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## EDITORIAL.

### IDEALS AND THEIR INFLUENCE.

The possession of a life-plan, clear, comprehensive and noble, will prove of inestimable value. Thus we secure a sharply defined goal toward which we are ever tending. Thus our life becomes broad and rich in its sweep. Thus our movements, redeemed from all littleness and unworthiness, become the normal expression of a great and hallowed experience. If a man has a clearly marked enterprise, inclusive of the true, the beautiful and the good constantly before him, he can by shutting out all side issues and by a concentration of all his energy upon it, accomplish it triumphantly. Versatility is sometimes a snare. By attempting too much we do nothing. The scarcity of opportunities, the paucity of resources and the limitations of life suggest both the necessity and propriety of focusing all our powers upon one thing. He who under the guidance of the Divine Spirit and Providence has found his life-work and is zealously and unwearyingly striving to fulfill it is indescribably fortunate and happy.

We should keep before us the loftiest ideals and the noblest examples, for they are a perennial source of inspiration and strength. The very suggestion of the grand possibilities of life sometimes awakens the desire to realize them. The mighty potentialities of nature are a constant and seductive challenge to earnest endeavor. When Jesus said: "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth," he not only stated a great truth primarily applicable to religion, but also a mighty principle pertinent to all human aspiration and endeavor. The locks of the strength of multitudes have been shorn away by unbelief. Taking a pessimistic view of the world, exaggerating the limitations of life, overpowered by the difficulties which loom in the distance, they have relapsed into despair and have withdrawn from the arena. If, however, they had kept the ever-deepening vista of life with its multiplied and glorious possibilities before them, if they had responded to the challenge with generous enthusiasm and done their best, the issue would have been one of victory and blessing. Nothing short of the grandest ideals should satisfy us, and we should measure our success by the degree of our approximation thereto. The example of saintly and heroic men proves the practicability and the certainty of triumph on our part if we utilize the laws and forces which are always at command. When the Apostle Paul desired to animate and comfort the hearts of the persecuted and tempted Church during the early days of Christianity he called the roll of old Israel and made patriarchs, prophets, kings, priests and saints pass in solemn and stately procession before the imagination of his brethren, and then detailing their heroism and achievements exhorted them to catch their spirit and enthusiasm and to imitate their conduct. Vast possibilities lie out before us. There are virgin fields untrodden and unappropriated. There are gold-seamed and silver-veined ledges yet unquarried. Life, both in its temporal and spiritual aspects, is as rich and inexhaustible as in the palmiest days of human history. Our peril is unbelief and the self-satisfaction and listlessness which grow out of it. Paul's watchword ought to be ours: "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto

those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

The endowments with which God has been pleased to invest man are many and great, and the potentialities of life and nature are correspondingly multiplied and glorious. We should be satisfied with nothing less than the complete development and enrichment of mind and character and the entire and permanent appropriation of our inheritance. Lord Bacon was not visionary when he said: "I take all knowledge to be my province." John Wesley was not fanatical when he said: "The world is my parish," and made holiness of heart and life his standard and goal. Longfellow was not an impracticable dreamer when he wrote the "Psalms of Life" and the "Excelsior." Nor was Paul a deluded mystic when he aspired to all the communicable "fulness of God."

There should be no lowering of the ideals. We want the very best living and preaching. We want the very best education and course of study. We want the very best literature and periodicals. The idea of letting the standards down is as unphilosophical as impolitic. The true appeal is to the very best that is in us. The standard measures our power and is prophetic.

We must lift our life to the law and our congregations to the divine level of the preaching. To drop the curriculum a few degrees and educate downward is fatal. Literature in all its manifold phases must remain stationary and the masses must come up. The true standards, immaculate, uncompromising and immortal, must hold their high and rightful pre-eminence while the race moves slowly but surely to their level. Emerson advises us characteristically to "hitch our wagon to a star." In homelier phrase we suggest that we cut the notch high and stretch up to it.

### A HINT TO THE RHETORICIAN.

Rhetoric has its legitimate uses. The imagination is one of the chief faculties of the mind. But rhetoric may be abused and the imagination prostituted to ignoble ends. A sermon or speech, superficial in thought, destitute of system, glittering with tinsel figures and blazings with tawdry rhetoric, is worthless and contemptible. The imagination, unbalanced by judgment, is like a ship without ballast. The following paragraph from the Christian Advocate, New York, suggested the remarks above and is decidedly worth considering:

"Dr. Eaton, President of Madison University forty years ago, was beloved by the students, and his good opinion courted above all things. One commencement day the student who had delivered the valedictory approached the Doctor and timidly asked him what he thought of the effort. The Doctor looked at him a moment, and then said slowly: 'Edward, if you would pluck a few feathers from the wings of your imagination and stick them in the tail of your judgment, you would make better speeches.'"

### Connectional News.

St. Advocate: The St. Louis Annual Conference convened at the Methodist Church, Charleston, at 9 o'clock, Wednesday, September 3d, and was called to order by Bishop A. W. Wilson, who read the third chapter of Philipians, and led in singing the 229th hymn, "Jesus, the Name High Over All," and followed with a fervent prayer. Rev. E. B. Chappell called the roll of the conference and was then elected Secretary. He selected as his assistants Revs. J. W. Robinson, Harry Whitehead, Martin Haw and W. W. Freer. Reports were read first from the Southern Methodist Publishing House, at Nashville, reviewing the work done during the year, and showing an annual business of \$350,512.66 done during the year. Out of the business done, \$20,000 was appropriated out of surplus funds for support of supernumerary preachers, their widows orphans. A report from Rev. James Atkins, Sunday-school editor, reviewing the Sunday-school work, showing 13,389

Sunday-schools, 99,571 teachers and \$18,997 scholars, an increase during the year of schools, 7; teachers, 233; scholars, 7518. The total circulation of the Sunday-school periodicals is 962,000. A report of Drs. Lambuth and Morrison, Missionary Secretaries, was read, urging faithfulness in raising the collections for missions and giving cheering accounts of the work in foreign fields. Dr. David Morton, Secretary of the Board of Church Extension, reported 67 Churches aided out of Church Extension Fund to the amount of \$1082, and that 497 Churches had been aided during the past fourteen years, an average of \$180 each having been paid them. The conference is asked to raise \$2500 for this cause next year. President Geo. Wm. Walker, of Paine Institute, a college for colored pupils at Augusta, Ga., sent in a good report from that institution. The Woman's Mission Society, through its President, Mrs. R. K. Hargrove, and its Secretary, Miss Belle H. Bennett, made an excellent report of the work in their charge. A report from Central College was read, stating that \$10,600 had been added to the endowment fund during the year.

Our Brother in Red, referring to the Indian Mission Conference, says:

Our reports will show a steady advance on all lines. The gains in our membership will run our total up to 20,000 members. A corresponding increase will be shown in church and parsonage buildings. The collections will show a falling off on account of the widespread drought, though the decrease will not be as great as the circumstances might seem to justify. The greatest deficit will probably appear in the report on ministerial support, just where it ought not to appear at all. This will be the result of the fact that the preachers and presiding elders have put forth special effort to bring up the collections, corresponding scale has not been put forth by the Church to bring up the preacher's salary. We are certain to need a few more efficient preachers to fully man our work. These we will have to look for from the other conferences. A dozen or more efficient, practical men would be welcomed to the conference, where they would find an opportunity both to do and to suffer for the Master's sake.

### General Church News.

Zion's Herald: Dr. J. B. Hingley, writing upon "The Woman Question" in the Northwestern Advocate, says with much practical wisdom: "The question is not before the people. It is side-tracked as a political prohibition has been side-tracked in the present national canvass. The result will be in either case that only those who make the 'question' one of conscience will put themselves out aggressively in the canvass. Those who look at the question of the admission of women to the General Conference as a matter of expediency, may find it expedient to give attention to something else. The discussion made everybody tired, and it is hard to again arouse interest enough to debate the question. The 'era of silence' is the natural outcome, not of a concerted plan, but of weariness of the question. A new general has been placed in charge of the campaign, who has led many a good cause to defeat—General Apathy, a worthy commander of the hosts of 'general indifference.'"

The decadence of interest in this cause cannot now be overcome. It is the result of over-wrought conviction, a recoil from a too general and heated intensity upon the subject. A mental and moral reaction from extremism has set in that cannot be stayed until it has run its course. As well stand on the beach and plead for the immediate return of the outgoing tide. The rolling waves will come back, but according to their own law and in their own time. Plainly this reform is as an ebbing tide. It may be better for the Church, as it will for woman, to await its natural reflux. It is the hour for deliberation, for the exercise of good sense, patience and faith. Women will some time sit in the General Conference, but we hope not until the amendment receives the willing support of three-quarters of the members of the Annual Conferences. The Church is not to be retarded in its progress either by the admission or by the exclusion of women to the General Conference. But it may be greatly harmed by an unwise, ill-timed and unnecessary agitation of the subject.

The Outlook: A movement against the desecration of Sunday by the various baseball leagues has been undertaken in western Massachusetts. The Good Citizenship Committee of the Y. P. S. C. E. connected with the First Congregational Church of Springfield has taken strong action, and the Springfield Christian Endeavor Union has also passed resolutions declaring that whereas the Springfield Club has made engagements for Sunday games in cities where no legal prohibition prevented, it is earnestly requested that the Sunday

engagements of the Club be canceled. The Endeavorers pledge themselves to withhold all patronage of the same until assured that the contracts for Sunday games have been withdrawn. Similar action has been taken by the Providence Christian Endeavor Union. There can be but one opinion by Christian people on this subject. The Puritan Sunday has gone, and we have no desire to see it return; but, on the other hand, we have no desire to see anything like the Continental Sunday on American soil. Many forces are at work tending to secularize the Lord's Day. Among the most prominent, because of its influence on young men in large cities, is Sunday baseball playing. Such games are without excuse. No plea can be urged in their behalf. They are not needed for recreation, and they are a source of desecration and dissipation. The Christian Endeavor Union of Massachusetts have begun a good work. The case is by no means hopeless. If the large numbers represented by these societies will neither attend the games on Sunday nor attend games on any other days between clubs which have Sunday games, will do all in their power to secure legislation prohibiting such games, and see that the laws enacted are executed, a good work will be accomplished. It is one thing to believe in a Sunday which shall be a day of rest and fellowship, a day in which the home life shall be made bright and beautiful, in which those who are crowded in the great cities shall have opportunities of getting fresh air and sunlight; but it is a very different thing to make the Lord's Day one of indiscriminate merry-making and amusement. The whole influence of the Church should be directed against the secularization of Sunday.

### THE PRESS.

#### Criticism.

There was Homer's Iliad and its companion the Odyssey, which attracted the attention of the literary critics before they took Moses so thoroughly in hand. They decided that it was the product of literary evolution—that it grew and increased from the germ of a brief heroic song through a period of three or four centuries; that it was built up, like York Minster or Cologne Cathedral, by successive generations of master workmen. The improbability of such a theory amounts to an impossibility—if we consider it in its technical aspects alone. Put there is another element of impossibility. That rarest of all literary productions, an epic poem, cannot be invented and manufactured, any more than a June rose, or a cumulus cloud, high and white in the sun, can be. Homer's Iliad could not have been written in any age or surroundings other than in those in which it was written. A genius many times more gifted than Homer could not have done it, in any time subsequent to his time. And the same is true of the Scandinavian Edda, and of Dante's Inferno, and of Milton's Paradise Lost. The best attempt at an artificial epic yet produced is Longfellow's Hiawatha. It is a work of remarkable freshness and versatility, and yet it is not an epic, but only an imitation of one. The charm, naive, naturalness and sincerity of the epic are not there. No one could possibly imagine it to be the product of an Algonquin genius. And it is just so of these older writings. No one but a Homer, living in the morning of literature, could have written the description of the shield of Achilles. No one but a nomad, a dweller in tents, and whose horizon of vision and of thought was limited by his tents, flocks and pastures, could have written the description of the Mosaic tabernacle. Notice with what simple delight he dwells on each minute particular, like a pleased child; the artlessness, genuineness and guileless sincerity of his description. To say that such a production was of a thousand years later, in the midst of a stable civilization, is to negative and nullify every established principle of literary criticism, and to throw the science into hopeless and inextricable confusion.—The Interior.

#### Golden-Rod and Aster.

September is the twilight of the year. Just as for a brief moment in the gloaming we have an hour in which there is neither sun nor shadow, the soft light everywhere diffused and nowhere intercepted, so in the first month of the autumn we have light without heat and clouded skies without cold. To the nature-lover the earth seems a great hierophant, changing his vestments with the passing hours, but always bowed before the same altar. The diaphanous foliage of the spring gives place to the leafy robe of summer, broken with roses; and this in turn is laid aside to be succeeded by the purple and gold of early fall. Each season has its message and each month its song.

Over half the continent one finds just now the golden-rod wave its flag and the aster hang out its purple banner. It would seem as if in this month met blessed remembrance and tender regret. Bright as a July noon, the one;

purple as a November sunset the other. The past and the future overlap their colors, and memory and hope interblend their symbols. Under the crossed standards the couch is prepared for the dying year.

There comes to every man a day in which he wakes to feel that he is no longer young; but side by side with the aster God lays the golden-rod to tell him that summer still lingers in the good man's heart. The approach of winter is not as the march of an armed host behind which lies only desolation; it is, like its retreat, strewn with flowers, and crowned with coronets. Sweetly and insensibly we cross the great divide; as the traveler upon the crest of the Alps knows not when he has passed the crest but only comes to recognize with slow certainty that the light is fading on the distant peaks and the river in the valley growing broader and more near.

With what infinite tenderness God breaks to the year the news that it is growing old. Not all at once does it wake to find that life's purple has replaced its gold. One by one the stars of the aster timidly break out, and one by one the plumes of the golden-rod die down. Slowly the lights fade from the vaulted sky; silently the curtain of the night is drawn; with a great sob November drops its gush of tears; and under its purple strewn pall at last the year lies dead; "and the spirit returns to God who gave it."—The Interior.

#### The English and the Turk.

With an immense majority in the houses of Parliament, and all the resources of the empire at its back, our coalition government has submitted to such humiliation and insult as have never been experienced by England since the dark days, long ago, when the guns of Dutch ships were heard in the neighborhood of London. The amazed and mocking world has seen our great fleet ordered back like a whipped cur from the scene of the Sultan's devilities, such is the fate of nations that yield to the base and selfish spirit of jingoism. This is the "peace with honor" which Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury brought home from Berlin. This is the "spritited foreign policy" which the Primrose League was founded to perpetuate. Never since Charles II. groveled before France has England made such an exhibition of cowardice to the world. History repeats itself. The most clerical government in our modern history is the most pusillanimous. The spirit of Laud and Strafford has been revived at home with the Stuart results abroad.

