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# TEXAS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

Vol. XVIII. Dallas, Texas, Thursday, September 19, 1901. No. 4

## DEATH OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

When Abner, the son of Ner, fell, having been treacherously assassinated by Joab, David made lament over him, saying, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" And when, on last Saturday morning, the news flashed over the wires that President McKinley had died as the result of the wounds inflicted by a treacherous assassin, thousands of hearts echoed the same sentiment in regard to our fallen chieftain. Truly a great man and a price among men has fallen.

The words so pathetically uttered by Mr. McKinley just before he sank into unconsciousness give us the key to this, as to every great life. "God's will, not ours, be done." That man is truly great who can learn to lose his will in obeying the will of his Maker. Any man can be self-willed. It is no evidence of greatness to have one's own way. But that man who can say, with Christ, "Nevertheless not my will, but thine be done," or with Paul, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" is great in all the elements of greatness. Tried by any standard, we believe that President McKinley will be entitled to all the words of commendation and praise that have been spoken of him. From every quarter, both in his own land and from foreign nations, come testimonies to the unselfishness and self-surrender of his life to the interests of his people and nation. Whatever may have been the political differences that might have existed between him and many of his fellow countrymen, all harsh criticism has been hushed in this solemn hour, and even those who have been most opposed to him politically join in bearing testimony to the nobility of his life and character. He died as we might have expected. A Christian man from youth, he has in all of the trying positions in which he has been placed maintained his Christian integrity and in his death exemplified what our founder years ago said of the people-called Methodists: "Our people die well."

After all, it is not with the incidents that surround a man in the hour of death that concern us. The test is, how did he live? Character is not made in a moment or day. It is not the result of the knowledge that we must die that makes character, but it is the work of a lifetime.

Man's best life is dependent upon uninterrupted communion with God. Our President learned this early in life, for at fourteen, when he settled the great question of his personal relationship to God, he said: "I believe that God is the greatest and best thing in the universe, and that the religion of Jesus Christ is the best thing a man can have, and I am determined to seek it until I find it."

In his office as Chief Executive of a Christian nation he magnified his religion by his unerring devotion to duty, by his constant loyalty to the Church and by the simplicity of his faith. Without ostentation he regularly went to the house of God and kept up his

other religious duties with a quiet dignity that could but command the respect of all.

After all, men are good judges of men. They will not long trust a man that is unworthy of trust. The long years during which Mr. Kinley has been in positions of honor and trust, and the unwavering confidence with which he has been raised from responsible positions to still greater responsibilities, and the testimony to his fidelity which he received in his reelection to the office of President of the United States, witness to the love and trust which the nation bore toward him.

McKinley was rich and broad in his sympathies. His love for the people of the nation was the genuine affection of a great statesman and not the patronizing attitude of a demagogue. He loved to love his people and loved to be loved by them. The tender affection that he manifested toward children was but the outward expression of a great nature and a great heart. His home-life and his tender love and consideration for his wife have raised him high in the estimation of every true man and woman. And in the last analysis in such characters and in such homes lies the country's hope.

Great crises, great occasions, do not make heroes. Men are heroes or cowards, true or false, great or small, honest or dishonest, selfish or unselfish, all the while. The sudden crises that come upon us only serve to reveal the real life that is in us. A man has only as much manhood as he can command in a crisis. So Mr. McKinley's tragic ending has served to reveal much in him that we did not foresee. When wounded his first thought was for his wife in her enfeebled condition, and he at once requested that she should not be told of his condition. His next thought was one of pity and commiseration for the man who had wounded him, and his second request was that they should not allow the assassin to be roughly treated. Such self-forgetfulness we can but admire and applaud.

And so to-day while we mourn, we thank God for such a life and such a character. He represented all that was greatest and best in American manhood. His example as a godly and wise ruler will live with increasing influence with the passing years, and the nation will not soon forget the memory of one who has proven himself in all particulars to be God's greatest work—a good man.

### FENELON'S PRAYER.

O Lord! I know not what I should ask of thee. Thou only knowest what I want, and thou lovest me, if I am thy friend, better than I can love myself. O Lord, give to me, thy child, what is proper, whatsoever it may be. I dare not ask either crosses or comforts. I only present myself before thee. I open my heart to thee. Behold my wants, which I myself am ignorant of; but do thou behold, and do according to thy mercy, smite or heal, depress me or raise me up. I adore all thy purposes without knowing them. I am silent. I offer myself in sacrifice. I abandon myself to thee. I have no more any desire but to accomplish thy will. Lord, teach me how to pray. Dwell thou thyself in me by thy Holy Spirit. Amen.

## Editorial Correspondence

### FROM BOULOGNE TO PARIS.

When I mailed my letter to you last Monday, I presumed that we would disembark late that afternoon or at night. But there had been raging in the channel, ahead of us, a severe storm. We ran into the close of it in time to appreciate its force, and when we steamed in just off the coast at Boulogne, it was nearly 12 o'clock and the sea was too rough for the tender, a small craft named "Chicago," to meet us. So we cast anchor and swung amid the waves in mid-channel till morning. But I retired and slept soundly till the next morning. We were up early, expecting the Chicago to come for us, but it was 9 o'clock before she put in her appearance. Then she drew up alongside the Potsdam, and amid the most jaw-breaking Dutch speech I ever heard, we were transferred to the little craft. We were sorry to bid the Potsdam and her officers and crew adieu, for our ten-days' stay with them had been very pleasant, but we "tipped" the various stewards and waved them a bon voyage. They weighed anchor and steamed on to Rotterdam and we were taken ashore. This put us upon French soil. We were not long in running the gauntlet of the customs inspector. In fact, he only asked us something in French. I shook my head and he passed on after marking my grip. This delay on the channel made it necessary for us to stay in Boulogne till 2 o'clock in the afternoon. We took advantage of this to see the city. It is a seaport town with a population of 50,000 and mostly situated on rolling hills. The streets are very narrow, but paved and clean. A great cathedral, ancient and venerable, crowns the highest point. The city wall, about thirty feet high, incloses it. All around it are stores, shops and residences, and the great Abbey is near by. The stupendous dome, with its spire almost touching the sky, looms up and can be seen from afar. We entered this huge structure, walked about its spacious aisles, looked at its great stone columns supporting its lofty roof and examined its art in glass and oil and marble, and wondered at its gloomy grandeur and magnificence. Its mosaic altar is made of onyx stone and its beauty is past description. Upon one of the altars is an exquisitely carved hand, and in the back of this is something said to be a bone. As the story goes, a ship came into this harbor in the year 610 and took fire and was burned up. The Captain of the ship was burned with the vessel, but a small bone of one of his hands was recovered. He was canonized and this bone was invested with healing property. All who touched it were healed of their maladies. So the precious bone was put into the back of this artificial hand and placed upon this altar in the cathedral. Since then there has been held in this cathedral once a year a healing festival and at such time great processions of sufferers have come to this bone and been healed. Such a season had just closed the day we were there. Such is the superstition entailed upon the people by Rome that this bone is a source of much reverence to the Church.

From here we walked over to a monument upon another hill built in honor of Napoleon I. It has a large base, and upon this rests a graceful marble shaft, lifting itself over a hundred feet into the air, and its top is surmounted with a statue of Napoleon. He is looking across the channel into England. He seems to be meditating an invasion. These people worship his memory, and his bust and pictures adorn all public places. The city has many handsome residences, surrounded by stately trees, but they are quaint in their architecture and unlike our American homes. They usually have high walls around them and impress you with their exclusiveness. The people seemed very busy about their own affairs, and paid but little attention to us. At 2 o'clock we were admitted to the car shed to board the train for Paris. To an American, the cars are funny. The coaches are three kinds—first, second, and third-class. The first is beautifully upholstered and curtained. The second is comfortable, but the third is quite common. The coach is about half as big as ours and it is partitioned off crosswise. Each compartment has two seats and ten people can be accommodated in it. There are five of these compartments to each coach. You enter it from the side, just like you would enter an omnibus, and the door is closed. You have no communication with anybody out of your own compartment and the conductor never comes about you. Your ticket is attended to when you enter and you sit right there undisturbed till you reach your destination. I presume you get off where and when you please, for nobody tells you anything about it. There is no accommodation in one of these things outside of the seat and grip rack. No water, no fire, no anything else. If you want water or if you want anything else, you have to get off at the station when the car stops and attend to it. It stops from five to ten minutes. If you wait till it starts you are left. The engine looks like a plaything compared with ours, and so do the cars, for that matter. The driving wheels are small and look fragile, but it makes good speed. The country from the sea to Paris is extremely beautiful. It is not much settled up like our country districts. Here they have their schools and churches and beer gardens. They live in town and cultivate their farms. This gives them social life and other advantages. These people have an eye for the beautiful. They cultivate their land artistically. They lay it off and plant it in beds like a garden. They take care of their trees and little water courses and they have the finest public roads I ever saw. They are as smooth as a floor. They cultivate corn, oats, wheat and hay. Occasionally we ran through large beet farms. They make sugar of beets. They do a good deal of artificial irrigating. This gives them numerous little canals and pools. These contain fish for domestic use. They have fine stock cattle, horses and sheep. If we were to cultivate our land like these people do this, we could supply the world with food. And

they do it so systematically and beautifully. They let nothing go to waste. Along the hedges they will stick down a flower or plant a tree. Their roads and streams are made to curve gracefully. Their hay stacks are put up shapely. So that you see art in all they do. At places they have large peat beds and they gather it and used it up like wood. This is a vegetable product, like great patches of grass, roots, like truck soil. They cut it out in squares and when dried they use it for fuel. Some of the people follow this for a living, like our coal miners or wood choppers.

The country and the dwellings look old—much more so than ours. You see no wooden structures. They are stone, or brick or adobe. Often they are encircled with vines or moss. Their churches look ancient and new and then you see an old castle in venerable ruins. All these improvements, with the natural scenery thrown in, do to make one of the most interesting and attractive countries through which I have ever traveled.

As to the people, so far as I am able to judge, they are intelligent, industrious and, for the most part, well to do. That is the people with rural interests. Along the whole journey I saw no down-trodden, ignorant or squally poor folk. Just at night we came to the suburbs of Paris, and her magnificence began to break upon me. Mile after mile of the grand capital was passed and we reached the depot. People were there, rushing hither and thither, by the thousand. We finally got to our cars and after a stroll through acres of houses we found the hotel at which these lines were written. A night's rest and then we are ready for drives and walks through the gayest city in the world. But how strange one feels in this babble of human tongues, where he knows nothing and knows nobody. Some one at the hotel just knows enough English to give you your meals and to take your money. But our guide is our own medium of communication.

### SIGHT-SEEING IN PARIS.

One of the first things to catch my eye on my first day in Paris was the Vendome column. It occupies a prominent place, and it is a sharply and graceful shaft about one hundred feet high. It was built in memory of Napoleon I, and the materials entering into it are the summations of war captured by the great French hero in his many battles with the nations of the world. His statue, in bronze, is the crown of the column. Guns, cannons, swords, bayonets, bullets and the like make up its structure. How such unsightly fragments could be built into such a handsome shaft is a mystery to me, but when it comes to see these French can do anything. In 1871 the column was partially torn down by the vandals in one of their riots, but it was at once rebuilt at the public expense, and there it stands, one of the most interesting pieces of art in the city.

The Hotel de Ville, or town hall, is said to be one of the finest buildings in the city. Neither money nor labor was spared in its construction, and the mind can hardly conceive of the conception of anything in its conception and

CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT

Among the Exchanges

Exchange of our missionaries are expected to sail from San Francisco on the good ship China September 12, for the foreign fields.

It is an exhibition of the shrewdest ignorance and of unmitigated prejudice to be an anti-missionary nowadays. Missionary operations can never fail so long as there are those among us in whose veins the blood of primitive martyr flows.

The Nashville Advocate presents the following astounding facts:

Over one thousand millions of dollars are spent by the United States annually for liquor, over five hundred millions for tobacco, one hundred and sixty-five millions for education, one hundred and twenty-five millions for churches, and the pitiful sum of five millions for foreign missions.

Just think of it! These United States expend nearly twice as much for tobacco as for education, religion and world-evangelization, all combined. We pay the bar-tender and his number-nail over six times the amount it costs annually to educate our children. It is a wonder God does not wipe us from off the face of the earth. We are traitors to every child we're not. While we pay \$1,500,000,000 for liquor and tobacco, we give the paltry sum of \$2,000,000 to evangelize the heathen world. And yet this amount yields a larger percentage of interest than any of the other items mentioned. England has discovered the value of foreign missions and now has incorporated in its governmental policy the responsibility of sending missionaries to the heathen. And well she may, for in fifty years her outlay for missions in India has been only \$50,000, while in 1920 alone her trade with that country amounted to thirty times that sum.

Tran Ida Jarka was born in 1746 and was a stranger, a thief and a drunk for the last forty years of her life, which ended in 1806. Her descendants numbered 224, of whom 709 were traced in local records from youth to death. One hundred and six of the seven hundred and nine were born out of wedlock. There were 113 beggars, and sixty-two more who lived from charity. Of the women 181 lived respectable lives. There were in the family seventy-six convicts, five of whom were sentenced for murder. In a period of some seventy-five years this one family rolled up a bill of costs in almshouses, prisons and correctional institutions amounting to at least 5,000,000 marks, or about \$1,250,000. Medical Record.

This awful exhibit arose out of a special study of hereditary drunkenness, made by Prof. Dellman, of Bonn University, Germany. His method was to take certain individuals, a generation or two back. He traced the careers of children in all parts of the present German Empire until he was able to present tabulated biographies of the kindred descended from some original drunkards. What an unchallenged demonstration of God's word, given to Moses: "For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me."

A keeper of secrets is a bearer of troubles. When you promised one friend a secret, you did not foresee that your duty to another friend might require the utterance of that very secret. Secrets are like a nest full of complications and conflicts of duty—all ready to hatch. If a man is entrusted with money, and he finds that its administration clouds his honor or threatens other duties, he can usually return it, but he can not return entrusted information and be free of it. There may be occasions when it is a sacred duty to receive a secret and then to guard it, but it is not a duty to be halfheartedly assumed or even sought for curiosity's sake. Be so conscientious about entrusted information as about trust money, and at least as slow to receive it. Sunday School Times.

Much of the estrangement between crossbill-friends is traceable to an unwise circle of confidants. The friend to whom you unhesitatingly your heart also has a confidant; that confidant transmits the secret to his bosom companion—and here it goes, in an ever-increasing ratio.

The public and open facts touching the life and character of our fellows start with a revealed secret to some bosom friend. The person who tells the story does it by the same right under which he received it. He who said that one need not expect another to preserve inviolate a secret we could not keep ourselves spoke truly. A secret revealed to any being is no longer a secret. Many a heart has been sorely wounded through false confidence.

There were donated to the American colleges and universities during the month of June, 1901, nearly thirteen millions of dollars, J. D. Rockefeller, Miss Helen Gould and J. P. Morgan being the principal donors. The colleges receiving these gifts are: Harvard, Yassar, Columbia, Princeton, Yale, Washington University, St. Louis, Milliken University, Kenyon College, Benoit College, Tuskegee Normal College, Syracuse University, Brown University, Long Island College Hospital, Harvard received the largest gift, \$1,000,000, donated by J. P. Morgan. Nearly all of these colleges are in the North. May this princely giving stimulate a yet larger liberality everywhere. Pacific Methodist.

Millions are tied up in the South. Much of this vast wealth belongs to members of Southern Methodism. These members, controlling largely many of these material outlays, have a mutual interest in our educational enterprises. Our Church schools, for the most part, stand unendowed, those that are, the endowment is but a paltry sum. Teachers in our schools remain with us at a financial sacrifice. Should Providence provide us an instructor of extraordinary capacities, those institutions of large resources obtain his services at any cost. Here is our great problem, solvable only by a more princely giving in the South. We are surfeited with gold, and still it cankers.

The lesson taught is that "righteous" men are indeed the "salt of the earth," not only preserving cities and nations from further corruption, but procuring for them further existence and probation. God holds back his judgments so long as hope of amendment survives, and "will not destroy for the ten's sake."—Alexander MacLaren, D. D.

Not a sinner lives but what owes eternal gratitude to the praying men and women of this country. Abraham conditioned the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah on the presence of a specified number of righteous people found. Had ten been discovered these cities of splendid sins might have stood until this day. Infidelity may scoff, but it remains true that the religious world is the Gibraltar against which beats the surging waves of divine impending wrath. Christianity and her advocates is the one guarantee of civil liberty, public safety and personal contentment. Take Christ out, and the world's heart resolves itself at once into anarchy and ruin. Here is a specific law in the kingdom wholly unappreciated by the masses living under its protection.

The Baptist Standard, of Chicago, says Mr. J. D. Rockefeller has given \$5,000,000 to the University of Chicago, and that Mr. Rockefeller "is one of the wealthiest men in the world and at the same time one of the most benevolent, deeply religious, the friend of Churches, colleges, hospitals and every good cause."

A Century's Growth.

- First religious newspaper, 1814.
- No pins were made until 1811—\$1 a pound.
- In 1800, 262 postoffices; in 1900, 75,000 postoffices.
- First woman's suffrage law in Wyoming in 1870.
- The first woman's club, Sorosis, was organized in 1868.
- From 200 newspapers in 1800 to 21,000 in 1900.
- Total number of immigrants during the century, 18,500,000.
- In 1800 there were thirty American colleges; to-day there are 419.
- Total number of patents granted in the last sixty-two years, 1,672,950.
- In 1800 six weeks to California; in 1900 five days.
- The railroads to-day employ as many

men as America contained in 1800—500,000.

This century began with 900,000 slaves; it closes without any.

When this century began witchcraft was a very prevalent belief.

The first woman's hospital in the world was built in New York in 1854.

Number of telephones in 1860, none; number in 1899, 1,124,846.

Estimated national wealth at beginning of twentieth century, \$100,000,000,000.—Central Methodist.

CORRECTIONS AND ELSE.

