

Christian Advocate

I. G. JOHN, D.D., Editor.
GALVESTON, TEXAS APRIL 8, 76

Keep Still.

Some big folks forget that they once were little, and want children to act just like men and women. Little Robbie was sent into the country to his aunt once when his dear mamma was ill. Everybody was careful to see his clothes, and his stout boots, and his warm stockings put into the big bag his papa was to take for him. But no one thought of Dick, his heedless rocking-horse, of his drummer boy, of his life and trumpet, and they were far more to Robbie than all his clothes or shoes were.

His aunt's house was very neat; you could not find a speck of dirt in it, nor a bit of paper, nor a chicken's feather on the lawn. No flowers were allowed in these except those which Aunt Phebe put up, stiff and straight, in her parlor vases.

The dear little boy hunted round for a big stick to ride, in place of Dick, and having found one, galloped joyfully into the sitting room to show his aunt what a horseman he was. "O, Rob!" she cried out, "carry that old stick into the shed, and do keep still."

"That isn't an old stick," said Rob, in surprise. "That's a boss, auntie!" "I don't wonder your mother's sick," said auntie, "if you are so noisy all the time at home. You must keep still here, Rob, or you'll make me crazy."

So the child put away "Dick," and got the big dinner bell, and went up stairs and down, and out on the piazza, which he called the deck, calling on the passengers to pay their fares. "Now, Rob, you will craze me!" said his aunt. "Give me the bell, and sit down on the lowest step of the piazza and keep still."

So Rob folded his dear little hands on his lap; he fixed his eyes on the stepping stone before the door and drew a long sigh. After a little, he said, "O, auntie dear, I do pity stones so."

"Pity stones? what for, Robbie?" "Cause they have to keep so still all their lives. I'm so glad I ain't a stone!" "There's no danger of your turning into a stone, Rob; you don't keep still long enough."

"O, dear, how stones must ache, keepin' still always. I ache, now, just in this little speck of a time. I'm glad I ain't a fence, nor a tree, nor a rag baby that can't move till some body pulls you! O, auntie, my head aches, and my hands and feet are cold, and my eyes are crooked, keepin' still such a long time!"

"Your mouth is all right, little boy," said the lady. "That hasn't kept still at all." Then grandma came in, and asked what was the matter; and Rob said, "I'm all hard. I've been sittin' such an awful long time."

"One minute," said Aunt Phebe. "O, auntie, it's an hour, a awful long hour, and I'm all asleep but my head! Can't I get up, say?" "Yes," said grandma. "You may come up in my room and make a train of cars with the chairs."

"Won't you be crazy, grandma?" "No, my dear, noise does not trouble me much. But it is a good plan for little boys to learn to be still, so that they will not trouble those who are not well. To-morrow morning I wish you would fold your hands and sit still one minute, and again in the afternoon. We will call that your 'lesson in silence.' By-and-by you can sit still two, three, and five minutes, to please those who do not like a noise."

"Yes, grandma dear, I will; but I hope mamma will soon be well; I'm so tired of keeping still," said the dear little boy.

The judge at a court in Maine recently sentenced a culprit to twenty-five years in the State prison. This fact was communicated to the prisoner's mother, who was struck at the magnitude of the sentence. "What did they do that for?" she exclaimed. "Twenty-five years! Why he won't be contented there three weeks."

FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE.—One day a soldier came into the office of Judge—poorly clad, his face bearing the deep lines of suffering. The soldier fumbled in his pocket a long time, and then said, in an uncertain, disappointed voice, as if he saw he was unwelcome, "I did have a letter for you." The Judge, acting against the promptings of a warm, generous heart, for he was busy and did not want to be interrupted, made no reply. Presently a thin, trembling hand pushed a note along the desk. The judge raised his head, and was about to say, "I have no time for such matters," when he saw the writing was that of his own son, a soldier in the army. He took up the note, which read thus: "Dear father: The bearer of this is a soldier discharged from the hospital. He is going home to die. Assist him in any way you can for Charlie's sake."

All the tender feelings of his heart gushed out. As he afterwards said: "I took the soldier to my heart for Charlie's sake. I let him sleep in Charlie's bed. I clothed him and supplied him with every comfort, for the sake of my own dear boy."