If Oliver Cromwell had been foreign Secretary, we should have defied all the selfish military autocrats of Europe, and taken the crowned assassin by the throat. We cannot undertake to maintain law and justice everywhere, but we are bound by express treaty and by every consideration of honor to maintain them in the Turkish Empire. We allowed Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury to give the Sultan a new lease of life. We allowed those two men to take advantage of the fact that Russia, bleeding at every pore, could not just then fight us as well as Turkey. Millions of human beings whom Russia had emancipated were forced back once more under the Turkish yoke. Then we vowed to God and man that we would allow no more outrage or murder in the Turkish Empire. We are quite as much bound to defend Armenia as to defend Kent. But, no doubt, we shall next be told that for fear of "a European war" we must not defend Kent, if anybody wishes to ravish and slay in that county.

If we have enough Christianity to disband our army and to sell our fleet, by all means let us do so. But at present we are the laughing-stock of the human race and the objects of ever-growing international contempt. And yet Englishmen are not the dishonored cowards that the existing foreign policy implies. There is still left among us a sacred respect for treaty obligations, and a willingness even to die in the discharge of our duty to the helpless and oppressed. The day will yet dawn when the jingoism of the music-halls and the drinking-clubs and the gaming-halls will be despised; when the giant trades in liquor, vice, and gambling will be prostrate in the dust; and when the children of the commonwealth will direct the policy of the British Empire. In that day no Sultan of Turkey will dye his hands and arms in Christian blood.—The London Methodist Times.

#### Argument from Design.

"It is not now, as it was in Paley's time, the bare contemplation of a certain instrument, the eye or the ear, which most appeals to us. We are conscious that what we behold is a process and not a finished work. We are as those who visit a great cathedral. We are shown the organ. The evidence of intelligence which would appeal to the man of last century would be the arrangements and adaptations of pipes and levers and notes. We do not think that this witness has lost its power;

but there is a witness of mind which is more emphatic. We ramble about the cathedral; we observe the pillars which uphold the massive roof, the sheaves of stone-wrought curves above us, and the quaint stories chronicled upon the windows. Presently the low notes of the organ are heard; the music diffuses itself throughout the building. The notes unroll sweet harmonies; the changing melodies possess our souls; we follow the wordless music as it unfolds its meaning; we are cheered, softened, awed and elevated. Do we ask whether intelligence presides over the keys? We need not ask. We know that whoever is thus pouring forth music which thus lays hold upon heart and spirit has the power of a heart which can feel with our heart, and a spirit that can appeal to ours. In the process we find mind. "Science," wrote the late Professor Huxley, in a letter to a friend, "is as clear as the Bible about an Eternal of whose infinite process of evolution the visible is a fragment. The sweeping away of Genesis makes no more difference to that doctrine than it does to gravitation."

"Such is the teleology of our own day. We hear God in the great music to which the universe is built. As the slow processes lead on from lower forms of life to higher, from inanimate life to man; as the music changes, and the evolution is that of man's mental powers or religious consciousness, we enter into its spirit. We cannot set down in fixed terms all that it signifies; but it sings to us of the wondrous, unseen Power which, through all changes, is lifting life and man from stage to stage, which bids man climb and climbs with man as he climbs, and keeps ever before our hopes the glad consummation—the 'one far-off divine event'.

#### Texas Personals.

The address of Rev. Z. V. Liles for the present is box 272, San Marcos, Texas.

Bro. E. C. Hightower, of Fairplay, Texas, made the Advocate a pleasant call this week.

Bro. J. H. Wilson, of Canton, Texas, an old honored subscriber to the Advocate, made us a pleasant call.

Rev. C. C. Davis and Bro. P. B. Hamer, of the Renner Circuit, were welcomed visitors at the Advocate office during the week.

Dr. G. C. Rankin, of Houston, was in the city during the week and preached an able sermon in First Church Sunday morning to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

Rev. H. M. DuCharme, of Tyler, made us a highly appreciated call during the week. He delivered one of his best addresses Sunday night at the anniversary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the North Texas Conference.

#### Southern Methodist Personals.

The address of Rev. E. C. McVoy is 318 Lafayette Street, Denver, Col.

New Orleans Advocate: Rev. S. H. Werlein, of the St. Louis Conference, has requested to be transferred to the far South for hygienic reasons. F. R. Hill, Jr., has made a similar request. At this writing we do not know to what conference these brethren will go.

Arkansas Methodist: Friday night was appointed for the semi-centennial sermon of Dr. John Mathews. A man who after a ministry of half a hundred years holds the largest congregation in the largest city of Southern Methodism must be a subject of much interest. Had the church been twice as large it would have been filled. The Doctor's discourse was characteristic—a ramble through the fifty years of his itinerant ministry, lights and shadows of the past, anecdotes pathetic and grotesque, suggestions to young preachers and personal experiences.

Dr. Mathews is unique as a preacher, giving us in every sermon all sorts of things, science, philosophy, history, all rather recklessly handled at times. The Doctor does not claim to be a very accurate man in these fields. He thinks some preachers sacrifice force to punctilious accuracy in historic and scientific details and fastidious pronunciation. The trend of the times, the spirit which dominates the public, the drift of events, are the great matters in his mind, and against these he prepares his weapons, assailing the evil with a fervency of zeal which is overwhelming. He doubtless has a closet for prayer, but we are sure he keeps also a closet full of old newspapers, and that he deems it more important to note correctly the spirit of the times than to keep up with the text books of science.

Dr. Mathews is a great preacher in this, that he opposes the spirit of the gospel to the spirit of the world, and keeps well upon a level with the masses in all he says. Add to this funda-

mental principle, a vivacity rarely equalled, a genial spirit, a hopefulness that is like sunshine, a sociability which invites men, and a physical constitution for work which is one of a thousand, and we have the explanation of the Doctor's popularity and power. With this ever understood, that the preacher feels himself to be an ambassador of Christ.

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Rev. Howard Henderson, in Central Methodist: The hour was late, Saturday afternoon, 4:25, when Bishop Wilson arose to address the class to be admitted into full connection. He only spoke a short while, but said many timely things.

"I would not give a straw for a preacher who can not work a revival in his Church unassisted."

"I've been preaching this Gospel forty-two years. Men who started out with me, with more brains and greater opportunities, because they relaxed their grasp on those questions, have become 'wet-lags,' feeling that the Church owes them a living."

"Keep a sweet spirit, loving heart and determined purpose."

"Pray until you become like James—callous from kneeling."

This was in striking contrast with the position taken by Bishop Haygood last year in his Sunday morning sermon in this city. He advocated short prayers and quoted the context: "He whom thou lovest is sick," as in evidence.

Continuing, Bishop Wilson said:

"We have lost the old-time power of exhortation." "I want to get back to first principles, to the old-time Methodist basis." Again he remarked: "I would die in the pulpit to keep up the power of a divinely appointed and directed ministry." Finally, "You have got to do all you are able to do in every line of work, if you wish to meet the Master acceptably."

The address, while not delivered with the Bishop's usual force, was stamped with the seal of his acute mind.

#### General Personals.

The Outlook: Bishop Potter's official communications are notable not only for strong practical dealing with affairs, but almost always for some candid expression of opinion with regard to some timely matter. The address at the one hundred and thirteenth annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of New York, delivered at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, in this city, on Wednesday of last week, summed up the work of the diocese during the past year so far as that work can be expressed in statistics. The Bishop commented on the fact that the Episcopalate ought to discharge in the choice and settlement of pastors; the endeavors to raise the standard of requirement in this diocese of candidates for orders; upon the death of Bishop Cox, whom he characterized as a chief pastor of apostolic tenderness, fidelity, and assiduity; referred to the civic crisis through which we are passing, which he declared involved the single question whether any single people may hope successfully to divorce itself from the past and be a law to itself; and to the danger which assails men who have conquered nature, and who have ceased, therefore, to be impressed by the stubbornness of facts. The address closed with some very frank comments on the recent Encyclical of the Pope concerning the validity of orders in the English Church. Bishop Potter declared that the declaration was made in large ignorance of facts and from a somewhat narrow and provincial vision of the situation. He regards this decision as a fortunate one, and the tradition must come when the Latin rite will be dismissed, and men will return to "those Scriptural and universally accepted symbols to which that oldest branch of the Church Catholic—the branch which is Eastern and not Western—still adheres, and on which the best learning and the purest faith of Anglo-Saxon Christendom equally rest."

The closing words of Bishop Potter ought to be widely read: "The Christian world has learned to read and to think. It is a jury before which the claims of ecclesiastical systems must needs be arraigned, whether they will or no. It has not lost—this clear-seeing, modern age, as some doleful pelicans upon our ecclesiastical housetop would fain have us believe—the instinct of faith or the ready mind and will to obey the Eternal Voice. But it must be clear that you and I, and all others who claim to be the organs of that voice—the representatives of a divine authority—have some other justification for such a claim than the colossal audacity with which we make it. The day is coming when the theology and the ecclesiastical polity of Leo and Hildebrands, earlier and later, must give way to the theology and the polity of a greater than any of them—I mean Cyprian—which was the theology and the polity of those twelve first-chosen one from whom he so plainly derived it.



DEVOTIONAL.

Leaving Questions With God.

In one of his letters touching a very important event in his life George Fox wrote: "Wherefore I let the thing rest, and went on in the work and service of the Lord." There is a deep and vital truth of practical living suggested by this fragment of a sentence—a truth which, received and acted upon, goes far to make the mind calm, the heart peaceful, and the hands effective. There are a great many conscientious but anxious people who find themselves continually tempted to postpone work until all questions can be settled; who attempt, in a word, to anticipate the education of life by grasping at the beginning those results which come only at the end. For there are a great many perplexing problems which can never be thought out; they must be worked out. The man or woman who wants to settle them in advance will fall alike of the settlement of the question and the doing of the task. It is through the active putting forth of one's power that light continually streams in on the questions which concern what one ought to do. In any education the understanding of the ultimate uses of things must be postponed; those uses are revealed only when the educational process nears its close. This is pre-eminently true of the supreme educational process which we call life. There are thousands of questions weighing upon every sincere and conscientious mind which cannot be settled by any amount of thinking, but which in a way settle themselves as one slowly but faithfully does the duty which lies next. This comes very near being the whole philosophy of life, which is in no sense a settlement of ultimate questions, but which is always primarily the doing of the thing that presses to be done. He who is able to do faithfully and heartily that which lies in his hand is on the road to the settlement of all the final questions. He is working his way through the experience which is to be, from the spiritual side, one of the great sources of personal illumination. To learn to leave things with God, and to do one's work as if God could be trusted, is to gain the repose and full-heartedness which permit one to pour out his whole strength without anxiety, worry, or distraction.—The Outlook.

Superannuated.

Next to loss of wife, to the minister comes superannuation, the loss of effective relation to his conference. From early manhood he has known and studied nothing which had not the ministry for its center and circumference. This has absorbed as it has consumed him. To do his work well, to be able to report "all collections taken and all apportionments met" and his preaching crowned with revival blessings, has been his thought day and night. The conference session has been to him a season of transcendent interest. To be in his place and sing with his brethren, voice trembling and eyes brimming with gratitude and praise, "And see we yet alive, And see each other's faces?"—to listen to the bishop's gracious words; to draw nigh with his brethren in full assurance of faith and partake of the holy communion, making his humble confession to Almighty God; to thrill with each varying experience recited in the annual love-feast and with each burst of hallowed song; to drink in inspiration from the anniversaries; to weep with the weeping ones in the memorial service; to fill in the interstices of duty with the priceless privilege of social converse; and to come in suspense and resignation to receive his appointment for another year—this has been to him life's crowning delight. For a lifetime he has been accustomed to the blessed intimacy of the pastoral relation. He has had a parish that loved and revered him; that met him in the unflinching reciprocity of care and sympathy and support. They were his people; he was their pastor; and the Lord led them in and out. But to all these the superannuate bids adieu. He is nobody's pastor; no longer has a parish; can only preach now and then. Henceforth he must decrease. He goes to the conference session. Some remember and turn aside to talk with him. But most are busy, otherwise they would not be "effective;" and not meaning to neglect him, they hurry on. The young men know him not, and have nothing in common. So he battles bravely to be content; but it is winter with him, no longer summer. In a majority of cases he is poor as well as old. It may have been his fault. True, he never received much; but possibly he might have closed up like an oyster and saved something. Possibly he should have done so. No one can charge him with extravagance. But he has had twelve gates for all needy comers, and has led off in support of all our causes. His ministerial career has disqualified him for gainful pursuits, even if age and strength permitted. He has only the scanty dole of the superannuated fund between him and absolute want—possibly \$150 for the entire year. And the grand, cheering, victorious column goes sweeping on, and leaves him gazing wistfully at their receding forms. How tenderly we should treat these old heroes! How much sunshine would come into our own hearts, if we should bear brightness into theirs! One man we saw last week, whose lip

trembled and whose eye glistened with starting tears, as he grasped our hand, and asked if we had heard that he had superannuated. The victor shouts were receding and dying away in his ears; but he tightened his grip and said, "Years ago I resolved I would never be dependent upon the superannuate fund. I have lived inside my income, however small. I have a few pieces of productive property in the city, and eighty acres of good farm land. The Lord has helped me. I shall not want." Now we can understand the wisdom of Bishop Aime's advice to young preachers, to get a piece of ground in the vicinity of a growing town and let it increase in value against the day of superannuation. But, steady, old heroes, and good cheer! You still can do much for the Master. A sweet and hopeful old age, blest in blessing others, is a priceless object-lesson in practical Christianity. You can help and not hinder your pastors; you can supplement his labors; you can do a thousand things that offer to a ripened soul attent on the bidding of his Lord. You will thus come nearest realizing Goldsmith's picture of the old pastor: "At Church, with meek and unaffected grace, His looks adorned the venerable place; Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway, And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray. The service past, around the pious man, With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran: E'en children followed with endearing wile, And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile. His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed; Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed: To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given, But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven: As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form, Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm, Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread, Eternal sunshine settles on its head." —Western Advocate.

