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Editorial.

A PLEA FOR THE SOUTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

Education means development, power, training, knowledge and culture. It implies keenness and breadth of intellectual vision. It involves the ability to impress others sharply and forcibly. It is a disciplined schooling of the faculties so that they shall respond readily and efficiently when invoked. It is the accumulation of solid and varied information. It confers, too, upon the possessor a scholarly air and refinement bred only among classic haunts and influences.

Such an education is the fruit of observation, reading, speaking, writing and thinking. Whatever leads us to observe nature and life, to muse among the masterpieces of literature, to cultivate the habit and power of extemporaneous speech, to write with clearness and force, and especially to think deeply and consecutively, is a contribution to our education. Experience, too, lends a ripening and mellowing touch to it all.

We may add that there is no such thing as a finished education. It is a progressive and unending process, beginning with the dawn of consciousness and passing through all the checkered scenes of life, and stretching through a vista that reaches to the distance of eternity. The vision of the mind, traveling over an interminable tract of intellectual, moral splendor, is entrancing in the extreme.

This broad and scholarly tuition of the young soul ought to take place in that environment, and in connection with those examples and associations which are calculated to generate and perfect the highest conceivable type of Christian life. Education and the character-making process ought to proceed simultaneously and with harmonious co-ordination. Fine schooling in a pronounced evangelical atmosphere is the ideal.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Therefore, the greatest abundance of the most helpful facilities imaginable ought to be provided. There ought to be numerous buildings, accommodated to the purpose and thoroughly comfortable. There ought to be an amply stocked laboratory. There ought to be a first-class museum. There ought to be an observatory for astronomical research. There ought to be a great library with its niches honey-combed with the standards of literature, science and theology. There ought to be literary societies with commodious and pleasant halls, where the students can debate and read. There ought to be a gallery of art hung and thronged with the best paintings and statuary obtainable. There ought to be a noble campus, beautiful with landscape gardening and conducive to health and pleasure. There ought to be also a chapel from whose pulpit wisdom, eloquence and saving influences shall distill upon the youthful congregations gathered for worship and for prayer. There ought to be a faculty of learned and golly men, liberally educated themselves and marvelously expert in their own departments and pre-eminently qualified to teach.

We say a faculty pre-eminently qualified to teach. For there is a vast difference between a smart man and a smart man who is the master of this fine and sacred art. We want the born teacher who has made the profession his life-work, and not the adventurer who uses it tentatively or as a stepping-stone to something else. Perfunctory, superficial teaching for purely utilitarian ends is the bane of modern school life. Out upon the impetuous brood of triflers!

Parents cannot be too particular about patronizing those institutions whose faculties understand their business and who go about it conscientiously as in their "great Task-master's eye." We might have been helped in our boyhood days by being held back along some lines and spurred up along others, by timely suggestions and help. But they were not forthcoming. If we picked up anything in the way of an education it was owing entirely to the principle of absorption. When we think of this cruel neglect, unintentional no doubt, bitter feelings rise up which we can scarcely repress. Flinging a lot of boys like so many blind puppies into a mill-pond to flounder round and ultimately scramble out, may be a diverting spectacle to the

observers, but it is not our idea of education. We want trained men for this business; men full of sympathy and helpful tact. Preaching and teaching are mutually complementary and each a trebly sacred art.

A word upon the money question: An institution like the one we have just sketched is necessarily a costly affair. And an endowment is indispensable for the simple reason that the tuition fees will not pay the expenses of the school.

This is particularly true of a distinctly Christian university or college, for such an institution must needs carry a long roll of beneficiaries. Young preachers and the children of preachers, and sometimes even others, are educated free. If from receipts already too scanty a deduction be made for those enumerated above, an endowment becomes more and more an absolute necessity. This is the simple philosophy which underlies the endowment policy. It is a question of book-keeping by double entry—the preservation of a balance between expenditures and receipts. He who complains of a fund to supplement the salaries of our professors betrays a pitiful ignorance of the whole affair.

The great universities of Europe and America have been built and endowed by generous gifts, and not by revenues derived from tuition fees. Oxford and Cambridge are the monuments of saintly and princely bequests.

Old John Harvard gave \$1800 and a library of 320 books to the cause of Christian education, and Harvard College, the greatest and richest of all our American schools, is the result.

George I. Seney by his noble gifts broadened and enriched Emory and the Wesleyan, and guaranteed the immortality of these fine old schools. Commodore Vanderbilt built the university which bears his honored name, and did a magnanimous thing the memory of which grateful Southern hearts will never let die.

Who can fathom the depths or measure the wide area of the permanent good wrought by these mighty institutions?

During the first century of its corporate life Harvard turned out 327 preachers of the gospel. The influence of these men increases in a geometrical ratio, and their beneficent deeds multiply with the proverbial rapidity of the banyan tree and can be traced back to the noble Harvard's gift. Is there no inspiration and contagion in an example like this?

There are many preachers in Texas who are well-to-do, and some even rich. Why is it they do nothing for a cause to which they consider themselves so sacredly committed? Just because their hearts hitherto have been impervious and unresponsive to the motives which moved the old Puritan in the day of America's intellectual need.

There are in Texas dozens and scores of laymen who are in affluent circumstances, and hundreds and thousands who have a handsome competency. Why is it they, too, are so derelict? We can conceive no reply except a supreme indifference to the cause. Our laymen are clamoring importunately for the very best preaching and then deliberately refuse to furnish adequate facilities for producing it. The schools must make brick without straw, and grind without either water or grist. It is useless to mince words. Our unbecoming and illiberality are absolutely intolerable. The parable of the doomed barn-builder comes in here, and the simplest of us can make the application.

We believe, and we speak from the observation of eighteen years, that our own Southwestern University contains within itself the possibilities and the excellencies to which we have alluded. This noble school, the joint property of the five Texas Annual Conferences, to whose support and enlargement we are pledged by the solemnity of a sacramental oath, and whose claims upon us, if there be such a thing as conscience and honor left among Methodist preachers, are primarily and absolutely paramount, confronts today a crisis and a peril which can only be averted by timely and generous gifts. The University is the key-position, the holding of which is equivalent to the indefinite spread of Methodism in the West. If the line is broken, or the position turned here, incalculable disaster must be the

sult. We suggest the following schemes for relief:

First—Continue the annual educational assessment, which is virtually equivalent to so much interest upon a permanently invested endowment fund. Throw every possible safeguard around it. Let the perpetuity of it cease to be a debatable question.

Second—Respond liberally to the appeals of the duly authorized agent of the University, giving him all the sympathy, co-operation and practical help within our power. An agent can render immense service.

Third—Let the friends of Christian education in every annual conference organize a Southwestern University Building and Endowment Association, properly officered and regulated, exacting an initiation fee and requiring a respectable yearly due; an association which, in addition to the foregoing sources of revenue, can, by a course of lectures occasionally and a collection at the time of the annual meetings, produce a constant inflow of money into the treasury. Such a society would advertise the University and make sentiment for it, and five such ceaselessly operating would swell amazingly the financial receipts. This scheme is eminently practicable. It is the old story of the slowly dropping water wearing away the granite rock and of the coral insects by infinitesimal deposits building up an island in the sea.

Fourth—Let the trustees, if necessary, adopting the universal commercial expedient of the bonding principle, bond all the University property for say twenty years at 4 or 6 per cent and provide out of the annual receipts or in any other way for the interest and sinking fund. These bonds could be sold and money soon realized in a short time to erect the college building so imperatively needed. The Publishing House was saved in precisely this way.

Fifth—Suppose we start an Advocate subscription fund of \$10,000, each subscription being conditioned upon securing the whole amount. If this sum could be realized immediately it would be a guaranty of the erection of the main University building. There are any number of men who would give \$100, or \$50 or \$25, if they felt that the gift would be the nucleus about which \$10,000 would be crystallized. No man can possibly lose, for his is a conditional contribution. Who will send us \$500 with which to start the fund?

These may not be the best devices, but they are infinitely better than none. Anything rather than to stand idly or stупidly by while the golden opportunities slip away. We had rather take the most desperate risks than to allow these vast potentialities to remain undeveloped any longer. God will help us if we will only put our shoulder to the wheel.

We think that we see signs of a gracious renaissance of educational enterprise and devoutly believe that the hour has struck. May God most mercifully bless the institution which was founded and baptized with the tears and prayers of our fathers, and which is fraught with so much of interest and destiny for us and for ours.

INCAPABLE OF MAGNANIMITY.

The Germans have been celebrating for several days the victories which they gained twenty-five years ago over the French in the Franco-Prussian war. These celebrations were upon a scale of great magnificence. Nothing savoring of grandeur was lacking in the commemoration. The German heart has gloated to the full over the once fallen foe. France looked on with resentful bitterness.

Emperor William, who is infinitely more suited to play the master of the revels to the courts of Europe than the role of the statesman-like, constitutional ruler, figured prominently at the head of the procession. This young man has a perfect mania for brilliant festivals and fetes. Yacht-racing, boar-hunting, parading in the van of the army and superintending some spectacular event consume all of his time. If he were simply a pleasure-seeking idler yawning and trifling away the golden opportunities of life, we would have nothing to say, seeing that such are the normal experience of modern royalty; but when he proceeds to blazon forth the glory of Grayclotte and Sedan, and to apotheosize the heroes of the late war, and thus humiliate and tempt the French, we feel called upon to say it is both a cowardly and a dan-

gerous business. This whole affair will widen the breach between Germany and France, and sow the seeds of a bitter harvest of war and woe. We suggest that it would be well for the German Empire while crowing over France to remember Jena and the associated events, and also the mighty Turenne and his exploits. There are other battlefields besides Grayclotte and Sedan. The truth is, that this disposition to exult over a fallen foe, and to glory inordinately in the achievements of war, is puerile and contemptible. It is a gross manifestation of an utter lack of magnanimity. It is a gloating savagery out of harmony with the genius of a Christian civilization. It is the spirit of devilry which reigns in the bosom of an Indian who yells with fiendish pleasure while his victim tosses agonizingly in the flames. When the appeal to the stern arbitrament of war has been made and the verdict has been rendered, let there be an end of animosity. Oftener than otherwise the diabolism and bitterness which follow war infinitely outweigh all the horrors of active hostilities. For the German people to celebrate with so much ostentation their late victories is, under all the circumstances, a malicious attempt to humiliate the French, and at the same time a challenge to combat—a challenge that France will not be slow to accept, and which, in the future, may lead to an entirely different result.

This is perhaps one of the saddest features of our own war, the everlasting taunting of the South by the North. The Northern people won the fight. They prevented the dissolution of the Union and secured the emancipation and enfranchisement of the negro, and with such results they ought to have been satisfied. But not so. To all the losses and sufferings of the war they added the atrocities of reconstruction, and all those irritations which a thoroughly malicious journalism could devise.