R. G. H.

In Advocate of August 29 W. A. Bowen says Rev. J. W. Shipman "was one of the first editors of the Texas Christian Advocate." This is a mistake. He never was editor of the Advocate. The first number of the Texas Christian Advocate made its appearance at Galveston, August 12, 1851, C. C. Gillespie, editor. Other Methodist papers had been published in Texas before this date, but they were not under control of the General Conference, except in case of the "Banner," for a short time, which was a financial failure. J. E. Carney succeeded Gillespie as editor in 1858, Gillespie becoming editor of the New Orleans Christian Advocate. At the session of the Texas Conference in Austin, 1858, J. W. Shipman was appointed Fiscal Agent of the Advocate and Book Depository. He remained in this position for some years, probably until the breaking out of the war. In same issue of Advocate Bro. Bowen also says J. W. Shipman and his wife died during the yellow fever epidemic in Galveston in 1867. This is also an error. If I mistake not he died in Chappell Hill in 1867, after having been a member of the Texas Conference ten years. He is buried in Chappell Hill. My recollection is that I, G. John Jesse Boring, J. H. Davidson and myself, were the only Methodist preachers who passed through the epidemic in Galveston in 1867, and we were all alive at its close. One would infer from Bowen's letter, that Shipman was editor of the Advocate in 1867 and fell at his post, and then I, G. John became editor. Shipman had no connection with the Advocate in 1867, I, G. John being the editor.

I was much interested in Bro. Bowen's allusion to Mrs. F. C. A. Carey, daughter of Hon. Thos. Flenwallen of Georgia. Mrs. Carey as the first student to enter the old Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Ga. Thos. Flenwallen flared in Georgia history. Tradition says A. H. Stephens first speech in the Georgia Legislature was in advocacy of a charter for this old and renowned college. A few years ago there was buried in this city (Savannah) an old lady, wife of Rev. D. Thompson, who was among the first graduates of that old college. Her husband, "Dr. David," as he was called, preached in this county between fifty and sixty years ago. Hundreds of Georgians in Texas have rejoiced to learn that the grand old Wesleyan has of late years taken on new life. It was the first female college that I ever saw. An annual catalogue of it should be sent to Mrs. Carey.

See here. In Advocate of August 29, a brother reports several meetings—one, between 30 and 70 conversions and reclamations, 31 joined our Church, another meeting 25 conversions, 6 joined our Church; one more, 20 conversions, 17 joined our Church. My observation is that the man who imagines he is converted and returns to join the Church goes back to the world and becomes worse than ever. There is a mistake somewhere. As sure as you live, the converted man will join the Church, if the work is genuine.

THE AGE LIMIT IN THE MINISTRY.

BY REV. JNO. S. BAIRD.

Several articles have recently appeared alleging that the demand of the Church is for young men in the ministry and that the old men are being discriminated against simply because they are old. It is also alleged that this is a state of affairs peculiar to the ministry since men in professional life are prized and in demand in proportion to their age and experience. To my mind these allegations are largely unfounded in fact, and the theory based on them is untrue and dangerous. I desire therefore to submit a few considerations. I believe that the facts will demonstrate:

1. That Churches do not demand young men in the ministry simply because they are young. The truth is that there are comparatively very few men who can truly be said to be in special demand, and certainly there are none in demand whose only special qualification is youth. Those who are in demand are so without any special reference to their age.
2. The conspicuous leaders in war, in science, in literature, in statesmanship and elsewhere have always been in the main young men, but youth was not their only qualification for leadership.

Alexander was a world conqueror at thirty; Washington was a Colonel at twenty-two; LaFayette was General of the whole French army at twenty; Galileo discovered the principle of the pendulum before he was twenty; Robert Peel was in Parliament at twenty-one and Gladstone at twenty-three. Luther was only twenty-nine when he nailed his theses to the door and defied the Pope; John Wesley was a reformer at twenty-five and founder of a great Church before he was forty; Whitefield had demonstrated himself a matchless pulpit orator at twenty-five; Joshua Soule was presiding elder at twenty-three and Robert Alexander at twenty-four. This list could be indefinitely extended, including men now living, as well as the dead.

3. The same men who were in special demand in their youth were in demand as long as they lived or until the infirmities of age made it physically impossible for them to longer do the work required. Where this was not the case it was an exception to the rule, which could usually be attributed to lack of diligence, in study and preparation, or some other cause than mere increase in years.

4. What is true in professional life is true in the ministry, and vice versa. For every old man you can find who is in special demand in the professions of law or medicine, or as legislators or teachers, you can find an old man in the ministry who is in demand, the number in each calling being considered. Who are the leading surgeons occupying positions with railroads and other corporations? As a rule they are young men. Occasionally you will find an old doctor who holds his place among the bright and well-equipped young men who are so rapidly filling the ranks of his profession, but when you do it is an exceptional case and always a man who was in demand as a young man and who has kept abreast with the latest inventions and discoveries affecting his profession. What is true of physicians is also true of lawyers, politicians, merchants, railroad men and preachers. When you find an old man in any of these professions who is specially influential or in demand, you will find by tracing his history that he was in demand while young and is not now in demand simply because he has age.

5. The theory that the Churches demand young men in the ministry simply because they are young, and then retire them before they are old enough to be retired by reason of infirmity, for no other reason than that they have turned the shady side of fifty, is not only untrue, but it exerts a baneful influence in at least two directions. In the first place it causes many young preachers to rest in the idea that because they are young and enthusiastic they can easily get a place and hold it without any special or continued preparation. In my judgment this is the secret of why so many young men who start into the ministry with flattering prospects and are more or less in demand, find themselves being displaced before they are old enough to be retired by reason of infirmity.

On the other hand, it causes some noble men to conclude that they will be discounted anyway after they are fifty, and so they begin ten years before to prepare for the inevitable. They abate their enthusiasm and interest, get out of touch with the young aggressive spirit of the Church, and sometimes, alas! get sour and fault-finding in their spirit, and so sure enough by the time they are fifty they are ready for their retirement.

6. One other consideration. Our old men are all able to say, with David: "I once was young." If there is special privilege and consideration shown young men in the ministry now, history shows that it is not more so now than it has always been. If they crowded their old fathers to the rear and wrested from their experienced hands the reins of leadership, shall they think it strange that their sons should do the same for them? Every dog ought to be allowed to have his day.

Now, suffer a few words of exhortation. For my old brethren I have no word of censure or even advice. Many of them have wrought marvelous things amid the most unfavorable environments. Many of them are now occupying positions of trust and great usefulness among us, and the Church will be poor indeed when it loses their labors and their wise and godly admonitions. To my younger brethren (of whom I have three brothers now in the ministry), I would say: What is demanded of the ministry is the same that is demanded of leaders elsewhere—men of faith, men of courage, men of education, men of zeal, men who, if not

"The first by whom the new is tried." Are not

"The last to lay the old aside," men who keep in touch with the ever-changing phases of social and intellectual

life. In short, men who accomplish results. Some men have had these qualifications when they were young men and succeeded—were in demand—but after a few years began to lose some of them, and e'er they were aware of it, like Samson, their strength was gone and they did not know it.

My young brethren, let us keep the heart young and warm and the intellect bright. Let the spirit and temper be kept beautiful and sweet, and let the inner man be renewed day by day, and there need never be any shady side of fifty to our ministry. No doubt the time will come when we shall not be able to do the same kind of work that we did in our youth, but we will undoubtedly find a place of usefulness in the Church until the Master says: "It is enough; come up higher."

The Church will have a place for us as long as we can do and will do acceptable service. Nearly everything depends on how we use our youth as to what point in our career the age limit will be reached.

Cleburne, Texas.

SOME THINGS I FOUND.

For two months I was away from home, helping the pastors. We have had good meetings. Our Church everywhere is on good terms with the other Churches, particularly the Baptists. I have met scores of old friends and found many new ones. The people everywhere love to hear the gospel. Deathbed scenes and grave-yard stories have been refreshingly absent at every point. A religion that finds its climax in a desire to go to heaven to meet Aunt Mary Ann is at a heavy discount, and the gospel as the rule of a right life is heard, heeded, accepted and lived.

All that is good, but I have also found some things not so good.

I found a preacher who asked me if I ever attended a meeting a whole week without being invited to conduct a service. The question was new to me and I answered, "I don't remember." Afterward I thought the matter over, and did remember that I had never had never had time to stay a week at any place where there was not a demand for my services. If a man holds authority from the Church for twenty years to preach the gospel and fails to create a demand for his pulpit ministrations, there is bound to be something wrong. If such a man has really been called of God to preach, he has made some mistake in the manner of his answering that call.

I found a steward who takes two newspapers published in his county town, one political paper and the "Way of Faith," but he thinks the Advocate high at two dollars and does without it.

I found a Methodist with a library consisting of "The Story of the Galveston Horror," "A History of Our War with Spain," "The People's Encyclopedia of Universal Knowledge," "The Beautiful Story" and "The Devil in Robes." That man takes the Christian Herald, says it is cheaper than the Advocate and he likes it better.

I found a Methodist with a family of bright children who said he reckoned infant baptism was all right, but he had never had his baptized; didn't see much use of it.

I found a Methodist who believes in union meetings. It looks well, and then there is no occasion for doctrinal sermons at a revival.

I found a man who likes union Sunday-schools, for he does despise selfishness. It is just like the Baptists and Presbyterians and Campbellites to be always teaching doctrine, especially teaching little children that way.

In a word, I have found some folks who seem to think that the way to be a good Methodist is to just nothing in particular. For such people the great Methodist Church possesses one chief attraction. We are open communists, and when they hear a Methodist preacher say "The Lord's Supper is for the Lord's people," they say "We are liberal—we invite all Christians to eat with us"—just as if it were our supper and we had the right within and of ourselves to say who should or should not eat bread and drink wine in memory of our dying Lord.

Verily, "we must educate or we must perish by our own prosperity." The people must be instructed in the doctrine and polity of Methodism, or the time is coming when you may expect to find any sort of literature but our own in the homes of our people, and when the collections ordered by the Annual Conference will be paid out of the money that Methodists have no other use for, and when the pastor's salary will depend not upon the loyalty and devotion of our people, but upon his own personal popularity. I could tell you things that would surprise you if I was a mind to. Our Bishops need to hold class-meetings at the Annual Conferences. The lay delegates as well as the pastors need to be catechized.

JNO. C. S. BAIRD.  
Big Valley, Texas.

GEORGIA!

I am not willing the shelf, and been a feeble step and pastorate, to consoling. I hope to retire to a quiet life, and I really can not feel easy make no effort to its way. I do not than by writing to so I often write.

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Bishop Candler's of beauty outside, wisdom inside. I k is better suited to this book of address he was ashamed of them in print, but I is apparently the youth at times, h who are really so t trustful. I read v enjoyment, but si pleasure. The six beautifully castiga Jules who make what they lack in place upon mere et tivated men of the diate, was especial is so much of it no there is no wonder Greeley and Carno William there is aln er what is called it does not unfit man life. I am sure th college President be who came from a ra can not be charged to colleges, but it is is their friend sh warning word lest should arouse unfri a really good cause.

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**THINGS I FOUND.**

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eed to be catechised.  
JNO. C. S. BAIRD.  
exas.

**GEORGIA LETTER.**

I am not willing to lay myself on  
the shelf, and because I walk with such  
a feeble step and can no longer fill a  
pastorate, to consent to be idle and do  
nothing. I hope this aversion to com-  
plete retirement does not come from a  
desire to be prominent before the pub-  
lic, and I really think it does not. I  
can not feel easy to sit at home and  
make no effort to help this world on  
its way. I do not know any better way  
than by writing for the religious press,  
so I often write. I do not get paid for  
it. On the other hand, I pay my own  
postage and furnish my own station-  
ery. There is not a little selfishness  
hid under the garb of modesty, and  
many a self-seeking man at heart gets  
the credit for being nobly unselfish and  
painfully modest because he keeps his  
mouth shut, while a man who speaks  
and writes until people sometimes grow  
weary may be moved to it by his ear-  
nest desire to do somebody a service.  
So I hope my Texas friends will put  
this kindly construction on my fre-  
quent appearance before them.  
I see my old friend, Morris Evans, is  
after Ham Horton about depravity.  
Logically I think Morris can very  
easily prove man is not depraved, but  
if he ever taught a school of refractory  
boys he found his logic was of not  
much force. The Kentuckians, you  
know, are not depraved by nature, but  
they seem to get so by some means—  
all except Morris and Bro. Hayes. The  
heart within me is the strongest argu-  
ment I have ever had for the truth  
of the Seventh Article.  
I read two good books last week—  
the one by a Texan (Dr. Greene)—  
"Frose and Verge," the other by Bishop  
Candler. I found Bro. Greene's book  
full of such information as I had not  
had before I read his book. His sketch  
of the "Hero of San Jacinto" was to  
me especially interesting. I am glad  
the Texans are buying the book. Books  
do not sell themselves, and advertising  
them is of little use. Personal canvass  
is now the only way by which a book  
can be sold, and he has taken that way.  
The second edition of my "Story of the  
Georgia People" I expect next week.  
There are many Georgians in Texas,  
and not one of them is acquainted with  
the history of his State, and for a good  
reason—it has never been written. Be-  
cause it had not been written years  
ago I conceived the idea of writing a  
history of the people which would tell  
whence they came and their after-  
career, but my directly religious writing  
took all my time and I tried to get  
some others to do it; but no one came  
forward, and having but a faint idea  
of the work demanded to make a short  
history of any people, I began it, and  
after three years of constant work I  
brought it through the press. It is an  
octavo of 700 pages, and sells for \$2.50.  
Bro. Armstrong ordered a copy from  
Nashville. I gave five copies to Galveston,  
and Bro. Greene and I swapped,  
and that is the extent of my Texas  
sales. If I were to visit Texas I could  
sell 1000, but I can't do it. I say this  
in order to show to your readers what  
authors may expect outside of their  
own clientele, and to urge Texans to  
buy Bro. Greene's production.  
Bishop Candler's new book is a gem  
of beauty outside, and is chock full of  
wisdom inside. I know no book which  
is better suited to a young man than  
this book of addresses. He wrote me  
he was ashamed of them when he saw  
them in print, but that's like him. He  
is apparently the most self-confident  
youth at times, but I know few men  
who are really so modest and self-dis-  
trusting. I read every essay with real  
enjoyment, but some with unusual  
pleasure. The sixth, in which he so  
beautifully castigates those literary  
Jules who make up in pretensions  
what they lack in real merit and who  
place upon mere culture a stress cul-  
tivated men of the highest order re-  
pudiate, was especially edifying. There  
is so much of it now in the land that  
there is no wonder that to men like  
Greecley and Carnegie and Frederick  
William there is almost a doubt whether  
what is called the higher education  
does not unfit many men for a useful  
life. I am sure the man who was a  
college President before he was 30, and  
who came from a race of cultured men,  
can not be charged with any hostility  
to colleges, but it is well that one who  
is their friend should throw out a  
warning word lest scholarly arrogance  
should arouse unfriendly opposition to  
a really good cause.  
The time has not come by a great  
deal, when classical training is neces-  
sary to fit a man for much of the work  
we are trying to do in the ministry.  
Those who have had classical training  
are not the only men God wants in  
his vineyard, and woe be to that con-  
ference which has a committee of  
pedants to examine applicants for ad-  
mission. With their array of ques-  
tions and their rating, there are not  
more than two or three of our Bishops  
who could pass muster. Who of your  
readers can answer this question,  
which I found had been propounded to

an applicant in Kentucky? "How many  
bones are there in the human body?"  
I am sure I did not know, and I don't  
know now; and yet the verdict of that  
committee was final if unfavorable.  
The Bishop has a thousand passages  
of beauty, and not a few of homely  
common sense, which are very shock-  
ing to the Miss Nanceys of literature.  
We are having some of our most pop-  
ular preachers, who, having been dis-  
gusted with the want of resemblance  
of the services of our Church to the  
beautiful liturgy of other Churches,  
are proposing to form a liturgy of their  
own and introduce it no less solemnly.  
They begin the service with the dox-  
ology, have a short prayer standing  
etc. and alas! close without any prayer  
at all. Then there is the trouble that  
Gilderey complains of so loudly—the  
choir taking charge of preacher and  
church. The Bishop gave the St. Louis  
people a loud note of disapproval of  
all such innovations, which will have  
little effect if the men who ignore the  
law pass muster before their confer-  
ences. Not very long since I was at  
a village church. The preacher preach-  
ed a good, short sermon, and at its  
close he said: "The choir will sing the  
doxology and Bro. Smith will pro-  
nounce the benediction." Bro. Smith  
did no such thing, but fell on his knees.  
While the congregation stood, I prayed  
an orthodox Methodist prayer. It was  
simply involuntary, and while it may  
have appeared rude, it was simply a  
refusal to disregard a Church law. I  
am no ritualist, I am not a stickler for  
any form, but our directory of public  
worship has been prescribed, and we  
ought as a general thing to follow it.  
I am sorry to see the newspaper and  
college questions are giving trouble in  
more than one conference. There is  
perhaps too much anxiety to make  
things accord with our ideas of what  
they ought to be, and we are going a  
little too fast. In our zeal to elevate  
standards and to make one great in-  
stitution, we may discriminate against  
the schools of lower grade too much.  
There are a great many people who  
can take a course in a small, cheap  
college who can not go to a university.  
That it is called a college does not  
make it a rival of Yale or Harvard,  
and if it wants to be called such, who  
shall say nay? The little Hiwassee  
College in Tennessee has sent out a  
host of men who have adorned all  
ranks. Rutherford, in North Carolina  
did the same thing, and I do not like  
the spirit which belittles these country  
colleges—for colleges they are, despite  
the arbitrary rulings of the Board of  
Education.  
I reckon we need an educational  
campaign, and we have certainly had  
it. Now let us come back to our start-  
ing point and begin a soul-winning  
campaign. Oh, for a revival! a re-  
vival! My heart was set on fire this  
afternoon by reading in the last Mis-  
sionary Review the story of work  
among the Indians. Methvin, the hero of  
Anadarko is a Georgian. He is a man  
of collegiate education and of remark-  
able common sense, and volunteered to  
go among the Blanket Indians. The  
story of his work reads like a romance.  
My grandfather went to the Creeks  
over seventy-five years ago, and when  
he left them they followed him for  
miles, escorting him, weeping as they  
went. The results of his work are to  
be seen among the Creeks to-day. I  
am glad the Indians are to be settled  
on their own land and to have their  
own separate holdings. It is their only  
hope.  
The power of the gospel in Japan,  
Brazil, Mexico and China is so manifest  
that one grows sad that in this favored  
land there is such a fearful growth of  
agnosticism. It is folly to deny and  
blindness not to see it. The departure  
of one of our brilliant young preachers  
from Methodism and his union with  
the Unitarians is the logical result of  
that insidious rationalism and broad  
churchism which is so popular among  
the new American clergy. When have  
you heard from a clerical disciple of  
Emerson, Ruskin, Carlyle, from one  
who attends Harvard or Chicago, a ser-  
mon on "Justification by Faith"? And  
these men seem never so much as to  
have heard that there was a Holy  
Spirit. We must have a revival. The  
spirit of certain factionists who have  
posed as the only defenders of old-  
fashioned Methodism must not drive  
us away from our old positions. I de-  
clare, after forty years of the study of  
the best books in our language and  
after having a large acquaintance with  
modern thought and modern life, that  
I have found nowhere any improve-  
ment on the Methodism of John Wes-  
ley. The morality of the General  
Rules, the dogmas of the Twenty-five  
Articles and the religion of conscious  
experience as the old-time preachers  
stressed it, has not been supplanted  
by any modern improvements. Our  
Sunday-schools and Epworth Leagues  
have come and have been added to the  
old machinery, and they perhaps may  
do what the old class-meeting and old  
love-feast did—supply the demands for  
religious fellowship, but if they do  
not, there is a loss which can not be