OLD AND YOUNG

HEALTH AND WORKING HABITS OF MR. GLADSTONE

"Take it away. How can I do two things at once?" These are perhaps the very first well authenticated words ever used by Mr. Gladstone. He was then a small boy doing his lessons, when he was interrupted by the entrance of a nurse, bringing him a dose of physic. The words will seem to some a foreshadowing of the astuteness of the "old parliamentary hand," who can find an escape out of any situation; but to those who know Mr. Gladstone more than superficially, they contain one of the secrets of the sureness and success of his work. "Never overload your ship; never let your business overlap. That has been his first rule. His second rule, but not second in importance, is "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." So it has come to pass that each person who meets him on his own subject or work in life feels that that is the subject in which Mr. Gladstone's real heart lies. Nobody who has watched him and taken note of the intensity with which he throws himself into the subject in hand can be surprised at this. The theologian, the scholar, and the politician, each in turn would say that Mr. Gladstone was before all things a theologian, a scholar or a politician, while even subjects unimportant in themselves, when brought before him, are treated for the moment with the same characteristic energy and earnestness. At the same time, as has been said by a friend: "No words can exaggerate the extraordinary charm and brilliancy of his conversation, especially when any one is present who will resist the temptation to be a silent listener and will leap into the arena, take up the cudgels, throw in questions and criticisms, or in any other way act as steel to flint." There is nothing peculiar or elaborate in Mr. Gladstone's method of working. Interruption is almost fatal to him, but his power of concentration is so great that conversation, so long as it is consecutive may buzz around him without his being conscious of any disturbance. He is unable to divide the machinery of his mind, as so many can do, working several smaller parts at once; he concentrates the whole upon the one thing. When asked a question he often pauses so long before answering that he gives the impression of not having heard; but if his interlocutor is patient, he will get his answer in course of time—the train of thought must be finished. But it is in truth difficult to say in Mr. Gladstone's life what is work and what is play. Everything he does is characterized by energy and intense vitality. When some one asked him lately what gave him his first incentive to work, he replied, "Being sent up for good by Hawtry when I was twelve years old." "Sent up for good" is an Eton phrase, signifying that a boy's Latin verses have, on account of special merit, been sent up to the head master.

And he has often said that the chief gift he received from the university training at Oxford was the appreciation taught him there of the value of intellectual truth. One reason why he gets through in one day more than most people do in a week, is his economy of time. This is a habit which must have been acquired as long ago as in the year 1839—that of the double marriage of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Lytton to the sisters, Catherine and May Glynne—the two brothers-in-law surprised their wives, and avowed them not a little, by filling up all odd bits and scraps of time with study or work. Out of their pockets would come the inevitable little classic at chance times of leisure. Mr. Gladstone's day has often been described, but it would be an omission not to give it here, especially as the accounts in newspapers and reviews are seldom accurate. No member of the Hawarden household can for a moment compete with Mr. Gladstone in regularity and punctuality. Always in his library, his "Temple of Peace," by 8 o'clock, he has, if in his usual health, never been known since the year 1842 to fail to appear at Church, three-quarters of a mile off, at 8:30, for morning service. Nothing but illness has ever hindered him from daily attending this service. This is only carrying out a principle which was exemplified in his earlier days by the daily prayers which he had with his two servants when, a young man, he lodged in the Albany, in London. His correspondence is sifted by the son or daughter living most at home, and soon after breakfast a selection from his letters is brought to him. An average of one-tenth only of the postal arrivals is laid before him, and of these he answers about one-half. An interesting collection might be made out of the remainder, for probably no public man was ever addressed or consulted on so many hundred subjects. When he was in office, the system was more elaborate. The whole morning, whether at home or on a visit, or holiday, was given up to business; and after 2 o'clock luncheon he resumed work for an hour or so, and till lately, occupied the recreation time with tree-cutting, which he chose as giving him the maximum of healthy exercise, in the minimum of time. But for the last few years he has generally spent the afternoon at his new library. What is to be the future of this library is a secret, still locked within Mr. Gladstone's own breast. But whatever it be, the library is certainly in no sense adapted to become what is now termed "a free library," being, first and foremost, distinctly theological in its character. To this building, erected a few years ago close to the church, he has transported twenty-four thousand books, every single volume of which has been put into its place with his own hands. Only those who have arranged their own few hundreds or thousands of books will realize the expenditure of thought, time and labor which this signifies. Fixed shelves, book-cases projecting into the room, an arrangement by subject, rather than by size or authorship, are his principles in arranging a library. Every day he looks over a number of booksellers' catalogues, and there are certain subjects—anything for instance about witchcraft, strange religions, duelling, gypsies, epitaphs, marriage, Homer, Shakespeare or Dante—which are sure of getting an order. For first editions he has no special liking nor for wonderful or elaborate bindings. His copy of the Odyssey has been rebound several times, as he prefers always to use the same copy. He usually has three books on hand at once, of various degrees of solidity, the evening one probably being a novel, Aristotle, St. Augustine, Dante and Bishop Butler are the authors who have most deeply influenced him—so he has himself written. After 5 o'clock tea, a very favorite meal, he completes his correspondence. Dressing is accomplished in from three to five minutes, and dinner over, the evening is spent in the cozy corner of his Temple of Peace, reading, with occasional pauses for meditation with closed eyes, which not infrequently become a nap. Once in bed, he never allows his mind to be charged with business of any kind, in consequence of which he sleeps the sound and healthy sleep of a child from the moment his head is on the pillow until he is called next morning. This absolute power over his thoughts, won by long and strict habits of self-control, must be one of the principal causes of his freshness and youth. As an instance, he went home in the early morning after the defeat of his Home Rule Bill of 1886, and slept, as usual, his eight hours. There could not be a better illustration of his mind than his Temple of Peace—his study, with its extraordinary methodical arrangement. Away from home he will write an exact description of the key or paper he requires, as: "Open the left hand drawer of the writing table nearest the fireplace, and at the back of the drawer in the right hand corner, you will find some keys. You will see three on one ring. Send me the one with such and such teeth." His mind is arranged in the same way; he has only to open a particular compartment, labelled so and so, to find the information he requires. His memory, in consequence, is almost unerring. It is commonly found that in old age the memory may be perfect as regards times long gone by, but inaccurate and defective as to more recent events. But with Mr. Gladstone the things of

the present are as deeply stamped on his brain as the things of the past. He read and greatly enjoyed Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island" when it was first published, and one member of his family has had to re-read it two or three times, to keep pace with him in discussing the different methods of the fifteen different murders. When worried or overcome with business, his reading has always been of inestimable value to him. During the general election of 1892, this resource was, owing to an accident, denied him, and it was interesting to note that he was able to turn on the writing and thinking machines of his brain, to take its place. During the Midlothian campaign and general election, and through the cabinet-making that followed, he was writing an article on home rule, written with all the force and freshness of a first shock of discovery; he was writing daily on the Psalms; he was composing a paper for the Oriental Congress (read in September by Professor Max Mueller, and "starting the world by its originality") and he was preparing his Oxford lecture on "The rise and progress of learning in the University of Oxford"—a subject necessitating the most careful investigation. As an example of this patience and thoroughness of work may be given the fact that he spent two hours in searching through Hume for one single passage. He writes usually with rapidity, reads slowly, and his manuscript sheets are as a general rule marred with but few corrections. It is difficult to select from the mass of interesting facts which seem and bubble in the memory, but perhaps what has been said will be enough to give some idea of Mr. Gladstone's daily life, and to impress especially upon the young the lesson of self-control, which is the chief element in its example. In his own words: "Precept freezes, while example warms. Precept addresses us, example lays hold on us. Precept is a marble statue, example glows with life—a thing of flesh and blood. There is one kind of exchange at least, between nations, which hostile tariffs can hardly check, the exchange of high personal example." In applying these words to Mr. Gladstone himself, the question naturally arises, what is the underlying secret of this "high personal example?" It will, I trust, not be thought presumptuous, if I venture to answer that the secret is to be found in the words recently written by him to a young American inquirer: "All I write, and all I think and all I hope, is based upon the Divinity of our Lord, the one central hope of our poor wayward race."—Mrs. Mary Drew, in Youth's Companion.

DR. JOHN WATSON.

Dr. Watson will have the freedom of the continent without any formal ceremony of presentation of the keys. Few men of foreign birth are better known in this country than he, and it is not too much to say that none is better loved. Many men write books of the mind; it is the good fortune of Ian MacLaren to write books of the heart. At the beginning of the century our great-grandfathers were still shedding tears over Mackenzie's once widely read "Man of Feeling." One who opens that old probable and artificial story to-day wonders what there was in it to moisten the eyes of even the sentimental, and is reminded of the clergyman who was weeping during the delivery of a passage in his sermon evidently intended to be pathetic. "What is he crying about?" asked a somewhat critical auditor of his companion in a front pew. "If you were in his place," was the whispered reply, "and had as little to say as he has, you would cry too." It has been said of the "Bonnie Briar-bush" that it is the first story in half a century which has brought reluctant tears to the eyes of unemotional men; and there is very little doubt that so long as the book is read at all it will be read with moist eyes. Last year it fell to the lot of the writer of these words to hear one of the most eminent of living Scotchmen—a scholar, thinker, and speaker of the first rank—read from the "Bonnie Briar-bush" more than once, and with that deep and tender feeling, born of the unconscious kinship of race and history, which seems to be the gift of the finer type of Scotchmen. But there were certain chapters in the book which the reader could never be induced to open. "No Scotchman," he would say, "can read those chapters aloud." They were too intimate, they came too close to the sacred privacies of the soul, for public rendering. The astonishing success of Ian MacLaren is due in no small measure to the fact that he is so entirely free from the professional literary air; he has the simplicity, the naturalness, the unaffected charm of his material. He is in immediate touch with the life he describes, and that life, fortunately, is rich not only in the qualities that make character, but in a kind of elemental richness of nature which gives the roughest, hardest bit of habit or experience a deep and genuine interest. The Scotch are always so much in evidence, and have such a persistent way of celebrating the glories of the thistle and the tartan, that men of other blood sometimes hesitate to revive a refrain which has such an astonishing power of starting echoes in every direction, and of suddenly swelling into a great volume when it has apparently finally subsided. There are moments when men of other races are ready to applaud so profane a sentiment as that credited to General Horace Porter, who is reported to have said

at the close of the annual dinner of a Scotch society and after long eulogies of Scotch poetry, history, women, scenery, and character: "It is all very well to talk of the Doon and the Clyde as if they were great rivers, but it is well to remember that, as a matter of fact, there isn't water enough in the Clyde to gargle one of the mouths of the Mississippi." Nevertheless, everybody knows, and all men of English blood secretly confess, that the Scotch have a marvelous heritage of sentiment as well as of character, and that the sprigs of poetry are deep and clear in the land of Burns and Scott. Dr. Watson happened to be born at Manningtree, in Essex, England, but he is of pure Scotch blood—a Highlander of the Highlanders. His mother was a Maclaren from Loch Fay, and spoke the Gaelic tongue, and Gaelic was the language of his father's father. All the world—or part of it, at least, which has been wide enough to read the "Bonnie Briar-bush" and "Auld Lang Syne"—knows that the boy grew up in a religious atmosphere, was thoughtful and studious, and in due time went up to the University of Edinburgh, as Thomas Carlyle and so many of his eminent countrymen had done before him. There was a group of brilliant men in the University when young Watson was going up and down the narrow streets: Robert Louis Stevenson, who was to stir the blood of English reading people again with the old-time power of the Scotch story-teller; Professor Henry Drummond, who was to bring to the platform the freshness of the best contemporary manhood, the results of the latest scientific investigation, and the earnestness of the evangelist; Dr. James Stalker and Dr. George Adam Smith, scholars, thinkers, and writers of traditional Scotch thoroughness and power. After further study, mainly at Tubingen, Dr. Watson entered the ministry of the Free Kirk, and began work as an assistant in the Barclay Church in Edinburgh. At the end of the year he was called to Logie-in-the-Pines, a little clachan which lies near the Grampian Hills in Northern Perthshire. It was during the brief two and a half years of his ministry in this little community that Dr. Watson came to know the Glen, Drumtochty, and the group of men and women whose names are now so widely known. Drumshigh, Dornie, Mrs. Macfayden, and, above all, William MacLure, have almost ceased to be fictitious characters, so real and familiar have they become. The sturdy habits, the quiet heroism, the sturdy independence, the incisive humor, the unaffected pathos of life in the Glen have charmed and refreshed multitudes of people weary of the problems, studies, introspection, psychology, and morbid passion which so largely enter into contemporary fiction. Ian MacLaren has touched the common experiences with a tender and skillful hand, he has once more set the common relations between man and man and man and woman in the light of a spiritual order, and he has taken us again to those springs of native sentiment and humor which flow afresh in every generation. What Burns did for the Scotch dials, the type of the beauty with which rural Scotland is strewn, Dr. Watson has done for the lowly careers and simple lives of the men and women of Drumtochty. But this work of literary portraiture was still far in the future when Dr. Watson went to the pulpit of Free St. Matthew's, in Glasgow, where Dr. Stalker now preaches; and, three years later, to the pulpit of Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, where he still remains and where he had already made a wide reputation as a preacher when fame suddenly came to him from another quarter. Nature has admirably equipped Dr. Watson for pulpit influence and eminence. He has a vigorous physique, perfect health, a contagious charm of temperament, and a manliness of nature and power of sympathy which open the hearts of men to him. He is liberal in thought, catholic in spirit, and singularly simple and approachable in manner. Young men especially are drawn to him in large numbers. He is a persistent and ardent worker, a lover of books, and in hearty touch with the moral and intellectual life of his time. His style is direct, simple and ardent, and his eloquence flows from his deep sympathy with men, his insight into life, and his quick and ready imagination. Lowell once said in relation to Carlyle that when a Scotchman has imagination he is possessed by it; Dr. Watson is, however, thoroughly well poised and in complete command of himself. He subordinates his gifts to his message. His career as a writer has been brief and strikingly successful. "Beside the Bonnie Briar-bush" was published in 1894, and was recognized almost at a glance as first-hand work, and has been as widely read, in all probability, as any book of fiction since the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A second volume in the same vein and of the same quality, "Auld Lang Syne," appeared last year, and the first long story from the same

hand, "Kate Carnegie," is now being read by the readers of The Outlook in its monthly Magazine Numbers. Dr. Watson comes here with a wide and established reputation as a writer and a preacher to enter a new and arduous field—that of the lecturer. He stands in the shadow of a fame which would embarrass a man of less fineness of fiber and simplicity of nature; but it will be his happy fortune to meet crowds of friends wherever he goes and to speak to those who already know the tones of his voice.—The Outlook.

EDUCATION THROUGH READING.

