

About the Lesson.

LESSON IX, SUNDAY, MARCH 3.
JESUS THE MESSIAH.
Mark vii:15-21.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

- 1. What time have we reached in the ministry of Jesus? The third year.
2. Had he ever asked his disciples what they thought of him? No.
3. What is the subject of this lesson? "Jesus the Messiah."
4. What is the Golden Text? "Whoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."
5. Where did the things spoken of in this lesson take place? In Cesarea Philippi.
6. What question did Jesus ask his disciples? "Whom do men say that I am?"
7. What did they answer? "Some say you are John the Baptist, some Elias, and others, one of the prophets."
8. What did he then ask them? "But whom say ye that I am?"
9. Who answered him? Peter.
10. What did he say? "Thou art the Christ?"
11. What did Jesus charge them? To tell no man.
12. What did he then teach them? That he must suffer many things, and be killed.
13. Who rebuked him? Peter.
14. What did Jesus call Peter? Satan.
15. What did he tell him to do? To get behind him.
16. What did he then do? He called the people and the disciples to him.
17. What did he tell them? That they must deny themselves, and take up the cross.
18. What question did he ask? "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"
19. What other question did he ask? "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"
20. What did he say should befall those who were ashamed of him? He would be ashamed of them.—Illustrated Lesson Quarterly.

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS.

We do not like to look at suffering in the face. A great grief which we foresee disturbs our serenity and breaks down our courage, we turn our eyes from it. From the beginning of his ministry, Jesus has had the terrible issue of his work in his thoughts. And he has maintained his calmness and his gentleness as well as his enthusiasm and his courage. He had not even a confidant who could participate in the future which he foresaw. His disciples were still too feeble for him to share such mental preoccupation with them. However, some months before his departure, the moment came when he could initiate them into his approaching sufferings and death. He began by giving them the opportunity to express their faith in his messianic dignity—a faith which distinguished them from the rest of the people; then he taught them in what sense he should be the Messiah-King, and upon what throne they should soon see him raised. And twice, in the following months, he repeated this declaration to them, which was so contrary to all that they had hoped for. The impression which this revelation made on them is expressed with ardent in Peter's exclamation: "Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee" (Matthew)—an exclamation which bursts from his genuine heart as well as from his fellow-disciples; for they all had a presentiment that in the suffering of the Master their own was involved. This result which concerns them personally Jesus does not conceal from them. In the words which he adds immediately after, he unfolds it to them distinctly: "Whoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Here is the suffering which every believer has before him if he wishes to persevere; to renounce and accept; to renounce what pleases us, to accept what displeases. To deny himself is, in fact, to take leave of his own self, to bid farewell to the pursuit of his own gratification, his well-being his ambition, and his personal advancement. To take the cross is to be willing to lie on the most painful of death-beds, by consenting, without murmuring or irritation, to all the sufferings, all the injustices, all the shame, which faithfulness to the Lord may bring upon us. And this is every day; for this accepting ought to be renewed every morning, and realized more or less every moment of the day. This is the life which Jesus promises to his own, apostles and believers. We see it; it is certainly suffering; it is certainly a prolonged death, like his own. We are undoubtedly at liberty to recoil from such a future, as Jesus himself might have recoiled from before the sacrifice which our salvation required. We can take care of ourself, spare it, care for it, adorn it, glorify it, serve it as our dearest friend. We can discard the cross by accommodating ourselves to the life and to the opinions of the world. Perhaps we shall succeed in this way; we shall obtain success; we shall gain the praises and the applause of men; perhaps we shall gain, as Jesus expressed it, the whole world; we shall see all about us disposed to flatter and to serve us; our life will resemble a flower which is fully blown. But what will be the end of all this? See the reply in I Peter i:24. "What shall it profit a man," said Jesus, "if he shall gain the whole world,

and lose his own self? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" This natural self, to whose satisfaction we have devoted everything, this selfish life, which in reality has only been pride and egotism, lying and vain appearance—this brilliant flower has expanded for a moment only, to perish immediately afterwards. Divine condemnation rests upon such a life—on this self filled with himself. And what will this self find in the goods which he has acquired, and in the homage that he has obtained, to turn aside the sentence which threatens him? To possess everything and lose himself; to gain the whole world and kill himself—what gain! Jesus has not recoiled from the sacrifice which was demanded of him, and he invites us to share it with him. By accepting it he has accomplished the salvation of the world; by accepting it we will complete our own salvation. This self which you will abandon to him by depouling it of all that belonged to it, he will clothe again with his own holiness and his own glory. Not only to the end of your life—he himself will receive you above, and will proclaim you before his God and the angels, as you have proclaimed him yours here below before the world. But already here below, in the same manner as Jesus promised it to some of those who surrounded him, you will see him come to dwell in your heart, and there realize the divine kingdom which is "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." (Rom. xiv:17). Let us have the courage, then, to look in the face, as Jesus did, the pain of the renunciation of our selfish aspirations and of the crucifying of ourselves. Let us daily advance in this path which the example of Jesus marks out for us; let us take one step to-day by some voluntary sacrifice which is agreeable to God. Let us recall that, as the apostle says, "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared to the glory which shall be revealed in us" (Rom. viii:18). If we are faithful to the end.—Dr. F. Godet in Sunday School Times.

