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EDITORIAL.

THE PROPOSED SOUTHERN LEAGUE CONFERENCE.

The Central Christian Advocate, published at St. Louis, thinks it a little strange that we favor the organization of a Southern Methodist League Conference, as suggested by our delegates at Indianapolis; and Dr. Young accounts for our sympathy with that sort of a movement upon the ground that we were not present at that great gathering and did not have the opportunity to witness its great success. No, we were not present for the simple reason that we had duties at home more important, and for the further reason that we do have much sympathy with a meeting in which the color-line, sentiment, gush and politics are indiscriminately mixed. We can not see any good to come to our young people in a conference of that character. We were specifically notified by Dr. Berry in the Epworth Herald that there would be no color-line at Indianapolis and that the whites and blacks would mix to their hearts' content. This was published for the benefit of the Southern delegates, and it was carried out to the letter. In a recent number of the Herald Dr. Berry gloats over the success of his plan. Listen to him: "The more than eight hundred delegates of African descent were received with marked cordiality and treated with the utmost kindness throughout. Every one of these delegates sat where he pleased at every session, and there was absolutely no attempt at drawing the color-line." Now we have no objection to treating these colored delegates with kindness and cordiality and respect, but why does Dr. Berry stress the fact that there was no attempt to draw the color-line? Simply to show Southern delegates that despite their training and preconceived ideas touching this question they nevertheless got the thing forced down their throats at Indianapolis. And they did get it ad nauseam; for there was not only no color-line under the pavilion, but there was none at the hotels. The negroes and the whites were herded together in these hostleries as though they were all of one race and one complexion. If Northern people want this sort of thing, we have no objection—it is a matter of taste; but Southern people are not yet educated up to that standard. And we do not want to belong to a school in the form of an Epworth League Conference whose specific business it is to impart that sort of tuition. The thing has gone far enough, and it is time to call a halt. At least this is our view of the situation.

But over and beyond the "color-line" question, there are other features in the proceedings of the International Conference not in keeping with Southern ideas and usages. For instance, at Indianapolis Bishop Fowler delivered his lecture on Abraham Lincoln, which would have been all right at a literary or historical association, but out of place in a great religious convocation where there were people from all sections. There are things in that production, growing out of Bishop Fowler's peculiar environments, not at all pleasant to Southern

ears. Then Bishop McCabe, whom we love and respect, was induced to trot out his old lecture, musty with the mildew of thirty odd years, on the "Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison." He did not change one word or syllable in it. It was prepared just after the close of the war for Northern ears, and he has never delivered it to an audience of Southern people. There are things in that lecture very grating to the ears of people from Dixie. Then, too, some of the speakers—one in particular—went into the merits of slavery and discussed the emancipation act with warmth and vigor, and said a number of things not calculated to call up pleasant memories. That is a bygone issue and has no place in a great fraternity gathering. But last of all, Dr. Crane, of Boston, in his address upon "The Saloon in Politics," held up President McKinley for an hour to ridicule and contempt. On an occasion purely political, this would have been in place; or to write upon that subject in our Church papers occasionally might not be out of place; but to take advantage of a great international gathering of a strictly religious nature and turn a rampant preacher loose upon the national administration, is not the habit of Southern people. If our Northern brethren believe in things of that sort, we do not object to their having them; but we are not yet ready to have our Southern youths trained in that character of procedure. Hence we favor the suggestion to have a Southern Conference, free from such objectionable matters.

THE PREACHER'S WIFE.

The preacher's wife is the silent and often the most potent influence in his pulpit and pastoral success. The world does not always recognize this fact, but God makes record of it in the Lamb's book of life. He often shines in his ministry like a star of the first magnitude and his praises are frequently heard upon the lips of his people while her humble and quiet name is not mentioned, yet she is the real power behind the throne. She manages the affairs of his home in such a judicious way that she takes off of his mind and heart all the worry and bother of the household cares and leaves him free to pursue his studies and work uninterrupted. Upon her unseen shoulders the domestic burdens are borne, and no complaint is heard to escape her breath. She takes it often upon herself to manage his scant finances and makes a dollar go as far as possible in its purchasing power. To do this she reduces economy to a science, nicely patches the rent clothing, takes the old garments to pieces and turns them inside out in putting them back together; makes those the larger children have outgrown to fit the younger ones, and in a hundred and one ways keeps herself and family looking decent upon very limited income. She does this to make his work successful. And in doing it, no one on the outside knows of her self-denials and actual wants. She keeps a cheerful face and seems to be a very happy woman. When he comes in tired and often discouraged, she greets him with a smile and hastens to smooth the wrinkles of care from his troubled

brow. Then, too, she frequently gets out and looks after the poor and the strangers in the congregation, and attends upon the society meetings and keeps up that part of her work. When the people call at her home to see her husband, though she may never have met them and can have no special interest in them, yet she receives them kindly and entertains them until he can meet them and attend to their social or official wants. In this way she is often a martyr, but no one ever thinks of such a thing. Her home is a kind of a public place and most any member of the Church feels at liberty to walk in upon her, take up her time, inquire into her business, and make many suggestions to her. Still she bears it all without a murmur. She has but one consuming desire, and that is to promote in every way the success of her husband's work. To see this prosper, and to hear him well spoken of, is the greatest joy of her life, and in this she feels that she has her highest reward. For his and for Christ's sake she gives up her life in toil, in self-sacrifice, in habits of economy, and in the suppression of her desires for many things enjoyed by other Christian women, that her husband may attain unto the highest positions of usefulness and honor. To her, therefore, may be often traced much of the actual good accomplished and mental greatness achieved by him who stands out grandly in the public eyes. And in the great day of accounts, when Christ shall come to make up his jewels, is it not possible that in her crown there will be many stars of rejoicing, thought in this life to have been won by the husband whose sorrows she shared and whose work she helped to make a great success? The fact is, when reduced to its last analysis, the devoted and faithful wife of the successful preacher is the dominant factor in all of his praiseworthy achievements. And she is entitled to much sympathy and encouragement upon the part of the good people whom he serves. Hence the Advocate speaks these words in her rightful behalf.

BISHOP CANDLER AND HIGHER CRITICISM.

Bishop Candler was in Augusta the other day, and in an interview which was sent out through the press dispatches said:

"The work of the higher critics in discrediting the Divine revelation of the Bible is paving the way for Spiritualism, Christian Science and Mormonism, which claim to be later revelations," and makes the rather surprising statement that "there are more Mormon elders at work in Georgia than there are Presbyterian pastors or Episcopal rectors."

We have no keener observer of the passing events of the day than this wise and well trained servant of the Church. His calling for the past years as an educator of the youth of the South puts him in a position to speak advisedly of the influence of the so-called higher critic's method of dealing with the Scriptures. The trend of the whole matter is to cast doubt in the popular mind as to the validity of the Bible, and those doubts are not offset by the advantage gained in the pursuit of this destructive method. It has been demonstrated by experience that the teachings of the Bible meet the press-

ing needs of the souls of men, and that they are thus brought into touch with the source of light and life and spiritual help. What do the average people care for the quibblings of scholars touching the authorship of some few books of the Bible? They are struggling with temptation and poverty and doubt and sin in its multiplied forms, and what they need is salvation from these foreign forces. The gospel of Christ is the power of God unto the salvation of every one that believeth, or it is a hollow sham. The former has been tested in the personal experiences of men and the gospel is what they want. It is our business to give it to them with no mixture of our peculiar views of "higher criticism." Let these misguided sects mentioned by Bishop Candler give to the world their new revelations, but the Methodist Church needs to stick to the old Bible with all that it contains as a finished revelation of the will of God to men. Whenever we tamper with that and mix our tampering with our preaching, the people will lack a pure spiritual food. It is just as important to keep food adulterations out of the pulpit as it is to keep them out of the pantry. No Methodist preacher is called to criticize the Bible, or to prune it, but to preach it as it is—the word of life. The Church sets him apart to this one work and to nothing else.

TOLERATION IN THE MINISTRY.

Preachers in the pulpit have things all their own way in the discussion of subjects under consideration. No one, at the time, is allowed to challenge their positions or make any reply to their declarations and arguments. They are the ministers of God and the law gives them protection from any disturbance or interruption. This is not the case with any other class of public men. Take the politician on the hustings, or the lawyer at the bar, and all of their statements are analyzed and their arguments are torn to tatters. Hence men in these callings learn to be very cautious in the positions they take and in the measures they advocate. They know that when their opponents come along there will be a reckoning. They also learn to give and take, to bear and forbear in a good-humored way. But how is it for the most part with the minister? Why, he has no check of this sort placed upon his freedom of speech. He is monarch of all he surveys and his right there is none to dispute. He is, therefore, in danger of becoming a dogmatist in his assertions, and of receiving a little opposition with restiveness and irritability. If he does not watch and pray a great deal he will run the risk of growing intolerant and extreme, for he is constantly confronted with the temptation to cut and slash in an aggressive way the things and measures not according to his thinking. This sort of habit will soon eliminate the spirit of gentleness and affability from his style of ministry, and then he will degenerate into a cynic and a common scold. Many a good preacher has wrecked his usefulness right at this point. And whenever a preacher makes up his mind that he is sent to denounce and excoriate the follies of men and women instead of pleading with them in the terms of the truth, he is on very questionable

ground. True there are times when denunciation and radical measures in the pulpit are necessary, but these times are exceptional. Moral suasion is the sure weapon to be used by the preacher when he stands before dying people. The spirit of love in the pulpit, backed by a fearless exposition of the truth, is irresistible. Intolerance will drive men away from you, but consideration will draw them to you. Vinegar never catches flies, and habitual severity in a preacher will not win men. Our business is to get hold of men and bring them to the Savior. Intolerance will not help us in this work.

THE GROWTH OF TEMPERANCE SENTIMENT.

When we look at the saloon evil as it stands out before us in all of our centers of population we are sometimes disposed to grow pessimistic and despair of the final triumphs of temperance sentiment in our country. But despite the appearance of things, there is a steady growth of opinion in its favor. Corporations whose business involves the labor of thousands and thousands of working people are becoming more stringent in their requirements of sobriety upon the part of those whom they employ. They have learned from experience that the men who habitually drink are to that extent unfit for intelligent and useful service. Look at the men who occupy responsible positions in the railway service. Some years ago a sober man in the employment of the railroads was the exception to the rule, while to-day the drinking man in positions of this sort is the exception. As a result, you find among this class our soberest and most reliable citizens. But it was not formerly the case. Then, too, it is a fact that in all of the great labor organizations of the country principles of strict sobriety are taught in their rubrics. The influence of this sort of tuition is having fine effect upon the morals of the working classes. We are in receipt of an invitation to attend a great meeting of the Trades Council and all affiliating unions at Oak Cliff, on the first Monday in September, which will be Labor Day; and in that invitation it is said, "No intoxicating liquors will be permitted on the grounds," and every word of this is underscored. Two or three years ago no such invitation as this would have been sent out by this great labor organization. All of these things indicate that the steady opposition waged by the Church against the liquor business is having its effect, and the eyes of men are being opened to this unmitigated curse of society. This unrelenting war must continue through the pulpit and through the religious press and through temperance organization until the very business of the saloon is odious in the eyes of suffering mankind. And one of the severest blows that can be given to it is to make the drink habit a bar, not only to good society, but to employment with first-class business firms. If men can be made to see the folly and the sin of drinking and give it up, then the saloon will die of inanition.

A broken and a contrite heart is the result of a deep conviction for sin, and out of that sort of experience faith in Christ is clear, strong and tenacious.

COMMUNICATIONS.

LETTER FROM EUROPE.

My Dear Father—We landed at Queenstown early Thursday morning, July 29th. Simple enough in the writing are these words, but to one who has been on the ocean eight days a shore less lovely than that of Ireland, with its beautiful green hills, charming bays and picturesque forts, would still seem lovely.

William Winter, in his Shakespeare's England, speaks of the place as "white Queenstown," and so it seems, though a closer view shows that the whiteness is enhanced by the dark background of green hills.

Just how richly Ireland deserves the name of "Emerald Isle" we were prepared to say who had gazed upon the hues of old ocean, who had worn rather somber colors during our passage, except some famous days for color.

From the first Ireland was interesting. We saw "Puck" pictures at every turn, and I used my kodak freely as possible, and hope to be able to introduce to you some of my friends when I return.

The Irish language, I might say, was fraught with great charm when spoken on its native heath, and many was the time we failed to catch the words in order to hear the pronunciation a second time.

Everything you have heard and read of the Irish pig is true, but to see him, in all his glory upon his throne in front of the Irish peasant's cottage, is at once a shock and a verification of the truths that have been uttered concerning "his royal highness." He reigns supreme. The "childer" are of no moment when his rights are up for discussion. He is playmate and friend, and I have thought there must be a sad day in the cottage when, according to custom, he must be slain on the altar of grim necessity.

From the ridiculous to the sublime I must come to tell you something of the Lakes of Killarney. I am tempted to say only that we saw them! After passing up the gap of Dunloe, on ponies, seeing the river curled up like a snake at the base of the mountains, then gradually descending, coming upon the beautiful lake region, taking little boats with six strong Irish "paddies" to row us through the loveliest scenery that green hills, blue sky and clear water can make, winding in and out through tortuous ways, we could easily forget all the world beside until we emerged from this wonderful country and landed at Ross Castle. Then in this rapt condition we were about to explore the ruins when the sailors, employed and paid by Cook & Son, brought us back to earth again by calling loudly: "Sure, and yez won't be forgettin' the poor sailors, they have had a hard pull." So we "tipped" them as we properly should and proceeded on our way. You need not be surprised upon my return if, when you carefully assist me into a vehicle, I hand you a penny. Instead of the culture you have so fondly hoped I should gain, this habit of "tipping" will probably be the most visible result, of my "foreign travel," if habit can become second nature. The way a boy springs out of the earth over here when you get into a cab and puts his hand on the cab door to prevent your travel-stained skirts brushing against the neat leather-cushioned cab door, and then holds out his hand for a penny, might be termed one of "life's little ironies"—and the boys seem to rise from the earth like the rats in the Pied Piper of Hamelin. "Tips" seem to be the only visible means of support of a vast army in Great Britain.

The stories told us by the guides in Ireland would fill a book, which, if I had the naming thereof, should be called the "Ananias Book." Just why the little sailor lad who told us that he himself had rowed Queen Victoria to her cottage on the banks of the Queen's Killarney lakes (I think the Queen last visited Killarney in 1867, and the lad was about seventeen), in the very boat in which we were sitting, was not struck down in his youth and innocence, a disposition I do not pretend to understand.

Market-day in the village of Killarney was a great one, and Miss Bowen and I were not unmindful of our blessings. So, in spite of rain, which falls at intervals of ten minutes two hundred of the three hundred and sixty-five days in Ireland, we started out, searching for types. The beggar type, for Ireland is full of beggars and poverty, was about to become fixed in our minds. We determined to eradicate it to some extent—and we did. The farming class was another type entirely. And what was our sore distress when, just as we were about to accept the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. O'Donoghue to go home with them, and were about to climb into the donkey cart, on top of the "praties" that had not been sold, we looked at our watches and saw we had just fifteen minutes to catch our train. Alas!

Through Dublin and Belfast, we soon found ourselves in "Bonnie Scotland."

The lake region, so beautiful and made famous by Sir Walter Scott, was our objective point, and the calm beauty and grandeur of these lakes is a sensation never to be forgotten. We came upon Ellen's Isle, the "Lady of the Lake," in Loch Katrine, with feelings of deepest pleasure, and Loch Lomond with Ben Lomond towering majestically above, is with me still.

Leaving the lakes, we passed through the famous Trossach Mountain scenery, a grand panorama. The heather was not at its height of bloom, but we caught many purple glimpses that have since met our eyes in the art galleries, for the artists love to paint such bits, and small wonder. The Highland cow we met in the Trossachs, who, though she be all unkindful that bangs are no longer worn, and that the pompadour is de rigueur, is yet picturesque.

The Castle at Sterling came next, and (the castle is used as a fort and the soldiers are stationed there), here my heart was made happy by a real Scotch Highlander giving me the badge from his cap and a button from his coat.

I shall not be able to write of all the interesting sights in "Edinboro town," but you may like to know how I narrowly escaped the clutches of the law. We were in the House of Parliament and the white-wigged, black-gowned barristers were so picturesque. The Lower Court was in session and we were allowed to go in. The Judge was at his desk, the witness on the stand, the barristers seated in front of the Judge, and up went my kodak! It was not ignorance of propriety; it was not contempt of court; it was simply kodak-ity. I heard the Judge say: "Messenger, remove the lady from the court," but my picture wanted a few seconds more; so I stood firm, finished the work, snapped the kodak, threw the baleful machine under a fur cape and lost myself in the crowd. But the messenger saw me and raised a warning finger and said: "No photographs here." I said (on the fly): "Too late now," and we parted.

I can not write everything now, and much of my experience I can never even tell you.

The visit to Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott's beautiful home on the Tweed, was delightful. His study, desk and chair are objects of reverential interest, for he was great and good. As I looked upon the beautiful bust of Scott, by Chantrey, I thought of his last days when, by the severe labor that burned out the life-blood that was so precious to the literature of his age and the loved ones of his heart, he paid the debts incurred by another, and it made me sad. It was Scott who said:

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

Such was not our privilege, and since this is a true story, I must say that we saw beautiful Melrose under the garish light of day, softened by gray clouds, and shaded still further by hoisted umbrellas. Even these discomforts, however, did not break the charm for me. It is a beautiful ruin, and must be incomparable when viewed by the "pale moonlight." Dryburgh Abbey holds the dust of Sir Walter, who desired to be buried with his ancestors. From Scotland we came to England, and passed hurriedly on to France. Paris was the one city visited, and it is truly gay. The Parisians are grown-up children, and their thoughts are bent upon amusement. I heard a minister in Edinburgh preach about heaven. He brought in a well-worn saying that all "Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris," but apologized, saying that was applicable only to the most frivolous class of American women. However, the old gentleman need not have apologized so profusely, for Paris is certainly dazzling, even to the most staid and sedate of our American women. And the shops! "Ravissante," as they say of any article they consider extremely beautiful. There are many points of interest to Napoleon's admirers, and the days at Versailles and Fontainebleau are the best on the program.

Back to London, after ten days in "Gay Parree," we were inclined to think it dull here, but sight-seeing has been the one thing to do, and we have seen much of this London world—for London is a world. The London season is over, so with no social duties, such as being presented to the Queen, to distract us, we are seeing London calmly.

The American girl, with her shirt-waist, tailor-made skirt and sailor hat (and she is the only girl who knows how to wear this outfit properly) and Baedeker's Handbook of London, is stalking abroad in the land, riding on the tops of the omnibuses and haunting "Cook's office" for mail.

A shop girl said to me a few days since: "There are so many of you in town now," and I never felt so much like a stereotyped edition of somebody else in my life.

A Londoner, in one of the daily papers was writing, a few days past, of how completely one loses one's identity

in London. You may register at the hotel in never so bold a hand, making the "U. S. A." as important as you please, but so soon as you receive your number your name is a thing forgotten and you move on with the seething mass of humanity.

Soon we shall go to Stratford-on-Avon and visit Shakespeare's land, and to Oxford to see the great college; then to Liverpool. August 16 we sail for New York. "Gang east, gang west, hame is best." Your loving,
CAROLINE.
London, England, Aug. 4, 1899.

OLD PISGAH.

Old Pisgah was a large hewn-log house, with glass windows. It stood on a high, rocky hill, at the base of which gushed forth the cool, sparkling water, where the people slaked their thirst. Here the people met to worship God. Father was a Methodist after the old style. In those days the Methodist circuit rider preached every day in the week except Monday. When preaching day came everything was laid aside and all went to Church. The preacher would ride up with his saddle-bags full of something. I didn't know what it was. All looked solemn. He would walk across the house with hat in hand and saddle-bags across his shoulder, go into the pulpit, hang his hat up, lay his saddle-bags down, get down on his knees and pray in secret. I would wonder why he did this; and then he would preach with power. My young heart would thrill with emotion. At the conclusion he would call mourners, and perhaps there would be several conversions. Old Bro. A. would get happy and say, "Bless God!" Old Sister B. would get happy and shout, and they would stay until late in the evening. This boy would get very hungry.

Why is it not so now? We are serving the same God. I fear we don't walk with God as did the fathers. The last time I was at old Pisgah they had torn the old log house away, and had put up a small frame building. The old fathers had all passed away. Uncle Lafayette Booker passed away in the fifties; Rev. C. W. Morris went North during the Civil War and died; Uncle Josiah Leath passed away in the seventies; Uncle David Cunningham was the last to pass away. Thus one by one they have passed away, until they are all gone—having no doubt a grander meeting yonder than they ever had at old Pisgah. And if faithful we will soon go up to join them. God help us to get back on the old landmarks of our Methodism.

W. J. McCRARY.
Mt. Pleasant, Texas.

YOUNG MEN VS. OLD MEN.

"Young men for war (or action), and old men for counsel" is a brief and sententious maxim. It bears in its origin the stamp of classic antiquity. It was some Greek sage, or perhaps Demosthenes, the sagacious and eloquent Athenian orator, who pronounced it. Whatever may be its source, it defines clearly, and no doubt wisely, the spheres of the two classes of mankind respectively as to age, in the affairs of life. The strength of youth and the wisdom of gray hairs are both requisite, and form a happy combination to carry on the great enterprises of society. They have thus been contentaneously conjoined by the centuries of the past, neither having precedence of the other, but each having its special sphere and line of duty. This principle has been recognized and observed by those who have guided the affairs of Church or State, in their appointments to office, when the adaptation of the means to the end controlled their decision.

It seems from the article of R. C. Armstrong in Advocate of June 22 that in the cabinets and councils of the Church (M. E., S.), there appears to be a tendency to discriminate against age and to give preference to youth in the matter of appointments. What prevalence and force such a sentiment has in the administration of the affairs of the Church, those can determine who have given the matter close attention and study. That there is and has been a decline in the deference that should be paid to the experience of age is clearly evident. This may be attributed to the trend of the age, and probably in a great measure to the peculiar phases of American society.

The disposition and tendency spoken of, however, is not confined to the policy of ecclesiastical organizations, but finds a place in the learned professions, at least in that of teaching. Teachers who have spent long years of study in the acquisition of their stores of learning, and have had large experience in the schoolroom, are often set aside for the young normalites, who with a nimble wit and in a short time have compassed the text books of the schools.

The nations of antiquity paid great reverence and honor to their old men, and it was held by them as a badge of

national virtue. It was thus with Egypt, Rome and Greece. In their deliberative assemblies, the advice and opinion of their aged warriors and statesmen were held in high regard. As told in Homeric verse, often did the Greeks in the siege of ancient Troy seek counsel at the hands of Nestor, whose duration of life had extended through two and a half generations of men. Often did the sweet-tongued speaker of Pyllia arise in the assembly and with the words falling from his lips gently as snowflakes upon their hearts and minds, did he guide in the councils of the Greeks.

Not to rise up in the presence of an aged person was regarded by the ancient Romans as a crime worthy of death; and the neglect of this observance was deemed by Juvenal as an awful mark of the degeneracy of his times. Foreigners claim to have discovered this defect of moral virtue, especially of the respect of children to parents, in the social status and bearing of the people of the United States. In the race for wealth, power and pleasure, and the engagement of their material and intellectual progress and interests, they have overlooked and neglected the close culture of the moral virtues. There is no doubt great reason to proclaim anew to them the Mosaic precept: "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and honor thy God." "Deference is the most complicate, the most indirect and the most elegant of all compliments," says Shenstone. It should be rendered to them the old in the amenities of social life. It may sometimes be the case that old age is too tenacious of the respect and deference due to it, and may lay claim to recognition and preferment that would be inexpedient to grant. Intellectual and moral fitness for the position or the work must necessarily control those invested with authority in their selection and appointments of men to office and duty. It is not to be presumed that hoary locks or the bald head is always the index and token of wisdom or virtue.

With the writer, the weary wheels of life are now running their septuagenarian rounds. In his experience as a local preacher for forty years or more, with a nature as sensitive to slight or wrong as the aspen leaf to the zephyr's breath, yet he has no complaints to make as having met with discrimination on account of age from the officials of the Church. He did not experience it in Georgia, nor has he in Texas, his adopted State. Whatever he may have suffered in his personal dignity from real or fancied slight or wrong from some, yet it has been more than counterbalanced by the honor and respect paid him by others of his itinerant brethren.

He has in pleasing reminiscence the kind treatment he received from Rev. S. J. Hawkins (of revered memory), both as pastor and presiding elder; the tributes of eulogy before the people paid him by Rev. D. F. Fuller, then of the East Texas Conference, and the high appreciation of his ministerial help shown him by Rev. Stuart Nelson, of the Gilmer Circuit. He recalls as a cherished incident the gracious favor put upon him by Bishop George F. Pierce, in the preachers' tent at the Rock Springs camp-meeting, near Denton, Texas, on Sabbath afternoon, July 1, 1875. Rising up before the body of preachers present, and frankly placing his arm upon the shoulder of the writer, this eminent minister of Christ and crowned monarch in the realm of oratory said to Rev. M. H. Neely, the pastor of the Church at Dallas: "Neely, this is one of our boys (graduate of Emory), and if you need a teacher at Dallas, I can recommend him." No higher honor than this, though bestowed by the proudest potentate of Europe, could have been conferred upon the writer of this article.