Not only the religious, press, but our educational journals, teem with advice concerning the books and periodicals that grace the library table and fall under the notice of different members of the household. Education consists so largely at the present day in the knowledge gained from reading that it behooves thinking people to give studious consideration to the manner of reading as well as to the matter contained in the books they elect to read. We could heartily wish that people, both young and old, would form two resolves which would be almost sure in time to reveal their own value. And first: If a book is thought to be worth reading at all, never skip passages because the solid text looks as though it might be dry. Take any of Dickens' books and read one of the most closely condensed pages, with long, unbroken paragraphs, and mark the richness of thought, the unsurpassed beauty of expression running through the closely-packed lines. As we have seen it stated elsewhere, many of an author's best and choicest thoughts are condensed in what looks like uninteresting matter because unmixt with colloquial passages. Again: By all means finish a book that has been once begun. What a common mistake it has become to cast a volume aside because somewhere the interest has seemed to flag a little. It is the utmost injustice to an author, beside being a miserable practice for the mind, to only half read through a story or treatise, and then pass criticism on the whole, as is usually done where a portion is left unperused. And it is an exceedingly wise thing, on laying a book down, to ask one's self wherein the chief virtue of the story lies. When it comes to this, we must confess that in far too many cases any real virtue is hard to find. We have just finished one of the popular, much-talked-of productions of an apparently gifted English mind. The book was tedious, overrunning with contingent events that continually promised satisfying denouements at the end. But when the long story was read through it must be owned we searched vaguely for either moral force, or a profitable trend, or even a thought-inspiring influence, in the long-drawn narrative. We are searching yet. Apart from the indifferent interest felt while toiling through its pages, we cannot discover of what real benefit the story will ever be likely to prove. This, however, is not true of very many of the novelists of our own or of a past day. It is nearly impossible to read anything of Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, or Charles Reade, without gaining useful information, without having learned more of human nature than was known before, and without having placed in memory's mystic cells many facts and sayings that will recur time and again, applying themselves with pleasing force to present happenings and proving their truthfulness because of their adaptation to the circumstances of every-day life. This is also true of many modern writers; even the humorous ones are shrewd in introducing truths that cling and under the guise of raillery yet strongly profit the reader. Large numbers of the most engaging stories crowding the bookshelves of the traders are full of edifying suggestions becoming swiftly apparent to a careful reader. One chief motive in penning these lines is to press home, if possible, the use and importance, the benefit and the profit, that would most likely accrue if, on closing a book at the end of a story, the reader would ask with a moment of retrospective review: Wherein lies the principal charm or utility of this work which I have been perusing? The reading public have been recently regaled by a series of narratives reporting to unveil and lay before the mental vision of the reader the simple process of reasoning and deduction enabling a shrewd and observing detective to unearth most mysterious crimes, and lay bare to the light of day the most seemingly impenetrable plots.

which the subtle human brain is capable of weaving. It all amounts in a nutshell to extreme attention to the barest, simplest, most commonplace bits of detail. It awakens one to a realization of the fact that these stories are stimulating in a useful direction. Is an article lost? By applying the principles by which this skilled detective went to work, comes recognition of the truth that the surest way to find the missing treasure is by recalling and putting together link by link the most trivial circumstances connected with the time when the article slipped from our keeping. And it is quite a study of itself to note how many things that never would have been recalled but for the necessity of recalling them will only by one come trooping back to memory as a result of having set the mind to work in earnest. A goodly share of the entertaining fiction scattered broadcast through every city and village to-day is to be commended. Solid books of history, travel and biography, as well as the fascinating revelations of our scientific journals and educational magazines, are in small danger of being neglected. These are sure of carrying their prime recommendation and illimitable value right along with them. No need for pause to question wherein their worth lies. Crammed as they are from cover to cover, our magazines—perfected in every detail as never before—are solid volumes of enterprise and information, appreciated by all whose trained and reflective minds are privileged to enjoy them. With the tremendous influx of light and often sensational matter crowding the bookshelves everywhere and accessible to nearly all who care to read, it becomes a serious question—How best choose among so many alluring pages? Chiefly from each other we call information as to what are the most attractive books to read. From ourselves only comes a conviction as to the amount of good derived from what is read. Every earnest seeker after a pure and elevating life will go beyond the mere surface of entertainment or amusement to be derived from perusing a work, and will discern whether or not a writer has any message for the soul, anything tending toward help or advancement through the transmission of ideas; whether there has been mere desire to please the fancy for a passing hour, perhaps excite the imagination and feed superstition, or whether there has been an underlying lesson of profit and strength, that, dropped like a seed-corn into mind and heart, may eventually permeate the character, bearing, it may be imperceptibly, fair and immortal fruits. Books are educators, entering, either for good or for evil, into homes of wealth and refinement and into the more humble abodes of wage-earners and the poor. Minds of greater strength and ability influence strongly those of less assured caliber. How often a good book has helped to reform an imperfect character? And again, in deplorable contrast to this, how often has a good and ennobling book been cast aside once the last page has been reached, without a thought of the lessons, deep and inspiring, that should have been derived from truths presented. The belief has become almost universally confirmed that education only begins here, to go directly on in a higher, more blissful state of existence once this poor life is ended. Years ago people were wont to exclaim in their affliction: "Oh, why could not his learning have been bequeathed to some one sorely needing it here on earth?" Or, "Why couldn't such talent have been transmitted at death to a sister or a brother?" As if every inch of attainment and every jot and tittle of earthly acquirement were not going to serve one still when finding his or her place in the kingdom of our Lord! As if every particle of knowledge and training was not to be needed as the liberated spirit goes on "from glory to glory!" So drain your books of all the best there is in them. Let the unprofitable parts, the nonsense, slip from the mind, as they will if not encouraged to lodge; but enrich life to the uttermost with the sweet, the useful, the elevating thoughts that run like threads of gold through great portions of what is offered to us.—Mrs. Harriet A. Cheever, in Zion's Herald.

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FAITH never catches the ear of God until it moves the hand of man: "Faith without works is dead, being alone."

FAITH that has hands, feet, eyes and ears will always find God. He finds who knocks, seeks, looks and hears.

REPENTANCE is the life-boat, without which no man should navigate the sea of life. He who professes a sinless life has thrown away the life-boat. Christian progress is constantly discovering the faults in oneself. He boasts who makes no progress.

HE who will not confess his sins is the only man for whom there is no forgiveness.

Fourth Quarter—Lesson 4, Oct. 25 THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

Golden Text: My son, sinners entice thee, consent thou not.—Prov. 1:10. The book of Proverbs is generally regarded by scholars as a compilation from various sources, and not the work of one mind, for it dates from a period some three hundred years after the death of Solomon. "There was more than one author, as the book plainly states. The chief author was Solomon, as the inscriptions state. But this does not exclude the idea that Solomon may have gathered much from previous wisdom. The human race did not exist at least 3000 years before his time without coming many proverbs. So Shakespeare used tales and dramas that had existed before his day, and then made them his own. Nor would it be strange if to the earlier collections of Solomon other proverbs had been added; just as the new Webster's Dictionary that now lies before me contains a large amount of matter Webster never saw, and yet it rightly announces itself as the authentic, unabridged Webster's revised and enlarged. So the old Watts' Hymn Book became "Watts and Select."—Pel. Notes.

The divine writers had been mostly men of high rank, as Moses, Joshua, Samuel and David, and Solomon follows in his place, deeming it proper to

state his title as the Son of David, King of Israel. He places the title to Ecclesiastes, the son of David, King of Jerusalem, probably because he wrote this before he had become great in the eyes of the world, and modestly states his dominion over Jerusalem, meaning by the capital the whole nation.

It is said that God used poor and obscure men after Solomon, as the record abundantly shows, that he might confound the wise and prudent.

The object to be accomplished by these proverbs is foreshadowed in the second, third and fourth verses: "To know wisdom and instruction; to perceive the words of understanding; to receive the instruction of wisdom, justice and judgment and equity; to give subtlety to the simple; to the young man knowledge and discretion."

Solomon adapts his proverbs to the different stages of life, and sums up the whole by intimating that all minds run in somewhat the same groove. The truth is that grown-up and wise people often profit by the simpler teachings intended for the children and ignorant.

Our preaching is often too learned for our people, and, even though we have wise men in the congregation, their wisdom may be of a kind that helps them but little in the comprehension of the gospel.

Simplicity is the grandest form the divine message can assume, and it is quite probable that our Savior had an eye to the simple mode of presenting these great truths when he selected the untutored fishermen to bear the everlasting gospel to the world.

The Greek philosopher would have veiled the gospel with human wisdom until the beauty and attractiveness would have been lost sight of.

Had Solomon never uttered but the one proverb, it would stand as a sign-board to the end of the world: "My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother; for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck."

There is nothing truer than this, and nothing so little heeded by the young people of this generation.

Young people are apt to believe in their own ability to solve the problems of life; and young, vigorous blood rushes into responsibilities, not regarding the obligations of life, and often fail utterly to accomplish life's object.

"Modesty is a quality that highly adorns a young lady," is what the old field teachers used to write for a copy, and, if you will say "people" for "lady" it will do to go along with the wise sayings of this son of David.

May we modestly hint that our generation could learn wisdom by the mistake of Rehobam, who failed to take the advice of his father, even the wisest man in the world, deferring to junior counselors instead of accepting the wisdom of prudence and the experience of the aged.

If there is one folly pre-eminently above another in these times, it is the disregard for parents in the majority of our young people.

There must be some reason for this

widespread disregard for parental restraint. The changes from the old methods to the new in our school may have its influence.

The majority of our teachers now are young ladies—some of them quite young. The thoughtful man has been abandoned in this modern school work, and the conscientious woman of mature years, whose heart had been fitted for obligations by the baptism of the Holy Ghost and whose chief concern was to impress on her pupils the real duties and obligations of life, has likewise been classed with old fogies.

The morning lectures of the old school had more to do with the real life of those concerned than all the evolutions of the scholastics from the "class call" to the "fire drill."

This modern macadamized road fails to develop the faculties and call forth the manhood and womanhood of our young people.

Let two young men meet, one from the public school and the other from a first-class Church school—and any novice will note the difference in the ideas of these young men as to the realities and the proprieties of life.

The school that fails to give prominence to the moral training of those

committed to its care will turn our young people away from the path of virtue and truth.

Solomon warns the young against evil associations, and there is no more prolific source of ruin than evil company. We cannot be with the impure or vicious without being contaminated by the association.

These great gatherings, railroad excursions, picnics, etc., where everybody goes and where the worst element of society is sure to be in the majority, tend to corrupt the young and lead astray those whose minds may have been somewhat impressed for good.

There never was a time more in need of a judicious classification of society. The pure and good should go together, and the evil should be left to the mercy of God and events of the future; but they should not be permitted to defile the pure and defame those of good report.

Let us pray that the folly of our day may give place to better times, when virtue and intelligence shall bear a premium, and brass and impudence shall be relegated to the shades of ignorance. Then the waste places will blossom as the rose, and the dews of Hermon will distill on our mountains.

EPWORTH LEAGUE DEPARTMENT.

Address all communications for League Department to Rev. Sterling Fisher, Kyle, Texas.

The friendship of Christ is more profitable than the patronage of princes.

LET us not do evil that good may come, because good never comes of evil. Wrong-doing may promise some advantage, but such promise is never fulfilled.

CONSTANCY and unselfishness in friendship is one of the marks of a Christ-like character.

If we do not have the sweetest consciousness of the love of Christ, our friend, it is because we have not claimed what he freely offers.

We can not be perfect in understanding nor in judgment, but we may be perfect in love.

He who has the joy of conscious salvation not only tastes the highest joy, but every other joy is sweeter because of this one.

As THE conferences draw near

let the Leagues prove their value to the Church by helping the stewards and the pastor with their collections.

TOPIC FOR OCTOBER: "THE FRIENDS OF CHRIST."

October 25: The Inmost Circle—John 13:1; John 15:13, 15.

Through all the gradations of religious life and joy we have come to the condition of perfect union with Christ, to that inmost circle of friendship, where man yields to Christ his perfect and joyful obedience and undivided love and where

"Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads."

Admission has grown into conviction, conviction has advanced to willing obedience, and the obedient servant has come into the very presence of his Lord, and is admitted to his constant companionship. Within this innermost circle Christ invites all his friends. There is, with him, no privileged class. He would have all to give him perfect love. The question asked of the Methodist preacher at the door of the conference, "Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life?" points to the privilege of every Christian as well. Whether at one bound of faith, or by the increase and strengthening of love as knowledge and faith grow, the goal toward which we strive should be the state of unselfish

devotion, of communion with the Lord, our Friend, unmarred by any element of discord.

These passages indicate some of the qualities of such friendship:

1. It is mutual. Christ fully reciprocates the friendship to which he invites us. He gives love for love. Indeed, the delight and profit of the friendship is all from him. Rest, peace, comfort, joy, strength, wisdom, power—these are some of the advantages which come as the result of such friendship.

2. It is Constant.—John 13:1.

The scene to which this passage introduces us is one of surpassing grandeur, and in it the constancy of the Savior to his friends shines out with surprising brilliancy. "Jesus knew that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world." Gethsemane and Calvary were already in sight. In his ears were the voices of his accusers, the jeers of the mob and the groans of the dying. Verse 3 shows another side of the picture: "Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he was come from God and went to God," visions of his triumph mingled with those of his humiliation. Beyond the cross was home. The music of the choir of heaven singing, "Worthy is the Lamb," rose above the angry taunts in the streets of Jerusalem. But neither vision could cause him to forget his friends—"he loved them unto the end"—and his act, in the midst of such conflicting emotions, was one of loving service to them.

"It seems as if Jesus Christ might have washed the disciples' feet in the midst of his most obvious humiliation. He need not have reserved that display of his humility for the supreme moment of consciousness, when God's eternity was round about him, beating in waves of immortal blessedness upon the earthliest and poorest aspects of his mission. Yet it was then, when the whole thing in all the brightness of its glory showed itself to his inmost heart, that he stooped to wash the feet of the men who had followed him!"—Parker.

3. It is Self-Sacrificing.—John 15:13. Sacrifice is the test of love. The sacrifice of life, therefore, is the proof of greatest love. Christ was about to make that sacrifice. He did lay down his life for his friends. So should our love for him be. Many have laid down their lives for him. We may keep our lives and present them to him "living sacrifices." We should verify Paul's declaration, "Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's."

4. It is Confidential.—John 15:15. Such friendship imparts all useful knowledge. Christ reveals the secrets of his heart to such friends, and they are enriched by the impartation of the things which he has heard of the Father. "The secret of true friendship is revealed in this explanation: That it does not consist in outward relations or circumstances, though these may become occasions of it; it consists in common ideas and common interests, in fellowship of mind and fellowship of action. What ideas can be so elevating as those which he has heard of his Father

and made known unto us? What interests can be so ennobling as those which we share with him in conscious contribution to his work in the world? And these ideas and interests are not confined to the cultured and the few. In every rank there are friends of Christ who receive his confidences and share in his designs."

To the Secretaries of Leagues in North Texas Conference:

I am this week mailing a circular letter, giving suggestions and plans for work, to every local Chapter enrolled. There are a great many Leagues not yet reported to me. Will the Secretaries not receiving the above letter please forward me at once a list of the members of their League. I am compiling a complete register of our entire membership and can only accomplish this insofar as each local Secretary aids me. Please attend to this matter at once.

GUS W. THOMASSON, Secretary N. T. E. L. Conf. Van Alstyne, Texas.

LEAGUE MISSION FUND. Presidents and pastors will please urge the prompt collection of the Mission Fund. Write for information and make all remittances to A. K. RAGSDALE, Secretary and Treasurer Committee, Dallas, Texas.