Old and Young. A FASHIONABLE BRIDE.

Take my cloak—and now fix my veil, Jenny! How silly to cover one's face! I might as well be an old woman; But then there's one comfort—it's lace. Well, what has become of those ushers? Oh, Pa, have you got my bouquet? I'll freeze standing here in the lobby— Why doesn't the organist play? They've started at last—what a bustle! Stop, Pa—they're not far enough—wait! One minute more—now—do keep step, Pa! There, drop my trail, Jane—is it straight? I hope I look timid and shrinking; The church must be perfectly full— Good gracious! now don't walk so fast, Pa— He don't seem to think that that trains pull. The church at last—mind the step, Pa— I don't feel embarrassed at all. But, my! what's the minister saying? Oh, I know; that part 'bout St. Paul. I hope my position is graceful! How awkwardly Nellie Dane stood— Not lawfully be joined together— Now speak—as if any one would— Oh, dear! now it's my turn to answer— I wish that Pa would stand still. "Serve him, love, honor and keep him" How sweetly he says it—I will. Where's Pa? There, I knew he'd forget it. When the time came to give me away— "I, Helena, take thee—love—cherish— And"—well, I can't help it—"obey." Here, Maud, take my bouquet—don't drop it! I hope Charley's not lost the ring; Just like him—no—goodness, how heavy. It's really an elegant thing. It's a shame to kneel down in white satin— And the flowers, real old lace—but I must; I hope they have got a clean cushion. They're usually covered with dust. All over—ah! thanks, now don't fuss, Pa— Just throw back my veil. Charley—there— Oh, bother! why couldn't he kiss me Without musing up all my hair? Your arm, Charley, there goes the organ— Who'd think there would be such a crowd? Oh, I mustn't look round; I'd forgotten— See, Charley, who was it that bowed? Why—it's Nellie Alkairie, with her husband— She's awfully jealous, I know. Most of all my things were imported, And she had a home-made trousseau; And there's Annie Wheeler—Kate Hermon— I didn't expect her at all— If she's not in that same old blue satin She wore at the charity ball! Is that Fanny Wade?—Edith Parton— And Emma, and Jo—all the girls; I knew that they'd not miss my wedding— I hope they'll notice my pearls. Is the carriage there?—give me my cloak, Jane— Don't get it all over my veil— No, you take the other seat, Charley. I need all this for my trail. —George A. Baker, Jr., in N. Y. Telegram.

AUNT MARY'S CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

In a quiet little home in the country lived my Aunt Mary Hoines, whose house it was always a pleasure for me to visit. On one occasion when we were seated on the porch in the soft moonlight, I said to her: "Aunt Mary, you have often promised to tell me your religious experience, and I would like for you to begin now." "Do," said my sister Violet, who was present, "and begin with your earliest religious impressions." And with our good editor's permission, I will now give it to the young readers of the ADVOCATE, hoping that it may be a pleasure and a profit to them. "Well," said Aunt Mary, "to begin with my earliest impression, is to go back to the time when I can first remember a pious mother's holy instructions in the way of eternal life. My first ideas of heaven were a country far above this earth, beautiful beyond description, where every thing good and glorious was to be found, and which was ruled over by a great and good man, who could see everywhere, and knew all that we did. I cannot remember the time when I did not fear God and entertain a kind of sacred reverence for his holy name. But I was almost ten years of age when I be-

lieved the Holy Spirit first operated on my heart. I remember one night when my mother had read Christ's sermon on the Mount, and explained the Lord's Prayer to us, and what it was to pray in real earnest, and to pray believing with the whole heart that we should receive our desire, that I felt a strange fluttering at my heart, and that night, after I had lain my head on my pillow, I prayed to God as I never did before. The next day a seriousness pervaded my soul different from anything I had ever before experienced. The same evening at sunset I went away alone, and in the calm, peaceful twilight, knelt down and prayed to God for pardon, and I am sure that I heard me, though I did not then receive the seal of pardon, because I did not understand the plan of redemption through the suffering and death of Jesus Christ. And this is the only way a sinner can receive pardon. This was during the late cruel war, when all the men, preachers and all, were from home, and we had almost no preaching nor Sunday-schools. So, all the instructions I had were from my parents. And perhaps they thought I was too young to understand such things thoroughly. But I do not think so. And if some one had told me of the plan of redemption, as we explain it to the mourners at the altar, I am sure that I could have believed on Jesus and received the blessing much easier than I did years afterwards. Away with the idea that a child cannot become a Christian! While the heart is young and tender, and before it is marred and hardened by sin, is the time to open the door and let the Savior come in. But I have talked long enough for this time. I will tell you more to-morrow night."

