

The Texas Christian Advocate.

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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF ALL THE TEXAS AND THE NEW MEXICO CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

TO PREACHERS, \$1.00.

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DALLAS, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1895.

NO. 46.

Editorial.

A NORTHERN THREAT.

Zion's Herald, having heard that there was some discrimination against the negro at the International Epworth League Conference, started an inquiry to ascertain the facts, and promising, if it were true, to draw its sword and put in a few trenchant thrusts where they would do the most good. The editor wrote and telegraphed with an industry worthy of a better cause. The parties to whom he propounded his questions were, no doubt, tremendously startled, and made all haste to answer and pacify the irate censor in Boston. They felt like Mrs. Quickly if Sir John Falstaff had been in "a towering rage." "Do, gentlemen, sweethearts, disown the noble knight, for there is no telling what mischief may be done if once his weapon is out." They responded satisfactorily, whereupon Dr. Parkhurst remarks: "We must confess that the case was neither so serious, grave or pronounced as we had been led to suppose." Whereupon the doughty doctor returns his sword to its scabbard, and the lion of the tribe of the Puritans seeks his lair for a gentle doze. A word of advice to conventions and conferences in the future: Boys, don't rub Parkhurst's hair the wrong way. When dealing with the negro, get his advice first, and stick to it with undeviating punctiliousness.

One of Zion's Herald's correspondents, however, is an ardent believer in the *les talians* and hopes, when the Southern Epworth League goes North in 1897, to retaliate. He says the Northern delegates submitted at Chattanooga to discriminations against the negro because the South was host and this was a Southern custom. But wait, Leaguers, until you go North! Then we will teach you a lesson or two in manners and in morals. Hear the Rev. H. E. Foss, of Bangor, Maine:

Two years hence we meet at Toronto, and two years later at some Northern and probably Eastern city. On both occasions the local arrangements will fall to us, and our Southern brethren will be quite likely to run up against one or two of our customs in regard to the treatment of our colored brethren with a great thump; and that thump, in '97 and '99, will help the colored Epworthians six years hence in the South more than hours of platform oratory and columns of newspaper denunciation now. Let us go slow, and be wise if we can.

We trust that all the delicate Southern Leaguers will begin in advance to pad themselves, so that the running up against certain "Northern customs with a great thump" will not dislocate the bones or abrade the skin. We suggest pneumatic cushions. This Bangor, Maine, man means just this: When the Southern Leaguers go North they shall be compelled to swallow the negro unceremoniously. The Maine man does not even propose to grease him or pin his ears back as a preparatory process. But Southerners have cast-iron stomachs and can eat anything. Such a prospect of ecclesiastical or social cannibalism will not "phase" an enthusiastic Leaguer. On to Bangor! H. E. Foss is a model host.

If future International Epworth League Conferences are to be made occasions for rebuking the so-called high caste notions of the South, and to be utilized as opportunities for promoting the social equality of the negro, then we are most emphatically and unreservedly opposed to them. If the programme of the Maine man is to be adopted, then no self-respecting Southern Leaguer will attend, and, furthermore, no General Epworth League Secretary who is worthy of his office will seek to lead our young people into such a snare and slough. Until the negro is eliminated and relegated to an independent and unmixed organization, there will be neither federation, union, fraternity, nor any other species of closer identification between the Methodists of America, young or old. To talk about any blending of the two Methodisms with such a grave problem imminent is not optimism, but downright foolery. The hearts of the two Methodisms may yearn toward each other, and happy orators, on stated occasions, may speak mellifluous words, but there will never be any drawing together of the camps of American Wesleyans until the negro element is finally and fully expunged from the

controversy. Unless our Northern brethren are willing to this we may just as well put out our council fires and wind up the negotiations.

This Northern threat upon which we have commented is significant, and reveals, we fear, the animus of the whole section. If our papers and orators would cease to indulge in glittering generalities, which, of course, we can all endorse, and begin to discuss the real difficulties with brotherly plainness of speech, we may reasonably hope for some future adjustment of our difficulties. Rhetoric and gush are unavailing in such a case.

PLUCK AND SUCCESS.

S. S. McClure, the editor and proprietor of McClure's Magazine, is reported in the Advance to have said: "That I have done four things in my life without money; gone through college, started a literary syndicate, founded a magazine, and crossing the sea was the other. McClure's Magazine in point of literary quality and artistic illustration is the peer of the best. Its wide circulation and great popularity attest the talent and enterprise of the founder. It is a revelation of what pluck and industry can do. Beginning life with only an education and energy, he has forged his way to the front, and his example ought to be an inspiration to others. He solved the problem of getting a collegiate education without funds and fought his way to success with all the odds against him. When we finished reading the article, a fine record of heroic struggle and ultimate victory, we could not but exclaim: Let no boy in America despair. Coiled in the cells of every human brain there is a well-nigh illimitable power, and treasured in the depths of every human heart there is an inexhaustible fund of enthusiasm, and when the former is unlocked and the latter is evoked by some great duty or heroic undertaking, barriers melt like the morning dew and incalculable is the result. No one realizes what potentialities lie wrapped within him, or what golden opportunities float invisible about him until some such signal illustration as the one mentioned above makes him conscious of the one, and rends the veil and discloses the other. The trouble is not with our environment, though it is the fallacy of life to suppose so. The trouble is in that spiritlessness and lack of faith which are content to whine and inveigh against the order of life. We repeat, let no young man despair. Intelligence, earnestness and volition constitute an incalculable trinity whose aid every one can invoke. The grand possibilities of life are not exhausted, and the heroisms of the past can be duplicated. We trust that those who are struggling for an education, or for entrance into professional or business life, will heed the lesson we have tried to teach. There should be no arguing against Heaven's hand or will. There should be no bating a jot of heart or hope. But still bear up and press right on, as John Milton said he did. In God's wide plan of the world there is a place and a career for every man, and the eye which never slumbers nor sleeps will watch over him, and the hand which guardeth the heavens will lead him to the goal."

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Leland Stanford, of California, built and endowed a great university as a memorial of his deceased son. The Leland Stanford Junior University has already achieved a continental reputation. The United States Government has a claim against the Stanford estate and has recently instituted suit to recover the alleged amounts, thus temporarily embarrassing the institution. Thus far the Government has been defeated, and it is generally believed that the estate will finally win. When Mrs. Georgia orchard is worth a section of the university would be tied up for a time at least by this litigation, she resolved to visit Europe and put her jewels, valued at \$1,500,000, upon the market in order to procure money with which to carry on the great educational enterprise projected by her husband. Her collection is a very fine one, and it must have taken a great deal of love and loyalty to the cause of education to have induced her to part with these things which women so generally prize. The truth is, it is a very conspicuous example

of broad, public spirit and an altogether noteworthy event. Such a phenomenal occurrence deserves to be chronicled, and the significance of it pointed out. There is a deep lesson in it, and a title of such noble enthusiasm and large-hearted generosity would put our Southern edgewise upon a firm foundation and qualify them for a hitherto undreamed-of career of usefulness. This friend of higher education not only gives her abundance, but is willing to surrender those peculiarly feminine possessions which, like keepsakes and heirlooms, have a doubly precious value. We note this good example and commend this transcendent benevolence to others with the earnest hope that they will bear abundant fruit, and that Texas Methodists, stimulated thereby, will speedily furnish the funds which are necessary for the enlargement and equipment of our own schools.

THE BOSTON EDIT.

On the Fourth of July the local lodges of the Patriotic Sons of America of Boston, Mass., concluded to have a street parade and other exercises. When it became known that the celebration was to be thoroughly American and Protestant fears were entertained that foreigners and Catholics might be tempted to interfere. The procession started out with a guard of 200 policemen. In a little while the Catholic element inaugurated a riot wherein one man was killed and four wounded, and the antagonisms between the two parties involved intensified. We make two remarks:

First, the spirit of lawlessness is rampant, and is not sectional. The anarchy which manifests itself in some portions of the South is duplicated in certain sections of the North. The devil of lawlessness is a continental devil, and rams at will all over America. Let no one section reproach another for the crimes of which it is equally guilty.

Second, the foreign-born and native Catholic element, owing allegiance to a power beyond the seas, and dominated by a combination of ecclesiastics out of sympathy with distinctly American institutions, needs constant watching and stern repression by the law. We confess to a hearty sympathy for all those associations which have for their object the preservation of America for Americans.

THE TEXAS FRUIT PALACE.

On July 17th, in the city of Tyler, Texas, a fruit exhibition on an immense scale began. It will last two weeks, and gives every promise of being a great success. It has been admirably planned. The grounds are ample, laid out by experienced landscape gardeners, and beautified with grass, flowers and water. The buildings are spacious and admirably adapted to the purpose, and will be filled with specimens of all the fruits grown in the State. The capacity of Texas for stock-growing, agriculture and such like has been abundantly demonstrated and illustrated. But hitherto Texas as a fruit-growing State has been neglected. But the enterprising citizens of Tyler, the metropolis of Eastern Texas, have resolved to wipe off this reproach and to show the wondrously fine advantages of the State along this line. They deserve to be congratulated, and we sincerely trust the enterprise will prove a great success. Every man in Texas who owns a home, or who ever expects to own one, ought to visit this exhibition. It will prove an education, and probably a stimulus to fruit-growing upon his own grounds. This is the greatest deficiency in Texas today, the lack of orchards and fruit. This is the thing which makes many of the old States, which are comparatively barren, so attractive and desirable, viz.: the abundance and variety of the most delicious fruit in the world. A first-class Georgia orchard is worth a section of the university would be tied up for a time at least by this litigation, she resolved to visit Europe and put her jewels, valued at \$1,500,000, upon the market in order to procure money with which to carry on the great educational enterprise projected by her husband. Her collection is a very fine one, and it must have taken a great deal of love and loyalty to the cause of education to have induced her to part with these things which women so generally prize. The truth is, it is a very conspicuous example

fruits upon which we feasted in boyhood have long since been ruled from the category of the attainable. We trust this fruit show in Tyler will inaugurate a new era, and that the restless, wandering population of the West will settle down permanently at last, build and beautify millions of happy homes, and with gardens, orchards, flowers, and all the accessories of comfortable domestic life, spend the remainder of life in plenty and in peace. In addition to the colossal and magnificent display of fruit, there will be music and various forms of innocent amusement, and we trust that hundreds and thousands will avail themselves of this opportunity for recreation and knowledge.

CONNECTIONAL NEWS.

Barber & Smith publish the following request and statement in the Christian Advocate, Nashville:

Will the Chairman of the Joint Boards of Finance please take to us promptly the number of conference claimants in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South? Superannuated preachers, and the widows and orphans of deceased traveling preachers, are claimants. All of these are sharers in the promise of the Publishing House; widows and orphans only being claimants on the Calvin Fund. If a superannuated preacher has a family he only is to be counted in the case of a deceased preacher his widow and his children are to be counted. The Book Committee have appropriated \$20,000 out of the produce of the Publishing House for conference claimants this present year.

The alumni of Emory College propose to establish and endow a professorship. Within a brief time they secured \$45. The enterprise will be pushed and no doubt succeed.

GENERAL CHURCH NEWS.

Immense crowds from all over America attended the Christian Endeavor meeting in Boston, Mass., last week. There was an elaborate programme finely executed. The enthusiasm was great, and the devotional spirit reached high tide. The occasion was unanimously voted a success. The scenes at the International Epworth League Conference in Chattanooga were repeated. There were songs, shouts, speeches, sermons, handshaking, the passing of resolutions condemning evils, the proposal of new enterprises and fresh consecration to the Master's service.

We note that the flag for the great proportionate increase in the number of local societies was won by the Assiniboine Indians in the far Northwest of British America.

It took three great auditoriums, to accommodate the congregations. Twenty-five thousand people attending a religious service at one time is phenomenal. The following statements were taken from the Secretary's report:

A total of 11,229 societies, with an individual membership from every clime and every nation, with skins of varying color, of which 180 are red, 20,300 are yellow, 109,100 are black, and 2,372,000 are white, in all a great interracial brotherhood of 2,473,700.

The total amount as reported on the roll of honor is \$149,719.25. In addition to this amount of money, which has been given by these 551 societies that we have enrolled upon the roll of honor, we find that \$100,881.45 has been given by these same societies for "Christ and the Church" in other ways, making a total of \$250,600.70.

Sunday was a great day in Boston, the visiting preachers filling the various pulpits. Some of the delegations emphasized their ideas of Sabbath observance by refusing to patronize the street cars. They walked to Church and created somewhat of a sensation by so doing. There were 50,000 visitors in Boston. It was a notable gathering in every way.

Outlook.

The story of a wonderful work for humanity in the German capital has just come to our knowledge. It is surely worth more than a passing notice. Berlin is a city of over 1,600,000 inhabitants, and is almost entirely without means of transportation except cabs—the steam trams being run only to the suburbs. It is said that in that city there are 20,000 cabs, all numbered, and that each driver is obliged to wait on and return to a certain corner. The cabsmen are paid very small wages and have very long hours. Their only places of recreation are the beer gardens, to which they invariably resort. The condition of these men has attracted the attention of a woman, who, we are told by a writer in the Interior, has relations to Germany, England and America. She is a German Baroness, whose English husband was at one time pastor of the

American Church at Berlin. With her husband she devised a plan for brightening the dreary lives of the Berlin cabsman, and now, it is said, she has under her care twelve hundred cabsmen and their families, in all about ten thousand souls. The cabstands are regularly visited in winter by carts which serve hot coffee, and in summer ice-cold water; provision is also made for supplying the men with good literature while they are waiting at the stands, and four little-women cooperate in this work.

THE PRESS.

Zion's Herald, commenting upon the recent Chattanooga Convention, says:

The hope of the organic union of the Methodists crept into the speeches of perhaps three-fourths of the speakers, while an equal proportion prophesied that the Epworth movement would bring about this result, and that this convention would be a potent factor towards this end.

Some believe that it is a movement purposely designed to manipulate and prepare the coming generations for that very event. And they do not rejoice over it.

The Christian Advocate, Nashville, takes the Western Christian Advocate to task as follows:

The Western Christian Advocate is much disturbed because "the color line" was drawn in the recent Epworth League Conference at Chattanooga. It says: "No doubt—and there's the shame and pity of it—that if any protest had been made, it would have disrupted the Convention unless it had been brought forward by the Epworthers of the Church, South, but those failed to see and seize their opportunity to lead the children of Israel into the promised land of Christian equality."

The naughty Southerners! Such reproaches are not worthy of fraternal fellowship. But what shall we say of the cowardly Northerners who dare not even enter a "protest" for fear of "disrupting" something? Between the two, honors are even. Once more, though not finally, we wish to remark—"and our language it is plain"—that the organ of a Church which sets off its colored people into separate conferences ought to be a little modest in criticizing other people for following such an example. But it may be answered that the colored people were set off at their own instance. If so, we reply that no man who is thoroughly acquainted with negro character believes such a statement to be true. The ultimate purpose of the policy in question was to open the way, if possible, for the extension of the "white work" (sic) of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the southern States.

The Independent congratulates the Baptists of Georgia as follows:

We were not misinformed in the statement that came to us in reference to negro preachers being admitted to theological lectures at Mercer University with white men. President J. B. Gambrell writes:

"Mercer University holds a lecture course for preachers in the winter, continuing two months. To these lectures last winter quite a number of negroes were admitted to hear and to note the lectures just as their white brethren did."

These are Southern Baptists; and the righteousness of this courtesy, we trust, will not continue for many years a matter of remark or surprise. They order this matter differently in Florida.

The Independent does not, however, see the point. If it supposes that these negro preachers were in the lecture room sitting side by side with the white, it is egregiously mistaken. If the Independent had been present it would have seen this: The negroes either in the rear of the house to themselves, or in a gallery with the "color line" rigidly drawn. We are surprised to see the Independent so lacking in discernment.

Perhaps those who have been somewhat agitated over the word "obey" in the marriage service may be interested in the appended quotation:

Rev. E. J. Hardy writes in the London Queen: "The word 'obey' had not as great terrors for our Queen when she was going to be married as it is for the 'new woman' among her subjects. When arranging about the service, the Archbishop of Canterbury asked her majesty whether it would be desirable to omit the word 'obey,' and she answered, 'I wish to be married as a woman, not as a Queen.' Some of her majesty's subjects are not as subject as she was in this respect. They do desire to exercise sovereignty over their husbands, and do not prefer to reign through service. At a recent wedding, when the clergyman read the words, 'love, honor and obey,' the bridegroom interrupted him and said: 'Read that again, said read it once mo', so's de lady kin katch de full solemnity of de meaning. I've been married here for three or four times (it does not matter which, except to himself), said: 'My first wife cured me of romances, my second taught me humility, and my third made me a philosopher. None of these wives could have caught the full solemnity of the vows

they took when they were being married. The second question of consent and obedience was settled by Spurgeon in a characteristic way. In an address at the marriage of the daughter of a friend, he spoke thus to the bride about her future work: 'Let him be the head, and as you be the neck, and turn him which way you please.'

The Rev. J. H. Sparks, a similar word thus:

Happy the day when the Church will not be compelled to take the initiative in every good and common-sense reform. An urgency of this nature is to be seen in Illinois. Here the law is enforced through a law in the State Assembly requiring all shops of their craft to close on Sunday. At a mass-meeting in Chicago, five hundred laborers bound themselves to support the law and called upon the clergy to lend their moral aid in seeing the measure enforced.

PERSONAL.

TEXAS.

Rev. R. D. Moon, of Ferris, made a pleasant call at the Advocate office this week.

A note from Rev. H. T. Cunningham informs us of his transfer from the West Texas Conference to the North Mississippi Conference. The Advocate wishes him prosperity and success in his new field.

Rev. E. C. McVoy, editor of our Epworth League Department, on his return from the Chattanooga Conference, stopped at Mansfield, La., and spent a pleasant time at his old home visiting his father and his old friends. Bro. McVoy expects to reach Alvin the latter part of this week. In a private note from Mansfield he says: "I am enjoying my visit here very much, and think I am improving. I certainly appreciate the rest."

Rev. E. L. Spragins, of First Church, preached against the prize fight last Sunday morning. We dare say he made some telling points and scored a success. His enthusiasm is regulated by wisdom, and when thoroughly in earnest he is a formidable opponent. Bro. Spragins voiced the sentiments of the best element in Dallas. His sermon was endorsed by his Church. The pulpit is destined to be a breakwater against the incoming floods of vice.

The Dallas Morning News, commenting upon a sermon of our Temple pastor, says: "A vigorous pulpit crusade against the common evils as practiced in all lively cities has been inaugurated by the pastor of the First Methodist Church, Rev. Sam P. Wright. Mr. Wright has sailed into the glaring violations of the law without gloves and announces a determination to bring to the realization of the good people the enormities of crime committed and to so awaken public sentiment that there will be a moral upheaval. He has commenced by denouncing the members of his own flock. The Sunday soda fountains and cigar cases, as well as the brethren who patronize them, received last Sunday a shock that closed the fountains and cases up immediately after services."