The other day a great newspaper like the Independent spoke of the "War of the Rebellion." This sheet knows that this expression is superlatively offensive to the Southern people, and yet it employs the contemptible phrase as if it were a sacred formula. The collocation of words—"War of the Rebellion," is pregnant with a political lie. It is a mean falsification of the record. There was a war between seceding States, there was a war for secession, there was a civil contest, but there was no war of the rebellion. Against what supreme, centralized authority did the Southern States rebel? To continue to use the expression is either proof of a total ignorance of the history of the organization of the Government from the colonial period on up to the adoption of the Constitution, or else the malicious meanness which delights to file a once prostrate foe. The Independent, which is a representative journal, by using this expression and constantly indulging a strain of invidious criticism advertises to the world the fact that the North is utterly incapable of a large-minded, generous spirit, and is still striving to perpetuate the solidarity of the Southern people and to keep sectionalism at a premium. If a different spirit had been breathed and a different course pursued the war long since would have been only a memory or a dream. A tenderly, magnanimous attitude, a beautifully conciliatory course of action could have healed the breach. But if the Southern people are to be humiliated and taunted upon every conceivable occasion, then, though a common flag may float over us and the iron framework of an indissoluble union bind us together, the Southern heart will remain isolated and grimly defiant to the last.

CONNECTIONAL NEWS.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society reports a total of 31 conference organizations, 2184 auxiliaries with a membership of 39,569. There are also 1227 Juvenile Societies. The society collected during the year ending April 30, 1896, \$70,348.89. For the ensuing year it appropriated \$83,325. The society supports about 150 workers of all classes, and owns \$300,000 worth of property in foreign fields.

Bishop Galloway writes the following important letter to the Christian Advocate, Nashville, which will be read with eager interest in Texas: DEAR DR. HOSS—I have just read

your editorial note in this week's Advocate, entitled "A Matter to be Considered," referring to the failure of the Wesleyan Conference in England to appoint a Fraternal Messenger to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. I am sure the Wesleyan Conference has intended no discourtesy to our church. The matter was fully explained to me by Rev. Dr. Waller in London last February. He stated that as fraternal relations had been established with both branches of Episcopal Methodism in the United States he argued in committee that they should alternate in sending a personal messenger. To one General Conference they would send a fraternal message and the next a messenger. So a letter was sent to our General Conference at Memphis. They had ascertained, however, that the suggestion would not be acceptable to our brethren of the Methodist Episcopal Church; so he said we would receive regularly hereafter a duly accredited fraternal delegate. As the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church meets next May, the recent conference at Plymouth appointed the conference Editor, Rev. W. L. Watkins to bear their greetings. Just before our next General Conference I am sure they will make a similar appointment to our church. At least Dr. Waller gave me the above explanation and assurance.

GENERAL CHURCH NEWS.

Rev. Howard A. Clifford, in Zion's Herald, furnishes these newsy items about the British Wesleyan Conference just closed: Venerable and noble men are in attendance, who are reinforced by valiant and worthy young men more than the Churches now demand. The entrance of Rev. William Arthur, whose "Tongue of Fire" is a classic, was cheered by a kindly English greeting, "Hear, Hear!" At this session Rev. Walford Green graciously yields the chair to the new President, Rev. Dr. J. Waller. There are no li-hops, and the President holds his office for only one year.

THE PRESS.

We present our readers with the following photograph of the new woman:

A not inconsiderable portion of the women of the United States is inclined to regard a man as a necessary evil. Their point of view is that he is here, and therefore is likely, for the present at least, to remain a formidable figure in human affairs, but that his ways are not their ways, that they disapprove of them and him, and that they intend to work out the lives and salvation as independently of him as possible. What man in the flush and prime of life has not been made conscious of this attitude of the modern woman? She is constantly passing us in the street with the manner of one haughtily and supremely indifferent. There are women enough still who look patterns of modesty, and yet let us feel at the same time that they are more or less an object of interest to her; but this particular type calls by her trim and often stylish costume with the air not likely to ignore us. Her compressed lips suggest a judgment, a judgment born of meditated conviction which leaves no hope of reconsideration or exception. "You are all substantially alike," she seems to say, "and we have had enough of you. Go your ways and we will go ours."

The Mecca of the modern woman's hopes, as indicated by this point of view, would appear to be the ultimate disappearance of man from the face of the earth after the manner of the mastodon and other brutes. Nor are her hopes balked by physiological barriers. She is prepared to admit that it is not obvious, as yet, how girls alone are to be generated and boy babies given the cold maternal shoulder; but she trusts to science and the long results of time for a victory which will eliminate sexual relations and all their attendant perplexities and tragedies from the theater of human life. From "The Use of Man," by Robert Grant, in the September Seribner's.

This extract gives us some conception of the power of the preaching of Savonarola:

Thus he went on from year to year, mastering Florence as much by his preaching as by his political sympathies. The description which is given of the result seems almost incredible, yet it is unquestioned fact. The whole city fasted at his word. The streets were deserted and business abandoned when he preached. Neither the eye nor the ear was scandalized by sights and sounds that had been usual in Florence. The very attire of the people became simple. Restitution of unjust gains was largely made. The influence of the reform was felt in matters so domestic as the care which mothers took to nurse their infants rather than employ strangers. Men became as faithful and devout in prayer as women. Children came to his instructions in such throngs that he limited the age of those who were admitted. He enrolled them to the number of 8000, and made them active assistants of his work. They went about from house to house, pleading for the gift of superfluities and the sacrifice of vanities with such courtesy and sweetness of man-

ner that few could resist, and they returned laden with various articles of value, as well as with gold and silver. In 1495, the sixth year of his ministry, the feeling he excited rose higher than ever. The piety of all ranks and both sexes displayed itself in all possible ways, among which it is curious to note their ceasing to read amatory poetry, and to use cosmetics and false hair. Two years after, the reform reached the height of its influence, or, as indeed should be said, its extravagance. Pictures, statues, books richly bound and illustrated, and whatever might be supposed to minister to sin, were freely brought by the owners of them, and heaped together on a vast stage to be burnt. Twenty thousand crowns were refused that were offered to ransom such articles of art from the flames. From "A Fifteenth Century Revival," by Rev. Dr. J. H. Hobart, in Harper's Magazine for September.

The Reviews of Reviews, September, gives an interesting and instructive note concerning our National military parks:

Gettysburg, Shiloh, Antietam and Chickamauga have now been designated by Congress as National military parks and reservations. Perhaps no other battle grounds of the Civil War possess greater natural attractions for the purposes of a great park than Chickamauga. From the military point of view, the fighting in the vicinity of Chattanooga was equally creditable to the blue and the grey, and it will be easy for the distinguished orators who will take part in the dedicatory programme of the present month—some of whom participated in the armed conflict on one side and some on the other—to give unstinted praise to the bravery and manliness of their adversaries in the great struggle more than twenty years ago. Survivors of both sides have exerted themselves, with mutual respect and good will, in the great task of giving realization to this plan of a National park at Chickamauga. The names of many men deserve to be recorded with honor for their valuable participation in the work. Fortunately, the story has been well told by Gen. H. V. Boynton in his new volume, of which mention will be found in our department of book notes. This distinguished journalist made the original suggestion, and has been especially active in the matter from beginning to end.

We quote below a sensible utterance from a popular periodical: Most men of any considerable culture date the successive enlargements of their intellectual lives to the reading, at successive periods, of the books of insight and power—the books that deal with life at first-hand. There are, for instance, few men of a certain age who have read widely or deeply who do not recall with perennial enthusiasm the days when Carlyle and Emerson fell into their hands. They may have reacted radically from the didactic teaching of both writers, but they have not lost the impulses, nor have they parted with the enlargement of thought received in those first rapturous hours of discovery. There was wrought in them then changes of view, expansions of nature, a liberation of life which can never be lost. This experience is repeated so long as the man retains the power of growth and so long as he keeps in contact with the great writers. Every such contact marks a new stage in the process of culture. This means not merely the deep satisfaction and delight which are involved in every fresh contact with a genuine work of art; it means the permanent enrichment of the reader. —Hamilton W. Mabie, in September Bookman.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly: Mr. Andree's project of a balloon voyage to the Pole, described by him in an address before the Stockholm Academy of Sciences, has been fully approved by Baron Nordenfjold and other authorities. Mr. Andree is an engineer as well as an aeronaut of experience, and he has made practical acquaintance with the conditions of life in the polar regions. An original device for steering the balloon has been tried and found to be successful. Cables attached to the car drag upon the ground and furnish a point of resistance for the working of a sail, so that the balloon can be headed as much as 27 degrees, sometimes even 40 degrees, from the direction of the wind. The start will be made in 1896.

PERSONAL.

T. E. Godbold, of Uvalde, a subscriber since 1878, made the Advocate an appreciated call during the week.

Rev. David Sullios, D. D., President of Centenary College, Cleveland, Tenn., is in Texas, visiting his brothers. He made the Advocate a highly appreciated call.

Died, in Mincola, Texas, August 31, 1896, Mrs. Jane W. Baldwin. Her father, Rev. Thos. Sanford, was a Methodist minister of great popularity thirty years ago. She was a life time member of the Methodist Church.

Arkansas Methodist: Rev. W. M. Shelton, a presiding elder of the Northwest Texas Conference, came to Fayetteville Saturday to rest a while

at his father-in-law's, Bro. Vincineller.

Rev. E. W. Solomon, of Austin, preached, recently, a great sermon upon the work of the Holy Spirit. From the Daily Statesman we learn that it elicited much favorable comment.

A telegram dated September 4 brings the sad intelligence of the death of Sister Statham, wife of Rev. C. E. Statham, our pastor in Santa Anna. The Advocate tenders sincere condolences to the bereaved.

The Florence Reporter: As a revivalist Dr. Deets is certainly a success, and is doing a vast amount of good for this community. His sermons are plain, old-fashioned and practical, and he has none of the new-fangled methods so common to modern evangelists. The meeting is simply an old-fashioned, praying, shouting, Methodist meeting, which is always refreshing to true Christians. Much of the success is due to Prof. Wilcox, who has charge of the music, and has organized the young people into a choir of excellent singers.

SOUTHERN METHODIST.

Bishop Hendrix and party reached Yokohama, Japan, in health and safety August 19. He will inspect the work and hold the Japan Conference at Kobe August 23.

Rev. Wesley G. Miller, D. D., of Louisville, whose death we announced last week, was a Missourian. He had filed some of the best sermons in the connection, viz.: Little Rock, Memphis, St. Joseph and Louisville. He was a valuable man. The press has paid a deserved tribute to his memory. He will be sorely missed.

Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald preached recently in Tremont Street Church, Boston. Zion's Herald comments thus: In person he is typically American, being tall and straight as a Southern pine, rather slender in figure, and quick and sharp in his mental processes. His face is thin, his head intellectual. His gray beard and iron-gray hair soften the glint of his blue eyes. His pulpit manner is easy; but ordinarily, we should judge, more vigorous than that of last Sabbath morning. He was evidently restraining himself in this respect. His style is clear and clean, with enough of depth in his thought and earnestness in his manner to make the sermon interesting. His humor superabounds. Flashes of wit were often manifest, very titillating in their tendency. When he spoke of the South and referred to the vast number of patriots who stood ready to be enrolled in the service of the Government and drag their salaries with patriotic punctuality, he glided excellently to the politicians of the North and South; and it did not take such an eye as Mark Twain had for the humorous to see the long line of patriots filing up to the pay office of Uncle Sam, with mock solemnity.

GENERAL.

Christian Advocate, Nashville: Rev. W. L. Watkins, who has just been deputed by the Wesleyan Methodist Conference to bear its fraternal greetings to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is a man of unusual mental gifts. Though in the main a conservative, he has an immense amount of spiritual vigor and aggressiveness, and will, no doubt, make a most favorable impression at Cleveland.

