

# The Texas Christian Advocate.

SUBSCRIPTION, PER ANNUM, \$2.00.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE FIVE TEXAS CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

TO PREACHERS, \$1.00.

VOL. XXXV.

DALLAS, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1889.

NO. 21.

## A GEORGIA LETTER.

REV. G. G. SMITH, D. D.

My kind friend, W. P. Lovejoy, has taken the place I formerly occupied, and which I had been compelled to vacate, and has given you ever and anon a well written letter from our State, but the fact that the TEXAS ADVOCATE comes to me so regularly is a reminder that I should make some recognition of your kindness by a now and then letter.

Bro. Lovejoy alludes to the fact that at the last conference I asked to be placed on the retired list. In 1892, I was shot through the neck, and by the severing of the nerves of the brachial plexus, my left arm fell helpless by my side. This injury was followed by a spinal trouble which affected my leg, and I was for a while not a paralytic, but affected with partial paraplegia. I could not stand without assistance, and for several years was forced to retire from the pulpit, but rest gave me partial recovery and I re-entered the work. Six years ago I retired from the pastorate and only preached as Sunday-school agent. I did a great deal of that, and probably should have continued the work as I had been prosecuting it but for the fact that agents were so numerous over this way that I feared I would be in the way. Unlike many Methodist preachers, I had a home of my own, and while I had no fortune to fall back on, I had some literary resources on which to rely for a partial support, and as I could continue to preach and be in no one's way, I concluded to retire. I may be able to do active pastoral work again, or I may not. I am willing to work and willing to rest as the Master directs. I am by no means worn out, in my own opinion, but I have found few that were—being the judges. I am not disposed to be idle, but shall give myself to special work for the children, as long as I am able to do it. So much for a very uninteresting subject.

You make a kindly notice and give a gentle criticism of the life of Bishop Pierce. It has at least escaped the usual doom of Southern books. It has not been universally praised. I know when I adopted the style of the later English biographers, and gave a picture of a man, and let his work speak for itself, I should incur some criticism. It certainly was a thing our Southern biographers had not done before. They had, as a general thing, been careful in their efforts to show the public man, as they had studiously hidden out the real man from view. They escaped the critics, but they had low readers. I have tried to tell all that I know of the man. I have given him his own words, and let his own addresses, I do not know an important event I have overlooked. I have entreated you to see the Bishop, but I wish to show the husband of "Ann," and the father of "Ella and Claude and Lovick and Mary and Ann," and "Little Ethel's" grand-father," and hear him talk to "Tomina and Warren and Pierce." I do not know how others like these things, but as for me I had rather see one good, tender husband, and one kind thoughtful, loving father, than a score of Bishops. The Bishop gave much attention to Texas. He wrote of it very fully and freely. The best account of the Texas of thirty years ago that I know of, is in the biography. He traveled from Shreveport to El Paso, and wrote fully of what he saw. I wish the preachers in Texas, whom I cannot see, would write to the publishers and take the agency for the book. I am in receipt this evening of a letter from Dr. Carlisle, of Watford, who had ordered four copies of the book. He says: "My copy has been in actual service most of the time since it came. It must do good. I wish many thousand copies could be sold in our State alone. You have been highly favored in knowing two such men as James O. Andrew and Geo. F. Pierce, and the added honor and privilege of writing their biographies. I placed the life of Andrew in the hands of a young minister the other day, and wish I could give a copy to every young minister in reach."

Among short biographies, the best I have almost ever seen is McFerrin's life, by Fitzgerald. Here you see the man in action, and can almost hear the nasal tones of the old doctor as he speaks to the General Conference. I heard from Dr. Norton, the other day, the most touching tribute to the old chief of the Cumberland. He told me he knew John B. McFerrin all his (Norton's) life. He had been with him on all occasions—at his house, in Europe, in America, traveled with him, slept with him, and he never knew a truer or purer man. This was Bishop McFerrin's estimate of him, and I think John McFerrin was closer to Bishop Pierce than any man out of Georgia.

I have had complaint from Texas that the son of Bishop Pierce and myself, who controlled the publication of the Life and Times, snubbed the Publishing House. This is not true. For good reasons we desired to publish a book in a certain time and in a certain way. Dr. Barbee and no Southern printing house could do it as we wished, and in the time we wished, and on the terms we wished; and as Dr. Barbee went to Philadelphia for a musical expert, we went to New York, where we could get engravers and printers and binders, and on such terms as was suited to our means. We acted together, and for mutual interest. The Publishing House does not handle, and ought not, perhaps, a book sold by agents, but experience has taught me that no book will have a large sale unless it is pushed by agents. We are on the best terms with the Nashville House, and they are ready to fill all orders for the book where there are no agents.

Speaking of books, where is Bro. Allen, who sent out that popular book of forms? I have sold a few copies for him, and have some money to remit, and have some of his books on hand. [His postoffice is Dallas.—Ed.]