With him the sun is rapidly dipping to the west. In his cosy home at Linden, as the days glide by, he is watching, praying and working. He occupies the pulpit of his Church once a month, teaches the senior Bible class of the Sabbath-school, and, with the assistance of a few brethren and the invariable help of devout sisters, he keeps up the prayer-meeting for each Wednesday night. It is a treadmill path, but it is one of duty, and fragrant are its footings. As deeply enamored of the classics as when he first drank of their Pierian stream, he finds beauty and delight in the sweet lyrics of Horace, the stately epic of Virgil, the brilliant wonders of Homer and the burning invective of Juvenal. Nor less of favor does Shakespeare or Milton receive.

Now, in the decline of life, when the period of active usefulness is past, he realizes that the old men of the ministry may have the esteem and confidence of the Church, and live in such harmony and love as always to secure their sympathy and aid.

J. M. GREENE.
P. S.—Whilst writing this last paragraph, a good sister of the Church has brought us a pound of butter. The itinerancy may boast of their pound-

ings once or twice a year, but this local preacher and family receive weekly a pounding of Jersey butter and milk from several good sisters.

J. M. GREENE.

THE DEAD LINE.

Six years ago, being driven from my "loved employ" by bad health, I began to cast about for a Christian school. One year later we were settled at Polytechnic College. For three years we lived and labored there. These were years well spent by "me and my house." My health being partially restored and my spirit "renewed like the eagle's," a desire seized me to re-enter the pastorate. In August I was offered an appointment as supply until conference. With joyful spirit I entered upon the work. In the day of final reckoning it will be known how much of success was achieved during this short pastorate, which left me with a "sick heart"—the result of "hope long deferred." I must labor and suffer on in a relation that every honest itinerant would avoid altogether if possible. The sting of enforced rest is greatly alleviated and the much talked of "dead-line" is practically rubbed out if we keep our spirits sweet and do well that is at hand to do. This writer has not always done as much, but the inexpressible joy that has filled and thrilled his heart along the way of willing service, however humble and unpleasant, makes him a stickler for the theory. Ministerial dead-line! Bah! To the honest servant of God, conscious of the rectitude of his character as a minister, there can be no terror in the words. Such an one needs to make no apology, though the dead-line should arrest him ever so early in the race. The responsibility is shifted from the individual to the Church. To chafe and complain instead of proving one's effectiveness, establishes the contrary. On the other hand, it can hardly be a means of grace to those on "the shelf" to have it insinuated that in all probability they have been the subject of intrigue. We who, through the days of our active ministry, believed in our brethren, can well afford to trust them when they think we ought to rest.

In the providence of God, our lot has again been cast with the good people of Polytechnic College. It is good to be here, for there is always ample work for willing ones among the hundreds of young men and ladies that through this young but vigorous and classical institution of learning. There is hope for even a "dead-line" preacher amid such associates.

J. H. HUNTER.

CROSSING THE DEAD LINE.

Of late our Church papers have contained much on the subject of the spiritual declension of the Church. Conferences have been called and the matter discussed by wise and good men. The writer has not publicly uttered a word upon the subject. His honest conviction is that the efficiency and prestige of the ministry have been much impaired by the spirit of criticism, not to say hypercriticism, which so often manifests itself in criminating and recriminating each other, culminating in personal flings. Some self-constituted censors have gone around with their little battle-axes and scalping-knives, awaiting an opportunity to decapitate some brother.

These reflections have found expression because of the animadversions of my esteemed friend and brother upon myself, because I dared to discuss what I believe to be a growing tendency. By what rule of interpretation Bro. Duncan assayed to construe the language and scope of my article on "Crossing the Dead Line" in exact contradiction to the letter and spirit of my argument, is to me a profound mystery, beyond my mental caliber to solve. But it is not my purpose to enter into an argument with him, for indeed it would necessarily be personal, since to eliminate his personal thrusts from his effusion, all would be canceled. The position taken in the article under review, reduced to syllogistic formula, is simply this: The impression exists that age necessarily brings imbecility. Inefficiency is the result of imbecility. Therefore, there is a demand for young men. From this logical formula my good brother draws some strange conclusions.

1. He concludes that the premises fosters antagonisms between old and young men. This inference is drawn with the first sentence of the article in question before his eyes: "No antagonism is admissible between old and young men. Every man, without regard to age, should stand upon his own merits." Just how he can so pervert the plain statement of the writer is the eighth wonder of the world.

2. Then an effort is made to arraign the writer for no other reason than that he quoted the "gifted Galloway" approvingly. Such twaddle is almost criminal.

3. Finally, he concludes the writer

is a sour old man. Is it possible for me to frame a sentence that my brother can understand? I almost tremble at the task, but will venture. I honor and respect young men just as I do old ones. Many of my best friends are young men. If Bro. Duncan loves, respects and honors them more than myself, it is because he has greater capacity. I believe that efficiency and adaptability should be considered independently of age. I do not believe that age necessarily brings imbecility. Is there anything criminal in these propositions? Does Bro. Duncan object to them?

But the ground of my offending appears to be in assuming there is a demand for young men. Bro. Duncan says, "I deny." Ipse dixit! And that's "the end on it." But hold, brother! My convictions are not the product of disappointed ambition—the outgrowth of an abnormal mental and spiritual condition, superinduced by the infirmities of age—the venting of cholera. Seventeen years ago I delivered a lecture to a literary society at Cotton Gin, from which I gleaned in the preparation of the article criticised. Was I sour then? Back of that I entertained the views I now do. At that time I was pastor of the Church at Mexia, and helped to hold intact an inheritance for my honored friend, then in Tennessee, and to the writer wholly unknown. About eight years ago Dr. Hoss, editor of the Nashville Advocate, called attention to the subject we are considering, which was the immediate cause of an article in our Texas Advocate written by the pen of the writer, expressing substantially the same views as now held; and, as Bro. Duncan was not in Texas, it passed uncriticized. At that time I was on the Waco District. Was I sour then?

About two years ago Dr. Hoss wrote an editorial on "Crossing the Dead Line." This again brought the subject before my mind, and it was then decided to write again upon the subject. This purpose was deferred from time to time until this recent manifestation of my temerity(?). Is Dr. Hoss a malcontent because he has ventured to discuss this question? The Doctor had better be careful how he incites antagonisms between old and young men!

If Bro. Duncan knows nothing of a demand for young men, others do. But allow me to say that young men are not responsible for the demand, nor is it to their discredit that it exists. The writer has discussed this subject with prominent laymen, as well as ministers. Among the many communications had upon this subject, I desire for the information of my brother to quote from a private letter from a minister of high standing in one of the Texas conferences (not the Northwest), who has filled many positions of trust, and is held in high esteem throughout Southern Methodism: "I read with interest your recent article concerning old preachers, and said 'Good!' That hits a growing tendency in our economy that is as cruel as the grave. I am surprised at Bro. Duncan's article in this week's Advocate in reply. Its sentimental platitudes are all very nice; but you have touched a sensitive tumor, and I am not surprised that you are called to account for it."

If Bro. Duncan will come to see me, bring his knitting and spend a week, I can prove to him by actual contact that I am in love with all the people, old and young; that I am not an old man, much less a sour old man; that I will never be old until the infirmities of age come, and that by the grace of God I will never be a sour old man; that I am profoundly grateful to the brethren for their love and respect as shown me in the past, and will seek to merit their confidence, love and respect in the future.

Really, the brother reminds me of poor Pat, in "Barrington's Sketches of Irish Character," who in his desperate effort to kill an eel with the handle of his scythe, cut off his own head with the blade. In seeking to score a point against me, he unintentionally doubtless, yet by necessary implication, has given out an expression of underrating in his own appointment, and thereby cast a reflection upon his own charge, as well as mine. This is unfortunate, since there can be found no better people than those of Mulkey Memorial and Mexia.

Finally, if Bro. Duncan expects me to pay any attention to his articles in the future, he must exclude all distasteful personalities. R. C. ARMSTRONG. Fort Worth, Texas.

AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS.

On the 29th of July, 1899, an opportunity offering to attend an old-fashioned camp-meeting after an absence of the above number of years, I was privately conveyed a distance of ten miles to what has been formerly known as Keigler Hill, but now called Pleasant Valley camping-ground. This impressed us as a very appropriate name. While the camp is located on a somewhat elevated slope, in proximity is a picturesque valley with every

available acre of land in a high state of cultivation and divided into various sized farms. It struck me that the settlers in this section have much to be grateful for, for certainly a kind providence has favored them with abundant crops this season, and after a sojourn of two days in this camp, mingling with these people, and from what I could glean as to their habits and my previous knowledge of them, I felt assured they are not wanting in gratitude, but are a God-honoring people. I was informed that they have a well-organized Sabbath-school and Epworth League that meet in the church building, which is located on this slope; further, that the year round, in suitable weather, they hold weekly cottage prayer-meetings. Surely, I thought, Bro. Wilson, the pastor, should congratulate himself on having such a people to minister to. I could but note the absence of quarters of fat beef, mutton, and pig meat hanging around the camp as in the early days, but in their stead was an abundance of cooped chickens. Bro. Morris, our worthy presiding elder, was present, and on Saturday night preached a good sermon as usual, but on Sunday at 11 o'clock his sermon excelled all previous efforts that we had heard. While the adult portion of the audience was aroused to a sense of their duty and I felt assured, gathered fresh inspiration to press forward in the Master's service, the great number of innocent babes was soothed to sleep, so there was not the least disturbance. All seemed to be of one mind and deeply interested in the salvation of souls. The friendly greeting, accompanied by the words, brother and sister, was frequently heard as of old. At 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon was the time appointed for the League rally, there being delegations from neighboring Leagues present. At the toot of the horn, in company with a brother from another section we made our way to this meeting. I made the inquiry if there was a League in his community. He said no. There was one, but it played out, and that he did not believe in such new-fashioned things. Being of an opposite opinion, I thought this a good time to cast some bread upon the waters. So I proceeded to enlighten him as to the advantages of the League work by informing him of what had come under my observation in our San Marcos League, but received very little encouragement as to the success of my effort. I saw that he, like many others, could not endorse the Epworth League movement, as it was not inaugurated immediately after the landing of the Mayflower, and therefore was not sufficiently antique to deserve universal effort. Promptly at 3 o'clock the meeting was called to order by one Bro. Ellis as leader, who, after a short and appropriate talk, put things in motion, and two hours were spent here in song service and audible petitions to the Father for mercies and blessings, and quite a large number of both old and young testifying to the joy of Christian living. It reminded me of the old class-meeting of bygone days. All seemed to be in a deep spiritual frame of mind, and while there was not the number of conversions that the pastor and other Christians had hoped and prayed for, I felt assured that it was justly entitled a revival meeting, and that the influence will continue for good. I much favor the proposed Southern League Conference, and asking pardon for a seeming premature suggestion, would say if appointed, let each delegate be of Anglo-Saxon origin, white, with straight hair, of good moral character, and coming under the tongue of good report, feeling assured that acting under such conditions there will prevail a fraternal feeling as will at least satisfy all Southern Methodists and result in much good to our Church and prove beneficial to the Epworth League in the future. R. J. SMITH. San Marcos, Texas.

WORLDLINESS VS. FOREIGN MISSIONS.
No. 2.

When Christ, the Savior of the world, came to establish his propaganda, he ignored the counsels and the wisdom of men. He plainly said to his disciples, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me, and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."—Matt. 10:37-39.

Nothing is more opposed to selfishness and worldliness than the Scriptures just quoted. They admit of no unholy ambition, but demand an absolute surrender to Christ of every power of soul and body. They require supreme faith in God, and a willingness to commit every interest of our souls and bodies to his keeping. We must trust him with our families, so that no object of our affections shall get between us and our duty to Christ.

Do the faith and consecration of the Church now measure up to these divine specifications? Most certainly they do not. We have not been willing to enter upon an era of extraordinary missionary effort, such as involves self-renunciation and real privation for the Gospel's sake. We have refused to make the salaries of missionaries any smaller, because we are not willing to live on less at home; for it is not "fair" to send some of our best men to the heathen world, to labor there on a smaller allowance than our leading pastors require for themselves here.

It does not help the matter at all to say: "These men can not do their work at home and in the foreign field on less than they get." Hundreds of men, at home and abroad, have preached and labored, with even greater success, on less than half that much. We have instances of individual and exceptional consecration, even at this present time, that show what is possible for a Church that has unwavering faith in God, a faith that will trust God, to go where he commands us, with no other assurance than the Truth of God, which pledges us his unflinching care.

When Dr. A. B. Leonard, Senior Secretary of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, proposed to send forward to the foreign field all the candidates who gave satisfactory evidence of being called of God to the work, and then, if sufficient funds did not come in from the Church, to pay the stipulated salaries, to scale down all the salaries of missionaries, Secretaries and missionary Bishops, so as to leave no debt, the chief objection urged against the proposed plan was its "unfairness." The missionaries would probably have accepted the situation, but its "unfairness" would not allow such a forward move in obedience to the command of Christ to preach his Gospel "to every creature."

It is undeniably true that the faith and consecration of the leadership of the great denominations of the Church of Christ is too weak and faltering to meet the divinely imposed responsibility of entering the open doors of the whole heathen world. God has said, "Go into all the world," but it seems that we must have our "pound of flesh," if it comes nearest the heart of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the heathen die at the rate of thirty million a year, without God and without hope.

The announcement, at our last General Conference, that twenty-five hundred dollars a year was not enough to support our connectional officers in the city of Nashville, is some indication of the extent that "conformity to this world" is dominating the Church and choking up the channels of liberality among our people. There is a constantly widening chasm between the preachers and the masses, because of the great disproportion in the financial condition of our prominent preachers to that of the masses. The average wages of common laborers is less than three hundred dollars a year, and that of skilled workmen not more than about seven hundred dollars a year, and out of these scanty incomes house rent is to be paid, and their families to be supported. Now, these two classes compose at least four-fifths of the membership of the Churches. They know what the struggle for a living means, with all the competition and contingencies to be found in every industry open to them. To move these people to open their hearts and hands with liberal gifts to God's cause, and to endure pinching privation that they may send the Gospel to all mankind, they must realize that they are not being "burdened that other men may be eased."

We have, in the history of the "China Inland Mission," a striking demonstration of the power of absolute faith in God and heroic self-sacrifice for the salvation of the unevangelized world to awaken a corresponding faith and consecration in Churches at home. For more than one generation these consecrated men and women have been laboring in the interior provinces of the Chinese Empire, with no stipulated salaries, living on native diet and wearing the native costume, willing to be made "all things to all men, that they might, my all means, save some." Last year they had a missionary staff of foreign workers of seven hundred and seventy-six, and of native workers six hundred and five. They have no guarantee of support outside of the lids of the Bible. They will not go in debt, nor ask men for money to carry on their work; yet with these thirteen hundred laborers for God to be fed and clothed, they have never been one day without the means absolutely necessary for their support. No denominational board stands pledged for their support, but God has raised up friends whose hearts he has opened to give with astonishing liberality to meet every demand of this devoted and consecrated band. They believe that the same God who fed the two or three millions of Israelites for forty years in the wilderness is their God, and that he will keep

that which they committed to his trust. They saw, from time to time, the appalling needs of China's millions, and their faith staggered not at the promises of God, but asked for the needed reinforcements, and the money to send and support them. In 1866 they asked for a hundred new workers in one year, and before the end of the year the last detachment of the hundred sailed for China.

Have we no lesson to learn from such examples of faith and consecration to God? Let us think on our ways, and turn our feet unto His testimonies.

(To be continued.)

R. F. DUNN.

Harbin, Texas.

HISTORY OF METHODISM IN TEXAS.

During the past two or three years much has been written in the Advocate on the above subject. No one has been a more interested reader of these articles than the writer—nor more amazed. I add the latter expression because no mention has come across my notice of a good history of Methodism in Texas which has been before us for ten years. I speak of Thrall's work. The author copyrighted it in 1889 under the modest title: "A Brief History of Methodism in Texas." The writers' acquaintance with Bro. Thrall began in 1875, and was most pleasant and intimate until his death in 1894. And the undersigned counts it one of his chief pleasures that as able, painstaking and conscientious a writer as Dr. Thrall deemed his historical sketches worthy of special mention and of incorporation in his works. My literary intimacy with Bro. Thrall warrants me in saying he knew the defects in his history, and was, until incapacitated for such work, preparing to revise and bring it down to date. In this work I had collaborated with him some, and he requested me to assist him in correcting and revising his Texas History, and to take charge of and issue a new edition, and to see that his History of Methodism in Texas was corrected and brought down to date in case he did not live to do it.

I know that Bro. Thrall was not satisfied with his histories; and I know that his History of Methodism in Texas is much better than he himself deemed it. He lived and helped to make the very history he wrote during all but a few years of the existence of Methodism in Texas. I have been unable to find any one who knew of many errors of facts, or many material omissions. I do not believe a single epochal fact of Methodist History in Texas that is capable of proof is omitted, nor even of vitally important legendary or traditional facts. A few dates are wrong; some minor details are wrong; a few anachronisms occur; there are some incidents and personal adventures not elaborated or omitted—and in this latter lies Bro. Thrall's chief wrong in the estimation of many. His work is a good one—remarkably so, considering the character of material he had to sift, the persons, places and events so widely scattered with which he had to deal, and that he was the pioneer in this field.

A few years ago a party of us were disputing as to the best of Dr. A. Conan Doyle's works. I had asserted that his "White Company" was his best, and my friends dissented. It was on the eve of a reception to the distinguished author, and we agreed to refer it to him. He said: "There had been no historical novel showing how the English people became the most invincible known to history. Her acceptance of Christianity kindled in the breasts of her nobles the spirit of chivalry. This made her bowmen the best, the most unconquerable soldiers the world had ever had. So I determined to write a novel showing the place the English archers and yeomen with the long-bow, led by her noble knights, won in history in laying the foundation of Anglo-Saxon civilization and supremacy. I resolved to so completely cover the ground that no writer coming after me could touch on this without using materials I had gathered and used. I have succeeded in doing this in 'The White Company,' and I think I will be known longest by that work."

So I believe no one can write a history of Methodism in Texas without making its warp and most of its "filling" of materials Thrall gathered and used, and which can be found nowhere else, concerning the period from 1800 to 1889. I hope there is not a pre-determination to avoid acknowledging this. In carrying out Dr. Thrall's request to me, I went over the circuits of Stevenson, the Williams, Frank Wilson, the Mahons in East Texas, a few years ago, and took notes and interviews from those then living who knew those men of God. I had known Frank Wilson and his brothers in my boyhood, and I took pains to try to get at what some refer to as the "unwritten history of Methodism." I was unable to find any material statement

or omission of Dr. Thrall that needed correcting. I found and made notes of many new and interesting things, but they would prove mere embellishments and enlargements, and ought to be in foot notes rather than as original or epochal facts.

Some suggestive interrogatories: Would it not be more in accordance with strict Christian ethics and business fairness to make Thrall's History of Methodism in Texas the basis of anything written on this subject, and to see that Sister Thrall, who shared her sainted husband's trials and labors during the years he was writing and making that history, has her rightful share in the profits? Would it be honest and just to destroy the value of her copyright, when every one must know it must form the staple of anything it is possible to write and be accurate?

Can any history of Methodism in Texas be written worthy of putting in a Methodist home which professes to do more than correct some minor, or even a few material errors in Thrall's History, and which ignores his work and uses new materials? And if not, then ought not Thrall's work and copyright be recognized?

Where a legendary or traditional version of the same incident is proposed, in the absence of original documentary evidence, who is to judge if a new one is really more truthful history than the one Dr. Thrall may give?

Sister Thrall does not know I am writing this, but I have recently had a talk with her on the subject of the proposed new "history." She is taking a patient, Christian view of the drift of "things historical." She is measuring up to St. Paul's description of the love we know is of Christ: "Love . . . seeketh not her own."

No man can rightly claim the credit and profits of a history unless he has enough newly discovered and unused as well as more recent history to make up the new volume. Bishop McTiere considered Thrall's History good. And our Church has made McTiere a standard of study. WM. A. BOWEN. San Antonio, Texas.

Since writing the above, the Advocate came with Bro. Wesley Smith's timely article on this subject. He is mistaken in saying that we have had Thrall's History twenty years. There is only a gap of ten years to bring it down to the present. Methodism has made very little history in that time, and that little is known to those who would read it in a book. It has simply developed along old lines except in the matter of the Epworth League. W. A. B.

LEAVES OF LIFE.—CHAPTER XXVI.

Hydesburg Circuit.—Here I met all classes of people, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, obscure and great, learned and unlearned, large and small, men and women, children and babies, young people and youths, white and black—and yellow. These people belonged to all grades of society, from the highest to the lowest. As a rule, they treated me kindly. However, there was, early in my work, an apparent exception to this rule. On my first trip off from Hydesburg, and also my first appointment on the circuit, I spent Saturday night with the steward. Sunday morning went to Church, gave a talk to the Sunday-school, preached at 11 o'clock, went home with the class-leader for dinner, went back to Church and preached again in the afternoon. When service was over, nobody invited me home with them. I was let down. Did not know what was best to do. Walked slowly to my pony, unhitched, mounted, and tried to think what had best be done. After pondering the matter over awhile, this thought came: Well, I have received a cordial, hearty welcome at Bro. Temple Davis', at Hydesburg, and I will go back there. So I went. Do not remember the distance, but I was in the night getting back. After getting better acquainted with the people referred to, I liked them very well. Things passed on tolerable well until the first quarterly meeting came, and then my ministerial troubles began in heavy burdens. The Quarterly Conference was not willing for me to remain on the circuit as I had been appointed. Afterwards I was told that the pay was the trouble. The Discipline fixed my claim on the circuit at one hundred and fifty dollars. The circuit was well able to pay two preachers. But the Quarterly Conference did not want to do it. During the discussion of my case, the presiding elder had sent me off to his house to remain till he came.

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SECULAR NEWS ITEMS.

A negro boy by the name of Allen Hood in Mineola last Thursday night shot a woman of his own color, cut her throat and then proceeded to sever his own windpipe. No trials in this case.

The storm in Porto Rico some days back was more fearful in its results than at first reported. It is now known that something over 2000 people were drowned or killed outright and others are still dying from injuries received.

The Iowa Democrats have held a State Convention and nominated a full State ticket. Fred E. White heads the ticket as a candidate for Governor. The Democrats, however, do not stand much show in Iowa when the Republicans put forth their full strength.

Gen. Jimenez, the aspirant to the Presidency of Santo Domingo, and one of the causes of the trouble over there, was arrested at Cienfuegos, Cuba, last Friday, and is now held by the authorities until further advice from the Governor General.

Leading merchants of Ponce, Porto Rico, estimate the property loss and the destruction of crops of sugar and coffee by the late storm at \$75,000,000. No such devastation of human life and of property has ever been known in one storm in the history of the world.

Remson and McCord, the two young men who became involved in a difficulty at Cameron last Sunday and shot each other seriously, have both died of their wounds. Thus two young lives have been snuffed out in a fit of passion by the use of the six-shooter. But this is a common occurrence.

The Texas State Grangers held their annual meeting last week in the town of McGregor. There were a great many present and themes of interest to the farmers were discussed. There are no partisan political questions that come into the proceedings of these gatherings, but the betterment of the farming classes is the object of the meeting.

Five white women were assaulted within twenty-four hours by negroes in the suburbs of Little Rock, Ark. Four parties were immediately arrested and lodged in jail as suspects. One of them was identified by his victim. A mob of 2000 people attempted to storm the jail, but did not succeed. These atrocious crimes were committed the 16th inst.

The engineer on a passenger train between San Antonio and Houston ran his engine over a man in Fort Bend County some two weeks ago, and last Friday he was arrested for murder. The mishap was an accident of course, and this is the first case of the sort ever brought in this State against an engineer for murder under such circumstances. His name is Pettis.

General Alger has announced that he is out of politics forever. If this is correct then he will withdraw from the race in Michigan for the United States Senatorship. It is to be hoped that the statement is correct, since the country for the past few years has had enough of Algerism in American politics. His money has been a corrupting element in a number of campaigns.

The Transvaal trouble is now far from satisfactory settlement. President Kruger has rejected the proffer of Great Britain and the outlook is serious. This proffer came from Mr. Chamberlain for the appointment of a court of inquiry and now that all hope of this is abandoned, the Boers will have to back down or face a struggle. The outcome is awaited with anxiety.

The anti-Goebel Democrats held a convention in Lexington last week and nominated a full independent Democratic ticket for all of the State offices. One hundred and ten of the one hundred and nineteen counties were represented and there were present about 900 delegates. John Young Brown heads the malcontents for Governor. The best they can do is to probably defeat Goebel.