The Advocate: Dr. R. S. Stross has quietly passed his seventy-fourth birthday at his summer cottage, Shelter Island. Numerous congratulations were received, but no public demonstration was made. Doubtless such special recognition is in reserve for another year in this beloved and honored Brooklyn pastor will complete three-quarters of a century of life, and fill out his fiftieth year of service in the Church of the Pilgrims.

Christian Advocate, Nashville: Zion's Herald, of the 14th inst., was a great educational issue, worthy to be filed and kept for permanent reference. We notice, however, one slight error. In the sketch of Dr. Stephen Olin it is stated that he declined the Presidency of Randolph-Macon College. The fact is that he held that office for four years, and during that time left such an impression upon the minds of his students as neither time nor eternity can efface. The late Chancellor Landon C. Garland, of Vanderbilt University, who was one of his colleagues and his successor in the Presidency, never tired of talking about him. Such men as Drs. Warren DuPre and Dr. Wm. F. Sanford counted it the greatest privilege of their lives to have sat at his feet.

Central Advocate: Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) who sailed a few days ago from Vancouver, B. C., on a lecture tour around the world, said in an interview concerning the purpose of his trip: "It has been reported that I sacrificed, for the benefit of the creditors, the property of the publishing firm whose financial backer I was, and that I am now lecturing for my own benefit. This is an error. I intend the lectures, as well as the property, for the creditors. The law recognizes no mortgage on a man's brain, and a merchant, who has given up all he has may take advantage of the laws of insolvency and start free again for himself; but I am not a business man, and honor is a harder master than the law. It can not compromise for less than a hundred cents on the dollar and its debts never outlaw."

Devotional.

Dr. Dryander and the German Emperor.

Dr. Ernst Dryander, perhaps the greatest of German preachers, was formerly a tutor of the present Emperor, while the latter was a student at the University of Bonn.

As the story goes, the old teacher begged to be excused from giving them, but he was not excused. The Emperor insisted. Dryander, thus forced, looking him straight in the face, said: "Your Majesty, the office of Court preacher is one to which I am suited neither by gifts nor temperament, and includes at least one duty which it would be impossible for me to fulfill. I could not administer to your Majesty the Holy Communion."

Looking at Caleb's history in another light, we may say that the length of his life, his reward in the good name which has been handed down from generation to generation, were all the result of one day's faithfulness.

Not birth and death only are life's terminals, not heaven alone is its goal. The duty of the moment is the real goal to run for.

It is only when we see what it is in Him that we can know what the word Rest means. It lies not in emotions, nor in the absence of emotions. It is not a hallowed feeling that comes over us in church.

Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. We never have heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter.

Perhaps, in after years, some of those tourists may recall the lesson which they learned that day, after they have forgotten just what destination they had in view on that morning's drive.

It is true that to the really religious nature all days are holy and all places sacred, but we are immensely helped by fellowship and association; and the immemorial consecration of Sunday to rest and worship is, aside from all other things which set it apart from other days, a great aid to the life of the spirit.

At dinner-time, Uncle Gray wanted to know if there was a single spot about the home lot that they had left unexplored, and he promised them on the morrow to take them over the farm.

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Old and Young.

TWO LOST LITTLE GIRLS.

When Bertha and Minnie May opened their eyes that sunshiny morning, and heard the birds singing in the trees outside, and the roosters crowing and hens clucking in the barnyard, and all the noise of the early day, on a large farm, it did not take them many moments to get out of bed.

They had traveled all the day before, and it was supper-time when Oakhurst, their uncle's farm, was reached. The big white house, with its long piazzas, looked cool and pretty in the bright moonlight.

After breakfast they made a lovely playground behind the rose-bushes, in the flower-garden. They made dolls of the big hollyhocks and different colored morning-glories. They helped to gather the vegetables for dinner too, and then shell the peas, and help to string the beans. They even took a hand at the churn, but that was rather heavy.

At dinner-time, Uncle Gray wanted to know if there was a single spot about the home lot that they had left unexplored, and he promised them on the morrow to take them over the farm.

"I think they might go to the spring this afternoon," said Aunt Mary. "They can go down alone, and I will send Milly after them in an hour or so, and she can ramble about with them, and let them pick berries."

Little Minnie May was the first to notice, and she said, "Bertha, we have played a long time; we'd better go back to the spring, and see if Milly is there."

Then they started to find the spring, but they went just in an opposite direction, or, rather, they never came in a circle, for they never came in any opening, and now the sun was getting low. The shade under the trees looked very dark, and Minnie May began to cry.

They sat still for a while, and then Bertha smiled, and said: "O, Minnie May! don't you remember the verses Uncle Gray read at prayers this morning, where two of us agree about anything we ask, Jesus will give it to us? Now, let's both of us pray."

Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. We never have heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter.

That little springhouse skirt of woods? That night, as mother tucked them up in bed, Minnie May said: "Mother, I do love Jesus. He is so good to us, and I know now that he is with us all the time, because when we knew we were lost in the woods, and he sent us Gray right near us, and we got found right away. We may get lost from ourselves, but we can't get lost from Jesus, were the last words said in a drowsy tone, as the sweet brown eyes closed in sleep.—E. B. Mays, in Sunday School Times.

A BIT OF ADVICE. A letter from a hard-worked and somewhat dispirited literary friend in Boston has set me to thinking; and I wonder why it is that Americans can not free themselves from the delusion which makes Europe the only possible field affording intellectual renewal and physical recreation.

One of the gentlest of men, the artist Thomas Hovenden, has proved himself, in the sudden call of duty, a hero and a martyr. A fortnight ago he met his death in attempting to save the life of a little girl. The pathetic part of the story is that the sacrifice was useless, since the child also was killed. The accident occurred at a grade crossing near Norristown, Pa., on what is known as the Trenton Cut-off of the Pennsylvania Railway.

The mere cost of passage yonder and back on the Atlantic will take you to the Gulf coast of our Southern States—to Mobile, New Orleans, Pensacola, Pass Christian or Bay St. Louis, and beyond you there to Mexico. And the short trip I spent a fortnight with me at Bay St. Louis in January, was amazed to find the beautiful old town, on its dry seaboard, drowsing through weather incomparably wholesome and delightful, without any artist to sketch it, any poets to sing it, or any strolling or driving or boating tourists to break its orange-scented monotony.

But it will never do for me to get astride the hobby of Bay St. Louis; its motion intoxicates me, and my pen will write nothing but praise and my ink will turn to liquid glory, making the paper it marks fairly rustle with a sense of tropical waftings. What I wish to say to my friend is this: Drop the silly notion that to rest and accumulate brains is the word to go ahead. Let go another fool's comfort, to-wit: serene faith in the efficacy of artificial cosmopolitanism.

THE GREAT REGULATOR. No medicine is so universally used as is in our Liver Regulator. It takes the place of a doctor and easily prescribes. It is a highly medicinal, containing no dangerous quantities, and is perfectly safe in its action and can be safely given to any person, no matter how delicate.

Working People can take Simmons' Liver Regulator without fear of danger from its power, and the system will be built up and invigorated by it. It promotes digestion, dispels sick headaches, and gives a strong full tone to the system. It has no equal as a preparatory medicine, and can be used in any sickness. It acts gently on the bowels and kidneys and corrects the action of the Liver, as endorsed by persons of the highest character and eminence as

Heart Disease Kills Suddenly, but never without fair warning. By an occasional fluttering, a perceptible palpitation, shortness of breath, etc., in many ways the victim is fully warned. But his friends are ignorant, and the warning is disregarded, until loving associates are shocked and dazed by a sudden death.

life; when the East, the West, the North and the South have made one another's acquaintance and have become reasonably familiar with one another's lives, we shall have the very safest and best national education. Any man who is as broad as his country is broad enough to bear a tremendous superstructure of science, art, letters, humanities. No globe-trotter was ever a Shakespeare, a Raphael, a Chaucer, a Burns, a Hugo, a Napoleon, a Newton, an Edison.

A MODERN HERO. One of the gentlest of men, the artist Thomas Hovenden, has proved himself, in the sudden call of duty, a hero and a martyr. A fortnight ago he met his death in attempting to save the life of a little girl.

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Good Judgment is shown in buying genuine brands of Pure White Lead (see list) from responsible dealers, and in having your painting done by practical painters. Labor is three-fourths of the cost of painting, and satisfactory results can only be secured by properly applying the best materials—Pure White Lead and Pure Linseed Oil.

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METHOD OF TEACHING IN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.
 (A paper read before the Huntsville District Conference.)

Jesus said: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" so in sending children to Sunday-school steps are being taken to bringing them to Christ and obeying this commandment.

On Sunday morning, as the bell peals forth the hour to assemble for Sunday-school, it is a pleasant sight to see the little ones, and often the older ones, turning their footsteps to the house of God, to which place they go to learn more of his love and dear Savior. The happy, innocent faces of the children and the radiant faces of the older people encourage you to live every day a more Christ-like life; and you feel and know that your influence is for good, and that in the end you will receive your reward. Many and great are the good of this institution—a blessing to old and young; for many persons attribute their Christian life to their early training in Sunday-school, and the lessons learned there are fresh in their memory to-day. If the older people and the parents would attend more regularly, their example and their influence would encourage the children, and they would try to work more faithfully for Christ.

A teacher has a great responsibility and a great influence. As to the best method of teaching her class, every thing that she says or does that leads the child nearer to Christ and causes his love for Christ to increase every day is good; and the method that does the most good is the one to adopt. Children are imitative creatures, and we should guard well our actions and our language. Let our influence be for good and our footsteps tread only where the good can follow, pray for every member of the class, ask God to direct them in the right way, and to save their souls. Greet them every Sunday morning and everywhere that you meet them with a bright smile and pleasant word. This will make them feel welcome in God's house and that it is good to be there.

In all Sunday-schools there is a division of classes. The general divisions are: Infant class, intermediate class, young ladies' and gentlemen's class and Bible class. The infant class, which is composed of the dear little children, is an interesting class to teach. If they can not read, the teacher can make the lesson interesting by telling it in the form of a story, explaining all things that are not clear to their minds, and if possible connect last Sunday's lesson with this. Questions may be asked so as to impress one thought or a short text. Read or repeat in very simple language some story with a good moral. Ask them to invite some one to come with them next Sunday.

Pay strict attention to the lesson, or else the pupils will become listless and their attention attracted elsewhere. Interest yourself in every member of your class; visit them during the week, especially in sickness. Show them that you are interested in the salvation of their souls, and that they must live and work for Christ. One noble thought impressed upon their minds is great good done.

In the intermediate class the lesson may be begun by some member of the class, repeating some thoughts contained in last lesson, and others adding to this. Question every member on to-day's lessons, explaining all things that are not clear to them. Appoint some member to read a story during the week and repeat it to the class, or after recitation, let the members of the class read some biblical story. Impress upon their minds the beauty of doing and giving to Christ and that in the end they will receive their reward. Ask the members to learn one verse or one commandment and repeat next Sunday, offering a nice card as a reward.

The members of the other classes ought to be so interested as to study without any inducements. A certain chapter or some little character could be studied during the week and discussed in connection with the lesson. Every Sunday appoint some member to hear the class and they will take great interest.

There are many ways to interest the pupil, and every way should be one that causes the pupil to be more interested every time he attends Sunday-school. To create an interest among the smaller pupils, let the Superintendent keep a roll of honor, and if some little character could be studied during the week and discussed in connection with the lesson. Every Sunday appoint some member to hear the class and they will take great interest.