The conferences are now all over, save the Baltimore, and it meets two months ahead. The times have not been easy in the Eastern Conferences, but since I have seen the stuff the Western preachers are made of, I have concluded we in the East know nothing of hard times. I have had a pleasant visit to the Virginia, the North Alabama, the North Carolina, the South Carolina, the North Georgia, the South Georgia, the Alabama, and the Louisiana.

I see you quote the diabolical utterance of the Independent, in which it expresses its gratification that negroes will no longer submit to arrest by legal officers, and do their own shooting. Alas! alas! for the madness of those men who urge a passionate and exuberant rage to bring on a conflict that only too many bad men of the white race rejoice in, and which can have but one issue: I have seen, however, the counterpart of this spirit

of the Independent and the North-Western. When Chicago was burned John Mound heard the call for help. The express company was to convey free anything contributed. John stepped into the office. "I learn," he said, "Mr. B., you have instructions to send anything given to Chicago free of charge." "Yes, Mr. Mound, we will send anything with pleasure." "Anything?" "Yes." "Well, I have a dozen bundles of fodder I want to send." "Fodder? What for?" "Send it to the cow that kicked over the lamp, with my warmest thanks for the good deed done."

I am glad to see you stand by Dunlap. The Colored Methodist Church is a speckled bird, because it is Southern in all its affiliations. The young preachers and young students could have no pleasant time in any of the institutions controlled by the Northern people for this very reason. They are shut out from these. Shall we give them no help?

## EL PASO DISTRICT.

REV. A. J. POTTER, P. R.

Grip-sack and shawl in hand, I said goodbye to the loved ones at home and left San Angelo Dec. 23, 1888, for my first round of quarterly conferences.

A ride of ninety miles in a rough mail hack brought me to Colorado City. There, after a short delay, I took the train on Texas and Pacific railroad for Midland, county site of Midland county, to hold first quarterly conference for Pecos mission. Found Rev. J. W. Sims, formerly of Mason county, supply in charge. Bro. S. is an earnest, faithful preacher and pastor, is held in high esteem by all who know him, and is rapidly laying fast hold on the affections of the people. The membership of the church is small but zealous and efficient. Hitherto by courtesy, they have used the Baptist church as a place of worship, for which kindness, they and this writer are grateful. Encouraged by the prospects before them they have determined to build a house for the Lord, and I have every reason to believe that ere long they will erect a church building to cost near two thousand dollars. The ladies are preparing to be ready to appropriately furnish the house when finished.

Midland is beautifully situated on the Texas and Pacific railroad not far from southeastern boundary of the Staked Plains; has an intelligent and enterprising population of over 1000—not a skeptic in the town. The M. E. Church, South, there has always paid every dollar assessed against it, meeting every claim in full. In this regard it deserves the highest praise. Under divine blessing the end of this conference year will show large results for good on the Pecos mission—embracing Midland, Pecos City and Toyah with several other outlying points.

From Midland I went to Sierra Blanca, Junction of Texas and Pacific Railway with the Sunset Route, thence to Alpine, (formerly Murphysville) to hold first quarterly conference on Ft. Davis mission. Here I found Bro. J. M. Stevenson, who for four years had presided with great acceptability and usefulness on the old San Saba district, enjoying his first experience as an itinerant on the extreme western frontier. In the pulpit, at prayer work, class-meetings, in social life, and in pastoral work, Bro. Stevenson is endeavoring himself to all classes among whom he labors.

The church at Alpine is small in numbers but large in working power and zeal. They have procured eligible lots and are taking initiatory steps to procure donation from Mission Board and loan from Board of Church Extension to aid them in erecting a church building. I found many friends and acquaintances of former years, had large and attentive congregations, and feel like visiting on this tour, may it be good. Lord bless them with Spiritual gifts and graces in as large measure as they have bestowed courtesies and kindnesses upon me.

Accompanied by Bro. Stevenson I visited Marfa, spending there two days, and preaching on Wednesday night to a very large audience assembled upon very short notice. At Marfa we have a good church building. The public buildings, courthouses and jails, at Alpine and Marfa, are among the finest, if not the finest, structures of that kind I have seen. They reflect great credit upon the taste and energy of officers of the two said counties, under whose auspices they were built. Whether their financial acumen is to be commended *quatenus solent*?

From Marfa I came to El Paso—my first visit to the Gate City since spring of 1885. Then it was but a small mission, and I had been the face of an angel. How symmetrical his form, and how solid his build, as if put up for near a century's work. How intelligent and well balanced his mind, especially since it had been pushed to the higher plane of perfect love. Certainly an unusual degree God had given him the "Spirit of power and love and of a sound mind." Then in soul he was so humble, loving, meek and true. He not only manifested the power of self-control, cultivation and grace, but it was evident he had been well raised—reared in the midst of the purest and most elevating home and social surroundings to be found in the best of the old Southern society. His father and mother who so raised him survive to mourn their loss. He was a great-grandson, I believe, of Rev. Redick Pierce, the distinguished brother of Dr. Lovick Pierce. Bro. MacDonald had acquired a fine knowledge of the Spanish language, and with his pen and by word of mouth he was doing a grand work in Mexico. Nearly four years ago he was sent to Durango City to begin work in that, one of the most fanatical of States and cities in the Republic of Mexico. Many, many were the difficulties he met, one after another of which he was overcoming, until all the indifferent and his enemies, had to admit that he was succeeding beyond expectation. In the city and surrounding towns flourishing congregations were springing up to the glory of God and to call him blessed. He will ever be known as the apostle of Methodism and Christianity in Durango, for till now no other denomination is represented in the state, unless it be one or two towns on the Mexican Central Railroad, near the borders of the State. His body rests in the quiet *campo santo*—holy ground—of the village of Nombre de Dios—name of God. There we wish to place a modest monument, with deeply engraved text of Scripture, that he being dead may yet speak, and continue to preach that gospel which in life he loved so well, and which was his support and solace in death. In that picturesque village we wish to erect a chapel for the congregation he first