KIND-HEARTED INSECTS.

The Bible has made ants famous for industry and foresight, and modern naturalists find few animals more worthy of study. These insects are not only surprisingly intelligent, but manifest a lively regard for each other's welfare, as the following incident well illustrates. It is taken from Mr. Belt's Naturalist in Nicaragua: "One day, while watching a small colony of these forging ants, I placed a little stone on one of them to secure it. The next that approached, as soon as it discovered its situation, ran back in an agitated manner, to communicate the intelligence to the others. "They rushed to the rescue. Some bit at the stone and tried to move it; others seized the prisoner by the legs and tugged with such force that I thought the legs would be pulled off, but they persevered till they got the captive free. "Next covered one up with a piece of clay, leaving only the ends of his antennae projecting. It was soon discovered by its fellows, who set to work immediately, and, by biting off pieces of the clay, soon liberated it. Another time I found a very few of them passing along at intervals. I confined one of these under a piece of clay at a little distance from the line, with its head projecting. "Several ants passed it, but at last one discovered it and tried to pull it out, but could not. It immediately set off at a great rate, and I thought it had deserted its comrade; but it had only gone for assistance, for in a short time about a dozen ants came hurrying up, evidently fully informed of the circumstances of the case, for they made directly for their imprisoned comrade, and soon set him free. "The excitement and ardor with which they carried on their unflagging exertions, could not have been greater if they had been human beings."

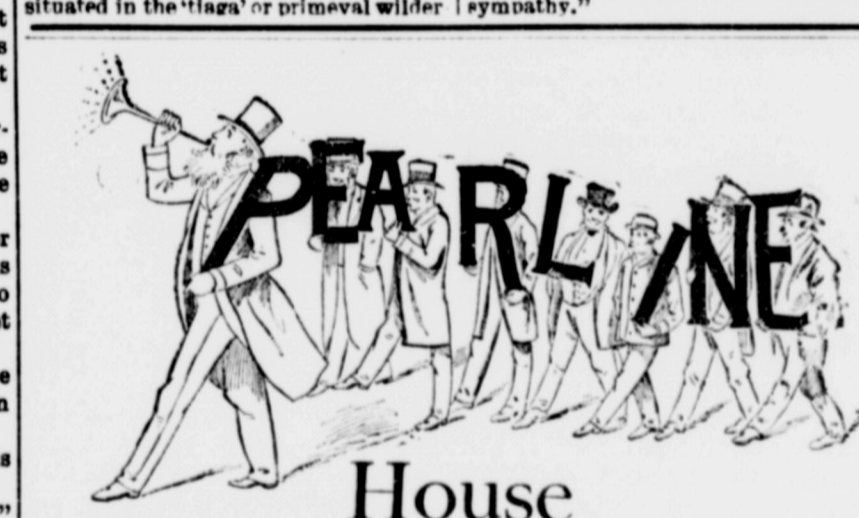
AMERICA'S WEALTH—WHY WAS IT SAVED FOR US?

The American is always supposed to enjoy considering the vastness and richness of his national domain. And truly it is a goodly sight. Go to the West at this harvest time, and we find the limitless wheat fields and the inexhaustible mines of precious ore; to the South, and the land is white with the snowy ball of the cotton plant; to the North, and the forests primeval stand in endless ranks, waiting for the woodman's ax; to the East, and the commerce and the fisheries of half a world invite the energies of our strong manhood. Why is this panoramic picture of lavish wealth unrolled before us? Has it any meaning? Had God any design in saving all this from the grasping hand of former generations and other races? Why, for thousands of years, did the Almighty cover from avaricious eyes these golden treasures, and allow a whole continent to lie fallow, and forbid the trees of a hemisphere to hear the sound of the woodman's ax? Did he have any object in all this wonderful preservation of all this wealth, and in its presentation within two centuries and a half to an English-speaking race? Unless we are utter atheists we must believe that the Creator had some design. Was it that a few rich men might grow richer, that a Vanderbilt might control a dozen railroads, that a Stewart might build a marble palace, that a hundred millionaires might have their steam yachts and tally-ho coaches? Or, to bring the matter a little nearer home, is this vast and lavish material wealth given in order that we may live more comfortably, that our tables may groan with more varied luxuries, or that our bank account may grow larger and larger? We shall make a terrible mistake if, as a people, we practically answer these questions "yes." The crops in the field, the gold in the mine, the timber in the forest, the fish