A banner, to be won by the class that has the most perfect marks and are more regular in attendance, causes a better attendance and more perfect recitations. It is a teacher's duty to always be present with her class, for if she becomes careless in that respect the children become indifferent and are finally absent altogether. Do all the good you can for Christ, and in years to come some one will rise up and call you blessed, and the best reward you will have—a happy home in heaven.

(MISS JESSIE THOMASSON.)

THIRD QUARTER—LESSON II, SEPT. 15.
THE CITIES OF REFUGE—JOSHUA 20:1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT: Who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us.—Heb. 6:18.

Shiloh was made the religious capital of Israel when the people were settled in the country. The ark and the tabernacle of the Lord continued at Shiloh for 350 years, when it was captured by the Philistines under the administration of Eli as high-priest.—1 Sam. 4. It was half way between Bethel and Shechem, the latter place being the political capital of Israel. Shechem is near the parcel of ground that Jacob bought of Hamar, the father of Shechem, and gave to Joseph, and here the bones of Joseph were buried, after he had been dead about two hundred years, and a short time afterward Joshua was laid to rest here. Jacob's well was here, and the Savior, long after these scenes, delivered a memorable sermon to the woman of Samaria at this same well. Joshua lived here, and Samuel and Eli officiated at this memorable place. The tribes gathered here three times a year to celebrate the stated feasts.

These convocations were helpful in many ways. They strengthened the political and social ties of the nation, encouraged religion, keeping before the minds of the people the wonderful history of the nation, and the glorious loving care of God in leading them through so many trials, the miracles wrought in their deliverance, and the wonderful prosperity they had enjoyed.

In earliest times, when people lived in families and tribes, and had no strong government to protect them against the inroads and depredations of other tribes, the relatives of the injured or murdered party took revenge and followed the murderer and took his life, carrying out the Scripture, "Whoso sheds man's blood, his blood shall his blood be shed." This was the law among the Jews, and any man who killed another was held liable to be killed at any time by the nearest kinsman to the murdered man. It was often the case that life was taken accidentally or justifiably, and the man had no protection to his life, for the dead man's relatives killed him, guilty or innocent of intentional murder.

To give protection to such unfortunate persons, Joshua established six cities of refuge west of the Jordan and three west of the Jordan. They were chosen from among the priestly and Levitical cities which were scattered among the tribes, and were inhabited by the more intelligent class of people. Kadesh, Shechem and Hebron were in the west, and Golan, Ramoth-Gilead and Bezer were in the east. Roads were built to all of these cities and kept in good repair; sign posts at all crossings pointing to the city of refuge were carefully provided; all obstructions were kept out of the roads; bridges were built over all streams, so that the poor manslayer might have a chance for his life.

When he arrived at the gate of the city he was met by the magistrate, who heard his plea and admitted him, if his case seemed to be worthy. This is what we call a preliminary trial, for it did not clear the man. He was admitted into the city to await his final trial, and if found innocent, he became a permanent inhabitant of the city, but was not allowed to go outside the walls. If he was caught outside the city the relatives of the dead man were permitted to kill him. If on final trial he was found guilty of murder, he was taken out of the city and punished by law. If a witness swore falsely and it

was proven so, he suffered the same punishment that his evidence would have inflicted on the defendant.

No man probably ever read of the city of refuge that did not think of a more reasonable and just manner of protecting the innocent. The idea of a man's safety depending on his successful flight to the city of refuge fails to impress us with the idea of appropriateness and justice. But when we think of the real object and the wonderful lesson conveyed by the city of refuge, there is a beauty and wisdom connected with it that surpasses the power of language to convey.

The breathless manslayer flies along the highway, covered with sweat and dust, while his infuriated pursuer, with spear in hand, presses the chase, and terrifies the wretch with frequent thrusts at his fleeing body, sometimes inflicting wounds from which the blood pours out over the road, and marks his steps to the gate of the city, where, gasping for life, he falls inside the gate, and turns his eyes to the elders for mercy and protection.

He fled because there was no one to deliver. He could not defend himself, because another killing would only demand, in stronger terms, his life at the hands of the kinsman.

If he could bring back the dead to life, or wipe away the stain of crime, he would be a happy man, and remain in the walks of life.

This illustrates the sinner's life. He has violated the law, and conscience, the nearest avenger of the law, pursues him day and night. What can give a man more trouble than a guilty conscience? He can not escape it, unless he turns to Christ, who is the only one who can forgive him, and quick as light conscience writes his guilt upon his face and his very voice trembles under the fearful torture.

The murderer returns from his safe retreat, when he feels secure from the discerning eye of the detective, to the spot where he committed the crime, in vain effort to elude the piercing gaze of this relentless pursuer.

Many suicides have been accomplished to avoid the lashes of a guilty conscience, but, beyond the valley and the shadow of death, there is a that conscience puts on the horrors of the second death, and chases the unfortunate victim through the trackless realms of "outer-darkness" forever and forever.

The city of refuge is Christ, whose omnipotence puts the gates of this holy place near to every man whose soul is fainting under the flight.

Every well-ordered government has police officers whose duty it is to run down criminals and bring them to justice. It is a wise and merciful provision, that the innocent and restrains the vicious. But God has placed a vigilant officer over every soul, and conscience sounds the alarm on the approach of evil, and he who entertains wrong in his soul will feel the strong hand of conscience. The smooth roads and bridged streams indicate the fact that some where there was a sympathy for the unfortunate law-breaker. These cities, so conveniently arranged, and so securely walled, spoke volumes to the suffering criminal. The high archways opening through the massive walls greeted the eye of the tired and fainting criminal with peculiar delight. He had seen these cities many times, and had thought of the purposes for which they had been built, but never before did he see them with such feelings of appreciation.

The faces of the judge and the attending elders appear to him as did the face of the good Samaritan to the man who fell among thieves. As he passes inside the walls he realizes for the first time the feeling of real gratitude, and, probably, no man ever fled for safety to this blessed retreat who did not give expression to his gratitude and joy.

All the police forces of earth are not comparable to the appalling voice of conscience, crying, "Halt!" Men may evade the officers of law and hide away from human eye, but conscience never sleeps, and its eye is ever on us. If we fly to the uttermost parts of the earth it will be with us; if we take the protection of the morning and visit the stars the sleepless vigil knows no rest, and the condemning voice of conscience is ever heard. He can but cry out in the extremity of his anguish, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" The acquittal of human law does not satisfy; the promise of future good will not appease the ceaseless cry that comes from the center of human life. Sacrifice and burnt-offerings can not induce or turn aside the drawn sword. Money can not bribe or human character deter it from the purpose in hand. There is but one hope: The city of refuge stands before the wretch. Let him fly for his life.

There must be peace between the mind and conscience; and Paul, having discovered a law bringing him into captivity to the law of sin and death, found sweet relief—"for the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

Faith in Jesus solves the problem and reconciles us with the violated law.

No man who was guilty of willful murder could remain in the city of refuge; and no man who is guilty of sin can remain in Christ Jesus.

Repentance toward God is the cross on which we expiate our crimes, and faith in Jesus Christ is the strong arm by which we begin a new life; having put off our sins by the death of the cross we become new creatures in Jesus Christ. Money can not bribe or human character deter it from the purpose in hand. There is but one hope: The city of refuge stands before the wretch. Let him fly for his life.

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BREKHAM SUPPLIED.

Please announce that I appoint the Rev. C. H. Brooks preacher in charge of Brekham and Chappell Hill to be supplied by Rev. Charles McClarty. Yours truly, J. C. KEENER.

BOOK NOTICES.

We have received from the American Book Company the following works, specially prepared for use in the public schools and high-grade academies: Boark's Psychology in Education, White's Outline Studies in the History of the United States, White's Plane Geometry, Guerber's Contes and Legendes for Students of the French, Seidel's Der Lindenbaum and Burger's Lenore for Students of German. Also Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, one of the Eclectic English Classics Series.

These school-books are all admirably adapted to their intended use and augur well for the cause of education in our midst.

The Eclectic English Classics Series will contain gems of literature admirably and cheaply gotten up for the benefit of young readers. A two-fold purpose is thus served: The young reader will be judiciously guided in his choice of books and, at the same time, will procure them beautifully bound and printed for the least possible price. We would advise all who are interested in providing literature for the young to keep an eye upon this series. It is a splen-

did illustration of American book-making enterprise. We have received also from the B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Joseph T. Derry's Story of the Confederate States. This book is a clear and condensed recital of the principal facts of the war for secession. Written by an intelligent and scholarly Southerner, it is a luminous and ample presentation of all the leading points, and is at the same time free from all those unwholesome things at the South which unhappily too often disgrace the works of Northern authors. It is the very thing for Southern youth.

A School History of the United States, by Susan Pendleton Lee, from the B. F. Johnson Company, is in our opinion one of the best of its class. We rather think that a disproportionate amount of space has been accorded to the record of the Civil War. However, this feature may commend it particularly to others.

Thoughts for the Occasion—Antislavery and Religious, compiled by Franklin Noble, D. D., is a valuable reference book.

We have received advance sheets of Forty Years in China, by Rev. R. A. Graves, D. D. This work is full of information that ought to be widely diffused, and is elegantly and abundantly illustrated. It will prove eminently helpful to the cause of missions.

We read with interest and profit a masterly and luminous pamphlet, with the title, "Why As a Scientist I Believe in God," by Prof. R. S. Hyer, of the Southwestern University. This lecture was delivered by Prof. Hyer to the class in evidences of Christianity and was published at their request. The argument is good, clear and powerfully put, and is a timely and valuable contribution to the knowledge of the young. Thoroughly scientific and yet breathing a truly evangelical spirit, it sweeps away the perplexities which are incident to the expanding intellect of youth, and at the same time inspires and fortifies the heart. The young men are to be congratulated who have such an intelligent and devout instructor.

A paper-bound work, with the following caption: The Theologians of Methodism, by Members of the Senior Class of the Biblical Department of the Vanderbilt University, reached us during the month. It contains a clear, full summary of the life and teachings of each of the fifteen distinguished authors who have expounded the leading doctrines of that radiant, harmonious and impregnable system of theology which the world denominates Arminianism. We dare say that there are in this useful volume many important facts unknown to the younger generation of Methodists, and which are necessary to a thorough and full understanding of the latest and mightiest school of theological thought. Arminianism is a republication of primitive, apostolic Christianity, and whatever throws light upon its genesis and progress is a distinct contribution to the religious life of the world.

We acknowledge receipt of the following pamphlets: Catalogues of Norfolk College for Young Ladies, Medical Department of Fort Worth University, Emory College, Cole's Military School, Central College, Lassel Seminary, and Scarratt Bible and Training School; the Ninth Annual Report of the Woman's Parsonage and Home Mission Society, and the Forty-ninth Annual Report of the Board of Missions of the M. E. Church, South; the Manual of the Texas State Fair and Dallas Exposition for 1895.

PROHIBITION VICTORY.

Hunt County goes dry by 800 majority, all other reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

A SOLEMN SERVICE.