repaired. Oh, for a revival! a revival!  
I am weary of eclesiasticism, and  
especially of Church pride. I want to  
see the old-time religion which made  
men happy and good revived. I do not  
want an education that makes men  
agnostics, and I do not want colleges  
where the atmosphere is more heathen  
than Christian. I want a college where  
the boys get religion, where they shout  
and sing like they did when Bro.  
Greene and I were at Oxford. I want  
a female college like the Wesleyan of  
old-time, with its weekly class-meet-  
ing and its yearly revival. Let the  
revival begin in our own hearts. Let  
us seek the renewal of our assurance.  
Let us be sure that we turn from every  
known sin. Let us walk in the Spirit.  
Let us seek to save the lost. If we  
are preachers, let us weep between the  
porch and the altar until God comes  
in blessing. Let us cry aloud and spare  
not, and call sinners to repentance.  
Let us preach Hell with its terrors, and  
try to awaken alarm—not a hell afar  
off, but a hell here—a hell of remorse,  
of bondage to sin, of hopeless despair,  
a hell of agnosticism, to me the most  
fearful of hells, and to which all tend  
who live in sin. Let everybody pray,  
"Lord, revive us," quit quarreling  
about gospel arithmetic and stickling  
for terms and theories, and go to your  
knees, with the earnest cry, "Lord, re-  
vive us! Lord, revive us!"  
GEO. G. SMITH.  
Vineville, Macon, Ga.

**A MINISTER FROM AMIDST THE  
"BLACKJACKS."**

The association was in full swing  
Ministers from all over the Territory  
were upon the scene—ministers whose  
manners and speech indicated culture  
of heart and brain, ministers upon  
whose features peace dwelt, care-worn,  
shabby ministers; fat, jovial minis-  
ters—who marched into the little,  
lonely church in a body and sat down  
up near the pulpit, in a body. One,  
a white-haired man with fine face,  
carried distinction. He was the author  
of several books on religious topics—  
books widely read, although written  
years ago.  
Some carried hungry looks—a hun-  
ger that material food would not sat-  
isfy, a hunger resulting from unful-  
filled ambitions.  
Others carried unpainted parsonages,  
minus porches, minus all comfort, car-  
ried suggestions of small salaries,  
never paid; of scant meals, even of ex-  
treme poverty.  
On this night a congregation of 200  
people was assembled. Men, in their  
shirt-sleeves, listened just outside the  
windows. Boys sat in the windows.  
Women in dressing-sacks and sun-bon-  
nets allowed women in organdie with  
tiny gold watches pined on them. Wo-  
men with a baby in arms and several  
older children by them crowded women  
who had none at all. Wagons continued  
to rumble up. Horses neighed. Laugh-  
ter and chattering mingled over the  
church. A pompous man, choir-leader  
he proved, got up near the organ. Then  
a slim young fellow with dark hair and  
serious countenance went modestly  
choir-ward, took his seat and proceed-  
ed to sound one note of the bass with  
a corresponding one of the treble, all  
through the hymns that followed.  
A minister ascended the pulpit.  
Laughter ceased. His manner sug-  
gested the necessity of quiet. Not a  
foot stirred. Not a cough sounded,  
only the occasional bark of a dog  
across town; the shrill nicker of a  
restless horse or the muffled "Mamma"  
from some awakened infant.  
The man held the congregation spell-  
bound. Not because of flowery speech;  
not because of appeals that lifted it  
up from commonplace life into a purer  
atmosphere of spirituality. He did not  
touch the heart. Logic was his potent  
agent. He reasoned with his people—  
his for the time. He made plain to  
them things which they had not un-  
derstood—so plain a little child could  
enter into their significance. Ah! they  
had been stormed at; they had crouch-  
ed down in shame at their sin and in  
difference had been painted in glaring  
colors, they had been told "to wear  
the shoe if it fit," they had been coaxed  
until they lost their heads. They should  
do better. They must do better. No  
why had ever been given. At last it  
came. And brains began to exercise  
their God-given power. On and on  
for an hour he talked. Men and wom-  
en went to their homes in a thoughtful  
mood. Next night they turned church-  
ward, hungering for more knowledge  
of that kind; but the giver was not  
there. He, too, had turned—home-  
ward. Disappointment was evident.  
A homely, earnest-looking man stood  
in the other's place. His low forehead,  
his irregular features, were not comely  
to look upon, the cut of his coat; the  
fit of his trousers, did not add to his  
appearance. If one might listen with  
closed eyes! And the twang to his  
voice! His want of delivery! These,  
balanced against some native ability.  
Yes—all these! What could be hope  
to accomplish? Men stood thicker



**Eats Clothes**  
If your washing medium does that, what matters its cheapness or its working power? Is it safe? That's the first line. Some imitations of PEARLINE are not safe. They eat the clothes, slowly, but surely. Don't experiment. You are sure of PEARLINE; stick to it; it is standard, tested, proved, by years of use and millions of women.

much larger than my thumb, of a pale  
leuish green color, as beautiful as it  
could be. Then, like a flash, the  
thought came upon me. What a con-  
templable deed I had done. Here was  
one of God's beautiful creatures that  
had just as much right to existence  
as I, and its life, deathlike, was at  
stake to it as mine was to me, and at  
that very moment that it was singing  
its beautiful song to make the world  
more pleasant and glorious, I had bra-  
vally shot it to death.  
I carefully buried it among the  
leaves, and then reproached myself that  
I would never again wantonly destroy  
life.  
I regard this the greatest crime I  
ever committed.

**HUMILITY OF DENNIS.**

The eminent scholar and Church his-  
torian, Dr. Philip Schaff, used to say  
of himself "I have not talents. I am  
simply a hard worker, and what I am  
I owe to God and to constant applica-  
tion, keeping my wife about me."  
This totally honest remark is the re-  
mark of Sir Isaac Newton that the  
only genius he had was the ability to  
keep a problem before his mind until  
he saw through it.  
A Scotch clergyman said: "Sir Isaac  
Newton is as well acquainted with the  
stars as if he had been born and brought  
up among them." But the great phi-  
losopher was much more modest in  
his self-appraisal. "I know," he  
wrote, "to have been only like a boy  
playing on the seashore, and diverting  
myself in now and then finding a  
smoother pebble or a prettier shell  
than ordinary, whilst the great ocean  
of truth lay all unexplored before  
me."  
One reader will not overlook the  
sense of that modest remark. Sir Isaac  
was always wandering on the seashore,  
and always intent on finding pebbles  
and shells. "He that seeketh truth,"

**MORE BOXES OF GOLD.  
And Many Greenbacks.**

To secure additional information di-  
rectly from the people, it is proposed  
to send little boxes of gold and green-  
backs to persons who write the most  
interesting, detailed, and truthful de-  
scriptions of their experiences on the  
following topics:  
1. How have you been affected by  
coffee drinking and by changing from  
coffee to Postum?  
2. Do you know any one who has  
been driven away from Postum be-  
cause it came to the table weak and  
characterless at the first trial?  
3. Did you see such a person right  
regarding the easy way to make Postum  
clear, black, and with a crisp, rich  
taste?  
4. Have you ever found a better way  
to make it than to use four heaping  
teaspoonfuls to the pint of water, let  
stand on stove until real boiling be-  
gins, then note the clock and allow it  
to continue only boiling full 45 minutes  
from that time stirring down occasion-  
ally? (A piece of butter about the size  
of a navy bean, placed in the pot will  
prevent boiling over.)  
5. Give names and addresses of those  
you know to have been cured or helped  
in health by the medicinal use of coffee  
and the daily use of Postum Food (2%  
fat) on its place.  
6. Write names and addresses of all  
friends whom you believe would be  
benefited by leaving off coffee. (Your  
name will not be divulged to them.)  
Address your letter to the Postum  
Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.,  
writing your own name and address  
clearly.  
Be honest and truthful, don't write  
poetry or fanciful letters, just plain,  
factual statements.  
Deadline will be made between Oc-  
tober 30th and November 10th, 1901,  
by three judges, not members of the  
Postum Cereal Co., and a neat little  
box containing a \$10 gold piece sent  
to each of the five best writers, a hat  
containing a \$5 gold piece to each of  
the 20 next best writers, a \$2 green-  
back to each of the 100 next best, and  
a \$1 greenback to each of the 200 next  
best writers, making each prize dis-  
tributed to 325 persons.  
Almost every one interested in coffee  
and drink is willing to leave their  
name and letter upon in the papers,  
for men help us it may offer to the  
human race. However, a request to  
omit name will be respected.  
Every friend of Postum is urged to  
write and each letter will be held in  
high esteem by the company, as an  
evidence of such friendship, while the  
little boxes of gold and envelopes of  
money will reach many modest writers  
whose plain and sensible letters con-  
tain the facts desired, although the  
sender may have but small faith in  
winning at the time of writing.  
Talk this subject over with your  
friends and see how many among you  
can win prizes. It is a good, honest  
competition and in the best kind of a  
cause. Cut this statement out for it  
will not appear again.

**THE GREATEST CRIME HE EVER  
COMMITTED.**

In the "Life of Colonel John S. Salski"  
occurs the following suggestive  
incident.  
"Some years ago I was stopping with  
a friend, a doctor in a little town in  
Illinois, and he proposed that we go  
out and kill something. So giving  
me a gun and taking one for himself,  
we started for a small grove about two  
miles from his house, but failed to find  
anything to kill. The squirrels, which  
were our objective game, had evidently  
got an inkling of our coming, and kept  
out of sight. After an hour or so  
spent in the forest, we started to re-  
turn to the house.  
"Sauntering leisurely along under  
some tall elms, I heard a bird singing,  
and, looking up, I saw a wee bit of  
a bird perched upon a lofty limb, singing  
very sweetly. Without a moment's  
thought, and without the slightest idea  
that I could hit so small a mark for  
I had none of the spirit of murder in  
my heart, I up with my gun and  
banged away. I saw some feathers fly,  
and the little songster came dropping  
down from branch to branch, and fell  
at my feet. I stooped down and picked  
it up. It was a tiny little thing, not

Secular News Items.

Contrary to all hopes and expectations, President McKinley died on Saturday morning, September 14, at 2:15 o'clock.

For hours before the President died he lay as one from whom all life had departed. The doctors felt in vain for any trace of his pulse. There was only a faint evidence of breathing—just enough to hold back the declaration that he was dead.

But this hope was short lived, and after several hours, during which the existence of which life was barely discoverable, he passed away.

The Coroner issued the following certificate of death of President McKinley:

City of Buffalo, Bureau of Statistics, County of Erie, State of New York.—Certificate and record of death of Wm. McKinley. I hereby certify that he died on the 14th day of September, 1901, about 2:15 a. m. and to the best of my knowledge and belief the cause of death was as hereunder written.

Cause—Gangrene of both walls of stomach and pancreas, following gunshot wound.

Witness, this 14th day of September, 1901.

H. R. CHAYLOR, M. D. H. S. MATSINGER. AMES F. WILSON, Coroner.

Date of death, September 14, 1901; age, 58 years, 7 months, 4 days; color, white; married, etc.; President of the United States; birthplace, Niles, Ohio; name, William McKinley; father's birthplace, Pennsylvania; mother's name, Nancy McKinley; mother's birthplace, Ohio, United States; place of death, 1188 Delaware Avenue; last previous residence, Washington, D. C.; direct cause of death, gangrene of both walls of stomach and pancreas, following gunshot wound.

The following was given to the press on Monday.

In compliance with the earnest wishes of Mrs. McKinley that the body of her husband shall rest in her home at Canton Wednesday night, the following changes in the obsequies of the late President will be made:

Funeral services in the rotunda of the Capitol will be held Tuesday morning on the arrival of the escort, which will accompany the remains from the White House. The body of the late President will lie in state in the rotunda for the remainder of Tuesday, and will be escorted to the railroad station Tuesday evening. The funeral train will leave Washington at or about 8 o'clock Tuesday evening, and thus arrive at Canton during the day Wednesday.

JOHN HAY, Secretary of State. ELIHU ROOT, Secretary of War. JOHN D. LONG, Secretary of the Navy. HENRY B. F. McFARLAND, President Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia.

He will be interred at Canton, today—September 19.

Vice-President Roosevelt, when he learned of the President's serious condition, made all possible haste to reach Buffalo, but did not succeed in making that point until about 5 o'clock Saturday morning. At 7:30 Saturday afternoon he took the oath of office as President of the United States. There were present Secretaries Root, Hitchcock, Long, Wilson and Postmaster General Smith, Senator Chauncey M. Depew, Judge of the Court of Appeals Haight, John N. Scatcherd, Mr. and Mrs. Ansley Wilcox, Miss Wilcox, Geo. P. Sawyer, Drs. Mann, Parke and Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Milburn, Secretary to the President Wm. Leah, Jr., Secretary of the deceased President George R. Cortelyou, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carey, R. G. Scatcherd, J. D. Sawyer and William Jeffers, official telegrapher. In addition to Judge John R. Hazel of the United States District Court, who administered the oath. The scene was a most affecting one. The new President had just come from the Milburn house, where his predecessor lay cold in death, overcome by the deep personal sorrow he felt in his characteristically impulsive way he had gone first to the house of mourning to offer his condolence and sympathy to the broken-hearted widow. Secretary Root, who twenty years ago had been present at a similar scene, when Arthur took the oath after the death of another President who fell a victim to an assassin's bullet, almost broke down when he re-

quested Mr. Roosevelt, on behalf of the members of the Cabinet of the late President, to take the prescribed oath. There was not a dry eye in the room. The new President was visibly shaken, but he controlled himself, and when he lifted his hand to swear, it was as steady as though carved in marble. With the deep solemnity of the occasion full upon him, he announced to those present that his aim would be to be William McKinley's successor in deed as well as in name. Deliberately he proclaimed it in these words:

"In this hour of deep and terrible bereavement, I wish to state that it shall be my aim to continue absolutely without variance the policy of President McKinley for the peace, prosperity and honor of our beloved country."

The great, far-reaching significance of this pledge to continue the policy of the dead President, announced at the very threshold of a new governmental regime, profoundly impressed his hearers, and Mr. Roosevelt's first step after taking the oath was in line with its redemption. The first act was to ask the members of the Cabinet to retain their portfolios in order to aid him to conduct the Government on lines laid down by him whose policy he had declared he would uphold. Such an appeal was not to be repelled, and every member of the Cabinet, including Secretary of State Hay and Secretary of the Treasury Gage, who were communicated with in Washington, have agreed for the present, at least, to retain their several portfolios.

Washington, Sept. 18.—The following is the order of arrangements for the obsequies at Washington of William McKinley, late President of the United States, as revised to meet the wishes of Mrs. McKinley:

The remains of the late President arrived in Washington at 8:30 o'clock to-night and were escorted to the Executive Mansion by a squadron of United States cavalry.

On Tuesday at 9 o'clock a. m. they will be borne to the Capitol, where religious services will be held, after which the body of the late President will lie in state in the rotunda for the remainder of the day. In the evening the remains will be borne to the station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, escorted by a squadron of United States cavalry, and then conveyed to their final resting place at Canton, Ohio.

Order for Tuesday.

- SECTION 1. Funeral escort under command of Major Gen. John R. Brooke, U. S. A. Artillery Band. Squadron of cavalry. Battery of field cavalry. Company A, United States Engineers. Two battalions Coast Artillery. Hospital Corps. Marine Band. Battalion of marines. Battalion of seamen. National Guard District of Columbia.

- SECTION 2. Civic procession under command of Chief Henry V. Boynton. Clergymen in attendance. Physicians who attended the late President. Military Order Loyal Legion of United States. Grand Army of the Republic. Guard of honor, pall-bearers and hearse.

Officers of the army, navy and marine corps in this city who are not on duty with the troops forming the escort will form in full dress right in front and on either side of the hearse, the army on the right and the navy and marines on the left, and compose the guard of honor.

- Family of the late President. Relatives of the late President. Ex-Presidents of the United States.