Department of Charity and Help.

The motive determines the value of charity. A cup of water may be a little gift, yet if given in His name it has its reward. Truly "man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart." However large the gift, however kind the thought, however flattering the words, it were all in vain, except as it is transfigured by the love of Christ. Gold and silver are poor substitutes for love and tenderness. True charity, whether in thought, word or deed, is the product of a true relationship of the heart toward God and man, whether rich or poor, influential or unknown. Without the element of love all efforts at charity and help are a mere travesty; with it they are

(Continued on fourth page.)

SILVER or GOLD.

Better than either is a healthy liver. If the liver is O. K., the man is O. K. His blood is kept pure, his digestion perfect, and he can enjoy life and act intelligently and patiently upon the questions of the day. You all know what to take. You have known it for years. It is

Simmons Liver Regulator, For years you and your fathers have found it of sterling worth. It is and always has been put up only by J. H. Zeilin & Co. Take note but the genuine. It has the Red Z on the front of wrapper, and nothing else is the same, and nothing so good.

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a splendid lot of young gen-

tlemen who have availed

themselves of our \$8 board.

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logue. Yours, for the young

men and women of our land,

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I suppose it would be just to let you know about the Bible I bought of you. I was trying to get a Bagster Bible from an agent, but we never traded from the fact I did not like the Bagster edition, and was simply waiting to see something which suited me. When I saw your Bible advertised in the Advocate, I was impressed that it was the edition I wanted and could appreciate. So it is, and what you claim for it is true. Wish you success, for I have long waited for the opportunity you offer in a Bible. Yours truly, J. D. CANAFAX, Annetta, Texas.

I received the Bible all right, and it is satisfactory. T. L. MILLER, Bellevue, Texas.

Have just received copy of Pronouncing Bible which you send in connection with the Advocate, and am highly pleased with it in every respect. Respectfully, OLA TAYLOR, Paluxy, Texas.

The Bible you sent to Bro. C. B. Barnard is a good book for the money. He is well pleased with it. W. B. WALKER, Benvenue, Texas.

I am well pleased with the Bible. Hope by it to secure some subscribers to the Advocate, for which I shall continue to work. Wish I could put it in every home in the land. W. F. MAYNE, Lindale, Texas.

I regard the Holman Bible as the cheapest and best Bible on the market. It is the Bible for teachers. The pronouncing feature is indispensable for Bible readers and the helps are better than in any other book. I carry one with me constantly. The book meets with ready sale, the low price bringing it in reach of everybody. J. D. BENNETT, Glen Cove, Texas.

I am well pleased with the Bible sent me. The Advocate is cheap at \$2.00 and the Bible at about half price. R. V. GALLAWAY, Glen Cove, Texas.

I have received the Pronouncing Teachers' Bible. I am well pleased with it. I would not sell it for the money it cost me. I receive my paper regularly, and it is a welcome visitor. I don't see how I could do without it. Wishing great success to the dear old Advocate, I am, yours truly, L. S. WILLIAMS, Burke, Texas.

\$4.00 WILL BUY THE BIBLE, including one year's subscription to the TEXAS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE either a new subscriber or a renewal. Address L. BLAYLOCK, Dallas, Texas.

Table with columns for 'The sons of Simeon', 'I. CHRONICLES, II', and 'The sons of Israel'. It lists names and their descendants in a structured, tabular format.



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A FAITHFUL METHODIST.

R. M. Brandon, Lancing, Texas,
writes that he has been a subscriber
to the ADVOCATE for twenty-three
years.

YOUR NAME IN GOLD,

or any name you desire, printed on the
cover of our Advocate Bible for 25 cents
additional.

I have been a subscriber and reader
of the TEXAS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE for
the last twenty-eight or thirty years.
Can't do without it. It has grown in
many respects since Gillespie and
Carnes and Briggs and Campbell were
at the helm. The ADVOCATE should
be in every Methodist home. Our children
will read, and they read every
week the TEXAS and New Orleans
Advocates. The obituary columns tell
us how a Christian can live--"resting
on the promises of God"--and how
they die--"full of faith and hope in
immortality. I have been permitted
to live almost seventy-four years and
have been a member of the Methodist Church
from boyhood, and have never regretted
that in early life I cast my lot with
the people of God. For nearly thirty years
I have been, in my humble way,
preaching to and persuading men and
women to accept Christ the Lord as
their Savior in Texas without price or
pay, with rare exceptions; and now as
the time of my departure is near at
hand I try to be thankful for mercy
and pardon, and realize often that the
Comforter comforts my soul and re-
moves doubts and fears, and I can ex-
claim: "Thanks be to God who giveth
me the victory through my Lord and
Master, Jesus Christ." Under your
management as publisher and with
Dr. Pierce as chief of editorial de-
partment the ADVOCATE grows better
and brighter every year. May it live
and prosper when you and I "rest
from our labors." Yours in Christ,
BYTHELL HAYNES BAIRD,
Local Elder M. E. Church, South,
Pitcocke, Texas.

Unanswered Letters.

Oct. 8, 9.--T. M. Price, sub. J. N.
Hunter, sub and change. G. E. Sandel,
sub. G. S. Sandel, sub. M. S.
Gardner, o. k. S. L. Ball, o. k. Jerome
Duncan, sub. G. W. Harris, subs. T.
S. Armstrong, subs have attention.

Oct. 10.--L. W. Dennis, has attention.
J. P. Rodgers, o. k. J. W. Cullen, sub
has attention. F. B. Carroll, sub. T.
T. Beach, sub. Jno E. Roach, trial sub.
J. D. Whitehead, has attention. E. R.
Edwards, sub.

Oct. 12.--B. T. Hayes, sub. J. T.
Graham, sub. J. M. Holt, sub. G. E.
Sandel, sub. Jno E. Roach, sub. C.
D. West, sub. M. H. Major, sub. Geo.
H. Phair, sub. W. J. Owens, change
made. S. W. Miller, change made.

Oct. 13.--S. C. Littlepage, subs. J.
A. Kerr, subs. A. E. Carraway, sub.
F. M. Winburne, sub. J. H. Chambliss,
sub. Sam'l Morris, sub. S. D. Waddill,
sub. J. W. Sims, sub.

Oct. 14.--J. D. Whitehead, sub has
attention. Geo. H. Phair, sub. W. Zimmerman, o. k. C. H. Smith, sub; con-
ference will answer for other matter.
J. D. Burke, sub. W. H. Moss, subs have
attention. E. R. Edwards, sub. J. C.
Weaver, sub. G. S. Sandel, has at-
tention. S. H. Morgan, subs.

The Woman's Foreign Mission-
ary Society of the North Texas
Conference held its annual meet-
ing in the city of Dallas last week.
This society is composed of many

of our elect Christian women, who
have already rendered fine service
to the cause of Christ, and who
are destined to do yet greater
things for the Master. It was an
occasion of great interest and
made a salutary impression upon
the public and the Church. Sunday
morning and night large and
interested congregations gathered
to hear the annual sermon by Dr.
Rankin and the anniversary ad-
dress by Rev. H. M. DuBose. The
women of Southern Methodism
have made a glorious record in the
line of missionary work and con-
stitute one of the strongest arms
of our militant service. We bid
them Godspeed. A full and cir-
cumstantial report of the annual
meeting mentioned above will ap-
pear shortly in the columns of the
ADVOCATE.

A SORE BEREAVEMENT.

I am just back from Garrison, where
I went to bury the infant son of Bro.
and Sister S. M. Thompson. This is
fourth which they have given to live
with the angels. Three times they have
been left children. They have one now
left--the infant twin of the one just
buried--and it is sick. May the God they
trust spare them this one.

A. S. WHITEHURST.

The note above records an unusual
affliction. Together with many friends
we sympathize truly and tenderly with
the grief-stricken parents.

MRS. E. G. KILGORE.

We clip from one of the Greenville pa-
pers the following note, which will be
read with sympathetic interest by many
friends. The Advocate tenders the be-
reaved family sincere condolence:

"Mrs. E. G. Kilgore died October 10,
1896, at 1 o'clock at the family residence
in North Greenville after an illness of
several months' duration. She was the
wife of Evangelist E. G. Kilgore, and a
pious Christian woman never breathed
the breath of life. She has been strug-
gling with that dread disease, consump-
tion, for several months and passed
away with the sweet assurance of a life
eternal in the great beyond. While not
unexpected, her demise has enshrouded
the hearts of all with gloom and cast
into mourning a devoted husband and
loving children. Funeral services were
conducted at the Methodist Church by
Rev. J. F. Alderson and were attended
by a large circle of sorrowful friends
and relatives."

PERSONAL.

My fever held on for fifty-four days.
Have been clear now for nearly a week.
Am gaining strength very fast. Preach-
ed three times recently. Have been down
among my old parishioners in East Tex-
as recuperating for two weeks past, but
am now at home rounding up for con-
ference.
J. M. PORTER.
Fairland, I. T.

NORTH TEXAS CONFERENCE BROTHER-
HOOD.

The annual meeting of the North Tex-
as Brotherhood will be held in the base-
ment of Centenary Church, Paris, at the
usual hour for preaching on the evening
preceding the opening of the North Tex-
as Conference. All the members are re-
quested to be in attendance. Rev. C. M.
Harless will deliver the annual address.
JAS. W. HILL,
President N. T. C. B.

PREACHERS' AID SOCIETY.

The Preachers' Aid Society of the
West Texas Conference will hold its
annual meeting in the Methodist Church
in Llano, Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, October
27, 1896.
B. HARRIS,
President.

DEDICATIONS.

At our fourth Quarterly Conference,
which will be the third Sunday in No-
vember, and held here (Dodge), Rev.
W. Woodton, our beloved presiding el-
der, will dedicate our new church. All
former pastors are invited to be with
us. We expect a great day.
E. M. MYERS, P. C.

NOTICE.

The Board of Directors of Texas
Methodist Orphanage will meet at the
Home, in Waco, Texas, on Thursday,
October 22, 1896, at 2 p. m.
--HORACE BISHOP, Pres't.

WAS METHODISM A SCHISM?

It is a well known fact that our
Episcopalians brethren, both in England
and America, are constantly proclaiming
to the world that Methodism is a
schismatic sect, and that we ought to
return to the bosom of the Church
from which we separated. They boldly
say that our ordinations are invalid,
and that we have no scriptural author-
ity to preach the gospel or to adminis-
ter the Sacrament.

I have just finished reading a re-
markable little book by an English au-
thor, the title of which is "The Church's
Broken Unity: Methodism, and the
Swedenborgians." Just why the author

should class Methodism and Sweden-
borgianism together as two of the great
heretical sects that have broken the
unity of the Church I do not under-
stand, unless it was because Wesley
and Swedenborg were contemporaries.
I wish to call attention to a few of the
statements of this learned English
writer about Methodism, and then to
present conclusive evidence that Meth-
odism is not a schism as the author
has declared it to be. Rev. W. J. E.
Dennett, the author of the book, speaks
in the highest terms of the Wesley
and Whitefield and gives them credit
for remaining in the Church of Eng-
land without attempting to create a
new party or Church, but he accuses the
founders of Methodism of being guilty
of many heretical notions. Of the Wes-
leys he says: "Their only desire was
to enforce godliness of life and re-
pentance among sinners; to preach ho-
liness; to raise the standard of the
Christian life; to banish the grossness
of moral darkness which then prevail-
ed among all classes of the community.
This was undoubtedly their great, their
simple aim. How, after their depart-
ure, this simple endeavor to purify and
exalt the Church within grew up and
multiplied into a schism without, has
to be told; but in telling it let not any-
thing be construed as against the pu-
rity of motive with which the founders
of the Methodist Society began their
most noble work. That it was marred
by the evil one and turned into a weap-
on of schism when it might have re-
mained as a source of strength and re-
stored vitality to the Church is one of
those circumstances which the Church
of England, though at the time it
could not foresee, yet now will it ever
have to deplore."--The Church's Broken
Unity, pp. 4, 5. Now we deny emphat-
ically that Methodism is or was a
schism. Let us see the facts in the
case: What is schism? Catholics and
Episcopalians define it as "a separa-
tion from the Church." But this is not
its original meaning, as we shall see.
In a second letter to Rev. Mr. Clarke
Wesley says: "How Favorinus and
many more may define both heresy and
schism I am not concerned to know. I
well know heresy is vulgarly defined
'A false opinion touching some neces-
sary article of faith,' and schism 'A
causeless separation from a true
Church.' But I keep to my Bible, as my
Church in her Sixth Article teaches me
to do; therefore, I cannot take schism
for a separation from a Church true or
false, because I cannot find it in any
word taken in Scripture. The first time
I read the term there is I Cor. 1. I meet
with it again in chapter 11:18. But it
is plainly schism, in both places is
meant, not any separation from the
Church, but uncharitable divisions
in it. For the Corinthians continued to
be one Church; and, notwithstanding
all their strife and contention, there
was no separation of any one party
from the rest with regard to external
communion. It is in the same sense
the word is used in chapter 12:25, and
these are the only places in the New Testa-
ment where it occurs; therefore, the in-
dulging any unkind temper toward
our fellow-Christians is the true Scrip-
tural schism."--Wesley's Works, Vol.
VII, p. 286. Now, if these statements
be true then Wesley and the later
Methodists were not schismatics at all.
In the sense that Episcopalians have
charged against them. The truth is
that Wesley and his co-laborers remain-
ed in the Church of England just as
long as they could do so with any sort
of consistency, and only when it be-
came an absolute necessity did they
separate from that Church, and that
separation was not a schism, but a nec-
essary division of the Church. Now we
ask, Whose fault was it that the
Church had to be divided? Where was
the responsibility for the division? We
unhesitatingly declare that it was
the fault of the Church of England it-
self. Upon that Church the responsi-
bility rested, and they have to blame
themselves for the separation of the
Methodists from them. I propose to
prove this by another English writer,
whose work I cordially commend both
to our Episcopal and Methodist
brethren who really want to know the
facts in regard to these great matters.
I hold in my hand a work written by
the great Dr. Benjamin Gregory, one
of the most learned writers in English
Methodism--a work which completely
shows that Wesley and his followers
were perfectly justifiable in organizing
the Methodist Church, both in England
and America. The full title of this
work is "Scriptural Church Principles,
and Wesleyan--Methodist Polity and
History." The book is written in the
form of questions and answers and is
an able defense of Wesleyan Methodism
and Church polity.

On pages 69-71, discussing the sub-
ject now under consideration, he
makes these statements: "Whose fault
was it that Methodism was not organ-
ically attached to the National
Church?" Seeing that Wesley was such
a loyal adherent and such a dutiful
son of the Established Church, how did
it come to pass that Methodism was
not vitally and organically attached
to the Established Church, of which it
was in the main an outgrowth?