Ab, yes, and so God will never turn the poor and needy away without a blessing, for his dear Son's, for Jesus' sake. Come in his name, and you will always find a welcome.

Waste Basket.

FAMILY jars are too often juggled. THE most steadfast followers of our fortunes—our creditors.

A WESTERN settler—the contents of a six-shooter.

A FRANKLIN girl said she would rather be a dozen widows than one old maid.

What sort of attention does one usually meet with at hotels? Inattention.

"Shure, which is the entrance out?" asked an Irishman at a railroad station, the other day.

Tailors are said to be like some of their customers—they sponge first, and then cut.

It is not so extraordinary that Nebuchadnezzar lived on grass. We know of hundreds upon hundreds who live on the turf.

Before marriage young ladies devote themselves to fineries; after marriage they have to think of the groceries.

Speculating usually begins with speculating. It is the second stage of the same complaint and usually proves fatal.

"Have you taken any remedy?" asked a physician of a sick person whom he had been called to visit. "No," said the patient. "I haven't taken any remedy; but I've taken lots of doctor's stuff."

Appleton's Journal relates the following anecdotes of college pranks: A professor, a teacher of German, was once very much disturbed by an unruly bunch of juniors. At last, in his despair, he exclaimed: "That bunch will leave the room and will stay outside."

Whereupon the young rascals carried out the bench and left it outside, and blandly returned to other seats. "No, no," said the professor, "I do not mean that; I mean the young men will go out and the bench will return."

So the young men brought back the bench and sat on it, as though this was all that was expected of them.

Another professor, who was the pink of propriety, was sadly discontented in the midst of a lecture upon Edmund Spenser, by a dozen rough and sporting characters, who came into the room without knocking, with all manner of dogs to sell!

Finally one man let the cat out of the bag (if we may use such an expression in a dog story) by presenting a dirty scrap of paper, which read as follows: "Wanted, a dog—any breed will answer—highest price paid for mongrel pups. Apply to Prof. _____, Room No. 3, _____ University. Bring the dogs between the hours of 10 and 11."

Another professor, of whom every one was, with reason, well afraid, was in the habit of getting off bright retorts on the delinquent students.

One man who had, on a certain occasion, stood for an hour silently anchored to a blackboard, like a horse tied to his manger, was finally accosted as follows: "Well, Mr. Jones, you have stood there for some time. Now, how do you explain your problem?"

Jones, who had no idea of a problem, or of any human interpretation of it, made one deep dive down into the recesses of his memory, and brought up one stray principle.

"Well sir," he said, "I explain it by the principle that the angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence."

"That will do, sir," said the professor, visibly marking a round O opposite his name in the class-roll; "if your angle of reflection was only a little less obtuse we would not have such incidents as these."

W. W. LANG, President. W. F. JONES, Treasurer. W. WARREN, Sec. and Financial Agent. G. A. KELLY, General Superintendent.

1876! Texas State Fair!

The Seventh Annual State Fair of Texas will be held in the STATE FAIR GROUNDS—IN—HOUSTON, COMMENCING TUESDAY, MAY SECOND, AND CLOSING SATURDAY, MAY SIXTH.

Enlarged Premiums Increased Attraction TEXANS! THIS IS YOUR EXHIBITION Continue to make it the pride of the State. COME PREPARED TO SHOW THE PRODUCE of your Farms or Workshops, and prove that Texas is not only an Empire in Domain, but in Industry and Enterprise.

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That we select a Wilson Machine—the other party to select the same price machine of their make. These machines are to be given to a committee consisting of six persons—three machinists and three cabinet-makers. Each party will have the right to choose one man of their trade, and they to choose the other two.

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GALVESTON, TEXAS, APRIL 8, 1906

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EVANS & CO., 54 & 55 Market St., Galveston, Texas

We have received from R. W. Carroll & Co., publishers, 213 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, a copy of "Favorite Songs," a new book of church music.