formed, for which were his last labors, and in whose midst he died. They were all around his bed, shedding tears of bitterest sorrow and sincerest devotion when he breathed his last. Their loving hands laid him out, and then bore him to the grave. And they will often visit and pat the flowers on his grave; for he was the under shepherd that led them to the green pastures and by the still waters of salvation.

The day after Bro. MacDonald left home for Nombre de Dios a letter came from Bishop Dunlap, telling him of the \$3000 raised at the South Georgia, his old conference, for building the church and parsonage in Durango. This amount by the Board of Church Extension, secured the \$4000 promised by the Board of Missions. This good news was not to gladden our dear brother's heart. He had passed over the river ere it reached him. We desire that it shall now be the MacDonald Memorial Church of Durango; and that it may be worthy of so worthy a man, so holy a cause, and so important a city and center, I trust other friends may feel inclined to contribute to the enlargement of this fund, as well as to the smaller church and parsonage we are trying to build where he died, in Nombre de Dios. Sums so sent are to be in excess of all home claims and contributions, and should be sent to our Conference Treasurer, Rev. Elias Robertson, San Antonio, Texas, who in connection with the Board Conference, will see that all such funds are so employed.

May the death of this good man and faithful servant of the church serve to awaken greater interest in the cause of missions everywhere, especially in Mexico; and may many of our best men at home be found to offer themselves for the work, the great work, in which our dear brother lived and died.

From correspondence San Antonio Express:

DURANGO, Mex., Jan. 5.—Again all our hearts are sad: again that Providence that guides all things has called away one of our dearest friends and most worthy American citizens. Our beloved missionary, Rev. Robt. W. MacDonald, is dead. He died on Friday, December 31, at the town of "Nombre de Dios," about fifty miles southeast of Durango, where he had his home, and where he was purchasing a lot preparatory to building a Methodist Church. He had left Durango (his home and where his family lives) on Tuesday morning expecting to complete his duties and return so as to be at home on Christmas. For some time he had been complaining, but not ill enough to be confined to the house, and he hoped the trip would improve his health.

After leaving home, and before he reached Nombre de Dios, he became worse. Still, on arriving there he held service in the evening, and on Wednesday was out and looking about to find the most suitable property or site for the new Methodist Church. Thursday he became worse, and found he must keep his bed. Friday morning his wife and friends here were started by the receipt of a dispatch saying that he was very ill and would die, and that his wife to come at once. In a few hours Mrs. MacDonell with a friend and Dr. Thin went on the way as fast as horses could carry them, hoping they might reach him in time to save his life, as the dispatch said: "No doctor or drug store here." But Providence willed it otherwise, for poor Bro. MacDonald died at 4:20 p. m., some hours before his beloved wife and friend arrived.

The dispatch Saturday morning telling us that our beloved pastor, friend and citizen was dead—that we should see his genial face no more, seemed impossible. When we look at his work, the foundation only fairly under way, the thought comes, who can complete the work of this Christian architect? Where is the Christian architect that can do this work so well as our dear brother could have done? God in his wisdom knows what is best, even though we poor mortals often complain at what to us seems strange. Here was a faithful, hard-working Christian minister doing a work for God's church that it would be impossible (to our view) for any one else to step in now and do so well for its success. He knew the people, their language, customs, habits and prejudices, and fully knew how to keep friendship with those who were enemies to his work as well as those who were heart and soul with him.

Here was a Christian Protestant minister who was even on good terms of friendship with Catholic priests—a Christian man who gave his life and labor freely and faithfully, looking to and trusting in God's promise that though little of the hard work of his mission might bear fruit under his own eye, he fully believed that the bread of life he was scattering out on the waters of unbelief would in time return to the church in great abundance of reward.

Still, this beloved Christian worker's heart was full of thanks that even in his day he saw grand results of his labor. He has planted congregations at many places in his presiding district, notably at San Lucas and Nombre de Dios, where there are fine congregations that, with some help, will soon have places of worship; and also here in Durango his church is prosperous, though many members and converts do not care to be publicly known as Protestants. The seed he has sown is doing its work, and the time is coming that will bring abundant harvest. The Methodist is the only Protestant church here, and the work of establishing such a church here takes brave hearts and more work than a stranger could guess.