After having preached the funeral sermon of Mrs. Rachel L. McKamy, wife of Capt. W. C. McKamy, at Frankfort, Texas, August 18, 1895, in the afternoon at 4 I administered the sacrament to Sister Stachan, who is now in her ninety-fifth year. She resides with her son-in-law, Prof. Mason. She has been a member of the Methodist Church about seventy years. She has a son who remains with her, and who is perfectly devoted to his mother. Sister Stachan's mind is perfectly clear and her memory is good. Several of the brethren in the neighborhood were present and added much to the solemn service.—Dr. Kyle, J. L. McKamy, Jonas Hoffman, Bro. Green, and Bro. Wright, of Oak Lawn, Dallas, and others. It was a happy hour, an impressive occasion, and will live in my memory to the day of my death.

It was a very solemn, mellow service. The occasion will linger in our memories for years to come. May heaven continue to bless this grand Christian lady and give her a golden sunset and a blissful immortality. D. J. MARTIN.

TEXAS TRAVELERS.

I must tell the lovers and readers of Dickens about our visit to London Bridge, where poor Nancy in Oliver Twist, crouching behind one of the abutments, overheard the plot of Bill Sykes, which she revealed. The steps descending at the side of the bridge to the river, and the off-set behind the pillar, are there just as described. I had never had a clear conception of the place, and the tale had seemed a little improbable until I saw the actual situation, when all difficulties disappeared.

Nor must I forget another incident of this bridge, which is always crowded, and which lies close to the poor quarters of the city. In passing over it I saw a poor, forlorn, hungry-looking little waif asleep in one of the recesses. In his rags, and with his wan, starved face, he made such a sad picture that getting a small coin I went up to him and shook him, expecting to awake him and give him the penny, and leave him to his rest. But many a rough hand of policeman had been laid upon that shoulder, and as soon as rather rough shaking had aroused him from his deep unconsciousness—I know not if it was sleep—he scrambled to his feet and started off. He evidently thought he had been told to "move on." I caught him and put the coin in his nervous grasp, but his eyes showed no spark of consciousness, and after a few rods' walking he dropped it to the walk. A woman in shabby dress but kind heart picked it up and gave it back to him. He went on, staggering at times nearly off the path for pedestrians under the loofs of horses or wheels of vehicles with which the bridge is always crowded. The kind woman took him by the hand and led him on with her till at the end of the bridge there was a statue with stone steps. Here she sat him down, and went her way. Others of our party gave him money, and kind folks besides did the same; but never a look of real comprehension of things came to the wan face. I looked about for a policeman, but could see none. We were in a great hurry, for we were to leave London in a few hours, and when I saw some intelligent and kind-looking people gather about my poor waif, I left him to them. But his picture stays. Imposture? Impossible! I think he was seriously sick.

It looks like I can't get out of London. But I am going now, in a hurry. So I ask the reader to rush with us to the train, and to Queensboro, where we take boat to Flushing. Here we landed about 6 a. m. July 19. It is a pretty little city on the coast of Holland. Here we took cars for Berlin.

The cars of Europe are very different from our own. A car, or carriage, is divided transversely into about four compartments, called "coupes," each holding about eight persons. These have no communication with one another, though there are some exceptions to this. The trips in England were made in cars about the same as these, but it was our first experience of a long journey in them. There are serious inconveniences in riding all day in one of these small compartments.

They tried to give us breakfast on the train, for this was a "dining train." As there was no access from coupes to dining-car they were compelled to send us to the dining department in squads of twenty-four. As the "Tour of the Capitals," of which our Texas crowd formed an important part, consisted of about eighty people, and it took with their slow Dutch ways about an hour and a half to serve each crowd, you may imagine that some were quite hungry before their time for breakfast came.

The Holland country is low, flat, intersected with canals, thoroughly cultivated, marvelously fertile, and yet withal pretty. I used the word adverbially, for it is so broken into small patches that each looks smooth and narrow as ribbons, and varied with carefully kept hedges, quaint houses, and lumbering old mills, that "pretty" becomes the English word to sum up the whole impression.

One characteristic attracts an American's attention at once, the great number of women at work in the fields, bearing burdens, etc. This is also true of Germany and Austria. The sail-boats upon the larger canals give life to Holland scenery. It indeed seems strange to look at them from a distance, when they seem to be sailing on dry land.

We were not bothered much at the custom-house on the border of Germany. The country in Germany almost imperceptibly became more hilly, hence more varied and more beautiful. As we hurry across the country roads in Europe on the train we find each one guarded by a gate, with a keeper, usually a woman. In all their rail-

roadings they are much more careful of human life than we are. This is a fact which I have never seen noticed in the discussion of Government control of railroads. The railroads here are owned by the Government. As to the rate of their tariffs on passengers and freights I can not say, our fare being paid in lump before we left America; but of their greater respect for human life I can testify. We reached Berlin in time for "dinner." Their meals in Europe are generally as follows: Breakfast, 8 to 9 a. m., consisting of coffee or tea, and cold bread and butter, sometimes eggs or steak for Americans; lunch, 12:30 to 1:30 p. m., with three or four courses of meats and vegetables and fruits; and then at 6 to 7 p. m., a dinner of eight or nine courses.

At Berlin we first struck the feather-bed as a cover. It was too warm for it at that time, but I have no doubt it is both warm and light in winter.

After a good night's rest and a good breakfast we start in to "do" Berlin. Our guide first carried us to the palace of that grand old man, Emperor William III. Here he and his good Queen resided during the winter months. We were shown reception, dining, drawing rooms, and the various state apartments, all ornamented by costly presents to the Emperor, and rich decorations. It is vain to try to make Texas readers understand the gorgeous richness and magnificence of these rooms. In our America we have nothing to compare them to.

We were much interested in the writing desk and implements and the personal chair of the Emperor. What documents of mighty moment had been signed here!

We thought this palace grand in the interior; it is not remarkable on the exterior; but we were told that the old Emperor was very economical, and it must be acknowledged that the finest things in his house are presents. But this palace compares but poorly with the next, into which we were shown, the Royal Palace, the old State palace of Prussia, and where the present Emperor sometimes lives. Here we saw about the same line of apartments, but larger, grander, more richly ornamented, and in every way superior. In what splendor these monarchs and princes lived!

As we go back to dinner, however, through the streets the bent forms of old and withered women, laboring under all kinds of burdens, showed the other side of this picture of lordly luxury.

The picture galleries of Berlin held some excellent pictures, but not of sufficient note to call special notice. In palaces and galleries we found many pictures in which the great deeds of the Hohenzollern family and the victories of Germany were celebrated.

We had a most enjoyable ride in Berlin, through the celebrated street, Unter den Linden, with its beautiful trees, by the historic gate of Brandenbury, through which the victorious Napoleon once marched, along the splendid boulevards and great parks of the city.

Berlin is a great city of nearly two million inhabitants, comparatively new and with excellent streets and noble houses, private and public. Saturday night we concluded to look in on a German beer-garden, where you must go to find the German crowds. It was a marvel of electric lights, open air concerts, gaily dressed crowds, and glitter generally. If you took a seat you were expected to order something to drink. So we ordered lemonade. I don't think the beverage had ever been heard of before in Berlin; and after several ineffectual efforts to secure it, the waiter gave up and brought us water. We felt decidedly out of place, and in a short while retired, never again to enter a beer-garden, even to study the habits of a people.

On Sunday the greater part of our crowd went on an excursion to Potsdam, and the palace of Sans Souci, but we could not do so on that day. We were very sorry to omit the trip; but there was no remedy. We went at 11 o'clock to service held in a hall of the Young Men's Christian Association by the American Church, a Church without denominational affiliation, a pulpit once filled by Dr. Stueckenberg. Here we heard a very good sermon. The congregation was good, but not large.

At 5 p. m. I went to one of the Lutheran Churches. I knew I could not understand the service or sermon, but wanted to see their customs and note the congregations, spiritually, and numbers that attended.

The introductory service was over, my regret, when I entered the large, beautiful church, and the minister, a fine looking, black-whiskered man, was in the pulpit preaching. I took a seat and counted the small congregation. There were twenty-

two women, two boys with their mothers, and four men, including me, the preacher and the sexton. In going to the church I had seen thousands on the streets and thronging cafes, saloons and beer gardens. I sat there listening to an unknown tongue, and prayed God to raise up another Luther to stir the religious sensibilities of this great people.

On Monday we bade farewell to Berlin, the capital of Germany, teeming with population, radiant in her robes of victory and power, and forgetful of her God. What is her future, and that of the great Empire of which she is the seat of Government, and of the young man who is at the head of both, no one can tell.

It made me sad to know that 1200 of the sons and daughters of America are committed to this beer-drinking, godless city, to be trained and educated for their work at home. It bodes no good to our beloved Republic.

ON THE WING.

My stay at Canton gave me much needed rest. Bro. J. W. Downs and family could not have given me a more cordial greeting had I been their kindred. Scouring a good night's rest after a fifteen-mile ride in sand and heat helped no little in giving me fresh courage. There were not many to see, but we secured nine new subscribers by standing on the square most of the day. Our Church stands ahead of the sister Churches in numbers and influence. They certainly love their pastor. Such eulogy was sufficient to make a tired, hungry and homesick canvasser satisfied, so far as it could. No pains were spared to make the visit joyful. A splendid paragon-stands as a monument of the people's fidelity to God's ministers and their comfort. Canton is improving. A \$50,000 court-house is nearing completion; while the county jail has had only one inmate, I am told, in ten months and he was captured in the Territory. Prohibition is in force. Business appeared to be active. Sunday morning I again commenced the dreaded life-enemy ride in sand. Fortunately clouds hid the sun. Reaching Wills Point we found a man prepared for service. Had an interesting and attentive congregation. Good singing. Met the League for a few minutes in the afternoon. Bro. L. A. Webb, and the pastor, is certainly putting forth excellent efforts to train his young people; cheerful in disposition, courteous to all, loving and kind in his dealings. He has the nucleus for a League that will be the backbone and strength of his Church. My stay at his home shall always be remembered by me as one of my most enjoyable ones at Canton. The Church has over 200 members. Bro. J. J. Dickard cheerfully gave us aid in preparing for our canvases that proved invaluable in value to us. We enjoyed the visits to the homes of Mrs. W. B. Wynne and James Curtis. Bro. J. I. Douglass showed his interest and love for the paper by saying everything good he could and doing as much. Wills Point is building rapidly. Even new bricks are about completed, and another will soon be erected. This, along with Canton, is in Van Zandt County. No whiskey; no crime. The Sheriff is sick of his place, so far as the pay is concerned. Prohibition is a success. After finishing our work Bro. Guy Smith and McKnight gave Bro. Webb and myself the pleasure of an afternoon hunting plover and dove. Twenty-eight new subscribers were the result at Wills Point. Mineola claimed our attention next. Bro. Benson, the pastor, was absent, but through the kind aid of Bro. Geo. A. Carter we were at work. To our list here we added twelve new ones. On to Longview, was the cry. Found Bro. J. W. Downs in bachelor's quarters. Secured the list of members at once and was soon at work; secured eleven. The Church at this year has greatly improved in the last year; congregations growing; everything taking on new life; indebtedness paid, and a disposition being manifested towards the building of a new church. Found that the pastor is loved by his people, and is faithful to the charge committed to his care. He did not have much time to give to me, as sickness in his flock kept him busy. Enjoyed our visit very much in the home of Bro. G. A. Kelly. F. B. SINEK.

BRO. STAFFORD ON A TOUR.

