

COMMUNICATIONS.

OLD MEXICO.

On the occasion of the recent session of the Mexican Mission Conference in the City of Mexico, I took advantage of a long-coveted opportunity and spent a few days in this interesting city. The traveler's disappointment on first sight of the little muddy stream called the Rio Grande has been so often written up that I will not dwell on it here. However, as soon as the train stops on the Mexican side of the river everything assumes a foreign appearance, and one realizes that everything English and American has been left behind. The customs officers take charge of all the baggage. It is unloaded and trucked into the lounge-room and every truck and cage opened and every article examined. Some Indian tribes presumably manifested a little nervousness over this, but the officials went through everything carefully, and we were soon ready to resume our journey. Some of the passengers, of course, complained of being charged unjustly while others congratulated themselves upon their astuteness. We stopped for dinner at Lampa, a small Mexican town about two hours travel from Taredo. The price of the meal was one dollar. I handed the clerk an American dollar, and he handed me back a Mexican dollar—larger than ours—in change. In other words, the keeper got one dollar in Mexican money, or its equivalent in American money—fifty cents.

The National Mexican or Mexican National Railroad, on which we were traveling, is considered the best and largest system of narrow-gauge railroad in the world. The roadbed is splendid, the equipment the very best and the schedules very fast. It was my first experience in a narrow-gauge keeper. Long look like trees alongside those on our standard-gauge roads, but they are thoroughly comfortable, and the buffet service of the very best. The next morning when I awoke I pushed the curtains aside and looked out on a dense waste of sand. We traveled through that character of country nearly all day, with nothing to relieve the monotony except an occasional view of a barren desert in front and the little stations that we passed at regular intervals. At these stations we saw something of Mexican life and customs. The dress of the people seems primitive. The big men who carry blankets wrapped closely around the shoulders are conspicuous. The men of this class either wear sandals or go barefooted. To see a fat, fat, greasy Mexican with a sugar-loaf hat on that would weigh seven or eight pounds, and a big red blanket wrapped closely around his body, thin cotton pants, and barefooted, seems no inconsistency, but I saw hundreds of such outfit. Towards night the country began to assume a more orderly appearance, but unfortunately for us, our train traversed the most desolate part of the trip at night. Next morning, however, we found ourselves two hours late, which gave us an opportunity to see some of the most interesting scenery. We were told that during the night, our train reached an altitude of about eleven thousand feet. The scenery was the most beautiful I have ever seen. Nearly every inch of the ground seemed in the highest state of cultivation. The steep mountain sides were marked off in little patches—I suppose on the same plan as our fields. The trees were all in full leaf and all vegetation seemed green and fresh as may be. Streams of clear water leaped and splashed down the steep mountain sides or wound their way down beautiful little valleys, reminding one of East Tennessee and Western North Carolina.

We ran into the Nacional Mexicano Estacione about nine o'clock Sunday morning. In response to a question put to a Mexican whether or not Sunday there was not the same as any other day, he gave an ominous shake of his head and said, "Yes, much more so." On alighting from the train the cars are greeted with a storm of mangled Spanish that, with the dress and appearance of the people, makes one feel that he is in a foreign land indeed. I selected a nice-looking Mexican and gave him the name of the hotel I desired to reach, and to my delight found that he could speak fluent English. After an interesting ride I soon reached the hotel, kept by a Mexican who was educated at Emory College and Vanderbilt University for a preacher. For some reason he enraged in the hotel business and seems popular with American travelers. He is a member of our Church in Mexico City.

While making inquiry about the best way to reach our church, Rev. Jackson B. Cox, one of our missionaries, stepped in. Bro. Cox is a Texan, married a Barcus, and is doing a fine work in Mexico. When we reached the church the love-fest was in progress. That was followed by the regular Sunday morning preaching service and dedication of our beautiful new church. The congregation was large and attentive, Mexicans largely predominating in numbers. Every feature of the program was in Spanish except the sermon by Bishop Key. Spanish is a musical language, and our grand old hymns in musical Spanish charmed and delighted this "tender-foot from the States." The large chorus choir was made up almost entirely of young ladies from Miss Norville's school. A prominent member of the Mexican National Congress, and a devout Catholic, was present and read a hymn he composed for the occasion. He does not speak a word of English, but seems a true friend to our Church and has three of his children in our school there.

