and which reason cannot prove, comes to you as a *free Revelation from your God.* You are commissoned to proclaim it to the men who say: "We do not know" until the convicting and the converting power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ shall compel them to cry out with Paul— "For we *know* that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Your credentials bid you face the blind masses who believe that man is only flesh and blood and pierce them with "The Sword of the Spirit" until the heart—which is the citidel of unbelief—shall yield and the creed of the Wise Man shall be confessed by the modern Materialist—"The dust shall return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

This message you also bear to the *believer.* By the side of the open grave you echo the only words that can comfort. You declare the glad tidings that once cheered the sorrowing sisters of Bethany. And the funeral march is turned into a triumphant procession while you clothe the mourners with "beauty for ashes."

And, to the fearful soul facing the shadows of the dark river, you have the only light that never grows dim. While you point to it, the dying lips shall whisper.

"And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar:
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore."

Two Irishmen were rowing a boat, when it upset. Mike instantly swam ashore, when he was confronted by a policeman, who said:

'Why didn't you help your companion out of the water?'

The Irishman replied: 'Oi first came here to save meself, and now I'm goin' back to save Pat.'

Men who are always attempting to kill two birds with one stone never bag much game.

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