"It was the fault, in the first instance,
of the disorganized and worldly state
into which that Church had fallen. The
discreditable and dangerous dissen-
sions in both Houses of Convocation,
and between both Houses, arising out
of and betraying the want of homoge-
neity and harmony in the body of the
clergy had rendered the closing of
that Church council necessary to the
national peace. The best and ablest
Churchmen--e. g. Archbishop Secker

and Bishops Warburton and Hurd--
confessed the expediency of that
Church mutilation in order to the
tranquillity and integrity of the Church
itself. But there remained no regular
and recognized body by which the Bish-
ops and other dignitaries, and the rep-
resentatives of the clergy in general,
could take cognizance of or counsel
with regard to such a movement as
Methodism. Each Bishop and each
parish priest was left to his own indi-
vidual discretion, taste or temper. Sec-
ondly, there was a deplorable lack of
administrative competence and con-
cert in the Church leaders of the day.
They were as unable to deal with the
revived religion of the nation as with
its disgraceful and portentous irrelig-
ion and vice. Had the walls, bulwarks
and towers of the national Zion
been in anything like good repair, and
had there been extant a modicum of
Christian patriotism or of ecclesiastical
engineering skill amongst the great
Churchmen of the time, the organiza-
tion of the United Societies might have
been fitted into that of the Establish-
ment, as the suburban outworks of
Carthage were dovetailed into the
fortifications of the city itself. But
Keble's exclamation on surveying the
Established Church in his younger days

"O, holy mountain of my God,
How do thy walls in ruin lie!"
was far more tragically true in Wes-
ley's day. The compact, solid, symmet-
rical organization of Methodism could
not be a colossal lean-to of the crumbling
and dilapidated ecclesiastical fabric.
Yet, had there been in the
hierarchy 'men of understanding to
discern the times, to know what Israel
ought to do,' these widespread societies
might have served the purpose of a
military colony, and the Methodist
'preaching houses' have been made a
line of frontier fortresses, to keep in
check the terrible irruptions of vice,
vulgarity and homebred heathenism.
But the Church which could count
among its preachers, apologists and ad-
ministrators such men as Secker, Gils-
on, Warburton, Butler, Horsley and
Horne found no master of the situation.
Besides, there was no slight
ground to fear lest the new wine of
Methodist life, in its fermenting, gener-
ous strength, would have burst
through the time-eaten, many-patched, loosely
'stitched skin bottles of the Church.
The new cloth of Methodist organiza-
tion would have strained the old
garment into more unseemly raveling.
Mr. Abbey thinks that Wes-
ley's preaching of the doctrine of origi-
nal sin and of future punishment
could never have been tolerated in the
Established Church.

"Several High Churchmen frankly ad-
mitted that Wesleyan Methodism was
'thrust out' of the Church, though
Mr. Overton denies it. We have only
space for one of these testimonies.
Canon Curtis, in his Hampton lectures
on 'Dissent in Its Relation to the
Church of England,' tells the University
of Oxford: 'The great Wesleyan
revival of personal religion, which be-
gan within the Church of England, but
which the leaders of the church at the
time had not the fidelity or the skill to
know how to employ for her advan-
tage, and so they thrust it out from
among them, to swell the ranks and re-
vive the dying enthusiasm of dissent.'
--Scriptural Church Principles, Greg-
ory, pp. 69-71.

We see, then, that the Methodists are
not schismatics, nor is Methodism a
schism, as Mr. Bennett has so posi-
tively asserted. If ever there was an
absolute necessity for the organization
of a new Church since the days of the
apostles, that necessity existed in the
formation of the Methodist Church.
Yes, Methodism is a child of Providence,
and God has been with us from the
days of Wesley until now. May
God's guiding hand continue to be with
us, is our sincere prayer.

W. W. HORNER.

Hearne, Tex.

PRESIDENT WINSTON'S ADDRESS
TO THE UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

Ever since the selection of Dr. Win-
ston, of North Carolina, for the Presi-
dency of our Texas State University the
political papers of the State have been
filled with column after column in his
praise. The amount of free advertising
given him and the institution over
which he presides by leading and in-
fluential journals ought certainly to
crowd the University Halls with earnest
students. I am sure that one-half of
the amount of eulogy lavished upon
Dr. Winston, if given to the chief rep-
resentative of any leading denomina-
tional school in this State, would speedily
give it the largest patronage west of
the Mississippi River. All this by way
of introduction.

On the occasion of the recent Univer-
sity opening Dr. Winston delivered an
address to the students present. It
dealt with the subject of their all-round
development and contained much good
advice concerning the care of the body
in order to health, and the culture of
the mind and character. There were
some things said, however, that I most
respectfully dissent from, and which I
call attention to here. Among other
things Dr. Winston declared:

"It is an awful thought that one-third
of the students now sitting before me
will probably die before the age of 30
from diseases contracted from neglect
of health while students at college."

Perhaps he has access to statistics of
which I know nothing, but in the ab-
sence of positive information I feel con-
fident that he has largely overstated the
number of students who die before they

are 30 from diseases contracted at col-
lege. I feel sure that no such fearful
mortality has ever existed among the
students of Southern colleges. If such
were the case, parents would not run
the risk of the education of their sons
and daughters. In order to guard their
health, a consideration of the first im-
portance, President Winston says:

"The requisites of good health are,
first, exercise. This should be, as far as
possible, in the open air. Those whose
strength permit should play football,
baseball, or row on the lake. Others
should play tennis, exercise in the gym-
nasium or take long walks. Football
is a rough game, but it develops man-
hood. It sometimes breaks limbs, but
a broken limb is not a great evil. The
willingness to break limbs, when need
be, marks a man. The Englishman will
give up his life in defense of more things
than any other man on the globe. The
result is that he enjoys more liberty,
more privileges and a higher civiliza-
tion. A true man esteems many things
more highly than life or limb. Let us
emulate this spirit, even in our games.
We would not win a game by foul
means, but we will go in with the spirit
to win, if need be, at the sacrifice of a
limb. We should have at least ten foot-
ball teams in the University. Every af-
ternoon should see over 100 men en-
gaged in this manly sport."

As to the advisability of exercise in
the open air, and the propriety in gen-
eral of athletic sports, I have not a word
to say--indeed, I favor it all. But some
of the utterances in the foregoing ex-
tract fill me with surprise. Football has
become so thoroughly brutal and has
resulted in so many broken limbs and
so many deaths that I am surprised to
hear Dr. Winston characterize it as
"manly." To my way of thinking, it
is unmanly--yes, brutal. The Doctor
confesses that it is a "rough" game,
and "sometimes breaks limbs." He adds
that "a broken limb is not a great evil."
Very certainly this is not the way our
physicians talk. The breaking of a limb
may cause death, or may leave one in-
jured for life. Surely, in either case, it
would be "a great evil." He says: "The
willingness to break limbs, when need
be, marks a man," and cites the Eng-
lishman as being more regardless of life
and limb and enjoying more liberty
than any man on earth. The proposition
that the "willingness to break a
limb marks a man" is true if the break-
ing comes in protection of life, liberty,
home or conscience. But the willing-
ness to break a limb to become the win-
ner in a football contest is unworthy
of the creature made in God's image,
and in my judgment "marks" not a "man,"
but a fool. Even brutish beasts never
carry their sports to such an extent
that life or limb is endangered. Dr.
Winston expresses the hope that the
University will have at least ten foot-
ball teams.

In view of the strong condemnation
that is being pronounced against many
other institutions of learning for allow-
ing the football craze to take possession
of their students, it is surprising to
have the head of our State University
express such a hope. Continuing his
advice on the subject of health, the Doc-
tor says:

"Diversions is essential to health. Fun,
jokes, humor, pleasure, amusements of
all kinds, provided they are manly and
decent, serve to promote health. The
theater, the opera, the circus, the min-
strels, are all useful. Shall we not hope
to organize in the University a dramatic
club; and possibly to present on the
stage, at commencement, 'Hamlet' or
'Midsummer Night's Dream'?"

The general principle expressed in the
above extract is correct, but the specifi-
cations mention several things that
Christians can not indulge in and retain
their spiritual life. "The theater, the
opera, the circus, the minstrels," may
all be useful to health of body; they are
most surely deadly to health of soul.
This paragraph is quoted for the benefit
of Christian parents who send their
sons and daughters to the University
and expect to get them back undamaged
in their religious life. If they attend
on these things it is impossible for them
not to suffer religiously. Finally the
Doctor advises:

"The spiritual faculties must be cul-
tivated, precisely as the mental and
physical. Man is a religious animal,
and for the perfection of his relig-
ious nature he needs the same careful,
systematic religious culture as for the
perfection of his mind or body. Sudden
spiritual growth is as rare as sudden
intellectual or spiritual development. Let
every student, therefore, cultivate the
spirit by study, by reflection, by Church
services, by prayer, by religious reading
and association."

The general advice here given is em-
phatically proper, if certain other coun-
sels had not preceded. The Doctor
should remember that "prayer and re-
ligious reading" are entirely incompat-
ible with "theater, opera and circus
going." Those who do the former, do
not wish to do the latter; those who do
the latter, never attend to the former
with regularity and enjoyment.

The entire address of Dr. Winston
can be found in the Dallas News of
October 3rd.
W. F. LLOYD.
Fort Worth, Texas.

LETTER FROM DR. PHILPOTT.

I trust that the fraternal kindhearted-
ness of my comrades in the glorious
work will excuse a brief letter, even
though quite personal. I am in my
sick room at Buffalo, having come in
the care of my son all the way from San
Antonio on Saturday last. I had lain in
my room, not once passing the thresh-
old, for thirty weary, lonesome days. I
was at the Alamo Flats, just opposite

the ancient Alamo building of bloody
but heroic memory. I could lie and view
that historic building by the hour all
these days. Just about fifty years ago,
as a Texas ranger, I had slept in that
building, and old memories were ever
with me--memories of adventure and
peril.

This is almost the only sickness I
have experienced for forty years. A
"slow fever" they called it. I was over-
worked, enormously overworked. Be-
ing in Freestone County, about a week
in advance of their annual campmeet-
ing commenced. Loving to preach as
I do, the temptation overcame me and I
preached each night until the people
were on the ground and in their tents,
going three miles and back again each
evening.

When the campmeeting came on, to
me it was but a continuation of what
had been. I did not spare myself, but
being all on fire to see one more great
revival I preached with all the anima-
tion possible to my nature. Sunday
came and went. Monday night was a
time of great power--very many were
at the altar seeking the pearl of great
price; many rejoiced in a new-found
treasure, and Church was jubilant and
victory was ours. Tuesday, tired as I
was, there was no escape. I must
preach. In the morning at 11 and in the
evening at 3 o'clock and again at night.

Another fine work, but not so good in
actual fruit as the night before. My
time was out. I had just time to get to
my Quarters Conference. At the in-
stance of my presiding elder I went in
the night by train to Jewett and thence
next day to a thin, old brush arbor,
built in the long ago, and preached
morning and night, and in the night a
rigor, followed by thirty-odd days of
fever. I went to the Epworth League,
but was too sick for any use to the
League. I started, after one night's
rest, with my daughters for the Laredo
School. We parted at San Antonio.
The rest I have told you. Brethren,
pray for me, that I may soon be about
my Master's business again, doing as
well as suffering his will.

H. V. PHILPOTT.

Buffalo, Texas.

Epworth League Department.

(Continued from third page.)

heaven-born, honoring God, uplifting
humanity and enabling self.

If we would make this department a
success we must have a noble, settled
purpose; without this success is impos-
sible. A fixed purpose to do all the good
you can, to all the people you can, in all
the ways you can. An honest purpose
to do the Master's will, steadily held in
view with a watchful eye, and a ready
hand to grasp the occasions as they
come, will aid us towards insuring the
end sought. Without this purpose we
may have every other qualification and
yet fail.

Constancy is an important feature in
this department. Nothing great is ac-
complished in a moment. Wise and care-
fully planned work should be faithfully
and persistently followed. The final
prize is to him who perseveres to the
end. Much may be desirable, but we
must not fail to put earnestness and zeal
into our work. There is much more in
life than merely the pleasure of the
passing moment; and if we put
our time in thinking where we shall
spend eternity we will be more anxious
to work in Christ's vineyard and faith-
fully discharge all the duties assigned
us by doing our best--no matter if that
best is seemingly poor. Some of the
calls may seem important and well
worth the effort; while others may be
but to brush up the crumbs from the
table, but even they may be fed to God's
sparrows.

The highest exercise of charity is
charity towards the uncharitable. Ev-
ery member of the Charity and Help
Department must do his or her part of
the work assigned. No machinery will run
if even one wheel refuses to revolve; the
machine then becomes powerless. Each
member must come into heart-to-heart
touch with humanity and learn to have
compassion and love for them as did
the Savior; then will our Charity and Help
Department "be rich in good works,"
and the influence that emanates from
them can never be measured; like the
waves formed by disturbing the waters
of a placid lake, it flows onward and on-
ward on every side, widening in its
blessings until it can only cease when
checked by the shores of eternity. With
a prayerful heart take the word of God
as your light and sure counsel, "put on
the whole armour of God," perform the
allotted tasks, do it well and at the set
of your sun shall hear the "well done"
and receive the reward.

MARY E. DECHERD,
State Second Vice-President.

LEAGUE BADGES.

Directions for wearing the League
badge and colors:
When at League wear them openly.
When at Church service wear them
prominently.
When at home show them boldly.
When speaking a word for Christ, let
the motto be seen.
When backbiting your neighbors,
hide them.
When visiting the Sunday ball game,
put them in your pocket.
When entering a restaurant to buy
ice cream on Sunday, take them off.
When you laugh and whisper in
Church, put your hand over them.
When comforting the sorrowful, help-

ing the needy, or supporting the weak,
reveal them as a star of hope.

When on a Sunday excursion, leave
them at home.

When absent from Church at service
time, conceal them.

When doing your part for the good
of men, let them shine.

When you profane the Most Holy
Name, snatch them off, and when you
enter the saloon, throw them away--
Illinois Methodist.

New Mexico Conference.

At the session of the New Mexico An-
nual Conference, just closed, at Roswell,
New Mexico, we organized a Conference
League, with the following officers:
President, Rev. C. C. Edington, presid-
ing elder of the El Paso District; First
Vice-President, Rev. Robert Hodgson,
Pecos, Texas; Second Vice-President,
Miss Della Mackey, El Paso; Third Vice-
President, Prof. E. O. Creighton, Ros-
well, N. M.; Treasurer, Rev. J. E. Saw-
ders, San Marcial, N. M.; Secretary,
Chas. B. Smith, Toyah, Texas.