Rev. Robert W. MacDonald came to the City of Mexico, January, 1881; was two and a half years there; one year in the city of Leon, one year in charge of the American congregation at El Paso, Texas; from thence to this city, where he had been three years and a half. The chaotic condition of Protestant work here at that time would have driven ninety-nine out of a hundred away; they would never have felt willing to stop a day this side of the Rio Grande. But this brave Christian, like the old Catholic missionaries that first came to Mexico, came to stay and work for that cause to which he had pledged his life. His church had commanded him to come to this part of Mexico, and here do all he could for the church and faith he represented. He obeyed, and trusting all to God, did his work as Christ in his teachings had taught him to do; and now, though little of the seed he has sown has come to the harvest and been gathered, there are many large fields that are calling for workers to come and complete the houses into which the results shall be gathered, while other fields are only beginning to show the result of good work, and must at once have protection and care that will bring about the good results shown at other places.

He was a Georgian by birth, and a man of fine culture and education, and not yet even at the prime of life, as he had only passed his thirty-first birthday. Had he lived to the age of sixty and shown the growth of oratorical and executive ability that his career in Mexico has shown, he certainly would have been called to the higher places in his church. Such power to organize and wisdom to direct as he has shown could not be over looked as a leader in the grand and ever increasing growth of the church. Many men can manage a church well, but that is all. Few can direct well the needs of the whole church, but any one who knew the work done by this one man could see that a few years of such experience and ability as he was called to use here would have brought him where his experience and ability could not have been dispensed with as an adviser and worker in the highest places.

In his work he never tired, and even when not physically able he would travel hundreds of miles to do or direct, the only incentive being his conviction of duty and the needs of those he went to help. His generosity would call on his last dollar where he saw humanity suffering. He leaves a wife and three little ones to mourn his early death. His father is the Rev. George MacDonald of Thomasville, Georgia.

A few hours before he died he was asked if he had anything to say. He said: "I leave all in the hands of God," and these were his last words, for in his last hours the power of speech was taken from him. What better reward could any Christian soldier ask? He fell on the field where he had gained the greatest victory, and was buried by and among loving and beloved Christian brothers who had come to the Savior under his preaching.

May he rest in peace and receive the grand reward his works have called for.

The Rev. Mr. Sutherland is now in Durango to arrange for some one to supply the place of presiding elder, made vacant by the death of Rev. Mr. MacDonald. This district includes a territory almost as large as the State of Texas, and only a man of untiring energy and ability can do justice to the needs of this vast mission field.

J. B. CRESS.

## TO THE THIRTY-SEVEN THOUSAND METHODISTS OF THE NORTH TEXAS CONFERENCE.

You are doubtless aware that the North Texas Female College was established by the North Texas Conference in the interest of Christian education—that the ministers of the conference have given largely to its support. You also know that it did not spring into life fully armed and equipped, but for years struggled for existence.

You perhaps do not know that the college is now in thorough repair, handsomely furnished; has thirteen new pianos, a faculty of ten teachers who have been selected for their Christian character as well as superior methods of teaching, and one hundred and seventy-five pupils. This college established in the interest of your tender little girls, your fair daughters, needs enlarged accommodations. Can you, will you, provide the means for them? Remember, God loves a cheerful giver. I will not weary you with details, but will say, if rooms are not built, we will have the pain of knowing that some of the lambs of the flock will stray into strange pastures. I have gathered several into the fold this term who last year were in Catholic convents, two of whom are motherless little girls of the tender years of six and nine.

At the last meeting of the conference the preachers with the spirit of the father who killed the fatted calf and brought out the silver robe and ring of gold, generously gave \$100 to build music rooms; but other apartments are needed. Those who wish to contribute to this noble enterprise can remit directly to Bro. Hughes or myself, and if we are not specially requested to the contrary, we will report all donations to the ADVOCATE. Yours faithfully,

MRS. J. A. KING.

Since writing the above we have had the good fortune to receive several liberal contributions. God speed the good work. At Lucknow, when the English, weary and famishing, were almost driven to despair, a woman caught the first signs of deliverance, and exclaimed: "Dinna ye hear the sound of the stozan?" My brethren, the house will be built; dinna ye hear the sound of the slogan? Elliott, \$50; L. K. Holt, \$100; J. F. Crisler, \$10.

THE WEST POINT OF THE CONFEDERACY. JOHN S. WISE. [Concluded from last week.] The day, breaking gray and gloomy, found us plodding onward in the mud. The excited soldier cast of our reflections was relieved by the light-heartedness of the veterans. Cartwright's brigade, with smiling "Old Gabe" at their head, cheered us heartily as we came up to the spot where they were cooking breakfast by the road-side. Many were the good-natured gibes with which they restored our confidence. The old soldiers were as merry, contented, and indifferent to the coming fight as if it was a daily occupation. One fellow came round with a pair of scissors and a package of cards, offering to cut off love-locks to be sent home after we were dead. They inquired if we wanted rosewood coffins, satin-lined, with name and age on plate. In a word, they made us ashamed of the solemnity of our last six miles of marching, and renewed within our breasts the true dare-devil spirit of soldiery.