The Houston school muddle is now in a beautiful pickle, so to speak. The issue was taken to the State Superintendent and his decision knocked Mayor Erashear out. It was appealed to the State School Board and was sustained. In the meantime an injunction was filed in the District Court of Harris County against Kimbrough, the old Superintendent. The Judge decided to let him hold the office as a kind of compromise until the matter

could be fully adjudicated. Now comes the Mayor, who refuses to sign any of the bills for school supplies and teachers' salaries while the question is pending in the courts. Hence no money can be gotten with which to run the schools. This is the result of precipitating the school interests into the slum of city politics.

The jury in the Criminal Court of Dallas County, before whom was tried last week Hodges, for the murder of Frank Conner last June, were brought before Judge Clint last Monday and discharged because they failed to agree. We learn that six were for conviction and six for acquittal. This is the way that red-handed murderers are treated in Dallas County.

The late Farmers' Alliance in session in this State passed resolutions approving the scheme of Bishop Turner, of Georgia, asking the National Government to aid in the deportation of negroes to Africa. The impression obtained that his would be the solution of the race problem. They also adopted resolutions asking that attendance upon the public schools be made compulsory at least six months in the year.

M. Labori, counsel for Dreyfus, who was shot by an assassin a week ago, has sufficiently recovered to again be present at the trial of the famous prisoner. His wound is still painful, but it is rapidly healing and he will be fully recovered from it in a few days. At first he was supposed to be fatally wounded, but fortunately this is not the case. The would-be assassin is still at large.

An unfortunate collision occurred between three prominent citizens at Gonzales last Monday in which Tom Boothe was dangerously shot, and J. D. Hudson and his son were painfully wounded. The trouble grew out of a business settlement and it is greatly deplored. Powder and lead are the worst enemies with which Texas civilization has to contend. Their victims are reported with daily regularity.

The trouble between the negroes and some whites at Orange has continued to develop until it has reached an acute stage. It grew out of a conflict between the employees and the saw-mill people. The latter wanted to put negroes to work and some of the whites objected and ordered the blacks to leave. The Governor ordered the troops from Houston up there last Friday and they reported at once to the Sheriff of the county.

Last Monday morning a boy living with his father, John F. Martin, and his step-mother, Mrs. M. Martin, in this county, was found with a big gash in his throat. It was reported that he had been using his father's pocket-knife and had fallen accidentally and inflicted the wound. A doctor was summoned, but the boy died Wednesday following, the 16th inst. A post mortem was held and the result is that Mrs. M. Martin is in jail charged with the crime. The boy was eight years old.

Serious disturbances occurred in Paris last Sunday growing out of the Dreyfus matter. Anarchists have taken advantage of the condition of affairs and a great body of them made attacks upon several of the leading Catholic Churches and looted them, doing great injury to the furniture and building. The police charged them time and again and regular pitched battles frequently occurred. A number of persons were seriously injured. The whole thing is the apparent foretoken of a civil revolution.

An attempt was made to hold up the Denver train near Folsom, N. M., on the night of the 16th inst. As usual, they opened the ball with furious shooting to intimidate the passengers and the crew. But the game did not work. The conductor and expressmen returned the fire and a general battle ensued. The express messenger, F. L. Bartlett, was seriously wounded and Conductor Harrington was slightly injured. But one of the desperadoes was left severely shot and captured. The rest hastened away. Train robbers are cowards and a little hot lead is all they need.

Referring to the speed with which a chemical curiosity or a laboratory toy is transformed nowadays into an every-day commercial article, the Engineering News says editorially: "A new idea appears sometimes merely as a suggestion in a discussion, or in the form of a note to a learned body. In a few weeks some one else takes it up; then comes a popular article, and before long what was only an interesting fact becomes a commercial possibility, developing

into a great industrial factor. An excellent example is found in the progress of the liquefaction of air. It is but a short time since a few drops, hardly more than a deposit of dew on the walls of a glass bulb, were exhibited in a lecture room as a rare curiosity; then came a beakerful on the table of a popular lecturer, followed by larger quantities, available for experimental purposes and original research, and now we have the announcement among the articles of the month of the completion of a commercial plant to supply thousands of gallons per day.

According to a decision of the Chief Justice of New York, recently rendered in the case of Mrs. Cosco, a wealthy colored woman, who sought to force her children into a school for whites, it was held that the Board could not be compelled to admit negro children to such a school when there was a school in the same community maintained for negroes. So New York State has no more taste for negro equality than the South.

The following telegram from London about sums up the status of the Dreyfus case at his writing: Revelations of further forgeries and disavowals by foreign diplomats and even Picquart's evidence fail to remove the deepening conviction in the minds of spectators at the court-martial at Rennes that Dreyfus has no chance of acquittal. It is alleged that the members of the court-martial refused to take the trouble to read copies of the Court of Cassation evidence, on the ground that they are fully competent to conduct an independent inquiry. Advocate Mornard, who is assisting De Mange, watched the progress of the case yesterday and could not help remarking the partiality Jouanet displayed, especially his hostility toward Picquart, who gave testimony in favor of the accused. Strong agitation is beginning to be manifested in Paris for a convocation of the Chamber of Deputies.

The status of the Dreyfus trial remains unchanged. It is being conducted before a military court with the sympathies of the Court in favor of the army. The hearing is a tedious one, and the end is no where in sight as yet. It has resolved itself into a contest between the Jews and the Jesuits, and the race feature of it is growing more and more bitter. The attempted assassination of Labori, counsel for Dreyfus, hurt his case somewhat; but his recovery and reappearance in the trial this week has restored confidence in some circles in his favor. The outside world is in sympathy with the prisoner, but the military influence in France is against him. It is now thought that France cannot stand the force of his acquittal, but that he will be found guilty and then pardoned. How this will turn out no one can tell, but in the meantime the case is attracting, yea, monopolizing, the attention of the civilized world. The whole matter has France in a bad way. She seems to be on the verge of a civil revolution.

Lieutenant Alfred Drew, of the Twelfth Regular Infantry, was killed in an engagement with the insurgents in the Philippines last week. He was a native of Houston, Texas, and a most promising young man. He leaves a wife who is now in Galveston. No particulars at present of the circumstances of his death.

Andrew D. White, minister to St. James, and our ambassador to the Peace Conference at The Hague, sums up some of the results of the Conference as follows: "In my opinion a great good was accomplished, far more, in fact, than any of us dared expect or even hope, when we came together. As to the disarmament everybody really thinking upon the subject must see that a good system of arbitration must come first and that then, when arbitration has diminished the likelihood of war, the argument for cutting down forces and armaments is greatly strengthened. The logical order then is, first, arbitration, and next, disarmament. As to the plan of arbitration, any compulsory system is at present utterly out of the question. There are so many international differences involving questions of race, religion, security and even national existence, and the difficulty of drawing a line between these and questions which might properly be arbitrated is so insurmountable that there is not a nation on the face of the earth willing to risk an obligatory system. Far better, then, than any compulsory arbitration which probably, even if it had been adopted by the conference, not one of the powers would have ratified, is a thoroughly good system of voluntary arbitration, recourse to which public opinion will enforce more and more, and this I earnestly believe the conference has presented to the world. The present plan is the result of most careful thought by the foremost inter-

national lawyers, statesmen and diplomatists of Europe, to say nothing of other parts of the world."

PALMER CIRCUIT.

In spite of the hot weather and the general indifference of the people in spiritual matters, I have just closed a very successful series of meetings on the Palmer Circuit. The first was held in Dixon's Chapel, where we were ably assisted by Bro. Oakly, of Tennessee. The result was a great revival of the old-fashioned type. Our second meeting was held in Chappell Hill Church. The local preachers, Revs. Hayes and Vincent, did valiant service. Success again crowned our efforts. At Boyce we held a union service, Rev. Gilliam, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, being the pastor. Boyce was our Waterloo. Here was the hardest fight against the powers of sin and darkness. Here, too, was the greatest victory. At the beginning everything seemed cold and dead; at the close the whole community was full of happy, rejoicing Christians. During these meetings some hard sinners have been won for Christ. Almost every community has its enmities and quarrels, its hard feelings; oftentimes families are alienated and there are old, chronic sores, spiritually. These interrupt revivals. One Achan in a camp prevented the victorious march of two millions of people. So, to-day, these family feuds prevent the onward march of God's people. Palmer Circuit was no exception to the rule. During the revival services, persons who had long cherished ill will in their hearts came to the altar and shook hands and shouted aloud the praises of God. This, it seemed, was a sign of the deepest, truest conversion. We had about sixty additions to the Church, and ninety conversions.

Why may not the revival go on? If we exercise a growing faith in Christ, it will. There is no need for the Holy Spirit to stop his work because the preacher grows weary. We have the faith to believe that not only the surface is stirred, but the depths. One reason of our great success was that the Church was a unit. The people worked with the preachers. Then, away back in the silent watches of the night, the women prayed. Ah, brethren, there is much in the expression, "with one accord." Could the whole Church be of "one accord," no power in earth or hell could check or stop our victorious march.

To-night we will begin a revival service at Ebenezer Church. We have two more meetings to hold. Pray for us, that the good times of last week may be but an earnest or sample of the greater outpouring of God's Spirit in these meetings. I am at home, resting a few days. My heart is on fire with love of God and an intense longing to save souls, to bring sinners to Christ, and to be used entirely to glorify God and get others to do the same.

J. A. WALKUP.
Fort Worth, Texas, Aug. 11.

RATHER A GOOD TAKE-OFF.

Mr. P. J. Moran, in an article in the Atlanta Constitution, says: "As an illustration of the manner in which the farmers of the country have lost heretofore, it is only necessary to repeat a statement recently made by Mr. Hester, of New Orleans, that out of an annual cotton receipt of one million three hundred thousand bales in that city over thirty-seven thousand bales were made up out of samples which had been ruthlessly plucked from the bales by the men who handled them, which should have gone into the parishes of Louisiana." Not the least merit of the American Cotton Company's Roundup bale is that besides its other economies it prevents this unjust tribute from being levied on the farmer.

The highway of holiness is along the commonest road of life—along your very way. In wind and rain, no matter how it beats—it is only going hand in hand with Him.—Mark Guy Pearse.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

North Texas Conference.

MESQUITE.

L. L. Naugle, Aug. 21: We closed our last meeting for this charge yesterday at Seagoville. The visible results of all our meetings are about 120 conversions. Eighty-seven have joined the Church, and fourteen have been removed. Twenty-one adults and twenty-nine infants have been baptized.

ROSALIE.

W. H. Brown, Aug. 17: Last night we closed our revival at Line Branch. It was a great success. Line Branch community is a small community and there was a protracted meeting near us on two sides, yet we had fine crowds and 25 professions and several accessions to our Church, whose names will be registered at Rosalie. The men of the community say they never saw a greater revival. The whole community was revived. The outlook for the future is very encouraging. To God our Father be all the glory.

ARGYLE CIRCUIT.

H. Jarnagin, Aug. 8: Rev. J. R. Atchley has just closed a meeting of eleven days at Chinn's Chapel. Bro. Atchley preached a series of masterly gospel sermons equaled by few to a large, orderly congregation of anxious hearers. While there were few conversions the Church was greatly edified and raised to a much higher sense of duty and sinners thoroughly warned in burning words to flee the wrath to come. Our local preacher, old Father G. W. Jackson, was able to be in the meeting part of the time and did good work. May the blessings of God ever rest upon Bros. Atchley and Jackson.

TERRELL CIRCUIT.

A. G. Scraggs: Our third Quarterly Conference was held the 29th of July with a very good attendance of the members and average reports. Bro. I. W. Clark was on hand and in good trim. Uncle Buck Hughes, Dr. Neely and Bro. O. S. Thomas were present with us, which we appreciated very much. We continued the meeting for nine days, Bros. Clark, Neely and O. S. Thomas doing most of the preaching to the edifying of the Church and awakening of sinners. To say that we appreciated the presence and labors of these brethren is but mildly stating it. The visible results to date 29 conversions, 6 accessions and 1 infant baptized. The Church greatly revived. To God be all the praise.

MARVIN.

W. R. McCarter, August 18: Our meeting at Shady Grove has closed. It was a great success. People shouted aloud the praises of Him in whom they trust, sinners were convicted and made to cry for mercy. Twenty-seven were happily converted, and a large number of backsliders reclaimed. Bro. J. J. Clark was with us from first to last. He preached, exhorted, and worked as faithfully as any one ever did. The Lord blessed his labor in the upbuilding of the Church and the salvation of sinners. Bro. Clark is a man of one work. He endeared himself to us and our people; our prayers shall follow him wherever he goes. We go to Marvin next. Pray for us, asking God to do great things for that community.

SANGER.

Joel S. Graves: Our third Quarterly Conference is past. No special features to differentiate it from preceding ones. Our meetings are all in the future, with one exception. Twelve accessions to date and a few conversions only. Bro. Binkley preached four sermons, and a week later, in passing through,

preached another. He preached one sermon on the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." This sermon, he says, is not yet a year old; but it was the rich, mellow vintage of a long practical experience. It was a human sermon; just such as inspires hope in the poor, failing heart, and begets a spirit of beneficence in them that are able to do good. This is not servile, and when our "beloved" helps us and our people we will give him his due.

ROSALIE.

W. H. Brown, August 22: I am now in one of the greatest revivals I ever held, or at least it seems so. Scores of people are being converted and the old, hard ones are now praising God. There must have been a score or more converted last night. A thousand or more people are attending the meetings. Old citizens say they never saw the equal of this revival.

CAMPBELL.

J. T. Bludworth, August 22: Have just closed my fourth protracted meeting on the Campbell Circuit. Some of the visible results are: The Church wonderfully revived, a great many reclamations, 116 conversions, seventy-eight accessions, and all claims against the circuit met by subscription. Rev. C. T. Talley was with me all through the meetings. Our presiding elder, Rev. C. B. Fladger, was with us part of the time at Jones Bethel. Revs. W. D. Philpott, J. L. Edwards, W. J. Bludworth, and C. P. Simpson rendered valuable pulpit service. Bro. C. I. McWhirter was with us at Jones' Bethel and helped us greatly in altar work.

Northwest Texas Conference.

GRANGER.

N. A. Keen, Aug. 19: Just closed a fine meeting at Jonah. Twelve or fifteen conversions and seven additions. Rev. W. A. Dunn, student at the University, rendered efficient and acceptable help.

JONESBORO.

F. M. Winburne, Aug. 19: All my meetings to date have been attended with great spiritual power. I begin at Ames—Union Grove—to-day. Will all who read this send one fervent, silent prayer to Him for our success. Evergreen has ordered a new organ and new lumber to repair the house.

EDDY.

R. R. Raymond: We have just closed a very fine meeting at Eddy, resulting in between seventy-five and one hundred conversions. Forty-eight have joined the Methodist Church, and we will get more. We had no help, except from my people, who were a power in the meeting. They made their pastor a present of \$50, as a slight token of their appreciation. God bless them.

HUBBARD CITY.

Robt. J. Deets, August 22: Since my last card have held four meetings. Am now in a good meeting here assisting Bro. Caton. Meeting growing all the time. Thirty-three converts to date and several days to run yet. Go from here to Groesbeck. This has been a busy year with me. Have only had time to visit my family four times since the first of February.

TAYLOR.

W. H. Matthews, Aug. 17: We closed a good meeting here on the 7th instant. The pastor preached two and three times a day, nearly every day, for almost a month. God blessed us. Great revival in the Church. About 35 conversions and reclamations, 35 additions, 18 on profession of faith, 17 by letter. We hope for still greater things and better times in Taylor.

PEORIA.

G. W. Kincheloe, Aug. 21: Our meeting at Bethel closed last night. Results, thirty conversions and thirty additions to the Methodist Church. It was the best meeting Bethel has had for years. We had no outside help in the way of preachers, but Bros. McDaniel and Morris rendered valuable aid through the meeting. Eighteen children have been baptized on this work, and more to follow. Fifty new subscribers to the Advocate, and more to follow. Will break all past records for this circuit on this line.

SALADO.

S. J. Rucker, Aug. 18: The revival season for this circuit is past. At Belle Plains we had a good spiritual meeting. The Church was greatly blessed. There were about 12 conversions and 11 accessions to the Church. Bro. J. H. Stewart, of Itasca, did the principal preaching, and he did it well. He won the hearts of all the people. My brother, Rev. W. K. Rucker, was

present also, and gave valuable assistance. We have just closed at Prairie Dell. I did my own preaching the first six days. Then came Bro. Nelms to our third Quarterly Conference. He gave us five sermons that have already proved a great blessing to our people there, and that will bear fruit for many days to come. Bro. Story, of Belton, was with us the last three days and gave us very valuable help. Bro. Ball, local preacher, preached one good sermon, and greatly assisted in the altar. Altogether, there were some dozen conversions and eight accessions to the Church, and, best of all, the Church was greatly revived. On this entire work we have received 78 members this year, nearly all of them on profession of faith. The financial outlook is good, and we contemplate the erection of one new church. God has greatly blessed us this year and to him we render all praise.

ERATH.

C. S. Cameron: Our meeting at Evergreen began July 18 and closed July 30. Success was ours in His strength. A great meeting it was. We had fifty or more conversions and reclamations; the Church most powerfully revived. Thirteen accessions; more to follow. We were ably assisted by that untiring worker and faithful servant of God, Rev. K. S. VanZandt, of Grand View. Dr. H. W. Withers, of the Arkansas Conference, gave us three most excellent sermons. Our Church at Evergreen is more closely drawn together in the love of Christ than for some years. Many promised to erect family altars. The depth of this meeting cannot be estimated now. Praise be to God for victory.

HORN HILL.

J. T. McKeown, Aug. 18: Our third quarterly meeting, August 5, at Central Institute. Our beloved presiding elder, E. A. Bailey, was with us. We had a grand meeting. Great deal of sickness in the community. The Lord was with us daily. Bro. Bailey did a grand work at Central Institute. Our meeting at Horn Hill above high-water mark. Bros. McCullough, Newson and Thurman. Our meeting at Ben Hur, no conversions. Great deal of sickness all over the whole work. Bro. L. L. Jeter was with us at Ben Hur. He is a faithful worker, a man of God. My family all well. Ten joined at Horn Hill. Eight at Central Institute. Several to join later on. Sickness has been a great drawback on our work this year. God save the people, is our prayer.

ERATH.

C. S. Cameron, August 21: Our meeting at Bosqueville began 11th instant and closed the 20th. It was a great meeting in visible results—thirty were converted in and out of the Church. A most wonderful revival throughout. Every person attending felt its influence. Eleven new members have been received, with others yet to follow. We were assisted by Rev. E. V. Cox, of Arlington, Texas, who did most of the preaching. Rev. J. A. Rogers rendered some good help, as did also Rev. H. H. Edwards, both local deacons of this work. The last night was the best of all, for there were six bright conversions and four accessions; several covenanted to erect family altars. God bless the faithful men and women at this place. We take on new life.

COVINGTON.

C. Davis, August 22: Our camp-meeting closed on Sunday night. We believe it has accomplished great good. Bro. Burnett did some earnest, heart-searching work. The crowds at night were very large. Church members of various denominations were quickened, brought closer together, and we trust closer to God. The reclamations were very numerous, about one hundred and fifty professed to have been reclaimed or converted; thirty-nine were added to our Church, and several gave their names for other Churches. Sunday was a great day. The crowds were immense. Bro. Burnett talked to the children at 11; at 2:30 we held a jubilee testimony meeting; at 4 Bro. Burnett talked to the men in a grove near by; the writer talked to the women on missions; closed at night with 1500 listening to a soul-stirring sermon.

MANSFIELD.

E. T. Harrison: This is Mansfield's first year in the role of a station, and after many prophecies, predictions, etc., pro and con, we find ourselves moving off very gracefully in our new conditions. In fact, nearly every one says we must never drop back. The Woman's Home Mission Society, early in the year, furnished the parsonage nicely from parlor to kitchen. All things considered, a very generous assessment was made for the pastor's support, and the indications are that a full financial showing will be made at conference. The Church has virtu-

ally put itself under promise to remodel the church building next spring. This has been an exceedingly pleasant year to this pastor, for we have been treated thoroughly well by our people. The usual poundings and many smaller favors have found their way to the parsonage. A few days since we closed a very successful protracted meeting. The presiding elder, Bro. Bolton and Bro. M. K. Little, of Polytchnic, were with us for a few days. The results of the meeting were about fifteen conversions, some five or six reclamations. Eleven united with our Church on profession of faith. Inclosed find four new subscribers for the Advocate, which is in much favor with our people. Under the new editor it is a most readable paper. But it will be a long time before we cease to miss the matchless editorials of the former editor, Dr. Pierce. Their thoughts came to our minds and heart like the waters of a living stream, and we always felt stronger and better for having read them.

WHITT CIRCUIT.

S. E. Allison, Aug. 16: We have just closed our third protracted meeting on this charge. The battle was opened up at Black Springs. Our beloved presiding elder, Rev. Jno. R. Morris, was with us at the first of the meeting, preaching to the profit and edification of all who heard him. He endeared himself to the people of that community. We were hindered at this place by the excessive rains and two steam threshers. The two make a formidable foe to run a meeting against. We had good crowds all the while, and good interest all the way through. The visible results of the meeting: Five additions to the Church, one bright conversion and the Church greatly blessed, and my conference collections for that place secured. We then went from there to Grafrod, another point on the charge. This was a union meeting of the Methodists and Cumberland Presbyterians. The good people of the community had built a tabernacle. We ran here for two weeks; had good congregations all the way through. We had five additions to our Church—two conversions. This is an undeveloped territory, as fine a country as there is in the State—the beautiful Keechi Valley. We have a move on foot to build us a church. I feel sure this is the only salvation for Methodism in this section, and I might add for Christianity. The pastor feels much encouraged over the outlook. The preaching was done by Revs. B. H. Howard, the Cumberland Presbyterian pastor; Ashburn, of the same Church; Lewis, of Weatherford, and this writer. We moved our point of attack from there to Bethesda. This is one of as well organized country Churches as I ever saw. The Church was a little cold, but some of the members began to pull on a cold collar, and as is always the case, God blesses people that do their duty, and along toward the last of the meeting I never saw a Church get wider awake. The last night of the meeting there were more than thirty penitents at the altar; fourteen were converted; in all during the meeting there were thirty-two conversions, and twenty additions to the Church; backsliders were reclaimed, family altars erected and a shout of victory which made the "welkin ring." We were ably assisted in the meeting by Rev. A. B. Roberts, former pastor of this charge, who had to resign his work because of ill health. He is much improved now, and I feel hopeful that he will be able to take regular work next year. We open up here at Whitt next Friday night. I feel like we will have a vic-

tory. Pray for us. I hope to come to conference this fall with a full report. I feel much encouraged to see good reports from all parts of the field. Brethren, let us "press the battles to the very gates of the enemy." "Laugh at impossibilities and cry for the work to be done."

EAST CLEBURNE CIRCUIT.

G. E. Sandel, Aug. 19: We began our round of protracted meetings on this charge at Prince's Chapel. The meeting here was necessarily of short duration, owing to conditions previously arranged; but God greatly blessed us in the eight days of its continuance. We endeavored to do honest, earnest work, making no compromise with any form of sin, and God honored the effort. The Church was revived, several backsliders reclaimed and two young ladies happily converted. Bro. B. F. Badgett preached one sermon for us. All the rest of the preaching was done by our own preachers—Bro. Glass, our superannuate, Bro. Roberts, our local preacher, and the pastor. But our next meeting, at Watts' Chapel, was the one in which God gave us the greatest victory. It was truly the most wonderful display of the power of God ever witnessed by this preacher since his boyhood days. Sinners were convicted and converted everywhere—in their homes, at the church, in the dark, and in the light. One man started away from the arbor to get into the wagon, and was so overpowered by conviction for sin that he fell flat in the middle of the road and cried for mercy. As soon as we could, we went out to him in the dark, got down and prayed for him, and God happily converted his soul. When asked on the next night where he was converted, he pointed to the spot, and said, "Out there." He will always remember that place. Men 60, 45 and on down in age to 18 years were converted or reclaimed. We do not know how many were blessed by the meeting, but twenty-odd persons were counted as having been converted or reclaimed. Bro. Bolton, the pre-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE.)



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MAGNETIC HEALING.

I receive so many letters from persons living in Texas inquiring about the so-called magnetic healers of this town that I am constrained to ask for a little space in the Advocate in order to make a statement concerning them. I do this not only to save myself the time and trouble involved in answering so many letters, but in order also, if possible, to protect your readers from falling into the hands of a set of sorcerers as pretentious and as powerless and as conscienceless as Simon Magus of old.

1. The teaching of these so-called healers is an ignorant mixture of negro voodooism and Christian Science. They call it "mental science." I do not hesitate to say it is disgusting ignorance and immoral charlatanism. They make much use of hypnotism, and by it deceive the unwary and superstitious. And they gain many adherents of weak mind and uncertain character, in the same way precisely that Christian Science wins many followers.

2. These institutions are very numerous in this city. I am told there are about thirty of them. At the head of some of them are men who, a few weeks or months ago, were barbers or butchers or blacksmiths or loafers, and some women who were of notoriously bad character, who, after a ten days' "course" in magnetic healing, have become full-fledged "professors," and pretend to be able to heal all manner of disease without medicine and at a distance. And, in my judgment, any of these are quite the equal in moral character, and quite as fit to undertake the healing of disease as the chief of them all, who, by large advertisement and skillful use of the weakness of humanity for giving favorable testimonials to unworthy and uncertain concerns, has secured the attention of many thousands of the afflicted to his cure-all pretensions.