in the sea, invite us to labor for them for some good object. It will be a most benumbing, deadening, withering effect which all this wealth will have upon us, if we do not regard it as simply the medium of doing good as we have opportunity, the current change which is needed, not for selfish gratification, but for doing the Lord's work. When we come to look upon the matter in its true light, every waving field of grain says, "Use me in doing good," and the larger the harvest, the larger the letters in which this motto is written. Every mine of gold or silver or copper says, "Use us, use us, for we are given to you that you might apply us where most we are needed. Our Master and your Master desires to have us in his treasury, but he desires to have you place us there." —Golden Rule. TIM'S DOVE. One day, when little Tim was picking berries in a field, he found a dove with a broken wing. He carried it home, and bound the wing close to the dove's side with a linen band. Soon the wing was as well as ever, and the dove could fly again; but he did not want to fly away from Tim, for it had grown very tame. Tim was glad to have it stay, for he had no toys or pets. When he went to pick berries the dove would go too, perched on his shoulder. Tim named it Fairy, and taught it to come at his call and to eat from his hand. At night the dove would roost on the head of Tim's bed. Tim's mother was taken very sick. There was no one to nurse her but Tim; and when she could not eat, and began to grow worse, Tim went for a doctor. "She will get well if she has good food," said the doctor. "She must have chicken or meat broth." Tim had no money to buy meat; but all once he thought of his dove. He knew it would make good broth, but he could not bear to kill it. He saw a neighbor going by the house, and he went out and put the dove in her hands. "Please kill my dove and make my mother some broth," he said; "she is so sick." Then he ran to the house, and tried not to think of his poor little dove. He did not want his mother to see him cry, for she would have said the dove should not be killed. In about an hour the neighbor brought some good hot broth; and when Tim's mother ate it she said she felt almost well again. "You shall have some more to-morrow," said the woman. "I will make broth for you every day until you are well." Tim followed the woman to the door as she went out and said, so that his mother could not hear, that he had no more doves, and did not know how to get meat for more broth. Before the neighbor could speak there was a rustle of wings, and Fairy flew in and perched on Tim's shoulder. "Coo! coo!" she said, pecking at his cheek. "You see I did not kill your dove," said the woman. "I made the broth from a chicken, and I have plenty more at home. You were a good boy to be willing to have your pet dove killed to make broth for your mother." How happy Tim was! He loved his dove better than ever, now that he had it back again. His mother did not know until she was quite well how near she had come to eating poor little Fairy.—Our Little Ones. TWO EXILES. The following pathetic passage is from Mr. Kennan's article in the February Century: "Two of the most interesting politicians whom we met in Irkutsk were Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Cherniavski, who were banished to Siberia by administrative process in 1878. I became very well acquainted with them, and for Mrs. Cherniavski especially I came to feel the profoundest pity and regard. Few women, even in Russia, have had before the age of thirty-five so tragic and heart-breaking a life, and still fewer have maintained through hardships, sickness, and bereavement such cheerfulness and courage. She was arrested in Odessa in the early part of 1875 at the age of twenty-five about, and after a long term of imprisonment was sent by administrative process to the province of Tobolsk. In the city prison of Kiev, on her way to Siberia, she was detained for a few days, and while there was forced to be almost an eye-witness of the assassination of her dearest friend. A young man of English descent named Beverly, whom she had known from childhood, had been arrested shortly before upon the charge of living on a false passport and carrying on a revolutionary propaganda, and he was at that time in the Kiev prison. The night before Mrs. Cherniavski was to resume her journey to Siberia, Beverly, with a comrade named Izbitski, attempted to escape through a tunnel which they had succeeded in digging from their cell to a point outside the prison wall. The prison authorities, however, had in some way become aware of the existence of the tunnel, and had posted a squad of soldiers near the place where the fugitives must emerge from the ground. Late at night, when they made their appearance, they were received with a volley of musketry. Beverly was mortally wounded, and as he lay writhing on the ground he was dis-

patched by a soldier with several repeated bayonet thrusts. Izbitski, wounded and severely lacerated, was taken back into prison. The next morning when Mrs. Cherniavski started with her party for Siberia she had to march past the bloody and disfigured body of her dearest friend, in plain sight of the prison windows. "I can bear my own personal torment," she said to me with a sob as she finished the story of this tragedy, "but such things as that break my heart." "I need not recount the hardships and miseries that she, a cultivated and refined woman, endured on the road and in the roadside etapes between Kiev and the small town in the Siberian province of Tobolsk, where she and her husband had been assigned a residence. They reached their destination at last; a child was there born to them, and they lived there in something like comfort until March, 1881, when Alexander III. came to the throne, and Mr. Cherniavski was required to take the oath of allegiance. He refused to do so, and they were sent farther eastward to the town of Krasnoyarsk. A second refusal to take the oath of allegiance resulted in their being sent to Irkutsk. By this time winter had set in, and they were traveling in an open tarantass with a delicate baby thirteen months of age. It was with the greatest difficulty that Mrs. Cherniavski could keep her baby warm, and at the last station before reaching Irkutsk she removed the heavy wrappings in which she had enveloped it and found it dead. With the shock of this discovery she became delirious, and wept, sang pathetic little nursery songs to her dead child, rocked it in her arms, and prayed and cursed God by turns. In the courtyard of the Irkutsk forwarding prison, in a temperature of thirty degrees below zero, Mr. Cherniavski stood for half an hour waiting for the party to be formally received, with his wife raving in delirium beside him and his dead child in his arms. "Mrs. Cherniavski lay in the prison hospital at Irkutsk until she recovered her reason, and to some extent her strength, and then she and her husband were sent 2000 miles farther to the north-eastward under guard of gendarmes; and colonized in a Yakut settlement known as the Bataruski oolook, situated in the "lags" or primeval wilder-