The religious atmosphere at a watering place is chilly, as might be expected. Nevertheless, there are men and women who make it a point to be religious whosoever they are. I had been semi-thinly and modestly using a free-lance against these Sunday beer-pieces, beach excursions, Sunday concerts, card-tables and balls. The idea that a Texan should speak against such joyous social customs was novel to most people here. The idea was that a Texan at a circus would be at home, but there could be but little hope of catching one at a prayer-meeting. "You are a minister, aren't you? Methodist? Church, South?" Of course, I denied nothing. Then it was that I must consent or refuse to preach at First Church. I consented; was greeted by a good audience. Then solos, anthems, congregational singing and prayer; and then came the reading of the pulpit bulletin-board, which, as is usual with such performances, was the tedium of weariness. This thing of using the pulpit as an announcement package is a nuisance. The introduction was undoubtedly unique. The pastor, who is a very brotherly man, said: "We have with us a live presiding elder from Texas, the Lone Star State. We have heard of him with the hearing of the ear, and now our eyes behold him. Men, brethren and fathers, lend your ears."

This is Bro. Stafford, of the Greenville District, North Texas Conference, M. E. Church, South.

I said (not to be outdone), I am obliged to Bro. Miller, your pastor, for his kind words and exquisite insinuations. I am a live presiding elder. Texas does not produce any other sort. It is not the habitat of dead men and mummies in any profession or calling. The Texas preachers are the finest clergymen in America, and Texas herself is by odds the biggest thing in these United States. Two ladies withdrew and a timid young man climbed down out of the organ loft and escaped by the rear door.

I could do no better than preach the gospel—which I did, emphasizing holiness of heart and life as a condition precedent to eternal salvation. The Lord was with us. We closed with a warm, hearty, Methodist handshaking.

Why that question? "You are a preacher, aren't you?" Why should you preach, godly living on the part of a man create the presumption that he is a minister of the gospel? Is it not a theological truth that the pulpit and the pew are equally under the moral law?

While there are exceptions, it is painfully true that every Christian people forget their vows to God and the Church during their vacations. "Good-bye Dad, we is tummin back in September," said a little girl on leaving home for the summer. Sambo and Matilda are here. But they get about as little of Jonathan's thought and attention as anywhere in the South.

At Church, Jonathan, his wife and children sit in upholstered pews, and if Sambo comes with Matilda and the children at all, he seats them in the gallery, or at best under it in the rear of the Church. Miss Sambo is educated and refined. She wears eyeglasses, reads novels and sighs. I have read a deal about molasses in the South, and undoubtedly they are the closest attention. After the sermon attention was called to Bro. Cox's efforts to reach more of the Mexicans by going from house to house, holding service wherever it was practicable, talking to the people about Jesus, and giving and selling Bibles and tracts. Those present were asked to contribute towards the purchase of Bibles and testaments for this work, and they responded by putting \$25 in the basket. I might add, by way of parenthesis, that this congregation, besides paying \$30 hire for our chapel and some \$10 incidentals, will send ninety odd dollars to conference to be thrown into missionary channels. Just before the benediction was pronounced Bro. Cox came in with one of the preacher boys from their round of house-to-house work and reported that at one home they had read and preached the gospel to quite a large number of persons; had given away four Bibles and many gospel cards. He thanked the English-speaking people for their interest as shown by the liberal contribution.

At 7:30 at night we have another Spanish preaching service. We gather some minutes beforehand to greet those we know and to make the acquaintance of strangers. Thirty-four came tonight. After reading Matt. 7, the pastor used verses 7 and 8 as a text: "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." The key-thought of the sermon was that every immortal being has a longing of soul which God only can satisfy; therefore, let every man come directly to the Almighty asking and finding that which the world can not give.

OPTIMISM VS. PESSIMISM.

We are living, it seems, in a hurrah age. Shall we charitably call it "unconscious exaggeration," nominal numeration, pronounous fish-stringing? The editorials in the Advocate are timely—the last one as to the matter and manner of preaching especially. It is evident that we have a level-headed and brave-hearted man on the tripod "taking notes" and faith "the printer's name." Roy reports are some things; sturdy, reliable methods are better things. In the midst of knowledge that covers the earth and with facilities the best ever enjoyed by our Church, are we improving in the quality of our religion? If this should be questioned, would not the questioner be charged with pessimism? We leave the question open and ask another: Do we have in this day as marked evidences of genuine conversion as in former times? Is it as essential now as it was in former times? A man goes to a really as well posted and instructed? and are they as faithful in attending upon the ordinances of the Church and supporting its institutions? Are they as self-denying and prayerful? Are there in proportion to numbers the same rich experiences? Now, mind you, quality is the question. In other words, if the quality of our religion measured up to the quality of fifty or seventy-five years ago in the same proportion, would not our Church of to-day, with its great numbers and facilities, be far in advance of where she is? All this idea of quality applies to preachers as well as to people. To modestly ask these questions, as above, will doubtless place the writer at the mercy of legion of ecclesiastical Don Quixotes who will bear down on him with foaming steeds and poised lance, and pierce an old foggy wind-mill, and then ride back to point out to the world the exploits of the latter-day saints of Methodism. Well organized machinery is not necessarily religion, but common sense must be its important place. It is valuable, but only as machinery. It must have fire and a head. As a religious force, the fire must be the Holy Spirit, and the head, Jesus Christ. The general rules of Methodism outline a course of conduct for its membership, the necessity of which the Spirit writes on every truly awakened heart. A man may pat his foot to the tune of "Old Time Religion," while in personal experience he may be a thousand miles from the borders of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, that

a simple yet earnest explanation and application of II Corinthians 7:1: "Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God."

In this city are more than 500 English-speaking people. It has been our custom to hold service for their benefit every Sabbath at 3 p. m. The four missionaries in the city agree to preach in rotation at this union service, thus dividing up what would otherwise be quite a burden on any one man. This method has the advantage of being much more attractive to persons of such widely differing beliefs as make up our congregation. We freely confess to these that we have no time for pastoral labor among them. So multitudinous are our duties to the regular Mexican work that this is all we can do—give them the benefit of one weekly service.

This afternoon it was Bro. G. B. Winton's turn to preach. After a fifteen minutes' song service in which we used the inspiring songs of "Gospel Hymns Nos. 5 and 6," Mr. Winton announced hymn No. 65, in our standard hymn book. He used as a text Hebrews 8:9: "Though he were a son yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered; and being made perfect he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him." The house was full, the Word was delivered with great earnestness, and the people gave the closest attention. After the sermon attention was called to Bro. Cox's efforts to reach more of the Mexicans by going from house to house, holding service wherever it was practicable, talking to the people about Jesus, and giving and selling Bibles and tracts. Those present were asked to contribute towards the purchase of Bibles and testaments for this work, and they responded by putting \$25 in the basket. I might add, by way of parenthesis, that this congregation, besides paying \$30 hire for our chapel and some \$10 incidentals, will send ninety odd dollars to conference to be thrown into missionary channels. Just before the benediction was pronounced Bro. Cox came in with one of the preacher boys from their round of house-to-house work and reported that at one home they had read and preached the gospel to quite a large number of persons; had given away four Bibles and many gospel cards. He thanked the English-speaking people for their interest as shown by the liberal contribution.

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After everybody had shaken hands with everybody else with *Como esta Usted? or Como esta su familia?* as is the custom in Mexico, we went to our couches to thank our Father for the privilege of working in his vineyard. J. R. MOORE.

WANKERSH, WIS., AUGUST 26.

I continue to "get my foot in it." I was suggesting the propriety of offering a reward for a clear differentiation of the bloomer skirt. I was just saying that if Mrs. Smith cut off the legs of her husband's pants and put them on little Tom, they would be his pants; but if she put them on Estelle and set her astride a bicycle, it would be Estelle with her bloomers. "Never mind, sir! when my wheel comes I mean to wear bloomers myself." I collapsed. If plans ripen, I go to Mackinac Island to-morrow, upon the confines of Canada, thence back to Chicago, and home by the 22d.

A SUNDAY IN SAN LUIS POTOSI.

It is always interesting to those at home to know exactly how those who are in the front ranks spend their time. "What do you do?" "How do you carry on your work?" Well, in this city it does not differ greatly from all missionary efforts in the States. I propose to night to set in order everything that occurred in the Mission Chapel to-day—Sunday, August 11, 1895. This must not be taken as a fair sample of all our efforts in Mexico, however, for in many places our membership is much greater among the Mexicans and our work much more interesting.

At 9:30 o'clock the Superintendent called the Sabbath-school to order. Our school is made up of four Spanish and five English classes, the exercises being conducted in both languages, of course. For example, we first sang a hymn in English and then were led in prayer in Spanish. The Secretary read his report in both languages. There were sixty-six present—a smaller attendance than usual. During the past quarter we have averaged seventy-six present each Sunday and they contributed \$1.70 at each service. There are several young people in our school with whom we believe the spirit of God is striving and who we expect to see enter the kingdom very soon. To that end we are praying and working.

After twenty minutes' intermission the native pastor began Spanish service. I turned and counted thirty natives present. We were treated to

Woman's Departm't.

All matter intended for this column should be addressed to Mrs. Florence E. Howell, 23 Masten Street, Dallas, Texas.

LINES

Written in Honor of Our Dear Grandmother, Mrs. Percy Pickens, Who Died March 26, 1885, aged ninety-five.

Our dear grandmother has left us; Our hearts with grief are rent, But we know that angels of glory For the "aged in Israel" are sent.

And now the old chair is vacant; No more we hear her soft tread, Her voice was hushed by the monster That numbers her now with the dead.

Softly the death angel creeping Side to her chamber door, Finding it "sweet" and garnished— Grandmother was no more.

She had lived on her "three score and ten;" Her name was tottering with age; Her hair was tinged with silvery gray; She had written life's record's last page.

Her last words of love had been spoken; She had uttered her last earthly prayer, In breathing of love and affection, To meet us all over there.

Another link stronger in heaven, Another link weaker down here; Oh, let us strive daily to meet her, And make an unbroken chain there.

Truly death to her was the gateway To the realms of life beyond, Where the throng of the redeemed are chanting, "Well done, faithful one, well done."

And now in her glory, behold! Her voice now tuned with the choir, Exemplified with joy in psalm, She strikes the golden lyre.

In a halo of glory, the angels Join in the rapturous song, Saying, "Glorious has redeemed us; We are the blood-washed throng."

Oh, let us gather up the jewels, As she strewed them on life's way; Treasure them as priceless diamonds, Left to aid us on our way.

Patently she trod the thorny way, Walking with weary feet, Showing others the "narrow way" That leads to the golden street.

Suffering all, if God shall will, Let us strive on while we may; From Calvary's Cross to Zion's Crown— It is only a little way.

Although a chair in our grief is empty, And our hearts by grief bowed down, There's another voice among the chorists Around the blood-bought throne.

MYRTLE KIRK.

THE W. P. AND H. M. SOCIETY.

A paper read before the Huntsville District Conference.