In order to respond to the enlarged and increasing interest certain to be felt by the Churches, concerning the approaching General Conference, the Agents of the Book Concerns at New York and Cincinnati will publish The Daily Christian Advocate, to be issued every morning, Sundays excepted, during the entire session.

HOUSTON, April 1st, 1876.—Mr. Editor: I find wonderful mistakes in the dates in my article this morning. For 1789 you have 1759, and for 1790 you have 1760.

GAINSVILLE, March 29.—Mr. Editor: The ADVOCATE is still gaining favor up this way. I asked one brother to take the paper, and he said he would do so, for your articles on Woodhill and Clinton were worth more than the subscription.

TO TRAVELING PREACHERS.—At the last session of most of your conferences, it was agreed by resolution, that each traveling preacher would endeavor to raise and forward by the 1st of March, at least \$10, to aid in building a residence for the Regent of the Southwestern University.

HILL COUNTY AND HILLSBORO CIRCUIT.—Mr. Editor.—Hill County embraces a body of land unsurpassed by any other in the State. Its soil is best by all good; but the belt lying east of the cross-timbers and stretching through its entire territory, from north to south, literally challenges criticism, both for the fertility of its soil and the beauty of its situation.

UNION SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.—Mr. Editor: The experience of the great and good men of our connection, of which I take advantage, together with that of my own, proves to me conclusively not only the great utility, but the dire necessity of maintaining our own Sunday-schools. There is in some localities an undercurrent of sympathy toward this union question which grows out of and is produced by sheer ignorance of the expediency and destructive results of union schools.

NAVASOTA, March 29, 1876.—Mr. Editor—You, and perhaps many of your readers, have heard indirectly of the gray revival of religion in this place in the last two months. You know the condition of society, and of, generally, the languid state of religion in all railroad towns. Navasota has been all along considered a place typical of Sodom, and her people indifferent to all impressions of a religious character.

How Benny was Cured. [From the Churchman.] Somebody told Mrs. Bruce that her little boy said naughtily, wicked words. Now, Mrs. Bruce has always tried to impress it upon Benny's mind that it was not only a dreadful wicked thing to swear, but an ungentlemanly and unmanly one as well; and that no matter how brave or bold it may sound to him, it always lessened a woman's regard for any one, big or little, if she heard him using profane language.

UNAIDED LETTERS. March 25.—J. S. Clower, J. M. Wesson, J. Clark Smith, J. M. Blanton, J. B. Denton, J. N. Bridges, J. J. Canifax, J. H. Tucker, R. Alexander, J. M. Smith, C. H. Ellis, P. W. Gravis. March 27.—I. Z. T. Morris, (2) W. G. Nelson, C. R. Shippard. March 29.—W. K. Duff, A. A. Killough, W. L. Carleton, D. J. Martin, W. H. Manning, J. T. Williams, D. S. Martin. March 31.—I. N. Reeves, F. A. Mood, Wm. Allen, F. M. Stovall, W. G. Veal, J. W. Johnson, R. N. Brown, J. M. Wesson, D. Morgan, J. C. C. Black (2), E. A. Bailey, D. P. Haggard, J. Fred. Cox, M. H. Jones, S. S. Scott, W. M. Robbins, J. W. Hill, L. P. Smith, J. R. Baden, S. H. Brown.

PATTERNS. Butterick's celebrated patterns are rapidly advancing to a pre-eminent position in this and foreign countries. A few years ago it was difficult for ladies to get reliable patterns by which to make their own or their children's clothing.

A \$200,000 HOTEL. We learn that Dr. R. V. Pierce, proprietor at the "Worlds Dispensary," in this city, has perfected the purchase of a large lot of land, on which he proposes to erect a large hotel for the accommodation of his numerous patients, coming hither from all points of the compass.

Want of Confidence. Trade is depressed, and the industries of the whole country flag. Ask the cause and you are told it is due to want of confidence. Ask the few who have not used DR. TUTT'S HAIR DYE, and they say "I have no confidence in it. I have been so often humbugged by such articles." We ask them to read the following testimony from parties of undoubted veracity:

How Benny was Cured. Benny opened his mouth very obediently— a little curiously, too, it was such a funny thing to draw swearing out of a tongue with mustard. But pretty soon the mustard began to burn and sting, and Benny began to cry and jump with pain. Aunt Gussie wanted to get him a drink of water, but "No," said Mrs. Bruce, "it is wickedness that burns his tongue, but all the pain Benny feels in his tongue is but a trifle compared to that which I feel in my heart every time I hear my little boy— whom I want to grow into a good man, and who has swearing words I heard him say a little while ago."