The mile-posts on the pike scored four miles, three miles, two miles, one mile, to New Market. Then the mounted skirmishers crowded into our rear and we caught up by the troops along the line of march. We heard it import as Breckinridge and his staff approached, and we joined in the hurra as that soldierly man, mounted magnificently, dashed past us, uncovered, bowing, and riding like the old. Along the crest of the elevation in our front we beheld our line of mounted pickets and the smoldering fires of their night's bivouac. We halted with the realization that one turn in the road would bring us in full view of the enemy's position. Echols' and Wharton's brigades hurried past us. There was not so much banter then. "Forward!" was the word once more, and New Market appeared in sight.

The turn of the road displayed the whole position. A bold range of hills parallel with the mountains divides the Shenandoah Valley into two smaller valleys, and in the easternmost of these lies New Market. The valley pike on which we had advanced, passes through the town parallel with the Massanutten range on our right, and Smith's Creek running along its base. The range of hills on our left breaks as it nears the town

and slopes down to it from the south and west, swelling up again beyond it to the north and west. On the right of the pike, looking towards New Market, and running over to the creek, a beautiful stretch of meadow-land spreads out down to the edge of the town. Orchards skirt the village in the meadows between our position and the town, and they are filled with the enemy's skirmishers. A heavy stone fence and a deep lane run westward from the town and parallel with our line of battle. Here the enemy's infantry was posted to receive our left flank, and behind it his artillery was posted on a slope, the ground rising gradually until, a short distance behind the town, to the left of the pike, it spreads out in an elevated plateau. The hillsides from this plateau to the pike are gradual and broken by several gullies heavily wooded by scrub-oak.

It was Sunday morning, and 11 o'clock. In a picturesque little churchyard, right under the shadow of the village spire and among the white tombstones, a six-gun battery was posted in rear of the infantry line of the enemy. The moment we debouched it opened upon us.

Away off to the right, in the Luray Gap of the Massanutten range, our signal corps was telegraphing the position and numbers of the enemy. Our cavalry was moving at a gallop to the cover of the creek to attempt to flank the town. Echols' brigade was moving from the pike at a double-quick by the right flank and went into line of battle across the meadow, its left resting on the pike. Simultaneously his skirmishers were thrown forward at a run and engaged the enemy. Out of the orchards and out on the meadows arose puff after puff of blue smoke as our sharpshooters advanced, the "pop, pop" of their rifles ringing forth excitedly. Thundering down the pike came McLaughlin with his artillery, and wheeling out into the meadows he swung into battery action left, and let fly with all his guns. The end of section of artillery, pressing a little farther forward wheeled to the left, took up the slope, and with a plunging fire repelled to the Federal battery in the graveyard. At the first discharge of our gun a beautiful wreath of smoke shot upward and hovered over them.

The little town, which a moment before had seemed to sleep so peacefully upon that Sabbath morn, was now wreathed in battle-smoke and swarming with troops hurrying to their positions. We had their range beautifully, and every shell, striking some obstruction, exploded in the streets. Every man of our army was in sight. Every position of the enemy was plainly visible. His numbers were but too well known to us, forgotten, notwithstanding that his line of battle, already formed, was equal to our own, the reports still came that the pike was filled with his infantry.

Our left wing consisted of Wharton's brigade; the center of the old Virginia Infantry and the cadets; and our right of Echols' brigade and the cavalry. Up to this time I was still corporal of the guard, in charge of the baggage-wagon, with a detail of three men, Ledwood, Standard and Woodlee. We had not been relieved, in the general bustle and confusion. My orders were to remain with the wagons at the bend in the pike, unless our forces were driven back; in which case we were to retire to a point of safety. When it became evident that a battle was imminent, a single thought took possession of me, and that was, that I would never be able to look my father in the face again if I sat on a baggage-wagon while my command was in its first, perhaps its only, engagement. He was a grim old fighter, at that moment commanding at Petersburg, and a month later fighting at odds against "Baldy" Smith until Lee could come up. He had a tongue of satire and ridicule like a lash of scorpions. I had nearly worried him out of his life with applications to leave the Institute and enter the army. If now, that I had the opportunity, I should fail to take part in the fight, I knew what was in store for me. Napoleon in Egypt pointed to the Pyramids and told his soldiers that from their heights forty centuries looked down upon them. My cotion, delivered from the baggage-wagon, was not so elevated in tone, but equally emphatic. It ran about this wise: "Boys, the enemy is in our front. Our command is about to go into action. I like fighting no better than anybody else. But I have an enemy in my rear as dreadful as any before us. If I return home and tell my father that I was on the baggage wagon when my comrades were fighting I know my fate. He will kill me with worse than bullets—ridicule. I shall join the command forthwith. Any one who chooses to remain may do so." All the guard followed. The wagon was left in charge of the black driver. Of the four who thus went, one was killed and two were wounded.