The Woman's Parsonage and Home Mission Society was organized as auxiliary to the Board of Church Extension. As the object of the Extension Board is to plant churches in sections where there are no parsonages at all, and in many cases where there are parsonages they are so open and uncomfortable that their families suffer from the cold. Are we doing our duty if we do not strive to the utmost to alleviate the conditions of those who live in such destitute sections, without school and Church advantages? There ought to be a live parsonage society in every charge where possible. Why is it that there are so few such societies in this conference? It is evidently because our people have not been aroused to see the importance of this work. Many of the women of our Church have no proper conception of what the W. P. and H. M. Society proposes to do. They know it aids in building parsonages, but they do not apprehend the close connection of this work with that of saving souls. The Parsonage Society is the right arm of the Extension Board, and its work will not be ended until every itinerant minister is provided with a home for himself and his family. The results already attained show the possibility of this undertaking. There are in the Church 4000 pastoral charges and 3915 parsonages. In 1886 the women began to be seriously interested in this work, and in six years the number of parsonages advanced from 2030 to 3015. That is to say, in the first six years following its organization, the society aided in building one-half as many parsonages as had been built in the previous century. They did both by contributing money and by pressing the matter persistently upon the attention of the Church. These results are wonderful when we consider that less than 600 societies have been

organized in our congregations. Had all charges organized these societies, what might not the results have been? Let us carry the good work on until a homeless pastor shall be a thing of the past. As the motto of the Church Extension Board is "A good church for every congregation in Southern Methodism," so let that of the W. P. and H. M. Society be, "A good parsonage for every minister in Southern Methodism."

(MISS) NINA WEISINGER.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual Parsonage Convention closed last night after being in session five days. Collections amounted to \$725. Little Rock, Ark., was selected as the place of meeting next year. I may send a more lengthy report later.

Mrs. Viola Hunt, Asheville, N. C., August 28, 1895.

HOUSEKEEPER OR HOMEMAHER.

Are you a housekeeper or a homemaker? There is a vast difference in the two. The housekeeper prides herself on shining floors and neat shelves. Dust and dirt lie before a clycone. "A place for everything and everything in its place," is her motto, and her husband and children know to their sorrow that "cleanliness is skin to godliness." Her dinners are always on time, her children's clothes are the perfection of neatness, and the wheels of the domestic machinery never annoy others by their grating. She gives her pitiful all to her family, and what does she get in return? An aching head and back, nerves that become the family bugbear, until her children go elsewhere for sympathy and comfort, because she is always too busy to stop and comfort or advise them. But the homemaker brings to her task a love which holds her husband and children fast in an immortal chain. At evening there is an easy chair for tired bodies, a smile and sympathy for aching brains, in all the plans and joys of life the homemaker comes first. Home is the magnet which draws the children together even after they have families of their own and are widely scattered. Home comfort and home sympathy give the worker strength through all the struggles of life. A homemaker wields her scepter in a basement or in a garret. Give her a tent in the forest and her fire of twigs burns brightly, her kettle boils merrily, and her smile and song rival the music of the birds. It is the homemaker who makes the name of a woman blessed.—Laura A. Smith, in Queen of Fashion.

WORK FOR WILLING HANDS.

Our Christianity is not the religion of fond dreams, having for its highest expression a stupid intoxication of the soul with idleness and ease. But it is the gospel of a glad, free service for Him who has done so much for us, rendered with a willingness which is most productive of joy and strength. The Master said "he that would come after me must deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." Following Christ would call every one of his disciples to a life of active, glad service for humanity, spending and being spent that those about us may be aided in coming to the knowledge of the truth. He went about doing good and so must we, if we would aspire unto the rank of obedient followers of the Master.

Service is the source of the Christian's joy, and the secret of all his success. To do nothing in the kingdom of heaven, means to die, spiritually. The idle brain breeds mischief in religion as well as out of it. As with our bodily well-being activity is essential to health, so in the church, the vigorous, happy souls are always those who are occupied with service for the Master. God has not promised to bless a life of idleness and selfish gratification. He will not encourage sloth in his vineyard where service is so much needed by sending contentment and joy to those who stand idle all the day long.

Milton has written a beautiful poem in which he laments the loss of his eyesight. To him who had been deprived of the beam of the beautiful light, a service of waiting was a difficult task. He, thus deprived of his greatest gift, took consolation in the thought that God does not need man's service. "Who best bears his mild yoke They serve him best; his state is kindly. Thousands at his bidding speed, And post o'er land and ocean without rest; They also serve, who only stand and wait."

LADIES' WAIST SETS.

There are some Davids who never kill Goliath because they try to do it in Saul's armor.

Cataract Cannot be Cured

with LOCKE'S APPLIED SYSTEM, they may not reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedial medicine. Hall's Cataract Cure is not a quick medicine. It is composed of the best blood purifiers on this country for years, and is a tonic known, combined with the best ingredients of the perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing cataract, and other eye troubles. F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Still so many know nothing of that precious "good-will to men" when all may know it. Can we yet stand idle all the day, saying "no man hath hired us"? It is only when "light is denied" that it becomes possible that one can "best serve who only stands and waits." Ah, how many heroic souls there are to-day who patiently stand and wait—because all other ways seem blocked against their entrance. They stand and wait at the bedside of suffering humanity like guardian angels caring for the Father's sick children. They stand and wait till some one rich in this world's goods shall lose their fetters and bid them post in haste over vast seas to tell dying men of the Redeemer's love.

Have you no service found? Oh, why should you idle stand, With the dying all around? There is work for the willing hand!

To brighten the lowest land, Of the Master's pleading call To the willing but idle ones: There is service for one and all. Ere the ripening grain shall spoil, Oh, haste to the harvest field! And there amid love's sweet toil The golden sickle wield.

ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

New Mexico { Daming, Bishop Key, Sept. 26. Gainesville, Bishop Duncan, Nov. 6. Mexican Border { Laredo, Bishop Key, Nov. 14. Northwest Texas { Temple, Bishop Duncan, Nov. 14. West Texas { San Antonio, Bishop Key, Nov. 20. German Mission { Houston, Bishop Key, Nov. 28. Texas { Brenham, Bishop Keener, Dec. 4. East Texas { Texarkana, Bishop Keener, Dec. 18.

Church Notices.

WEST TEXAS. Llano District—Fourth Round. Rock Springs ch., at Rock S., 2d Sun in Sept. 14. Center Pt. sta., at P. W. at 2d Sun in Oct. 14. Harker ch., at Medina, 1st Sun in Oct. 14. Round Mountain ch., at Round Mountain, 1st Sun in Oct. 14. Willow ch., at Willow, 1st Sun in Nov. 14. San Saba ch., at San Saba, 1st Sun in Nov. 14. Llano District—Fourth Round. Prospect Hill and W. E. ch., at Prospect Hill, Sept. 7. Devine ch., at Devine, Sept. 14. Valley ch., at Valley, Sept. 21. Central ch., at Central, Sept. 28. Central ch., at Central, Oct. 5. South Heights ch., at South Heights, Oct. 12. Benton ch., at Benton, Oct. 19. Travis Park ch., at Travis Park, Nov. 5. Scurra ch., at Scurra, Nov. 12. San Antonio District—Fourth Round. Prospect Hill and W. E. ch., at Prospect Hill, Sept. 7. Devine ch., at Devine, Sept. 14. Valley ch., at Valley, Sept. 21. Central ch., at Central, Sept. 28. Central ch., at Central, Oct. 5. South Heights ch., at South Heights, Oct. 12. Benton ch., at Benton, Oct. 19. Travis Park ch., at Travis Park, Nov. 5. Scurra ch., at Scurra, Nov. 12. Beeville District—Fourth Round. San Diego ch., at San Diego, 2d Sab in Sept. 14. Corpus Christi sta., at Corpus Christi, 2d Sab in Sept. 14. Laredo ch., at Laredo, 2d Sab in Sept. 14. Laredo ch., at Laredo, 2d Sab in Sept. 14. Laredo ch., at Laredo, 2d Sab in Sept. 14. Cuero District—Fourth Round. Waelder ch., at Waelder, Sept. 7. Cuero ch., at Cuero, Sept. 14. Cuero ch., at Cuero, Sept. 21. Cuero ch., at Cuero, Sept. 28. Cuero ch., at Cuero, Oct. 5. Cuero ch., at Cuero, Oct. 12. Cuero ch., at Cuero, Oct. 19. Cuero ch., at Cuero, Nov. 5. Cuero ch., at Cuero, Nov. 12. Cuero ch., at Cuero, Nov. 19. Cuero ch., at Cuero, Dec. 3. Cuero ch., at Cuero, Dec. 10. Cuero ch., at Cuero, Dec. 17. Cuero ch., at Cuero, Dec. 24. Cuero ch., at Cuero, Dec. 31. Cuero ch., at Cuero, Jan. 7. Cuero ch., at Cuero, Jan. 14. Cuero ch., at Cuero, Jan. 21. Cuero ch., at Cuero, Jan. 28. 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Terribly Afflicted.

(From the Herald, Cayuga, Ind.) A headache is a common ailment with everybody, but very few people are tortured with that terrible affliction...

The reporter further confirmed the story by talking to the old lady, the mentioned Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and a joyous tear sparkled in her eyes as she remarked, "That pain is all gone."

Marriages.

Edwards-Hughes.—At the home of the bride's mother, in Texas City, Galveston County, Texas, on the evening of August 7, 1895, at 8 p. m., Mr. W. N. Edwards and Miss Julia Hughes, Rev. J. H. Murray officiating.

Lane-Hort.—At the residence of the bride's father, on Wallace's Prairie, Grimes County, Texas, August 21, Mr. John Lane and Miss Lulu Hort, Rev. J. M. Wesson officiating.

Mauden-Wilson.—On the 25th of August, 1895, Mr. Dan P. Mauden and Miss Lulu Wilson, in Rockwall County, Texas, Rev. W. W. Graham officiating.

Bivins-Griffin.—At the residence of Mr. George Griffin, in Rockwall, Texas, September 1, 1895, Mr. Ed Bivins, of Terrell, Texas, and Miss Minnie Griffin, of Rockwall, Texas, Rev. J. Marvin Nichols officiating.

Hopkins-Watkins.—On August 28, 1895, at Salado, Texas, Mr. John F. Hopkins and Miss Lou M. Watkins, Rev. W. B. Andrews officiating.

Woodley-Jones.—In July, 1895, at the residence of the bride's mother, near Pidgeo, Texas, Mr. East Woodley and Miss Palm Jones, Rev. B. H. Baird officiating.

Petty-Franks.—On the 15th of August, 1895, at the residence of Frank Parker, near Pidgeo, Texas, Mr. H. E. Petty and Miss Tippie Franks, Rev. B. H. Baird officiating.

Petrie-Kirby.—At the home of the bride's parents, near Rockwall, Texas, August 21, 1895, Mr. Lewis Petrie and Miss Lulu Kirby, Rev. J. Maybin Nichols officiating.

Obituaries.

The space allowed obituaries, twenty to twenty-five lines, is reserved for obituaries only. Parties desiring such notice to appear in this paper should send...

REV. T. H. BRENNAN. Rev. T. H. Brennan was born in Edgewood, S. C., June 28, 1809; died at the home of Mr. Clifford Douglas, near Tanglewood, Texas, April 11, 1895.

HASSELL.—Harriet, the wife of Jas. A. Hassell and daughter of G. G. and Massena Neel, was born in DeWitt County, Texas, December 4, 1857.

FRANK.—Bro. Frank was born in Overton County, Middle Tennessee, January 4, 1837; moved to Texas in October, 1859; served in Eckor's Brigade, Polk's Corps of the Tennessee Army, and departed this life at his home in Dallas County, June 9, 1895.