- SECTION 3. The President. Cabinet. The diplomatic corps. The Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. Members of the House of Representatives. Governors of States and Territories and Commissioners of the District of Columbia. The Judges of the Court of Claims, the Judiciary of the District of Columbia and Judges of the United States Court. The Assistant Secretaries of State, the Treasury, War, Navy, Interior and Agricultural Departments. The Assistant Postmaster-General. The Solicitor-General and Assistant Attorneys-General. The Chilean Claims, Civil, Industrial, Interstate Commerce Commission, Isth-

mian Canal, Joint High, Mexican, Water Boundary and Fisheries Commissioners, Special Tariff and Philippine Commissioners and other departments and commissions of the Government in order of their precedent.

Official representatives of the Insular Government. Organized societies. Citizens.

The officers of the army and navy who accompany the late President to Canton will assemble at the railway station at 7:30 and receive the body. Other officers of the army, navy and marines previously instructed to receive the body on its arrival Monday evening will reassemble in full dress uniform at the railroad station at 7:30 p. m. Tuesday to pay final honors to their late Commander-in-Chief.

As the necessary limits of time do not permit personal communication to the public officers of the United States and of the several States enumerated in the foregoing, they are requested to accept the invitation to take part in the exercises conveyed through the publication hereof and to send notice of their intention to be present to the Secretary of War at the War Department in Washington.

Organized societies to take part are requested to send similar notice at the earliest time to the chief marshal of the civic procession, Gen. H. V. Boynton, Wyant Building, Washington, D. C.

JOHN HAY, Secretary of State. ELIHU ROOT, Secretary of War. JOHN D. LONG, Secretary of the Navy. H. B. F. McFARLAND, President of the Board of District Commissioners.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 18.—President Roosevelt has outlined in some detail the policy he will follow during his incumbency in office. It will be remembered that when he took the oath of office he stated with much definiteness:

"It shall be my aim to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace (and he emphasized that word), prosperity and honor of the country."

Yesterday the President gathered together some personal friends and those members of the Cabinet who were here and gave to them such ideas as he had already formulated for the conduct of public affairs and his own policy. In no sense are they divergent from what has been understood as Mr. McKinley's policy. This policy, as outlined to his friends at yesterday's conference, will be for a more liberal and extensive reciprocity in the purchase and sale of commodities, so that the over-production of this country can be safely disposed of by fair and equitable arrangements with foreign countries. The abolition entirely of commercial war with other countries and the adoption of reciprocity treaties. The abolition of such tariffs on foreign goods as are no longer needed for revenue, if such abolition can be had without harm to our industries and labor. Direct commercial lines should be established between the Eastern coast of the United States and the ports in South America and the Pacific coast ports of Mexico, Central America and South America. The encouraging of merchant marine and the building of ships which shall carry the American flag and be owned and controlled by Americans and American capital. The building and completion as soon as possible of the Isthmian Canal, so as to give direct water communication with the coast of Central America, South America and Mexico. The construction of a cable owned by the Government connecting our mainland with our foreign possessions, notably Hawaii and the Philippines. The use of conciliatory methods of arbitration in all disputes with foreign nations, so as to avoid armed strife. The protection of the savings of the people in banks and in other forms of investment by the preservation of the commercial prosperity of the country and the placing in positions of trust men of only the highest integrity.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 18.—Leon Czolgosz, alias Fred Nieman, was indicted today by the County Court Grand Jury for the crime of murder in the first degree in fatally shooting President William McKinley at the Temple of Music, in the Pan-American Exposition grounds, at 4:15 p. m., September 6. When arraigned before Judge Emory in the County Court, the prisoner stubbornly refused to answer questions repeatedly asked of him by District Attorney Penney as to whether he had counsel or wanted counsel. The District Attorney then suggested that, inasmuch as the defendant refused to answer, counsel should be assigned. Judge Emory assigned Hon. Lorrain L. Lewis and Hon. Robert G. Titus, former Supreme Court Justices of this

city, whose names had been suggested by the Erie County Bar Association. Czolgosz probably will be arraigned again to-morrow morning to plead to the indictment.

Our Government has purchased the Danish West Indies for the sum of \$1,258,000.

The Secretary of War has allotted Indiana \$21,862 for maintaining its militia. The allotment is made out of the \$1,000,000 appropriated by Congress at its last session for this purpose. The sum is an increase of about \$10,000 over the allotment of last year.

The finest pearl yet taken from the Mississippi River was found at Prairie du Chien, Wis., September 5, by Wm. Burns, a clam-digger. It is perfectly egg-shaped and of the finest quality. It weighs forty-two grains. It was purchased by D. J. Lenehan, pearl buyer, for \$1000.

A dispatch from Lord Kitchener, dated Pretoria, September 3, says: "Since August 26, the columns report nineteen Boers killed, three wounded, 212 made prisoners, and 127 surrendered, and that 191 rifles, 27,560 rounds of ammunition, 1700 horses and 7500 head of cattle have been captured."

An example of American generosity is furnished by the fact that the sum of \$300,000 has been contributed during the last few weeks by Boer sympathizers in this country for the benefit of the Boer women and children who have been made homeless by the war. The money has been sent to President Kruger to be disbursed according to his judgment.

This year is a record-breaker in the run of salmon, both in the Columbia River and Puget Sound districts. More fish have been caught at times than could be handled by the fishermen and the canneries. In one instance, on the sound, 50,000 salmon were liberated from the traps for want of purchasers at 1 cent each. The large run is attributed to the result of the fine hatcheries.

The most persistent of the violators of the prohibition law in Topeka, Kan., has met with a crushing calamity. A case against him was brought by the Assistant Attorney-General, a special officer appointed to enforce the prohibitory law, before Justice Desney, of Oakland, a suburb of the city. The result was a conviction on fifteen accounts, and the jointist was given 450 days in jail and \$4500 fine. In default of a bond of \$9000 he was sent to jail. It is believed that this will make the enforcement of the prohibitory law in Topeka easier in the future.

The coffee bill of the United States is over \$1,000,000 a week. During the nine months ending last March the United States imported \$17,344,000 pounds, valued at \$45,281,900, a sum nearly \$5,000,000 in excess of the value of the coffee imports of the same months of the preceding fiscal year. At this rate the total value of the coffee contained in the United States this year will not fall below \$60,000,000. It is claimed that all of this coffee could be produced in Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, the soil and climate of which are similar to that of Java. Coffee raised on these islands, in fact, already commands the highest prices in the European markets.

At Old Orchard, Maine, Commander Booth-Tucker delivered an address before the Salvation Army on "Doing for God," and gave an outline of their work in the United States. He said that the total number of officers is 3000; uniformed soldiers, 29,000. There are 200 social institutes which nightly shelter 8000 poor persons at an annual cost of \$300,000. The Army also main-

tains forty-four Industrial Homes, which give constant employment to about 600. The total expense of maintaining all the departments of the organization in the United States is \$1,250,000. Certainly this is an exhibit of excellent Christian work, very distinctly to the credit of the Army.

Gen. De Wet, in retaliation for the tactics of Lord Kitchener in ordering innocent Boers shot, has issued a proclamation declaring that he will shoot all British troops found in the Orange River Colony after September 5. It is reported that Commandant Myburg has issued an order directing that all armed colonials captured after September 15 are to be shot. The Governor of Cape Colony, Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, asserts that the Boers on August 28 captured two unarmed British scouts near Haareekloof and shot them. Capt. Wells, with a patrol of twenty-five men from Oudtsboorn, was taken in ambush near Meiringspoort. He and two men escaped, three others were killed and four wounded, and the rest, who surrendered and took the oath of neutrality, were released.

King Edward of England has appointed a commission of five scientists to investigate Dr. Koch's tuberculosis theory that animal tuberculosis is not communicable to human beings. Prof. Baumgarten, of Tubingen, says a Berlin dispatch to the Times, supports Dr. Koch's theory that bovine tuberculosis is not communicated to human beings. Prof. Baumgarten describes a series of experiments made by Dr. Rotkowsky twenty years ago, when patients suffering from incurable tumors were inoculated with bovine tuberculosis germs in the hope that one disease might combat the other. Not a single patient was infected with tuberculosis. Dr. Baumgarten believes that bovine and human tuberculosis are not essentially different, but that the bacilli suffer modifications in the bodies they inhabit.

A FEW FACTS

About the New Catarrh Cure.

The new Catarrh Cure is a new departure in so-called catarrh cures because it actually cures, and is not simply a temporary relief. The new Catarrh Cure is not a salve, ointment, powder nor liquid, but a pleasant tasting tablet containing the best specifics for catarrh in a concentrated, convenient form. The old style of catarrh salves and ointments are greasy, dirty and inconceivable at the best; the new preparation being in tablet form is always clean and convenient. The new Catarrh Cure is superior to catarrh powders because it is a notorious fact that many catarrh powders contain cocaine.

The new catarrh cure is called Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, a wholesome combination of blood root, beachwood tar, guaiacal and other antiseptics, and cures by its action upon the blood and mucous membrane, the only rational treatment for catarrhal troubles. You do not have to draw upon your imagination to discover whether you are getting benefit from Stuart's Catarrh Tablets; improvements and relief are apparent from the first tablet taken. All druggists sell and recommend them. They cost but 50 cents for full sized packages, and any catarrh sufferer who has wasted time and money on sprays, salves and powders, will appreciate to the full the merits of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

A little booklet on cause and cure of catarrh sent free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

When Traveling One wants the very best service, and in order to secure same you should travel via the Houston, East & West Texas R'y and Houston & Shreveport Railroad. The most direct route to the NORTH, EAST and SOUTHEAST. For rates and information, call on local agent or address: W. H. TAYLOR, WM. DOHERTY, G. P. A. A. G. P. A. N. S. MELDRUM, General Manager, HOUSTON, TEXAS.

BED-WETTING Cured free. Dr. F. R. May, Box 114, Bloomington, Ill. GETS A FIRST-CLASS SEWING MACHINE and the ADVOCATE 1 YEAR

Notes Fro

NORTHWEST T

Geo. A. Nance, meeting at Liberty, Colorado, near the day night. We seven nights, had gained with close wards increased to local preacher, the Bible, of the Pres-

Joe H. Travis, other meeting, resulted in nine. The situation is coming, received greatly, at meeting still draw on the work there, nearly all lines. The has at best been in rains; roads badly cotton overflowed, people are happy.

J. W. Fort, our meeting on Friday, and protest frame fence. And, best one dollar of inde-

We have \$60 subscription on the two good meetings in Whitney, in ever before. The L and we expect to do everything in full, gets, tells, and, come. The grace this far, and grace

I. E. Hightower, Mulley has come, our meeting on Friday, Sunday. Bro on Saturday evening, did meeting from the every day in the we the last Sunday of people came, through until we had good forty-five joined the thirty-two our church with many fruit about \$100 for \$25 to the orphanage of the meeting. Bro \$50 to seat, our ne God and take care

I. L. Mills, Wm into day's meeting, what we hoped for, though there were a few there was seed, due fruit. The C, lived and much again. We have \$25 the mourner's service. Almost every represented here. I with me in the me of the preaching, I and to the point, church near enough worship in it now, will be real, not a cost about fifteen h

Geo S. Sliver, Se a good revival at e charge. One f seven have professed, been added to the row. The Sunday-s at any time in the I. We were able, assisted by Revs. N. M. Mel and J. W. Fort, of have some efficient whom is Rev. J. C. help anywhere. Bro our superintendents, in the work of the spent about \$100 on erty and \$25 on oth. The collections will pastor is satisfied if the body of the meet, the salaries are paid some as fine folks, I find anywhere, and front in a gallon, and under his go

CARBON AD

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HYPOCK

Oliver C. Swinney, mer campaign is on we had ten conv, crimes of McIndoe, times. With this preaching, At Brook conversions. Rev. J. Coyell City charge, ling with the except sermons. Bro. Willia or, and is reported he had thirty-two conv, Bro. E. A. Evans, c us there, and did so last meeting was at had no help except B. Shorter on this ch work. Bro. Putman Conference, the fr preached us two fin suit of this meeting conversions. Four add four babies, baptized indiments. The Lo in all our meetings.

FIRST CHURCH

Hubert D. Knickerh Sunday we had a go, grations and fifty Church (from the for students) made us fe additions was a la membership "on prof-

THAT'S MADE IN are perfect in 1 years experience. Machine, for 3 locks required. These points are the

ty-four Industrial Homes, constant employment to The total expense of main-

Wet, in retaliation for the Jord Kitchener in ordering ers shot, has issued a pro-

ward of England has ap- mission of five scientists to Dr. Koch's tuberculosis animal tuberculosis is not

EW FACTS

he New Catarrh Cure. Catarrh Cure is a new de- o-called catarrh cures be-

catarrh cure is called rrrh Tablets, a wholesome of blood root, beachwood

ists sell and recommend cost but 50 cents for full res, and any catarrh suf-

nTraveling

One wants the very best service, and in order to secure same you should travel via the East & West Texas R'y and Shreveport Railroad

NETTING Cured Sample E. May, Box 114, Bloomington, Ill

Notes From the Field.

NORTHWEST TEX. CONFERENCE.

COLORADO. Geo. A. Nantz, Sept. 11. We closed a meeting at Liberty, 100 miles from Colorado, near the Angelo Road, Thurs-

BOURN HILL. Mrs. H. Travis, Sept. 18. I have held another meeting since my last report, which resulted in nine conversions and five ad-

WHITNEY. J. W. Fort. Our new church is completed and last week we put down oak circular pews. We have one of the best

STAMPFORD. J. E. Hightower, Sept. 11. Rev. Ab- Mulkey has come and gone. We began our meeting on Friday night before the

ROBY. J. L. Mills. We have just closed a nine days' meeting. The results were not what we hoped for and expected. Al-

CARBON AND GORMAN. Geo. S. Slover, Sept. 13. We have had a good revival at every appointment on the charge. One hundred and twenty-

BROOKHAVEN. Oliver C. Swinney, Sept. 10. Our sum- mer campaign is over. At Liberty Hill we had ten conversions. Rev. L. G.

FIRST CHURCH WEATHERFORD. Hubert D. Knickerbocker, Sept. 16. Last Sunday we had a good day. Large con-



an even hundred we have received this year on a profession of faith. We have re-

A NEW CHURCH IN ENNIS. T. J. Duncan. Our new church in Ennis is complete and we occupied it last

LEWISVILLE. C. M. Jacobson, Sept. 16. Proliferation carried on the 14th inst. in this Lewis-

BLACK MOUNT. J. W. Blackburn, Sept. 18. All our meetings for the Blue Ridge Circuit have

TEXAS CONFERENCE. NEW HOPE. W. T. McInnis. I held a meeting at New Hope, in San Jacinto County, em-

LEON MISSION. D. W. Gardner, Sept. 11. We feel that things are doing some better. The lad-

WEST END GALVESTON. R. C. George, Sept. 12. Our people, young and old, at West End are alive

glion. Ninety-nine genuine-whole-souled and in many instances shouting-conver-

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OUR NEW ORPHANAGE BUILDING. TEXAS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE: I am just from Waco.

ABBIE MULKEY.

# The Home Circle

## DOLLY'S LESSON.

I'm 'shamed to have to pass.  
Come here, you niggeramus;  
You don't know any letter.  
C'est just your crooked S

Now listen, and I'll tell you:  
This round hole's name is O,  
And when you put a tail in,  
It makes a Q, you know.

And if it has a front door,  
To walk in at, it's C.  
Then make a seat right here,  
To sit on, and it's G.

And this tall letter, dolly,  
Is I, and stands for me,  
And when it puts a hat on,  
It makes a Q, you know.

And curly I is J, dear,  
And half of B is P.  
And E without his slippers on,  
Is only F you see.

You turn A upside downward,  
And people call it V.  
And if it's twice, like this one,  
It'll be W.

Now, dolly, when you learn 'em,  
You'll know a great big heap—  
Most as much as I, O dolly!  
I believe you've gone to sleep.

—Southern Churchman

## ALL LIGHT THERE.

There is a family in this city which is dependent upon a little child for its present sunshine. A few weeks ago the young wife and mother was stricken down to die. It was so sudden, so dreadful when the grave family physician called them together in the parlor, and in his solemn, professional way intimated to them the truth—there was no help.

Then came the question among them, who would tell her? Not the doctor? It would be cruel to let the man of science go to their dear one on such an errand. Not the aged mother, who was to be left childless and alone. Not the young husband, who was walking the floor with clenched hands and rebellious heart. Not there was only one other, and at this moment he looked up from the book he had been playing with, unnoticed by them all, and asked gravely:

"Is mamma doin' to die?"

Then, without waiting for an answer, he sped from the room and upstairs as fast as his little feet would carry him. Friends and neighbors were watching by the sick woman. They wonderingly noticed the pale face of the child as he climbed on the bed, and laid his small hand on his mother's pillow.

"Mamma," he asked in sweet, earnest tones, "is you 'fraid to die?"

The mother looked at him with swift intelligence. Perhaps she had been thinking of this.

"Who—told—you—Charlie?" she asked faintly.

"Doctor, an papa, an gramma—everybody," he whisp'ed. "Mamma, dear little mamma, don't be 'fraid to die, if you?"

"No, Charlie," said the young mother, after one supreme pang of grief, "no, mamma won't be afraid!"

"Jus' shut your eyes in 'e dark, mamma, hold my hand—an' when you open 'em, mamma, it'll be all light there."

When the family gathered awe-stricken at the bedside, Charlie held up his little hand.

"H-u-s-h! My mama's doin' to sleep. Her won't wake up here any more!"

And so it proved. There was no heart-rending farewell, no agony of parting, for when the young mother awoke, she had passed beyond, and, as baby Charlie said, "it was all light there."—Detroit Paper.

## A SISTER'S INFLUENCE

Some years ago, as I sat on the piazza of a summer hotel, I noticed among the crowd a party of young people, two or three pretty girls and as many bright young men, all "waiting for the mail."

"Oh, dear!" said the prettiest of the girls, impatiently, "why don't they hurry? Are you expecting a letter, Mr. Allison?" and she turned to a tall youth standing near.