To the Conference Leagues through-
out the land we bid you a happy "Good
morning," to Texas especially, for are
we not a part of you? We extend to
you a warm grasp across the plans, and
bid you Godspeed. The dawning of
the early morning is upon us, and we
are young and strong and full of hope.
We recognize the responsibilities of the
hour; we feel our littleness and help-
lessness in the presence of such gigantic
evils, so we have gone into the "upper
chamber" to await the endowment of
power--the anointing we so much need
to fit us for the great work; for has
He not promised it us? O, may every
Leaguer of the New Mexico Conference
remain there until he receives the pow-
erful divine. Ours is a loyal band of
Leaguers, only some 400 strong, but
willing to take their place in the ranks
as humble privates and willing to be
commanded to their full capacity.
Among us are enrolled some of the best
and strongest men and women of West-
ern Texas and New Mexico.

While we seem so small in com-
parison with some of the great Conference
Leaguers of Texas, we promise you we
shall make a great effort to do our
whole duty and that in time you shall
be pleased with the reports sent you
from your young sister away under the
Western horizon.

Of the town of Roswell, its hospitable
people, its genial climate, its big apples
and apple orchards, its immense beet
and alfalfa crops, its enormous canal
system of irrigation, you will likely hear
from the Conference Secretary, Rev. C.
J. Oxley.
CHAS. B. SMITH, Sec.
Toyah, Texas.

TEXAS COLLEGE.

A Letter to the Ministers and Members of
the M. E. Church, South, of the
Texas Conference.

HISTORY OF THE SCHOOL.
Dear Fathers and Brethren of the
Above Mentioned Conferences of Tex-
as:

Texas College is an institution of
learning under the auspices of the
Texas Conferences of the C. M. E.
Church in America. This institution
was founded or organized in 1833, with
Prof. S. A. Coffin, M. A., principal. The
school has done well under his admin-
istration. Some already, from the two
years' work, rank in examination with
the older institutions of its kind in Tex-
as. What we need is a better building
and more money to place this institu-
tion among the first of color in Texas.

LOCATION.

Tyler is the county seat of Smith
County, Texas, a railroad town, free
mail delivery and a thriving city, rank-
ing among the second cities of Texas,
of nearly fifteen thousand inhabitants.
The college grounds are one and a
quarter miles from the Public Square;
the site consists of one hundred and one
acres of land; beautiful farm. Our
building is a small 15x20 front, with
professors' residence attached, with
barns, well watered. The contemplated
building is to be built in a beautiful
grove, well elevated, with pure air,
healthy and quiet place for study. The
Trustee Board has paid off all the in-
debtedness but \$1,500, payable in 1897-8.
The lands adjacent to







**WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT**

All matter intended for the Woman's Department should be addressed to Mrs. Florence E. Howell, 28 Mason Street, Dallas, Texas.

**STONE THE WOMAN.**

Yes, stone the woman—let the man go free!  
Draw back your skirts, lest they perchance  
May touch her garments as she passes,  
But to him put forth a willing hand  
To clasp with his that led her to destruction  
And disgrace. Shut up from her the sacred  
Ways of toll that she may no more win  
Honest meal, but ope to him all honorable  
Paths where he may win distinction.  
Give him fair, pressed down measures  
Of life's sweetest joys. Pass her,  
Oh, maiden, with a pure, proud face,  
If she puts out a poor, polluted palm,  
But lay thy hand in his on bridal day,  
And swear to cling to him  
With widely love and reverence;  
Trust him who led a sister woman  
To a fearful fate.

Yes, stone the woman—let the man go free.  
Let one soul suffer for the guilt of two—  
Is the doctrine of a hurried world,  
Too out of breath for holding balances  
Where nice distinction and injustices  
Are calmly weighed. But, ah! how will  
It be  
On that strange day of final fire and  
flame,  
When men shall stand before the one  
True Judge? Shall sex make then  
A difference in sin? Shall he,  
The searcher of the hidden heart,  
In his eternal and divine decree  
Condemn the woman and forgive the  
man? —ANON.

For several days of last week the auxiliaries of the W. F. M. Society in Dallas were made glad by the presence of officers, delegates and visitors in attendance upon the sixteenth annual meeting of the W. F. M. Society of the North Texas Conference, which was held from Wednesday night to Sunday night in the First Methodist Church. Those members of the five local auxiliaries of Dallas who attended the exercises of the annual meeting were strengthened and revived in the work and feel that the annual meeting was a blessing to them in the opportunities offered for gaining information on the general work of the society and in the privileges enjoyed socially with the visiting members of the society. The prayers and best wishes of all interested members of the local auxiliaries of Dallas follow the dear sisters to their various homes, and they hope that the annual meeting just closed has been in turn a blessing to them.

**Annual Meetings.**

The Woman's Parsonage and Home Mission Society of the Northwest Texas Conference will hold its annual meeting in Waxahachie during the session of Annual Conference. Let each auxiliary elect a delegate who will be there. Send names of delegates to Dr. Addison, preacher in charge of Waxahachie Station. **MRS. C. R. WRIGHT,** Recording Secretary, Mexia, Texas.

The Parsonage and Home Mission Society, West Texas Conference, will hold its annual meeting at West End Church, beginning with the first business meeting at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning, October 27. All officers and delegates are requested to send their names to Mrs. W. W. Pinson, West End, San Antonio. **MRS. E. A. DAVIS,** President, Goliad, Texas.

**Woman's Work for Woman.**

The opening of school work in Chihuahua for the fall term is very promising. Seventy-eight pupils have been enrolled, forty-five of whom are boarders. "We are busy," writes one of the missionaries there, "but we are happy, too. One of our assistant teachers is a sweet-spirited, earnest Christian from over the sea. While she waits for a certain young Methodist preacher to serve out the few years required by a Conference in England, she will do great good in the school. She is a graduate of Dublin University, and has experience as a teacher, having taught in a good college in Dublin for three years." Our missions have had some fine work done by sister Methodists of Ireland and Scotland, and we are ready to welcome others.

From Pernambuco comes the following good news this morning: "August 15, 1896.—Twenty-four hours from the time we expect to see land for the first time since we left New York on the 5th inst. From that point, Pernambuco, we want to send a message, telling of our safety and God's goodness to us. The captain and all on the vessel have remarked on the beautiful weather and calm seas during the voyage. We feel confident of the prayers of the home Church, and are trusting God to guide

us into ways of truth and grace." The Church at home is pledged to pray for them, and pledged, as certainly, to furnish the means necessary for them to prosecute the work abroad, as representatives of those not called to go.

**The P. and H. M. Society.**

As Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's Parsonage and Home Mission Society, Waxahachie, Texas, I feel as if it is my duty to say a few words in regard to our little society in this place. We organized in January, 1895, with about forty-five members. We now have forty-nine—two of this number having been added during the last quarter. I do not mean to complain, for we are doing well considering the long and intensely hot summer we have just passed through. Some have been faithful all the way, while others have not. Dear sisters, do you not think out of such a large Church membership as we have in Waxahachie (six hundred) that we could and should have a far greater number in our society? Some of us, I fear, are not putting forth an extra effort to obtain new members. If there should be one who does not feel able to pay dues (which is a very small amount and within reach of most of us), that one can at least come and see what others are doing. It will encourage the members to know and feel that they have sympathy in this great work. Come out and be one of our number.

Now let each of us old members exert ourselves to bring in new ones once a month at least, or if possible, every week—that will be still better. Don't let us lose interest in this good work, and think because there are so few of us that we can't accomplish anything. If you do, it is a great mistake, for we can do "all things through Christ, who strengthens us." Again, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst, to own and to bless." We must work while 'tis day, for the night cometh when no man can work." I will say right here, for the benefit of those who are not regular attendants, that we now meet on Friday afternoon of every week, and not once a month as we had been several months past. Those of us who had excused them on account of the exceedingly hot weather can find no excuse now, as the weather is all we could wish—cool and pleasant. So let us come out to all these meetings and get all the good out of them that we possibly can. We will be greatly benefited by so doing. If we miss one meeting we lose interest. We were greatly encouraged at our last meeting as to the attendance—eighteen being present—the largest meeting we have had for quite a while. If we could only have so many present all the time then we could accomplish greater things. The average attendance is from eight to ten, out of a membership of forty-nine.

In regard to the paper, Our Homes: There are only four subscribers, when every member of the society should have it in order to keep up with the work and know the true object and aim of the society. It is a grand little paper, gives all the desired information bearing on the Parsonage and Home Mission work. It will only cost you fifty cents a year.

How can we expect to know or be in hearty sympathy with this grand and noble work? We must have some means of information in order to have true love and sympathy for those of God's creatures who are less fortunate than we are.

Think on this by our next monthly meeting and hand in your names and subscription to the agent of Our Homes. I feel sure you will have no cause for regret.

Leaflets are received and distributed every quarter, but I wonder how many of them are read? Do not some of them at least find refuge in the top bureau drawer? As that is the most convenient place most of us are prone to drop many little things in this "Noah's Ark," and at the time say, "Well, I have not time to read it now; I will wait till some future time," and in most cases the little leaflet lies buried from sight quite a long, long time. I don't say this habit does exist among the members in our society, although it may, and if so, don't fail to always give a few minutes to the reading of all leaflets which may fall into your hands in the future.

Ninety-seven visits have been made to the sick and strangers. I guess this is doing good work, considering the few who have done the visiting. It can be improved upon; for there are enough in the society to visit all the strangers and sick in the town. I fear we are a little careless on this line, and are apt to think there are so many strangers and so much sickness it is impossible to do so much. True, but we are commanded to visit the widows and orphans, the sick and afflicted in our midst, and in doing this remember we are pleasing our Savior; for we must work with an eye single to his glory and honor and not to please ourselves.

Six cottage prayer-meetings have been held during the year. This is one

of the best features in the society—praying with those and reading God's Word to those who need it most and where it will do the most good. We must give spiritual food to those who are hungering and thirsting; do good at all times; "be instant in season and out of season." We all have a mission to perform, be it much or little; so let us go to work and perform that mission, and we will gain a great blessing.

Conference is now dawning upon us; so let us arouse ourselves, go to work with renewed energy and zeal—work as we have never done before, and with the determination never to fail in whatever good work we may hereafter undertake. We should work to have a good report for conference occasion, and we can have if we pull together, and we will be sure of the victory.

In conclusion, sisters of Waxahachie Auxiliary, I wish to say that your Corresponding Secretary is not the one for this office. I am only the weakest instrument in God's hands and am willing to work for him in the humblest way. This is my first experience in this capacity. I have filled the office to the best of my feeble ability. I hope your future one will prove far superior in every respect to the present one, and that you will often see writings from her pen in the "Woman's Department" of the Texas Christian Advocate.

**MRS. W. M. McLANAHAN,**  
Waxahachie, Texas.

The aim of many sermons is too low for angels and too high for men.

The devil wastes no bait on dead fish.

City	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
Abilene	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Adrian	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
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MARRIAGE NOTICES.

Qualls—Robertson.—At the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Viola Robertson, near Hancock's Chapel, Gonzales County, Texas, on October 7, 1896, Mr. E. H. Qualls and Miss Mamie Robertson, Rev. J. T. Graham officiating.

Garner—Winburne.—On October 7, 1896, at Pleasant Grove Church, Mr. J. C. Garner and Miss Mary Winburne, daughter of Rev. F. M. Winburne, Rev. M. S. Hotchkiss officiating.

William—Tinker.—At the residence of G. C. Field, near Thrifty, Brown County, Texas, October 4, 1896, at 10 o'clock, Mr. H. J. Williams and Miss Clara Tinker, all of Brown County, Texas; Rev. G. C. Field officiating.

McWilliams—Bishop.—At the M. E. Church, South, (Magnolia Church), at 11 o'clock, W. T. McWilliams and Miss Ada Bishop, by Rev. B. Z. Powell, Jasper County, Texas, Oct. 4, 1896.

Castleberry—Brown.—At the residence of Dr. McEachern, near Martin's Mill, Texas, on Sunday, October 11, 1896, at 7:30 p. m., Mr. L. U. Castleberry and Miss Mollie E. Brown, Rev. C. H. Smith officiating.

OBITUARIES.

The space allowed obituaries is twenty to twenty-five lines, or about 170 or 180 words. The privilege is reserved of condensing all obituary notices. Parties desiring such notices to appear in full as written should remit money to cover excess of space, to-wit: at the rate of ONE CENT PER WORD. Money should accompany all orders.

REV. W. L. VINSON. Another friend of the writer's boyhood; another noble son, brother, husband, father; another lover of his race and his God, has passed from the ranks militant to the hosts triumphant.

Bro. Vinson was the son of Rev. W. D. and Eliza A. Vinson, of Tishomingo County, Miss. He was born in Giles County, Tenn., August 20, 1852; was converted September, 1861; married to Miss Janie Gable, of Mississippi, September 19, 1877.

LOUGHMILLER.—Nannie H. (daughter of P. J. Hammack), was born in Bloomery, Hampshire County, Va., September 22, 1874; came to Texas with her parents in 1880; professed religion at Georgetown camp-ground in her childhood and joined the Church; was married to J. W. Loughmiller, Jr., September 21, 1892, and died June 18, 1896, in the triumphs of a living faith.

LOUGHMILLER.—Permelia Rebecca Loughmiller, daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Palmer, was born in Washington County, Va., March 4, 1843; moved with her parents to Hawkins County, Tenn., when quite young; was converted to God in very early childhood; joined the M. E. Church, South, in the fall of 1881.

Bro. Vinson was a noble specimen of tender Christian manhood. The writer knew him from childhood. We were schoolmates at old "Howell's Chapel." We studied the same books, recited in the same classes, played on the same school-yard, and hunted squirrels together in the same green woods in the bright, cloudless days of yore.

We hear a great deal about purifying the blood. The way to purify it is to enrich it. Blood is not a simple fluid like water. It is made up of minute bodies and when these are deficient, the blood lacks the life-giving principle. Scott's Emulsion is not a mere blood purifier. It actually increases the number of the red corpuscles in the blood and changes unhealthy action into health.

LOUGHMILLER.—Capt. M. J. Ragdale was born in Franklin County, Georgia, December 24, 1830; was married to Miss Lucinda C. Kay December 26, 1859. He moved to Texas in 1870, settling one mile north of Coffeeville, Upshur County, Texas, where he died September 17, 1896. He joined the M. E. Church, South, in 1884, under the pastorate of S. L. Ball.

LOUGHMILLER.—Permelia Rebecca Loughmiller, daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Palmer, was born in Washington County, Va., March 4, 1843; moved with her parents to Hawkins County, Tenn., when quite young; was converted to God in very early childhood; joined the M. E. Church, South, in the fall of 1881.

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Don't Miss This Opportunity

Table listing jewelry items: LADIES' RINGS, GENTS' INITIAL, PLAIN, BABY. Prices range from \$1.50 to \$3.50.