Our new church is said to be the handsomest Protestant church in the Republic.

The conference session on Monday was very interesting. All the proceedings were in Spanish except the remarks and rulings of Bishop Key; they were communicated to the audience through an interpreter. It was my second experience in trying to talk to an audience through an "interpreter," as he is frequently called. Many speakers dislike it very much, but I rather like it; one has more time to think. An interesting fact was brought out during the morning session. Bishop Key in addressing the conference on the subject of "self-support" referred to the Masonic fraternity and the extreme measures used on members who would not pay their dues. To explain his point, he asked all the Mexicans preachers who were Masons to stand up. Out of over thirty preachers, only two or three kept their seats. The appointments were read out in the afternoon and the preachers all left for their fields of labor.

Mexico City is an interesting field for the tourist, but I was never much of a sightseer. I have always been limited in time and means and inclination as well. However, I spent a part of one day in this way.

Miss Norville's school claimed more of my time than any other object of interest. Visiting there only a few years ago, under great disadvantages, she has had a remarkable record of success. The school is now in a rented building which costs \$300 per month. She has two hundred and sixty-five pupils and turns away from ten to fifteen applicants per week.

The building is on a side street, is very unsanitary and unsuited to school work and totally inadequate to the demands.

The school was first started as a free school. Later it was thought a charge of one dollar per month could be risked. By degrees the tuition charges have been advanced to five dollars per month, and still a great many, usually from the best families, have to be turned away. Miss Norville is looking and longing and praying for the Church at home to come to her rescue by building her a suitable home for her school. Somehow I feel that if some of our rich and liberal Methodists—and we have plenty of them—could go there and see her school, a way would be opened to provide her a comfortable equipment.

There seems to be a perfect craze to learn English, and our school has a wonderful opportunity to reach the people through this channel. I visited the plant of the Northern Methodist church and looked into the work that Church is doing. They have fine property on a prominent street, and one of the best printing plants in the Republic. They are doing a great deal of work, and are reaching those people. They have a reading-room in connection with their other work that is liberally patronized. It does not speak well for us as a Church to allow them to jump over us into the Capital City of sister Republic and invest more money many times over than ourselves.

The Presbyterians have a good printing plant, and the American Bible Society does a large distributing business through about twenty-five colporteurs.

The Alameda is the leading plaza of the city. It is centrally located and is beautifully kept. During the late afternoon and early evening it is thronged with gaily dressed people, smoking cigarettes and enjoying the cool, bracing air. The National Museum and Art Gallery are two places of great interest to any one who has in-

elimination and leisure to investigate and examine the many treasures contained therein.

Cheputapac, the summer home of President Diaz, built on the beautiful site of the residence of old Montezuma, is worth a trip all the way to Mexico to see. In company with Dr. DuBose, I was fortunate enough to be shown through the whole structure. It is grand and enormous in the extreme and reminds one of the royal castles built at immense expenditures in some parts of Europe. Dr. DuBose has made a special study of the history of Mexico and made the visit of our party especially interesting. The views of the city and valley were beautiful indeed, and two snow-capped mountains were in full view. We wrestled with the names of these mountains in the old blue-back geography when a boy, and utterly failed to learn to spell or pronounce them then, and will not try to do so now. Their snow-capped summits glistening in the warm tropical sun made quite a contrast. The climate is simply superb, being I learn, about the same temperature the year round. About the only variation is the fact that it rains more in summer than in winter. The days are bright and balmy and warm, and the nights are just cool enough to sleep comfortably under blankets. None of the houses are built with any reference to fire. None have ever had a fire, I am with. A great many fresh vegetables were on the market, some familiar and many strange and new to one from the States. Watermelons and peaches and new sweet potatoes, and various others, looked out of season in February. There were many others peculiar to that country, whose names I did not know.