Obituaries. BOCKMAN.—Mrs. Malinda P. Bockman, daughter of Harrison and Cynthia Bay, died at Prairie Plains, Garza county, Texas, 21st, aged 62 years. At the age of 16 she professed faith in Christ, and united with the Methodist Church, of which she was ever a faithful member. Her disease, consumption, caused her many weary months of suffering; but in her patience had its perfect work. No murmuring word escaped her lips. That which she had chosen in her earlier youth, cheered and sustained her. As the hour of death approached, she was possessed of a spirit of rejoicing, a consciousness of the pardon of her sins, and a joyful anticipation of the moment, she ceased not to praise God, and exhort her husband and other friends to meet her in heaven.

How Benny was Cured. "I think where a child knows just when to use these words, he must realize their purport. I notice children usually use bad words when they are in a bad humor. Benny never says them in cool blood. I can't for my part understand where he learns them. His papa never swears." And Mrs. Bruce looked distressed. "Why, he hears the men out in the field, of course. He knows all the horses and oxen jargon perfectly, and catches these words in the same way," explained Aunt Gussie.

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Obituaries. HINES.—The subject of this notice is sister Margaret A. Hines, wife of the Rev. T. J. Hines, who departed this life Dec. 18, 1875. Sister Hines was born in Maury county, Tennessee; and embraced religion in early life. She continued to be a faithful servant of Christ until death. She was also a devoted and tender, loving mother, a kind and generous neighbor; and beloved by all who knew her. Her parents immigrated to Ellis county, Texas, in 1847, and on Dec. 1, 1852, was married to the husband who now mourns her loss. Indeed, the loss to him is irreparable. Five little children were left to mourn the absence of a mother's love and tender care; but Jesus who said "suffer the little children to come unto me," called the little child into his arms, to his own tender mercies, and to a reunion with the mother in their father's home above. We have often thought of a sister who died, and whose last afflictive dispensation when viewed from a human standpoint. The mother taken from the little, tender, helpless one, and the father left to rear a family, to which he was so dear, was a sad sight. None but God can explain this, who looks from a high and holy standpoint, and sees the chief part of our inheritance, which is the soul. Then, hitherto, in love and mercy lays suffering upon the physical man in order to the good of the spiritual, for he says "I will correct his rod, and chastise him with stripes, that he may not be partaker of his iniquities." Our heavenly Father knows when our hearts are sore, and when we are weary, and when we are in need of rest, and when we are in need of help, and when we are in need of grace, and when we are in need of strength, and when we are in need of light.

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Obituaries. MALLARD.—Eldridge Mallard, the son of Thornton Mallard, was born in Granville county, North Carolina, Sept. 26, 1827, and died in Bunk, Texas, March 19, 1876; aged 48 years, 5 months and 23 days. He was a member of the Methodist Church, of which he was a faithful member, and was a member of the Baptist Church, of which he was also a member. He was a man of pure and holy religion. He doubtless suffered much in his last illness, but not a murmur escaped his lips. When asked if he had any great desire to see his friends, he answered, at times; but I am willing to be subject to the will of the Lord. He knows best; and I will leave it to him. He was a man of great faith, and was a member of the Baptist Church, of which he was also a member. He was a man of pure and holy religion. He doubtless suffered much in his last illness, but not a murmur escaped his lips. When asked if he had any great desire to see his friends, he answered, at times; but I am willing to be subject to the will of the Lord. He knows best; and I will leave it to him. He was a man of great faith, and was a member of the Baptist Church, of which he was also a member. He was a man of pure and holy religion. He doubtless suffered much in his last illness, but not a murmur escaped his lips. When asked if he had any great desire to see his friends, he answered, at times; but I am willing to be subject to the will of the Lord. He knows best; and I will leave it to him.

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