Initials engraved free. We will send you a Kremenetz one-piece Collar Button for 25 cents; usually sells 75 cents. Try one. Our Catalogue sent free to anyone sending us their address.

IRION & GIRARDET

404 W. Market Street, LOUISVILLE, KY.

EDUCATIONAL.

Hills Business College. Energy, perseverance and progress have made this one of the greatest Business Colleges in the United States.

Metropolitan Business College. Superior Advantages: Literary, Business, Music, Art, Grammar and Eloquence Departments.

WEATHERFORD COLLEGE: For Both Sexes. Superior Advantages: Literary, Business, Music, Art, Grammar and Eloquence Departments.

Radway's Pills

Always Reliable, Purely Vegetable.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles, SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, AND ALL DISORDERS OF THE LIVER.

DONT GET LEFT THE KATY FLYER

A NEW FAST TRAIN VIA THE MKT

Advertisement for the Katy Flyer train, featuring an illustration of a woman in a long dress and hat, and text describing the service between St. Louis and Chicago.

Advertisement for a sewing machine, titled 'The New Improved Favorite Sewing Machine.' It includes an illustration of the machine and various attachments, and text describing its features and price.

Advertisement for a sewing machine, titled 'OUR NEW MACHINE!' It features a large illustration of the machine and text describing it as 'The Latest and Best' and 'Heretofore Unheard of Values.' Price is \$22.00.

Advertisement for a sewing machine, titled 'Steel Combination Attachments Furnished with each Favorite Sewing Machine.' It includes a grid of 12 small illustrations showing different sewing techniques like ruffling, quilting, and hemming.



Smouldering fires of old disease lurk in the blood of many a man, who fancies himself in good health. Let a slight sickness seize him, and the old enemy breaks out anew.

EPISCOPAL VISITATION, 1896-97.

- First District—Bishop Keener. West Texas Conf., Llano, Texas, Oct. 25. North Texas Conf., Paris, Texas, Nov. 14.

One bottle will convince the most sceptical of the real merits of Dr. Simons' Sarsaparilla, concentrated and scientifically combined, pleasant and effective. 50 doses for 50 cents.

The M. K. & T. Ry. announce the following excursion rates: AUSTIN TEXAS—Baptist Missionary and Educational Association.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.—Synod of Texas: Presbyterian Church. Tickets on sale October 15th-16th, limited to return October 19th, at rate of one fare for the round trip.

DALLAS, TEXAS.—Texas State Fair and Dallas Exposition. The M. K. & T. will have on sale tickets to the Texas State Fair and Dallas Exposition October 5th to 25th, inclusive, at rate of one fare for the round trip.

Does anybody know the whereabouts of George Nichols? A low, dark-skinned man about fifty years of age; travels in a cart and sells books. If you know such a man, drop me a card and I will reward you.

Information Wanted. Does anybody know the whereabouts of George Nichols? A low, dark-skinned man about fifty years of age; travels in a cart and sells books. If you know such a man, drop me a card and I will reward you.

Stephenville, Texas. Cheatham's Chill Tonic is peculiarly adapted to persons in enfeebled health and invalids. It assists digestion, and is a perfect strengthening and appetizer.

It is too much to have to scratch for a living and for relief also. Hunt's Cure will not help you in the former case, but will sure cure the Itch, Tetter or Ringworm, or it costs you nothing. Price 50 cents.

The devil always goes to the wedding when people marry for money. If the baby is Cutting Teeth, be sure and use that old and well tried remedy, Hunt's Cure.

No man prays in earnest who does not expect to get just what he asks. The last rose of summer is in bloom on a hill.

And nodds time to the whip-poor-will. "Cheatham's Chill Tonic has cured the last child."

"You can shatter the bottle now if you will." (To be sung about November.)

OBITUARIES.

(Continued from seventh page.)

truly for him to live was Christ. In the highest sense he was loyal to his Church and pastor. He was an exceptionally pure man, clean in word and thought. In every relation in life he was always the true man. He regarded the call of the Church the voice of God. He shrank from no duty, but was ready to do even more than his part. I can but feel that the lessons of such a life will abide. To the family, the Church and the community sadly miss him and grieve over their great loss.

PICKERING.—Billie Pickering, son of W. Y. and J. P. Pickering, was born in Erath County, Texas, April 2, 1881, and died August 27, 1896; joined the Church at about seven years of age. His mother being married the second time his grandfather raised him. About two months before his death he left home and went into the world to work for himself. A short time before his death he told his mother that his life was going to be a hard one. Little did he think then that his life would be so short; but in the midst of life is death. God only knows how best, and we must look to him for comfort. When asked about death he would say: "I am not going to die; I am going to get well." When we stand and look on the pale face of our loved ones we are made to wonder and to say: "Why, oh! why, is one so young and in good health taken off so quick?" But when we see the smile that rests on his face we can understand why it is so. The reason is this: The troubles of this life have passed away and our loved one is at rest. So weep not, loved ones, for Billie will be waiting and watching for you on the other shore. His aunt, PEARL KIRK.

HIGHTOWER.—Eva Ludie, infant daughter of William and Claudie Hightower, was born February 9, 1896, and died May 6, 1896. She was buried in the new Polytechnic Cemetery. Hers was like an angel's visit. She came into the home as a ray of sunshine; remained long enough to gather into her tiny fingers the heart-strings of mother and father, and then flew away to heaven. By the grace of God the parents are resigned, and while they can not understand the ways of God, they calmly submit, and from their hearts are able to say: "Thy will be done." H. A. BOAZ, Pastor.

GAINER.—Miss Sallie L. Gainer, daughter of J. W. and Louisa Gainer, was born August 16, 1877, and died near Midlothian, Ellis County, Texas, July 1, 1896, aged eighteen years ten months and fifteen days. Sallie was converted when she was quite young and joined the M. E. Church, and lived a faithful and useful member in her Church and Sunday-school till death transferred her to the Church triumphant above. She suffered for many years with rheumatism. Her last sickness was consumption, which did its work rapidly, but she bore it all with Christian fortitude and met death bravely. The writer visited her several times during her last days. I always found her cheerful and pleasant as one could be in her suffering condition. She was followed to St. Paul by a host of friends, both young and old, where we preached her funeral, and amidst tears and weeping of loved ones we laid her away to rest until the resurrection morn, where we will meet her again. E. D. L. TIMS.

RICHARDSON.—Mrs. Mary Jane Richardson (nee McCadams) was born in Weekly County, Tennessee, November 2, 1858; was married to J. W. Richardson April 19, 1876; was converted and joined the Church in Lampasas, Texas, in 1884, and died at her home near Alvarado, Texas, October 6, 1896. Her death was caused by heart failure, and was a shock to the whole community, being so sudden and unexpected. She had been a good and faithful wife, and on account of his loss Bro. Richardson is sad and broken-hearted. Let the Church pray for him in his affliction. Sister Richardson has joined three babies gone on before and leaves five children—four boys and one little baby girl—behind. May the example of their mother be a constant restraint to every evil desire. May they do nothing that would grieve her were she living; but may they still love and honor her memory. In her death the Church has lost a valuable member. She loved the Church, sought to advance its interests, and rejoiced at its successes. Her sunny disposition was an inspiration to her pastor, and her kind hospitality made him feel that she was his friend. We will all miss her, but the parting is not forever. We will meet her again. Her pastor, C. L. BROWNING.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly reliable in all his transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. WEST & TRACY, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. W. A. WALZ, Retail Druggist, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Merit Talks

"Merit talks" the intrinsic value of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses actual and unequalled curative power and therefore it has true merit. When you buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, and take it according to directions, to purify your blood, or cure any of the many blood diseases, you are morally certain to receive benefit. The power to cure is there. You are not trying an experiment. It will make your blood pure, rich and nourishing, and thus drive out the germs of disease, strengthen the nerves and build up the wholesystem.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best, in fact—the One True Blood Purifier. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Do not—purge, poison or gripe. All druggists, etc.

CARD.—Bro. A. T. Card was born October 12, 1838; married Elizabeth H. Pattillo November 8, 1866; professed religion in the summer of 1867 and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and lived a consistent member of the same until his death. His faithful wife died January 16, 1894, and he July 26, 1896. Bro. Card was a good man and died triumphantly. In a conversation with the writer a short time before his death he said he had no fears of death; that matter had all been settled between God and himself many years. May God bless his children and may they surrender themselves to him and meet their father and mother in a better world. C. M. SHUFFLER.

LYONS.—D. E. Lyons, who departed this life September 15, 1896, was born November 17, 1861. He was converted in Jones County near Ansoa, in the year 1892. He was received into the Church by Bro. Mills, the Methodist pastor at place. Soon after this he moved to Henderson County and settled near Malakoff, where he died. He joined the Church just a short time before he died, when in the bloom of health. He immediately took up family prayer and seemed to be devoted the remaining few days of his life. During his sickness he said the Lord was with him. He was conscious that he was going to die and believed that all was well. He left behind a sad wife and three bright little children, who severely feel their loss. We commend the sorrowing relatives to God and to the Word of his grace, which is able to sustain them. M. I. BROWN, P. C. Malakoff, Texas.

BEARD.—N. D. Beard, son of Bro. Ben and Sister Sallie Beard; was born September 28, 1882; died September 15, 1896. De (as he was called) was not a member of the Church, but was baptized by Bro. J. C. Calhoun in the year 1893. During his last hours he talked very intelligently about death. He asked his father what he must pray for. On being told to pray for what he wanted, he prayed for rest. After engaging a short time in prayer, he said that Jesus had come to give him rest. He told his mother not to weep for him; that he would soon go there to live. In his bitter trial, we would point the sorrowing family to Jesus: "Cast your care upon him, for he careth for you." Be faithful and meet little De in the "sweet by-and-by." M. I. BROWN, P. C. Malakoff, Texas.

THORNTON.—David Thornton was born in Claiborne Parish, La., January 5, 1830; moved to Texas, Erath County, June, 1856; was married to Miss Philipina Cuthbertson June 27, 1857. Of this union there were six children born, all of whom are living and trying to meet their parents in heaven. He professed religion and joined the Baptist Church in 1858; moved to McLennan County, Texas, in 1866. He was elected and ordained deacon in 1875. He lost his first wife May 4, 1880. He was married again to Mrs. Ann Wolf, in 1882. She only lived eleven months, and he was again married to Miss Sallie Stewart, January 13, 1884, who still lives to mourn their loss, with his children, grandchildren, brothers, sisters, and a host of friends. He had been afflicted for several years with that dread disease, consumption. He was a great sufferer, but bore it with Christian fortitude. In hope of regaining his health he moved to Coleman County, settled near Santa Anna; but alas, God saw fit to call him from labor to refreshment on September 24, 1896; he was ready. "The day before he died he called his family and oldest sister (who was in attendance) and said: 'I want to hold prayers with you as I often have done.'" G. C. FIELD. Thrifty, Brown County.

BASS.—H. T. Bass, son of Ephraim and Jane Bass, was born in Giles County, Tennessee, March 2, 1853, and died in Ellis County, Texas, June 13, 1896. He was married to Martha N. Brown September 20, 1877. She and five children, four daughters and one son, the youngest of the five, are left behind, deprived of his presence to cheer, his hand to protect and his wisdom to guide, but they learned from him to trust in God—the husband of the widow and the father of the fatherless. When but a boy

he received the assurance of his acceptance with God, which he kept till death, when it was stronger than ever before. Though in the prime of manhood, with a dear wife and children depending on him, when told that he could live but a short time, he received the intelligence with perfect calmness of spirit and began to set his house in order. God's will had been his will in all things while he lived, and now if it was God's will that he should die he knew that his Father's hand prepared the cup, and what he ruled was best. Bro. Bass was one of God's noblemen. Like Caleb of old, he followed God fully. He was a burning and a shining light, steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. W. H. MOSS.

INGRAM.—May Payne was the oldest child of the late J. P. and Mrs. Jennie Payne, of Sabine County, Texas. She was born June 28, 1875, and died September 10, 1896. On January 4, 1894, she was happily married to Mr. J. M. Ingram, Jr. These two had known each other from early childhood. Their lives had been spent in the same community; they attended the same schools, they were at both in the same Sunday-school, and both early joined the same Church.

To them was born a son, who at the same altar where they had received the solemn Church vows was by holy baptism formally dedicated to God. The deceased joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at eleven years of age. The writer's acquaintance with her began January, 1888, when he became her pastor. During that and the following year he was often in her father's home, and here records with pleasure her attachment to home duties, her interest in the nice little Church where she worshipped, and her devotion to religious obligations.

Duty had a strong hold upon her, and she a clear, intelligent idea of duty. Hence hers was a useful life. Had she been spared there would have developed the character of womanhood to an unusual degree. CHAS. F. SMITH. Timpson, Texas.

DUMAS.—Miss Elizabeth Ann Dumas was born July 3, 1816, near Carnesville, in Franklin County, Ga., died to live again July 6, 1896, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. McCarty, near Roanoke, Texas. Navarro County; professed religion at the age of twenty, but joined the Methodist Church only fifteen years before her death. She was inclined for years to the Presbyterian Church. She was a good woman, a great sufferer, but was a conqueror through Christ. W. H. CRAWFORD, P. C. Kerens, Texas.

Chronic Sore Throat. "After trying several medicines, I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills for chronic sore throat. I find that they have done me a great deal of good. I like Hood's Pills better than any other ones that I have ever used."—MR. T. J. FISHER, Campbell, Texas. Hood's Pills Cure All Liver Ills.

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JOHNSON.—Sydney Young was born August 13, 1895; lived eleven months and twenty-three days, and died August 5, 1896. He was a promising child, the pride of the home of Logan and Lula Johnson, who now, with their many loved ones and friends, mourn his departure. Like a ray of sunshine he came to brighten their home for a day, then to shine on still beyond the dark cloud just across the river with the angels. He calls to them over the rifted cloud, "Come on up higher." While he lingered here and suffered patiently, bearing the pain, we watched, prayed and waited the Lord's will be done. God knows us better than we know ourselves. He gives and takes away, and Sydney has only returned after a brief stay that he might praise and glorify Him whom to know is life eternal. R. F. BYRD, P. C. Mangum, Okla.

RUTLEDGE.—Little Kyle Leska Rutledge, daughter of J. M. and Addie Rutledge, was born in McKinney, Texas, April 29, 1892, and died in Cleburne, Texas, September 23, 1896. This sweet child was baptized by Bro. Chapman. Although she was so young she loved the house of God, and attended Church regularly. Prayer and song filled her thoughts. She died of diphtheria, but was as patient as a lamb under severe suffering. Jesus loved her and took her to a home unimpaired by sorrow and tears. H. A. BOURLAND, Cleburne, Texas.

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God sends his witnesses where they are needed the most. Man's blindest eye is on the side where he thinks it will pay to sin.

We may be able to get rid of God's man, but never of God's truth.

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