One thing that impressed me was the wide chasm between the classes and the masses. It is much more marked than in this country. A Democratic going out was heretic enough to ascribe the blame for so much poverty on "free silver," while others thought it was the result of Catholic influence.

On my return home, I stopped between trains at San Luis Potosi with the familiars of Brothers Gray and Onderdonk. This is an interesting old city, with perhaps seventy-five thousand inhabitants, but I cannot stop to write of that now. I was treated with great courtesy by the missionaries and all whom I met. I consider it one of the greatest trips of my life, and the only fact that marred my pleasure was that all the Texas preachers were not along. Maybe we can all go next time.

W. C. EVERETT.

THE DANGER OF APOSTASY.

BY REV. W. H. HUGHES.

No. 6.

In the preceding chapters we have shown that the doctrine of unconditional perseverance of the saints is contrary to the teachings of Jesus Christ and all New Testament writers.

The Old Testament tells us: "The righteousness of the righteous shall not deliver him in the day of his transgression . . . When the righteous turn from his righteousness and commit iniquity, he shall even die thereby." (Ezek. 33:12, 18.) This is eternal death, for it is appointed to all men to die a temporal death, righteous and wicked alike. Jesus Christ tells us the Lord of the unprofitable servant commanded, saying: "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall he weeping and gnashing of teeth." (Matt. 25:30.) We have seen that Paul said: "If we sin willfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins: but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries." (Heb. 10:26.)

Now we propose to show that the doctrine taught by Arminius of judging "every man according to his own works," or deeds, is not only scriptural, but in perfect harmony with all learned jurisprudence, and, strange to say, is also in keeping with the practice of those who advocate the doctrine of once in grace always in grace, in dealing with their own Church members.

The doctrine is held by Calvinists that a fallen Christian will be eternally saved, in defiance of his sins committed subsequent to his conversion, does violence to all known laws of justice, human and divine. We wish the reader to keep in mind the fact that the laws of all Christian nations are modeled after the laws God gave Moses.

Now let us strip the doctrine of unconditional perseverance of all rubbish and state it in its real deformity. Their doctrine is, if a man is once

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LIFE WORTH WHILE.

If one poor burdened toiler o'er life's road,
Who meets us by the way,
Goes on less conscious of his galling load,
Then life, indeed, does pay.

If we can show one troubled heart the gain
That lies always in loss,
Why, then, we too are paid for all the pain
Of bearing life's hard cross.

If some despondent soul to hope is stirred,
Some sad lip made to smile,
By any act of ours, or any word,
Then life has been worth while.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HOW CRIPPLE CREEK GOT ITS NAME.

It was the cattleman who gave it the name which now figures in the stock quotations. There are a dozen traditions, but the best authenticated is the story of a cowboy whose bronco balked at the jumping of a rivulet, balked and stumbled and fell, breaking a leg for itself and one for its rider. There was no surgeon nearer than Colorado Springs; and the rough, anatomical carpentry of his mates made a cripple for life of the unlucky range-riders. Wherefore he named the rivulet Cripple Creek, and the rivulet has named the region.

EVERY-DAY LOVE.

A group of little girls were telling of the love of each felt for her mother; and, as the testimony went on, the strength of the statements grew, each child feeling obliged to surpass her mate. Finally, one said positively, "I love my mother so much I would die for her." The impressiveness of this declaration subdued the circle. The climax had been reached. A wholesome turn was given to the situation by the quiet observation of a lady sitting near, "It seems very strange to me that a little girl who loves her mother enough to die for her doesn't love her enough to wash the dishes for her." We who are older and know better require just such homely reminders to bring us back from our theories to our conditions. The love that is to the level of every day's most common needs is the only genuine kind.—Congregationalist.

TALKING UP THE REVIVAL.