We rejoined the battalion as it marched by the left flank from the pike. Moving at double-quick we were in an instant in line of battle, our right near the turnpike. Rising ground in our immediate front concealed us from the enemy. The command was given to strip for action. Knapsacks, blankets, everything but guns, canteens, and cartridge-boxes, were thrown down upon the ground. Our boys were silent then. Every lip was tightly drawn, every cheek was pale; but not with fear. With a peculiar nervous jerk we pulled our cartridge-boxes round to the front and tightened our belts. Whistling rifle-shells screamed over us as, tripping the hill-crest in our own front, they bounded over our heads. Across the pike to our right Patterson's brigade was lying down, abreast of us. At ten-thirty Battalion Forward! Guide—Carter—r-r-r! shouted Ship, and off we started. At that moment, from the left of the line, sprang Sergeant-Major Woodbridge, and posted himself forty paces in front of the colors as directing guide. Brave Evans, standing over six feet two, unfurled our colors that for days had hung limp and bedraggled about the staff, and every cadet in the Institute leaped forward, dressing to the ensign, elate and thrilling with the consciousness that "This is war!" We reached the hill-crest in our front, where we were abreast of our smoking battery and in full sight and range of the enemy. We were pressing toward him at "arms port" with the lightning gait of the French infantry. The enemy had obtained our range, and began to drop his shell under our ranks along the slope. Echols' brigade rose up and were charging on our right with the rebel yell.

Woodbridge, who was holding his position Governor and Gen. Henry A. Wise.—Ed.

(Continued on eighth page)

Texas Christian Advocate

About the Lesson.

LESSON V., SUNDAY, FEB. 3. THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER. Mark 4:19-20.

TEACHING POINTS.

Good seed has tremendous vitality. It can handle a million times its own weight of matter, transmuting it from death to life.

The teacher is permitted to sow this kind of seed. Perhaps he sows history, philosophy, skepticism, jokes, and geography.

It is God who provides the soil. It is his. It has just the capabilities for most luxuriant growth.

A husbandman might have been left to find out why his crop failed, but the Giver of the seed is so anxious for a right harvest that he teaches a spiritual agricultural school.

The hard road is made of the same material as the fertile soil. But evil habits, profanity, unclean thoughts, have tramped it solid.

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS.

- 1. The parables of Jesus, these pictures drawn from earthly things, by which are represented the various aspects of our relations to God...

these manifestations of great piety? Hearts which have not been broken by a sense of their sinfulness, which have not really longed after a holy life...

But there are more serious natures, who, having felt the weight of sin and the value of salvation, have a sincere desire to respond to Jesus' love...

What then remains for thee, O Jesus! as a result of all the work of preaching? A certain number of souls distracted and burdened by the sense of their sinfulness...

Old and Young.

Western Recorder. Of all the pestiferous bores that makes this life a state of constant torment, most I dread the man who's always late.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

MR. EDITOR: I am a little boy eleven years old. My papa takes the ADVOCATE. He is railroad agent and telegraph operator.

HE WAS NOT SUSPECTED.

F. B. Stanford, in Sunday-school Times. It is not probable that any one who might chance to be a stranger in the village church at Belleport would ever guess how the church got its Sunday-school library.

One night about six years ago Sidney Browne and Stephen Smith, a couple of pupils in the Belleport Classical Institute, suggested an idea.

been made in this institution, I can tell you.

"I don't think any of us would miss a dime now and then," said Stephen.

"That's just what I should say," assented another, William Wambold.

So the Belleport Institute Savings Bank was organized.

But it would take too long to tell everything that came to pass in connection with that purchase.

"That's so!" three or four agreed at once.

"Who would ever have believed we could scrape in such a pile?" asked Stephen Smith.

And now comes the oddest part of all that is told of the whole affair.

Everybody's mind was relieved. When Stephen Smith made a neat little speech, and presented the bill to the Sunday-school, there was the wildest enthusiasm.

TRAINING PARENTS.

N. Y. Advocate. There is a great deal of talk about the training of children by parents.

While the parent is forming, or trying to form, habits of self-control in the child, what habits of self-control the child is forming in the parent.

"It is my opinion," said William Wambold, "that if the bill was lost here, somebody got it last night or early this morning and found it."

"That new fellow, the janitor, perhaps," suggested Seth Jones.

the window, but it sounded like the creak of a step on the stairs.

"Be quick! Hide under the table," he whispered.

Why, boys, what is the matter?" he asked, rather astonished.

"Don't worry about the bill any more," he said, as they all went down the stairs.

While they stood outdoors, however, the boys saw that the Professor was much troubled, although he tried not to be.

"Yes, that's what I think," echoed William Wambold, dolefully.

"Nonsense!" said Stephen Smith.

But the money had disappeared, and somebody must know what had become of it.

"Judge Armstrong isn't here, though," said Sidney Browne.

"I heard some one at the door say he had not received an invitation," answered the Professor, excitedly.

"You are not, what are you doing?" the Professor called, laughing, to the monkey who was seated on the table.

Every man, woman and child in the hall looked on with surprise to see the Professor take out of that overcoat pocket not only the invitations the monkey had just thrust into it, but the missing invitation of Judge Armstrong also.

Now the alarm spread far and wide: "A lost child; a child is lost."

On the river another party dragging the bottom of the rapid stream with hooks and every possible device with which they could touch bottom.