3. The "healers" themselves, when they become actually sick, send for physicians, just as other people do. The mother of the most notorious one among them died a few months ago, notwithstanding his miraculous power to heal!

4. One of the leading physicians of this city, an official member of my Church, recently exposed a pretended cure of a malignant cancer which he had personally examined, and offered to give \$1000 for a properly authenticated case of cancer cured by these methods. This was published in the city papers here; but nobody has appeared to accept the challenge, though they continually pretend to be able to cure this among other terrible diseases.

5. The writer has lived in this city for about ten months as pastor of Centenary M. E. Church, South. The principal one of these "institutes" is just one block from his residence and church. He has seen hundreds of patients, has gone to the sick-bedside of some and buried others; but he never has seen one whom he had sufficient reason to believe had been cured of any actual disease; nor has he ever heard any trustworthy person say that he had personal knowledge of a real cure.

6. From five to fifteen or twenty dead bodies are shipped out of this town every week of persons who have been brought here for "treatment," many of whom might probably have had their lives much prolonged under proper medical treatment.

The number stated is probably too low, as the shipments are made at night, and are concealed as much as possible. The writer has heard of four such shipments within the twenty-four hours preceding this writing.

7. A number of the ministers of the gospel of this town have publicly and repeatedly exposed and denounced these concerns as immoral and fraudulent; but they are compelled to call upon the religious press for assistance. The principal injury is now being done to those who come from abroad, who can be reached, if reached at all, only through the press.

I pray you in the name of humanity and righteousness, give this as conspicuous a place in your paper as possible.

C. M. BISHOP,
Pastor Centenary M. E. Church, South,
Nevada, Mo.

HOLSTEIN POOL CAMP-MEETING.

"Blessed be the God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people." That the good old camp-meeting days of Methodism are not over, we praise God.

In the midst of summer, when the promising harvests smile upon the painstaking farmer, after his faithful service of sowing the seeds, his grateful heart calls a halt, in accordance with kind nature. He summons about him his beloved household and exclaims: "The pastor calleth. Come, let us go up into the groves and worship." "To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of

death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace."

The many beautiful streams and groves of our Texas lands, with their healthful supply of varied mineral waters, offer rare inducements to those who would go out and pitch their tent in the midst of nature and worship God "in the beauty of holiness," "not being conformed to the things of this world, but being transformed by the renewing of our spirits."

How doubly sweet to be gathered together as the sheep of one pasture, under a tender, loving, sympathetic shepherd's care! What a blessed privilege to assemble from year to year, and to rise up early with the going down of the stars and the dawn of the blessed sunlight, and arise with one accord and pour out our souls with one accord in loving thanksgiving at the daily sunrise prayer-meetings at peep of dawn, while the birds mingle their sweetest carols in sweet commune; to assemble by thousands, for morning and afternoon service, praising God and hearing the Holy Scriptures expounded by "His chosen vessels," who are to "feed his lambs, the sheep of his flock."

Then again, as the old familiar summons falls upon the ear, from the note of horn, what more beautiful vision than to see the feet of the pure virgins wending their way into the tabernacle to offer up vesper hymns and prayers for the salvation of their souls and for the redemption of the whole world; to use them then and there for the resetting of perishing, precious souls, yea, as consecrated instruments, all along life's pilgrimage.

Later still, amid nature's altars, for heart to speak to heart, all in unison, amid the hushing whisperings of the groves, saying, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Again, "Marvel not (my brethren) that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." Singing anthems to the God of love, and invoking his Holy Spirit to shine according to divine providence ever brighter along our brightest pathway.

For full twenty years God's faithful people have been holding an annual camp-meeting services at Holstein Pool, where myriads of trees have grown tall amid the echoing anthems of souls being regenerated in God by the "renewing of their spirits."

Formerly these tenting grounds, now dedicated to the worship of the God of our fathers, were the land of bloodshed, where wild cattle roamed o'er their grassy plains, and no thought of earthly tabernacle was even dreamed of, where erring man might come and receive pardon and peace with his fellow man, in the name of the great Jehovah! Here was no well where the tented pilgrim could slake his thirst. Now, all over these spacious grounds may be seen thirsty sojourners, gathered round the old oaken bucket, quenching their thirst from nature's crystal fountain, and drawing out and giving to "the stranger within their gates" "a cup of cold water, in His name," with the simple free will hospitality taught by our blessed Master in his quiet, faithful injunction, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"Ho, come ye to the waters and drink!" Drink in the sweet notes of the old-time religion, heralded forth in our precious old hymns of "ye olden time"—"Nearer, My God, to Thee," "How Firm a Foundation," "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" and "Beautiful Valley of Eden."

Bros. J. W. Sims, of Rancho, and Stanfield Gardner, of San Marcos, labored faithfully for a period of ten days with the unconverted souls who came hence seeking the restoration of their bodies and the eternal salvation of their souls.

These, our beloved pastors in Christ, spared not themselves from early sunrise until the eleventh hour of midnight, striving to awaken their un-saved brethren, exhorting them to seek the salvation of their souls, and consecrate their souls and bodies, a living sacrifice, unto the service of God, as "King's sons and daughters." By precept and example they labored continuously, day and night, for ten long July days, expounding the mysteries of the Word, and such an everlasting downpouring of the Holy Spirit and earnest seeking after the bread of life, amid such "showers of blessings" and "groanings of the spirit" is seldom witnessed among the "sons of men."

Truly the spirit of truth and conviction was shed abroad in the hearts of sinners, and the season of prayer, repentance and thanksgiving has been a gracious blessing to the children of men.

We do earnestly pray that the love of God has been shed abroad in the hundreds of souls that gathered around that humble little altar of Holstein Pool Tabernacle, at this present season. May the precious seeds that were so faithfully sown by our fellow laborers in Christ rebound to their

everlasting glory in Christ Jesus! God grant that the shouts of the new-born souls awakened into glory may resound down the corridors of the ages.

"For the glory of the Lord was there; The Lamb himself its Light; 'All worthy is the Lamb,' they sang; The glory, his alone!"

MISS MARTHA DELERY,
Seguin, Texas.

THE OLDEST FEMALE COLLEGE IN THE WORLD.

Among the beneficent agencies that have given to our Southland its splendid type of cultured womanhood, none stands forth in greater prominence than the Wesleyan Female College at Macon, Ga. This pioneer in the work of the higher education of women has, during its career of more than sixty years, sent forth such women as Miss Laura Haygood, Mrs. Young J. Allen, Mrs. Colquitt and scores of others equally prominent and equally influential in moulding the social and religious life of this and other lands.

It gives us great pleasure to speak of the present status of the college and of its prospects for enlarged usefulness. Never in its history has the college had better equipment, never a more pleasing outlook. It enjoys the eminent distinction of ranking with the fifteen best female colleges of America. It has a literary faculty whose successful work in their special departments furnishes an ample guarantee of their high scholarship and excellent character. Its special departments form an unusually attractive feature of its work. Miss Jeanette Loudon, the Director of Music, spent several years in Europe in study under Scharwenka, Royal Professor and Court Pianist at Berlin, and under Dr. Robert Keller and other distinguished teachers of Piano. From these and from the distinguished American pianists, William H. Sherwood and Bernhard Listemann, she has received strong testimonials as a brilliant pianist and highly gifted artist. She has held positions in some of the best colleges of this country, notably the School of Music of the University of Michigan, in which position she showed herself to be, as Director Albert A. Stanley testifies, "an artist governed by high musical ideals; a teacher of exceptional ability." Her associates are also artists of first-class ability. Miss White, the principal of the Vocal Department, is a pupil and associate teacher of Miss Clara Munger, of Boston, who pronounces her a "brilliant soprano" and unsurpassed as a teacher of voice. Miss Lewis, of the Department of Elocution and Physical Culture, is an honor graduate of the Emerson College of Oratory of Boston. Dr. Emerson, the founder and President of this institution, says: "She possesses unusual natural ability, developed to a marked degree. Her work is that of a true artist. She will make whatever she teaches not only of educational but also of moral and spiritual value, because of what she is. Her influence upon the lives and characters of her pupils will be uplifting and ennobling." The work of the Art Department is unsurpassed in any Southern college. Miss Mason has been in charge of this department for a number of years, and has established an enviable reputation for artistic ability and thoroughness and excellency of teaching.

It is an especial pleasure to speak of the Department of Modern Languages. Dr. Andre De Bordes is a linguist of eminent ability. A graduate of the University of Chicago, formerly Professor of the French Language and Literature in the Peninsular College of Gracia, Spain, an author whose text-books have been introduced into some leading American colleges, he possesses, in an unusual degree, the qualities necessary for the higher culture in the modern languages and their literatures. Prof. Chas. R. Forster, just elected to the Chair of Ancient Languages, is universally recognized as one of the finest linguists in the South. He is a gentleman of broad culture and of noble Christian character.

These are some of the new teachers in the institution. There are in all about twenty-five members of the faculty; but our space will not permit us to speak in detail of the other departments and of the professors in charge of them; of the healthy religious tone of the college, and of the generous and home-like government of the girls gathered within its walls. But we cannot refrain from mentioning the name of Miss Emily M. Allen, who, under the direction of the President, has chief charge of the boarding pupils. Miss Allen is well known throughout the South, and was recently elected to her position in the college because of her deeply religious spirit as well as her eminent qualifications as a teacher.

It is right that we should mention the fact that according to the National Mortality Reports, Macon holds second place in healthfulness in the Uni-

ted States. The college building, which is the best and most commodious in the South, is located on the loftiest spot in the city and in the midst of the best residences. It is heated by steam and well lighted by city gas. Electric elevators convey the pupils from floor to floor. Abundance of the purest water, both hot and cold, is supplied on every floor; toilet and bathing arrangements are complete. During the past summer every inch of plumbing in the building has undergone examination, and wherever needed, repairs have been made. Its sanitary condition has been pronounced by experts to be perfect. The building is being entirely refurnished and re-carpeted, and everything put in condition to contribute to the health and happiness of the pupils. Under Dr. Roberts, the college is enjoying a splendid present, as it has enjoyed a glorious past, and is looking to a still more glorious future.

E. M. MASSENGALE.

REV. JOHN H. DAVIDSON.

John Hinds Davidson, son of Jno. A. and Eliza Green Davidson, was born in Mississippi, June, 1814. He was converted at a camp-meeting in Louisiana in 1839. He was recommended to the Mississippi Conference for admission on trial the same year, and in the fall of that year was admitted on trial in the conference. In 1842 Bro. Davidson was married to his first wife, To Bro. and Sister Davidson were born four children, all of whom preceded the father to the better world. In 1842 Bro. Davidson was elected to deacon's orders and ordained by Bishop Beverly Waugh. In 1846 he was ordained elder by Bishop J. O. Andrew. Bro. Davidson remained in the Mississippi Conference until 1852, in which year he removed to Texas, and was used as a supply by the Rev. J. M. Wesson on the Spring Creek Circuit. In 1853 the first wife went to her reward. In 1854 Bro. Davidson was united in marriage with the wife who now survives him. Until and during the war Bro. Davidson preached in the Texas Conference. In 1866 Bro. Davidson's health gave way, and since that time he has lived continuously in Galveston. During these thirty-three years Bro. Davidson has been a faithful member, for a few years of St. James Church, but for the most part of St. John's Church; and during these years, in great bodily affliction, has awaited the summons of his Lord. That summons came June 8, 1899.

Be it resolved by this District Conference, that in the death of Bro. Davidson our Church has lost the earthly fellowship of a dutiful and faithful son. Resolved, that the sympathy of this conference be expressed to the bereaved companion who mourns the departure of our brother. Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be published in the Texas Christian Advocate.

J. T. HUFFMASTER,
W. D. BRADFIELD,
SETH WARD.

VICTOR HUGO ON IMMORTALITY.

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach tue end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale; and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire ode and song—I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work.' But I can not say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again in the morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens with the dawn."

Hood's Pills

Do not gripe nor irritate the alimentary canal. They act gently yet promptly, cleanse effectually and

Give Comfort

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Eczema!
The Only Cure.

Eczema is more than a skin disease, and no skin remedies can cure it. The doctors are unable to effect a cure, and their mineral mixtures are damaging to the most powerful constitution. The whole trouble is in the blood, and Swift's Specific is the only remedy which can reach such deep-seated blood diseases.

Eczema broke out on my daughter, and continued to spread until her head was entirely covered. She was treated by several good doctors, but grew worse, and the dreadful disease spread to her face. She was taken to two celebrated health springs, but received no benefit. Many patent medicines were taken, but without result, until we decided to try S. S. S., and by the time the first bottle was finished, her head began to heal. A dozen bottles cured her completely and left her skin perfectly smooth. She is now sixteen years old, and has a magnificent growth of hair. Not a sign of the dreadful disease has ever returned.



H. T. SHORR,
2704 Lucas Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Don't expect local applications of soaps and salves to cure Eczema. They reach only the surface, while the disease comes from within. Swift's Specific

S.S.S. For The Blood

is the only cure and will reach the most obstinate case. It is far ahead of all similar remedies, because it cures cases which are beyond their reach. S. S. S. is purely vegetable, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no potash, mercury or other mineral.

Books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.



A Woman Only Knows

what suffering from falling of the womb, whites, painful or irregular menses, or any disease of the distinctly feminine organs. A man may sympathize or pity but he can not know the agonies she goes through—the terrible suffering, so patiently borne, which robs her of beauty, hope and happiness. Yet this suffering really is needless.

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui

will banish it. This medicine cures all "female diseases" quickly and permanently. It does away with humiliating physical examinations. The treatment may be taken at home. There is not continual expense and trouble. The sufferer is cured and stays cured. Wine of Cardui is becoming the leading remedy for all troubles of this class. It costs but \$1 from any druggist.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, the "Ladies Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

MRS. C. J. WEST, Nashville, Tenn., writes:—"This wonderful medicine ought to be in every house where there are girls and women."

Biliousness

"I have used your valuable CASCARETS and find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them to every one. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family." EDW. A. MARX, Albany, N. Y.



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BED-WETTING CURE

Sample Free. Dr. F. E. MARY, Birmingham, Ala.

Old and Young

THE IMMORTAL MIND.

We'd yield ourselves to dark despair,
But hope springs up within,
And shows a beauty here and there,
Where all was dark and dim.

New beauties in this life we find,
That bring us joy and peace;
We see the pleasure—in our mind—
Of never-ending rest.

And such is hope, we struggle on,
Victorious o'er the foe;
We see the shadow, then 'tis gone,
But whither did it go?

We know not where, but since it fled
No joy, no peace, we find;
We say then, as some others said,
"Tis only in the mind."

The Mind, that rules this world of ours,
And tempts the throne on high,
Shall roam through all the universe,
And never, never, die.

'T will pass beyond the silent tomb,
With joy 't will mount on high—
Be brighter in the sweet beyond,
The coming by and by.

The brightness then shall never fade,
Nor e'en grow dark and dim;
But shout with the redeemed arrayed
Eternal praise to Him.

R. NATION.

Venus, Texas.

(Written for the Texas Advocate.

THE WRENS.

BY MRS. S. E. HEARTSILL.

After a short but sweet courtship Mr. and Mrs. Wren were quietly married by the parson, Mr. Jay, at the home of the bride's parents, in the boughs of a beautiful old cedar tree. A few days were spent in unalloyed joy, and then the lovers commenced to look out for a suitable and safe situation to build their own home nest.

Finally they decided on the first nest in the hen house. The biddies had not used it, and it was a nice, cool place, already filled with sweet, clean hay. For other reasons, the location seemed well suited for their home; there was but one boy on the place, and as yet they had not spied a single cat.

Mrs. Jones and her little daughter Ruth were the only constant visitors to the hen house, and they were the biddies' best friends. After a week of hard work, the little nest was completed. It was made of small sticks interwoven with the hay, and lined inside with feathers shed from the bosoms of the busy biddies, pieces of waste cotton, and some of Ruth's soft hair, which they found in the yard. No architect in any of our great cities could have planned it; none of the famous builders could have fashioned it so neatly and so securely.

One memorable morning Mrs. Jones went to the hen house to see about old Biddie, with her large family of freshly hatched chicks, when what should she find in Mrs. Wren's home but a little brown-speckled egg, and the wrens were showing their delight and appreciation of its presence by low, soft twitterings to each other, and all the bird-like demonstrations they were capable of.

Day after day another was added, until seven little brown speckled eggs lay side by side in the tiny nest.

Mr. and Mrs. Wren were terribly solicitous about this nestful of treasure, and one day, especially, they were greatly excited. They heard the cook tell John—that was the one boy—to go to the hen house and bring her an egg to put in the corn bread. Mrs. Wren flew to the top of the house, and Mr. Wren sailed up in a tree near by, both screaming for dear life. They knew how John—and all other boys—like to play with bird eggs; so they were afraid he would destroy the frail beauties. John, on his errand, reached the hen house, but his mother was watching, and was there first. She stood directly in front of the bird's nest, so as to keep John's sharp eyes from spying it; then hastily giving him one of the old black biddie's nice, fresh eggs, she soon had him on his way back to the cook, and the Wrens were so glad to see him leave.

It was a great consolation to them to know they had such a good, watchful friend as Mrs. Jones, especially as Mr. Wren wanted to take his wife to see her parents, which he did the next day. There, in the cool, green branches of that old cedar tree, where she was made a happy bride, she met all her brothers and sisters, and they had a glorious reunion. After spending one whole day of pleasure with these loved ones, the birds went home. Then commenced the most trying time in the life of little Mrs. Wren. Keeping those seven precious little eggs warm, so as to assist Dame Nature in her wonderful transformation from eggs to birds. But with her loving husband as counselor and comforter, she took the nest bravely.

Mr. Wren worked unceasingly, and

fed his little spouse all her appetite called for. He brought her the fattest worms, the most choice early berries, and the largest crumbs, and once a day he would take her place on the nest, and let her go take a bath in the water-lily tub, which was in the front yard among the roses; also she would take a turn on the wing in the orchard, where the luscious apples hung high and smiled constantly at the sun. When night came they would put their wee bills close together and twitter to each other of the great joys in store for them when the seven little eggs were seven little birds, and he the proud father and she the loving mother; and then they would say their prayers, put their heads under their wings and go off to dreamland.

All this went on for several days, and the birds were as happy as could be. One morning Mr. Wren woke up later than usual, but his wife was still sleeping. He wondered why she was so sleepy that morning, and concluded he would go bring her breakfast before waking her. He had splendid luck, and soon came back with a nice fat worm, which he laid close beside her in the nest. This did not rouse her. He noticed, now, the little head was not beneath her wing, as usual, and she did not seem asleep, for her eyes were wide open. He sat down close to her, put his bill on hers, twittered all the old love names in her ear, sang over and over all the songs he knew. What was the matter? Never before had she failed to respond!

Mr. Wren was now greatly troubled. He flew off again and brought her a nice berry; still she was immovable. He whispered to her to wake up and go to the water-lily tub; she had always been so glad to go before; now she did not move. Mr. Wren was wild with grief, and had just about concluded to go for Grandma Wren, when little Ruth came in. She talked baby talk to Mrs. Wren as usual, but the bird did not move or fly; so Ruth kept getting closer and closer; still the bird was motionless. At last she became frightened and called:

"Mamma! Mamma! The little bird is asleep, and I can not wake her. Come quick and see."

Mrs. Jones, fearing some of John's tricks, went immediately. The bird looked perfectly well; the eyes were bright, and not a feather ruffled. Mrs. Jones drew nearer, put her hand on the nest, then on the bird, and lifted her up. Little Mrs. Wren was dead—already cold and stiff. The seven speckled eggs were all beneath her, untouched, but the little mother was dead. Ruth burst into tears. Mrs. Jones cried, too. Mr. Wren seemed to realize the truth; he flew very close to them once or twice, twittered a sad little note they had never heard before, and was gone.

He could not give her up, so he took his own life. The next day Ruth found him, dead, in the water-lily tub, with glowing green leaves for his winding sheet, and a snowy lily for his pillow.

ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

One winter, long ago, I boarded with a little woman—I mean little literally little—who was one of the most perfect housekeepers I ever knew. Her house was small, so there was nothing to prevent her "going through it" every day. Her husband was an invalid, but a more shining invalid one could never find. Such dinners as we had; such suppers as were served to us day after day; such breakfasts as we got up to! I wonder that any of us survive to tell the tale. She washed, ironed and scrubbed every Monday; she churned, worked butter and baked every Tuesday; she worked over butter, scrubbed and darned every Wednesday; she went eight miles to town every Thursday; on Friday everything underwent a general cleaning up, and she churned again; Saturday there was baking and getting ready for Sunday; and Sunday there was the inevitable "company," to eat and praise; and Monday it all began over again.

Besides all this, she milked four cows, raised two or three hundred chickens each year, did the family sewing, and could boast that "each of her two daughters had sixteen quilts apiece, all ready for the bed."

She could neither read nor write—her daughters followed closely in her footsteps. A better woman never lived, and even in her matter-of-fact life there was a longing for more beautiful things. It bloomed in her love for flowers, of which she always had an abundance growing in her garden, and where in caring for them she could combine pleasure with duty.

Her feet long since ceased to keep time to the clock; she sleeps sweetly. She went away, not an old woman, but when she should have reaped the harvest for which she had sown. The husband of her youth found time, during his enforced quiet before he left her, to show to her some of the long-suppressed and smothered feelings of his heart-life. But hard work, and that friend who sometime will claim us all, carried away even his brave spirit,

and the little wife, with shoulders bent just a little more, received his load, and attempted to struggle on with it alone.

Oh, if there had only been a "friend at court" who could have said to her in the kindest manner: "You are only a woman; you can not do the work of man and beast—and live! It is not living merely to exist; don't cook, bake and scrub so much. We can live without pie and cake every meal; we don't need chicken and dumplings three times a week. If blankets are out of the 'question for bed covering, make light-weight comforts of pretty calico." The work is small compared to quilt-making, and there would be more warmth in ten such comforts than in the thirty-two solid quilts piled high upon a chair in one corner of the bedroom, not a monument of beauty, warmth or comfort, but a pathetic witness to the nervous, ceaseless energy of an unenriched and overburdened woman. The fingers which pieced the intricate patterns and set the dainty stitches so close together, were knotted and tremulous with toil; the hands which folded them so carefully away, and unfolded them so proudly for brief inspection, were brown and hardened from constant contact with outdoor work. If only her beauty-loving soul could have learned to know itself; to have expended its hungry energy upon books, pictures, something for the eye to see and the brain to feel while the hands were folded idly in her lap! If that energy had been turned upon the soil which needed it so badly—upon her children, who inhabited the house and farm with her—what a harvest she might have reaped!

There is so much of beauty and loveliness in our lives as we can live them on the farm, if we only find them. The beauty of comradeship, of heart-to-heart association, freedom from conventionalities, the hearty, healthy outdoor life, and closely allied interest with nature, which is our greatest teacher and friend. If the men and women only have time to know! There lies the greatest drawback to perfectly appointed lives and homes in the country—the lack in our belief of that God-given commodity—time. And until we realize that time is eternity we will always be skimming along trying to live, and all that the word implies, without time.—Ladies' Home Journal.

ACCIDENT AS A FACTOR OF PROGRESS.

Every school-boy is familiar with the origin of the printing press, that joint product of love and chance; he also knows of the accidental views of the distant church-steeple through the spectacle lenses by the watchmaker's apprentice which gave birth to the telescope, and of that fateful moment when the youthful Galileo saw the chandelier swinging to and fro in the cathedral at Pisa which dated the beginning of the discovery of the law of oscillation and finally led to the construction of the pendulum.

But all are not so familiar with some other quite as interesting circumstances of seemingly a purely accidental nature which marked epochs in the march of progress and led to most important results. Take, for example, the discovery of the Gillott steel pen. Joseph Gillott was a jeweler, and in his work one day had the misfortune to split one of his fine steel tools. He was asked hurriedly to sign a receipt, and not finding a pen handy he used the split tool as a substitute. This led to the idea of making pens of metal. Or, again, the incident which led to the perfection of the Howe sewing machine. Elias Howe, so the story runs, was at a stand-still to know where the eye of the needle of the new machine should be located. His first idea was to have the eye of the needle at the heel. He was so perplexed with the problem that he dreamed. He thought he was building a sewing machine for a savage king in a strange country, and that the king had given him just twenty-four hours to complete the machine and make it work, or be executed. Howe failed and was taken out to be executed. He noticed his guard carried spears pierced at the head. With this observation the solution of his difficulty came, and in the excitement of the moment he awoke. It was four o'clock in the morning, but he immediately arose, went to his shop and by nine o'clock had made a needle with the eye at the point instead of at the heel. Thus by the accident of a dream was perfected the first sewing machine.

The art of etching upon glass was derived from a very simple circumstance. A few drops of aqua fortis fell by accident upon a glass-cutter's spectacles. He noticed that the glass became corroded and softened where the acid touched it. This was sufficient hint. He drew figures upon glass with varnish, applied the corroding fluid and then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed, the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground. We are also told that mesotinto owed its invention to the simple but accidental circumstance of the gun-barrel of a sentry becoming rusted with dew. It is well authen-

ticated fact that a chemist while seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles found one day that he had made porcelain.