He smiled. "I'll get one, surely," he said. "It's my day. Just this particular letter always comes. Nell is awfully good; she's my sister, you know, and no fellow ever had a better one."

The pretty girl laughed, saying, as he received his letter, "Harry would think he was blessed if I wrote once a year."

Gradually the others drifted away, but Frank Allison kept his place, scanning eagerly the closely written sheets, now and again laughing quietly. Finally he slipped the letter into his pocket, and rising, saw me.

"Good morning, Miss Williams," he

said, cordially, for he always had a pleasant word for us older people as well as for the young.

"Good news?" I questioned, smiling. "My sister's letters always bring good news," he answered. "She writes such jolly letters."

And unfolding this one, he read me scraps of it—bright nothings, cith here and there a little sentence full of sisterly love and earnestness. There was a steady light in his eyes, as half apologizing for "boring" me, he looked up and said, quietly, "Miss Williams, if I ever make anything of a man, it will be Sister Nell's doing."

And as I looked at him, I felt strongly what a mighty power "Sister Nell" held in her hands—just a woman's hands, like yours, dear girls, and perhaps no stronger or better; but it made me wonder how many girls stop to consider how they are using their influence over these boys, growing so fast toward manhood, unworthy or noble, as the sisters choose.

There is but one way, dear girls, begin at once, while they are still the little boys of the home circle, ready to come to "sister" with anything. Let them feel that you love them. These great, honest boyhearts are both tender and loyal, and if you stand by these lads now, while they are neither boys nor men, while they are awkward and headless they will remember it when they become the courteous, polished gentlemen you desire to see them. Do not snub them. Nothing hurts a loving-boy-soul more than a snub, and nothing more effectually closes the boy's heart than thoughtless ridicule.

Have patience, girls, that gentle patience whose perfect work will surely win the smile of the Master, who grants to all who do the Father's will that we should be his "sisters;" and for the sake of the great Elder Brother, who dignified with his divine touch these earthly relationships, shall we not be more tender, more patient, more loving, with these sensitive, great-hearted lads who call us "sister," and remember the wise man who said: "Shall the woman who guards not a brother be lightly trusted with husband or son?"—Selected.

## WHERE A LITTLE BOY LIVES.

The Little Boy was fast asleep and the Clock struck twelve. The Piano began a scale, but stopped short. "Well, I can't get any further," it groaned; "that pin is still there. I shall have to be tuned. Twenty-nine times without stopping to-day, that Little Boy sang Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue, and I had to hang out the most frightful discords each time!"

"We all heard you, and were sorry for you," spoke the little French Writing Desk. "As for me my legs tremble under me every time he comes near and throws back my lid—my poor, scratched lid!"

"You young people may have your mahogany scratched a little, but just think of me!" came from the tall Napoleon Desk between the windows. "Wait until you are one hundred years old as I am! That Little Boy has no more respect for me than he has for his woolly dog. He tried his new pen knife on me to-day."

A muffled tone was heard from the floor. It was the Cashmere Rug speaking. "Half the bread and jelly he had to-day is daubed over in this corner. You can't imagine how uncomfortable it is to have your face left sticky over night! And I am always left in a tumble, besides being trampled full of sharp bits of nutshell."

"Do let's go to sleep now," sighed the soft, cushiony voice of the Green Morris Chair. He has jumped about on me so much to-day that I still ache. Good night!"

The next day two Men came in an took up the Cashmere Rug. What a beating and shaking it did get! It was too much exhausted to even groan, when, all clean and bright, it was once more spread on the floor.

Meanwhile a white-capped Maid was washing all the wood of the furniture in a sparkling soap-suds. Then with a queer dark oil she rubbed and rubbed it, until she could see her face in every glossy surface.

Next came a Man with a little black bag and took the Piano all apart; the dust and pins that had choked its voice were removed, and it sang sweetly under his fingers.

Then the Chairs and Desks and Tables and Sofas were put in place, and night came again.

"Well, how do you all feel now?" asked the Piano as the Clock struck twelve. "I am not quite as happy myself as I expected to be. The Little Boy hasn't been near me all day; and, though I can sing now, somehow I don't feel like it."

"As for me," remarked the Napoleon Desk, "I confess that I, too, miss the Little Boy. Now that all his little finger marks and the dents and scratches are polished away, I miss them. I have felt like a grandfather to that Little Boy, and I miss his little pats."

"I should like to hold him in my arms for a minute or two, I confess,"

signed the Green Morris Chair. "They have pounded every crumb of his candy and cake from my cushions, and every little dusty heel mark has vanished."

"It's altogether too bare and dismal," said the Cashmere Rug. They have carried out his horse and picked up his toys and all the picture books."

"Well, don't let us distress ourselves," observed the Piano; "for by to-morrow night we shall all have a brand new lot of love-pats and gronsetts, and around us will be the same litter of his toys and things, and they will not clean house again until next fall."—Clara Marie Platt, in Little Folks.

## A GRAIN OF SAND.

"Mother! mother! there's something in my eye; please take it out quick!" Flossy came hurrying to her mother's room. Her blue eyes were bloodshot, her eyelids swollen, and the tears were running down her cheeks.

"Why, what is it?" asked her mother as she put her arms around the child. "I don't know; it's an awful big thing. The wind blew it in my eye a minute ago."

The mother examined the afflicted eye carefully, but could find nothing except tears.

"I don't see anything in it, dearie." "But it's there, mother; please get it out. It makes me so uncomfortable."

The mother looked again. Then she bathed the hurt eye with warm water, and told Flossy to keep it closed for a time; but the poor eye did not get any better. Something was in it—something as big as a marble, Flossy thought.

"Well, Flossy, I think we had better go to Dr. Wright and see what he can do," said her mother, after trying everything she could think of for the relief of her little daughter.

Dr. Wright was the good doctor Flossy loved, and she stood very quietly with her face in the light as he kept her eyelid open.

"Ah," said the doctor; and in an instant he held his instrument toward her. "Here it is!"

"Where?" asked the mother. "I don't see anything."

"I don't either," said Flossy; "but my eye does not hurt any longer."

"It's just a tiny speck of sand," replied the doctor; "too small to see, unless you know where to look for it."

Some days after, Flossy was fidgeting about the room where her mother was sewing. It was rainy weather out of doors, and Flossy was in a bad humor; nothing pleased her.

"Please don't, Flossy," said her mother, over and over again. "You make me very uncomfortable. If you don't stop worrying, you must go away by yourself."

Flossy sat down by the window, pouting. In a little while her face brightened, and she came to her mother and put a little soft kiss on her cheek.

"I'm like that little grain of sand, mother, don't you think so?" she said. "What do you mean?"

"I'm not very big, but I make people uncomfortable when my temper gets in the wrong place. I love you, mother—I love you truly; and I would not hurt you as that sand did me for nothing. The sand could not help itself, but I can, and I will, right away."—Our Boys and Girls.

## WHAT THE CHILDREN COST.

"Do you suppose I'm worth it?" a bright girl exclaimed, as she handed me a neatly bound account-book. From June 19, 1880, it said on the cover. Opening to the first page, I found a list of expenses, including such articles as rubber rings, patent food, etc.

"That is a record of every cent that has been spent for 'yours truly' since the date of her birth," she exclaimed. "Mamma started the books for both Fred and me, and kept them till we were 18, then she made us do it. You see, turning the leaves, she put down everything, even to our baby photographs, and it's been a wholesome revelation for us to count up the totals once in a while. It tells the story of a boy's and a girl's expenses to compare. There was a time when it was about even, and I remember how glad I was that Fred had to have his teeth filled first. I wouldn't part with my expense-book for anything, and I wonder more mothers don't start them for their children."—Good Housekeeping.

## OUR CONVERSATION.

Caroline Hazard, in her "Education of Women," says: "How few of us study to put things persuasively, to reach a proper climax, to retire gracefully from a subject." It is a common saying that the art of conversation has disappeared among us, and yet it is an art held in honor by all men. Telegraphic speech has taken the place, in this end of the century, of the more careful and elaborate forms of conference. But it is an art which should be presented to all young people, and

**"Let the GOLD DUST twins do your work!"**

**There are more clothes rubbed out by using soap than are worn out.**

## GOLD DUST

washes clothes better and is much less expensive than soap. It does not injure the most delicate fabric and requires only half the labor that soap does. It will clean pots, pans, dishes, floors, furniture—anything about the house.

Send for our FREE booklet, "Golden Rules for Housework."

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston.

## THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

An old herdsmen in England was taken to a London hospital to die. His grandchild would go and read to him. One day she was reading in the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, and came to the words: "And the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The old man raised himself up and stopped the little girl, saying, with great earnestness:

"Is that there, my dear?"

"Yes, grandpa."

"Then read it to me again—I never heard it before."

"You are quite sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."

"Then take my hand and lay my finger on the passage, for I want to feel it."

She took the old blind man's hand, and placed his bony finger on the verse, when he said:

"Now, read it to me again."

With a soft, sweet voice she read: "And the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"You are quite sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."

"Then, if any one should ask how I died, tell them I died in the faith of these words: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'"

With that the old man passed into the presence of Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin.—Selected.

## A LETTER FROM POLLY.

We all enjoy letters, so the following one addressed by a poll parrot to the Brooklyn Eagle will interest us:

I live in the parlor—always. It is the best room in the house, and that's the reason I live there. Most of the time I sit on a shiny gilt bar, which is fastened to the top of a high pole. The pole is made high so that every one who comes in may have a good chance to admire me.

I am worth seeing. I have bright green and yellow feathers and a red crest on my head. When folks look at me they always say: "Pretty Polly! Pretty Polly!"

My mistress is very fond of me. When I want her I cry "Mamma" just

## PASTY FOOD.

Too Commonly Used.

The use of pasty cereals is not advisable. A physician says, "Pasty cereals are very indigestible and a bad thing for the stomach, causing a depressed feeling and quite a train of disorders, particularly of the intestines and nerves."

Cereals such as wheat and oats, can be cooked long enough and well enough to fit them for human use but the ordinary way of cooking leaves them in a pasty condition."

A gentleman from Evansville, Ind., whose name can be secured upon application to the Postum Cereal Co. Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., says: "My physician prohibited the use of oats and wheat for I was in a bad condition physically, with pronounced dyspepsia. He said the heavy paste was indigestible but that Grape-Nuts, being a thoroughly cooked food and cooked in such a manner as to change the starch into grape-sugar, could be easily digested. I have become very fond indeed of Grape-Nuts and all the uncomfortable feelings have disappeared. I have gained nearly twelve pounds in weight and none of the distressed, full feeling after my meals that I had formerly. Grape-Nuts Food has done the work."

What kind of oil, Pat, do you suppose they use to produce that color?" asked the citizen as the freight train went by showing a green lantern.

"Shure, I should say some of the Emerald Isle, sir."—Yonkers Statesman.

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BY STENN

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CHRISTIANITY AND CASH.

BY BISHOP W. A. CANDLEE

Christianity is a wealth-producing religion. Its effect on mind and morals is such as to produce individual and national prosperity.

Hence as the area of Christendom extends the wealth of the world increases.

The wealth of mankind is now greater than ever before in the history of the race, and it is mainly in Christian lands. Africa, China, India, Persia and Turkey are not rich or prosperous lands. The treasure and progress of the world are in Christendom, and the prosperity of nominally Christian lands is in exact proportion to the purity and power of the Christianity of their people.

Moreover, all these immense accumulations are of recent production. In 1850 the estimated valuation of all the property, real and personal, in the United States was a little above \$16,000,000,000. In 1870, despite the destruction of men and means by the Civil War, the figure advanced to \$24,000,000,000. By 1880 it stood at \$43,000,000,000, and in 1900 it had passed beyond \$90,000,000,000. It appears, therefore, that in forty years we quintupled our riches.

The national wealth of England in 1850 was estimated at \$26,000,000,000; in 1870 at \$34,000,000,000; in 1880 at \$42,000,000,000, and in 1900 it is above \$75,000,000,000.

Inventions in steam and electricity have marvellously raised the productive power of men in Christendom. Natural resources, like petroleum, iron, and previously unknown deposits of the present metals, have been discovered. Vast areas of fertile land in our own and other countries have been brought under cultivation. Improved processes of fertilization and cultivation have multiplied a thousand fold the fruits of lands before almost unprofitable.

Thus from numberless sources the barns and store houses of Christendom have been filled to overflowing.

Now wealth is stored power—power of all sorts. It may be power for good or power for evil; but it is always potent. It is the result of human energies put forth in the past and the prophecy of human efforts yet to be. It may provide sight for the blind, legs for the lame, ears for the deaf, food for the hungry, raiment for the naked, health for the sick, knowledge for the ignorant and religious light for heathen darkness. Or, on the other hand, it may by its grasping selfishness create such conditions in wide districts as will result in making blindness, lameness, deafness, hunger, squalor, disease, ignorance, sin, and death. To the man acquainted with contemporaneous history there will instantly come to mind fortunes in our country from which have issued for years the benighted influences—as for example Miss Helen Gould's wealth, which she says she holds as "a relief fund." On the other hand the well-informed will recall fortunes from which have oozed the vilest streams of legislative corruption and social oppression.

What will Christendom do with all this stupendous accumulation of power? Will it be used to serve men or to sink them? It must do the one or the other thing; it is too positive a force to be neutral.

In its most nearly neutral activity—that is to say when this wealth is used merely to get more wealth without regard to other ends beyond its acquisition—it becomes a most pernicious force, degrading to its owner and damaging to the public. It then becomes a visible proclamation of the destructive doctrine that the getting of money is the chief end of life, and that with money in hand a man needs naught else; that the wealthy may set aside the moral law or whatever else stands in the way of their self-indulgence.

The first maxim of this gospel of greed is "money breeds money." So it does; but if money breeds money only, presently the inbreeding on itself degenerates the stock, and we have the godless offspring which the Scriptures call Mammon. It is the bastard child of covetousness practicing incest with greed. It is bear-eyed and scrofulous, and can see nothing in its true light and proportions. The one thing it has an eye for is a dollar, and it reminds one of what Plutarch says of the hog, viz. "his eyes are cut to direct his rooting and are so fixed he never sees the heavens above him." The will of a money-crazed man has no power to do anything else but stretch out toward more gains. It is discouraging even to preach to such men. The incredulous gaze with which they look into the face of the preacher who brings to their attention higher things than money getting is as unpromising of any good

as the brazen skies of a parched and parching drought. They do not believe him. They do not understand what he can possibly mean. Their wealth their sensual satisfactions, their luxurious surroundings seem intensely real to them; but they are absolutely blind and deaf to the higher realities of piety, truth and heaven. Worst of all they grow proud of their incapacity to understand these noblest values of life, and allude to them as conceited urban people often allude to their ignorance of rural life, with its green fields, fair skies, babbling brooks and singing birds.

We saw a case of this sort the other day. A young sprout of a fellow was made President of a falling bank in New York—no great honor to be sure, and procured doubtless by parental intervention in an effort to get him to do something. Forthwith an adulatory idiot engaged in newspaper-reporting hurried to see the pampered stripling to secure for publication his philosophy of life, as if it were a matter of any earthly consequence to the public what theory of life he might hold. And he was ready for the reporter—perhaps sent for him and "engaged space." The sum of his philosophy was that going to college was a waste of time, and that he, the young Napoleon of finance, had made the unpardonable mistake of losing some precious years at college. What a pity he had so foolish a father as a man who thought attending college was of any use! What a pity he had not been his own father!

But if he had, this falling bank would never have had him for its President, and would not that have been an overwhelming calamity?

Now this young egotist is the natural product of wealth used simply to get more wealth. He is a manifest degenerate.

Is the immense and rapidly increasing wealth of the Christian world going to raise a race of runts in Christendom? Will a robust, many Christianly be raised by the results of its own industry, invention and frugality? It may be and it will be if the Christian use of wealth is not insisted upon and the pagan idolatry of wealth is not renounced.

Of all the religions of the world it is the most productive of wealth, and of all the religions of the earth it is most easily and seriously injured by hoarded wealth.

Wherefore the Bible abounds in exhortations and warnings against covetousness. The Savior on one occasion turned to the poverty-stricken apostles who had left all to follow him, and warned them most solemnly, saying: "Take heed and beware of covetousness." A rich and cynical child of wealth standing by might have smiled at such words addressed to such non-cynical men; but the sorrowful end of Judas shows the words of the Master were very necessary. Amid the wonderful scenes of the Pentecostal period the early Church had its first great shame and sorrow in the sin and death of Ananias and Sapphira, and the Church of to-day is in greater danger from its possessions than it was ever imperiled by its poverty.

The manifest, clear conclusion of the whole matter is, that if the immeasurable wealth of Christendom is not used to save the whole world, it is going to be perverted to the ruin of the whole world, itself included.

Men talk of the "yellow peril" in China. But our real "yellow peril" is in the gold of Christendom. In it there is the power of a world-wide redemption, or the possibility of a world-wide perdition. Which shall it be?

At the opening of the twentieth century Christendom is where the ways part. One way looks towards an era of unprecedented blessing and boundless hope; the other looks toward an epoch of unmitigated cursing and remediless despair.—Atlanta News

HEROISM AMONG LITTLE BIRDS.

If one will study animal nature, he will soon discover that generous impulses and noble deeds are not confined to humankind. A well-bred dog seems to know as well what is brave and what is cowardly as his master, and it is said that a big dog, in his right mind, will never harm a frail person or child; just as a brave man would find it beyond his power to strike or abuse a defenseless woman or a helpless little one. Nor has the dog a monopoly on the noble traits in the animal kingdom. This is proven by the following story about some of the many English sparrows that make their homes in and around the Union Carshed here. The story is vouched for by a half dozen gentlemen who looked on in wonderment and admiration. They had never seen anything more courageous or more commendable.

A little sparrow just fledged, but with pinions untried, had fallen from its nest into the yard between the carshed and the express office. Its little wings could carry the weight of its body for a short distance, but then it was compelled to seek the ground for

a brief rest. It was making some slight progress with each new effort to fly and had learned to sail along for about fifty feet, rising each time about three feet from the ground.