1. By praying in secret and at the family altar for an outpouring of the Spirit upon the services.
2. By attendance upon the services every night unless excused through lawful reasons.
3. By allowing no long pauses to occur under any circumstances, during the prayer or testimony meeting.
4. By coming forward promptly, on call of the pastor, however conscious of humility or obscurity.
5. By taking up the services at the home, in the workshop, and among the neighbors.
6. By calling upon unsaved friends to accompany them to the services, or by taking charge of the home of a neighbor occasionally to permit the attendance of the mother.
7. By making special effort to have the boys and girls of our homes, the Church and the Sunday-school openly committed for Christ.—Rev. J. S. Ross.

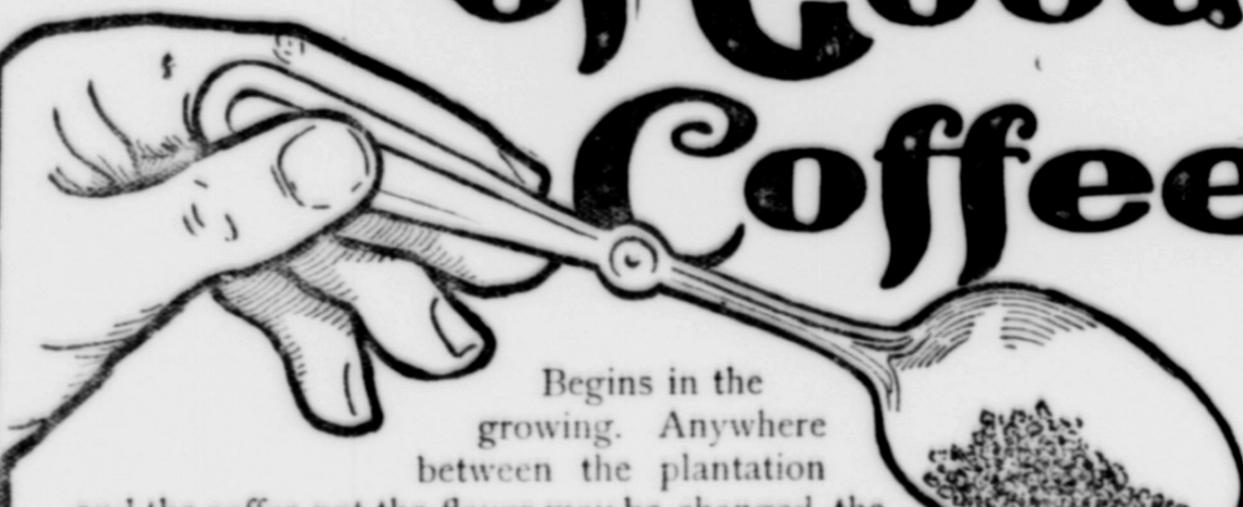
THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

Ugly Christianity is not Christ's Christianity. Some of us older people remember that it used to be a favorite phrase to describe unattractive saints, that they had "grace grafted on a crab stick." There are a great many Christian people whom one would compare to any other plant rather than a lily. Thorns and thistles and briars are a good deal more like what some of them appear to the world. But we are bound if we are Christian people, by our obligations to God, and by our obligations to men, to try and make Christianity look as beautiful in people's eyes as we can.

Do you remember the words, "Whatsoever things are lovely; whatsoever things are of good report."

If there be any praise!—from men—"think on these things." If we do not keep that as the guiding star of our lives, then we have failed in one very distinct duty of Christian people—namely, to grow more like a lily, and to be graceful in the lowest sense of that word, as well as grace full in the

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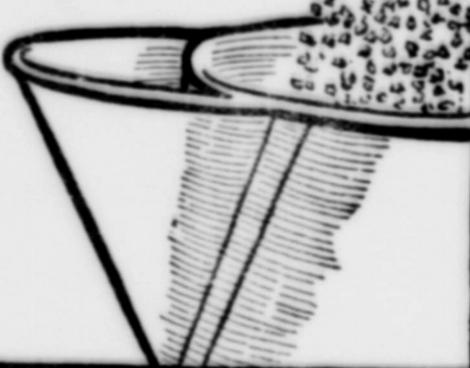
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highest sense of it. We shall not be so in the lower, unless we are so in the higher. It may be a very modest kind of beauty, very humble, and not at all like the flaring reds and yellows of the gorgeous flowers that the world admires. . . . But unless you, as a Christian, are in your character arrayed in the "beauty of holiness," and the holiness of beauty, you are not quite the Christian that Jesus Christ wants you to be; setting forth all the gracious and sweet and refining influences of the Gospel in your daily life and conduct.—Alexander Maclaren, D. D.