A reputable physician once told us that all the anaesthetics, except, perhaps, chloroform, were discovered by the merest accident. Cocaine, he said, was revealed as an anaesthetic by a medical student inadvertently getting it in his eye, which rendered the eye insensible to pain. Sick animals in Peru were observed to gnaw the bark of a certain tree. Men tried the same remedy with beneficial results, and so quinine was given to the world as a specific for malarial poison.

The art of lithography had its suggestion through a remarkable combination of accidental circumstances. A man entered his apartment one evening with three things in his hand, a polished whetstone, a ticket stamp and a check for salary. He placed the check upon the table. A gust of wind through an open window swept the check high up in his room and then deposited it in a basin filled with water. The check was rescued and the wet paper partially dried. He then placed it upon his table and weighed it down with the whetstone, which only a little before had come in contact with the ticket stamp. The next morning he was astonished at seeing the letters of the stamp printed with remarkable accuracy upon the dampened paper. From this suggestion was perfected the lithographic art.

Some of us might be disposed to regard these things, and such as these, providences rather than accidents. By whatever name called it certainly has played a most important part in the drama of the world's progress.—Methodist Recorder.

"THE LORD THINKETH UPON ME."

God is not indifferent to the creatures of his hand. He has shown an interest in all inferior creatures. He cares for oxen and sheep and sparrows. But we are taught in the Bible that he feels a still deeper interest in men. We do not suppose that the birds of the air, the fishes of the sea, and human beings all occupy the same level in the mind of the Creator. Jesus taught that the heavenly Father cares more for man than for any other living being in this world. This is the comparison he makes, "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father. Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows." He does care for sparrows; much more does he care for us.

"Since his eye is on the sparrow, I shall not forgotten be."

Jesus has more to say on this topic: "Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet . . . even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" That word "much more" is emphatic and exceedingly important. God does care for lilies. The tints they bear are evidences of his care. But what are lilies? They are grass which is cut down and withereth. But what of man? He was made in the image of God. He can think and feel and love as God thinks and feels and loves. Much more, then, does the Creator care for man.

He has not left us without many evidences of his thoughts. When a father is absent from home he not only thinks of his children, but he causes them to know that does so. He sends letters and presents to remind them that he is thinking of them. If he did not think of them the birthday present would not come. Has our Heavenly Father sent us many remembrances? What is the meaning of our daily bread and all the blessings which contribute to the comfort of life? What is the meaning of the protection which some unseen hand exercises over us by day and by night? What is the meaning of the Bible? If God did not think of us we should not have his word. We should not have his Holy Spirit. He would not answer our prayers. He would not have taken

our feet out of the miry clay and set them on a firm rock. All these things assure us that God thinks of us.

He thinks of us constantly. His thoughts to usward are more than can be numbered. His thoughts are very deep. He thinks of each individual. As the shepherd knows each sheep of the flock the great Shepherd knoweth his sheep and "calleth them by name."

His thoughts are precious. "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God!" Men who are exalted to honor and power do not, as a rule, care for common people. After their promotion they often forget those who were their companions before. If their former friends and companions happen to be obscure and lowly, they are quite sure to forget them. It is refreshing to read what the psalmist says, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me." Such thoughts are precious. It is easy to believe that God thought of Adam and Abel and Enoch and Noah and Abraham, but it is not so easy to grasp the thought that the Creator of the world thinks of the poorest and most obscure saint. He does not forget those who wander away. A mother does not soon forget her son or cease to love him. He may wander far. He may disgrace his parents and himself by his conduct. He may lose the respect of his neighbors. His father may turn him away from his door, refuse to acknowledge him or speak to him; but his mother clings to him still. She will not give up hope nor cast off the son of her love. But the prophet says that even a mother may forget her son, but the Lord will never forget. Surely his thoughts are precious.—New York Christian Advocate.



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L. BLAYLOCK, Dallas, Texas.

Several of the brethren are bombarding the Philippine question in the Advocate during these hot days; but they must have something to discuss, you know, and this is about the least hurtful theme that can engage the interest of the polemics. So we have opened the gate and turned them in.

We are giving our readers some well prepared articles from a number of the brethren; but we have a great many well equipped men, capable of a high order of literary and religious output, who never write a line for the Advocate. We could name them by the dozen, but it is not necessary. Come, brethren, let us hear from you. Stop your silent introspection and give us the written benefit of your quiet thinking.

At our special request, Rev. T. J. Duncan, of Mexia, sends us another one of these private letters written by his daughter to the home folks from London. They are among the most readable letters that have found their way into these columns since we have been at the helm—and they were not written for publication, either.

Now is a good time for our school men to discuss the questions involved in our Twentieth Century movement, and the columns of this paper are open to them. So far we have had but little from this source upon this all-important subject. We presume that they are too busy working up the patronage of their several institutions to engage in the pastime of writing for the Advocate upon this matter, but they are the men specially qualified for this sort of work.

The presiding elders of our several districts throughout the State could enliven these columns with brief resumes of the progress of the work as it is passing under their eyes as the leaders of the hosts. A few well digested notes from them now and then would make very interesting reading. How goes the battle with you, brethren, from your view-point in the watch tower?

We are in receipt of a letter from the Hon. Jefferson Johnson, State Commissioner of Insurance, that the Fire Insurance Company of Lisbon, Iowa, is not allowed to do business under the laws of Texas in this State. We have been apprised that this company has been collecting premiums from some of our Church people who carry policies with it in a way not at all satisfactory. We have no personal interest in this matter whatever, but we deem it our duty to call attention to these things for the benefit of those of our people who are interested in knowing the facts.

EDITORIAL BIRD-SHOT.

The professed infidelity of most men has back of it a life that will not bear inspection.

Some men prate about the religion of the good old times in order to cover up their lack of it to-day.

Irritability is not always a sin, but it is always unpleasant to those who have to submit to it in you.

The preacher who has a coarse and smutty mouth is not in possession of a thoroughly clean heart.

The man who swears is a liar, and he only does it to make you believe that he is actually telling the truth.

The family circle is the best place in the world for the man of the house to be a perfect and an upright gentleman.

The memory of a happy childhood is the most delightful experience of the heart that has grown old and lonely.

The tender word, mother, gathers around it all that is sacred and heavenly in the associations of home.

When you are in Rome there is no necessity for your doing as Rome does unless you are a moral coward.

The man who wantonly mistreats his dumb animals would kill his fellow on a slight provocation if the law were out of his way.

It is often easier to be religious at home where people know you than it is when you are a stranger in a distant city.

When you are caught in a close place do not lie in order to get out of it, but be a man and tell the simple truth, however much it may hurt you.

"FIFTY-TWO YEARS OF PREACHER LIFE."

The above is the title of a booklet written and brought out by the Rev. Wesley Smith, of the Texas Conference. The production is largely an autobiography of the writer, with an important genealogical review of ancestral history. The book has much of a very original branch of matter, and we have read it with interest and profit. It also throws much light upon many of the early struggles of Methodism in Texas, Alabama and other sections of the country. It also treats of many of the leading men of Methodism throughout the South, in a reminiscential manner, especially of Bishop Paine, with whom the author was familiar. Bro. Smith came to this State in 1851, and his own life embodies a great deal of Texas history, and particularly of a Methodist character. So that the book is a valuable contribution to the literature of the Church.

A POPULAR LYCEUM.

The ministers and others, with Mr. M. E. Hindman as Secretary, all of this city, have gotten up a popular lyceum for this fall and winter, known as Dallas Lyceum Association. The purpose of the organization is to supply the people with instructive entertainment. They must have something like this, or the temptation is to seek a different kind furnished by the theater and places of that sort. The Lyceum will furnish ten entertainments, at suitable intervals, consisting of lectures and vocal and instrumental music. On the program for this season are some of the finest lecturers and musicians in the land, and by securing season tickets they can be enjoyed at a nominal cost. We notice names like R. L. Taylor, George W. Bain, Katherine Ridgeway Concert Company, and similar ones, in the present course. This is a good move, and it will supply a needed want in the community.

TEXAS PERSONALS.

We learn from the Epworth Era that Rev. Henry Munger, of the Northwest Texas Conference, will transfer this fall to the Tennessee Conference.

Bro. J. M. Warren, of the Killen Herald, was in to see us this week. He gives a good account of his preacher and presiding elder, Bros. Kiker and Putman.

Rev. J. W. Hill, of Greenville, is up in Colorado rusticated for a season. We hope he will have a good time in the mountains and let us hear from him occasionally.

The camp-meeting at White Rock, which has just closed, is said to have been one of the best for years. Rev. Geo. Owens preached a sermon of unusual power on Sunday morning.

Judge M. M. Brooks, of the Criminal Court of Appeals, whose residence has been in Greenville for a great many years, has moved to this city and will make it his permanent residence. He is a member of the Methodist Church.

Professor Bert E. Young, of Louisville, Ky., has been elected to the Chair of Modern Languages in the Polytechnic College. He is a graduate of Vanderbilt University of the class of 1896. He has been working during the summer at the Vanderbilt.

Prof. B. E. Atkins, of Athens, Tenn., has come to Paris, Texas, to enter school work. He is a brother of Dr. James Atkins, our Sunday-school Secretary, and one of the best laymen in the Church. We have known him for years and most heartily commend him to the people in that section.

In a note from Rev. E. W. Solomon, of the Brenham District, we learn that while his work has suffered greatly from the flood, yet in many respects the outlook is encouraging. He has reports of more than 200 conversions on his district and a number of points are yet to be heard from.

We are in receipt of an invitation to the marriage of Miss Daisy Alexander to Mr. John McHenry Crawford, which happy event was consummated this morning in the Methodist Church at Childress, Texas. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Alexander, of the town mentioned.

Bro. J. L. Neel, who recently came to Dallas from Cleburne, had the misfortune to lose all of his household effects in the recent fire in the Guild building. His goods were temporarily stored there, and unfortunately he did not have a dollar of insurance. He is now in his seventy-second year and the loss falls heavily upon him.

Mr. F. G. Edmiston, brother of Mrs. F. E. Howell, editor Woman's Department of this paper, died at his home, Crockett, Texas, on the 14th instant. Mrs. Howell was called to his bedside, when his case became serious, but failed to reach there in time to be with him in his last moments, but was present at his funeral. A true Christian and useful citizen is gone from the walks of men.

METHODIST NEWS IN GENERAL.

Bishop Morrison has recently had some sickness, but has recovered and is at work again.

Dr. Josephus Anderson, editor of the Florida Advocate, is seriously ill. We sympathize with him and hope for his early recovery.

The son of Rev. Dr. Glenn, of the Wesleyan Advocate, recently lost an arm in an accident in the electric plant in Atlanta, Ga.

The Wesleyan Advocate announces that Bishop Candler will soon transfer his residence from Oxford to Atlanta; that is, he will make Atlanta his home.

Rev. W. E. Towson and family will return to Japan early in the fall. They have had a long and much-needed vacation, and they will go back refreshed for renewed work.

The Florida Advocate has an editorial on "Danger From Half Truths," running through four long columns. If the editorial had been treating "whole truths," when would it have ended?

Rev. Jesse Rowman Young, editor of the Central Advocate, one of the organs of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has a liking for the pastime of Higher Criticism, and his editorial columns have been teeming with it of late. But he dug up more snakes

than he has been able to kill, and his brethren have been hammering him most unmercifully.

Rev. J. W. Glenn, of the Alabama Conference, is dead. The Alabama Advocate speaks of him as a true and faithful minister of the gospel. Rev. L. C. Sims, of that conference, also died recently.

William M. Williams, of Boonville, who is a prominent lawyer in Missouri, has tendered his legal services free of charge to Dr. Palmore in his libel trouble. The Doctor is so thankful that he quotes Latin on the subject.

The Methodist Episcopal Church is contemplating a great Methodist Congress, to be held in Philadelphia next December, in the interest of the Twentieth Century Fund. These people are getting in earnest upon this subject.

The Holston Conference, according to the Midland, has six recognized colleges and all having about seven hundred students. We believe in a multiplicity of schools, but we are prepared in one conference to maintain but one or two colleges—perhaps only one.

The old City Road Chapel in London has recently been renovated and otherwise improved at a cost of \$29,000. The work has been going on for eight years, and the recent reopening was a great occasion. This is John Wesley's old meeting house, as they used to call it.

We were incorrect in the announcement that Rev. Vincente, who was recently murdered in Mexico, was a minister in our Church. He had been, but on account of some trouble he had surrendered his credentials as a Methodist preacher. This we learn from Rev. J. R. Mood, the presiding elder of the Monterey District.

Rev. T. A. Kerley, of the Tennessee Conference, keeps on talking and writing about a trouble concerning which the other wise men of the Church seem to have tacitly agreed to keep silent. It is a delightful reflection that the destiny of Methodism is not wrapped up in the views of any one of her would-be defenders.

Rev. A. H. Godbey has recently been elected to the principalship of the Fayetteville Academy. He is a member of the Southwest Missouri Conference, and this is one of the correlated schools of the Central College, the college of all the Missouri Conferences. He is a brother of our Godbey, of the East Texas Conference.

Bishop Hendrix, on his way to South America, was detained some five days in London. In the last issue of the Nashville Advocate he gave an account of his voyage and of his stay in the great city. He met and mingled with some notable people on the ship and in London. While there he preached the commencement sermon before the graduating class of the Wesleyan Training College for Teachers.

SAN ANGELO DISTRICT CONFERENCE.

The conference of the San Angelo District, West Texas Conference, met in Ozona, Texas, June 15, 1899. Rev. Theophilus Lee, the new presiding elder, was in the chair and dispatched the business of the conference in a businesslike manner.

The organization was effected by the election of the proper officers and appointment of such committees as are usual in a conference of this character. All the departments of Church work were carefully inquired into and the reports were gratifying.

In many respects the district is growing rapidly. With continued wisdom directing the affairs of this district Methodism will be a more powerful agent for the spreading of the gospel. Plans were put on foot for advancement along many lines. The educational work, the missionary movement, each received special notice, and Bros. J. T. King and A. J. McCulloch were appointed, respectively, to look after these departments of Christian effort in the district.

A resolution was unanimously adopted pledging ourselves to pay the entire missionary assessment this year. The district lacked only \$18 paying the full amount last year, and we confidently expect to pay the assessment in full this year, though it is in excess of the assessment for last year by \$150.

A committee was appointed to secure a lot and build a parsonage in San Angelo for the presiding elder. The lot is secured and some of the funds on hand to build a home, which is very much needed.

Prof. S. H. Moore, of Southwestern

University, was with us, lending his efforts to secure renewed interest in the educational work. Prof. Harrison, of San Antonio, was expected, but the high water detained him, as also many of the delegates.

Hal Burnes, of Milburne Circuit, was licensed to preach. The license of W. D. Biggs and Robt. Paine were renewed. Noah D. Wood, Hal A. Burnes, Jacob N. Broyles and Robt. Paine, having passed an approved examination, were each recommended to the Annual Conference for admission on trial.

Sterling City was selected as the place for the next meeting, but subsequently the vote was reconsidered and Mason was selected.

The following brethren were elected delegates to the Annual Conference: W. G. Kyser, W. D. Jones, Robt. Foster, J. N. Broyles. Alternates: J. W. Odum, J. W. Friend.

The conference was one of great worth to the district, and we are sure that some rapid strides in the direction of better work, both among preachers and laymen, were made. The preaching services were of the best sort. Penitents were invited forward. The people resolved to be more consecrated in their lives and to work more faithfully for the advancement of the kingdom of our Lord.

The conference was a success, and we are sure that much of its success is due to the careful planning of our methodical presiding elder.

BYRON C. ROACH, Secretary.

AGUINALDO THE MAN.

In his features, face and skull Aguinaldo looks more like a European than a Malay. He is what would be called a handsome man, and might be compared with many young men in the province of Andalusia, Spain. If there be truth in phrenology he is a man above the common. The zone of the skull, which indicates mentality, is well developed for a European—abnormally large for a Malay. The moral zone is of medium development, and the animal or cerebellar zone is comparatively small, with the exception of the reach over the ears, indicating destructiveness and cruelty.

The phrenologist would be borne out by the consensus of those who know him. Friends and enemies agree that he is intelligent, ambitious, far-sighted, brave, self-controlled, honest, moral, vindictive and at times cruel. He possesses the quality which friends call wisdom and enemies call craft. According to those who like him he is courteous, polished, thoughtful and dignified; according to those who dislike him he is insincere, pretentious, vain and arrogant. Both admit him to be genial, generous, self-sacrificing, popular and capable in the administration of affairs. If the opinion of his foes be accepted he is one of the greatest Malays on the page of history. If the opinion of his friends be taken as the criterion he is one of the great men of history irrespective of race.—American Monthly Review of Reviews.

The most striking feature of The Century for September, which will be a Salt-Water Number, is the first installment of Captain Joshua Slocum's "Sailing Alone Around the World." This is the narrative of a daring voyage of circumnavigation, undertaken by the author in 1895, in a forty-foot sloop built by himself in Buzzard's Bay, and taken back and forth across the Atlantic and thence around Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, without assistance or companionship. The distance traversed was 46,000 miles, and the accuracy of the navigator's landfalls throughout was a thing to marvel at, his chronometer for most of the time being a little tin clock of the cheapest kind. Captain Slocum was a thoroughly seasoned sailor when he started on his adventurous single-handed cruise, but his unique achievement was not without difficulties and perils that taxed to the utmost his strength, endurance and ingenuity. Other contents of this number of The Century are "The Way of a Ship," by Frank T. Bullen, author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot;" "The Atlantic Speedway," by H. Phelps Whitmarsh, author of "The World's Rough Hand;" and "Salvage," by Morgan Robertson, author of the forthcoming volume of sea tales "Where Angels Fear to Tread."

The programs for Missionary Rally Day are now ready. Sunday-school superintendents should order at once that the children may be thoroughly drilled. Much practice is necessary if the program is to be successfully carried out. Missionary Rally Day should be observed on or before the third Sunday in October, and we trust no Sunday-school will fail to observe it. The programs will be furnished at seventy-five cents per hundred, post-paid, or fifty cents per hundred by express. They will be sent free of charge to Sunday-schools not able to purchase them. Send all orders to Walter R. Lambuth, Nashville, Tenn.

Northwest Texas Conference.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

siding elder, was with us on the two last days of the meeting, and preached two very profitable sermons. If you want a fine exegesis of Rom. 14:17, Bro. Bolton is prepared to give it to you. He has won the affections of my people in the nine months he has been presiding elder. What will he do if he remains on the district his limit? In just a few minutes he got enough work and money contributed to dig a well at the parsonage, and now we are enjoying it. God bless Bro. Bolton. Our meeting at Chapel Hill was not so well attended on account of sickness and other matters, and the work was not as satisfactory as was desirable. However, God blessed the faithful few, and we felt it was good to be there. We have received into the Church as a result of these meetings seventeen persons, and expect one or two more to join. Bros. Glass and Roberts assisted the pastor in all the meetings, and too much cannot be said in their favor. To God be all the glory.

BOZ.

W. A. Gilleland, Aug. 16: We have held five meetings on Mountain Peak Circuit, four protracted and one camp-meeting. The first was at Bethel, and resulted in about twenty professions and ten accessions. At this meeting Rev. Thos. G. Whitten did some excellent preaching. Rev. S. C. Littlepage preached one fine sermon. Bro. Stewart, one of our local preachers, preached twice, and did other good work. The next meeting was at County Line. There we were threshed out. Threshers all around caused us to close without accomplishing anything much; only one profession and four joined by letter. Here Bros. Hallmark and Ingram, exhorters, and Bearden, local preacher, held the fort until the pastor got there. The next meeting was at Mountain Peak, and was the occasion of our third Quarterly Conference. A very pleasant conference, but was not as well attended as the first and second Quarterly Conferences were. Here Bro. Bishop, our faithful presiding elder, preached two able sermons. Bro. R. A. Ellis preached one good sermon, and Bro. Broyles two. Again threshers in the community interfered with the meeting. From this meeting I went to Nation Town, where Bearden, Hallmark and Ingram were already holding the meeting. Here we had a good meeting; eight professions and five accessions. The last meeting was a camp-meeting at Oak Branch. Here we had about twenty-five regular camps, besides others who came and went. This was a most excellent meeting. There were fifty-three or fifty-four professions. Quite a number of these were already in the Church. Thirteen have been received into the Church as a result of this meeting, and no doubt more will join. Here we had the help of the local preachers already mentioned, and also of the exhorters previously spoken of, while many laymen did faithful work. Some of our young people did excellent work. I must not fail to mention Bro. A. Davis, one of our true and tried men, a superannuated member of this (Northwest Texas) conference. He came toward the last of the meeting and stayed to the end. He did some good, solid preaching. God bless the old preachers, especially such as Uncle Andy. During these meetings the writer preached forty-seven times, besides making a great many exhortations. One more meeting yet to hold. Pray that the Lord may greatly bless us in that meeting.

West Texas Conference.

ALTO.

S. M. Thompson, Aug. 18: Good meeting at Cold Springs. Five conversions, a number of reclamations, a prayer-meeting appointed, a Sunday-school inaugurated and two additions to the Church.

SELMA.

M. K. Fred, Aug. 15: We have had a profitable year at this place up to date. The Lord has been with us, and we think it is good to be here. Our meeting at Salado began on Friday before the fourth Sunday in July and closed the first Sunday in August. Bro. Bennett, from Seguin, and Bro. Mc-Lendon, from Blanco, (two strong men; one mighty in prayer and the other mighty in preach), assisted us, and the Lord came and made his people happy and useful. Quite a number repented of their sins and the love of God was shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost, and they are on their way to heaven. This good time will live long in the memory of this people. We had several accessions to the Church, and there are others who, we think, will come in. The day we closed here we began an eight days' meeting at Selma, in which Bro. Ben-

nett assisted a few days, after which Bro. Alanson Brown helped us and preached in great demonstration of the power of God, and the Lord came afresh into the hearts of his people and they were made glad. Sinners were convicted, repented of their sins and washed in the all-atoning blood that was so freely spilt for them. Some joined our Church and some will go to others.

COTULLA.

M. T. Allen, August 22: Our meeting at Batesville closed last Thursday night. Bro. J. E. Buck, of Pleasanton, did most of the preaching. Bro. Buck is a true, good man, and a faithful preacher. Bro. W. E. Rector and his good wife were with us most of the time, and rendered good service. Bro. Rector preached twice, and Sister Rector at the organ was a great help to us. He being their former pastor the people all love him. Had three accessions to our Church, and many of the members greatly blest.

BOERNE.

W. A. Govett: We have just passed the third quarter post on the way to the Annual Conference. Bro. Waller, our much loved presiding elder, was on hand. He gave us two soul-searching sermons, and our collection sermon. Considering the failure in the grain crop, the people at Brownsboro appointment gave very liberally, and with a little rustling on the part of the pastor, will pay their assessment in full. In the estimation of many pastors a chief element of success in the presiding elder is his ability to assist in raising the assessments. We are thankful that ours has it. Our work has been much more pleasant than last year. We have had a good number of conversions at the Boerne appointment. Our Justice of the Peace joined our Church and subscribed for Advocate and Review of Missions on same day. Our Sunday-school during the year has enrolled over sixty pupils. Here we have a good choir, good congregations and encouraging prospects for a glorious meeting which begins on September 8. Bro. T. J. Lasseter, assisting. Pray for us, brethren.

LAVERNIA CIRCUIT.

C. W. Perkins, August 21: Our meeting at Campbell's School-house closed last night. Result: ten professions, seven additions, and a number of reclamations, and four family altars erected. I never had as many physical conditions to antagonize before in a meeting. The weather so hot and roads so dusty, and water so scarce, we could not hold day services, therefore I failed to reach and move a large part of the membership; and then at night the lights were bad under the arbor, sometimes blowing out while preaching. Brother Alexander came on Saturday and remained until Tuesday night. He held our fourth Quarterly Conference. The finances are somewhat behind, but the stewards think they can pay out by conference. I might express my feelings in praise of Bro. Alexander as presiding elder but we are too near conference. I fear I would be misunderstood. Suffice it to say that our association during the year has been as pleasant as I ever enjoyed. He is diligent in business, fervent in spirit serving the Lord. Bro. Tannerberger and his daughter, Miss Emma, came over from Fairview and remained several days, rendering good service. Bro. Carpenter, from Sandy Elm, conducted the singing. He is a right good fellow, and fine help in a meeting, and the people appreciated his work. Bro. Warren came over from Lavernia, and brought a number of girls who assisted by prayer, song and work. The meeting was a blessing to the entire community. There is one fact which is a little remarkable that I want to mention, and that is: this is the third meeting I have held on this work, and we have had such good behavior that it has not been necessary to reprove a single individual.

East Texas Conference.

DAINGERFIELD.

L. H. McGee, Aug. 19: We closed our meeting at Harris' Chapel yesterday. I was assisted by Bro. J. C. Camp, local elder. Results, twenty-two accessions, forty-one conversions and forty-six children baptized. For all of which we humbly thank God.