An old Tom cat had been basking lazily in the sunshine near by and as he slyly watched the weak efforts of the little bird it occurred to him that he would like a feast. He arose and crept stealthily toward the bird, for it rested on the ground for about the twentieth time. And when he saw that his intended victim had recognized its danger and was about to fly again, old Tom made a spring—but he missed. The bird had been just a little too quick for him and was now fluttering across the yard toward the brick wall that borders one side. Old Tom trotted along just under him, contemplating the sweet morsel that he would get when the wall was reached. The little fellow, realizing his peril, was screaming as loudly as his throat knew how. Within a few feet of the wall the cat paused to await the crash. He was watching for the delicate little body to strike and fall to the ground, when he would pounce upon it. But suddenly there was such a chattering and uproar as the people around the depot never heard before. A graduating class of college girls could hardly equal it. A regular swarm of grown sparrows had heard the cry of distress and they were coming to the rescue. They seemed to spring out of the ground and to fall from the heavens at the same time. When the little bird struck the wall and fell helpless, its body was instantly surrounded by several hundred of the grown birds, all spreading their wings and making the greatest possible noise. Their shouts of defiance and their sudden appearance in such great numbers completely upset the old Tom cat. He could have killed them by the score, for the largest one in the bunch would not have made a half-mouthful for him but it was then and there demonstrated that size and strength do not always count against genuine courage of a righteous cause. The cat crouched, shot up the quills on his back, and seemed undecided what to do. The little birds now put on a still bolder front, and forming themselves into as perfect line of battle as Stonewall Jackson ever commanded, they gave forth piercing cries and advanced. The old cat still kept his quills up, but slunk backward a few feet and darted under the express office steps, while the gentlemen who, attracted by the commotion, had been looking on from the windows, clapped their hands and gave such shouts of joy as heroism always wins from true men. They then went to the rescue of the birds.—Macon Telegraph

The Value of Charcoal.

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better, it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics, in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and impure blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients, suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them, they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

Blood Poison

THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE OF ALL HUMAN DISEASES.



The poison ejected from the fangs of the rattlesnake is not more surely fatal than the virus of Contagious Blood Poison, which pollutes and vitiates the blood, destroys the tissues and bones and cuts like a canker sore into the flesh.

This horrible disease appears first in the form of a little sore or blister; soon the glands begin to swell, pimples break out on the body, the mouth and throat become sore, making it painful to eat or swallow; dreadful ulcers appear on the tongue, copper colored spots and other characteristic signs of Blood Poison come as the disease progresses, and the destructive virus takes deeper hold upon the system. The medical men are as sorely perplexed over the character of this blood poison as ever; they tell you to take mercury and potash alternately for three years, but the stomach of no human being can stand this treatment long; besides, they do not cure the disease permanently, as thousands who have tried it know.

WELLINGTON, KAS., Sept., 1900.

I contracted Blood Poison two years ago this fall, and was persuaded to try a medicine widely advertised by a remedy company in Chicago. I was required to pay a large amount in advance, and can truthfully say that I was worse when the treatment was left off than when I began. Reddish pimples would break out and fill with yellowish matter; copper-colored spots of all sizes would appear on my body; my throat was so sore I could scarcely swallow, and my tongue and tongue were seldom free from ulcers; tonsils were swollen, and my hair was coming out rapidly. This was my condition when I began your S. S. S. I have used twenty-two bottles, and am feeling splendid. Every sore on my body has healed, and my appetite good. JAKE MARTIN.

S. S. S. is the only guaranteed purely vegetable blood purifier, and the only article for this particular virus; it purifies the blood and builds up the constitution. The appetite improves almost from the first dose; the sores soon show signs of healing, and the most filthy, dirty spots and eruptions grow paler and paler, and finally disappear. S. S. S. is not a new medicine; for nearly 50 years it has been known and used for this dreadful disease. It has brought new life and hope to thousands all over this land; it will cure you as it has others. Send for our free book on home treatment and write our physicians about your case. We will be glad if you will let us; we make no charge for advice, and all correspondence is conducted in strictest confidence. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

Advertisement for the Pan-American Exposition and Niagara Falls, featuring the Wabash line and routes to Buffalo and Chicago.

Advertisement for the Port Arthur Route, Kansas City and the Gulf, featuring Siloam Springs and Sulphur Springs.

Advertisement for the Houston & Texas Central Railroad, featuring the Sunset-Central Special and Denison to New Orleans.

Advertisement for the Southern Pacific Railroad, featuring the Sunset Route and service between Louisiana, Texas, Mexico, and California.



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G. C. RANKIN, D. D., Editor

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If any subscriber fails to receive the Advocate regularly and promptly, notify us at once by postal card.

Subscribers asking to have the direction of a paper changed should be careful to name not only the post-office to which they wish it sent, but also the one to which it has been sent.

DISCONTINUANCE—The paper will be stopped only when we are so notified and all arrearages are paid.

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All remittances should be made by draft, postal money order, or express money order, express or registered letters.

L. BLAYLOCK, Dallas, Texas.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

excavation. It contains all departments essential to the purposes for which it was projected. The old structure was destroyed by the commune in 1871 and the present one, far grander in its amplified arrangements, was erected in 1876 and 1881.

The site of the old city Bastille was passed and inspected. It is now a sort of square where several streets come together, upon the center of which the Concord monument now stands. The stones which formerly entered into the old Bastille were gathered and built into this splendid pile.

We drove from here to the Bois de Boulogne, which is a Government park of 2250 acres, covered with a great forest, intersected with driveways and beautified with flowers, fountains and statuary.

The Palace of Justice is what we would call a court-house, but it is upon a scale of far greater extent than anything we are accustomed to in America.

ceilings, and huge statuary of leading jurists adorn its niches. Paintings and other embellishments are upon its walls. I stepped into one of the courts and witnessed for a few minutes its proceedings. The three Judges were seated upon a lofty tribunal, and they were clad in their black regulation gowns.

In connection with these great court buildings there is a church, called "The Sainte-Chapelle." I wondered at this, but learned that in the early centuries it was used as the Court Church, and royalty also worshiped here. It was built in 1245, during the reign of St. Louis.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame surpasses the most ideal conception of the mind. It dates from the thirteenth century, and has been in process of completion to the present time. The interior is divided into three vertical sections by plain buttresses, and consists of three lofty stories.

But one of the most interesting public buildings to me is The Pantheon. It stands on the highest eminence on the left bank of the Seine, occupying the site of the old tomb of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris. The chapel formerly erected over her tomb fell into decay, and was removed the middle of the last century.

The Palace of Justice is what we would call a court-house, but it is upon a scale of far greater extent than anything we are accustomed to in America. I walked through its immense lobby, upon either side of which openings lead to the various courts of justice, and I felt overawed by its magnificence.

representing Joan of Arc, with her sheep, before Orleans, at Rheims, and then at the stake in Rouen. Under The Pantheon lie the bodies of Voltaire, Rousseau, Victor Hugo and many other distinguished citizens of Paris. The simplicity, the stateliness and the sublimity of this structure, together with its thrilling history, are the points of its interest to be taken into the account.

From there we drove by the place where the old prison once stood containing the inquisition and the guillotine. Here the heads of thousands of people were cut off, and their blood flowed like water. But there is no trace of any building now.

But I have written enough for this time, and will take it up again.

August 31.

The Texas State Fair will open in Dallas on September 28 and run till October 13. The displays are exceptionally fine and the management promises to those in attendance much pleasure and profit.

TEXAS PERSONALS.

Rev. W. H. Roper has been transferred from the Missouri Conference to the Northwest Texas Conference and stationed at Mangum, Ok.

Rev. Edgar Whitten, of Alabama, preached to our people at Midlothian last Sunday, and we see his sermon well spoken of by the local papers.

Rev. Samuel Morris, the old veteran of the Northwest Texas Conference, desires the announcement made that his postoffice address is Ovilla, Ellis County, Texas.

We note that Judge M. M. Brooks is mentioned by the secular press as a possible candidate for Governor at the next election of State officers. Judge Brooks is a staunch Methodist and a man of unblemished character.

We note in the appointments of the Montana Conference that Rev. G. C. Rector was made presiding elder of the Helena District. "Rec" is a Texas product and was in attendance on Southwestern University and later at Vanderbilt.

Rev. J. Marvin Nichols, editor of the League Department in this paper, is doing a fine work for the League, as well as furnishing good reading and valuable information to the general reader, in his department. The Advocate is glad to know his labors are being appreciated, as is evidenced from the many commendatory words received by him from readers throughout Texas.

We are pleased to be able to furnish the readers of the Advocate with a pen-picture of the trip to California and a resume of the proceedings of the Epworth League Conference from the pen of one of the young people composing the group.

We enjoyed a very pleasant visit this week from Bro. Jesse Addington, of Breckinridge, Texas. Having been for many years a reader of the Advocate, he was anxious to see the place where it was edited and printed.

to the world. He says it is so easy for him to be religious that he can but wonder why all men do not seek it and keep it when they get it. He has been visiting relatives in the city.

Through the kind offices of the Reading Circle of the Epworth League of Couts Memorial Church, Weatherford, Texas, Rev. R. B. Bonner, its pastor, is recuperating his strength for the fall campaign. He spent some days in Dallas and called on the Advocate. He says he has a good charge, made up of liberal people, and in all respects a pleasant place.

Rev. S. E. Allison, of Corsicana South Side Mission, passed through Dallas last week and called at the Advocate office. He was en route to his new appointment in the New Mexico Conference. He goes hence in search of health, having suffered more or less the past year from throat trouble.

GENERAL METHODIST NEWS.

The directors of the Methodist Orphanage of North Carolina have accepted the design and plan which is for a brick building of three stories and basement. The cost is \$25,000.

The Board of Stewards of the Central Methodist Church in Asheville, N. C., have given the contract for building their new \$56,000 church. The foundations of stone will be laid before cold weather.

Bishop Warne organized Borneo Circuit, Singapore District, and put a Chinese supernumerary member of Foo-chow Conference in charge, with four assistants. He says that within a year there will be a Church of 500 members on the island of Borneo.

Rev. R. P. Wilson, editor of the Pacific Methodist, resigns the editorship to Rev. W. E. Vaughan, his elected successor, and in company with D. M. Smith, Jr., of our Nashville Publishing House, sailed for China September 12, on board the China, to establish our Publishing House at Shanghai.

Rev. R. V. Atkinson, D. D., pastor of our McTyeir Memorial Church at Jacksonville, Fla., which was destroyed by the great conflagration that visited that city last spring, has been spending a few days in Nashville. He preached in two of our churches Sunday. In the heroic task of rebuilding their church, Dr. Atkinson and his devoted flock should have the aid of our people everywhere.

The Methodist Episcopal Church's effort to raise \$2,000,000 for foreign missions languishes. When the \$20,000,000 fund was proposed and adopted foreign mission work was omitted. Under the fund something more than \$12,000,000 has been raised, but under the \$2,000,000 mission scheme practically nothing has come in.

The conference of a year ago authorized this supplemental undertaking the money to be used in buying land, erecting buildings and otherwise anchoring Methodism financially more permanently on the foreign fields. The conference allowed for a 5 per cent increase on contributions from the Churches for usual growth of the regular work, and provided that all above that should be counted on this \$2,000,000 scheme. While some Churches have gone ahead, others have fallen off, and some now consider it to have been a mistake to link the new undertaking with the regular work.

With reference to the Rio Grande do Sul territory, recently ceded to us by the Methodist Episcopal Church—members, preachers and all, including a missionary—Bishop Galloway writes: "It was an occasion of great joy to the conference to have present the brethren of Rio Grande do Sul. They were received with true Brazilian and Methodist warmth. Bros. Price and Welling spoke at length, and with great strength, on conditions in that great and growing State. Facts in detail were given and incidents related to show that opportunities there are positively measureless. Think of such items as these: At Sao Lucas, where

we have twenty members and forty candidates, they propose to build a church and parsonage, and only ask help in putting on a metal roof. At Tres Capoes, where we have twenty members and thirty candidates, they make a similar proposition. In the one case the cost will be about one hundred dollars; in the other, about one hundred and fifty. If I have two friends in the United States who are desirous of roofing these properties, they are authorized to communicate with Dr. Lambuth on the subject. At Os Vallos, where we have no organization, one hundred 'erentes' (believers) have gathered themselves together and invited Bro. Price to come up and organize a Church. At another large town the name of which for the present is withheld, a Methodist Sunday-school of one hundred meets regularly in a Roman Catholic Church, and by permission." Go Forward.

Following is the vote to date on the new constitution of the M. E. Church by conferences:

Table with columns: Conference, For, Against. Lists various states and their respective votes.

GENERAL CHURCH NEWS.

The Examiner states that 83 per cent of all the additions to the Baptist denomination for the past year came out of the Sunday-schools.

A conference of Lutherans of several different synodical connections was recently held in Chicago for the purpose of promoting a wider and more effective interest in missions among the Jews. One of the papers read aimed to show that Christ's last commission to his disciples included Israel. Another paper, a historical one, showed that only three Lutheran ministers in the United States are now engaged in this work, and only a few synods support them officially. They appear to be stationed in Chicago and New York. An effort was instituted to provide a temporary home for catechumens and converts, and a chapel in Chicago.

At present there are but 120,000 enrolled adherents to Christianity in Japan, but its advance is not to be measured by this. Three per cent of the army officers are Christian, and a fair percentage in the navy. Great numbers exist among the student and university classes. Three of the great dailies in Tokio are in Christian hands; 2500 or 3000 young men pass out of the Christian influences of the universities each year. The indications at present point to a great revival of the Christian spirit in Japan.

The Missionary Helper has the following statistics: In 1899 the Foreign Missionary Societies numbered seven; in 1900 they numbered over five hundred; in 1890 the income of the seven societies amounted to about \$50,000; in 1900 the income was over \$15,000,000; in 1890 there was not one unmarried woman missionary in all heathen lands; in 1900 there were at least 2575; in 1890 there were no patients treated by Christian physicians; in 1900 there were over 200,000 patients

under treatment penaries establish stonary Societies

According to I met increase of the City of Los Angeles 1900 was 64,846, dists gained 106, 80,432, 186, Lathes 1818, 32,195, the Presbyterians 21, 1888, 17,196; and ists, 1189.

CALIFORNIA

Gleanings From Dallas

The time rolled for us to begin on the night of J San Francisco to The scenery all a of beauty and g and interesting, within sight of volcano). It mix Byron said of Mo

"Shasta is the mo They crown h On a throne of clouds, With a diadem

It being our first we came very at Shasta Springs, few minutes to r giving waters. V between bewilder and spray shoot out of the sides slipping the differ

The rocky form way were very int the strata was 1 while near this, fr ly a mighty open time), we observe an angle of at least nothing more beat rain streams while near us all the wa

It required a t us up the steep gra here. Our second track and delayed the middle of a damage was done.

We noticed the that day, due to t of mountain and On July 29 we st land and vicin breakfast we went there, and were r gracious Leaguers with genuine hos of our own dear S

From here we Kellogg pastor of land heights. At on the cable car a of steps to the su found ourselves a feet above the r view we shall nev got the best view with the Colum Rivers. From th rain peaks capped the scenic boast

States may be see place, as nearly as chosen is equidist Hood and Mount J and Mount Rainie and Mount Adams got the better vie owing to the atn existing that morn

The water in P served special me told that the mat

Gold Medal BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA. Has received the medals from the Queen, the nurse, housekeeper and WALTER BAKER'S ESTABLISHED 1825 DORCHESTER



ny members and forty they propose to build a parsonage, and only asking on a metal roof. At where we have twenty thirty candidates, they proposition. In the one will be about one hundred in the other about one fifty. If I have two e United States who are roofing these properties, hortized to communicate both on the subject. At here we have no organized 'erentes' (believers) ed themselves together bro. Price to come up and hurch. At another large- of which for the presid- a Methodist Sunday- hundred meets regularly Catholic Church, and by Co. Forward.

the vote to date on the ion of the M. E. Church s:

	For.	Against.
.....	27	1
.....	79	104
.....	16	1
.....	59	6
.....	150	21
.....	103	2
.....	4	45
.....	62	11
.....	43	.....
.....	38	9
.....	142	2
.....	81	1
.....	19	.....
.....	53	1
.....	111	1
.....	66	12
.....	55	.....
.....	71	1
.....	65	92
.....	168	9
Southern	86	23
.....	54	11
.....	117	5
.....	125	29
.....	72	140
.....	41	4
.....	2	52
.....	59	5
.....	145	15
.....	74	67
.....	45	.....
.....	61	.....
.....	44	.....
.....	121	45
.....	51	4
.....	89	2
.....	19	9
.....	2	74
.....	89	.....
.....	160	.....
.....	6	71
.....	1	48
.....	78	87
.....	100	.....
.....	72	.....
.....	39	66
.....	98	.....
.....	96	28
.....	3290	1124

L CHURCH NEWS.

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under treatment in hospitals and dispensaries established by Foreign Missionary Societies.

According to Dr. H. K. Carroll the net increase of communicants in all the Churches of the United States in 1900 was 41,846. Of these the Methodists gained 196,492; the Catholics, 80,432; the Lutherans, 62,269; the Baptists, 22,139; the Disciples, 21,586; the Presbyterians, 22,194; the Episcopalians, 17,290; and the Congregationalists, 1489.

CALIFORNIA, 1901.

Gleanings From the Note-Book of a Dallas Leaguer.

(Continued.)

The time rolled round all too quickly for us to begin our homeward journey. On the night of July 27 we reluctantly departed, taking the Shasta route from San Francisco to Portland and Seattle. The scenery all along was a panorama of beauty and grandeur, ever varied and interesting. We traveled all day within sight of Mt. Shasta (extinct volcano). It might be said, as Lord Byron said of Mont Blanc:

"Shasta is the monarch of mountains. They crowned him long ago On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds, With a diadem of snow."