ART DEALERS.

Largest stock of Artistic and Artists' Materials in St. Louis.

MOTHERS FRIEND. MAKES CHILD'S BIRTH EASY. SHORTENS LABOR, LESSENS PAIN, DIMINISHES DANGER OF LIFE & MOTHER & CHILD.

CANTON CLIPPER PLOWS ARE WARRANTED THE BEST. BLACKLAND PLOWS IN THE WORLD.

little children teach us. We love to lavish on them every possible evidence of our love, and the word comes home to us: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

By and by our children grow up and go away from us. They have homes and lives of their own in which their parents have comparatively small part.

As the years bear us on, and we retire more and more from the labors and responsibilities of active life, our children become to us increasingly what we were to them in early maturity, in youth, in childhood.

Happy the parent who so trains his children that their training of him is agreeable and beneficial.

A LOST CHILD.

C. E. Cline in Central Advocate. I have just returned from a trip on the Columbia river, and before giving an account of the water-dogs and deer on my ramble in the cascades, I want to tell you of a little girl being lost in the heavy timber and fern in Washington Territory.

The search began at once, leaving the dinner untouched, but no trace of her was to be found.

Now the alarm spread far and wide: "A lost child; a child is lost."

On the river another party dragging the bottom of the rapid stream with hooks and every possible device with which they could touch bottom.

Write us before purchasing. An investment of 2 cents may save you from \$50.00 to \$100.00.

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gaged in the search, thought he heard a faint noise. Listening for some time he heard it again, and going in the direction, found the child standing up, three miles from where it started, and holding to a bush, faintly calling, "Papa, papa, papa."

The little one was speedily taken to the nearest house, wrapped in dry warm clothing, given some fresh milk, which at first it drank languidly and then voraciously.

When we reached the house of Mr. Hays with the child, the mother was a raving maniac, calling at intervals, "O Della, Della come back to mamma; come back, darling, come back."

It seems almost a miracle that she should have survived the rigor of such a storm for twenty-three hours and yet be able to talk and greet her mother and the baby with a kiss.

The cougars are uncomfortably common in that locality; so much, that a farmer would not think of leaving a calf or sheep out over night where the child wandered.

RRR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. The most certain and safe PAIN REMEDY in the world that instantly stops the most excruciating pains.

For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Headache, Toothache, or any other External Pain, a few applications rubbed on by the hand act like magic, causing the Pain to instantly stop.

For Congestions, Inflammations, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Cold in the Chest, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Pains in the Small of the Back, etc., more extended, longer continued and repeated applications are necessary to effect a cure.

All INTERNAL PAINS, Pain in the Bowels or Stomach, Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Headache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Diarrhoea, Colic, Flatulency, Fainting Spells, are relieved instantly and quickly cured by taking internally a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers aided by Radway's Pills, so quick as Radway's Ready Relief.

Drinking water is made palatable and safe to drink by adding 20 to 40 drops to a tumbler of water. No one should drink disease-contaminated river or well water without observing this precaution. This will PREVENT TYPHOID FEVER as well as other malignant fevers, whether sporadic or epidemic.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

Ladies' Solid Gold Watch. No. 6078. PRICE \$25. A solid Gold Hunting Stem-wind and Setting Ladies' Lever Watch named "C. P. Barnes & Bro." Louisville, Ky., fully warranted. Sent by mail at our risk on receipt of \$25.00; or by express, C.O.D., with privilege of examination before paying. Ladies' Gold Chains at \$5, \$7.50, and \$10 each.

PIANOS AND ORGANS. Of all makes direct to customers from best quarters, at wholesale prices. All goods guaranteed. No money asked till instruments are received and fully tested. Write us before purchasing. An investment of 2 cents may save you from \$50.00 to \$100.00. Address JESSE FRENCH, Piano and Organ Co., CAPITAL \$500,000. NASHVILLE, TENN. In writing mention this paper.

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ARCHITECT. J. S. MOAD, Architect and Building Superintendent. Of fifteen years' experience. Plans and specifications furnished on short notice. 725 Main street, Dallas, Texas.









Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use.

To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success.

Efficacy

of this preparation. Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La. 'I was afflicted some three years with a severe itching scalp, and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the itching in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color.'

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Plain Gold Rings

Plain gold 18-kt. gold Engagement and Wedding Rings furnished in order promptly also set Rings with Amethyst, Garnet, Onyx, Cameo, Opal, Pearl, Diamond, Turquoise, Cat's-eye, etc. \$7.50, \$9, \$10, \$12.50, and \$15 each.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Headache, jaundice, biliousness, indigestion, constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, which also corrects the disorders of the stomach, stimulates the liver, and regulates the bowels.

CURE SICK HEADACHE

Headache, jaundice, biliousness, indigestion, constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, which also corrects the disorders of the stomach, stimulates the liver, and regulates the bowels.

ACHE

Is the cause of so many liver troubles, where we make our great losses. Our pills cure it while others do not.

DRUNKENNESS LIQUOR HABIT

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the slightest suspicion, and will effect a permanent and desirable cure, without any other medicine.