WINFIELD.

G. W. Riley, Aug. 16: We closed a nine days' meeting at New Hope Church last Sunday. The Church started in with zeal from the first, and the meeting grew in interest and power from day to day. The members, old and young, were wonderfully blessed and 29 or more souls converted. The old members say that it was the best revival that Church has had since it was located there. We had the cooperation and valuable help of Rev. Pitt W. Milner, pastor of the Marshall

Springs Baptist Church in the same community, who preached several stirring revival sermons and did valuable work in the altar. Our young local preachers were also on hand, doing their best. This pastor was taken sick with a fever on Wednesday, and after two days suffering was compelled to drop out of the meeting Friday afternoon, and has been in bed until this morning. He is convalescent, and hopes to be out at work again by Sunday. Our series of meetings for this charge are now over, and a greatly needed respite from hard work in hot weather and dust will be enjoyed.

NEW BOSTON.

J. H. Cleghorn, Aug. 19: I have just closed a meeting at Woodstock; lasted six days; six accessions, and the Church wonderfully revived. I was assisted by Bros. G. R. and Charley Hughes. Charley was licensed to preach at Mt. Pleasant in June, and recommended to the Annual Conference on trial. I can say the elder that gets Charley on his district will make no mistake.

CHESTER MISSION.

R. O. Bailey: Just closed a glorious meeting at Pine Grove. Cannot count the good done. Time will tell. The writer did all the preaching save three sermons by Bro. Ed. Angel, of Corrigan. Attendance better than has been since I came on the work. Never had better attention, old men and women coming to God that were never known to move before. Five united with the Church on confession of faith; others we believe to follow.

CHURCH HILL.

T. J. Strong, Aug. 19: Last night our meeting at Church Hill closed. Bro. J. M. Smith, preacher in charge. The Lord was with us in every service; had a splendid meeting. Bro. J. M. Mills and his son, Walter, were with us and did good work. Walter has been preaching but a short time. We were all highly pleased with him. Bros. Pool, Bridges and Lowrie, of the local ranks, were also with us and did good work. Bro. Smith has held three meetings and received forty-four into the Church; has three more to hold. We thank the Lord for his goodness. To him be all the glory.

NOTES FROM JACKSONVILLE.

THE PARSONAGE.

A note of special interest, not to the inmates of the parsonage alone, but to the entire charge as well, is the fact that our parsonage is now a well built, conveniently arranged house, located on the lot adjoining the church. This takes the place of the poorly arranged, dilapidated house that stood "far away." Ground enough for a garden and lot, a few fruit trees and a well of good water. No other place in the town would suit us quite so well. In the purchase of this property the Church has done for herself a lasting benefit.

THE CHURCH.

During the year twelve persons—eight by certificate and four by ritual—have been received into the Church. Half of the conference collections have been paid; the remainder, for the most part, is on paper. Our faithful Sunday-school Secretary reports the average attendance better than for several summers. To the above we might add other good things, but it would remain true that we are much in need of that about which so much has been written, viz: a revival. For it we are planning, working, praying. Will hold special services in October.

THE SCHOOL.

Alexander Collegiate Institute will open September 5. The present outlook for next session is encouraging. The pastors of East Texas Conference can do no better "twentieth century" work than by each sending a pupil, boy or girl, to our school. It is worthy. This to the pastors: Let the pupil from your charge, if a member of the Church, bring a certificate of Church membership; if not a member, and you think I might be helpful, write me a letter. I want every pupil who may be here to be strengthened in the real purposes of life. Let them come and we will do them good. CHAS. F. SMITH.

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Llano District Twentieth Century Campaign Committee, W. M. Allison, T. W. Alexander, James Starkey, J. T. H. Miller, C. F. Annis, T. J. Lasseter, and H. T. Hill, will please meet me in the Methodist church of Kerrville at 8 p. m., September 7. Let every member come. I. K. WALLER, P. E.

All that I have taught of art, everything that I have written, every greatness that there has been in any thought of mine, whatever I have done in my life, has simply been due to the fact that when I was a child my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible, and daily made me learn a part of it by heart.—Ruskin.

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Sunday-School Department.

THIRD QUARTER, LESSON 9, AUGUST 27.

RETURNING FROM CAPTIVITY. Ezra 1:1-11.

Golden Text: "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."—Psalm 126:3.

Time: 536 B. C.

Place: Babylon and Jerusalem.

Persons: Ezra, Cyrus, Zerubbabel and the returning captives.

Connections: All that Jeremiah prophesied and Ezekiel portrayed, Cyrus proclaimed and Zerubbabel executed. The last eight lessons are focalized in the event recorded in this one.

Concerning the heart of this lesson, Dr. Edward Leigh Pell says:

God does not forget his people. There are times in our lives when we no longer hear his voice nor see his guiding hand, but the fact that we do not hear is no evidence that he is not within hearing distance, and the fact that we do not see does not prove that he has ceased to watch over us. When a father ceases to work in his child's sight it does not mean that he has ceased to work for his child.

To all human appearances the captive Jews were a God-forsaken people. For seventy long years they had been exiles in a strange land, among the enemies of Jehovah. During all that time there had been no sign of approaching deliverance. So far as one could see Jehovah was making no preparations whatever to deliver them. The old generation was passing away, and the new generation that knew not Jerusalem was growing up in its place. It seemed inevitable that they would be gradually merged in the nation that had captured them, and that in the course of time the very name of Jehovah would be forgotten among them. When they were in their own land they were continually overwhelmed with manifestations of his thoughtful love, and when they went up to the house of God there were infallible signs of his presence; but now when they looked up at the blue sky they could not but wonder if God had not lost sight of them.

Now, at last, when everything seemed to confirm their fears, when to all human appearances there was not the slightest ground for hope that they would ever see Jerusalem again—now, at last, the hand of God appeared in their midst as suddenly as the hand that wrote on the wall. If the captive Jews had spent the whole seventy years trying to imagine by what means God would deliver them, they never would have guessed the plan which now unfolded itself so wonderfully. This is the thought we want to press down into our hearts out of this lesson. Because we cannot see how God is going to deliver us we doubt whether he intends to deliver us at all. Because he does not unfold to us his plans in advance we doubt whether he has any plans to unfold. Because we do not see him marshalling his forces in our behalf we fear that he has lost sight of us altogether. We think as the baby in his cradle thinks. He wakes up to find that his mother is gone. Immediately there is a wail, and if mother delays a moment, terrible fears fill the baby mind and the little heart is broken. Yet mother is only in the next room busying herself for baby. In our hour of trouble, when horrid forebodings fill our minds, if we could only feel that He who loves us and gave himself for us is only in the next room busying himself for us!

Epworth League Department.

August 27. Topic: Green Pastures—

The Christian's Pleasure.—Ps. 23.

Commenting upon this beautiful lesson, the Canadian Era says:

This poem is the nightingale of psalms. It is small, of homely feather, singing shyly out of obscurity, but oh, it has filled the air of the whole world with melodious joy greater than the heart can conceive! Blessed be the day on which that psalm was born! What would you say of a pilgrim, commissioned by God to travel up and down the earth, singing a strange melody which when one heard caused him to forget whatever sorrow he had? Behold just such an one. This pilgrim God has sent to speak in every language on the globe. It has charmed more grief to rest than all the philosophy of the world. Nor is its work done. It will go on singing through the coming ages to the generations yet to be. It will continue to be a "sun and shield" a song by night, a shade by day, till time shall be no more.

EVERY WANT SUPPLIED.

The shepherd is, literally, one who feeds. To understand all the force of the term, we must remember what the Syrian shepherd was, how very unlike our modern shepherd. Beneath the burning skies, and the clear, starry night of Palestine, says Robertson, there grows up between the shepherd and his flock a union of attachment and tenderness. At any moment their protector may have to save the sheep by personal hazard—save them from mountain torrents, hill-robbers or wolves. Alone in those vast solitudes, with no human being near, the shepherd and the sheep feel a life in common. Differences disappear, and this between lives so distant, there is woven by night and by day, by summer suns and winter frosts, a living network of sympathy. The Lord made visible to us in this relation by Jesus Christ is "the good shepherd." He feeds, restores, guides, comforts, protects and blesses all who put themselves under his divine care.

1. He gives his life for the sheep.—As the Oriental shepherd is willing to do. Christ leaves heaven, his home, and becomes man; lives, teaches, suffers, dies, that he might find his lost ones.

2. He knows the sheep.—His insight is perfect. He knows our secret thoughts and hopes and plans. He knows our temptations and dangers. He knows what discipline is best for us. He knows all, and, therefore, he can take perfect care of the sheep.

3. He calls them by name.—Even in England, shepherds and shepherds' dogs know each individual sheep. It is a remarkable fact that in Oriental lands in a flock of hundreds each individual sheep has its name, knows it, and is known by it. So the Good Shepherd takes a living, personal, peculiar interest in each redeemed soul, bending over it with infinite tenderness. No vague, indefinite superintendence is that which Jesus still exercises over his flock, but a care that particularizes each separate member of it, and descends to the minutest incidents of their history. Christ knows and loves us as individuals, not merely as part of humanity. He is omniscient and omnipresent, hears prayer, and grants aid temporal and spiritual.

NORTH TEXAS LEAGUE.

Bulletin No. 4.

Each Local Chapter in the North Texas Conference has been notified of the assessments levied upon them for the support of Texas League missionaries. The first Sunday in September has been decided upon as "Missionary Rally Day." The following program has been arranged for the occasion, and copies furnished each local chapter:

- 1. Texas League Rally Song.
2. Scripture reading (Matt. 9:35-38; 28:18-30), followed by prayer.
3. Quartette.
4. Address: "The Epworth League and Missions." References: Tract by Bishop Galloway; Review of Missions, April, '99; Epworth Era, July 20, '99.
5. Song: "An Open Bible for the World." (No. 109 Young People's Hymnal.)
6. *Question Box. (Conducted by President. Answers given by Leaguers.)
7. **A Message from China. (Read Rev. J. L. Hendry's letter.)
8. Song: "Go Tell the World of His Love." (No. 148 Young People's Hymnal.) (Note.—The collection should be taken up while this is sung.)

*Question Box: Ques.—What are the mission fields of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South? Ans.—China, Japan, Korea, Brazil, Mexico, Cuba, and among the Germans in Texas and the Indians in the Northwest. Ques.—How many missionaries are our Church? Ans.—We have seventy-six missionaries; sixty wives of missionaries. Ques.—How many missionaries has the Epworth League pledged to support? Ans.—Eleven; in China, Japan, Korea and Cuba. Ques.—What are the names and addresses of Texas League missionaries? Ans.—Rev. E. Pilley, and Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Hendry. Bro. Pilley's address is Soochou, China. Bro. Hendry is pastor Central Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and editor "Anti-Opium News," Shanghai, China.

**A Message from China: "I will tell you of the work that our Leagues here are doing, and especially, of our senior men's League. This League now numbers some 80 members. The average attendance is about 45. The League meets every Friday night, rain or shine, cold or hot! The program is all made out and the leaders selected days before the meeting. The members are ready and willing to bear their share of the work, so that the pastor is not often invited to take a meeting. We have been for a long time trying to perfect our work along the line of charity and help. We have encountered no difficulty in working the religious and literary departments, and much good has been accomplished by these efforts. But, as to what could be wisely done in

the way of charity has been rather puzzling to our Leaguers. Finally they decided to prepare some medicine, especially cholera medicine, for giving to the sick. During the summer season, this dread Asiatic cholera slays its thousands in China. Some years it is worse than others, but there is always more or less of it. So the League has prepared this medicine and have put it into the hands of a committee, who is to dispense it to those who need it. There is another thing that the League has undertaken for the hot weather, and that is this; they have furnished a nice tea reservoir, which is placed at the front door of our church and kept supplied with freshly made tea for the use of all. The money for these different objects they raise by weekly collections. The manner in which they collect these funds may be of interest. They have a curiously made tin box, which resembles in appearance a small Chinese pagoda, with an opening under the roof, and the cash is dropped into this box. It is a free-will offering, and the League is generally able to carry on its work without any trouble. Lately the League has undertaken some new evangelical work. They have begun having cottage prayer-meetings. These services are held every Sabbath evening at 4:30. You may be sure that these meetings, in addition to the regular services of the day, are doing much good. What we pastors would do without the League, I do not know. In our League we have a school for the study of theology, and another for the training of workers. You would be surprised to know how many members we have who can and will lead a meeting whenever they are asked. Sometimes, of course, the leaders are young, inexperienced ones, and their efforts could not be classed as able ones, still they faithfully endeavor to do their duty, and the Spirit helps their infirmities. Our Leaguers are like a good brother whom I received into the Church in Texas. The same week he was received I asked him to lead the prayer-meeting, and he gave his consent to do so. Years afterward, he told me that at that time he did not know enough English to read a lesson from the Bible, and that he actually took his Bible over to a neighbor, who helped him to learn to read the lesson. Well, what was the result of such a start? Why, he has for years been a useful local preacher!"

J. L. HENDRY. Shanghai, China.

RELIGION OF THE CHINESE.

Paper Read at a League Meeting.

Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism are the chief religions of the Flowery Kingdom. However, Mohammedanism is widely held. But none of them are exclusive as sects, for each one has embraced and absorbed tenets and doctrines of the others and also of primitive sects until the whole may be aptly termed a conglomerated hotchpotch of highly and holy heathen moralisms. As might be expected of religions originated and promulgated by man, it takes on different forms, hues and practices, according to the whims, prejudices and will power of every new founder of a sect or discoverer of a new God and proclamation of a new prophet.

They worship stones, sacred trees and fountains, wormwood and sedge, and animals and birds. Fetichism and totemism is as common in China as it is in Africa and amongst the North American Indians, although the Chinese boast of a civilization centuries old.

Ancestral worship is the bane of this religion, because it takes away from a poverty-stricken people more than \$150,000 in money which could and which should be used to alleviate and relieve suffering and misery. It is founded on the belief that man has three souls, which, after death, reside in the ancestral tablet in the tomb and Hades and that these souls have the same needs after death as before, and if these wants are not supplied by their children the dead father or mother will visit dire calamities upon them. They believe that food and clothing can be transmitted through fire to these spirits, and so they burn these things to be transported in smoke and ashes to the spirit world. They feign not to believe in visible railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, but they have believed, for centuries, in invisible lines of transportation and communication.

They also deify heroes, which is a silly, shallow and sad sarcasm on sacred worship—if not upon sociology. And yet our Christian America has almost fallen into the heathen folly of misty centuries in the sickly sentimentality which would worship a Sampson or Dewey. Let us hope that the time will never come to us when a Sampson shall pull down the columns of Christianity which are the sub-structure of our civilization and government or when a dewy (Dewey) hero shall spread such a mist over our eyes as

to make a puny man appear to be an omnipotent God.

Taoism.—The founder of this religion was Lao-tzu, the venerable philosopher; born 604 years before Christ and 53 years before Confucius. He is said to be like the Greek Zeno and the French Rousseau. He was China's first great philosopher; entered practical protests against the evils of his time, but was the prince of dreamers. Taoism degenerated so that Chuang, one of its celebrated writers, dreamed that he was a butterfly, and could not tell whether it was a dream or a reality—whether he was a man or a butterfly—and thousands of girls and young men were dispatched to the golden islands of the blest to secure from the genii the draft of immortality.

Confucianism, the Sect of the Lettered.—Confucius, its founder, was born 551 B. C. He was a teacher and a politician. He became Minister of Works and of Crime and introduced such reforms that good faith became the characteristics of men, and chastity and docility those of women. His family relations were not happy, and while he had a regard for truth, he himself was untruthful and insincere. Some of the tenets of this man are: "Affection between father and son; concord between husband and wife; kindness on the part of the elder brother and deference on the part of the younger; respect on the part of the ruler, and loyalty on that of the minister—these are the ten righteous courses equally binding on all men."

Buddhism.—This religion was imported from India two hundred and fifty years B. C. Forty-two chapters of the Buddhist Canon and a standing image of Buddha, its founder, was procured and Buddhist missionaries poured in until the whole country was filled with monks and Buddhism. The great laws of Buddha are eight: "right views," "equal and unvarying wisdom," "right speech," "correct conduct," "right life," "right endeavor," "right recollection," and "right meditation." "These are the eight roads, even and level, by which to avoid the sorrow of repeated birth and death."

Metempsychosis is the central doctrine of this religion, and has become incorporated in all other sects until every man, woman and child in China believes in it; that is, that when the soul leaves the body it transmigrates into some insect, bird, etc., and that wheel of transmigration is ceaselessly turning in Hades, with six ranks or spokes, to-wit: Insects, fish, birds, animals, poor men and mandarins; and when you die you do not know whether you will turn up in Hades as a beetle or a whale, a humming-bird or an elephant, a pauper or diamond king.

Mohammedanism.—This religion was also imported. Mohammed, its founder, was as ambitious as Alexander, as reckless of life as Napoleon, as full of intrigue as Richard the Third, and as treacherous and vindictive as Jezebel or even Robespierre, who said that there are periods in revolutions when to live is a crime. They say that this religion is simple, and that it can be right to supplant it with ours, which is founded on a faith which must grasp the idea of one true and living God and his Christ and the Holy Ghost, who are invisible, intangible and inaccessible, and a complex theology which puzzles learned doctors of divinity. This is answered by saying:

- 1. That this is a religion of man, endowed with all the weakness of finite being, and there is nothing in such religion better than its founder.
2. The worship of Confucius or Buddha is like the worship of Caesar or Napoleon. There is no more divinity in it, and it does not and can not raise hopes and aspirations higher than humanity, and gives to life no quality not seen by mortal vision.

3. The gods worshiped are made by man. What man fashions is lower than himself, and religion never rises above the God worshiped.

4. This religion points to heaven, and recognizes no force existing or possible greater than man except it be a hidden power entirely unaccounted for, without name, parts or attributes, which reason cannot define, which mind cannot grasp, which has no power of creation, revelation or inspiration, and which has no qualities akin to man's soul.

5. It is not founded on revelation or inspiration, and is not established by prophecy or miracle.

6. It fails to teach and prove the resurrection and immortal life with God. It points to no Jesus crucified on the cross; to no grave where he slept the silent sleep of death; to no morn when angels swept down through the skies, broke the seal of the tomb and rejoiced as he rose, in heavenly grandeur, the conqueror of death, hell and the grave, and to no promise that Jesus has gone to prepare a home where no sorrow is, where no tear shall stain the cheek, where no grave-stone marks the way, and where no farewell is ever spoken.

OLIVER S. KENNEDY. Fort Worth, Texas.

THE INTERNATIONAL EPWORTH LEAGUE CONVENTION.

Since the mention that has been made in the Advocate concerning the late International League Convention has nearly all been rather disparaging, and since most of these deliverances have been made by those who were not there, I beg the privilege of giving a few impressions as they came to an interested and profited eye-witness.

It was certainly a great convention. Great in numbers, the official estimate of attendance being put at 28,000. Great in the character of its speakers, the several Churches participating being represented by some of their strongest men. The M. E. Church had for leaders Bishops Ninde, Foss, McCabe and Fowler. The Church in Canada, President Carmen, and our own Church, Bishops Fitzgerald and Galloway. It was great in the subjects discussed. In addition to the very helpful departmental conferences held, in which many valuable and practical suggestions were made as to the actual work of individual Chapters, there were discussed by the strongest men in all three of the Churches the three greatest questions now before the Church, viz: Foreign Missions, Christian Education and the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic.

It was great in its religious fervor. From the first sunrise prayer-meeting, when thousands assembled on the public circle and made vocal the early morning air with songs and prayers and testimonies and shouts of praise to God, until the veritable Pentecost at a half dozen great gatherings on Sunday night, the Holy Ghost was present with that old time power which made our fathers say:

"What we have felt and seen With confidence we tell And publish to the sons of men The signs infallible."

It was great in its educative influence. Thousands of young Leaguers and many who were not so young were enlarged in their views of the possibilities and opportunities of Methodism. They got a wider outlook upon the



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great field yet to be conquered for Christ. They also had a more hopeful view of the great forces at work for the evangelization of the world.

Of course there were said and done many things which individually I did not approve. But I have found so many people not only in Indianapolis, but even in Texas, that don't see things just like I do, that I have quit expecting to find any assembly with whose sentiments I can entirely agree.

As I heard the representatives of the student volunteer movement talking about the 3000 young men and women recently graduated from our leading colleges and universities, standing ready to go to the uttermost parts of the earth with the message of salvation, and witnessed their enthusiasm and their intense loyalty to the great doctrines, experiences and policies of their Church I thought of the lament that has been coming up from all parts of our Zion on account of a spiritual dearth, and I said who can tell but that the Epworth League has come into the kingdom for such a time as this to kindle again the revival fires on our altars?

As I heard great speeches on the subject of the suppression of the liquor traffic and witnessed the tremendous applause and heard the cheering of the thousands, which at one time amounted almost to a frenzy, as the sentiment was expressed that the saloon must go, and as those thousands of representative men and women from all parts of our Union pledged themselves to pray and work and vote until the hydra-headed monster should be driven from the land, I said, "Who knows but that the League has come into the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Yes, it was a great meeting. Of course the brother in ebony was there; but he didn't belong to our branch of the family. Our brethren of the M. E. Church had a certain number of places on the program to fill, and they wanted to make the best appearance possible, and if they thought they could get more creditable representatives among the negroes than among their white members we couldn't object.

In conclusion, I will say that I am exceedingly thankful that I had the privilege of attending this great convention. I believe these conventions are a great blessing, and would be more but for the criticism of them in high places by men who do not attend them, and I advise our young people that it is well worth the time and the money that it costs to attend them.

JOHN M. BARCUS.

If you are tired and dull, can't get rested, and have no appetite, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It enriches and vitalizes the blood.

SAN MARCOS DISTRICT LEAGUE CONFERENCE.

The San Marcos District League Conference met at San Marcos, June 17, in its third annual session. It was held at the close of the District Conference and all Leagues in the district were represented, but on account of the very heavy rains the attendance was much smaller than anticipated.

Hereafter the League Conference will meet separately from the District Conference, as every pastor in the district except one and every delegate except the writer seemed to think it would be better for all concerned.

The following officers were elected: David Peel, of San Marcos, President; W. P. Wallace, of Kyle, First Vice-President; Miss Edna Smith, of Lockhart, Second Vice-President; Miss Vannie Fourqurean, of San Marcos, Third Vice-President, and Miss Nannie Harrison, of Buda, Secretary.

The time and place of next meeting was left in the hands of the District Cabinet. The entire conference expressed great appreciation of the generous hospitality of the good people of San Marcos. Probably the best League meeting ever held in our district was held on the fifth Sunday in July at the close of the camp-meeting at Pleasant Grove. There were some thirty or forty Leaguers from other Leagues present besides the home Leaguers, and all the district officers were also present.

W. P. WALLACE, Former Secretary.

Kyle, Texas.

HOW TO REGULATE MOSQUITOS.

"It is comparatively easy to abolish the mosquito," said Dr. L. O. Howard, the "bugologist" of the department of agriculture at Washington, who is probably the highest authority on the subject of insect life in the United States.

"The adult mosquito lives through the winter hidden in the cracks of houses and barns, in haymows, cellars, the bark of trees or under the leaves, and hibernates like a bear. It lives on the air and needs no other food. The warm weather wakens the women folk of the mosquito kingdom. An ordinary male mosquito isn't worth much. He can't sting, he can't help or harm anybody, and all he exists for is to reproduce his species. When he has done that he dies. The female mosquito, however, has a good deal of business to attend to. She is the working member of the family. She is the only one that can bite and suck blood. But as in the case of birds, the male carries the elaborate plumage, and you can distinguish him by the feathery plumes upon his head.

"It is possible for an entire generation of mosquitoes to be developed in two weeks—two days for laying the eggs, eight days to be spent as larvae or wigglers, and three days for the pupae state—which often occurs in hot weather, and that is the reason why we have so many mosquitoes in the summer.

"The first business of the female mosquito is to provide for her posterity and she finds some quiet pool where she can lay her eggs. After that is done she can go out for fun and frolic. Her natural food is the juice of plants, and she attacks animals and human beings only as a matter of diversion or dissipation. But of the billions of mosquitoes, only a very small portion ever have any fun of that kind. It is left for the enjoyment of those fortunate insects who are born in the neighborhood of summer hotels and other places inhabited by men and animals.

"A mosquito enjoys a baked potato or a watermelon rind, and loves to drink beer. But usually, like the rest of us, she has a struggle for existence, and it is only generous to remember that when a mosquito bites you the poor thing has to get a living somehow, and by the laws of nature has just as good a right to suck your blood

as you have to eat a beefsteak or swallow an oyster."

"Do mosquitoes serve any useful purpose?"

"If so, it is very limited," said Dr. Howard. "The theory that they suck in miasma is generally believed, and perhaps there is something in it. It is entirely true that while in the larvae condition they consume a large amount of micro-organisms which might otherwise be harmful to man, but that is trifling compared with the injury and the annoyance they cause.