A RAILWAY INCIDENT.

"Three things declare a man," said the old Jewish Rabbi—"his voice, his purse, and his anger." Had he lived in these days he would surely have added a fourth—"his railroad manners." The following good story from the Boston Record will illustrate:

A gentleman prominent in legal circles in Boston was recently riding in a train, and in the seat before him was a young and gaily-dressed damsel. The car was pretty full, and presently an elderly woman entered, and finding no seat vacant but the one beside the young woman mentioned, sat down beside her.

She was a decently-dressed woman, but apparently of humble station, and she carried several clumsy bundles, which were evidently a serious annoy-

ance to her seat-mate. The young woman made no effort to conceal her vexation, but in the most conspicuous manner showed the passengers around that she considered it an impudent intrusion for the new-comer to presume to sit down beside her.

In a few moments the old woman, depositing her packages upon the seat, went across the car to speak to an acquaintance, whom she discovered on the opposite side of the aisle. The lawyer leaned forward to the offended young lady, and courteously asked if she would change seats with him.

A smile of gratified vanity showed how pleased she was to have attracted the notice of so distinguished-looking a gentleman. "Oh, thank you ever so much," she said effusively. "I should like to, but it would be as bad for you as for me to sit beside such an old woman."

"I beg your pardon," he responded with undiminished deference of manner. "It was not your comfort I was thinking of, but the old lady's."

ORIGIN OF THE MONTHS' NAMES.

"January was named after the Roman god, Janus; the deity with two faces, one looking into the past and the other gazing forward to the future," writes Clifford Howard, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "February comes from the Latin word februario, to purify. It was customary for the Romans to observe festivals of purifica-

tion during that month. March owes its name to the old God of War. Among the Saxons this month was known as Lenet, meaning spring; and this is the origin of our word Lent. April was named from the Latin aperio, to open, in signification of the opening of flowers. The Saxons called the month Easter, in honor of their Goddess of Spring, from which comes our word Easter. May was named after the Roman goddess Maia, and June was so called in honor of Juno. July was named in honor of Julius Caesar, and August gets its name from Augustus Caesar. September is from the Latin septem, seven, this being the seventh month according to the old Roman calendar. October, November and December also retain the names by which they were known under the old calendar, when there were but ten months in the year—octo, novem and decem meaning eight, nine and ten."

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THE MODER

"Neither do I con more."

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His form and face
To be my friend
He spoke and I
And pressed his hand
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I listened, and I

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I hold so lovingly
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O woman, woman!
One of your sex
The God of mercy
Did He not say,
Tis woman's hate
That makes our sin
Since you will see
Oh, why forgive

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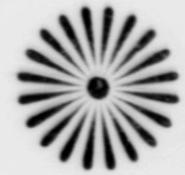
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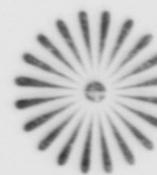
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Extra copies of paper containing obituaries can be procured if ordered when manuscript is sent. Price, five cents per copy.