Christian Advocate, Nashville, contains the following note from Rev. D. E. Timmons, of Palestine: "What a blessed thing it is to fear God and regard man. I have been with good people for several days. On my way from Palestine, Texas, to Chattanooga, to attend the Epworth Conference, I was taken violently ill. When I reached this place, Nashville, I could go no farther; got off and took up quarters at the Nicholson House, kept by A. M. Hancock, the 'superior' hotel keeper. The brethren called to see me, both pastors and laymen and drummers; so many courtesies were shown. Some called twice a day, among them Dr. J. D. Earles. I mention especially, Dr. Trawick took charge of the case. I could not have fallen in better hands. More earnestness and energy and skill could not have been bestowed. May the benediction of the great and good Father of us all abide with them. I am now up again and on my way home."

We clip the following from the Daily Messenger of Troy, Ala.: Dr. G. W. Briggs, of Texas, who has been ill for some weeks at the home of his brother, Rev. A. J. Briggs, in this city, was out today looking strong and well. He has been a constant sufferer for years, at times almost an invalid, with no hope of relief save through the skill of modern surgery. At his request, Drs. Brown and Beard undertook the operation, which they successfully performed on the 13th of last month. For so critical an operation, Dr. Briggs' rapid recovery is most unusual. He had not a moment's fever from the beginning, was always able to receive his friends, and now on the twentieth day goes forth strong and well. We congratulate not only him and his friends here and in Texas, but his faithful and skillful physicians on his rapid and complete recovery.

SOUTHERN METHODIST.

Christian Advocate, Nashville: Rev. J. M. Boland, D. D., well-known throughout the Church, was unanimously elected to the Presidency of Barbourville College, West Virginia, on June 25, and has signified his acceptance of the position. He will enter upon his new work the first of September. In Dr. Boland are united the qualities of scholarship and true Christian manliness, and we be-

speak for him the hearty and united support of the brethren of his own denomination. Given that, and success is assured. He is a man of resources, and will do his part.

St. Louis Advocate: Miss Ella Worth of St. Louis, who has been waiting for an appointment by the M. E. Church, South, to the foreign missionary fields has received notice that she is to be sent to Japan. Miss Worth was sent two years ago by the Epworth League of St. Paul's M. E. Church, South, of that city, to study in the Seattle Bible and Training School at Kansas City. In that school she won distinction.

Northwestern Advocate: Richard Malcolm Johnston has won for himself a name and place in American literature of today by doing capital work in character-sketching of Southern life. No one has sought better the inner life and feelings of the lonely folk of Georgia cornfields and fruit farms, or entered more sympathetically into their simple faith, their superstitions, their loves, their jealousies, and their daily round of monotonies. In "Little Joe Tempkin," Col. Johnston has collected some of his latest and brightest stories for the boys and girls.

Pittsburgh Advocate: Judge Harrison, recently appointed Attorney-General of the United States, is the son of a Baptist clergyman. He has attained honorable success in life, but unfortunately the general public has little to say about such preachers' sons. It is only the occasional lad one that receive large consideration, and are set down as representing the entire class.

The Outlook quotes Marion Crawford as having said the following good things on the occasion of the celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet Tasso: "It seems to me that Tasso was the first among modern poets to speak with love of nature in herself, instead of merely as a matter of sentiment. Tasso loved nature in herself and for herself, and in this he specially resembled all our Northern poets, passionate lovers of the natural world, but rather of peaceful and beautiful nature than of nature in struggle; of a nature which to us seems ideal and imaginary when compared to that which we know in our Northern zones; too severe, and daily subjected to the continual strife of the elements, to excessive heat or cold, and to the tempests of our intemperate climate. Such and so much, I do not fear to say, was the influence of Tasso on our Northern poets in this particular, that many of the greatest, and those most studied by us, would never have written what they wrote so well if Tasso had not composed the 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' 'Rinaldo,' and 'Aminta.' I will only point to Milton, Byron, Wordsworth, in whose works is recognized, without any doubt, the powerful and happy influence of the great Scrittore. Particularly, in this connection, I will cite the 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' that celebrated work of art 'Child Harold,' would never have issued in such perfection from the fertile English genius, who was naturally disposed to treat of dramatic subjects, of tragic inspirations, I would almost say of terrible subjects, such as 'Cain,' 'Manfred,' and 'Milton? Would he have imagined, composed, and written that stupendous epic 'Paradise Lost' if he had not read, re-read, studied, and loved the works of Tasso?"

Tasso? I, for myself, do not believe it. All this has nothing to do with the instant of imitation. Great poets do not imitate each other, but reach each a hand to the other, to the greater glory of all the complex of human poetry.

The Independent: The 3000 stories sent in response to the Bachelor Syndicate's offer of prizes, when sifted, gave a baker's dozen, which were handed over to Mr. Mabie, of the Outlook. His letter and the result are given in the Critic, as follows:

"GENTLEMEN—I have read the stories submitted to me in typewritten manuscript with special regard to dramatic interest, inventiveness, novelty, and simplicity and directness of style. In my judgment the story which combines these qualities in the highest degree is that entitled 'The Long Arm.' Next in order of excellence I should place that entitled 'The Twinkling of an Eye.' Yours very truly,

"HAMILTON W. MABIE."

"When the sealed envelopes were opened it was discovered that 'The Long Arm,' which won the \$2000, was by Mary Wilkins, and the 'Twinkling of an Eye,' which won the \$500, was by Prof. Brander Matthews. Miss Wilkins' story, which, being a detective story, is in quite a new vein for her, was written in collaboration with Mr. Joseph Edgar Chamberlin, of the editorial staff of the Youth's Companion. The result of this contest goes to prove what publishers and editors have repeatedly said and been verified for years, that there is not a chance in 100 of an untrained writer's being the author of a story that is worth printing. The Bachelor Syndicate contest was open to all, known and unknown, and the result is that the winner of the biggest prize is not only one of the most widely known American story-writers, but one whose many good judges consider the best."

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One of Zion's Herald's correspondents, however, is an ardent believer in the *lex talionis* and hopes, when the Southern Epworth League goes North in 1897, to retaliate. He says the Northern delegates submitted at Chattanooga to discriminations against the negro because the South was host and this was a Southern custom. But wait, Leaguers, until you go North! Then we will teach you a lesson or two in manners and in morals. Hear the Rev. H. E. Foss, of Bangor, Maine:

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If future International Epworth League Conferences are to be made occasions for rebuking the so-called high caste notions of the South, and to be utilized as opportunities for promoting the social equality of the negro, then we are most emphatically and unreservedly opposed to them. If the programme of the Maine man is to be adopted, then no self-respecting Southern Leaguer will attend, and, furthermore, no General Epworth League Secretary who is worthy of his office will seek to lead our young people into such a snare and slough. Until the negro is eliminated and relegated to an independent and unmixt organization, there will be neither federation, union, fraternity, nor any other species of closer identification between the Methodists of America, young or old. To talk about any blending of the two Methodisms with such a grave problem imminent is not optimism, but downright foolery. The hearts of the two Methodisms may yearn toward each other, and happy orators, on stated occasions, may speak mellifluous words, but there will never be any drawing together of the camps of American Wesleyans until the negro element is finally and fully expunged from the

controversy. Unless our Northern brethren are willing to this we may just as well put out our council fires and wind up the negotiations.

This Northern threat upon which we have commented is significant, and reveals, we fear, the animus of the whole section. If our papers and orators would cease to indulge in glittering generalities, which, of course, we can all endorse, and begin to discuss the real difficulties with brotherly plainness of speech, we may reasonably hope for some future adjustment of our difficulties. Rhetoric and gush are unavailing in such a case.

PLUCK AND SUCCESS.

S. S. McClure, the editor and proprietor of McClure's Magazine, is reported in the Advance to have said: "But I have done four things in my life without money: gone through college, started a literary syndicate, founded a magazine, and crossing the sea was the other. McClure's Magazine in point of literary quality and artistic illustration is the peer of the best. Its wide circulation and great popularity attest the talent and enterprise of the founder. It is a revelation of what pluck and industry can do. Beginning life with only an education and energy, he has forged his way to the front, and his example ought to be an inspiration to others. He solved the problem of getting a collegiate education without funds and fought his way to success with all the odds against him. When we finished reading the article, a fine record of heroic struggle and ultimate victory, we could not but exclaim: Let no boy in America despair. Coiled in the cells of every human brain there is a well-nigh illimitable power, and treasured in the depths of every human heart there is an inexhaustible fund of enthusiasm, and when the former is unlocked and the latter is evoked by some great duty or heroic undertaking, barriers melt like the morning dew and incalculable is the result. No one realizes what potentialities lie wrapped within him, or what golden opportunities float invisible about him until some such signal illustration as the one mentioned above makes him conscious of the one, and rends the veil and discloses the other. The trouble is not with our environment, though it is the fallacy of life to suppose so. The trouble is in that spiritlessness and lack of faith which are content to whine and inveigh against the order of life. We repeat, let no young man despair. Intelligence, earnestness and volition constitute an auspicious trinity whose aid every one can invoke. The grand possibilities of life are not exhausted, and the heroisms of the past can be duplicated. We trust that those who are struggling for an education, or for entrance into professional or business life, will heed the lesson we have tried to teach. There should be no arguing against Heaven's hand or will. There should be no hating a jot of heart or hope. But still bear up and press right on, as John Milton said he did. In God's wide plan of the world there is a place and a career for every man, and the eye which never stumbles nor sleeps will watch over him, and the hand which garnished the heavens will lead him to the goal.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Leland Stanford, of California, built and endowed a great university as a memorial of his deceased son. The Leland Stanford Junior University has already achieved a continental reputation. The United States Government has a claim against the Stanford estate and has recently instituted suit to recover the alleged amounts, thus temporarily embarrassing the institution. Thus far the Government has been defeated, and it is generally believed that the estate will finally win. When Mrs. Leland Stanford saw that the funds of the university would be tied up for a time at least by this litigation, she resolved to visit Europe and put her jewels, valued at \$1,500,000, upon the market in order to procure money with which to carry on the great educational enterprise projected by her husband. Her collection is a very fine one, and it must have taken a great deal of love and loyalty to the cause of education to have induced her to part with these things which women so generally prize. The truth is, it is a very conspicuous example

of broad, public spirit and an altogether noteworthy event. Such a phenomenal occurrence deserves to be chronicled, and the significance of it pointed out. There is a deep lesson in it, and a title of such noble enthusiasm and large-hearted, generosity would put our Southern colleges upon a firm foundation and qualify them for a hitherto undreamed of career of usefulness. This friend of higher education not only gives of her abundance, but is willing to surrender those peculiarly feminine possessions which, like keepsakes and heirlooms, have a doubly precious value. We note this good example and commend this transcendent benevolence to others with the earnest hope that they will bear abundant fruit, and that Texas Methodists, stimulated thereby, will speedily furnish the funds which are necessary for the enlargement and equipment of our own schools.

THE BOSTON RIOT.

On the Fourth of July the local lodges of the Patriotic Sons of America of Boston, Mass., concluded to have a street parade and other exercises. When it became known that the celebration was to be thoroughly American and Protestant fears were entertained that foreigners and Catholics might be tempted to interfere. The procession started out with a guard of 300 policemen. In a little while the Catholic element inaugurated a riot wherein one man was killed and four wounded, and the antagonisms between the two parties involved intensified. We make two remarks:

First, the spirit of lawlessness is rampant, and is not sectional. The anarchy which manifests itself in some portions of the South is duplicated in certain sections of the North. The devil of lawlessness is a continental devil, and roams at will all over America. Let no one section reproach another for the crimes of which it is equally guilty.

Second, the foreign-born and native Catholic element, owing allegiance to a power beyond the seas, and dominated by a combination of ecclesiastics out of sympathy with distinctively American institutions, needs constant watching and stern repression by the law. We confess to a hearty sympathy for all those associations which have for their object the preservation of America for Americans.

THE TEXAS FRUIT PALACE.

On July 17th, in the city of Tyler, Texas, a fruit exhibition on an immense scale began. It will last two weeks, and gives every promise of being a great success. It has been admirably planned. The grounds are ample, laid out by experienced landscape gardeners, and beautified with grass, flowers and water. The buildings are spacious and admirably adapted to the purpose, and will be filled with specimens of all the fruits grown in the State. The capacity of Texas for stockraising, agriculture and such like has been abundantly demonstrated and illustrated. But hitherto Texas as a fruit-growing State has been neglected. The enterprising citizens of Tyler, the metropolis of Eastern Texas, have resolved to wipe off this reproach and to show the wondrously fine advantages of the State along this line. They deserve to be congratulated, and we sincerely trust the enterprise will prove a great success. Every man in Texas who owns a home, or who ever expects to own one, ought to visit this exhibition. It will prove an education, and probably a stimulus to fruit-growing upon his own grounds. This is the greatest deficiency in Texas to-day, the lack of orchards and fruit. This is the thing which makes many of the old States, which are comparatively barren, so attractive and desirable, viz.: the abundance and variety of the most delicious fruit in the world. A first-class Georgia orchard is worth a section of black dirt any day in the world. There is no reason why Texas should not be just as famous for fruit as for crops and herds. A little knowledge and enterprise, and the work is done. We confess to a great interest in the show on public and private grounds. We have not tasted a cherry or blue plum in eighteen years. We have not seen a white English peach since leaving Georgia. We never eat a strawberry, unless it is shipped in, and without paying an enormous price for it. Figs and the common

fruits upon which we feasted in boyhood have long since been ruled from the category of the attainable. We trust this fruit show in Tyler will inaugurate a new era, and that the restless, wandering population of the West will settle down permanently at last, build and beautify millions of happy homes, and with gardens, orchards, flowers, and all the accessories of comfortable domestic life, spend the remainder of life in plenty and in peace. In addition to the colossal and magnificent display of fruit, there will be music and various forms of innocent amusement, and we trust that hundreds and thousands will avail themselves of this opportunity for recreation and knowledge.

CONNECTIONAL NEWS.

Barlee & Smith publish the following request and statement in the Christian Advocate, Nashville:

Will the Chairmen of the Joint Boards of Finance please state to us promptly the number of conference claimants in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, superannuated preachers, and the widows and orphans of deceased traveling preachers are claimants. All of these are sharers in the promise of the Publishing House; widows and orphans only being claimants on the Calvin Fund. If a superannuated preacher has a family he only is to be counted; in the case of a deceased preacher his widow and his children are to be counted. The Book Committee have appropriated \$20,000 out of the proceeds of the Publishing House for conference claimants this present year.

The alumni of Emory College propose to establish and endow a professorship. Within a brief time they secured \$435. The enterprise will be pushed and no doubt succeed.

GENERAL CHURCH NEWS.

Immense crowds from all over America attended the Christian Endeavor meeting in Boston, Mass., last week. There was an elaborate programme finely executed. The enthusiasm was great, and the devotional spirit reached high tide. The occasion was unanimously voted a success. The scenes at the International Epworth League Conference in Chattanooga were repeated. There were songs, shouts, speeches, sermons, handshaking, the passing of resolutions condemning evils, the proposal of new enterprises and fresh consecration to the Master's service.

We note that the flag for the great proportionate increase in the number of local societies was won by the Assiniboine Indians in the far Northwest of British America.

It took three great auditoriums, to accommodate the congregations. Twenty-five thousand people attending a religious service at one time is phenomenal. The following statements were taken from the Secretary's report:

A total of 11,229 societies, with an individual membership from every clime and every nation, with skins of varying color, of which 180 are red, 20,300 are yellow, 109,100 are black, and 2,343,500 are white, in all a great interracial brotherhood of 2,473,740.

The total amount as reported on the roll of honor is \$110,719.59. In addition to this amount of money, which has been given by these 551 societies that we have enrolled upon the roll of honor, we find that \$190,881.45 has been given by these same societies for "Christ and the Church" in other ways, making a total of \$301,601.04.

Sunday was a great day in Boston, the visiting preachers filling the various pulpits. Some of the delegations emphasized their ideas of Sabbath observance by refusing to patronize the street cars. They walked to Church and created somewhat of a sensation by so doing. There were 50,000 visitors in Boston. It was a notable gathering in every way.

Outlook.

The story of a wonderful work for humanity in the German capital has just come to our knowledge. It is surely worth more than a passing notice. Berlin is a city of over 1,000,000 inhabitants, and is almost entirely without means of transportation except cabs—the steam trams being run only to the suburbs. It is said that in that city there are 30,000 cabs, all numbered, and that each driver is obliged to wait on and return to a certain corner. The cabsmen are paid very small wages and have very long hours. Their only places of recreation are the beer gardens, to which they invariably resort. The condition of these men has attracted the attention of a woman, who, we are told by a writer in the Interior, has relations to Germany, England and America. She is a German Baroness, whose English husband was at one time pastor of the

American Church at Berlin. With her husband she devised a plan for brightening the dreary lives of the Berlin cabsmen, and now, it is said, she has under her care twelve hundred cabsmen and their families, in all about ten thousand souls. The cabsmen are regularly visited in winter by carts which serve hot coffee, and in summer ice-cold water; provision is also made for supplying the men with good literature while they are waiting at the stands, and four Bible-women cooperate in this work.

THE PRESS.

Zion's Herald, commenting upon the recent Chattanooga Convention, says:

The hope of the organic union of the Methodisms crept into the speeches of perhaps three-fourths of the speakers, while an equal proportion prophesied that the Epworth movement would bring about this result, and that this convention would be a potent factor towards this end.

Some believe that it is a movement purposely designed to manipulate and prepare the coming generations for that very event. And they do not rejoice over it.

The Christian Advocate, Nashville, takes the Western Christian Advocate to task as follows:

The Western Christian Advocate is much disturbed because "the color line" was drawn in the recent Epworth League Conference at Chattanooga. It says: "No doubt—and there's the shame and pity of it—that if any protest had been made, it would have disrupted the Convention unless it had been brought forward by the Epworthers of the Church, South, but these failed to see and seize their opportunity to lead the children of Israel into the promised land of Christian equality."

The naughty Southerners! Such reproaches are not worthy of fraternal fellowship. But what shall we say of the cowardly Northerners who dare not even enter a "protest" for fear of "disrupting" something? Between the two, honors are even. Once more, though not finally, we wish to remark—"and our language it is plain"—that the organ of a Church which sets off its colored people into separate conferences ought to be a little modest in criticising other people for following such an example. But it may be answered that the colored people were set off at their own instance. If so, we reply that no man who is thoroughly acquainted with negro character believes such a statement to be true. The ultimate purpose of the policy in question was to open the way, if possible, for the extension of the "white work" (sic) of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the Southern States.

The Independent congratulates the Baptists of Georgia as follows:

We were not misinformed in the statement that came to us in reference to negro preachers being admitted to theological lectures at Mercer University with white men. President J. B. Gambrell writes us:

"Mercer University holds a lecture course for preachers in the winter, continuing two months. To these lectures last winter quite a number of negroes were admitted to hear and to give the lectures just as their white brethren did."

These are Southern Baptists; and the righteousness of this courtesy, we trust, will not continue for many years a matter of remark or surprise. They order this matter differently in Florida.