"Recent researches by Surgeon-Major Ross, of the British army, in India, and by an Italian naturalist named Gassi, have demonstrated that mosquitoes can and do aid in the distribution of malaria—a theory which, by the way, was originally advanced by Dr. A. F. A. King, of the Cosmos Club, in Washington. They have determined that the mosquito is what they call a 'secondary host' of the disease—that is, in sucking blood a mosquito will absorb malarial germs into her own system, where they undergo development, and may be communicated to the next person she bites.

"In other words, a female mosquito may transfer a diseased germ from one body to another. That is as far as they have got, but the inquiries are still going on. Dr. Finley, of Havana, has demonstrated that yellow fever germs have been communicated by mosquitoes. No, I don't think you can credit the mosquito with contributing anything to the welfare of mankind. In early youth, when she is a wiggler she may destroy some pathogenic bacteria, but even that is not fully proven.

"It used to be the belief that a mosquito died when she sucked the blood of a victim, but that is not true. After filling herself with blood she must retire to seclusion in order to digest it, but after thirty-six hours or so she is ready to resume business. The natural life of a mosquito is about one year, but they usually die two or three weeks after hatching.

"You find them everywhere. Arctic explorers have been terribly annoyed by them, and their endurance is indicated when they hibernate in the snow and ice during the long winters.

"There are many localities in which the mosquito scourge may be done away with. In all small, stagnant pools the best remedy is to pour kerosene oil upon the surface of the water. A small amount will suffice, as it spread itself readily. When the young come up for air, they die. Kerosene oil kills all insects by contact.

A WISE ANSWER.

"The large stretches of swampy land and brackish marshes along the sea-coast are the most prolific breeding grounds, where, of course, it is impracticable to use kerosene. Drainage however, is a perfect remedy. If you can get rid of the water you can get rid of the mosquito. That has been tried on a large scale at several places along the Atlantic coast with great success. By introducing drainage you not only destroy the mosquitoes, but reclaim valuable land.

"In ponds, tanks or reservoirs in which water is kept for use it is, of course, inexpedient to use kerosene oil, but the same object can be accomplished by the introduction of minnows, perch or any small fish that will eat the wigglers.

"Several other remedies have been proposed," said Dr. Howard in conclusion, "but they are usually useless. There is a statement going the rounds of the press that permanganate of potash is a certain remedy; that a handful of the chemical thrown into a ten-acre swamp will oxidize the water and kill all the wigglers, but that is ridiculous. A large amount of the stuff will doubtless destroy the mosquitoes in a small body of water, but it would take several wagon loads to disinfect a ten-acre swamp."—C. E. Williams, in Saturday Evening Post.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

GOLD MEDAL, Paris Exposition, 1889, and the Chicago Exposition Award. THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

Nothing but misery could come of such a union." It was wisely thought and bravely spoken.—California Independent.

SUMMER AIDS TO FEMINE BEAUTY.

Cucumber peelings, boiled in water, will be found good for the skin. A slice of cucumber may be rubbed on the face, instead of soap. Lemon juice will remove sunburn. Dill-water is as good for the complexion as rose water, though it makes the skin paler. Elderflower-water is famous for its cooling properties, as is lavender-water.

Never go out in blustry weather without a veil unless you wish a tanned skin or freckles.

Do not forget, when drying the face after washing, to rub upward toward the nose. This will prevent wrinkles, and will help to smooth out to a great extent the crease alongside the nose.

Use neither hot nor cold water exclusively for bathing. A good rule to follow is a hot bath at night and a cold one in the morning, but be sure to take a bath daily if you wish to keep your skin in good condition.

Do not wear tight shoes if you desire a graceful carriage; no woman can walk comfortably or well in shoes that are too small for her feet. Do not wear too small gloves.

Avoid tight lacing and any form of dressing which compresses any organ of the body.—Mrs. Humphrey in the July Ladies' Home Journal.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. Always Specify the gentle-acting and faultless Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient. TARRANT & CO., Chemists, New York.

The New CANTON DISK PLOW. PARLIN & ORENDORFF CO., Dallas, Texas.

A FIRST CLASS SEWING MACHINE AND ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE TEXAS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE. \$22.00. NO RISK IN BUYING THIS MACHINE. THE ADVOCATE GUARANTEES IT. Mr. L. Blaylock, Dallas, Texas: Dear Sir—The Sewing Machine came all right, and my wife is well pleased. In fact, it is finished much nicer than we expected it to be. G. E. NEWPORT. Lake Charles, La.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Address communications to Mrs. Florence E. Howell, 170 Masten St., Dallas, Tex.

To the Women of the W. F. M. Society, Texas Conference:

My Sisters: The flood in the valley of the Brazos of which we have heard and seen so much in the last month has worked great harm and distress to the families of those who compose our membership from the northern to the southern boundary of our conference. While the members on the eastern and western borders and those in the cities of Austin, Houston and Galveston have not come in direct contact with its horrors, it is presumable that each one has met to her utmost capacity the demand made for relief, so that, although all have not seen their homes made desolate by the floods and the entire work of the year destroyed, yet in dividing our resources with the sufferers we have become participants in the common calamity. Thus, my sisters, we feel that we stand somewhat on the same plane with you, and so are at least measurably justified in appealing to you with the others.

We have tried to place ourselves beside the members of auxiliaries up and down the lines of railroads running through our conference, to realize their losses, to feel the whole loneliness of the situation. We know you feel that your hands are empty, that the power to do is limited. You are not now thinking of the work of our missionaries—of that which you have loved and for which you have cared and labored. It seems to you now that you can not again take interest in the monthly meeting; that the dues, conference fund, dimes for the scholarship must now be brought in by others. My sisters, others will care for these. Some even, who hitherto have shown no interest in the foreign missionary work, feel more when they see that your confident trust in the blessed promises of help and support is unabated. I am now sending out the Twenty-First Annual Report of the Woman's Board Foreign Missions. The minutes of the annual meeting of our Conference Society are in the hands of the editors, and will reach you as speedily as possible. The leaflets for the next quarter will be sent as soon as received. Use all these helpful helps. Neglect none, for in the work we are doing, as in all others, "knowledge is power."

Be brave, my sisters, encourage those who think the burden is too great; point them to the Burden Bearer, and let us resolve that this year of calamities and floods shall prove the best in our work for the Master; that we will go on in the strength that God supplies, taking up our work in our auxiliaries, being more punctual in our attendance, showing by our attention to details that the "love of Christ constraineth us." The love of souls urges us forward. Many, but not all of us, did the full work required of us last year. Can we not do more this year, and those that lacked last year, can not they come up fully to their measure this year? Oh, sisters, for the love we bear the Master, let our record this year be such as he will approve. Go to the next monthly meeting, taking someone with you, if possible. "So the wall was built for the people had a mind to work." Your Corresponding Secretary, MRS. S. S. PARK, Galveston, Texas.

Notice: All preachers asking aid from the Woman's Home Mission Society of the Northwest Texas Conference must have their applications in the Treasurer's hands on or before the first day of October. Said applications must be in for the annual meeting of the Woman's Home Mission Society, and not for the Preachers' Annual Conference.

MRS. H. W. LOWE, Conf. Treas., 1109 Galveston, Ave., Ft. Worth.

To the Auxiliaries W. F. M. Society, North Texas Conference:

Dear Sisters: I had the pleasure to attend the annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions at Nashville, and enjoyed it very much. While there a fund was started for a school to be established in Havana, Cuba, and we—that is, myself and our Corresponding Secretary, who was the accredited delegate from our Conference Society, said we would try to supplement that small fund with a donation from the auxiliaries of our Conference Society. The board is very anxious to buy property there and establish work, and will do so as soon as the money is on hand. The Cubans are our next door neighbors. They look with pleading eyes to us to loose them from the fetters of sin and degradation. Let us try this year to do something for them. Each auxiliary is pledged to get up a certain sum for out-going

missionaries, but this is an extra appeal, and a special object. Can't we do something for Cuba? We want to establish a mission in Havana, a mission school, and our North Texas Conference Society must have a part in this work. So call your auxiliary together and do something for this cause that ought to lie so very near our hearts.

You may say you have the pledge made at annual meeting to get up, and therefore can not do this. Then we are not doing as much as we have done in the past, for when we, as a Conference Society, were getting up our scholarship in the Scarritt Bible Training School we gave each year to our pledge for outgoing missionaries, and also to the scholarship just as much. Pray over it seriously before you say you can do nothing special for Cuba. We are just "playing at missions." We have not as yet made any sacrifice. It is just the surplus we are giving of a part to go to missions; can we afford to foolishly waste God's precious time and board his gold—"The gold is mine, saith the Lord"—when souls are dying in the darkness of heathendom at our very doors? Stop and think about it, dear sisters of the W. F. M. Society, and let it be said of us, "She hath done what she could."

MRS. J. H. BOWMAN, Pres. Conf. So. Plano, Texas.

TEMPERANCE WORK W. H. M. S.

Last March I sent a circular letter to all the pastors in the North Texas Conference, requesting that they preach a temperance sermon on a given date. In answer to my letter I have received twenty-five favorable replies.

No doubt most ministers are satisfied with their temperance work in the Church, therefore do not consider it necessary to comply with a special request on this line. But as the temperance work is of so great importance, and to make the work a success requires continual enthusiasm, we feel we are not overstepping the bounds of propriety in asking you a second time to comply with our request in behalf of the Temperance Department of the Home Mission Society of the M. E. Church, South.

Please fix your date between now and September 1st and let me know your decision. We are doing this work "in His name," and God bless you in accepting this request.

MRS. R. E. L. SCHIMELPFENIG, Plano, Texas.

HOME MISSION SOCIETY.

Temperance Program—September, 1899.

1. "Mothers' Relation to Temperance in the Home."
2. "Temperance and Hygiene."
3. "Temperance and the Father's Duty Towards His Boys."
4. "Snares."
5. "Why Should Unfermented Wine be Used at the Lord's Supper?"
6. "Biblical Reasons Why Unfermented Wine Should Only be Used."
7. "Why and in What Way is the Voting Membership of the Church Responsible for the Liquor Traffic in our Town?"
8. "Is Beer a Temperance Drink?"
9. "Alcohol a Narcotic."
10. "The Use of Alcohol in Medicine."
11. "Alcohol and the Pocket-Book."
12. "Why I Should Sign a Temperance Pledge."

To the Auxiliaries of the Home Mission Society of the North Texas Conference.

Dear Sisters: Our conference meeting convenes Oct. 18-21, at Wolfe City. Every auxiliary is requested to elect two delegates. We hope to make this our very best meeting. The ladies of Wolfe City have invited us to bring a strong delegation, and will do all in their power to make our stay among them pleasant.

Every delegate is expected to take an active part in the meeting. Study the July number of Our Homes carefully so that you may become acquainted with every phase of Home Mission work. Discuss our work in your auxiliary, and come to this meeting prepared to help in a forward movement in our conference.

Mrs. Dickinson, who has charge of the Parsonage Department, will conduct a service in the interest of homes for our pastors. Mrs. Schimelpfenig, of Plano, in a special meeting, will be phasize the temperance work, and Mrs. Harry Evans will have charge of the reading course.

We hope all will remember this annual meeting in prayer, and that our coming together will result in much good. Yours in Christian work.

MRS. F. B. CARROLL, Pres. Home Mission Society North-Texas Conference, Dallas, Texas.

TO PREACHERS.

In answer to former inquiries I now have on hand some blanks for application for aid for parsonages. These can be had by sending me 10 cents in postage stamps. All applications to our Conference Society should be in hands of Mrs. W. F. Barnum, Fort Worth, by September 15. Our annual meeting will be held in First Church, Fort Worth, October 10 to 14.

MRS. C. C. ARMSTRONG.

MARRIAGE NOTICES.

At the residence of the bride's parents near Kyle, Texas, August 16, 1899, Mr. Claude H. Kellam and Miss Juliet R. Cage, Rev. A. W. Wilson officiating.

At the parsonage gate, near Bosqueville, Texas, June 23, 1899, Mr. Joseph Wilkins and Miss Dora Wyly, Rev. C. S. Cameron officiating.

At the parsonage, Erath, Texas, July 4, 1899, Mr. E. B. Ditto and Miss Nancy Wiley, Rev. C. S. Cameron officiating.

At the Methodist Church in Erath, Texas, on Tuesday after the third Sunday in July, Mr. Ralph Overby and Miss Emily Waddill, Rev. C. S. Cameron officiating.

At the parsonage steps at Erath, Texas, August 9, 1899, at 11 p. m., Mr. R. E. Davidson and Miss Bertha Ford, Rev. C. S. Cameron officiating.

At the parsonage in Erath, Texas, August 6, 1899, Mr. James Eichelberger and Miss Ludie Smith, Rev. C. S. Cameron officiating.

In the Methodist Church at Oakwoods, Texas, Sunday night, August 6, 1899, Mr. Kenlock Lane and Miss Erie Cutler, both of Oakwoods, Texas, Rev. B. W. Allen officiating.

Normal course in the Landon Conservatory. Book explains. Lock Box 361, Dallas, Texas.

No use running around asking Smith, Brown and Jones what to do for your chills. Cheatham's Tasteless Chill Tonic will cure you—cure you quickly and completely. Give it a trial. Guaranteed. Price 50 cents.

A TEXAS WONDER. HALL'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

One small bottle of Hall's Great Discovery cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, seminal emission, weak and lame back, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. Regulates bladder trouble in children. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months' treatment, and will cure any case above mentioned. E. W. Hall, sole manufacturer, St. Louis, Mo. Send for Texas testimonials. Sold by all druggists.

READ THIS.

Groesbeck, Texas, Sept. 28, 1896.—This is to certify that I have been cured of kidney and bladder trouble with one bottle of Hall's Great Discovery, and I can fully recommend it to the public. J. W. THOMPSON.

"It is the little word you speak, the little thought you think, the little thing you do or leave undone, the little moment you waste or use wisely, the little temptation you yield to or overcome—the little things of every day that are making or marring your future life."

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, Ringworms and Tetter or it costs you nothing. Price 50 cents.

COTTON BELT RATES.

Merchants' Association, New York, N. Y., August, 1899, per capita rate of one and one-third fare, on the certificate plan, is authorized, under Southwestern Passenger Bureau Rules. Meeting of Merchants' Association, New Orleans, La., July, August, September and October; account of above occasion, rate of one and one-third fare, on the certificate plan, is authorized. Improved Order of Redmen Great Councils of the United States, Washington, September 11-15, 1899, rate of one and one-third fare, on certificate plan.

When you go to Eureka Springs, Ark., stop at Southern Hotel. Rates are reasonable.

Lessons at the Landon Conservatory by teachers of national reputation. Book free. Lock Box 361, Dallas, Texas.

A few reasons why Cheatham's Tasteless Chill Tonic should be used. It is effective; it is harmless; it is pleasant to take; it is quick in its action; it is guaranteed to cure. Fifty cents.

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Queen City Business College. The greatest opportunity of your life is now before you. Scholarships in business or shorthand cut from \$10 to \$15 for 30 days. Expert accountants in faculty advise. Be sure to write us before deciding to go elsewhere. Ad. QUEEN CITY BUSINESS COLLEGE, Dallas, Texas.

Hill's Business College. Highest endorsements from merchants, bankers and the business public. High grade and wide reputation. Faculty largest south of Chicago. Methods practical and up-to-date. Largest attendance, lowest expense. \$100 in gold given away. Graduates in highest positions. Ad. R. H. HILL, President, Waco, Tex.

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West End, San Antonio, Texas. "In All Things, Thoroughness." J. E. HARRISON, President, MISS WALTON, Associate. New and Elegant Buildings. New members of Faculty: Music, graduate and student in Germany; Elocution, graduate National School of Oratory; Mathematics, graduate Vanderbilt University; Art, graduate Cooper Union Art School. HEALTH, EDUCATION, CHRISTIAN INFUENCES. Fall Term, Sept. 5, '99. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

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Carefully and intelligently fits boys for entrance into all of the leading colleges, its pupils entering Vanderbilt, Lehigh (Pa.) and many other great schools without examination. Discipline strong, surroundings pleasant, instruction thorough, expenses reasonable. Enrollment last year, 38. Prior engagement necessary. Cigarette smokers not wanted. For Catalogue, address W. D. MOONEY, FRANKLIN, TENN.

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OBITUARIES.

The space allowed obituaries is twenty words. The privilege is reserved of condensing 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.

Resolutions of respect will not be inserted in the Obituary Department under any circumstances; but if paid for will be inserted in another column. POETRY CAN IN NO CASE BE INSERTED.

Extra copies of paper containing obituaries can be procured if ordered when manuscript is sent. Price, five cents per copy.

ALFORD.—John Posie, son of John and Jane Alford, was born November 17, 1893, and died May 30, 1899. God in his wisdom has transplanted one of our little Sunday-school flowers to bloom forever in the New Jerusalem. Father and mother, brothers and sisters, you have lost a loved one, but not forever. He is now living with Jesus, and one day, if faithful to the trust our Savior has left us, we will meet our loved ones on the golden shore, as we enter that land of eternal sunshine.

WM. H. NEWKIRK, P. C.

HUME.—Thomas Rowland Hume was born in Smith County, Virginia; moved to Missouri in his boyhood, and later to Texas, where he died at his home at Carey, July 24, 1899, aged sixty-six years, ten months and twenty-eight days. Deceased was married to his present sorrowing widow thirty-five years ago, July 26. Bro. Hume expressed faith in God and hope of heaven, but had not joined the Church. The Methodist Church was his choice. He was a man of few words, the strictest honesty and integrity with his fellow men and of the greatest abhorrence of hollow pretensions. May God bless and comfort the bereaved ones. GEO. A. NANCE.

McCONVILLE.—Wm. H. McConville was born June 15, 1826, in Campbell County, Virginia; died July 15, 1899. This writer first saw him at the first appointment at Williams' Chapel for this year, and he was there every month till his death. Faithful to the Church he loved to the last. He had spent about fifty-six years in the service of his Master, and died very triumphant. When the end approached, and he realized it, he called his grandchildren about him and exhorted them to a godly life, and then "gently fell on sleep." Thus a good man is gone, but his godly life remains. He leaves several children and a number of grandchildren, and a host of friends to mourn his departure, but our loss is his gain. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. J. P. RODGERS, P. C.

MONTFORT.—Sister Eleanor Thorp Montfort, wife of Peter T. Montfort, and daughter of J. P. and M. F. Thorp, passed peacefully to rest at home, near Chatfield, Texas, June 18, 1899. She was born February 16, 1874; was baptized in infancy by "Uncle Billy" Vaughan; she openly avowed her faith in Christ as her Savior, and was admitted into full connection with the M. E. Church, South, at ten years of age. She was one of the few who never took a step to the right nor left of the narrow way. Her mother told me a few days ago that she had never been guilty of one act of disobedience to her parents. What a model of excellence! She dedicated her little babe to Christ in holy baptism the first Sabbath in June. At this time she plead with her dear husband to join with the baby, but he declined, not knowing the meaning of this request. How suddenly she was taken! How sad was her dear husband to think that she had to leave him outside! But, bless God, he was the first to come and join during the Chatfield meeting, which has just closed. How precious is his experience now. I believe he will meet her in heaven. Even so, amen! W. H. CRAWFORD.

HORN.—Sister Isabella Horn (nee Brooke) was born in Alabama, October 27, 1844; moved to Texas in 1860; was married to C. C. Horn March 28, 1861; professed religion and joined the M. E. Church, South, in the summer of 1864, and departed this life in great peace April 17, 1899. Sister Horn was a true woman in every relation in life. As a wife, mother and friend she was devoted, self-sacrificing and trusted. She made no loud professions of high attainments in grace, but she patiently and faithfully followed her Lord. Her life was above reproach, and was a mighty factor in turning the hearts of her children to Christ. She loved the Methodist Church, and did what she could to promote its prosperity. She loved the ministers of her Church, and never spared any pains to contribute to their comfort and pleasure while in her home. Her husband and

ten children survive her, all of whom are members of the Church. Her sufferings during her last illness were intense, but she bore them patiently. She met death fearlessly. We are sure she is in the home beyond the Jordan of death, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. W. L. PATE.

KNAPP.—Horace Crawford Knapp, son of B. D. and Fannie A. Knapp, was born August 22, 1887, and died July 22, 1899, at South McAlester, I. T., after a brief illness. He was a lovable, manly boy, a great joy to his parents, who mourn his loss as only parents can. But, thanks be unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ, they sorrow not as they that have no hope. Through tears they look heavenward, and by grace and faith are able to say: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." They know whom they have believed, and are persuaded that he is able to keep that which they have committed unto him until they are reunited with him in heaven. An unbroken family, they all shall meet in the home of the blest; for our Lord saith: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." His and their pastor, W. F. DUNKLE.

BOWEN.—Mrs. Willie R. Bowen (nee Price) was born in Henderson County, Texas, January 27, 1873. She was converted at Cow Creek Church, in Erath County, Texas, under the ministry of Rev. George Risley, in her thirteenth year, and was ever afterward a devoted member of the M. E. Church, South. She was married to J. N. Bowen June 3, 1891. To them were born two girls and one boy. Little Jettie preceded her mother to the better land a month and eighteen days. She was four years of age. She and her mother were sufferers from the stroke of lightning at our second Quarterly Conference at Pleasant Home May 21. Sister Bowen died July 16, 1899. The day before she died she called to her mother and said, "Good-bye." Her mother asked, "Where are you going?" She said, "I am going to heaven to die no more." She then told all good-bye, and asked her little boy to be a good boy, and begged her husband to meet her in heaven. May the Lord comfort the bereaved parents, brothers, sister and her many friends. M. H. HUDSON, P. C.

COATES.—Otho Bailey, son of John W. and Bettie Coates, was born February 28, 1896, and died August 4, 1899. This death came unexpected to parents and friends, as Otho had been sick only a few days, and not dangerously ill, as we thought, till just a few minutes before death. Little Otho was a bright, patient and affectionate child, a special favorite of the home, and of all who knew him; and having been a cripple, it seemed that the attachment to and affection for him were stronger than had it been otherwise. But Otho has gone where there are no defective limbs nor fevered brows, nor aching heads. The loving Shepherd has reached down and drawn to himself another one of his little lambs. One of earth's tenderest flowers has been transplanted to the home above. To the bereaved parents our sympathies are extended, and when our sympathies have been exhausted, we can but refer to Him who is able to supply needed comfort. Be faithful, and after awhile God will allow you to live forever with Otho in the paradise above. L. B. TOOLEY.

TAYLOR.—Cora Lou, infant daughter of T. H. and Alice Taylor, was born October 14, 1898, and died July 8, 1899. All that is mortal of this dear little one lies buried in the family burial place at the home of Jas. Henderson, Vigo, Texas, near the sainted aunt whose name she bore. Short as was her life, yet her bright presence in the home is sadly missed. The parents and family have the sweet consolation and deep assurance of greeting her pure spirit on the other shore, where there is neither suffering, death nor parting. Having been sent to brighten the home for a season, she now adds brightness to the heavenly throng, and is one more tie to bind her loved ones here to God. Trustfully the parents bear their bereavement as the will of God, nor even question why. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." Such is their faith. "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." ALBERT J. McCULLOCH, P. C.

FERGUSON.—Mary M. Ferguson was born December 18, 1839, in Marshall County, Alabama. Her maiden name was Walker. She was married to Marcus L. Ferguson September 16, 1847. This happy union was not broken until November 20, 1898, when God called Bro. Ferguson home to heaven. They were living in Tennessee at this time. Soon after Sister Ferguson came to Texas to live with

some of her children, which she did until June 6, 1899, when Jesus said: "Your mansion is ready; come up higher." She suffered several days with typhoid fever, though she bore it patiently, saying unto the end, "Jesus is helping me." Sister Ferguson professed religion and joined the Methodist Church in 1855. She lived a faithful, consecrated Christian until her death. Sister Ferguson was the mother of eleven children—ten girls and one boy. Four of these preceded their mother to the better world. Her remains were laid away in Pleasant Retreat Cemetery to await the resurrection morn. Do not grieve, loved ones, but trust in mother's God, and you will meet again where parting is no more. G. C. CRAVY.

POWELL.—Little Thelma Powell, daughter of Dr. C. N. and Annie Powell, was born May 9, 1898, and died July 31, 1899, at Laurel, Texas, after an illness of thirty minutes. She was a lovable child; always greeted every one with a smile; was claimed by her Grandpa Powell as a pet. But how sad and hard for little brother Leslie and kind parents to say good-bye to sweet Thelma and leave her sleeping by the side of grandma in Sudeth Bluff Cemetery. Remember, bereaved and sorrowing ones, that there is wisdom in love in this sad dispensation of God's providence, and though you may never be permitted to see it in this world, all will be revealed when you cross over the river. So, mama, when you fold these little clothes away in presence of little Leslie and papa, will you remind them of little Thelma as an angel basking in the light that shines around the throne of God. You will one day meet in that beautiful land. May the Lord bind up the broken hearts and help them say, thy will be done. Grandpa. B. Z. POWELL.