ness of Yakutsk, 165 miles from the nearest town. There, suffering almost every conceivable hardship and privation, they lived until 1884, when the Minister of the Interior allowed them to return to a more civilized part of Siberia. "Mrs. Cherniavski when I made her acquaintance was a pale, delicate, hollow-cheeked woman, whose health had been completely wrecked by years of imprisonment, banishment, and grief. She had had two children, and had lost them both in exile under circumstances that made the bereavement almost intolerable; for seven years she had been separated by a distance of many thousand miles from all of her kindred; and the future seemed to hold for her absolutely nothing except the love of the husband whose exile she could still share, but whose interests she could do so little in her broken state of health to promote. She had not been able to step outside the house for two months, and it seemed to me, when I bade her good-bye, that her life of unhappiness and suffering was drawing to a close. I felt profoundly sorry for her—while listening to her story, my face was wet with tears almost for the first time since boyhood—and hoping to give her some pleasure and to show her how sincerely I esteemed her and how deeply I sympathized with her, I offered her my photograph, as the only memento I could leave with her. To my great surprise she sadly but firmly declined it, and said: 'Many years ago I had a photograph of a little child that I had lost. It was the only one in existence, and I could not get another. The police made a search one night in my house, and took away all my letters and photographs. I told them that this particular picture was the only portrait I had of my dead boy. The gendarme officer who conducted the search promised me upon his word of honor that it should be returned me, but I never saw it again. I made a vow then that it should not be possible for the Russian government to hurt me to this second time, and from that day to this I have never had a photograph in my possession.' "I do not know whether Mrs. Cherniavski is now living or dead; but if she be still living, I trust that these pages may find their way to her and show her that on the other side of the world she is still remembered with affectionate sympathy."



House Cleaning. Now is the time. Pearlina 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. Besides it saves the worst of the wear by doing away with the rubbing. It cleans furniture—paint—carpets, without taking them up—pictures—glass—marble—bath tubs—anything—everything—nothing too coarse nothing too fine for PEARLINE. You'll appreciate this fact best by giving it a fair trial. House-cleaning time will pass so smoothly the men folks will not suspect its presence. Beware of cheap imitations which claim to be Pearlina, or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE. They are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold only by the regular purveyors. Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

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Advertisement for ANGLLO-TEXAN LAND AND LOAN COMPANY, Real Estate Bought and Sold in All Parts of the State. MONEY LOANED. AUCTION: OF: LOTS: EVERY: SATURDAY. 110 Sycamore St., bet. Main and Elm, DALLAS, TEXAS.

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eighty five per cent. of all assessments. If the Lord wills we hope to be able to report a greater increase at the close of this year. This mission embraces a large belt of rich though sparsely inhabited territory principally in the extreme northwest corner of the North Texas Conference, in Clay county, with six appointments and eighty members.

John W. McMahon, Feb. 19: Our first quarterly conference is over. Rev. Jos. B. Sears, the presiding elder, was present, carefully looking after all the interests of this charge. Bro. S. preached for us four times. Each sermon was with wisdom and power from on high. The 11 a. m. service Sunday morning was, indeed, "a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

S. H. Brown, Feb. 22: Our first quarterly meeting was held at Moore's schoolhouse, 15th and 17th. Rev. J. F. Follen, presiding elder, present and gave us a grand sermon on "the glorious gospel." Though it was the happy day they gave way and their preaching and people were in full force.

S. W. Miller, Feb. 17, 1889.—I have a word that reaches from Sanger to Tyoga, and from Gainesville to Pilot Point. And while it is not on its back (as Bro. Smith stated twelve months ago), yet it will be no less a word to you.

Symptoms of Cataract. A profuse and many times excessively offensive discharge, when dripping up of the nose, and impairment of the sense of smell and taste, watering or weak eyes, impaired hearing, irregular appetite, occasional nausea, pressure and pain over the eyes, and at times in the back of the head, occasional chilly sensations, cold feet, and a feeling of lassitude and debility, are symptoms which are common to cataract, and all of these are not present in every case.