The Independent does not, however, see the point. If it supposes that these negro preachers were in the lecture room sitting side by side with the white, it is egregiously mistaken. If the Independent had been present it would have seen this: The negroes either in the rear of the house to themselves, or in a gallery with the "color line" rigidly drawn. We are surprised to see the Independent so lacking in discernment.

Perhaps those who have been somewhat agitated over the word "obey" in the marriage service may be interested in the appended quotation:

Rev. E. J. Hardy writes in the London Queen: "The word 'obey' had not as great terrors for our Queen when she was going to be married as it has for the 'new woman' among her subjects. When arranging about the service, the Archbishop of Canterbury asked her majesty whether it would be desirable to omit the word 'obey,' and she answered, 'I wish to be married as a woman, not as a subject.' Some of her majesty's subjects are not as subject as she was in this respect. They do desire to exercise sovereignty over their husbands, and do not prefer to reign through service. At a negro wedding, when the clergyman read the words, 'love, honor and obey,' the bridegroom interrupted him and said: 'Read that again, sah! read it once mo', so's de lady kin katch de full solemnity of de meaning. I've been married befo' before man, who had been married befo' three or four times (it does not matter which, except to himself), said: 'My first wife cured me of romance, my second taught me humility, and my third made me a philosopher.' None of these wives could have caught the full solemnity of the vows

they took when they were being married. The vexed question of conjugal obedience was settled by Spurgeon in a characteristic way. In an address at the marriage of the daughter of a friend, he spoke thus to the bride about her future lot: 'Let him be the head, and do you be the neck, and turn him which way you please.'

The Han's Horn speaks a sensible word thus:

Happy the day when the Church will not be compelled to take the initiative in every good and common-sense reform. An augury of this anticipation is to be seen in Illinois. Here the barbers have carried through a law in the State Assembly requiring all shops of their craft to close on Sunday. At a mass-meeting in Chicago, five hundred barbers bound themselves to support the law and called upon the clergy to lend their moral aid in seeing the measure enforced.

PERSONAL.

Rev. R. D. Moon, of Ferris, made a pleasant call at the ADVOCATE office this week.

A note from Rev. H. T. Cunningham informs us of his transfer from the West Texas Conference to the North Mississippi Conference. The ADVOCATE wishes him prosperity and success in his new field.

Rev. E. C. McVoy, editor of our Epworth League Department, on his return from the Chattanooga Conference, stopped at Mansfield, La., and spent a pleasant time at his old home, visiting his father and his old friends. Bro. McVoy expects to reach Alford the latter part of this week. In a private note from Mansfield he says: "I am enjoying my visit here very much, and think I am improving. I certainly appreciate the rest."

Rev. E. L. Spragins, of First Church, preached against the prize fight last Sunday morning. We dare say he made some telling points and scored a success. His enthusiasm is regulated by wisdom, and when thoroughly in earnest he is a formidable opponent. Bro. Spragins voiced the sentiments of the best element in Dallas. His sermon was indorsed by his Church. The pulpit is destined to be a breakwater against the incoming floods of vice.

The Dallas Morning News, commenting upon a sermon of our Temple pastor, says: A vigorous pulpit crusade against the common evils as practiced in all lively cities has been inaugurated by the pastor of the First Methodist Church, Rev. Sam P. Wright. Mr. Wright has sailed into the glaring violations of the law without gloves and announces a determination to bring to the realization of the good people the enormities of crime committed and to so awaken public sentiment that there will be a moral upheaval. He has commenced by denouncing the members of his own flock. The Sunday soda fountains and cigar cases, as well as the brethren who patronize them, received last Sunday a shock that closed the fountains and cases up immediately after services.

Christian Advocate, Nashville, contains the following note from Rev. D. F. C. Timmons, of Palestine: "What a blessed thing it is to fear God and regard man. I have been with good people for several days. On my way from Palestine, Texas, to Chattanooga, to attend the Epworth Conference, I was taken violently ill. When I reached this place, Nashville, I could go no further; got off and took up quarters at the Nicholson House, kept by A. M. Hancock, the 'superb' hotel keeper. The brethren called to see me, both pastors and laymen and drummers; so many courtesies were shown. Some called twice a day, among them Dr. J. D. Barlee. I mention especially, Dr. Travick took charge of the case. I could not have fallen in better hands. More earnestness and energy and skill could not have been bestowed. May the benediction of the great and good Father of us all abide with them. I am now up again and on my way home."

We clip the following from the Daily Messenger of Troy, Ala.: Dr. G. W. Briggs, of Texas, who has been ill for some weeks at the home of his brother, Rev. A. J. Briggs, in this city, was out today looking strong and well. He has been a constant sufferer for years, at times almost an invalid, with no hope of relief save through the skill of modern surgery. At his request, Drs. Brown and Beard undertook the operation, which they successfully performed on the 13th of last month. For so critical an operation, Dr. Briggs' rapid recovery is most unusual. He had not a moment's fever from the beginning, was always able to receive his friends, and now on the twentieth day goes forth strong and well. We congratulate not only him and his friends here and in Texas, but his faithful and skillful physicians on his rapid and complete recovery.

SOUTHERN METHODIST.

Christian Advocate, Nashville: Rev. J. M. Boland, D. D., well-known throughout the Church, was unanimously elected to the Presidency of Barlowville College, West Virginia, on June 25, and has signified his acceptance of the position. He will enter upon his new work the first of September. In Dr. Boland is united the qualities of scholarship and true Christian manliness, and we be-

lieve for him the hearty and united support of the brethren of his conference. Given that, and success is assured. He is a man of resources, and will do his part.

St. Louis Advocate: Miss Ida Worth, of St. Louis, who has been waiting for an appointment by the M. E. Church, South, to the foreign missionary fields has received notice that she is to be sent to Japan. Miss Worth was sent two years ago by the Epworth League of St. Paul, M. E. Church, South, of that city, to study in the Scarritt Bible and Training School at Kansas City. In that school she won distinction.

GENERAL.

Northwestern Advocate: Richard Malcolm Johnston has won for himself a name and place in American literature of today by doing capital work in character sketching of Southern life. No one has caught better the inner life and feelings of the lovely folk of Georgia cornfields and fruit farms, or entered more sympathetically into their simple faith, their superstitions, their loves, their jealousies, and their daily round of monotony. In "Little Ike Tempelin," Col. Johnston has collected some of his latest and brightest stories for the boys and girls.

Pittsburgh Advocate: Judge Harmon, recently appointed Attorney-General of the United States, is the son of a Baptist clergyman. He has attained honorable success in life, but unfortunately the general public has little to say about such preachers' sons. It is only the occasional lad one that receives large consideration, and are set down as representing the entire class.

The Outlook quotes Marion Crawford as having said the following good things on the occasion of the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet Tasso: "It seems to me that Tasso was the first among modern poets to speak with love of nature in herself, instead of merely as a matter of similitude. Tasso loved nature in herself and for herself; and in this he specially resembled all our Northern poets, passionate lovers of the natural world, but rather of peaceful and beautiful nature than of nature in struggle; of a nature which to us seems ideal and imaginary when compared to that which we know in our Northern zones; too severe, and daily subjected to the continual strife of the elements, to excessive heat or cold, and to the tempests of our intemperate climate. Such and so much, I do not fear to say, was the influence of Tasso on our poets in this particular, that many of the greatest, and those most studied by us, would never have written what they wrote so well if Tasso had not composed the 'Gierusalemme Liberata,' 'Rinaldo,' and 'Aminta.' I will only point to Milton, Byron, Wordsworth, in whose works is recognized, without any doubt, the powerful and happy influence of the great Sorrentine. Particularly, in this connection, I will say that without the 'Gierusalemme,' that celebrated work of art 'Childe Harold,' would never have issued in such perfect form from the fertile English genius who was naturally disposed to treat of dramatic subjects, of tragic inspirations, I would almost say of terrible subjects, such as 'Calin,' 'Manfred,' and 'Milton.' Would he have imagined, composed, and written that stupendous epic 'Paradise Lost' if he had not read, re-read, studied, and loved the works of Torquato Tasso? I, for myself, do not believe it. All this has nothing to do with the instinct of imitation. Great poets do not imitate each other, but they mutually inspire each other, reach each a hand to the other, to the greater glory of all the complex of human poetry."

The Independent: The 3000 stories sent in response to the Beechler Syndicate's offer of prizes, when sifted, gave a baker's dozen, which were handed over to Mr. Mabie, of the Outlook. His letter and the result are given in the Critic, as follows:

"JUNE 8, 1895.
"GENTLEMEN—I have read the stories submitted to me in typewritten manuscript with special regard to dramatic interest, vividness, novelty, and simplicity and directness of style. In my judgment the story which combines these qualities in the highest degree is that entitled 'The Long Arm.' Next in order of excellence I should place that entitled 'The Twinkling of an Eye.' Yours very truly,
"HAMILTON W. MABIE."

"When the sealed envelopes were opened it was discovered that 'The Long Arm,' which won the \$2000, was by Mary Wilkins, and the 'Twinkling of an Eye,' which won the \$500, was by Prof. Brander Matthews. Miss Wilkins' story, which, being a detective story, is in quite a new vein for her, was written in collaboration with Mr. Joseph Edgar Chamberlin, of the editorial staff of the Youth's Companion. The result of this contest goes to prove what publishers and editors have repeatedly said and been reviled for saying, that there is not a chance in 1000 of an untrained writer's being the author of a story that is worth printing. The Beechler Syndicate contest was open to all, known and unknown, and the result is that the winner of the biggest prize is not only one of the most widely known American story-writers, but one whom many good judges consider the best."

Devotional.

Out and Out for Christ.

One of the revelations of modern science is the law of the conservation of energy or force—that nothing is created or destroyed by man; that his utmost efforts do not reach beyond the gathering, the transmutation, or the diffusion, of this primal, God-created energy. This force may be physical, mental, spiritual; it may be latent, as in the coal—the light and heat of past ages, or it may be active, as in combustion, in which this energy is diffused in strangely different forms to reappear again under new conditions. It may be treasured energy, as in fuel, to be set free in digestion and assimilation for all the activities of mental and physical life. It may be transmuted so that the energy of soil and sun and shower may reappear under the master-hand of the soul, in speech or action; but man never creates and never destroys.

To the thoughtful mind this great truth opens up vistas on every hand, and in all departments of our manifold life, far reaching as eternity. But in no direction is the thought so solemn, so suggestive, so inspiring, as in that of the spiritual. The energy I have, I have received; the energy I use, I diffuse. I set it free to go on to all eternity, unable to recall one particle of the force which for a time was mine to use, but is mine no longer save in the responsibility which evermore rests upon me for its use or its abuse. This energy was placed in my keeping, within my control, to direct and apply—an energy which has come to me from sun and shower, from mountain and meadow, from bird and beast, from the head and heart of past generations, from sire to son through all my forefathers, from God himself, and this energy I pass on, transmuted in the passing, to bless or curse my fellow men to the end of time and into eternity.

Take our words. A world is mine when it is formed in my mind and heart, in the idea and emotion which it enfolds, and in the voice which utters it; it may even represent the thought and feeling of others who carefully instilled it into my mind. But, once uttered, it goes forth into the ears of those who hear, or on the wings of the printed page, flies to the utmost ends of the earth, and to the end of time, and I can never recall it. I may write it, as one who wrote a ribald sentence on a wall in Pompeii 1800 years ago. I may die, and the word may be buried out of sight and memory, but after ages will reveal it, and the judgment day will declare it. Thus it is literally true that by our words we shall be justified, and by our words we shall be condemned, and that for every idle word which men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.

Take, again, our use of money. Every dollar represents so much energy of mind or body, or both, treasured as the light and heat in the coal—not simply in the time spent in the earning of it, but also in the slow development of the power to earn it from helpless infancy to manhood's strength, or of the treasured power of him who bequeathed it to me. It is mine now for a brief space to use as I see fit. May I not do as I please with my own? May I not spend it in luxury, in food, or drink, or dress, or amusements, or literature, or society fads, or in anyone of the thousand things which offer? Yes, and no. In spending that dollar I spend just so much of my life of the treasured energy which I hold in trust, and I set it free to go on forever in a right or wrong direction. I can never recall it. If I spend a dollar in rum, I invest just so much capital in the traffic, and, aside from the influence of the rum upon me, I become a perpetual stockholder in the trade. If I go to a theater, the tendency of which, on the whole, if not always, is evil, beyond and above its influence upon myself and of my example upon others I put that much stock into the theater business, and my liability remains unlimited to all eternity, for I can not sell out my interest in that concern. So also if I invest my time, my means, and my influence, in balls and dances, in social functions of the purely worldly sort, in vain display, in the purchase and reading of vain or unwholesome literature, I put just so much of what has come to me of power into the hands of ungodly or worldly men, to deprive others. If I divide my time, my strength, and my means between these worldly things and the service of Jesus Christ, by a well-known law I simply neutralize the good by the evil; nay, even worse, for a little folly destroys much good, as a single particle of permanganate will deeply tinge a glass of water clear as crystal, or as one fly will spoil the pot of fragrant ointment.

On the other hand, what an inspiration in the transmutation of force from lower to higher forms of action! What a call to consecrated service in the power to

catch and harness the forces of life to the chariot of the Master! A cup of cold water; the widow's mite; a word of counsel and comfort; a dollar, or \$10,000, sown in the fruitful soil of earth's teeming millions; a life given, even as the seed is sown, even as Christ was sown in the soil of humanity. Oh! what will the harvest be! In either case the force is not spent with the giving or the using, but for us it is but the beginning, and our responsibility goes along with it. Very suggestive was the remark made to the writer by the late T. S. Shenson: "My giving causes me the deepest concern. If I could lay my all before the Lord, and say, 'Here it is, Lord; take all you want, and I will be content with what is left,' and if he would do it, I would be at rest and thankful. But he lays upon me the responsibility of stewardship, and I must, as in his sight, give or refuse to give, and not as inclination or the urgency of others may prompt, and use for personal ends only what I feel that he would have me use." Those who waste their Lord's substance in self-indulgence, adornment, amusement, and worldly advancement, and withhold from him his due, will have a sorrowful accounting; loss positive, loss negative, loss irreparable, loss heart-rending.

If one lesson more than another is suggested by the above, it is that Christians should be out and out for Christ and his cause, content to be considered peculiar, particular, and partial, by the world and worldly professors.—The Rev. S. A. Dyke, in the Canadian Baptist.

The Steadfast Gaze.

A glance satisfies us too often. It is no wonder that we feel indifference for what we never truly see. It is no wonder that sin fills our hearts, finds outlet in our tongues, and rules in the life. A superficial Christian life must be the result of hasty glances at Jesus. So deep, so Divine a work as his, so deep and many-sided and glorious a character as his, must and does demand more than a slight observation from purblind men, if much of the glory is to permeate their darkness.

Angels seem to be drawn completely out of themselves, and probably they have never known what the lurking, haunting, hampers sense of self means. We are told that the children's angels always behold the face of the Father. They are not looking furtively for the reflection of their own faces in the mirror of the crystal river. We are told that angels are ministering spirits, sent out to minister to those who should be heirs of salvation. Ministry to others, not self-ministry, is their calling. "Ye ministers of his that do his pleasure." There is no other pleasure for them but his pleasure. They are forever gazing, forever studying and laying hold with all the ardor and the insight of immortally pure and burning being, of what is to be our study and our vision forever! That study is forever fresh, aluring, satisfying, rapturous.

There is something of the eternally childlike in the wonder and adoration of their steadfast gaze. All progress is childlike, for it means receptivity, openness, and the belief in still greater and grander things than are already known. Blessed are those children in, and ever to be in, the Father's house, under the sweet, strong tuition! Such children the angels are, ever progressing, because ever learning, by means of the steadfast gaze.

Whatever the kindly ministries of angels to us, these spiritual beings are presented to us in the Bible in this constant attitude of the steadfast gaze. But contemplation leads them to service. These are the two lights in which they are shown to us. As they gaze, they are moved to the service of God and of men. Every true look at Christ, on the part of a believer, must argue with the most irresistible logic the greater service of men. For what purpose was his redeeming work? It was to save men. And we must be about the same work. There is immense, intense satisfaction in the all-contemplative vision for us, for ourselves; but we can never rest in this peace and gratification alone—not until a world is saved!

The more we are able to look into the depths of meaning in the death of the Son of God for guilty men, the more we must be moved to try to make men see and believe in that work for them. The more we gather in regard to the travail of his soul, the more we must determine to help him in his search for the lost sheep. If this be not the result, we are not looking at the true object—at Jesus—but at some construction of our own imagination. All looking at Jesus leads to the saving of souls, for his essence is soul-saviorhood. And we shall have to recognize that as his inmost nature. In these coming days of summer rest, when many will have the leisure denied them in the busy fulness of routine life, shall we

not take our Bible as our summer hand-book, and gaze with steadfast vision on the person of Jesus as thus revealed? Let us see it we can not fill our minds and souls with such a knowledge of redemption, for our own sakes and for that of others, that we shall be conscious of a newer and more adequate conception of what it means that the Son of God should leave the glory of the Father and the holy angels to come to earth for us. So may we learn more also of what he is in himself who is the express image of the Father, reproducing every one of his beautiful holy attributes. If some of these beautiful and holy things should be imparted to us, as our own vital and enduring possession, in consequence of our patient, consecrated, and determined study of Jesus this summer, would it not be a blessed year in our life?

And then, still more, if we could bring one person with us, this summer, to the acceptance and contemplation of Jesus, would not the angels rejoice with us, and, in consequence of seeing another repentant soul won, renew with fresh vigor their steadfast gaze upon him who is mighty enough and loving enough to save a human soul? Such an aim is sufficient to make the coming months inspiring.

Angels and saints have the immediate presence of Jesus. No wonder they gaze with the steadfast gaze! But we have him made living and present to us by the Holy Ghost in the written Word. Let us turn our gaze upon him in company with all angels and arch-angels. "Towards the mercy-seat shall the faces of the cherubims be."—Sunday School Times.

Old and Young.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF JOHN RUSKIN.

About twenty years ago I became acquainted with John Ruskin and his writings. In Munera Pulveris I came across this passage, which struck me very forcibly: "That the law of life is, that a man should fix the sum he desires to make annually, as the food he desires to eat daily, and stay when he has reached the limit, refusing increase of business, and leaving it to others, so obtaining due freedom of time for better thoughts."

This passage, with others of the same purport, was published in the Cornhill Magazine in 1863, and when republished in Munera Pulveris in 1-72, Ruskin added these two footnotes: "Fenelon—He died exemplifying the mean he had always observed between prodigality and avarice, leaving neither debts nor money."

"I desire in the strongest terms to reinforce all that is contained in this paragraph." Being, as I have said, struck with the remarkable teaching contained in these passages, I wrote to Mr. Ruskin to ask, "Ought parents to leave fortunes to their children?" And this was his answer. As the letter has never been published before, and is a very characteristic one, my readers may be pleased to have it in full, with another letter which I received at the same time:

"CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 18th June, 1875. "Dear Sir—I am much interested in your letter. In the strongest conviction, I would assert that the father should never provide for the children. He is to educate them and maintain them to the very best of his power, till they are of mature age—never live upon them in their youth. (Dammed modernism eats its own children young, and excuses its own avarice by them when they are old.) When they are strong, throw them out of the nest as the bird does. But let the nest be always open to them. No guilt should ever stand between child and parent. Doors always open to daughter, harlot, or son-thief, if they come! But no fortune left them. Father's house open, nothing more. Honorable children will have their own houses, and if need be provide for their parents—not the parents for them. Ever truly yours, J. RUSKIN."

"CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 18th June, 1875. "My dear Sir—I wrote to you hastily this morning, and forgot to ask—what I should like much to know—how it has come to pass that you are interested in my books, and collate them so carefully. I hardly ever find people really interested in what I say anywhere—much less put two places together. Ever truly yours, J. RUSKIN."

I had some further correspondence with Mr. Ruskin about this time, and those sufficiently interested may be referred to "Fors Clavigera," Letters 64, p. 139, 140; 67, p. 229; 68, p. 259, etc. In 1876 I received this kind invitation from Mr. Ruskin to come and spend a week with him at Brantwood: "I am looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to your coming to see me. Brantwood is small, and I never count on being able to receive my friends in it; but I have made arrangements for

a bed at the Water Head Inn for you while here, which I consider as much my house as Brantwood." I went direct to the Water Head Hotel and left my belongings, and then, after a most delightful walk round the head of the lake, I arrived at Brantwood, the last house to be seen on the left bank of Coniston Lake. The entrance to the house and grounds from the Livestone road is through a common five-barred wooden gate painted white, with "Brantwood" in blue letters, evidently the work of a Coniston joiner, and, as I thought, very characteristic of the master, with his abhorrence of "open work of iron railings generally, blank bars ranged along all the melancholy miles of our suburban streets, saying, with their rusty tongues as plainly as iron tongues can speak, 'Thieves outside, and nothing to steal within.'"

But his abhorrence of "iron" was, I found, confined to its employment in a useless or deadly form. The large tree near the house had, in a terrific storm, one of its main branches partly torn from the trunk. The help of the village blacksmith was called in, and by a number of ingenious devices of iron bands, stays, bolts and nuts, the huge branch was kept in its place, and has grown again to the trunk. The beauty of the stately tree is preserved; and it is now a standing and growing memorial that Ruskin did not, as one of his critics said, "look upon iron as one of the deadly sins."

When I entered the house, I remember being shown into his study, overlooking the lake. Here I saw the distinguished Professor for the first time. He received me most cordially—nay, I think I might say affectionately—for his light blue eyes seemed to dance and sparkle with pleasure. After pressing my two hands in his own, he led me to a chair, and pointing to a small, water-color drawing by Turner, some six inches by twelve inches, which hung on the wall facing the lake window—I think it was a scene in Palestine, with white stone fortifications as foreground—he said: "Would you believe it, my dear friend, I have not seen that picture for two years till this afternoon! It was the pleasant anticipation of seeing you here that made it possible for me to see it then;" and continuing, he said: "My eyes are very susceptible to my mental states. For instance, suppose I received an account from a joiner for work done for me, and I found he had charged me five shillings too much—which I knew for certain—it would not affect my eyesight that I could not see anything in its true colors so long as my mind was under the influence of that over-charge. "But come," he continued, "I must show you my minerals and precious stones, and whether you understand them or not, you will see they are very beautiful." Then he opened a number of small drawers in a cabinet, lined with colored silks, in which lay the stones; and though I had to confess that I did not understand them or their value, I could see they were very lovely. I remember one specimen of moss flint of gold which he showed me, with especial pride as being unique of its kind.

Then we went into the garden, and, standing where that bow-window now is on the right—this part of the house was not then built—he pointed down the lake and said: "I have seen most of the so-called beautiful scenery in Europe, but I have never yet seen a more charming view than that before us." Then he led the way down the garden, past some glass houses in which were abundance of choice flowers of full bloom. Pointing to them as we passed, he said: "These are not mine; they belong to Mrs. Severn (his charming cousin) and the gardener." At the bottom of the kitchen garden which skirts the lake we came to a little cove or harbor, in which were moored the two Brantwood boats. And with what pride he pointed out the strength of the structure, which was built of huge rough stones brought from the quarry above, and built entirely by himself and the gardener! I soon found that this harbor and the boats were a very important part of Brantwood. Coniston village and the postoffice, being at a distance of about three miles by the road, round the head of the lake, nearly all their journeyings to and from the village—about two miles—are by boat. So that all at Brantwood, master and servants alike, are almost as dextrous in the use of the oars as a Venetian gondolier.

From the harbor we went to the high wood above the house, and a very steep climb it was—the Professor used a seven-foot alpenstock—although numberless steps had been cut out of the solid rock, with shelving slopes to make the ascent as easy as possible. When we got to the top wall, dividing Brantwood grounds from the mountain lands, we had a rest and a look round.

"That stone wall," said Mr.

Ruskin, pointing to the left, "is the Brantwood boundary on that side; and on that"—pointing to the right—"is the wall that marks the boundary on that side. When I came here at first to live, those half-dozen acres of land were one mass of tangled brushwood, and a fox would have found a difficulty in making its way through it. That streamlet you see there"—pointing to a stream of water dashing over rocks, forming one long stretch of tiny waterfalls—"came sluicing from the turf moors above, and spreading over the whole of my hillside. With the consent of my neighbor land-owner above me, I had large, deep drains made the other side of the wall, to collect the water of the moor, which now forms that streamlet. That level piece of ground you see halfway between here and the house is a bowling-green, the other beside it is a croquet ground."

I expressed astonishment that two such level places, and of so considerable an extent, could have been formed out of such a rocky and steep piece of ground. "Yes," he said, "for me and the gardener it was certainly a large undertaking, and it was done at the cost of some severe labor to us both. But it was a work in which I took great delight; for nothing is more delightful to me than planning and carrying out works of this nature."

As we made our way down the steep descent, crossing a rustic bridge which spanned a waterfall, he said: "If I had followed the true bent of my mind, I should have been a civil engineer. I should have found more pleasure in planning bridges and sea breakwaters than in praising modern painters." And with a sigh—whether in earnest or in fun, I could not say, for it was a most difficult matter at times to tell whether he was serious—he said: "Whether literature and art have been helped by me I know not; but this I do know, that England has lost in me a second Telford."

I want here to give two illustrations showing the kindly relationship and true bond of sympathy existing between the master of Brantwood and his servants. No doubt some of my readers may have read the following extract from "Fors Clavigera," and taken it to be simply poetic sentiment: "I have got two Davids and a Kate, that I wouldn't change for anybody else's servants in the world; and I believe the only quarrel they have with me is that I don't give them enough to do for me. This very morning I must stop writing presently to find the stoutest of the Davids some business, or he will be miserable all day."

The Professor and I were dining together, the windows of the dining-room looking up to the wood at the left gable of the house. During the meal, as we were enjoying a rhubarb tart, I happened to say that it was the first I had tasted that season, and how delicious it was.

The professor was delighted at my appreciation of his rhubarb; and, ringing for one of the servants, he said: "Please tell Jackson I want him." This was the gardener—one of the "Davids," I suppose. When he came into the room his master said: "Jackson, I am very pleased to tell you that your first pulling of rhubarb is quite a success; and my friend here, who has had some pie made of it, says it is delicious."

Jackson, with a true gardener's pride, thanked us both for our appreciation of his early rhubarb, and left the room.

When we had finished dining a servant came in, bringing a number of lighted candles; the windows being shaded by the over-

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hanging trees above, the room was almost dark even before the sun had gone down. After placing the candles she was leaving the room, when she said: "Please, sir, there is a beautiful sunset sky just now over the 'Old Man.'" The Professor rose from his chair at once, and said: "Thank you, Kate, for telling us; but before disturbing my friend I will go and see if it is worth looking at."

He left the room and soon returned. "Yes," said he, "it is worth seeing;" and he led the way upstairs to his own bedroom.

It was certainly a glorious sight, the sun sinking behind the Coniston ("Old Man") Mountain, and at its foot, in deep shade, "the 'Hail,'" on the opposite shore, where Sir Philip Sidney, according to tradition, lived for a time, with his sister, in "our Arcadia of western meres," and the mist and ripples on the lake tinged with a crimson flush.

We sat, I remember, in the window recess till the sun went down behind the mountain. Not a word was spoken by either of us. He was thinking, perhaps, of the many more charming sunset skies he had seen in various parts of the world. But I was thinking more of the charming relationship and sympathy manifested between master and servant, and how strange it would seem to most of us that even such a trifling matter as a gardener's first rhubarb is not to be left as a matter of course, nor such a common occurrence as a beautiful sunset to be left to pass away unnoticed in this exceptional household.

The next time I visited Brantwood was in 1881. It was on business in connection with the "Guild of St. George." Some months previous to this visit, Mr. Ruskin had prevailed upon me to establish a wooden manufactory in connection with the Guild, at Laxey, in the Isle of Man. I had, luckily, about this time come into part possession of an old parish corn mill, with an excellent water-power belonging to it. I laid the matter before the "Master of the Guild." One special advantage I pointed out to him was, that we should have here all the power we should require by a water-wheel driven by the mountain streams, and should not, therefore, be dependent upon a fire-driven power, which was, I understood, from his teachings in "Fors," his strongest objection to machinery.

Mr. Ruskin fell in with the idea at once, and a small but commodious wooden mill was erected on the site of the old corn mill. The funds for the establishment of the concern were partly provided by the Guild, and the enterprise had the Master's entire sympathy and good wishes for its success.

After the mill was finished and in proper working order, I went to Brantwood, as I have said, to give an account of my stewardship so far, and to talk over with the master our plans for the future.

I had taken with me a rough sketch of the very plain new mill to show him; and as soon as he saw it he smiled, and, taking up a pen, he wrote under the sketch the words: "First Achievement of the St. George's Company in Romantic Architecture, J. R., 10th July, 1881."

I entered with enthusiasm and spirit into all the details of this the first venture of "St. George's Guild" as manufacturers. The fundamental rules were that all materials used in the manufacture must be of the best and purest, and that the goods when made were to be as perfect as fingers could make them; an open market to all; if a girl wanted a new frock, or a young man cloth for a new suit of clothes, they should be able to buy direct from the mill, and have the Guild's guaranty that they were getting honest woolen cloth.

"No credit"—as he quaintly put it—"this will save sleepless nights." After my visit he wrote in Fors, vol. 6, p. 391: "I mean the square yard of Laxey homespun of a given weight to be one of the standards of value in St. George's currency."

These are some of my pleasant remembrances of John Ruskin in his lake-side home.—Egbert Rydings, in Independent.

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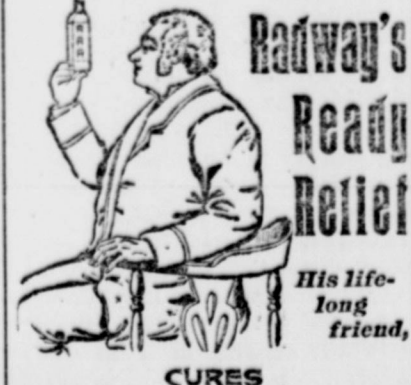
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Sunday School.

(Address all communications for Sunday School Dept. to Rev. I. W. Clark, Paris, Texas.)

(Would be glad to have short reports from all of the Sunday-school conferences. This is an interesting report, and not too long. We have been from home for three weeks, and for this reason this report has been delayed.—Ed. S. S. DEPT.)

The Sunday-school Conference of Beeville District, convened at Corpus Christi, June 25. Four charges had no representation. Every phase of school work was carefully looked into. Bro. Gillett knew exactly how to work the "boys."

After carefully summing up the work we find an increase in schools and pupils. Of the nine charges represented only forty-five per cent have observed Children's Day. Others intend doing so later on.

About fifty-five per cent are making use of schools to assist in raising the missionary collections. Perhaps seventy-five per cent use our own "Hymn and Tune Book." Every school uses the literature sent out by our Publishing House. On an average perhaps thirty-five per cent are members of the Church.

The first day was used in discussion of the work in detail. The second and last day the printed programme (which was published some time since) was discussed. Both lay members and preachers took great interest in these discussions.

We believe this conference will be the means of setting the whole district on fire with reference to school work. And those charges that had no representation: You will have to get a double-time, quick move on you to keep up with the procession.

Rev. C. W. Godwin's sermon on "The Importance of Childhood Conversion," was fine, simple yet grand. If this sermon was in every household, practiced by father and mother, and preached by every preacher, millennium would soon dawn upon us; victory would be ours.

we feel sure that he is gone to his home in glory, we pray that God will bless his labor of love among us. Our Children's Day exercises, held on the first Sunday in this month, were a grand success. Although our school is small, every part of the programme was carried out in full to the delight of the audience. All on the programme had their parts memorized and rendered them well.

"Lucy and Her Papa," by Mary Poole, and the "recitation by a little girl, by Ellie Sikes, were the crowning features of the exercises. Bro. J. J. Davis preached a splendid sermon in the evening to the children. He is certainly one of few who can successfully preach to children. The collection was \$6.11.

Our school is prospering, with over sixty members, and greater interest is being manifested by the parents than ever before. We hope to be able to enlist every father and mother in the Sunday-school that they may come and bring their children.

Our teachers and officers, most of whom are young, are active and consecrated to their work, all of whom are members of the Church. It is our opinion that none but Christians can successfully lead the young minds and hearts into the light of the gospel. If you will come down we will show you a model country Sunday-school.

We read with pleasure the Sunday-school Department in the ADVOCATE, and hope to see more from our Sunday-schools in the future than in the past. May God bless you and the ADVOCATE in your efforts for good.

W. R. SIKES, SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT, CHRISTIAN, TEXAS.

THIRD QUARTER—LESSON 5, JULY 28. JOURNEYING TO CANAAN.—NUM. 10:28-33. GOLDEN TEXT: Come thou with us, and we will do thee good: for the Lord has spoken good concerning Israel.—Num. 10:27.

Moses halted with Israel before Sinai, and remained there about one year. They had been brought up in ignorance and without any discipline. Their knowledge of God was purely traditional, and they had mixed their worship with Egyptian idolatry. A nation of slaves could not expect to do much without special training, and he camped here that they might become used to the life of service and discipline while they learned more of God and his gracious providences.

Moses had been in the army of Pharaoh, had commanded and planned successful battles, and had acquired a knowledge of military affairs and was well versed in the arts of war. His experience in the courts and councils of the King made him familiar with matters pertaining to the management and government of State.

The inducement to leave Egypt was not so much to seek a better country and gain personal liberty as it was to glorify God, and subserve his interest in becoming to him a peculiar people through whom he might accomplish the purposes of creation in man's redemption and salvation.

It was necessary that they be impressed with the work before them, and that they learn at once that God requires of them a willing obedience in all things. If they can be filled with the spirit of this mission, and enter upon it with love and alacrity, then the management of Israel will be an easy matter.

It is so in our Christian work. A man can serve God without a religion, but he who loves God and his fellow, will find the sweetest pleasures of life connected with this willing service. This journey through the wilderness is full of interest to every Christian, and every step was made illustrative of our pilgrimage to heaven. God's providence is marked in the preservation of the life of Moses, his education and training, and even his exile was made the means of his special drill in the matter of bearing patience and meekness, while the solitary life gave him opportunity to meditate and receive from God those lessons of faith and obedience necessary to qualify him for the important position he was called to fill as the great leader of a mighty nation.

God always works by natural means and recognizes the laws that govern in the physical universe, and while he could lead Moses by daily revelations, he chose to direct him in the use of means which men usually employ. This solemn in the wilderness and his connection with Hobab were providential. Moses probably would not have understood God in his wonderful revelations had he not learned God and his providences in the wants and necessities of his wilderness life.

Moses felt that the presence of Hobab was necessary, not that he distrusted God, but that he recognized the fact that God required him to use all the means and appliances which his circumstances afforded before he could expect a miracle for his relief. Hobab was acquainted with the country, knew where water and pasturage could be found, and knew how to avoid dangers from warlike people. Moses appeals to him by promises of the providences of God, that whatever God did for Israel, he would do for Hobab. Many people will not follow simply because they expect that God will bless them; they want to take the world with them. Hobab thought of his flocks and preferred the riches of this world to the treasures of faith.

Probably Hobab felt that he would be as a stranger among these people, and Moses assures him of the Divine protection. Many a man has kept out of the Church because he felt that there was a want of congeniality; his poverty, or his standing in the social circle made him feel that he would not get the sympathy he needed. How clearly God showed to Israel the open door to the Gentiles. Every now and then he reminds them of his promise to Abraham "In thy seed

shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." After this the history of Hobab, and of Ruth, are signs-posts to teach the great truths of universal redemption. The cloud reminded Israel of the abiding presence of God to protect and defend them, while the ark was a type of Christ, and was placed on the mercy-seat when the Holy Ghost was manifested to Israel. God as certainly leads the Church to-day as he did Israel then, but his presence now is shown by the experience of grace in the heart. Every truly converted man or woman has an experience of grace indicating the leadings of God more plainly than that of the pillar of cloud and of fire. The evidences of regeneration are clearer and the truth of God plainer in the presence of Christ in the heart by faith than all the treasures of the ark could unfold to the minds of the Jews. Consciousness is the highest evidence, and a change from death to life is the most knowable experience. The radical transformation of the affections, in conversion, can not be mistaken.

shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." After this the history of Hobab, and of Ruth, are signs-posts to teach the great truths of universal redemption. The cloud reminded Israel of the abiding presence of God to protect and defend them, while the ark was a type of Christ, and was placed on the mercy-seat when the Holy Ghost was manifested to Israel. God as certainly leads the Church to-day as he did Israel then, but his presence now is shown by the experience of grace in the heart. Every truly converted man or woman has an experience of grace indicating the leadings of God more plainly than that of the pillar of cloud and of fire. The evidences of regeneration are clearer and the truth of God plainer in the presence of Christ in the heart by faith than all the treasures of the ark could unfold to the minds of the Jews. Consciousness is the highest evidence, and a change from death to life is the most knowable experience. The radical transformation of the affections, in conversion, can not be mistaken.

Our League has unanimously adopted the resolution of the Gainesville Conference condemning the prize fight at Dallas next fall. I am thankful for the League.

Our League at this place is growing in spiritual interest at each succeeding meeting. The very youngest members are doing a good work. The old who come say it is the best meeting of the day. Incidentally it is very interesting. Socially we are far ahead of anything in the line of religious sociability that has ever been in Whitesboro. Financially we are doing well.

Last Sunday evening we united our League with the Crutcheville Chapel League (out in the country) and the meeting was grand; had some conversions and seven or eight mourners. I suggest this would be a good plan for all the Leagues to follow where it is convenient, for "in unity there is strength."

Our pastor, Rev. S. N. Allen, assisted by Mr. Patton, organized an Epworth League at this place (Overton, Texas, June 23.) with a membership of forty-six. The following officers were elected: President, Mr. J. K. Martin; First, Second and Third Vice-Presidents, Mr. G. H. Crow, Mrs. J. K. Martin, Miss Margaret Nicholson; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss M. S. Smith.