SNEED.—John Rogers Sneed was born in Richland District, S. C., December 22, 1842, and died at his home near Starrville, Smith County, Texas, July 13, 1899. He moved from Graniteville, S. C., to Texas in 1875. In his eighteenth year he enlisted with the 16th South Carolina Regiment, and remained in active service until the battle of Atlanta, July 22, where he lost a leg and was compelled to cease fighting. Early in 1862 he enlisted in the army of Christ, and faithfully performed his duty as a soldier of the Cross till the Great Captain said: "It is enough; come up higher!" For thirty-two years he followed the profession of teaching public school. How often have we heard him ask the Heavenly Father for divine guidance in leading his own and other precious children entrusted to his care aright. In his death we have lost a devoted husband, a kind and loving father, a safe counsellor and guide. We shall indeed miss him; yet, we thank God, that while our hearts are bowed down in sorrow, we know where to find him. He taught us how to live; he showed us how to die. We'll meet again. HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

WEAVER.—Joseph Thomas Weaver, son of T. A. and N. E. Weaver, and grandson of J. W. and S. C. Scoggins, was born July 9, 1884, and departed this life August 12, 1899, aged fifteen years, one month and three days. He was converted two years ago, under the ministry of Rev. R. J. Smith, and lived a consistent Christian life until death. He bore his sufferings like a Christian. His dying words were: "Good-bye, grandma; I am going to heaven;" and then he said: "Good-bye, mama and papa; come and kiss me; I am going to heaven." His Grandpa asked him where he was going. His answer was: "I am going to heaven." He then called for all the family to come and kiss him. "I am going to heaven." He then said: "Everybody that wants to go to heaven come and kiss me." He then prayed for the sinners. His dying songs were: "Happy on the Way," and "Happy Little Angel." He called for his oldest brother and said: "Willie, please don't associate with those wild boys; live like I have, and meet me in heaven." He has gone to rest. JAS. W. WEAVER, J. W. SCOGGINS, Malta, Texas.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1898. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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NEAL.—Sister L. C. Neal was born in Chickasaw County, Mississippi, November, 1855; was married to W. B. Neal in 1871; converted near her home in the fall of the same year, and joined the M. E. Church, South, in which she lived a faithful, consistent Christian life, ready to work for the Master when able, to the time of her death, at Helena, Karnes County, Texas, June, 1899. Sister Neal was President of the Woman's Missionary Society in Mississippi for four years. She expressed herself to inquiring friends as ready and willing to die. Loved ones, meet your dear companion and mother in the home of the pure and good E. H. HOLBROOK.

ELLISON.—Clayborn Ellison was born in Pickens County, Alabama, December 25, 1816; moved to Texas in 1858, and settled near Pittsburg, and lived there until death came and released him from suffering, which event occurred August 2, 1899, aged eighty-two years and seven months. For the past few years of his life he was wonderfully afflicted, but endured his affliction with Christian fortitude. He embraced religion when young, and as he grew older he became more and more devoted in his last years. He erected a family altar in the last five years of life, and if he were able to sit up he never neglected that duty. The writer was with him in his last days and closed his eyes in death, and I never witnessed a calmer and more quiet death. He leaves an aged wife and six children to mourn the loss of a husband and father; also many friends that will miss him so much. A large procession followed his remains to the Church where he had his membership, and the writer preached his funeral sermon to a large and attentive audience. A good man has fallen. May God bless his wife and children and his brother, and may they all meet in the sweet by and by. S. W. JONES.

JONES.—Thomas F. Jones was born in Tennessee November 19, 1825; moved to Illinois with his parents when a boy, and lived in that State until he became a man and was married to Miss R. E. Williams, December 17, 1846; embraced religion August, 1848, and united with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church; was elected ruling elder in the Church, and held that office until death; he moved to Texas in the year 1852. In July, 1859, he lost his wife, leaving him six children. He volunteered in the service of the Confederate States, and went through the war; came home and was married to Mrs. M. J. Ferguson August 17, 1865. That union was blessed with four sweet girls. He departed this life June 28, 1899, at his home in Hopkins County, Texas, aged seventy-three years, seven months and nine days. I went to see him the first day of May before he died in June. His last words to me were: "I am ready to go or stay, just as the Master pleases. He leaves an aged wife and several children and a host of friends, a brother and one sister seventy-nine years of age, and we are looking forward to a day when we will meet again our dear brother in his new and happy home. A good man has gone home, a prince in Israel has fallen. His brother, S. W. JONES.

NELSON.—Dr. J. M. Nelson was born in Maury County, Tennessee, March 13, 1821. He began reading medicine in 1839 and graduated in 1855. In 1861 he joined the Confederate Army and was elected First Lieutenant of Company E, Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment, and was afterwards promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel of the same regiment for his unflinching bravery on the battlefield. After the war he came to Texas, in 1869. He was twice married—first to Mrs. Margaret Rains. He was married the second time to Mrs. Mary Banks. Three children live to mourn his loss—two daughters by his first wife and one by his second wife. Bro. Nelson was converted in early life and united with the M. E. Church, South. He was a loving father and a devoted husband, a law-abiding citizen, a faithful friend. May the promised Comforter sustain the dear ones whose hearts are sad. Just a day or two before his death I asked him how he felt and he looked up with a peaceful expression and

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said: "There is not a cloud; all is well. On August 7, 1899, the Lord called him from this to a better world. H. M. HAYNIE. Chappell Hill, Texas.

LEVEY.—Sister Pevey Levey was 82 years old. She was a native of Tennessee. She moved to Texas several years ago. Her husband died in 1879. She was the mother of twelve children, four of whom are still living. She died at the home of her son, Dr. Levey, Big Hill, Texas, Aug. 2, 1899. Sister Levey professed religion at the age of 15 and joined the Methodist Church and lived a devoted member until her death. She filled her place in the Church until enfeebled by age. She was almost helpless some time before her death, but the Master said, "It is enough; come up higher." The children and grandchildren know where to find her. The Lord help them to prepare to meet in the mansions above, where Jesus has gone to prepare for all who love him. R. V. GALLAWAY.

CORLEY.—Hattie Stella Corley, daughter of Sister Fannie Hiten, 11 years old, after three weeks' suffering, died at her home near Thornton, Texas. Stella was dedicated to God in holy baptism in infancy by Rev. J. O. Jordan, but the bud 'e'en in blooming dies. The bright look, the cheerful voice, the elastic step, are seen and heard no more among us, but we can go to her. May the Holy Spirit comfort the bereaved family and relatives and lead them into the truth, for "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." "But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit." R. V. GALLAWAY.

COGBURN.—Elizabeth G. Cogburn (nee White) was born in Georgia, July 18, 1834; died near Slidell, Texas, July 28, 1899; was married to David Cogburn November 9, 1851. Five children were born to them. Her husband and three of their children preceded her to their heavenly home. Sister Cogburn was converted and joined the Methodist Church at the age of thirteen, and ever lived a most consistent life. She was noted for her piety and devotion to her Christian duties. One could but feel the impress of her Christ-like experience by being associated with her. Just before her time came to depart and be with Christ, her Savior, she sang that beautiful song, "More About Jesus." "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." To the two remaining children and eighteen grandchildren and the host of relatives and friends, let us so live that we may join dear mother, grandmother and friend in the sweet by and bye. A. P. HIGHTOWER. Ponder, Texas.

SMITH.—J. B. Smith, infant son of Rev. H. B. Smith, has peacefully passed into the haven of rest. He was born March 24, 1898; baptized by Rev. L. M. Fowler in August, 1898, and died after a brief illness July 20, 1899. His little earthly life was of one year, three months and twenty-six days duration, but his father and mother have comfort in the fact that he has not ceased to live, but has passed into the joys of a more abundant life. While this life brought sunshine into the home, its transition has not weakened their love for the Heavenly Father, but has driven them more closely into the shelter of his promises and the comfort of his love. May the Lord comfort them now, and reunite them at last in his kingdom above. V. A. GODBEY.

THARP.—John Mitchell Tharp, son of Robert D. and Jennie Tharp, was born September 11, 1898, and died May 10, 1899, after an illness of five weeks. Our little Mitchell was with us only a few months, just long enough to entwine himself lovingly around our hearts, and his death seems to tear them asunder. Mamma's sweet little "rosebud" was too lovely and spotless to blossom here on earth, where sin would blight it, so God called him to his own bright home, where mamma will strive to meet her beautiful, brown-eyed, patient darling. God alone can comfort the hearts of papa, mamma and little Brother Maurice. HIS MAMMA.

WHITE.—Sister Amanda M. White was born February 15, 1834, in Wilcox County, Alabama; moved with her parents, Jonathan M. and Lucinda B. Hill, to South Carolina in 1843; moved to Harris County, Texas, when she was about 14 years of age, with her father, brothers and sisters. Here she was married to Mr. Robert N. Dobie Dec. 3, 1851. To this marriage four sons were born who still live and are noble men. Mr. Dobie died in August, 1857, in said county. She was during the Civil War married to Mr. Able H.

White. Mr. White died about 1867. Both marriages and the death of both husbands were in Harris County, Texas. Sister White came to Lagarto, Live Oak County, Texas, in 1875, with her four boys, who still reside in this county. She died in San Antonio July 18, 1899. She was a member of the M. E. Church, South. I had the pleasure of knowing and visiting her in her home often during her illness, before she left home to go to San Antonio. She was a faithful, patient, devoted Christian. She lived a consistent life and died a triumphant death. ISAIAH S. NAPIER, P. C.

MILLER.—Johnnie, son of Warren and Maud Miller, was born May 5, 1885, and died August 14, 1899. Our community is cast into mourning over the death of this grand boy. We remember him from babyhood, when the young parents enshrined him in their hearts as the joy of their lives. We have watched with delight his life mature, his character unfold. It seemed that all of the finer qualities of maternal and paternal ancestry had been bestowed upon him. We often wondered what would be the manhood of such a boy; when lo! the Allwise Father said: "This young life is finished." Had Johnnie waited for manhood's years to have wrought the works of God, it would have been too late; but at twelve years of age he joined his parents' and grandparents' Church, M. E. Church, South, adding the Christian graces to his natural endowments, making a most beautifully rounded character. He was first in his books, first on the play-ground and first in the hearts of his playmates. We know the inner life of this dear boy—the craving for an education, the purity of heart, the chastity of his language. We will miss the sweet voice from Sunday-school, from which he has never been absent. He was a loyal Leaguer. He died in joyous youth, without a blot upon his character. He was grandson to "Uncle Johnnie" Miller, who will be remembered for his open heart and open home to all preachers. This Christian home, now shrouded in sorrow, is a sad place; the agony of that father, the despair of that lovely mother, is a scene we shrink from witnessing. Many hearts weep with them for this their first born. A FRIEND.

GREEN.—John T. Green was born in Franklin County, Tennessee, June 24, 1822; professed religion at the age of 19 and joined the P. C. Church. Afterward joined the Methodist Church and lived a member of it until death came, July 28, 1899. He raised a family of ten children. They all came with their parents to Brown County, Texas, except one sister, in 1876. All the children lived to be grown, but in 1890 three brothers died, and in 1896 one sister. He was one of the oldest settlers of this country. He was a nephew of Judge Nathan Green, of Franklin, Tenn. A few years ago he gave four acres of land upon which to build a Methodist church. The church is known as Green's Chapel. When Aunt Susan, Uncle John's aged companion, asked him if he was afraid to die, he said, "No; but I hate to leave you." May God bless the bereaved ones left behind. The crossing will soon come to us all. There's no danger on the other side of the river if we live right on this side. A. F. BOWDEN. Clio, Texas.

DAVIS.—Mrs. Eliza Thompson Davis (nee Richie) was born in Giles County, Tenn., March 5, 1828, and died near Rockport, Texas, July 20, 1899. She was married to G. W. Davis March 31, 1845; seven children blessed their union. Sister Davis, with her family, came to Texas in 1856, and to Rockport in 1890. Her husband died August 20, 1858. Two children still live—Mrs. Mollie Sparks and Mrs. Emma Lassiter. Deceased also left twenty-one grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren. Sister Davis was converted and joined the Methodist Church at twelve years of age. Her faith in God and her devotion to his cause were exceptionally strong. The day before her death her pastor called to see her and found her, as she expressed it, "Just waiting for God to do as he thought best." She believed that he would take her very soon, and was glad to go. Her life was a constant benediction. She walked with God. She was conscious to the last, and her testimony to God's love and sustaining grace was clear all the time. May the bereaved ones follow her steps. J. A. PHILLIPS, P. C.

White. Mr. White died about 1867. Both marriages and the death of both husbands were in Harris County, Texas. Sister White came to Lagarto, Live Oak County, Texas, in 1875, with her four boys, who still reside in this county. She died in San Antonio July 18, 1899. She was a member of the M. E. Church, South. I had the pleasure of knowing and visiting her in her home often during her illness, before she left home to go to San Antonio. She was a faithful, patient, devoted Christian. She lived a consistent life and died a triumphant death. ISAIAH S. NAPIER, P. C.

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Northwest Texas Conference. Vernon District.—Fourth Round. Farmer cir, at Farmer...Sept. 16, 17. Graham sta, at Graham...Sept. 17, 18. Graham cir, at Graham...Sept. 19. Throckmorton, at Throckm'tn, Sept. 21. Haskell cir, at Ward...Sept. 23, 24. Haskell sta, at Haskell...Sept. 24, 25. Crowell cir, at Jamerson...Sept. 30, Oct. 1. Harold mis, at Harrold...Oct. 4. Seymour sta, at Seymour...Oct. 7, 8. Seymour cir, at Shady Grove...Oct. 9. Benjamin, at White Flat...Oct. 10. Altus mis, at Altus...Oct. 14, 15. Mangum mis, at Mangum...Oct. 17. Eldorado cir, at Willow Vale...Oct. 19. Chilicothe, at Wheatland...Oct. 21, 22. Quanah sta, at Quanah...Oct. 28, 29. Childress cir, at Childress...Oct. 30. Vernon sta, at Vernon...Nov. 4, 5. C. W. Daniel, P. E.

Corsicana District.—Fourth Round. Frost cir, at Emmet...Sept. 2, 3. Brandon cir, at Brandon...Sept. 9, 10. Hubbard City sta, at H. C...Sept. 16, 17. Barry cir, at Barry...Sept. 23, 24. Blooming Grove and Cryer Creek at Cryer Creek...Sept. 29. Dawson cir, at Dawson...Sept. 30, Oct. 1. Rice cir, at Rice...Oct. 3. Kerens cir, at Kerens...Oct. 5. Powell mis, at Roane...Oct. 7, 8. Wortham cir, at Rabbit Hill...Oct. 12. Cotton Gln cir, at Forest Glade...Oct. 15. Mexia sta, at Mexia...Oct. 15, 16. Horn Hill cir, at Horn Hill...Oct. 21, 22. Groesbeck sta, at Groesbeck...Oct. 22, 23. Thornton cir...Oct. 25. Armour cir...Oct. 28, 29. Corsicana sta, at Corsicana...Nov. 1. Corsicana cir...Nov. 2. E. A. Bailey, P. E.

Fort Worth District.—Third Round. West Cleburne, at George's Crk, Aug. 26, 27. Cleburne sta...Sept. 2, 3. B. H. Bolton, P. E.

Corsicana District.—Third Round. Corsicana cir, at Zion's Rest, Aug. 26, 27. E. A. Bailey, P. E.

Waco District.—Third Round. Morrow Street...Aug. 26, 27. Abbott, at Willow...Sept. 2, 3. Fifth Street...Sept. 9, 10. Elm Street...Sept. 16, 17. Mart, at Riesel...Sept. 23, 24. Mt. Calm...Sept. 30, Oct. 1. Sam'l P. Wright, P. E.

Weatherford District.—Third Round. Millsap, at Holder's Chapel...Aug. 26, 27. Fainto...Sept. 2, 3. Peaster...Sept. 9, 10. Weatherford mis...Sept. 16, 17. Courts Memorial, at C. M...Sept. 18. Jno. R. Morris, P. E.

Georgetown District.—Third Round. Florence...Aug. 26, 27. Bertram...Sept. 2, 3. Burnett...Sept. 9, 10. W. L. Neims, P. E.

Brownwood District.—Third Round. Indian Creek cir...Aug. 27, 28. Zephyr...Sept. 2, 3. Brownwood sta...Sept. 23, 24. District Conference...July 26. O. F. Sensabaugh, P. E.

Clarendon District.—Third Round. Wellington...Aug. 26, 27. G. S. Hardy, P. E.

Dublin District.—Third Round. Rising Star, etc., at Seranton...Aug. 26, 27. Sipe Springs, at Salem...Sept. 2, 3. DeLeon...Sept. 9, 10. Desdimonia, at Graham's Chap...Sept. 9, 10. E. F. Boone, P. E.

North Texas Conference. Dallas District.—Third Round. Floyd Street...11 a. m. Aug. 27. Trinity...8 p. m. Aug. 27. Denton...Sept. 3. Mackall Avenue...Sept. 10. Jno. H. McLean, P. E.

Sulphur Springs District.—Third Round. Celeste and Lane, at Celeste...3 p. m. Aug. 25. Leonard at Grove Hill...4th Sun Aug. 26. Cumby, at Gafford's...11 a. m. Aug. 31. Mt. Vernon, at Mt. Vernon...1st Sun Sept. Fairlee...2d Sun Sept. County Line...3:30 p. m. Sept. 15. Ben Franklin...4th Sun. Sept. The appointments embracing Sundays will include Saturday before also. C. B. Fladger, P. E.

Terrell District.—Third Round. Kemp...Aug. 26, 27. Gray's Prairie...Sept. 3. I. W. Clark, P. E.

Sherman District.—Third Round. Deulson sta...Aug. 26, 27. Whitesboro cir...Sept. 2, 3. Gordonsville...Sept. 9, 10. Gunters...Sept. 16, 17. J. R. Wages, P. E.

Paris District.—Third Round. Mazy cir...Aug. 26, 27. Lake Creek...Sept. 3. Powderly mis...Sept. 9. W. D. Mountcastle, P. E.

Gainesville District.—Third Round. Woodbine, at Bethel...Aug. 26, 27. Aubrey, at Oak Grove...Aug. 27, 28. J. M. Binkley, P. E.

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Bexar...2d Sun in Oct. Eagle Pass...Oct. 13. Del Rio...3d Sun in Oct. Uvalde...Oct. 16. Utopia...Oct. 18. Trais Park & Flores st. 4th Sun in Oct. Prospect Hill and South Heights...5th Sun in Oct. Sherman st...Oct. 30. West End...Oct. 27. B. Harris, P. E.

San Marcos District.—Fourth Round. Harwood cir...Sept. 9, 10. Buda cir...Sept. 16, 17. Luling cir...Sept. 23, 24. Seguin and Mill Creek...Sept. 30, Oct. 1. San Marcos sta...Oct. 3. Lockhart cir...Oct. 7, 8. Belmont cir...Oct. 14, 15. Gonzales sta...Oct. 17. San Marcos cir...Oct. 21, 22. Lockhart sta...Oct. 23. Kyle and Pleasant Grove...Oct. 26. Dripping Springs...Oct. 28, 29. I. T. Morris, P. E.

Beeville District.—Fourth Round. Helena cir, at Oklahoma...Aug. 26, 27. Runge and Kennedy, at Runge...Sept. 2, 3. Floresville and Karnes, at F...Sept. 9, 10. Laredo sta...Sept. 16, 17. Alice, at Alice...Sept. 23, 24. Uvalde cir, at Lagarto...Sept. 30, Oct. 1. Onkville cir, at Bethel...Oct. 7, 8. Corpus cir, at Corpus...Oct. 14, 15. Rockport cir...Oct. 21, 22. J. M. Alexander, P. E.

Llano District.—Fourth Round. Rock Springs sta...Aug. 26, 27. Boerne cir...Sept. 30. Blanco cir...9 a. m. Oct. 2. Willow Mountain cir...8 p. m. Oct. 2. San Saba sta...3 p. m. Oct. 3. San Saba cir...Oct. 7, 8. Cherokee cir...9 a. m. Oct. 9. Kingsland cir...8 p. m. Oct. 9. Llano sta...8 p. m. Oct. 12. Ingram cir...Oct. 20. Kerrville sta...Oct. 21, 23. Venter Point...9 a. m. Oct. 23. Bandera cir, Medina...8 p. m. Oct. 23. Selma cir...Oct. 28, 29. I. K. Waller, P. E.

Cuero District.—Fourth Round. Hallettsville...4th Sun. Aug. Waelder...1st Sun. Sept. Yoakum...2d Sun. Sept. Cuero...3d Sun. Sept. Rancho...4th Sun. Sept. Levesville...1st Sun. Sept. Edna...1st Sun. Oct. Ganado...1st Sun. Oct. Fort Lavaca...2d Sun. Oct. Morales...3d Sun. Oct. Clear Creek...4th Sun. Oct. Jno. W. Stovall, P. E.

San Angelo District.—Fourth Round. San Angelo...Sept. 2, 3. Sterling City, at Sterling...Sept. 9, 10. Brady, at Brady...Sept. 16, 17. Milburn, at Varza...Sept. 23, 24. Paint Rock, at Paint Rock...Sept. 30, Oct. 1. Sonora and Ozona, at Sonora...Oct. 7, 8. Sherwood, at Christoval...Oct. 14, 15. Menardville and Junction, at M. Oct. 21, 22. Theophilus Lee, P. E.

East Texas Conference. Marshall District.—Third Round. Kilgore cir, at Hickory Grove...Aug. 19, 20. Beckville cir, at Ebenezer...Aug. 26, 27. Harrison cir, at Port Caddo...Sept. 2, 3. Church Hill cir...Sept. 9, 10. Arleston cir, at Harmony...Sept. 16, 17. Henderson sta...Sept. 23, 24. Coffeeville cir, Ind. Spgs...Sept. 30, Oct. 1. L. M. Fowler, P. E.

St. Augustine District.—Third Round. Appleby, at Linn Flat...August 12, 15. Melrose, at Smith's Chapel...August 15. Center cir, at Newburn...August 19, 20. Center...August 21. Carthage, at Clayton...Aug. 26, 27. Minden, at Minden...August 28. W. C. Forbess, Genl. Passenger Agent Weatherford, Texas.

Weatherford, Mineral Wells and Northwestern Railway. Excursion tickets on sale with all the principal roads of the State. All Santa Fe and Texas and Pacific trains make connection at Weatherford, Texas, for Mineral Wells. For further particulars address W. C. FORBESS, Genl. Passenger Agent Weatherford, Texas.

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Beaumont District.—Third Round. Jasper mis, at Byreley...Sept. 2, 3. Orange sta...Sept. 9, 10. Newton mis, at Laurel...Sept. 16, 17. T. J. Milam, P. E.

Tyler District.—Third Round. Willis Point, at Palmer's Grove...Aug. 26, 27. Lindale, at Sabine...Sept. 9, 10. Whitehouse, at Walnut Grove...Sept. 16, 17. Tyler, at Marvin...Sept. 23, 24. Emory, at Woosley's Chapel...Sept. 30, Oct. 1. John Adams, P. E.

Palestine District.—Third Round. Groveton cir, at Hayes' Chapel...Aug. 26, 27. Alto cir, at Atoy...Sept. 2, 3. Grapeland cir, at Hays Springs...Sept. 9, 10. Jacksonville cir, at Providence...Sept. 16, 17. West Palestine, at Pleasant Grove...Sept. 23, 24. Holcomb cir, at Hatfield...Sept. 30, Oct. 1. V. A. Godbey, P. E.

Pittsburg District.—Third Round. Leesburg cir, at New Friendship...Aug. 26, 27. Naples cir, at Hamell's Chapel...Sept. 2, 3. Musgrove cir, at Maple Springs...Sept. 9, 10. T. P. Smith, P. E.

Texas Conference. Calvert District.—Third Round. Rosebud cir...Thurs. Aug. 31. Durango cir...Sat. Sept. 4. Lott cir...Mon. Sept. 4. H. M. Sears, P. E.

Austin District.—Third Round. Cypress, at Pleasant Valley...Aug. 26, 27. Manchaca...Sept. 2, 3. Tenth Street, Austin...Sept. 9, 10. Zachary Memorial...Sept. 16, 17. McDade...Sept. 23, 24. Geo. A. LeClere, P. E.

Brenham District.—Third Round. Patterson...Aug. 26, 27. Bellville...Sept. 2, 3. Chappell Hill...Sept. 9, 10. E. W. Solomon, P. E.

Houston District.—Third Round. Washington Street...Aug. 26, 27. McKee Street...Aug. 27, 28. Tabernacle...Sept. 2, 3. Shearn...Sept. 9, 10. McAshan, at Harrisburg, Tues. night, Sept. 5. Dickinson, at Hitchcock...Sept. 9, 10. St. John's...Wed. night, Sept. 13. Rosenberg, at Medina...Sept. 16, 17. O. T. Hotchkiss, P. E.

Huntsville District.—Third Round. Dodge cir, at Waverly...Aug. 26, 27. Cold Springs cir, at Shepherd...Aug. 30. Millican cir, at Wesson...Sept. 2, 3. Zion cir, at Sulphur Springs...Sept. 7. Madisonville cir, at Midway...Sept. 14. Bryan...Sept. 21. Hempstead...Sept. 28. Waller cir...Sept. 21. J. C. Mickle, P. E.

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