It being our first trip over the road, we came very unexpectedly onto the Shasta Springs, and were allowed a few minutes to partake of their health-giving waters. We divided this time between bewildered looks at the falls and spray shooting a great many feet out of the sides of the mountain and sipping the different mineral waters.

The rocky formations seen along the way were very interesting. Sometimes the strata was perfectly horizontal, while near this, from some cause (likely a mighty upheaval at some previous time), we observed the strata to be at an angle of at least 45 degrees. We saw nothing more beautiful than the mountain streams which were flowing ever near us all the way.

It required a triple-header to pull us up the steep grade we traveled along here. Our second engine got off the track and delayed us a short while in the middle of a tunnel, but no real damage was done.

We noticed the sun set three times that day, due to the alternate passing of mountain and valley.

On July 29 we spent the day in Portland and vicinity. After getting breakfast we went to the M. E. Church there, and were received by a band of gracious Leaguers, who surrounded us with genuine hospitality, akin to that of our own dear Southland.

From here we followed Dr. H. W. Kellogg, pastor of this Church, to Portland Heights. After an exciting ride on the cable car and a laborious climb of steps to the summit of the hill, we found ourselves about eight hundred feet above the river, commanding a view we shall never forget. We here got the best view of Portland, together with the Columbia and Willamette Rivers. From this point five mountain peaks capped with perpetual snow, the scenic boast and glory of two States, may be seen at one time. This place, as nearly as any which may be chosen, is equidistant between Mount Hood and Mount Jefferson, in Oregon, and Mount Rainier, Mount St. Helens and Mount Adams, in Washington. We got the better view of Mount Adams owing to the atmospheric conditions existing that morning.

The water in Portland we found deserved special mention, and we were told that the main source of supply

is a lake, situated in the Cascade Mountains, at an elevation of 3500 feet above the level of the sea. This lake, about three miles long, nearly a mile wide and very deep, is only seven miles from the summit of Mount Hood. It is supplied entirely from unfauling springs in the steep, rocky slopes surrounding it on all sides, and fed by water from melting snow and rain—so you see it deserved the prominent place we chose to give it.

We left this point bound for Fort Vancouver. This is situated at Vancouver, Wash., by ferry and electric car distant from Portland only six miles. The Columbia River at the point of crossing is one mile wide. Upon landing we went direct to the Government Barracks (one of the finest military posts of the United States Army). The present Government post replaces the old trading and military post of the Hudson Bay Company, which took such a prominent place in the early history of the Northwest. MacLaughlin's headquarters were here; here Sheridan and Grant, too, were stationed for a short time. We found by waiting about three hours we could witness a "battalion drill and review" of over 1400 soldiers. This we enjoyed to the fullest. Several new soldiers succumbed to the heat of the drill and were taken off the field; others who had done active service in the Philippines wondered how these could stand all-day marches in mud knee-deep in a temperature of 126 degrees.

One of the soldiers, after finding we were from Texas, went among the soldiers and called for all Texas boys. At this juncture, however, the bugle sounded for their drill and where duty calls a soldier can not be wanting. After watching them drill one hour and fifteen minutes, and knowing nothing of the call for Texas boys having been made, we reluctantly started just before the drill was over in order to take the next boat. We had not gotten far, however, until the signal was given to break ranks, and we were completely surrounded by a group of eager faces wanting to shake hands with "Texas." They quickly relieved themselves of belt and gun and went with us to the boat. They seemed to feel they had seen some one from home and remained on the boat until the last minute before it started. They then waved at that point until they found our boat was getting out of range, and we would see them, ran vigorously to the next open space and repeat the same. This continued until we reached the opposite shore, and boarded the car, and then we could see them standing watching our car as if they had lost one of their best friends.

Upon reaching the city we immediately appeased our hunger, and then took a delightful boat ride on the Willamette River through the twilight of this Oregon summer evening.

About 8 o'clock we were back at the church as the Leaguers there gave all visiting delegates a reception. An interesting literary program was rendered, and we all found it a very enjoyable and profitable way to spend our time waiting for our train.

From here we went direct to the depot (which by the way was said to be the finest on the Pacific Coast). We went to sleep here, to find ourselves next morning in Seattle, Wash. The first thing that morning we went around the corner of the hotel to Arlington Dock. The "Algoa," a boat of 12,000 tons capacity, 475 feet long, seemed to us immense. We obtained permission to go on board, and were shown all over it. This boat was bound for Manila, Hong Kong and Japan. They were loading it with round bale hay. These bales did not appear any larger in size than our ordinary square bale, yet the average weight of each was 250 pounds. The batch of bread made up by the Chinese cook was a marvel in quantity to us, but we were plainly given to understand, without any direct communication, that we were not wanted around the cooking cabin.

Two United States Army transports, Seward and Egbert, were here anchored. Egbert was to sail for Alaska the day following our visit. Near these is the Seattle Fish Company's Salmon Cannery. The size of the halibut and salmon here seen salted down in immense tubs and refrigerators was incredible. This was not in operation, but a very bright boy conducted us through and explained the different steps taken in canning. After the fish was placed in the cans, the top was placed on it and it was sent through a furnace and soldered, and then down a watershoot and cooled. The salmon is cooked after it is canned. The can is now weighed, and if it fails to weigh two or three pounds (as the case may be) it is opened and the deficit made up. If it weighs more than the label calls for, it is simply passed by. You see, you always get as much and often more than you pay for of these goods.

In the afternoon we took the steamer "Athlon," out Puget Sound to Bremer-

ton, to see the battleships. En route we got an excellent view of the Olympic range and Mt. Rainier. The drydock at this navy yard was as large as that at Mare Island, but the steps were of wood rather than stone. The Concord, Wisconsin and Oregon were the main attractions to us, however. We were fortunate enough to gain admission to the Wisconsin. (This vessel was undergoing some remodeling.) I shall not here attempt a description of boats so thoroughly familiar to all Americans.

We left Seattle the following morning, retracing our steps as far as Tacoma, and from thence over the Northern Pacific passed for two days and a night through Washington, Idaho and Montana.

One day we were singing "Where He leads I'll follow," when the brakeman came through calling the name of the next station—"Chestnut! Chestnut!" When we laughed he looked embarrassed and departed hurriedly. We were very much disappointed in the size of the towns and houses all through Montana. Any of our Texas towns of any note are larger than any of the towns through which we passed (in day time, at least). The houses appeared to be of one room, and that very much limited in capacity. Helena was a disappointment to us.

We at last reached Livingston, but had to wait over night before taking the train to Cinnabar, near the northern boundary of the Park.

MATTIE HARRIS, Dallas, Texas.

TO THE EPWORTH LEAGUERS OF TEXAS.

I am glad to report that so far as official information goes all our Leaguers have returned from San Francisco without loss of life or limb. The International Conference is pronounced a success and the trip across the continent worth more than the cost in dollars and cents. All have taken their places, and I hope have settled down to put a successful finish on the year's work. Bro. Nichols, our First Vice-President, is to edit the League Department of the Texas Advocate and write notes on the Devotional topics. Bro. F. W. Harris, our new Third Vice-President, is to give us a plan for studying the new Reading Course in concert. Let me urge you to watch the League Department closely and to give prompt responses to calls by the Vice-Presidents. We are going to try to give the Leaguers of Texas something during the coming year, and about all we ask is your attention and interest. Your State officers are willing, but they have no time to get away. For the information of all concerned, I will state the State League dues remain as heretofore—25 cents for each regular member or make fraction thereof. The State League year runs from one conference to the next, so that all Leagues now owe State dues dating from our last State Conference at Dallas, July 11. Kindly send in your tax as early as possible.

J. T. ELLIS, State Sec., Texas, Elgin, Texas.

BRO. JOHN R. HEARTSILL.

At 11 a. m., September 12 Bro. J. R. Heartsill was called to his reward in the skies. Oh, how we miss him! Had he lived a few days more he would have been fifty-three years old. For years he has been at the front in First Church, Marshall. He was Sunday-School Superintendent nineteen years, and how he did make the school boom! He served in almost all offices in the Church. He was twice a delegate from the East Texas Conference to the General Conference. He served for years as Assistant Secretary in our Annual Conference and one year as chief Secretary. He was a man that could be relied on to do his duty. He was always in his seat at Church and did his part in everything. He loved the Church, loved the preachers, loved all good people. His home was the preachers' home. He was a wise counselor—always on the right side of moral issues. What a character was his! Our Church is sad; many of us mourn. May God comfort the family.

MARRIAGES.

The many friends of Miss Anne Farmer, formerly a student at Southwestern University, will be pleased to know that she was happily married on the 25th instant at her father's home, in Fort Bend County, Texas, to Mr. I. S. McQueen, of Richmond, Texas, Rev. C. N. Morton, of Rosenberg, officiating.

Boaz-Rainwater.—In the Methodist Church, Anson, Texas, September 8, 1901, by Rev. J. H. Trimble, Mr. J. E. Boaz, nephew of Rev. H. A. Boaz, of the Northwest Texas Conference, and Miss L. M. Rainwater, all of Jones County, Texas.

Showmake-Kilensworth.—At the residence of Mr. H. C. Lyday, August 25, 1901, Mr. J. B. Showmake and Miss Gertrude Kilensworth, Rev. J. M. Calver officiating.

Norman-Newman.—At the home of Mr. N. B. Harall, August 25, 1901, Mr. J. A. Norman and Miss Della Newman, Rev. J. M. Calver officiating.

Nettles-Dansby.—Near Fincastr, Texas, Sabbath, September 8, 1901, Mr. Fred Nettles and Miss Lena Dansby, Dr. T. H. Hall officiating.

Harris-Edens.—At the home of the bride's father, J. S. Edens, Beckville, Texas, August 25, 1901, at 7 p. m., Mr. M. A. Harris and Miss Lee Edens, Rev. J. C. Carr officiating.

Parker-Crawford.—At the home of the bride's father, E. T. Crawford, Beckville, Texas, August 25, 1901, at 7 p. m., Mr. Harrison Parker and Miss Lou Dee Crawford, Rev. J. C. Carr officiating.

Dial-Langley.—At the Methodist parsonage, Beckville, Texas, by Rev. J. C. Carr, at 7 a. m., September 1, 1901, Mr. J. C. Dial and Miss Vera Langley.

Rankin-Garner.—At the home of the bride's mother, M. M. Texas, August 25, 1901, Mr. Harvey Rankin and Miss Nettie Garner, Rev. G. M. Gardner officiating.

Reese-Barnett.—At the home of the

bride's father, Mr. H. T. Barnett, near Beckville, Texas, at 7 p. m., September 1, 1901, Mr. Louis Reese, of Longview, Texas, and Miss Kate Barnett, of Beckville, Texas, Rev. J. C. Carr officiating.

Forney-Simmons.—At the home of Dr. C. F. Simmons, in Oakville, Texas, his daughter, Miss Harriet, and Mr. E. S. Forney, of San Antonio, Texas, September 1, 1901, Rev. G. M. Gardner officiating.

Davis-Waters.—At the home of the bride, near Garden Valley, September 8, 1901, Mr. M. E. Davis, of Van Zandt County, and Miss Nettie Waters, of Smith County, Texas, Rev. Frank Everett officiating.

TO MY OLD SCHOOLMATE, REV. T. S. EWELL.

I wandered through the city, Tom, I stood upon the ground Where you and I first met in school. In the years retreating, But none were there to welcome me— Of those we loved to know. As students of that grand old school— Just sixty years ago.

The old school-house is gone, dear Tom, No signs of it remain. The play-ground is occupied by shops, Where merchants sell for gain. Our mothers' church has been rebuilt, Much finer than before. The old bell sounds as sweet, dear Tom, As sixty years ago.

I visited my school-boy home, And tears came to my eyes. I thought of a once happy group— Those broken families— And to know that they would never stand, As in the days of yore. To greet this school-boy home at eve, Just sixty years ago.

I turned from thoughts so painful, Tom, For something to cheer my soul. My eyes fell on a stately tree— I set out when a boy. 'Tis tall and large, of river stock, Though getting old and hoar. Akin to that one Zachary climbed In the long ago.

I took a stroll through Houston, Tom, In search of some we knew. As students of that grand old school, But only found a few. But time had made such changes, Tom, That was a sight scarcely new. The sparkling blue-eyed boys and girls, Of sixty years ago.

Long years have come and gone, dear Tom, And sad experience brought. Some of our class have blessed the world, And some have lived for naught. And when our time has come, dear Tom, And we are called to go, I hope we'll meet our class again, Of sixty years ago.

Zephyr, Texas. F. W. GRAYES.

Paris District—Fourth Round

Woodland, at Woodland	Sept. 14, 12
Clarksville, at	Sept. 15, 12
Blossom and Reno, at Blossom	Oct. 8, 12
Rosalee, at Mc-Kenzie	Oct. 12, 12
Marvin, at Marvin	Oct. 12, 12
Deport, at Deport	Oct. 19, 12
Detroit, at Fullbright	Oct. 20, 12
Powderly, at Klondike	Oct. 20, 12
Anna, at Anna	Nov. 1, 12
Boxton, at Boxton	Nov. 1, 12
West Paris	Nov. 8, 12
Clarksville, at Union	Nov. 8, 12
Whitesock	Nov. 8, 12
Emerson, at Forest Chapel	Nov. 16, 12
Lamar Avenue	Nov. 17, 12
Moxey, at Moxey	Nov. 27, 12
Centenary	Nov. 27, 12

Bronham District—Fourth Round

Bellville, at Sempronius	Sept. 29, 12
Chappel Hill	Sept. 29, 12
Bronham	Oct. 6, 12
Sealy, at Sealy	Oct. 13, 12
Pulshar and Brookshire, at R.	Oct. 20, 12
Cameron, at R.	Oct. 20, 12
Lyons, at Lyons	Nov. 3, 12
Caldwell	Nov. 3, 12
Mayfield, at P. S.	Nov. 3, 12
Milano, at Minerva	Nov. 10, 12
Rockdale	Nov. 17, 12
Liddings	Nov. 17, 12
Lexington, at Tangierwood	Nov. 24, 12
Pleasant Hill, at P. R.	Nov. 24, 12
Benarnold	Nov. 24, Dec. 1
Davilla, at Tracy	Dec. 1, 12

The full story of the internal war which went on within the New York Police Commission when Theodore Roosevelt was a member of that commission has never been told so fully as in the chapter of Mr. Ellis' "The Making of an American," which is published in The Outlook for September 7. Mr. Ellis knows the whole history of this matter, and he talks with very great frankness about the difficulties and enemies which Roosevelt encountered in his attempt to put New York police on a footing of decency and honesty. Several incidents which have never before been printed are told in a characteristically amusing way.

Securing Homes.

The love of home and country is of divine origin. It transforms man from a condition of savagery to one of civilization and refinement. There can be no stability of government or society without it. It is as necessary to man's happiness as food and raiment to his life. One of the first duties man owes his children is an arriving at his majority he should be to her laws, some of the first duties he owes his family on ascending the relation of husband and father is the securing of a home. All men should obey their country's laws, and all men can secure a home, humble though it may be, yet a place where, under his own vine and fig tree, he can feel that life is worth living, after all.

There are localities where homes of broad and fertile acres can be secured on most reasonable terms where the products of the soil rival in splendor and magnificence the Biblical lands where the lowing herds, waving grain, ripening fruit and succulent vegetables bring plenty, health and happiness to the family.

If you have no place you can call "Home," put yourself at once in communication with Sam H. Dixon, Passenger and Immigration Agent, H. E. & W. T. Ry, Houston, Texas, and he will furnish you information regarding a section where homes can be secured which will meet all the requirements of the most exacting.

Eruptions

Dry, moist, scaly tetter, all forms of eczema or salt rheum, pimples and other cutaneous eruptions proceed from humors, either inherited, or acquired through defective digestion and assimilation.

To treat these eruptions with drying medicines is dangerous.

The thing to do is to help the system discharge the humors, and strengthen it against their return.


Hood's Sarsaparilla permanently cured J. C. Hines, Franks, Ill., of eczema, from which he had suffered for some time, and Miss Alvina Walker, Box 212, Algona, Wis., of pimples on her face and back and chafed skin on her body by which she had been greatly troubled. There are many testimonials in favor of this great medicine that can be published.

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With a supply of biscuit in an In-er-seal Patent Package, a man may start from torrid Florida; cross the dusty plains of Texas; climb the snowy mountains of Colorado; brave the drought of the great American Desert; follow the rainy Pacific to frozen Alaska and in the Klondike make a meal on fresh, crisp biscuit. Wherever you go you can have your biscuit fresh and crisp if you get them in the In-er-seal Patent Package.



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Gold Medal, Paris, 1900

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Epworth League Department.

LESSON CALENDAR

Third Quarter, 1901.
Sept. 25—Growth of the Kingdom (Missionary Meetings). Ps. 72.
Fourth Quarter, 1901.
Oct. 6—"This Grace Also" (Givings). 11

1—OUTLINE FOR THE WEEK.

September 29: Growth of the Kingdom (missionary meetings).—Psalms 72.
(a) Parallel reading (Africa): "Africa Waiting," Thornton; "Story of Machay of Uganda," by his sister; "Personal Life of David Livingstone," Blake.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

Sunday—Its Beginnings.—Luke 13: 18-22.
Monday—Its Utility and Power.—Matt. 5: 13-16.
Tuesday—Its Relation to Men.—Ps. 102: 19-22.
Wednesday—Man's Relation to the Kingdom.—Matt. 25: 14-18.
Thursday—What It Is.—Rom. 14: 14-23.
Friday—Its Characteristics.—Matt. 5: 1-12.
Saturday—Growth of the Kingdom.—Ps. 72.

II—COMMENTS ON THE LESSON.

(Psalms 72.)
Following the suggestions and arguments of authoritative commentators, this Psalm may be thus analyzed:

I—Prays for the foundation of the King's reign in righteousness, which will bring peace (verses 1-4).
II—Prays for the perpetuity of the kingdom (v. 5-7).
III—Prays for the kingdom's universality (v. 8-11).
IV—Justification of prayer laid in King's becoming champion of the oppressed (v. 12-15).
V—Prays for the increase of the people and world-wide glory of the King (v. 16, 17).
VI—Doxology (v. 18-20).