COLLARD—Estelle Collard, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. T. C. Collard, was born January 26, 1879. In August, 1896, she was married to and resides with the M. E. Church, San Antonio, Texas, where her health has been failing for her health. Their home is at Wimberly, Texas, where she was born. She graduated from Southwestern University in 1896. Miss Estelle was very quiet and retiring. She was a good student, a kind and thoughtful friend who always gave to others called for her. Her religious convictions were strong and clear by them steady. Her voice was rich, and her joy in Christ the best for many at times for years and days. She was always thoughtful and kind. She was a young lady whose character was associated with goodness and love to all a simple life, living long. She built for herself a mighty reputation for piety, for religion, for her community. The power of God will make her for years to come few and able to win such profound respect in a long life as she gained in her short years. She was a known influence for good. Two weeks ago in the meeting, there said, if Estelle were here, she could move them. Now they say, "This community is better for her having lived among us these few short years." Miss Estelle suffered much in her last hours but a precious gift abounding in her heart and no mortal could keep her lips. She would have been nearer sing, "I must Jesus and Jesus would repeat part of the chorus. At the last she bowed heavily, with a sweet smile, and said, "This song of Jesus will welcome me home." The quiet spirit singing up will be carried in and never failing. Rest now we wish that she had died. Not so; though sorrow rends our hearts yet we know that rapidly she was departing her earthly stage. We know that the measure of her love and goodness in our lives the more and goodness, but not forever, for we are coming. C. B. GARRETT.

ARMSTRONG—After a long and painful suffering George Armstrong, with cheerful resignation to the will of God, died February 28, 1901, at his home, 1002 S. Main Street, Fort Worth, Texas. Our brother George Armstrong, November 28, 1882, was born to be a good companion with the company of the good, sincere and true. She, with her husband, a kind and married man, and a kind husband to a kind and kindly wife, she an Methodist Church member of which he remained until the time of his death. She, a devout member of the Methodist Church, a good and faithful servant of God, who loves the joy of the Lord, "where is thy song? O grave, where is thy victory?" His pastor, ROBERT PAYNE.

HINES—Mrs. Mary E. Hines (nee Davis) was born in Carroll County, Miss., April 18, 1854, and died at Kennedy, Texas, March 12, 1901. She was married to Miller A. Hines, August 28, 1885, became the mother of three children, Lula, Marcus and Nathaniel, who survive her. Sister Lula was truly one of God's noble women. She was converted and joined the M. E. Church, South, in 1885, and remained a member of the church until the end of her life. She did not attend the services of the church for her last days, yet she did what she could for her home and among the friends who visited her. She could not be induced to tell the old, old story, which she told so much for her son, Ethel, who was a teacher, and was always welcomed in her home. As long as she lived, for years, I always found her sympathy with any work I did. Her life was an inspiration to me, and when I would get discouraged and feel low, I always got help by calling her face and listening to her talk. She seemed to see the barriers in the way of an infinite God who could remove them. She was rather slow to speak to people, but when she spoke each word was filled with love and sunshine, and we shall never forget how her face shone when she would get happy and praise her God. She had been an invalid for several years, but in all her sickness she never complained. She was willing to bear her lot of life's troubles. Three preachers invited at her funeral service that in all their visits to her home they had always found her cheerful and hopeful. In her last hour, with Bro. Gibbons, her pastor, by her bedside and all the family present, she had the following conversation with her husband, which

was written down and handed me by Bro. Gibbons: "Miller, what makes you look so sad?" "I try to look cheerful." "Well, you don't." "Well, we are grieved because you are suffering." "I am bearing my part; I don't complain and you ought not." "I want to say, before your children come home to be with you in this hour." "Children, all right." The Bible says, "Train them up—here her voice failed, and Bro. Hines finished the quotation, and then she said: "They will follow." Her death was peaceful and triumphant. She was held in high esteem in the community where she lived, which was evidenced by the large concourse of people who attended her funeral at the Methodist Church, and followed her remains to the cemetery. A devoted Christian, a shining light from earth has gone. She is an angel. Safe in the arms of Him who is a victor over death and the grave. May our Heavenly Father's blessings rest upon her bereaved husband, her three children and upon all those who mourn for her. JOE P. WEBB.