Count up the cost of a brainless, ill-natured fat cat and for will be found to be much greater than the price of a barrel of pork!

Some time ago I put a notice in the Advocate, asking if who have described would like to see the transform into brass. We are apt to shut our eyes while colds, catarrh or consumption are getting the better of us, hoping not when our plain duty is to get some remedy like the Golden Medical Discovery of Dr. Pierce, and take it. We should not listen to the song of the siren, but rather heed the lowly voice of "Aunt Sarah" in the living present. That means before it is too late. The "Discovery" is one of the great successes of the age—safe, pleasant remedy to take, and can be had of all druggists. It is guaranteed to benefit or cure, or money paid for it will be refunded.

Linden. R. A. Morris, Feb. 18: Our first quarterly meeting was held at Douglasville, Feb. 10, 1889, and it was a time of rejoicing. C. B. Booth, in charge of the Rusk circuit, Palestine, Texas. U. B. Phillips, P. E.

A PLEASING SENE. Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when constive or bilious. For sale in 50 and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

Colorado. Abe Mulkey, Feb. 24: We spent eight days in McKinney. The meeting was a success before we reached there. We arrived in Colorado City Friday 22: were received with a hearty welcome. Unity among the brethren prevailed, have crowded houses, patient hearers, quite a number of conversions, and forty-three accessions to churches so far.

Annals. A Methodist, Feb. 25: I listened to a very impressive sermon on last Sabbath by our presiding elder, Bro. Armstrong. How I thank God for such a message to me! The congregation was much smaller than usual on account of the severe weather, yet good work was done.

When disease racks the frame, when sores cover the person, when aches are in every joint, when the muscles are soft and flabby, when the least exertion gives fatigue, when the mind is filled with gloom and despondency, what is there in life worth living, and yet to last?

MINUTES OF TEXAS CONFERENCE. At the suggestion of the editor of the Advocate, some of the brethren are calling my attention to some mistakes in the minutes of the Texas Conference, for which they have my thanks.

Deaths. [These send notices of deaths of Methodists and other prominent people.] DIED, in Marshall, Texas, Feb. 17, 1889, T. A. ARDIS, aged forty-four years.

THE Mutual Life Insurance Company, since its organization in 1843, has paid to its policyholders \$272,481,839.22. The wonderful growth of the company is due in a large degree to the freedom from restriction and the secure conditions in the contract and to the opportunities for investment which are offered in addition to indemnity in case of death.

Woman (to tramp)—So you want a drink of some kind? I'll get you something nice. (She brings it to him.) There, drink that! Tramp (suspiciously)—What is it? Woman—It's a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen. Tramp (ungratefully)—Oh! I can't drink plain Old Tom, but I s'pose them fancy brands is 'gud enuff so long as they're gin.

SHERMAN, TEXAS, Jan. 4, 1889. A. B. Richards Med. Co.: Gentlemen—I take pleasure in stating your "Hunt's Cure" proved very effective in curing a very severe Ringworm of about a year's standing, after several other remedies had entirely failed. Respectfully, H. S. HYNEMAN.

Mr. Fooks (to Mrs. Ham-Canvass of Chicago)—You didn't stay in Paris long, Mrs. Ham-Canvass (with a sigh)—Not long. Just as I got to feel at home and like a genuine Parisite Mr. Ham-Canvass had to go back home.

ACHING Sides and Back. Aching Stides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Sharp, and Weakening Pains, relieved in one minute by the new Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster and only one cent.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS. GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878. THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS. Pastor's Memorandum Book. PRICE 25 CENTS. SHAW & BLAYLOCK, DALLAS, TEXAS.

RUSK CIRCUIT. I have employed Rev. J. D. Luker as junior preacher to travel in connection with T. A. Booth, in charge of the Rusk circuit, Palestine District, East Texas Conference. U. B. PHILLIPS, P. E. PALESTINE, TEXAS.

NOTICE. Any one knowing the whereabouts of Wyatt Harper will confer a great favor by dropping me a card. When last heard from he was near Bonham, Texas. He left there about five months ago. ROBERT J. DICKES, CUBRO, TEXAS, Feb. 23, 1889.

Cameron District Conference. The Cameron District Conference will meet at Rockdale, Milam county, June 26, 1889, at eight o'clock p. m. The opening sermon will be preached at that hour by Rev. U. H. Brooks, of Martin station. The program is laid down in Di-cipline and will be carried out, emphasizing such points as the Holy Ghost may suggest. FRED L. ALLEN, P. E. WANTED, Two Travelling Salesmen.

The widows of the war are dying off at the rate of 600 a year. Keep a good supply of feed.