We have met twice since we organized in business and devotional meetings with considerable interest. Several made application for membership, and we expect to make our League interesting. I see nothing to prevent our progress for good, as all seem willing to take an active part. We hope to increase our membership to one hundred ere the close of the year.

We would like to have the prayers of all the Leagues that we may become active and earnest workers in the cause.

For the benefit of all those who expect to attend the conference of the Texas Conference League in Galveston, I wish to say: Galveston is paying for and expecting a great time. We are sorry that so little has appeared in the ADVOCATE relative to this occasion. There has been so much to do that really we have not been able to report ready. The committees have been and are at work doing all that can be done to make the entertainment worthy a Southern town. We wish it were possible to promise entertainment to as many as would love to come. If this were possible, we believe little effort would be required to make this conference next in size to the Houston gathering. As it is, we hope to have at least three delegates, and the pastor from every League. We promise entertainment for those, and that we will do our best for all others. It is very necessary for the delegates who expect to attend to send their names at once to Miss Etta Toothaker, 921 Avenue L. After the "bay excursion" last spring it would seem inconsistent if we did not repeat it upon this occasion; so as we try to be consistent, we have provided for this feature in our entertainment. It is important that you remember, while we regular delegates, we are unable to promise entertainment to others than the regular delegates and pastors. If any one is going to bring his wife or mother, be sure to notify Miss Etta Toothaker at once.

We trust you will come and stay over Sunday and give us a good shaking-down and lifting-up. The bathing in the surf is superb. It will do you good.

Our League had intended to visit Orange Grove June 9 and hold a special League service for the purpose of creating interest in this branch of work, and try, if possible, to organize a League there, but the rain interfered and prevented a majority of the Leaguers from attending. Our League is behind in the Literary Department. I am endeavoring to circulate the Era among our Leaguers, knowing it will be of great benefit to them. Our League, at the last business meeting, adopted the Bible reading course prescribed by J. E. Harrison, Third Vice-President of the State; also Bro. McVoy was highly commended for his able management and success of the League Department in Texas Christian Advocate. The piece in a recent ADVOCATE, from Rosa Ingraham, addressed to the Leaguers of

San Augustine District, deserves special attention from every Leaguer. We have a few members who do not want any part in the meetings and a special committee was appointed to look after them, and if they will not comply with the pledge their membership is forfeited, isn't it? We would like to hear from someone regarding the Leaguer's obligation to keep the pledge. I agree with Bro. I. W. Clark when he says that the Sunday-school is the foundation upon which Methodism must build; but when he says that the Sunday-school is doing "the work" of the Church I disagree with him. Right here I think the Epworth League comes in for a share. If the support of three foreign missionaries by Texas alone signifies doing something, Bro. Clark must necessarily reconsider. Is the Sunday-school doing as much good in the line of spiritual prayer, visiting the sick, assisting the pastor in charitable works, reading literature, etc., as the League? I have been in the League work but a short time compared with that of the Sunday-school, and I have been benefited spiritually more in the League than anywhere else. The Sunday-school has been doing the greater part of "the work" of the Church in the past, but I now think the Epworth League is coming to the front.

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disciples must have been wondering what Jesus was going to do. Commanding them to bring what food they had to him, he told the multitude to sit down upon the grass, and ordered his disciples to divide them into companies of fifty. This being done, he took the five loaves and two fishes, and looking up to heaven he blessed and broke.

The disciples must have gazed with astonishment upon their Lord, and, no doubt, were skeptical as to his ability to feed this vast multitude. As the Lord commenced to distribute the loaves and fishes to his disciples, and commanded them to give to the multitude, they must have thought it a foolish undertaking, but they were wonderfully surprised when they found that the food was not giving out; the more they distributed, the more there seemed remaining.

In this marvelous way the great multitude was fed; not one went away hungry on that day. That which staggered the faith of the disciples was accomplished with the greatest ease.

Not only were 5000 men, beside women and children, thus miraculously fed, but after they had all eaten, the fragments which were left filled twelve baskets.

A great lesson is taught in the words of Christ: "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."

There were times when Christ sought solitude. He needed to meditate alone; to commune with God. And we need solitude. As Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide, so meditation and communion with God are necessary for us.

If we sympathized with the world as Christ did, it wouldn't be long before the gospel would be preached to every creature.

We spend our time brooding over the fearful condition of men, instead of trying to give them relief.

"Give ye them to eat," is our command to-day. What are we doing to carry the bread of life to a starving world?

We all can do something. That little lad had only five loaves and two fishes, and yet the Savior used these to feed the vast multitude.

Your gifts may be but few, yet under the blessing of God, you accomplish wonders.

It is a great consolation to know that Christ can use what we have, no matter how insignificant it is, for his glory.

"Gather up the fragments," We should be very careful about the little things. Moments make hours; drops make oceans.

Gen. 22:1; 2 Kings 4:38-41; Num. 11:22; Psa. 23; 78:10; 2 Kings 4:1-7; Prov. 11:24; 1 Kings 17:16; Eph. 5:16; Luke 14:23; John 6:9, 10; Matt. 28:19, 20.

TOPIC FOR JULY 28. The Feeding of the Five Thousand.—Matt. 14:15; Mark 6:30; Luke 9:10; John 6:1.

This is the only miracle which our Lord wrought that is narrated in all four of the gospels. It was one of the most wonderful manifestations of the power of the Son of God that the people had yet witnessed; and it is not to be wondered at that after this miracle had been performed, they wanted to make him King.

The news of the death of John the Baptist brought sadness to the heart of Jesus, and he desired rest and meditation. He had been the busiest of men—people had thronged about him from morning till night—and often he and his disciples "had no leisure so much as to eat."

He longed for some retreat from the busy world, and so he and his disciples took ship privately for some desert place, that they might escape the multitude.

But it seemed an impossibility for Jesus to hide from the people, even for a short time. They kept their eye constantly upon him, and when they saw him enter the ship, they anticipated his intention, and so multitudes of them "ran about out of all cities," reached the place before he had left the ship, and were there to receive him, as he came ashore.

The great heart of the Son of God was touched as he looked upon that vast throng. He saw them as only God can see. They appeared to him as sheep having no shepherd.

They had gathered there with their sick and afflicted, and he spent much time in healing their diseases, and talking to them of the kingdom of God.

How touching the words: "He was moved with compassion toward them!"

Evening comes on, and as this great multitude had been out there all day without food, the disciples become uneasy about them, and so they go to Jesus and say: "This is a desert place, and now the time is far passed: send them away, that they may go into the country round about, and buy themselves bread: for they have nothing to eat."

The disciples thought if they remained in the desert longer they would suffer for food.

They must have been astonished beyond measure when Christ said: "Give ye them to eat."

Surely, they thought, the Master is beside himself. We feed this great multitude!

Why such a thing is impossible. And they answer him: "Shall we go and buy 200 pennyworth of bread and give them to eat?"

John's account, at this point, varies a little from the other evangelists. He says Jesus said to Philip: "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" Philip answered: "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient, that every one of them may have a little."

In that great company there was a little boy who played an important part in the miracle.

Three of the evangelists have nothing to say about this lad. They state that in answer to Christ's command the disciples said: "We have here but five loaves and two fishes."

John goes more into detail. He states that Andrew answered and said: "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes; but what are they among so many?"

There is no discrepancy here. The other evangelists simply make no mention of this lad.

It's quite common for some tradespeople to persuade a customer to take some other article instead of that called for. It is sometimes called substitution, but it's cheating the customer out of that which he wanted. It is always done for a mean motive. The dealer who does this has no consideration for his customer. It's like getting rid of something in which the dealer himself was swindled, and yet he must get his money out of it by deceiving the customer. We say to the readers of this Journal that when you ask for Simmons' Liver Regulator don't take anything else instead—it's the best liver medicine. The advertising is increasing the demand for it, and the people who call for it should get it, especially so because there is no liver medicine like Simmons' Liver Regulator. Insist upon having it, and note that the Red Z is on the front of the package.

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The College will open next September with a faculty of thirteen professors and teachers. The Schools of Mathematics, English Language and Literature, Ancient and Modern Languages, and Natural Science, are in charge of specialists who thoroughly understand their work.

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The Music Department is equipped with instructors who are equal to the best. Miss Kate V. King, the Principal, is regarded as one of the most accomplished musicians—vocal and instrumental—in the South. She has had many years' experience as Principal of the Music Department in a leading Southern university.

As a teacher of Elocution, Miss Wesie Adkinson has few equals. Her work has the exceptional advantage of being natural. The Course in Elocution extends through three years and includes every phase of the subject taught.

The Art Exhibit at the recent commencement attracted wide attention and was considered unusually fine. It was the work of Miss Melton and her pupils. Miss Melton's work has taken the prize in several instances at the Dallas State Fair.

The Commercial Department is in charge of Prof. W. L. Alexander, who has himself been proprietor for several years past of a leading Business College in another city. He teaches Bookkeeping and Short-hand by the latest and most improved methods. The Method of Short-hand taught by him can be mastered in from six weeks to two months sooner than by the old methods. Typewriting and Penmanship are carefully taught.

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LETTER FROM REV. G. W. BRIGGS.
I came here nearly two months ago to preach the commencement sermon for the State Normal College...

Thank God! Six long years of pain and weakness ended! No more drugs, no more sleepless nights, no more long and dreary days; but light, joy, health and laughter...

NOTE TO PASTORS.
Rev. Thos. Nishikawa, a Japanese who has been attending Central College in Missouri for the past four years...

Nishikawa for a lecture. Next Sunday will end his engagements in Dublin District. He can be secured by any pastor who desires to have him lecture.

There are few more beautiful views than that presented from the deck of our vessel as we sailed into the harbor of Smyrna on a cloudless Saturday morning.

On Sunday night we went aboard the French steamer "Scylla," and sailed for Piræus within a few miles of Athens, and the port that Grecian capital.

There is a railway from Piræus to Athens, a distance of five miles, but we preferred to go by carriage, and note the points of historic interest en route.

On one side of the church was a large and splendid painting representing the martyrdom of St. Polycarp—his tranquil features transfigured with a divine radiance.

Our dead but sequestered sovereigns who still lurk in their graves. Here, in architecture, were born the Doric pillar and Ionic column; in painting, the schools of Phidias and Praxiteles; and in government, the doctrine and spirit of true democracy.

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But little remains, even in ruins, to tell of the pomp and splendor of that voluptuous city. There St. Paul earnestly preached, and to that Church he addressed two of his most faithful and searching pastoral Epistles.

My people kindly furnished the money and gave me one month's leave of absence, and Dr. Bahlwin, who can excel any man in giving a good thing, consented to take charge of the Centenary people, directing me to leave for Eureka Springs for a little rest.

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to the southward beyond Ephesus was the city of Laodicea. Looking out from that historic and serene summit in the direction of those sacred cities, I uncovered my head and seemed to hear a voice from Patmos saying: "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches."

Smyrna is quite cosmopolitan. Every language is spoken, every dress worn from the turbaned Arab to the gloved and silk-hatted Frenchman, and every color of skin is seen from the blonde, blue-eyed Greek to the blackest of the black sons of Africa.

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other—for we traveled along the banks of Kiamichi River for more than one hundred miles. At times we were on the side of the mountain and looked down on the river far below us, and beyond were hills, rising one above another, covered with rocks so varied in shape, and at times monumental in size, that their forms, surrounded by such a profusion of God's handiwork, called forth the admiration of the most stupid, and made us forget the clatter of the rushing train that seemed to skip over the road like the flight of a fairy.

Just below the Acropolis, and a part of the same range, is Mars Hill, most memorable as the pulpit from which the Apostle Paul preached his wonderful sermon. In the rocky side of the hill steps have been cut, by means of which no doubt the great apostle ascended that majestic summit on the very spot which has been marked as the place where St. Paul delivered his powerful message that startled the classic Athenians, and echoed round the world.

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brother who are tired from overwork, go to Eureka and build up. ISAAC W. CLARK, Eureka Springs, Ark.

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have nothing to hazard in this struggle. We must push the battle until we have gained the victory. I repeat we must endow the Southwestern University. R. C. ARMISTEAD, Weatherford, Texas.

How long shall things continue thus? Not long—the day is breaking. Somebody is meditating something good. So did my friend a few years ago, but alas, he waited until the opportune time had passed.

Just below the Acropolis, and a part of the same range, is Mars Hill, most memorable as the pulpit from which the Apostle Paul preached his wonderful sermon. In the rocky side of the hill steps have been cut, by means of which no doubt the great apostle ascended that majestic summit on the very spot which has been marked as the place where St. Paul delivered his powerful message that startled the classic Athenians, and echoed round the world.

On Sunday night we went aboard the French steamer "Scylla," and sailed for Piræus within a few miles of Athens, and the port that Grecian capital.

There is a railway from Piræus to Athens, a distance of five miles, but we preferred to go by carriage, and note the points of historic interest en route.

On one side of the church was a large and splendid painting representing the martyrdom of St. Polycarp—his tranquil features transfigured with a divine radiance.

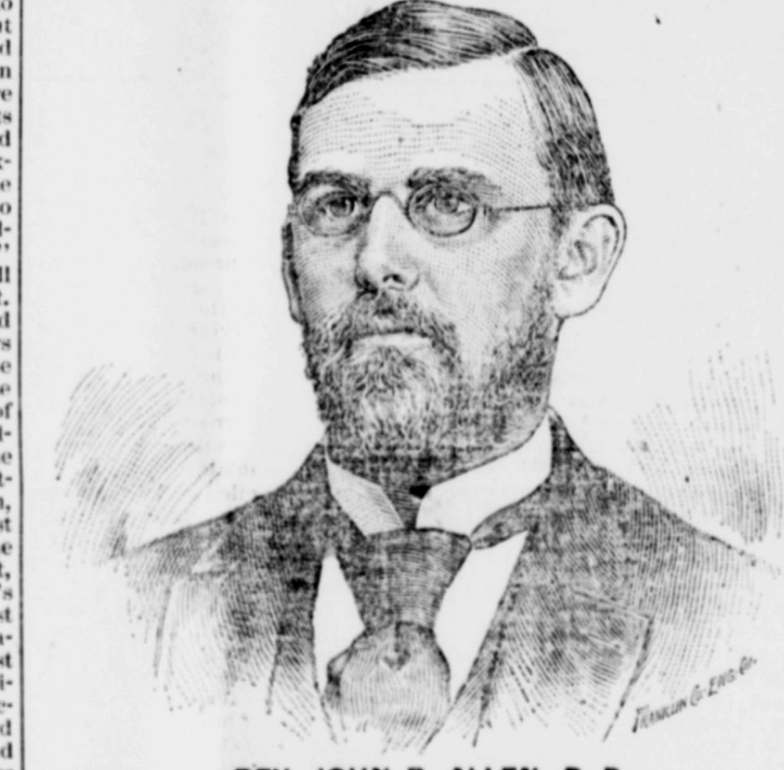
Our dead but sequestered sovereigns who still lurk in their graves. Here, in architecture, were born the Doric pillar and Ionic column; in painting, the schools of Phidias and Praxiteles; and in government, the doctrine and spirit of true democracy.

Here, in architecture, were born the Doric pillar and Ionic column; in painting, the schools of Phidias and Praxiteles; and in government, the doctrine and spirit of true democracy.

But little remains, even in ruins, to tell of the pomp and splendor of that voluptuous city. There St. Paul earnestly preached, and to that Church he addressed two of his most faithful and searching pastoral Epistles.

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REV. JOHN R. ALLEN, D. D., OF SOUTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY, GEORGETOWN, TEXAS.
Rev. John R. Allen, D. D., was born in Iredeed County, North Carolina, November 21, 1831; son of Rev. A. C. Allen, D. D., and Mary Adeline Allen. His parents moved to Mississippi a year later, where his father became one of the most influential members of the North Mississippi conference.

He was converted under the ministry of Rev. R. G. Porter (Gilderoy), at Wesley Chapel, Houston County, in Chickasaw County, Mississippi, and joined the church at that time when fifteen years old.
Joined the North Mississippi Conference at Grenada in November, 1852, and preached two years in that conference. After he was ordained deacon by Bishop Payne he transferred to the North Texas Conference in his third year. He completed his course in the itinerancy in this conference and was ordained elder by Bishop in 1857. He has been with this conference ever since, except one year local and two in the Northwest Texas Conference.

He has filled the following stations in Texas: Floyd Street Dallas, Waxahatchie, Fort Worth, Park, McKinney, First Church (Dallas), and Honey Grove; and was also preaching elder for two years in the Bonham District.
He was connected with educational work for twelve years after coming to Texas, teaching for two years in Rock College, Dallas, and being President of Marvin College, Waxahatchie.

After this he had fourteen years in the itinerancy, when he was unexpectedly called to his work at the University. In 1892 he was selected to take charge of the Annex of the Southwestern University and Associate Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy. The next year he was made full Professor of this chair. The Annex has grown under his administration, and he finds his work there and in the important chair he fills quite congenial. He has been a steady contributor to our Methodist press, both the Advocate and Review, and has published two books—one a small law book for young preachers, and the other, "Man, Money and the Bible," a discussion of economics from a Bible standpoint.

I have faith in God. I do believe a better day is dawning upon our institutions for higher education. I can but believe the conscience of the Church is being quickened; that the noble impulses of our nature, seasoned with the grace of God, will yield a rich harvest of liberality in the near future. Money is power. The statement is axiomatic whether we apply it to things political or religious. To look up wealth is to look up hands, feet, intellect and moral sensibility. To hoard up, to amass wealth for the sake of having wealth, is to pervert the end of power. It is to neutralize power. It is an injustice to mankind, an affront to intelligence, and a sin in the sight of God. I would have no man withhold one dollar from the support of the ministry at home to send the gospel into the regions beyond, to build a parsonage or church-house, or to foster any other Church school; but above all these things, and after all these high claims, and demands, yet not least important, bring your contribution to this worthy cause, an offering to God—a sacrifice, if you please, well pleasing in his sight. I am not a pessimist; on the contrary, I am an optimist. I hear not the expiring groans of departing love, the dying agonies of benevolence; yet, rather I hear the echoes of victory returning from the periphery of old earth to the cross of his love—the bosom of our God. I see not the departing glories of our Israel, the down-trodden, defeated and retreating columns of our Zion, or the faded banner of chivalry.

Ye, rather I see the effulgence of His majesty; the blood-brinked ensign of conquest which has waved triumphantly over the demolished ruins of kingdoms and empires; a flag which has never trailed in the dust; which stands as a pledge, not of human power, but of omnipotent achievement. I see the marshaled hosts of Prince Emmanuel in solid phalanx, marching to the battle-field of final conquest. The shorts of victory are borne to us upon the oriental breeze, while the occidental zephyrs send back the watchword of our faith. The sunny clime of fruit and flowers repeats the song of triumph which coalesces with the hyperborean blasts on the meridian of hope, and swell the mighty chorus of victory through Jesus Christ our Lord. We

Send forward your contributions. J. H. M.