QUINA LAROCHE

LAROCHE'S TONIC a Stimulating Restorative, contains PERUVIAN BARK, IRON, AND PURE CATALAN WINE,

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MUSTANG LINIMENT

CURES FOOT ROT, SHOULDER-ROT, MUSCLE & FIBRE TO THE VERY BONE

Devotional.

THE BURDEN.

To every one on earth God gives a burden, to be carried down The road that lies between the cross and crown;

Not let it wholly free, He giveth one to thee. Some carry it aloft, Open and visible to any eyes,

And all may see its weight and form and size; Some hide it in their breast, And deem it thus unguessed.

Thy burden is God's gift, And it will make thee heavier calm and strong; Yet, lest it press too heavily and long, He says: Cast it on Me, And it shall ease thee.

And those who heed His voice, And seek to give it back in trustful prayer, Have quiet hearts that never can despair, And hope lights up the way Upon the darkest day.

Take thou thy burden thus Into thy hands, and lay it at His feet; And whether it be sorrow or defeat, Or pain, or sin, or care, Or leave it calmly there.

It is the lonely load That crushes out the life and light of heaven; But, borne with Him, the soul restored, forgiven, Sing out through all the days Her joy, and God's high praise.

—Marianne Farningham.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

This sentence is written of the captain of our salvation, Christ Jesus the Lord. There is in it a depth and mystery of meaning that humanity cannot fully comprehend.

It was said of Paul, at his divine call to the apostleship, "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." Such suffering came to Paul with manifold commination.

"Perfect through suffering." This is the mould in which God fashions his saints; but the suffering ones should not chide themselves, much less should they be chided by others.

The following fact from the editorial columns of the Christian Inquirer shows how the soul is perfected through suffering; but let the reader in affliction remember that the chastening even in this instance must have been at first most distressing, and in moments of weakened trust must now seem grievous.

"Recently we visited a man who for seven years has been a victim of an incurable disease. He is compelled to stay within doors, unable to walk, forced night and day to keep a sitting posture, and is poor in this world's goods.

It is certainly a critical period in the experience of the world, and especially of our own nation. In material things our people are moving, as if in an hour out of the limitations and moderation of the past into all the resources and wealth of the most luxurious nations.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY. Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Societies, etc. PULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent free.

MUSTANG LINIMENT

CURES FOOT ROT, SHOULDER-ROT, MUSCLE & FIBRE TO THE VERY BONE

GOD'S WILL.

A gentleman visited a deaf and dumb asylum, and having looked upon all the silent inmates, he was requested to ask some of them a question by writing it upon the blackboard.

"Why did God make you deaf and dumb, and me so that I could hear and speak?"

The eyes of the silent ones were filled with tears; it was a great mystery. Their cleverness made no answer, but their pety made eloquent reply.

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Marriages.

Brown—Joseph Sabath coming, Jan. 13, 1889, five miles south of Foneste, Tex. Mr. F. M. Brown and Miss Alice Jones; Dr. T. H. H. officiating minister.

Shelton—Hudson—Gus B. Shelton of Lamar county, and Miss Emma Hudson, of Grimes county, at the Baptist Church in Anderson, Grimes county, Texas, Jan. 10, 1889, by Rev. G. H. Phair.

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Obituaries.

The space allowed obituaries, twenty to twenty-five lines; or about 170 to 180 words. The privilege of extending an obituary notice, without charge, is given to those who have been members of the church for one year.

COCK—Helen Little, daughter of Dr. E. T. and M. M. Cock, was born Feb. 25, 1888, and died Dec. 19, 1888. She was a sweet and gentle child, and was a member of the church.

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COCKNEY—George W. Cockney infant son of Bitha A. and Jesse Cockney, was born Oct. 15, 1887, and died Nov. 25, 1888. Like the dew of the morning, or the flower, which openeth to shed forth its fragrance, but soon passeth away, the little one came and departed. This was the first and only bud that was permitted to brighten the home, to cheer the hearts of a young and happy father and mother. The unwelcome and ruthless hand of death plucked the little bud by the permission of Him who gave life, and in whose hands we are all, and know that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord.

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PEARLINE House Cleaning

Now is the time. Pearl line is the means. Why? Well—PEARLINE takes the drudgery right out of house-cleaning—does the work better—quicker and with less labor than anything known.

Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearl-line, or "the same as Pearl-line." IT'S FALSE!

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Plain or with Sets. Suitable for Engagement or Wedding Purposes. Nickel - \$5 to \$12 Silver - 10 to 50 Gold - 22 to 300

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GRAPE VINES, FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES. CHOICEST OLD. RAREST NEW.

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Containing about 140 pages with hundreds of illustrations. IT'S A BEAUTY! ORDER DIRECT, and the best and lowest prices, and have all commissions. Thirty-fifth year; 21 engravings, 200 acres.

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ALL THE FINEST NEW ROSES, New Hardy Flowering Plants, New Climbing Vines, New Summer Flowering Bulbs, and Japan Lilies.

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CURES RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK AND STIFF JOINTS. RUB IN HARD.