An Important Errand. "Now, my child, I have given you a dollar, with which to buy me a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's. Do not take anything else. You remember, it is the medicine which did mamma so much good a year ago—my favorite spring medicine." "Is it 'Hood's Sarsaparilla' mamma?" "Yes, dear, Hood's Sarsaparilla gives full value for the money, and is always reliable."

Be Sure to Get Hood's. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Fig-wort, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, unknown to any other medicine, and giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers.

What is CASTORIA? Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints—Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

THE SAN MARCOS Sunday-School Assembly AND SUMMER INSTITUTE. (The Original CHAUTAUQUA Enterprise of Texas.) WILL HOLD ITS FIFTH ANNUAL SESSION AT SAN MARCOS. Beginning WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26 and continuing through JULY 31, 1889.

THE BEST Wind Mill AND PUMPS. For the Farmer or the Ranchman. Wind Mill outfits at bottom prices for CASH; or we will sell on instalments. You can surely buy a MILL AND PUMP of us if you need one. Write us if you want any kind of Machinery—Steam, Wind or Horse-Power. Catalogues and prices sent on application. Address: THE PANHANDLE MACHINERY & IMPROVEMENT CO., FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

We send our New Improved Patent Catalogue to any address. It contains a large variety of styles and patterns of GENUINE DIAMOND Pins, Nags, Collar Buttons, Rings, Hair Pins, Bar Rings, etc. We send Diamond mail at our risk on receipt of order, or by express, if desired. For further particulars please write us, stating what you want. C. S. & S. B. CO., 622 W. Main Street, LOUISVILLE, KY.

ESTEY PIANOS & ORGANS are the best and cheapest because they excel and outwear all others. Sold at low prices on time or for cash. Fully warranted. Send for illustrated catalogue. ESTEY & CAMP, 916 & 918 Olive St., ST. LOUIS. ESTEY'S PATENT PAPER.

The Book of Books for Agents. "Mary, Queen of the House of David and Mother of Jesus." One of the sublimest productions of the century. It is a sight to every town and county. Send for terms now. Address THE DALLAS PUBLISHING CO., Dallas, Texas.

AUSTIN STANDARD POULTRY RANCH. Headquarters in the South for Pure-Bred Fowls and Eggs for Hatching. Ten leading varieties. Circular free to any address. VOMERS P. BROWN, Austin, Texas. Lock Box 251.

Visit Our Silk Dept. This Week. SANGER BROS. Elm, Main & Lamar Sts. New Goods Arriving Every Day. TO PUSH SALES BETWEEN SEASONS WE SHALL OFFER IN OUR SILK DEPARTMENT, FOR A FEW DAYS ONLY. FOUR SPECIAL BARGAINS. 22 INCH CHINA SILK PER YARD 35 Cts. 60 Cts. 65 Cts. 85 Cts. Among late arrivals we note new lines of CHINA SILKS In Printed and solid. Bengalines, Checked and Plaid SILKS PEKIN Fasonne. Silk Brocades ETC. 21-INCH INDIA BROCADE, 50 CENTS A YARD. TO FARMERS ONLY. The Mammoth King Corn, as represented by this, is the largest corn in the world. It has produced 200 bushels per acre in a full crop for one season on 16 inches long, weighing 1 1/2 pounds.

MEMPHIS KING CORN. Large starting package FREE to all brother farmers. Send stamps for mailing to C. E. COLE, BUCKNER, MO. Also the wonderful prolific flour corn, as white as snow, makes flour equal to wheat, and the best raising ears in the world—yields 3 times more than other corn; besides an enormous quantity of soft, sweet stalks and fodder that hogs and stock eat up clean.

\$300 REWARD FOR A LOST GIRL. The sum offered to the first person reporting where in the state the said girl is first heard, will be \$300. If more than one person reports the girl, the reward will be divided equally among them. The girl is about 15 years of age, has blue eyes, black hair, and is of a fair complexion. She is a native of the State of Missouri, and is a member of the Young Ladies' Mission, Kansas City, Mo. (National Standard)

NEW GREEN WINTER ONION BURPEE'S BURPEE'S WHITE GEM WATERMELON. NEW MID-SUMMER LETTUCE. THE 3 RARE NOVELTIES FOR 1889. W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Seedsmen. Nos. 475-477 N. 5th St. and 476-478 York Ave., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Commercial College of Baylor University. INSTITUTE OF PENMANSHIP AND SHORT HAND. Has the latest and most approved course of instruction, both in theory and actual Business Practice. Each teacher is a specialist in his department.

CANTON CLIPPER PLOWS ARE WARRANTED THE BEST. BLACKLAND PLOWS IN THE WORLD. ARCHITECTS. J. S. MOAD, Architect and Building Superintendent of fifteen years' experience. Plans and specifications furnished on short notice. 725 Main Street, Dallas, Texas. W. S. STERNETT, MONROE FULKERSON, STERRETT & FULKERSON, ARCHITECTS. Will practice in all parts of the State. No trouble to give any information on planning, contracts, etc.