THE INTERNATIONAL EPWORTH LEAGUE CONFERENCE, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.
NO. 11.
Out of the train, with much hustling we reach a street car, which, the driver tells us, will carry us to the street on which lives the family who owns the house in which was located the room wherein five of us had agreed to sleep during our stay at the session of the International and Great Northern; provided, however, that the whicness of which would suit us. As

providence would have it our street car proceeded to stop about one-fourth of one-half of a mile from the termination of our destination, and under no consideration could we persuade the motorman to proceed further to save us from the walk and the large amount of perspiration which it would cost us to complete the journey. Undaunted, we staid under the rays of a scorching sun in search of our prospective home, located on First Street, No. 110. Trudging for some distance along a smooth, level road, we finally came to First Street, where, turning to the left, we strike a bee line for the moon by ascending the side of a mountain. Before reaching the moon, however, we reach No. 110. As we approach the first thing that attracts the eye of the observer is a large bronze tablet nailed or screwed to the side of the house, on which is inscribed something like the following: "The headquarters of Gen. Sherman, November 23-25, 1862, etc. The house was built after the fashion of an old Southern cottage, a porch, large hall between the rooms, moderately low ceiling, and large rooms. A knock at the door brings a young Miss of some fifteen summers. "Is this the home of Mrs. —?" "Yes, sir." "Is she at home?" "No, sir." "We have been sent here to remain during the session of the Epworth League Conference. Can you furnish room for five?" "No, sir, we can care for four only." "Can you put a cot in the room for one more?" "Yes, we might do that." "Where is the room we are to occupy?" "Just here." The five stepping into the room to survey their headquarters for the next few days, decide that a place nearer the great tent will suit them better. So bidding the young lady adieu, they start out the second time to find a place to rest for a few days and nights their weary bones. Allow me to stop in the narrative long enough to say, the locomotion from a great deal easier than it is toward the moon. All you have to do is to turn loose and go. After some inquiry, and a short ride on a street car we haul up at the Allison House, where we find a most excellent landlord, and the best of accommodations, both as to sleeping and eating for the moderate sum of \$1.50 per day, with free baths thrown in. After a refreshing bath, and a splendid dinner, we are ready to bid adieu to the great tent to witness the opening exercises of the big conference. What a mammoth tent! How many will it seat? says one of the number. "They say it will seat about 15,000." My judgment is that it will seat about 8000 if you will use all of the available space. But it is a large tent and well adapted for the present purpose.

The space under the tent is divided into sections to be used by the delegates of the respective States. Prominence was given to our visiting brethren, so that the platform and near the front you could read Idaho, Illinois, Vermont, Nebraska, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Ohio, Rhode Island, Connecticut, etc. Texas was allotted a section in the extreme northeastern part of the tent. I thought for awhile that she had been forgotten altogether, but after looking around I found that I was mistaken. The rostrum stretched itself across the entire western end of the tent, and was beautifully decorated with the League colors, red, white and (not blue) yellow. Red for the M. E. Church, white for the Canadian Methodist, and yellow for the M. E. Church, South. The one who could conscientiously pin all three in a little bunch on his or her person was recognized at once as a loyal Leaguer. A large portrait of John Wesley hung just in front of the speakers' platform, tastefully enshrouded with the ensigns of England and America. The League colors were profusely placed in all parts of the tent. To break the monotony of the scene, here and there the eye fell upon the United States flag, and the little ensigns indicating the place of the different delegates. The tier of seats on the north was retained for the negro contingent, who were there in pretty good force, with whom the whites occasionally got badly mixed. On the platform were all shades of color human, from the faintest Caucasian lady to the American gentleman of immediate African descent. From the great and good Bishops, Joyce, Hendrix, and Galloway, and Fitzsimons to the inmates of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of "eye" long time ago. It was indeed refreshing to look upon this mixed multitude so indicative of the warm spirit of fraternity that ostensibly prevailed in the hearts of that large crowd, overriding all color, all caste, and all lines, and flowing as one vast stream together, regardless of any differences that might have divided them in the past. The facts of 1844,

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which were considered by our fathers as sufficient grounds of separation, which facts have never been removed by the act of either side, the M. E. Church still holding their heridical of the relation of the Bishop to the General Conference, and to us; the facts of fifty years of abuse and censure through the press of the M. E. Church, calling us by the euphonious and most excellently Christian epithets, "rebels," "traitors," "misrepresenters of the facts of history," and holding up to the gaze of the public as so utterly void of all moral and religious instincts as to be able to stand by and not only indorse by our presence the howling mob in its thirst for the life of some negro, but to cheer the mob on in its work of revenge, and denouncing our press as so cowardly as to be afraid to cry out against such brutality and barbarism; the fact that we have been held up as haters of the negro race, and had rather see one die at the hands of the rabble than to feast upon the most delicious viands, though we have done more for the moral and material interest of the negro than any other people in the world—all these seemed to have been forced into the background; yea, hurled into the sea of oblivion for the present, and the broad(?) spirit of fraternity and brotherly love was at high tide.

But hark! the opening song rings out on the air. No; it is the pent-up enthusiasm of the delegation from Nebraska finding an outlet in that familiar hymn, "Blessed be the Name of the Lord." The sweet notes of the hymn were soon caught up by the vast throng and filled the tent with the mighty volume of the soul-stirring words of the muse. Director Williams now ascends the stand and, with a wave of his baton, calls the choir their feet. Led by the pianos and cornets, the orchestra strikes the note, and the choir breaks forth in that old and heart-inspiring song to those who are truly bound, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts to God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, the fellowship of kindred minds." It is like that above. Again the choir sang in most melodious strains, "Come, Thou Almighty King." The audience standing, the choir sang the last hymn of the opening services, "My country, 'tis of thee; sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing. Land where my fathers died, and in almost hearing distance—could the ears cold in death of the slaughtered soldiers have heard—lay the hands of our fathers and brethren in unmarked graves, having fallen in defense of principles that were and are dearer and more sacred to the heart and life itself, and which, while pure blood shall flow through the hearts of Southern men and women, will remain sacred and holy, and not down at every little spurt of sentiment and cant. Sentiment and cant soon lose their force; principles remain forever. You can not depend on a man who acts from sentiment. He will desert you in the very hour of greatest need. The man of principle will die with you in the last ditch, and his expiring breaths will be but efforts to rally to the cause for which he gave his life. Hardly had the notes of this song died on the air when Secretary John A. Patten began delivering the opening address. The address was well delivered, and showed great care in the selection of right words and in avoiding all references to anything that was or could be distasteful to his much mixed audience. I think he deserves the unanimous thanks of the entire conference and of all the Churches represented for the good taste and judgment exhibited. But more anon. G. S. WYATT.

CALVINISM VS. ARMINIANISM. [This article, by Bro. Clothier, was sent to the Houston Post in reply to a communication therein by Rev. W. S. Red, who criticized at length a sermon preached by Bishop Key, in Shreveport, Louisiana. The Post refused Bro. Clothier's article, which we print below.—Ed.] To the Editor of the Post: DEAR SIR—My object in writing this article is not for controversy, but for elucidation; not to widen the breach between the followers of Calvin and the followers of Arminius, or to defend Arminianism. Great men—yea, the greatest on both sides—have failed to reconcile the antagonisms of these respective doctrines. My aim is to give my views and let them rest on their merits. I take it that God disclaims the responsibility that he is at all to blame for the loss of a single soul. "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the sinner." The instincts of the brute and the fowls of the air are used as an argument to rebuke man for his perverse ways. "The ox knoweth his owner's crib;" "yea the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord." Further it is said: "The wise men are ashamed, they are dismayed and taken; lo! they have rejected the Word of the Lord, and what wisdom is in them." Again man by wisdom can not find out God. He taketh the wise in their own craftiness and calleth the human race to the teachable spirit of children, that

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma. before me of October 6, 1891, which was also published in the Texas Baptist and Herald of October 11, 1891, I quote you my own words: "DEAR BROTHER—I take great pleasure in replying to your question of September 21. First, you ask me, 'Does any Greek lexicon define baptizo to pour or sprinkle, if so, what lexicon?' I answer, Groves, a learned Greek scholar and Greek lexicographer, defines baptizo to pour, to sprinkle, and all correct Greek lexicons should so define baptizo, for all classic authors use baptizo to mean to pour, to dip, to plunge, to dye, and to sprinkle." These are Dr. Burleson's words copied from his letter now in my possession. I can not think that Dr. Burleson intended to misrepresent or deny facts, which would so appear from the statement made in the Baptist and Herald of June 29, 1895, and from his letter to me as above quoted. The Doctor certainly must have made the statement, or rather the denial, under the impulse of the moment in his zeal for his cause, or else his recollection has failed him. In the Doctor's letter to me he does not say "sprinkle as well as immerse," but he does say "sprinkle and pour, leaving off the 'immerse.'" But in the controversy, or debate, the statement made by Bro. Stuckey was that Dr. Burleson said, "that baptizo meant to sprinkle as well as immerse." Certainly, if Dr. Burleson admits that baptizo means to sprinkle (which he has done), it would follow as a natural result that baptizo meant to sprinkle as well as immerse, for Dr. Burleson and all Baptists claim that baptizo means to immerse. Hence Bro. Stuckey, or anybody else, would be safe in saying that "baptizo meant to sprinkle as well as immerse." It is with hesitancy that I come before the public in this article, but I feel that it would be recreant to my duty in failing to make these statements in defense of the truth. In proof of the statement which I have made being true, and which statement I am ready to defend, I refer you to the Texas Baptist and Herald of October 11, 1891, and the original letter which is in my possession. W. T. McDONALD, Anderson, Texas.

TRIP TO ROBERT LEE. Robert Lee is the county seat of Coke County, about fifty miles south-west of Sweetwater and about twenty-eight miles from Fallinger. It is located on the Colorado River. Rev. G. F. Fair is the preacher in charge of the mission. He met us at Sweetwater, and from there we had a pleasant trip. Having traveled forty miles we shared his hospitality, and the next day, about 11 a. m., we reached our destination. This embryonic city is surrounded by magnificent scenery—composed of hills, valleys and meadows. Bro. Fair is comfortably domiciled in his own house near the Haylick Mountain, which is twelve miles from Robert Lee. Haylick is an appropriate name, for in shape, it is exactly similar to some of the large hay-rieks in Texas. We never witnessed in Texas a grander display of God's handiwork. We suppose that it is about 150 feet high. It is not connected with any other mountain. It has three distinct peaks of rock, about six feet in depth, and they are as if they had been put there by a master-mason. While gazing upon its grandeur, in spirit we exclaimed, "What hath God wrought?" Upon its surroundings, in every direction, we beheld diversified shrubbery—no large growth of any kind. Bros. Shelton, Fair and about ten others—ladies and gentlemen—held upon its summit a sunrise prayer-meeting last year, and the Lord blessed them. Robert Lee was originally located near the great salt-ponds; the court-house, residences and business houses are now on the Colorado River. Its citizens are of the first-class in every particular. During our stay among them, in a morning's walk, we went down into the river and came up straightway out of the water, but did not wet our feet; hence we were reminded of Dr. Carson's candid confession with regard to the River Jordan. He says: "All within the banks is the river." By the request of the pastor we preached seven distinct sermons by ritual, and six at Bronte. As to results at both places, we will only say that some good was done. The best of all, God was with us. The whole country from Sweetwater to Robert Lee, a distance of fifty miles, is under fence. That section has been blessed with the fruitful seasons—better crops than have been for many years. The grass is very fine, but comparatively few sheep, horses and cattle to eat it. Some of the farmers and stockmen are raising a diversity of small grain for their stock to feed on. In winter, this movement would tend to a greater development of the country. With such auxiliaries the poor man will have a better chance to succeed. The face of the land generally looks poor, but judging from the fine crops we are induced to believe that it is very productive. The dry seasons are the greatest barriers to the laboring class; but by economy and industry they can do well. We met some of our old friends, and all with whom we were acquainted and the others by ritual, promises, as follows: "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses and brethren and sisters and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life." Poor itinerants are rich in this world, but their greatest inheritance is in heaven. But few at this bright age of the Christian era suffer "persecutions." This is the fourth year of Bro. Fair's pastorate on the missions. He is still doing faithful work in the Master's

vineyard. The law will move him at conference, but his people would be glad for him to remain longer; but we do hope that a change will better his financial interest. In this regard he and his devoted family ought to be favored. Any appointment within the range of Episcopal Methodism is good enough for a true itinerant, provided the Church supports him, but it is not right to grind a certain class of faithful workers into powder. The crushing down of financial oppression ought to be divided. Prayings: "Bear each other's burden and so fulfill the law of Christ." WM. PRICE, Weatherford, Texas.

EAST TEXAS CONFERENCE. Edom Circuit. C. H. Smith, July 13: My first protracted meeting on Edom Circuit, East Texas Conference, was held at Ben Wheeler, beginning a week ago today, closed last night. Visible results: The Church greatly revived, a number of relocations, 15 professions, 16 accessions. We were assisted by Bros. Towns, of Canton Circuit; Kidd, of New York; Brown, of Grand Saline; White, of Walton, and Downs and Heavly, local preachers. This, we trust, is just the beginning of better times.

Chireno. S. M. Thompson, July 14: Chireno on tip-toe. Had a very fine Children's Day service to-day. The programme furnished by our Publishing House carried out in full. An audience of 450 attentively listened. All on duty acquitted themselves nobly. A collection of about \$100 taken. Have had one protracted meeting at Elm Grove; meeting; Church revived; 22 accessions; 1 baby baptized. Dr. Ditzler commences next Sunday night in Chireno a series of sermons, which will be a great blessing to all. Have a good League, and a fine Sunday-school. Chireno is flourishing.

Arleston Circuit. H. B. Smith, July 9: Sunday, July 7, was a memorable day with us at Bethel, it being Children's Day. We used the programmes prepared by our Church, with only a few variations in songs and speeches. This was the first service of the kind ever held here, and it proved to be pleasing and profitable to all who attended. This writer preached on Christian education. Bro. Cummings, one of our local preachers, addressed the children at 3 p. m. to the delight of us all. Collection amounting to \$2.35. Our thanks are due Sister F. A. Harkrider and Hattie Vincent for their care and patience in drilling the different performers, also Judge R. C. Boulware for his efficient service and spicy talks.

North Texas Conference. Rhoads. W. S. May, July 13: I write to say we are in a gala hour revival at Arden, in this circuit; seventeen conversions to date, and we go on. This is largely due to the weekly prayer-meeting held by the Epworth League for a month previous to this meeting. Pray for us.

Whiteland. J. B. Cole, July 11: The Church at Cedar Hill observed Children's Day last Sunday night. The exercises were well attended. The children, both big and little, did their parts splendidly. Much credit is due Miss May Hoswell, Mr. John Carroll, and others for their efforts in getting the children ready for the occasion. Every one present seemed to enjoy the many good things. The collection amounted to \$6. Bro. Dunn, of Frost, is with us at Wheatland preaching day and night. The attendance and interest are both on the increase, though we were furiously rained out last night. We are praying and working for a gracious revival. May the Lord give us the victory.

Broadway, Galvestone. Geo. S. Sexton, July 8: God is blessing us wonderfully in our work. Penitents still crowd the altar, and converts join the Church. Eleven accessions the Sunday before I went to International Conference of Epworth Leaguers at Chattanooga—I by service and the others by ritual. Word has given us 25 conversions since the last note without a "protracted effort." Our Epworth League improves continually. In the pastor's absence they hold the "meetings." This preacher got to attend above mentioned conference through the kindness of the League. They "put up all expenses," ticket and all. You may be sure I appreciate such kindness. God bless our League, and give every charge in the conference one just as good.

For Heavy, Sluggish Feeling. Use Hood's Sarsaparilla. It produces healthy activity of weak or disordered stomachs that need stimulating, and acts as tonic on nerves and brain.

dist doctrine. Baptist and Campbellites who heard him say his arguments are unanswerable. I recommend Bro. Price to all our pastors who wish a strong presentation of Methodist doctrine. He is very kind to all who disagree with us in doctrine, and none take offense at his preaching.

Westworth. B. A. Shoddy, July 12: We wish all the readers of the ADVOCATE to take note of the following: The recent heavy rains have thrown the farmers so behind in their work that we have postponed the time for holding our camp-meeting at Easter from the 17th of July to the 30th of August, or Friday before the first Sunday in September. It will be altogether the most suitable time, and we will be unlimited in time for the meeting. As before announced, we expect the Rev. Wm. Price with us.

Westworth. Mrs. S. C. Follen, July 12: The shout of victory is in the camp at Missouri Avenue in this city. The pastor, Bro. Sensabaugh, began daily services on the 1st with the assistance of Bro. Wyatt, the presiding elder, for one week. This week there have been three services daily, conducted by Bro. Bonner, of Covington. Almost every meeting has been a Pentecost. The heavy rains have caused no abatement of interest. To date there have been over 50 conversions, and we believe we are only upon the threshold of a great awakening.

Chireno. J. David Crockett, July 11: We closed a meeting of eleven days night before last at Chapel Hill, on Cleburne Circuit. Results: 39 conversions and 21 accessions to our Church, and 9 to the Cumberland Presbyterian; others many difficult. The people were so behind with their crops they said we could not well hold a meeting at that time. My wife at home sick, and it rained every day the first of the meeting, and our voice gave down; but they came through rain and mud until the weather cleared up and our voice somewhat recovered, and some of the hardest sinners were converted. We intended closing Sunday night, but the interest was too great. We were almost compelled to close Tuesday night to go to Price's Chapel last night, but we are rained out there to-night.

Chireno. J. H. Chambliss, July 10: Bro. and Sister Mulkey have been in this place and put in ten days of good work. Results: A most wonderful quickening of all the Churches, and about 75 added to the different Churches; 51 joined the Methodist Church. And the end is not yet. I can not write an adequate account of the character and extent of the work. I am sure it is of the most solid and far-reaching kind, and will go on accumulating in force. Bro. Mulkey and wife are too well known to need words of commendation from me. They are known by their fruits. Our town is flooded with religious joy and enthusiasm. Everybody is talking about the good meeting. We praise God, and will follow Bro. Mulkey with our prayers to his next meeting, which is to be at Price City.

What Shall I Do? Is the earnest, almost agonizing cry of weak, tired, nervous women, and crowded, overworked, struggling men. Slight difficulties, ordinary cares, household work or daily labor, magnify themselves into seemingly impassable mountains. This is simply because the nerves are weak, the bodily organs debilitated, and they do not

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INDIAN MISSION CONFERENCE. Pickens, I. T. J. C. Bailey, July 5: We organized last year at Dalton's school-house with thirteen members. Now we have over forty members registered and more to come in—converted in and through our weekly prayer-meeting. Pray for the continuing of God's blessing on us.

Chas. Davis, July 15: It has been said that the modern evangelist will not go but to the large cities. Bro. J. H. Coffard came to me at a little school-house, away off the railroad in Waco and other towns, but he worked more earnestly, preached more faithfully than he did in that little school-house. In spite of continual rains for three days, the crowds came and the interest increased. We had to close on account of the rain. The Lord gave us 12 clear conversions and 13 added to our Church. Praise the Lord we are now in a meeting three miles southwest from Hillsboro. We have two large tents, seating about 1500. Yesterday they were crowded morning and night. We are looking for a glorious, sweeping revival. May the Lord grant it for Jesus' sake. Amen and amen.