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Notice the Bargains for This Week. 1-2 doz. Triple Table Spoons \$3.00. 1-2 doz. Triple Tea Spoons 1.50. 1-2 doz. Triple Knives 2.00. 1-2 doz. Triple Forks 2.00. INITIALS ENGRAVED FREE. 404 W. MARKET STREET, LOUISVILLE, KY. Iron & Girardet.

MORRIS.—The home of Will and Lulu Morris was visited by death on March 28, 1895, and their little, little Allie Morris, aged eleven months, passed away. Weep not, fond parents, for you sorrow not as those who have no hope, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

HAM.—Letha, the second daughter of Robt. Ham, departed this life August 6, 1895, aged thirteen years, two months and twenty-six days. She was converted and joined the Methodist Church a little more than a year ago. She suffered great pain during her illness, which was about one month.

ELECTROPOISE. Real Bargain. For the benefit of the readers of the ADVOCATE we have made a contract with a reliable company whereby we are enabled to offer our subscribers a bargain in Sewing Machines. We will sell the Machine represented in the cut above, which is in all respects equal to the high-priced Machines, together with one year's subscription to the ADVOCATE, for \$22.00, cash to accompany each order, and the purchaser to pay freight charges. Address Texas Christian Advocate, DALLAS, TEXAS.

RUPTURE & PILES. CURED Without the KNIFE or operation from business. Dr. F. J. DICKEY, 395 Main St., Dallas, Tex.

THE FAVORITE SEWING MACHINE. ENLESS, TEX., March 12, 1895. Mr. L. Haylock, Publisher Christian Advocate, Dallas, Texas. DEAR SIR—I received your Favorite Sewing Machine and found it all right. My wife and daughter have tried it and are exceedingly pleased with it.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The Only Sarsaparilla At World's Fair. A New Book! "The Greatest Neglected Work of the Church."

STEELE & JOYCE, Real Estate Agents. 20 Fine Farms and 5000 Acres of Rich Grayson County Land FOR SALE IN TRACTS TO SUIT PURCHASER.

BELLS. BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY. PUREST BELL METAL. CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY CO., NEWARK, MISSOURI.

EUREKA. The RESCUE HOTEL. IS THE FAVORITE RESORT FOR TEXANS. JUST OUT—The Monk and the Prince...

Santa Fe Route. SANTA FE LIMITED, A SOLID VESTIBLED TRAIN. Address MANAGER CRESCENT HOTEL, EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.

Texas Christian Advocate, \$2 per year. \$1 to preachers. D. F. C. TIMMONS, - PALESTINE, TEXAS.

She who Runs may read. No woman, if she can read, can fail to know about Pearlina. Then, if you're worn out with hard work or find your clothes going to pieces, you've only yourself to blame. You'll have to choose your own way of washing. You can use soap and the washboard and tire yourself out, and rub your clothes to tatters. You can use so-called washing-powders, imitations of Pearlina, and have easier work, though they're eating up the clothes. Or you can use Pearlina, wash in the easiest way, and be absolutely certain that there isn't the slightest harm.

BEAUMONT DISTRICT CONFERENCE

The 22d day of August, 1895, the Beaumont District Conference was opened at 9 o'clock with the presiding...

The presiding elder made several important decisions, and the conference made some appeals to the Bishop presiding at the next Annual Conference.

WAXAHACHIE DISTRICT CONFERENCE

The Waxahachie District Conference held its session at Emus, Texas, August 22 to 24, inclusive. Out of membership of 103 there were sixty-three delegates present, answering to roll-call.

There has been an increase in the number of members, in Sunday-schools and church building throughout the district. Finances well up; very hopeful that all collections and claims will be fully met.

no reasonable cause, has not been so published; and, Whereas, Our Sunday School Secretary has urged the Book Committee to comply with this action of the General Conference; therefore, be it Resolved, That this Waxahachie District Conference do disapprove of the action of the Book Committee, and do request that the Book Committee amend its report...

The conference convened at 2:30 p. m. Friday, August 30, presiding elder in the chair. Eighty-six answered to roll call. The distinguished ones were Revs. J. H. McLean, Hayes, Bradford, Putnam, Switzer, Vaughan, Little, Profs. Cody and Moore; Rev. I. S. Person, of C. M. E. Church.

The various interests of the Church in the district were carefully inquired into; information obtained and summary of them expressed in very able, suggestive reports.

There has been an increase in the number of members, in Sunday-schools and church building throughout the district. Finances well up; very hopeful that all collections and claims will be fully met.

The District League Conference, though gotten up on short notice, was quite a success, and meets same time and place with the next District Conference. Sister Booty made a splendid report on the work of the Foreign Missionary Society.

We had a pleasant, profitable and religious time, for which we give God all the glory. E. V. Cox, Secretary.

We liked not to have made it. We came very near missing it. If we ever come any nearer not making a trip we will perhaps miss it altogether.

Resolved, That this Waxahachie District Conference do disapprove of the action of the Book Committee, and do request that the Book Committee amend its report...

Bro. Peeler and a very little band of saints and sinners were holding the fort. But the sight of friendly, familiar faces, their cordial reception and kind words of cheer with a good dinner, soon revived the drooping spirits in our party.

alone in the pulpit when we arrived. We endeavored to shoulder up with him in the work of Christ until on Sunday, Bro. G. W. Swofford came out from Point Rock and preached two sermons for us that were good to the use of edifying.

The Scriptures teach that infants are proper subjects of water baptism. On this proposition Bro. Ballard fully sustained himself, as many who before the debate were opposed to infant baptism are now convinced.

The Scriptures teach that a child of God may so apostatize as to be finally lost. On this proposition Bro. Ballard carried almost the entire congregation with him.

The M. E. Church, South, is a Church of Christ or a branch of the same, both in practice and doctrine. On this proposition Bro. Ballard showed clearly the M. E. Church, South, was biblical in doctrine and practice.

Missionary Baptist Churches are, in origin, polity, doctrine and perpetuity, identical with the Church organized by Christ and his apostles during their personal ministry on earth.

On this proposition Bro. Ballard proved from Baptist history that their boasted succession was a myth and a fable, and that history was silent in reference to the Church beyond its rise in America and England in the sixteenth century.

Bro. Ballard proposed to meet Bro. DuPont on the King James' version of the Bible, which he refused to do. After Bro. Ballard had made two speeches in history, tracing infant baptism back to the days of the apostles, Bro. D. ridiculed Bro. B. for not taking the Bible to prove his proposition.

Resolved, That this Waxahachie District Conference do disapprove of the action of the Book Committee, and do request that the Book Committee amend its report...

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I voted no. I have just returned home from a glorious revival at Harmony. I find the dear Advocate my table. In it I find Bro. J. B. Sears' motion in regard to Bro. G. S. Wyatt's articles, "Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5."

"What a man sees and what a man hears depends on what he is," is as true of Bro. Sears as it is of Bro. Wyatt or of any other man.

"I do not approve of anything in the Wyatt articles, but I do" say that there were other Texas Methodists at the Chattanooga Convention (that's what it was) of the Eworth League, who, while they received less "acid" than Bro. Wyatt, were sufficed with the sectional sentimentality displayed whenever the "baptizer in black" was mentioned or he appeared on the program; therefore, I vote against the Sears' resolution, and say "lay on," Wyatt, and never quit until the delusive thing called "organic union" is relegated to the time and age when the sheep and goat will salute olfactory nerves with the same aroma or until the lion and lamb shall peacefully lie down together. Fraternally, SEWARD NELSON.

"THE MONK AND THE PRINCE." This latest book, by Bishop A. G. Haygood, is one of the best productions of his vigorous and prolific pen.

The scene and the characters are found a long way from this date and place; but most of the writing concerns home and the present time. It would seem that much of the history of the past is repeating itself in the present.

The M. E. Church, South, is a Church of Christ or a branch of the same, both in practice and doctrine. On this proposition Bro. Ballard showed clearly the M. E. Church, South, was biblical in doctrine and practice.

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NORTH TEXAS FEMALE COLLEGE

The North Texas Female College and Conservatory of Music, Sherman, Texas, will open Monday, September 9, 1895. Mrs. L. A. Kidd Key.

SIGNAL TRIUMPHS

By Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.

Two signal triumphs have been achieved by Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. First, it received Highest Award and Diploma at the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893.

The victory at Chicago of the unanimous vote of the judges by the establishment of the supremacy of Dr. Price's as "The Foremost Baking Powder in the World."

The religion that sheds no blood may have a good deal of zeal, but it has no Christ.

CONSUMPTION CURED

An old physician, retired from practice, wrote in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also of Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all Nervous Complaints.

Be a light that burns and shines, and reveals good works; not a pillar of fire beside which one may freeze to death.

Through Wagner sleepers by the Missouri, Kansas & Texas leave daily from all points in Texas without change for St. Louis, Hannibal and Kansas City.

SUMMER EXCURSION TICKETS

The Texas and Pacific Railway Company has one on our Summer Excursion Tickets in all summer months in the South, East and Southwest at greatly reduced rates.

Be a light that burns and shines, and reveals good works; not a pillar of fire beside which one may freeze to death.

The Music Book You Need!

WORD EDITION 432 Pages, 571 Hymns. For Prayer Meetings, Preaching, Revisits, Missionary Meetings, Epworth Leagues and all special occasions of Christian work and worship.

Gospel Grace

This is a book of unusual power. It is simple and yet profound. It can be read by any one who has a heart.

10 PIECES MONTGOMERY'S ANTHEMS 256 PAGES

These are the latest result of the author's careful study and acute musical talent.

THE R. N. McINTOSH COMPANY, ATLANTA, GEORGIA. Equitable Building. EDUCATIONAL.

Weatherford College

For MALES and FEMALES. Has superior advantages; beautiful location; new College building; new boarding-house for young ladies; scholarly teachers; successful record in every line.

Belmont College, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Regent: Rev. R. A. Young, D. D. Principal: Miss Hood, Miss D. "The Ideal College Home of the South."

HOWARD-PAYNE COLLEGE, FAYETTE, MO.

For higher education of Young Women. Preparatory Department, Music, Art, Education, Domestic, Physical Culture. Well-equipped gymnasium.

CAMP-MEETING

There will begin a camp-meeting at White's School-house, Cedar Bayou Circuit, Friday night before the fourth Sunday in September.

E. M. MYERS, Pastor Cedar Bayou Circuit.

UNANSWERED LETTERS

AUGUST 29. C. E. Lindsay, subs. J. M. Shuford, sub. W. J. Sims, sub. C. V. Oswald, sub.

AUGUST 30, 31. J. W. Thompson, sub. A. J. Anderson, sub. J. A. Baker, subs. B. R. Bolton, sub. J. W. Holt, sub.

SEPTEMBER 2. Jno M Barcus, sub. W. A. Govett, sub. J. M. Hunter, correction made, J. W. Johnson, sub. W. Zimmerman, subs. S. N. Allen, sub. R. D. Moon, trial subs. Jno R. Nelson, subs. I. A. Hanson, subs. W. F. Brinson, change. Jno R Smith, sub. I. E. Hightower, sub.

SEPTEMBER 3. C. I. McWhirter, sub. J. M. Mills, subs. D. H. Hotchkiss, subs. Z. B. Pirtle, sub. Jno R Smith, sub.

SEPTEMBER 4. W. P. Garvin, sub. Jos P Callaway, change. E. M. Myers, sub. M. H. Major, sub. C. E. Gallagher, sub.

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