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Advertisement for RADWAY'S READY RELIEF, featuring a large 'R' logo and text describing its effectiveness for various pains.

Textual advertisement for a music teacher, mentioning 'Are You a Music Teacher?' and listing various musical methods.

Advertisement for EASTER MUSIC, including details about sheet music and services for churches and schools.

Advertisement for Pianos and Organs, featuring the name 'JESSE FRENCH' and 'CARTER'S'.

Advertisement for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, highlighting its benefits for liver and digestive health.

Advertisement for CURE HEADACHE, describing the symptoms it treats and the ease of use.

Advertisement for MUSTANG LINIMENT, listing various ailments it cures such as rheumatism and sprains.

Devotional section titled 'WITH GOD' containing religious reflections and prayers.

Section titled 'ELISHA'S DOUBLE PORTION OF THE SPIRIT' discussing the biblical story and its spiritual implications.

Section titled 'SCHOOL MUSIC TEACHERS' providing information and resources for educators.

Section titled 'EASTER SERVICES' detailing church programs and music for the Easter season.

Section titled 'Pianos and Organs' listing various models and prices.

Section titled 'CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS' with detailed testimonials and usage instructions.

Section titled 'CURE HEADACHE' with a list of symptoms and a simple remedy.

Section titled 'MUSTANG LINIMENT' with a list of ailments it treats and where to purchase it.

Section titled 'RELIGION AND BUSINESS' discussing the intersection of faith and professional life.

Section titled 'MARRIAGES' listing recent nuptials and church ceremonies.

Section titled 'OBITUARIES' reporting on the deaths of several individuals.

Section titled 'MARRIAGES' (continued) listing more wedding announcements.

Section titled 'OBITUARIES' (continued) reporting on more deaths.

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Section titled 'OBITUARIES' (continued) reporting on more deaths.

Section titled 'OBITUARIES' reporting on the death of J. J. F. Behrens.

Section titled 'OBITUARIES' reporting on the death of Elizabeth Williams.

Section titled 'OBITUARIES' reporting on the death of Gustave D. Horton.

Section titled 'OBITUARIES' reporting on the death of William B. Pybas.

Section titled 'OBITUARIES' reporting on the death of North Carolina.

Section titled 'OBITUARIES' reporting on the death of Walter Harriet S. Sandel.

Section titled 'OBITUARIES' reporting on the death of Bro. C. W. Howell.

Section titled 'OBITUARIES' reporting on the death of Don A. T. Woods.

Section titled 'OBITUARIES' reporting on the death of Emma Jane Cland.

Section titled 'OBITUARIES' reporting on the death of Bro. J. O. Jinks.

Section titled 'OBITUARIES' reporting on the death of Bro. J. H. Simpson.

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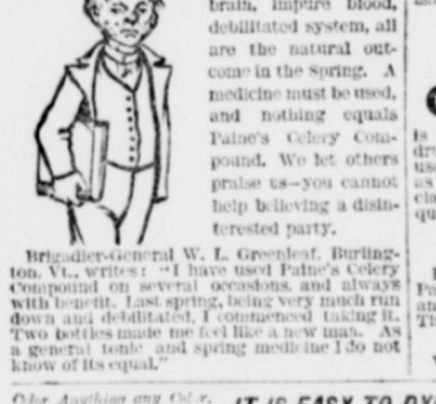
Section titled 'OBITUARIES' reporting on the death of Bro. J. H. Simpson.

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Spring Disorders



Textual advertisement for Paine's Celery Compound, describing its benefits for various ailments.

ROSES AND SEEDS



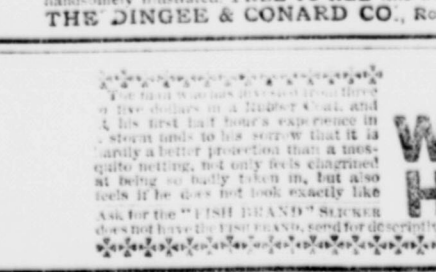
Textual advertisement for Young's Roses and Plants, listing various varieties and prices.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S



Textual advertisement for The Dingee & Conard Co's roses and seeds.

ROSES AND SEEDS



Textual advertisement for The Dingee & Conard Co's roses and seeds.

BRYANT & STRATTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

Textual advertisement for Bryant & Stratton Business College, listing courses and location.

Textual advertisement for Bryant & Stratton Business College, listing courses and location.

HENRY LINDENMEYR, Paper Ware House

Textual advertisement for Henry Lindenmeyr, Paper Ware House, listing products and prices.

Textual advertisement for Henry Lindenmeyr, Paper Ware House, listing products and prices.

TREES

Textual advertisement for trees, listing various types and prices.

Textual advertisement for trees, listing various types and prices.