THOMPSON—Earnest A. Thompson was a young man of sterling qualities and a most promising physician, but on November 12, 1896, he passed from this to a higher life, where he can be with his Savior, and where he can once again and forever have the companionship of his Savior, whom God had taken just ten months before he called his pastor. He was a young man, loved by many people, and his tender care will be missed especially when the dark hours of pain and sickness are upon them. He was the son of J. P. S. Thompson, and was born in Greenville, La., February 1, 1875. His parents moved to Crossville, Tenn., whence he was educated at a seminary with a view to the ministry. He built for herself a mighty reputation for piety, for religion, for her community. The power of God will make her for years to come few and able to win such profound respect in a long life as she gained in her short years. She was a known influence for good. Two weeks ago in the meeting, there said, if Estelle were here, she could move them. Now they say, "This community is better for her having lived among us these few short years." Miss Estelle suffered much in her last hours but a precious gift abounding in her heart and no mortal could keep her lips. She would have been nearer sing, "I must Jesus and Jesus would repeat part of the chorus. At the last she bowed heavily, with a sweet smile, and said, "This song of Jesus will welcome me home." The quiet spirit singing up will be carried in and never failing. Rest now we wish that she had died. Not so; though sorrow rends our hearts yet we know that rapidly she was departing her earthly stage. We know that the measure of her love and goodness in our lives the more and goodness, but not forever, for we are coming. C. B. GARRETT.

MCKINLEY—George Anston McKinley died January 1, 1901, at 5 o'clock p. m., aged 2 years and 2 months. The little fellow was sick three weeks or more with catarrhal fever and congestion. The previous child suffered greatly but he bore it all with as much patience and submission as any child I ever knew. He was rational during most of his sickness, and just before his end came he seemed to realize that his stay on earth was short and that ere long he would be with his Savior. Austin was a sweet child, above the ordinary child in point of intelligence. The writer was with him several times during his illness, and was very anxious for his recovery, but after medical skill could arrest his disease. A few days before his death he asked for the preacher and tried to send a message, these being his words: "Tell the preacher, dear parents, weep not for my boy, while his little chair is vacant here, his place is filled in heaven. Your loss is great, but the better land is nearer and dearer to you boys—your child is there, and when God shall call you hence, he will be watching and waiting for you at the 'beautiful gate.' W. A. MANLY.

GOODMAN—William Booth Goodman was born in Quincy, Fla., November 12, 1884. He was married to Miss Mary Hancock August 2, 1897. He died at his home near Fort Lauderdale, Fla., June 28, 1898. He was baptized in infancy by Rev. H. H. Lockett, professor in Miami in 1882 under the ministry of Rev. S. McCarver, and joined the M. E. Church, South. He has been an official for a number of years. No friend or better man ever. He was consecrated in his life, faithful in his labors and liberal with his means. His mantle did not touch his son, Jim. First words were a testimony to the abiding grace of God and his perfect trust in the promises of his Savior. Every word of this kind is one more triumph for our holy religion. Surely our people is well. He leaves a wife and two children, four boys and one girl, two having preceded him. Little William, aged four years, and Beeny, aged eighteen months. Surely it was a joyous meeting for father and children. They will look for and rejoice at the coming of the other loved ones. May they follow him as he followed Christ, until they all meet again. R. B. EVANS.

HARDIN—Ethel Hardin, daughter of Alvin C. Hardin and wife, was born February 18, 1891, and died March 1, 1891. Ethel was a delicate child, never very strong, but she was very bright and a sweet child, always gentle, sympathetic and loving. To the fond parents the death of little Ethel was a sore trial, but heaven is richer and more attractive now that there is another treasure. A. C. BIGGS. Pearland, Texas.

ROBERTS—J. J. Roberts was born February 25, 1873, Bedford County, Tenn., and passed from his earthly blosom February 4, 1901. He was married to Miss Etzie Pace in his eighteenth year. From this pleasant union, which lasted till her death, 1891, were born three children, one of whom, Ellis Roberts, still lives. Leaving Tennessee in 1896, he came to Dallas County, Texas, afterward moving to Montague County, near Franklin where the last days of his earthly pilgrimage was spent, and near which place, after preaching his funeral to a large congregation of sorrowing friends and relatives, we laid his body to rest until the robes of light and immortality. Eutopia, Texas. T. G. WOOLLS.

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