Evangel. J. L. White, July 10: Our third Quarterly Conference has been held. Bro. Boone gave us some good sound preaching on the mode of baptism, which was badly needed. Every point represented except one, and our faithful steward from this point reports having stayed away after hearing of the good time we had. Some of our stewards are getting very anxious for a parsonage. I could not tell whether they wanted me to marry or wanted a married man. I told them that I may occupy it on condition. We expect to secure this property for the Church if possible. If we were all as hopeful as Bro. Ballard, our faithful and most competent District Steward, more would be done. The stewards reported \$38 for preachers—very good for third quarter. Our League at Shive is doing well, and we expect to be represented at Waco. Having no local preachers on my work, all the responsibility

A TRUE STORY. A month's treatment effected all extraneous matter, the month before, etc., etc. (See full advertisement in the paper.)

Northwest Texas Conference. Ferris. R. D. Moon, July 15: We had a good Sunday at Ferris the 14th. Bro. Owens, of the ADVOCATE, favored his first pastoral charge with two good sermons and met many smiling faces of friends of other days. The work is doing well.

Robert Lee Mission. George F. Fair: We have had a great treat in the way of doctrinal preaching. Rev. William Price, of Weatherford, a superannuated member of the Northwest Texas Conference, through my solicitation, visited my charge the first of June and preached seven sermons at Robert Lee and six at Bronte on baptism, apostasy and perfect love, or Christian perfection. His preaching was logical, Scriptural and sound Metho-

rests upon me, and I am the weakest among the weak. The pressure came very nearly driving me from my post, but, bless God, the song entitled: "Christ is All," checked my course, and I am happy again. The third verse is precious: Oh so precious to me: I saw the martyr at the stake; Nor deem'd his soul as his courage shone; Lo! death's bright portals were his eyes; And answered, "Christ is All."

Abbott. J. W. Howell: It was my good pleasure to attend the dedication service of the new church at Ross last Sunday. The house was full and the yard was running over, and still they came. Wagons, buggies, carts, horses were all brought into use for the occasion. Bro. Campbell preached us a fine sermon, full of thought and well delivered. After which he dedicated the church. Ross is thirteen miles northwest of Waco, on the Texas Central Railroad, and is in the bounds of Bro. W. H. Terry's work (West Station). Our Church has never done anything there until about two years ago. It has for a long time been the stronghold for the Baptists and Campbellites. Two years ago next September Bro. W. J. Lemons, preacher in charge of West Circuit, began a meeting at Ross; assisted by S. J. Franks, myself and others. From the very first we had fine success, and at the close of two weeks we numbered nearly 100 conversions. So a Church was organized, and since then it has been a regular appointment on the West charge. The new and beautiful church is the result. It was Bro. Terry's intention to protract the meeting, but for the lateness of the crops and sickness in his family he postponed. Bro. Terry is well liked by his people, and I think will do a fine year's work. They have a League at Ross and it seems to be in good working order. We attended the services at 4 o'clock and saw considerable interest manifested. Dr. Campbell was to preach again that night, and I reckon he did, for he never fails. When it comes to preaching, eating water-melons, etc., I'll put Bro. Campbell against anything in Texas, and if he was not my presiding elder I would let them double on him. The new church at Ross is complete throughout and all paid for except a small amount on the seats. It would be an honor to some of our larger towns. In fact, it is much better and nicer than some of our larger towns have.

What Shall I Do? (Continued) Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Pills. MORPHINE. Dr. O. L. Williams. SOLID SILVER. FORKS and SPOONS.

Dr. Hugh L. McLaurin, SPECIALIST. Practice limited to Diseases of Women. Trust Building, DALLAS, TEXAS. \$525. Agents' profits per month. Will prove A. 1. 50 sample and terms free. Try our Children's Sarsaparilla. 26 Bond St., N. D.

"BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT." GOOD WIFE, YOU NEED SAPOLIO

SAPOLIO. "BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT." GOOD WIFE, YOU NEED SAPOLIO

Nervous Prostration.

AN AMERICAN MALADY CAUSED BY OUR MANNER OF LIVING.

(From the Star, Washington, D. C.)

We Americans hurry too much. We do not take time enough for our meals. We bustle to get rich, and wear out our bodies by the strain on our nerves. The result is nervous prostration. Probably there is no remedy which will reach all cases. Pink Pills come nearer being a specific for it than anything we know of, however, and we have just interviewed two Washington people who have tried them for this malady in order to get some local testimony. The first is W. H. H. Clark, of 809 New Jersey Avenue, N. W.:

"For a long time, said Mr. Clark, I suffered horribly with nervous prostration, and tried many physicians and various highly recommended remedies without experiencing the slightest benefit. Last fall my business called me to Pittsburgh, Pa., and while there my mother, who remained in Washington, wrote recommending that I should try Pink Pills. I please her I procured a box. At this time for a long period previous my condition was most deplorable. I could not walk alone, and had I attempted to do so would have fallen. After I had taken them for a month I felt stronger than I had for many months. I should have mentioned that until I had been taking the Pink Pills for about a week and for a long time before I had to force myself to eat, but after the first box of pills had been used by me my appetite returned and I was able to eat ravenously. I should also have said that when I began taking the Pink Pills my legs had become, as it were, like live wooden legs, and my body was fast becoming a burning furnace. The use of the boxes of Pink Pills, however, drove all this trouble away, and I regard them as a wonderful medicine."

Miss C. E. Lewis, No. 1228 N. St., northwest, one of the teachers in Miss Payne's School of Cookery, says: "Dr. Williams' Medicine Company's Pink Pills have been of great benefit to my health. I am very much averse to taking for purification, but feel that I ought to testify truthfully to the facts in the case. I had suffered from nervousness for a long time and was all run down. I tried various remedies, but none of them did me any good. Last summer, while in Delaware, was told of a certain wonderful cure that had been effected by means of the Pink Pills and bought a box. They helped me wonderfully after taking them for the past few weeks. I have been entirely cured of what was a severe and prolonged attack of nervous prostration."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppression, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or sent by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

UNANSWERED LETTERS.

JULY 11. Fam C Vaughan, o. k. A P Payne, sub. J J Harris sub. F L Farrington, sub. M W Francis, change. C M Thompson, sub. E G Hewitt, sub. J M Swenson, sub. W. S. Thomas Gregory, sub. W H H Dicks, sub. JULY 12. J W Dickinson, sub. G V Ridley, has attention. John R Steele, sub. W Miller, sub. Charles Davis, sub. D T Brown, sub. J T Kirkpatrick, o. k. J M Armstrong, sub. J W Sims, change. W H Terry, sub. JULY 13. G C Summers, sub. A P Smith, sub. G W Harris, sub. W H Terry, sub. I S Ashburn, sub. W H Stephenson, sub. Jas A King, sub. J G Miller, sub. J A Wright, thanks. Geo H Phair, sub. C V Oswald, sub. has attention. C S McCarver, sub. J A Baker, sub. JULY 15. E K Denton, has attention. H M Whaling, sub. J J Canafax, sub. H P Shraeker, sub. A T Collier, sub and change. J R Wages, sub. New Harris, sub. W J Sanders, sub. M I Brown, sub. O C Fontaine, sub. JULY 16. W W McAnally, sub. W J Owens, sub. Alanson Brown, sub. JULY 17. Chas Davis, o. k. J D Odum, sub. J W Fort, sub. J J Canafax, sub. W W Goulson, sub. Geo F Fair, sub. J A Whitcomb, sub. Geo S Sexton, sub.

Week-End Excursions to Galveston. Commencing Saturday, July 15, the SANTA FE ROUTE will inaugurate their week-end excursions to Galveston and will continue them every alternate Saturday as follows: July 15, August 10 and 25. Round trip rate \$3.00, good returning to El Paso, Tex. Special train will leave Dallas at 7:30 P. M., returning through Houston, Galveston, and El Paso, Tex. WILKINS, Pass. Agt.

Through Wagner sleepers by the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, leave Houston daily from all points in Texas without change for St. Louis, Hannibal and Kansas City. The only through sleeping car from Texas to Chicago without change.

ON SALE—SUMMER EXCURSION TICKETS.

The Texas and Pacific Railway Company have now on sale Summer Excursion Tickets to all Summer Resorts in the North-East and South-East, at greatly reduced rates. Tickets for return to October 31, 1895.

Marriages.

Parmer-Bratton.—In Kosse, at the home of C. G. Bratton, brother of the bride, July 10, 1895, W. B. Parmer and Miss Alice Bratton, Rev. Sam I Morris officiating.

Obituaries.

The space allowed obituaries, twenty to twenty-five lines in length, is for the privilege of reserving of condensing all obituary notices. Parties desiring such notices to appear in full as written should remit money to cover excess of space, to-wit: at the rate of ONE CENT per word. Money should accompany all orders.

REV. JOSEPH EPHRAIM O'NEAL.

Was born in Bullock County, Ala., November 28, 1867, and died at the home of his parents in Hunt County, Texas, June 19, 1895. He was the second son of Benjamin Franklin and Cordelia Elizabeth O'Neal. His father was a farmer, and both joined the M. E. Church, South, in childhood. The family moved from Alabama to Hunt County, Texas, January, 1883. Joseph was baptized in infancy. His parents were poor, and as a consequence his early education was neglected. He found himself at the age of twenty-one poor and with a limited education; but, as he says, possessing a pure heart and a burning desire to be useful, knowing it to be his duty to preach, he felt that he could succeed by the help of God. He entered the Honey Grove High School September, 1889, under the Presidency of Rev. I. W. Clark. From there, the following year, he went to Central College, Sulphur Springs, Texas. From June, 1890, until November, 1891, he spent in teaching and attending school. He was converted September 5, 1885, at a camp-meeting conducted by Rev. J. C. Weaver, of the North Texas Conference. It was a bright conversion. Of it he thus writes: "I had the unmistakable evidence of a turning from darkness into light; from the power of Satan unto God." He was licensed to preach November 1, 1889, by the Quarterly Conference of the Honey Grove Station, Bonham District, North Texas Conference, under the administration of Rev. J. M. Binkley, presiding elder. He was admitted into the North Texas Conference at Bonham, November 9, 1891; ordained deacon at Bonham, Texas, by Bishop B. K. Hargrove November 11, 1891. He never received but one appointment, having been sent with D. A. Williams to New Hope and Christian in the Montague District. Thus lived and died one of the best and truest young men in our conference. A friend writes, "I knew him well. A noble and more pious young man I never knew. As a student, he was exceedingly diligent; as a preacher, zealous and loyal; and as a friend and citizen, he was esteemed and loved." His father writes touchingly as to his love of his work, and the good people of his charge. He was anxious to get well and go to his loved employ, but ready to depart and be with God. His charge takes delight in bearing testimony to his worth as a pastor. His parents bear the stroke with Christian submission. Thank God we shall see him again. W. D. MCINTOSH.

REV. J. P. HAMELTON.

Rev. J. P. Hamelton was born in Jack County, Ala., October 29, 1827; removed in his youth with his parents to Mississippi; thence to Texas, in the fifties. He was educated at McKenzie College, Red River County, Texas, one of the oldest and most renowned colleges of the State. Through industry and perseverance he became a scholarly gentleman and rose to some distinction among his fellow men. He made his mark in the literary world, being Superintendent of Public Instruction in Fannin County for years, and principal of the higher schools at Pilot Point, St. Jo and Montague, which positions he filled with honor to himself and satisfaction to his patrons. In early life he sought and obtained religion and joined the M. E. Church, South, under the ministry of his brother, Hugh Hamelton, then presiding elder of the Paris District. He was licensed to preach by the Quarterly Conference of Montague, November 11, 1882, M. C. Blackburn presiding elder; ordained deacon by Bishop Galloway at Dallas, November, 1883. Bro. Hamelton was a gifted and useful preacher. He loved and served the Church faithfully, and in return was loved and honored by her members. He died July 2, 1895, at his home in Montague, Texas, demonstrating to all of us that the gospel which he preached so faithfully to others was fully competent to carry him across the stream of death to a home in the skies. The Church will greatly miss him, but we thought we could not spare him, but the will of God be done. Blessings on his loved family. May they follow his footsteps and meet him in heaven. His pastor, T. L. MILLER.

VERNON.—Earl Vernon died in Rockwall, Texas, July 5, 1895, aged five months and thirteen days. He was the brother to a twin sister born to J. S. Vernon and wife. He suffered long, but God released him. Strange God would see fit to take such tenderness and innocence away from us; yet God doeth all things for the best. Such a test is a supreme crucible. He who can patiently say, "Thy will be done," will meet the loved and lost in a world beyond the stars. Little Earl, on his white and snowy wings, will hover o'er your pathway until you, too, shall reach the golden shore. No doubt he is waiting in heaven for you. "Safe in the arms of Jesus?" oh! would you call him back to a world of sin and sorrow? Let his little body rest. Let his little angelic soul find peace in the bosom of its Heavenly Father. Who knows but many a night he'll swoody hover round your couch intently watching papa and mamma? J. MARVIN NICHOLS.

Biographical Sketch of Mrs. Malissa Phillips.

Malissa Crowover was born in the State of Arkansas, May 29, 1819. After two moves backward and forward her father settled in Washington County, where she united with the M. E. Church, South, in 1837, on Old Caney Creek, in Washington County, Texas. One year afterward she married Benjamin Phillips, one of the bravest sons of the Lone Star Republic. After numerous migrations Mr. Phillips finally settled in the southeastern corner of Llano County, in 1867, where he and his family resided until death claimed him for its own in 1887.

Mrs. Phillips was a woman of undaunted courage, and one of the best examples of a Christ-like and saintly woman that ever graced the Texas frontier. Picture to yourself, kind reader, a woman with a family of young children living in a wilderness where the wild beasts and marauding savages roamed at will; the former seeking the heart's blood of the settler, and the latter seeking to stain his scalp-knife and tomahawk with blood, and adorn his belt with the scalp-locks of the courageous pioneer that dared enter his dread domain. Such was the life of Aunt Malissa (as her friends and relatives lovingly called her).

Mr. Phillips was a stockman and his business called him away from home a considerable portion of his time. Imagine a woman with her little ones as her only companions. At night the only sounds that break the stillness are the lonely howl of the wolf, the scull-pattering scream of the wildcat and the snoring and the fierce growl of the mountain tiger as he springs upon his prey.

Aunt Malissa not only heard of the atrocities of the Red Man, but was an eye-witness, on one occasion at least, of their savage daring, and of a fierce conflict between the hated red skins and her husband and son at their very door, in which neither party was victorious as to scalps, but the reds captured several of their best horses. Her husband and sons were in numerous conflicts with the Indians who infested this country until about 1873.

Mrs. Phillips was the mother of eight children, and followed five of them and her dear husband to the grave. The last few years of her life were one long sorrow, but through it all she put her trust in the hands of the One "that doeth all things well." No person of her acquaintance was so skeptical as to doubt, for an instant, her perfect godliness. Among her last words to a devoted friend were these: "The river is not very deep; fear not, I will gain the other shore." She quietly passed away January 3, 1894. She has fought a hard fight, and gone through many sorrows, but, thanks be to God, she was victorious through all. Such a death causes the Christian to exclaim: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

RHINEHART.—Bro. J. F. Rhinehart was born in Logan County, Ohio, in the year 1817. He enlisted in the Federal Army on the 22d day of August, 1862, and served as a Corporal in Company I, 115th Regiment of Ohio Infantry, under Capt. William P. Davis, until he was honorably discharged on the 24th day of June, 1865. He was converted soon after the close of the war, but fell into irregular company and wandered away, but was reclaimed after fourteen years ago after which he never faltered. He died most triumphantly on the 16th day of May, 1895. Our dear brother was a faithful Christian, an efficient steward in the M. E. Church, South, an honored Mason and a true friend. He was especially true and faithful to his pastor. He never was married, and was away from all of his relatives, but he was not without plenty of kind friends to administer unto him in his last sickness and to follow him to his grave. We miss him on earth, but will meet him in heaven. C. E. GALLAGHER, Joshua, Texas.

HUDGINS.—Sister Susan L. Hudgins (nee Baker) was born April 18, 1828; died July 6, 1895. She professed religion in early life and joined the Church. Sister Hudgins was one of that faithful band who helped to organize the M. E. Church, South, at Grapevine. Her husband, E. N. Hudgins, who survives her, is a local elder in our Church. She leaves behind a respected family, a son, J. D. Hudgins, who is a member of the North Texas Conference; also a daughter, the wife of J. B. Minnis, who is a member of same conference. She has many relatives and a host of friends who hope to meet her on the eternal shore. Our presiding elder, Bro. G. S. Wyatt, preaching her funeral to a very large audience Sunday, 4 p. m.

A. T. CLEBERTSON. ABERNATHY.—Lemuel, son of E. C. and Mrs. Emma Abernathy, died of scarlet fever June 21, 1895. Lemuel was a bright little boy, not quite two years old. He suffered much for two weeks, but he is gone to that land where there is no pain. The fond parents are sorrowing, but not as those who have no hope. Thank God they can and will meet their darling boy again. R. A. THOMASSON, Randolph, Texas.

PEROT.—Mrs. S. M. Perot died at her home in Detroit, Texas, Thursday, June 20, 1895. She was born in Texas and has lived the greater part of her life in Red River County. She professed faith in Christ several years ago, but for some reason did not unite with the Church until recent years. Since that time she has been a devoted Christian, and her end was peace. Sister Perot was a whole-souled Methodist, and true to her obligations. I speak for the Church when I say that in her death we sustain a great loss. Her husband preceded her some years ago to the eternal world, and she being left a widow with a large family of children, has felt keenly the cares and responsibilities of life, but through them all she was faithful and true. May the blessings and protection of the Father of all orphans ever rest upon and be thrown around her dear ones whose hearts are broken, and whose home is made so lonely by the loss of mother.

O. C. FONTAINE, P. C.

DAVIS.—Mrs. Sarah Davis, wife of Mr. T. E. Davis, died June 6, 1895, aged thirty-five years; married nine years and six months. She was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, was a good Christian woman; was always ready and willing to discharge her Christian duty; was one among the first to administer to the sick and afflicted. It would be well to honor her with the name of peace-maker. She loved peace above all things and never harmed any one, but did all she could to make peace; loved her friends with that unchangeable love. Her examples in this life were bright ones. Her lamp was trimmed, and was burning. She was ready to go and meet God in peace when he called her. Bro. Everett, the pastor of the Methodist Church of Elm Grove, came to see her and talked with her about dying. She told him that she was prepared to go and that she would meet him in heaven. Then she raised her feeble voice and clasped her hands and shouted, "Jesus!" Yes, she loved Jesus I know, because she loved to talk and read of him, and her walk was close with God. EMILY THARR.

DOUGLAS.—No truer, nor more thoroughly unselfish Christian life ever closed on earth than when Sister Nannie S. Douglas went home to heaven. She was my friend as she was of a very preacher, and it is with a sense of personal bereavement that I lay this tribute on her grave. She was the daughter of T. S. and Sarah McKinney, born June 7, 1819. These aged parents survive her in great sorrow, but not as those who have no hope. She was thoroughly converted at ten years of age and immediately joined the Methodist Church. This Church, to the day of her death, she preferred above her chief joy. With her, at least, religion was the chief concern—her meat and drink was to do her Master's will. As we see it, the Church militant can ill afford to lose her; but He who promised: "The gates of death shall not prevail against it" will, in His own way, make the promise good. On December 1, 1866, she was happily married to James H. Douglas, with whom, for twenty years, she walked the path of life. She went last fall to make her home with her aged parents at Van Alstyne, where, after a few brief months, she peacefully passed away. JOHN M. BAEUS.

SERUGUS.—The subject of this memoir, Mrs. M. E. Serugus (nee Carl), was born December 23, 1831, in Kentucky, and in 1817 she moved to San Augustine County, Texas, with her father, Judge H. H. Carl, who survives her. On the 22 of November, 1850, she was married to J. A. Serugus, who afterwards became an

itinerant Methodist preacher, and preceded her to the heavenly home. Mrs. Serugus professed religion in 1850, and joined the M. E. Church, South. Her conversion was clear and unmistakable, and her after life consistent and uniform. She was for a number of years a resident of Tyler and then moved to Willis Point, her home at the time of her death. For several months, and during her long and painful illness, she was in the home of her sister, Mrs. J. L. Neal, of Dallas, where she passed quietly away on May 21, 1895. She was tenderly nursed by her sisters and everything that loving hearts and willing hands could do was done for her comfort. Mrs. Serugus was anxious to get well, but when told her end was near she was submissive to the will of Him "who doeth all things well." E. L. S.

FLORENCE.—Willie Florence (called "Muggens") was born September 3, 1893; died June 16, 1895. Little "Muggens" was unusually bright and was the idol of the home, but God, in His wisdom, saw fit to pluck the precious jewel from His earthly home and transplant it in its heavenly home. The parents are very sad and lonely. They say the happiness of their home is greatly marred. They are no more to hear the prattling tongue or see the bright smiles of little "Muggens" on earth, but, thank God, they hope to meet their precious babe in heaven. Fond parents, sorrow not; little "Muggens" is not dead, but has gone to live with Jesus. You have another tie in heaven. Doubtless it will be an incentive to draw you in that direction. In this sorrow bereavement we commend the sorrowing parents to God, who can comfort as no earthly friend can do. He is our help in time of trouble. Parents, resign to God's will. Remember that he doeth all things well. Be true to God and you shall meet little "Muggens" in the sweet by-and-by. M. I. BROWN, P. C., Grand Salina, Texas.

For Bilious Headache

"I tried a good many remedies for sick headache and biliousness, with which I was troubled for a long time, but it was not until I began taking

AYER'S Cathartic Pills

that I received anything like permanent benefit. A single box of these pills did the work for me, and I am now free from headaches, and a well man."—CHAS. HUTCHINGS, East Auburn, Me.

Medal and Diploma At World's Fair.

FOR SALE—SAINT BERNARD PUPPIES. Full pedigree; Immense breed; Whelped May 25. Very intelligent and kind. For full particulars, address: JON. THOMAS, Berwyn, Chester Co., Pa.

Texas Christian Advocate, \$2 per yr. To Preachers, \$1 BILLS.

THE ASSOCIATED BELL MANUFACTURING CO. QUINCY, ILL. PURE BELL METAL, (Copper and Tin) MAKING BELL FACILITY, ILLINOIS, MO.

MONOPOLY IN TRADE, AND HIGH PRICES FOR SEWING MACHINES ENDED! The Favorite High Arm Sewing Machine (WITH ALL ATTACHMENTS) And one year's subscription to the TEXAS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE FOR \$22 \$22 \$22 THE FAVORITE HIGH ARM SEWING MACHINE is light running and noiseless. It is a perfect machine in every respect; has a full set of attachments, all the latest improvements, including self-threading shuttle. It is elegant in finish, highly ornamental, and mounted on the best oak workwood. Knowing the character of this machine and the high grade of workmanship entering into its construction, we have NO hesitation in agreeing to return money at once to any subscriber who is not fully satisfied that our High Arm Machine is not fully equal to any in the market. Each machine is supplied with a full set of attachments and a warranty for ten years. Its simplicity commends it to every family, as no instructions for its use are necessary, further than the book accompanying machine. Freight or express charges are to be paid by purchaser. Address The Texas Christian Advocate, Dallas, Tex.

DON'T TRY TO QUIT. And yet you must quit or lose your health and life. Get help if you intend to quit the use of tobacco. THE ROSE TOBACCO CURE removes the nicotine from the system and at the same time soothes up the nerves as to prevent any shock or collapse. This is science at work. THE CURE IS PLEASANT, HARMLESS and ABSOLUTE. We guarantee a cure. Price, \$1.00 per box. Write for Circulars, or order of ROSE DRUG CO., 216 and 217 Third Ave., Birmingham, Ala.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER (Spring No. 1.) For Atonic Dyspepsia, Diseases of Women, Malarial Poisoning, &c. Dr. Wm. T. Howard, Baltimore, Professor of Diseases of Women and Children in the University of Maryland. Dr. H. compared the water of Spring No. 1 with that of a very celebrated water, and made the following statement: "Indeed, in a certain class of cases, it is much superior to the latter. I allude to the atonic dyspepsia attendant upon the early cessation of the menstrual flow, and more especially to the Catarrh of the stomach, which is attended by Malarial Fevers in all their grades and varieties, to certain forms of Atonic Dyspepsia and all the affections peculiar to women. It has been especially efficacious in Chronic Intermittent Fevers, numerous cases of this character, which had obstinately withstood the usual remedies, having been restored to perfect health by a brief course of water from the Buffalo Springs." This Water is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles \$3.00 by mail, including postage and express charges. THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

Always in the Lead Has been the Record of The Mutual Life of New York RICHARD A. MCCURDY, President. Assets, - \$204,638,783.96 Surplus, - \$22,529,327.82 INCREASE FOR 1894: Increase of Income..... \$ 6,067,721.26 Increase of Assets..... 17,981,103.82 Increase of Surplus..... 4,576,718.81 Increase of Insurance..... 51,923,039.96

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Pocket Knives ON ITS OWN RAILS MKT MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILWAY Now Run Solid TO... St. Louis Chicago Kansas City WAGNER BUFFET SLEEPING CARS "AND" FREE CHAIR CARS. EUREKA The CRESCENT HOTEL SPRINGS EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK., is reached in the most comfortable manner on the Santa Fe Route.

TEXAS TP ROUTE PACIFIC OFFERS THE PUBLIC THE BEST PASSENGER SERVICE BETWEEN THE EAST AND SOUTHEAST. Cannon Ball Train SHORTENED ONE HOUR IN TIME. Leaves Fort Worth, 7:05 a. m.; Dallas, 8:05 a. m.; Union Depot, 9:15 a. m.; Arrives St. Louis, 6:30 p. m. (except 75 different styles for ladies, gentlemen, and boys. Every knife warranted. C. P. BARNES & BRO., 540 West Market St., LOUISVILLE, KY. The first in reliability—Publishers Texas Advocate. ONLY TWO DAYS between TEXAS AND NEW YORK. Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars to St. Louis, Chicago and New Orleans. For tickets, rates and further information, call on or address your nearest ticket agent. L. S. THORNE, GASTON MESLEIER, 31 West-Pres. & Gen. Mgr., 60 S. Pas. & Tex. Agt. DALLAS, TEXAS.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder Awarded Gold Medal at Midwinter Fair, San Francisco.

MONTEAGUE DISTRICT CONFERENCE.

The Montague District Conference of the North Texas Annual Conference met in Nocona, July 4, 1895, and continued in session four days.

The presiding elder, W. D. Mountcastle, occupied the chair. On call of the roll it was found that there were fifty-three clerical and lay delegates present.

Most of the business of the conference was transacted by a Committee of the Whole. Nothing was done in a mechanical way, but everything moved with life and spirit from beginning to finish.

The following special committees were appointed: Committee on Public Worship, consisting of W. D. Mountcastle, L. A. Hanson and W. R. Davis; Committee on Quarterly Conference Records, consisting of L. P. Smith, G. A. Jamieson and E. L. Brown.

The delegates elected to the Annual Conference were: S. H. Stark, A. S. Belcher, L. A. S. Childs and P. W. Byrd, and the alternates were: J. F. Barlow and J. P. Wheeler.

The licenses of Brothers C. T. Anthony and H. H. Hawkins, local preachers, were not renewed. The licenses of the following local preachers were each renewed: C. C. Wright, J. D. Smith, W. H. Williams, J. H. Holder, J. H. Verner, E. R. Yager, L. B. Tuley, J. S. Eberhart, B. G. Burns, J. L. Henson and T. B. Hulme.

Mrs. Mountcastle, the District Secretary of the Woman's Parsonage and Home Mission Society, favored the Conference with an excellent talk in the interest of this work.

The Committee on Memorials reported that during the year Bros. J. D. Scoggins, J. E. O'Neal, W. F. Easterling and D. M. Hamilton, through the providence of God, had been taken from labor to reward.

This was in many respects the very best District Conference it has ever been my pleasure to attend. The presiding elder was in close touch and sympathy with his preachers.

The conference was delightfully entertained by the good people of Nocona, and a resolution of thanks was offered them.

The third session of the Houston District Conference was held at Eagle Lake, July 14th. Rev. Seth Ward, presiding elder of the district, presided throughout the session.

These reports show that over one-half the foreign missionary assessment has been paid; that nine charges have held missionary services, and that there are eleven Woman's Missionary Societies in the district.

A statement from Miss Etta Toothaker, the District Missionary Secretary, shows that there are in the district 357 members of the auxiliary and 361 members of the juvenile societies.

These reports also show that the domestic mission work of the district is growing rapidly. Many new settlers are coming in, and the harvest is white for pastor and local preacher.

E. T. Walker, G. W. Trotter, R. S. Houston, B. W. Allen, Joseph Baie and C. E. Simpson. The conference decided to hold its next session at Reagan.

Committees were appointed on Public Worship, State of the Church, Missions, Finance, Bible Cause, Temperance, Church Extension, Books and Periodicals, Quarterly Conference Records, and Epworth Leagues.

From the "tone and temper" of these reports we conclude that the Calvert District is growing in grace and in the knowledge of Methodism.

Rev. S. H. Morgan and the good people of Hearne know just how to take care of a District Conference. The writer found pleasant and comfortable quarters with Bro. Charley Welch.

Hearne is a good town with three railroads, good schools and Churches. The members and visitors of the conference were all pleased with Hearne, and the good people thereof were so well pleased with the conference they gave the members and visitors an "excursion" over the Hearne and Brazos Valley Railroad Saturday evening, all of which was greatly enjoyed by the conference.

The following were recommended for admission on trial: Winfred Frank Bryan, Farmers Branch; Jas. Edgar Crutchfield, Lancaster; Elouard Rodimer Edwards, Lewisville; John Riley Atchley, Farmers Branch—as fine a set of men, we venture, as will go up from any district in our State.

The conference meets next year at Plano. The ladies had charge Friday afternoon. The W. P. and H. M. Society is flourishing to the seeming detriment of the W. F. M. Society.

The session was harmonious; the attendance pretty good. The preachers were all in good spirits, and, best of all, the last 15 minutes of the last session were crowned with a rich blessing from the Holy Spirit.

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When Dr. Meun mentioned that a German youth who had been attending the university, and was studying for the ministry, would be compelled to quit school from lack of means, members of the Conference subscribed \$110 to the Loan Fund of the university in order that he may be kept at that school another year.

Cheering reports from all parts of the district come from the Epworth Leagues. There are nineteen Leagues in the district with 792 members. There are also three Junior Leagues.

Finances are fairly well up all along the line. "How can we make our Churches more Spiritual?" "Domestic Mis-

sions," "Best Financial Methods," and some other subjects, were discussed in turn. We had earnestness and eloquence, facts and fancies, power and pathos, sallies of wit and electrical flashes.

The discussions were throughout harmonious and enjoyable. E. P. Hamblen, J. V. Dealy, R. M. Brown and R. L. Harris were elected delegates to the Annual Conference.

A resolution thanking the good people of Eagle Lake for their kindness and hospitality was adopted by unanimous vote. A resolution commending and endorsing the Texas Christian Advocate was also adopted.

This session was profitable and enjoyable throughout. Prominence was given the devotional feature. Bros. O. T. Hotchkiss, T. B. Graves, E. D. Moutzon, J. W. Morris and J. R. Murray preached for us. A Sunday morning sermon by Bro. Ward, followed by the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; a Sunday afternoon love-feast, led by Bro. C. M. Keith, and a Sunday night sermon by Bro. M. Bryce closed a well spent Sabbath day.

Hitchcock was selected as the place of meeting next year. T. S. WILLIFORD, Secretary.

Rising early June 27, had a hasty breakfast, said good-bye to our dear children at Brownwood, and started on our return home at 6:40. The party this time consists of self, wife, Ford, Martha, and W. R. Kemp.

The weather was threatening rain, and when we had traveled about nine miles we were met by a very heavy shower. Detained by the rain forty minutes, and then retarded by the mud ever so much; but the bright side is: The country was needing the rain to make and mature the crops and grass, and so we thank the good Lord for the rain.

Trickham was so high when we reached it that the other members of the party were afraid to drive into it; waited for about half an hour, and saw two men cross. One of them was riding a mule and the other was in a buggy. As the water did not quite swim them, we ventured to cross. At Trickham we learned that Hay Creek, about two miles ahead of us, was very high.

We procured a pilot and traveled on. The pilot rode across first, and we followed him. The water was so high it almost swam my pony horse, coming up to the sills of my carriage-bed. Safely across Hay Creek, we traveled on then without further hindrance for six miles until we reached Home Creek. It is larger than either of the others, and the water is higher, too. Oh, sir, it is booming, foaming, roaring, plunging and looks very dangerous! All our party are afraid to drive into it.

What shall we do? The time of our departure here is uncertain. We see but one thing that is wise and prudent to do. That is: trust in God and wait for the water to fall. Stick up a stick. Yes, the water is falling! But before the crossing is safe for us night comes on. What shall we do for the night? Having a little food, but scarcely any bedding. Sought shelter and lodging at the nearest house. The gentleman said (after consulting his wife): "We can let you have a room and some bedding, but the old woman is out of sorts." They said they were willing to go to the house after I made my report. So we laid out. The ground was a hard bed, and the mosquitoes bit us terribly. Hord called for "mamma," and Martha said, "I do not know when I ever waked up so often in one night before."

Started next morning at 5:45, had rain in the afternoon, traveled about fifty miles and reached Paint Rock about 9 o'clock p. m. Thank God for journey mercies. R. M. LEATON.

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POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE. Being the pastor in charge at the college and having roomed in the main building during the last session, I feel as though I ought to write a word. I will try to give facts without any polish whatever. Having lately made a little trip in the interest of the college, I wish to say first that this "college" is not the "Fort Worth University." The university is a Northern institution, located over in the city.

The college, located two miles from the Union Depot, on a high hill, with splendid artesian water, in a large, three-story brick building, with most of the modern attachments, makes it both a healthy and pleasant place for an institution of learning.

Being out thus far, it gives us the city privileges and yet is far enough away not to be ensnared by the temptations. We have no sort of an attraction on the hill to hinder hard study, and with thirteen religious teachers and a well organized Church, we are prepared to make this a safe, sure and instructive place for young people desiring a good education under all the favorable circumstances. The College Hill now has thirty-one residences, three stores and the car shed, and a carpenter has just informed me that he has the contract for three more residences. Just outside the campus a two-story building, 50x70 will be built at once for the sole purpose of teaching; last year private residences had to be used. Beginning the second Sunday in October, I shall have a protracted meeting. Pray for us such, that all the irreligious students who may come may be gloriously converted. Also I would advise all who come to bring their Church certificates with them, and then we'll all know where

to place them, and the preacher can then learn you much faster. Send to Bro. W. F. Lloyd for catalogue. E. V. Cox, Ft. Worth, Texas.

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MRS. BROWN'S HUSBAND. "I suppose," said Mrs. Brown, "you have all heard the shocking report about my husband. I am awfully ashamed of it and would never tell it, but I know if you have heard it you will; so I prefer to tell it myself. We have lived very happily together nearly twenty years, but I fear there isn't much more happiness for us."

"Been scolding you?" suggested Mrs. Smith. "Well," said Mrs. Brown, "I don't know. He has actually gone and taken out an insurance policy on his life in an old line Legal Reserve Company. Nobody ever does that except those who are about twenty years behind the times."

"Well," said Mrs. Brown, "I don't blame you for being broken-hearted. I thought I was prepared to hear the worst, but that sort of folly in a man of your husband's mature years is a little too much. When my John and I were first married, twenty years ago last March, he thought to do something handsome for me and took a policy on his life in one of the same deceptive Legal Reserve companies. We were young and green then, and they made us believe that, in addition to protection in the way of funds if poor John should die, if he lived the twenty years we would have matured Tontines, Legal Reserves, Surpluses, and I don't know what all. We were sure we would never need any thing else when we got them all. We found pretty soon that we were paying twice as much as we need to for protection, and that what did we care? We had our legal reserve and surplus and a fine old accumulating with the great man back East who knew exactly what was best for us. Finally, the twenty-year Tontine matured. How I did dole out that money! I was sure it was my ears. At the bottom of my trunk, rolled up in nice tissue paper, I had kept the estimate the agent made all these twenty years. So we joyfully sent it to the Home Office, so they would know what it all was about. We had the estimate that we sent said that we were to have \$2500 on each thousand we carried. They sent us just \$340 on each thousand. We wrote and asked what had happened and we got \$1500 additions. We said we had carried that twenty years before, and they said they had used it up for expenses; that they had to pay the President and all the officers a great deal more or they would not have been able to pay their Agents enormous commissions except them from going off with Co-operative Companies, and had to keep up the legal reserve, and that we were in the biggest kind of luck to get what we did; but a great many expenses, not being able to keep up the legal reserve, had broke and the policy-holders got next to nothing as the men who wound up the business, and the lawyers got the best of the poor people who are taking insurance with you now?"

"Don't you bother about that," said the legal reserve man; "we will fix up something to tell when the time comes; besides, twenty years is a long time—they may be dead, or we may be dead, or the company may be broke trying to keep up the useless legal reserve that the law requires us to have under the charter we are organized under." "Why don't you let me see your policy?" said the organizer under the co-operative law, as you could have as safe and cheap insurance as any company?" "We can't," said the insurance man, "because we hold enormous sums of money belonging to the people. The moment we forfeited our charter, which licenses us to rob the people, they would sue us for their share of what we are holding; so we would be broke at once." "So husband and I each know what all we are taking insurance with you now?" said the legal reserve man; "we will fix up something to tell when the time comes; besides, twenty years is a long time—they may be dead, or we may be dead, or the company may be broke trying to keep up the useless legal reserve that the law requires us to have under the charter we are organized under."

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