Mr. Benson quotes Bishop Patrick as a conclusive evidence that David was the author of this Psalm. It was doubtless composed near the end of David's life. By his command, Nathan the prophet and Zadok the priest had enthroned Solomon (1 Kings 1:39). Thus this post-King might enjoy the satisfaction of seeing all the great men of his kingdom pay homage to his son, acknowledging him as the succeeding sovereign. David, transported with this extraordinary joy, indites this Psalm. It describes the qualities of a good King and the prosperous condition of people thus ruled. With the kingdom of Israel standing as the analogy of a spiritual empire, visible and invisible, militant and triumphant, this affords a beautiful survey of the growth of the kingdom of Christ.

The poet's dream of empire can be true only of the kingdom of righteousness. All else must wax and wane. No throne is perpetual save that of Jehovah, which is in the heavens. Whatever the supremacy and zenith of national glory is to be, that kingdom, save the heavenly, is predestined to decay and pass into history. But

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

Never in the history of the world has there been so vast a recognition of the power of the gospel to evangelize, redeem and civilize the governments of earth. Watts foresaw the events of our day when he wrote: "From north to south the princes meet To pay their homage at his feet; While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend his word."

Judah is able to lift a nation from a dead level to a living perpendicular. The people that forget it, becoming intoxicated with victories and expanding borders, will fall into ruin. Let us suggest these elements of perpetuity in the kingdom of grace:

(A) Verses 1-4 is a prayer for the foundation of the King's reign in righteousness which will bring peace. God judges his people righteously. He ignores everything in a moral verdict save the relation to divine law. He allows no man to be convicted independent of conditions. Sin is weighed in light of testimony. Ignorance sometimes explains transgression. God damns no man who does the best he can. Ancestral history plays its part. The sins of the fathers may appear in the fourth generation. My sire, in generations gone, may be in hell, suffering for sin apparent in me. What a kingdom is this—the wrath of which is covered by an infinite stretch of mercy! He knows our frame, he remembers that we are but dust. Our King is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. He judges the afflicted, he saves the children of the needy, he relentlessly crushes the oppressor. This brings peace—all else divides. The divided house shall fall!

(B) Verses 5-7 is a prayer for the perpetuity of such a kingdom. And who would not hope for its endlessness! In such a realm the subjects shall flourish like new-mown pastures under the baptism of refreshing showers. And this to continue till there be no more moon. Who can mark the boundary between the kingdom visible and invisible? We who abide here are but the hosts of God afield; the rear-guard of the Church of the first-born.

(C) Verses 8-11 is a prayer for the kingdom's universality. As in the days of the venturesome Columbus, so in that day, and no people lay beyond the sea. David has visions of an kingdom whose King shall go out no more to war. His conquests have stretched his boundaries to the utmost limit. The kingdom of our Lord was planned for universal dominion. Its glory is to fill the earth as the waters cover the sea. What a conception! He is King of kings and Lord of lords. Somebody will be living when this kingdom of God shall be defined by earth's remotest bounds.

(D) Verses 12-15 is a justification of the prayer on the ground that the King is the champion of the oppressed. In the thought of another, the world is full of sorrow, and men are so miserable and needy, that he who can stanch their wounds, solace their grief, and shelter their lives, will win their hearts and be crowned their King. Thrones based on force are as if set on an iceberg which melts away. There is no solid foundation for rule except helpfulness. In the world, and for a little while, "they that exercise authority are called benefactors;" but in the long-run the terms of the sentence are inverted, and they that are rightly called benefactors exercise authority. The more earthly rulers approximate to this ideal portrait, the more "broad-based upon their people's will" and love will their thrones stand. If Israel's Kings had adhered to it, their throne would have endured.

OFFICIAL.

Miss Maude King of Honey Grove, is hereby appointed Second Vice-President of the North Texas Conference Epworth League, vice Miss Mary Lou Dickson, resigned.

GUS. W. THOMASSON, President.

NOTES.

The Executive Committee will soon take up the matter of the next place of meeting of the State League. Austin, San Antonio and Fort Worth have been suggested. Leaguers interested in these or any other places should write me without delay.

Report blanks for League use should be ordered from the Publishing House at Dallas. They are no longer furnished from this office.

Beginning with January all officers of local Chapters will hold office one year, a change in the Constitution having been made to this effect.

It is suggested that the proposed joint meeting of the Cabinets of the North Texas and the State League be held in Dallas on Tuesday, October 8, 1901. How does this date suit the members of these boards? Write me on a postal if you can attend.

GUS. W. THOMASSON, State League President.

Sleeplessness.

You can't sleep in the calmest and stillest night, if your stomach is weak, circulation poor, and digestion bad. Hood's Sarsaparilla strengthens the stomach, improves the circulation, perfects digestion, and brings about that condition in which sleep is regular and refreshing. It does not do this in a day, but it does it—has done it in thousands of cases.

MENDING SPLIT TREES.

It often happens that some of the best fruit trees are split by bearing too heavy a crop. It is very important to get them mended if possible. I. B. Rice suggests in the Epitome, the following method: Placing the split limbs together and winding something tightly about it will kill the tree in a few years. A long experience has taught me to treat such trees in the following manner: Cut away the splinters and block raise the prostrate parts into position. Bore two holes through the broken and unbroken parts, and place in these holes bolts of a size that the size of the limbs may indicate as correct. For a small tree I use one-quarter inch bolts or ordinary one-half inch bolts. In one large buttner tree I used one-inch bolts. I place one bolt midway of the broken part, to bind the pieces closely together, and one above the juncture of the limbs, so as to strengthen them. Use bolts with small heads, and place a washer under the nut. In a few years both ends will be covered with the growing wood and the tree will be stronger than it ever was.

There is no gain without giving.

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EXPANSION OF THE NORTH TEXAS COLLEGE

We have leased the buildings of the Mary Nash College and will open them Sept. 15 under our own management. We were much crowded last year and embarrassed for want of room, and the large enrollment of new pupils already made satisfies us we shall be more so next year. To provide abundant room we have secured the above property, which is very convenient to us, only a street between us. Our purpose is to concentrate the entire Conservatory work in the Mary Nash College buildings, leaving the North Texas College uninterrupted for College work proper. With the Conservatory of Music, Preparatory and the College undisturbed, both will be benefited.

MRS. L. KIDD KEY, President. SHERMAN, TEXAS.

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WEATHERFORD COLLEGE OPENS SEPT. 17, 1901. Preparatory, College, Business, Music, Art, Oratory and Physical Culture Courses. For information or Catalogue, address: D. S. SWITZER, Weatherford, Texas.

Southwestern University GEORGETOWN, TEXAS. This Central Institution of Texas Methodism has for three decades been growing in favor and efficiency. To have been educated at Southwestern University is justly pointed to with pride by those who have enjoyed the privilege. The University is three-fold—THE FITTING SCHOOL, THE LADIES' ANNEX, THE COLLEGE. THE FITTING SCHOOL, under an able and experienced faculty, does thorough preparatory work where students are not sufficiently advanced to enter the College classes. It has its own building and extensive grounds. THE LADIES' ANNEX, beautifully located in a campus of thirty acres, possesses a large stone building, well furnished, and supplied with all modern appointments necessary for a woman's college. It is under the immediate care of Rev. Jno. R. Allen, D. D. Courses of instruction in all the University classes are open to young ladies, who are under the care of a matron while at the University building. The best of instruction is also offered in MUSIC, ART and ELOCUTION. THE COLLEGE, offers an extensive and varied curriculum, leading to the B. S., A. B., B. Ph., A. M. and M. S. degrees. The work is done in a large and well-appointed building, recently finished and furnished. GIDDING'S HALL, offers board to young men at \$10 per calendar month, or \$2.50 if paid by the term in advance. It is under the supervision of Prof. S. H. Moore. Board is private families at from \$12 to \$15 per month. Other charges are reasonable. SPECIAL CONCESSIONS are offered to ministers in the pastoral work. NEXT TERM OPENS SEPTEMBER 4, 1901. For further information, address R. S. MYER, Wagent, Georgetown Texas. Sewing Machine and Texas Christian Advocate 1 Year for \$22.00

Pilgrimage Among ers—In Th

When I arrived in ery as well as he across the street fr lunch stand of Mr. many years, was a ternational and Gre He was a first-class that kind of a hition was attracted starting one in the tion: "Positively N. This Room." I ask forced, or was sim tion. The waiter strictly enforced, a drunken man, who as quickly as possi Wilcox was called show both his inten on decent lines an there was in him, that he would dem meant that a man himself whenever he gard to the rights o to where he was, s gan swearing and c language. He was signs. With woul language he declare and that he would pleased." Wilcox t out, but the fellow (ex) would be doir very short order, plucky proprietor v and had landed his low's jaw, felling course. Wilcox was Mayor, but he did n I remarked that it felt to knock the him act the gentle wasn't," replied I stopped swearing to to the decency of where gentlemen sometimes ladies—l played and enforced better patronized, t Bro. A. A. Kidd Creek Circuit, can afternoon, and we meeting. My plea when I say I foun out there assisting, old-time, vigorous, ner. I remember, 1872, when I was d as a future newsp Dallas Herald, wh sinn "blanket-sheer magnificent Christ John W. Swindells, Texas from Alabar las over the new Bro. R. W. Thom gun calling him "I our pastor, and I v the singing going i the church—to kee dially Bro. Sampe day night, and m marked, when he can't that brother deceive his looks p prey wanted to ge never could learn wanted to go out time for), and he f him about \$100 to 4 from Dallas to W press, the only b that section, and long and irregular Sampey bought 1 team, made the tr sold his team fo he paid for it! Th tination for nothir of fun on the way—as it was in the d I also met at t Stovall of Husk, w back to 1882, and from the forties? of Bro. Lawrence preacher, but veri out honor in his consecrated or a mo one could not be odism than he is a withal, he is one and scholarly men be heard from, an and time. He is a son, who was pas years, and is muc and assisted sever meeting! It carrie when most of ou were camp-meetin only way to find port a meeting, pentents at the that same night ( converted! The a sinner to find pat his name in fron ices to meet wit how there in hun ance and feel the I was royally e table home of Br Etrod and at the the privilege of Sister Butler and and Sister S. D. I

ADVOCATE AGENT ABROAD.

Pilgrimage Among People and Preachers—In Their Homes.

When I arrived in Palestine I was hungry as well as hot and dusty. Right across the street from the depot is the lunch stand of Mr. Ed. Wilcox, who, for many years, was an engineer on the International and Great Northern Road. He was a first-class engineer, and he runs that kind of a lunch stand. My attention was attracted by a sign on the wall starting one in the face from every position: "Positively No Swearing Allowed in This Room." I asked if the sign was enforced, or was simply to attract attention. The waiter replied that it was strictly enforced, "except in the case of a drunken man, when he was hustled out as quickly as possible," he replied. Mr. Wilcox was called on the other day to show both his intention to run his house on decent lines and what kind of stuff there was in him. A fellow concluded that he would demonstrate that liberty meant that a man could make a hog of himself whenever he desired, without regard to the rights of any one else or as to where he was. So he went in and began swearing and cursing and using foul language. He was told to read those signs. With a loud oath and more foul language he declared that sign an insult and that he would "cuss and talk as he pleased." Wilcox told him he had to get out, but the fellow replied that he (Wilcox) would be doing the getting out in very short order. With a bound the plucky proprietor was over the counter and had landed his fist on the brutal fellow's jaw, felling him like an ox. Of course, Wilcox was hauled up before the Mayor, but he did not have to pay a fine! I remarked that it was not quite apostolic to knock the fellow down to make him act the gentleman. "No, I guess it wasn't," replied Ed. Wilcox, "but it stopped swearing in here." It would add to the decency of many places I know where gentlemen have to resort—and sometimes ladies—if like signs were displayed and enforced. And they would be better patronized, too.

Bro. A. A. Kidd, pastor of Brushy Creek Circuit, came in for me Monday afternoon, and we went out to his camp-meeting. My pleasure may be imagined when I say I found Bro. W. A. Sampey out there assisting, and preaching in his old-time, vigorous, original, moving manner. I remember, away back in January, 1872, when I was doing my first "writin'" as a future newspaper man on the old Dallas Herald, when it was a nine-column "blanket-sheet" weekly, under that magnificent Christian gentleman, Capt. John W. Saindells, Bro. Sampey came to Texas from Alabama and landed in Dallas over the new railroad—the Central. Bro. R. W. Thompson (we had not begun calling him "Uncle Dick" then) was our pastor, and I was trying to help keep the singing going and was also sexton of the church—to keep myself going, financially. Bro. Sampey preached for us Sunday night, and many of the people remarked, when he had concluded, "My! can't that brother preach!" "Doesn't he deceive his looks powerfully?" Bro. Sampey wanted to get out to Jacksboro (I never could learn what in the world he wanted to go out to Jacksboro at that time for), and he found out it would cost him about \$100 to get him and his family from Dallas to Weatherford—by mule express, the only line then completed to that section, and that running only at long and irregular intervals. So Bro. Sampey bought himself a wagon and team, made the trip all right, and then sold his team for as much or more than he paid for it! This took him to his destination for nothing, and he had a heap of fun on the way—and missed the Indians, as it was in the dark of the moon!

I also met at the camp-meeting Bro. Stovall, of Rusk, whose life in Texas goes back to 1826, and whose ministry dates from the forties! And what shall I say of Bro. Lawrence Elrod? He is a local preacher, but verily not a prophet without honor in his own country. A more consecrated or a more beloved and popular one could not be found in Texas Methodism than he is among his people. And, withal, he is one of the most intellectual and scholarly men in Texas, and will yet be heard from, and will impress his day and time. He is a power. And Bro. Dawson, who was pastor on the circuit four years, and is much beloved by all, came and assisted several days. And it was a meeting! It carried me back to the times when most of our meetings each year were camp-meetings because it was the only way to find enough people to support a meeting. There were forty-seven penitents at the altar one night! And that same night about twenty-five were converted! The altar is the place for a sinner to find pardon. God has written his name in front of the altar, and he loves to meet with and bless those who bow there in humility and deep repentance and feel their need of a Savior.

I was royally entertained at the hospitable home of Bro. and Sister Lawrence Elrod and at the parsonage. And I had the privilege of visiting the homes of Sister Butler and Dr. Moore and wife, and Sister S. D. Elrod, widow of the late

Bro. Sam. Elrod, whose obituary appeared in the Advocate a few weeks ago. Sister Butler is a Methodist of Methodists, and she rejoiced in the conversion of two of her bright children. Dr. Moore is a staunch Baptist, but Sister Moore is a Methodist, and they are sending their little daughter to Jacksonville to our fitting school there. Sister Elrod is easily one of the "stand-bys" over there. I hope to be able to present the remarkable history of the Elrod family, with photographs, in the Advocate at no distant day. They go back to the beginning of American Methodism, the grandfather having been one of the sainted Asbury's preachers in South Carolina.

We went over to Montalba to begin the meeting there Sunday morning after the close of the camp-meeting. Montalba is the postoffice, but the church is called Pace's Chapel, after Bro. Oda Pace, at whose house the Church was organized by Bro. Lacey Boone in 1844. Before this, preaching was held in the homes of Bro. Pace and Sister W. L. Brown (Bro. Brown not then being a member). Bro. Pace now lives at Iowa Park, and of the original members there now remain here only Sister Brown, Sister N. R. Pruitt, Sister L. A. Davis, Sister M. M. Adams and Sister Calla Floyd—but they are veritable Dorcases and Lydias. Bro. T. A. Brown and wife (brother of Bro. W. L. Brown) joined the Church at the meeting, and some idea of what kind of a member he will make may be inferred from the manner in which he went about insuring the bettering of the community where he lives. There was no school there, nor church, nor was any disposition manifested to have any. Bro. Brown concluded that he did not wish to live where there was no school, and as he had just begun to improve a large farm, he pitched in, got the lumber on the ground, and with the assistance of only one or two who appreciated the need, he soon had a school-house and arranged for preaching! Then he had hard work to get some of the parents to have their children enter in the district! But he got it done. My home was at Bro. and Sister W. L. Brown's, and I shall never cease to hold them in kind remembrance for their kindness. They have two intelligent, promising children—Miss Jewel, who is now in the Alexander Collegiate Institute at Jacksonville, and will enter Southwestern University when she is prepared, and Benny, who will follow his sister. Benny got up at 2:30 in the morning after the meeting to drive me in to Palestine in time to take the train for Neches. Behind a pair of magnificent mules we made it all right. And I shall never forget our pleasant ride, nor our talk. Benny was converted at the meeting and will make a fine Christian man.

The meeting was a glorious one. Bro. Dawson, the former pastor, assisted Bro. Kidd—with the writer to "stretch" occasionally. Bro. Alphonse Alexander is missed very much, he having recently returned to his old home in Mississippi, whence he came to Texas over twenty years ago, and married the sweetheart of his youthful days—who has been waiting for him all those days! He left his widowed sister—Sister Davis—here with his farm, and she had the Advocate sent to him in his Mississippi home, because he always said he would not try to live a Christian life without the Texas Christian Advocate. I never knew a man more universally loved, nor more expressions of genuine regret at his leaving. The Adams family is a remarkable one. In that Dr. T. J. Adams was born in Alabama in 1812; came to Texas in 1855, and is still hale, hearty and lively, driving all over the neighborhood alone. He quit general practice some time ago. He has three children living around Montalba—Peter G., whose wife is one of our best-beloved members (she is a staunch but truly pious and liberal member of the Primitive Baptists); John Q., a prominent farmer and popular citizen; and Mrs. B. H. Turner. I never met a more genial, neighborly man than Bro. Peter Adams. I had the pleasure and privilege of several visits to the home of Dr. Doyner, who is the principal physician of that great Beaver Valley section, one of the loveliest, most fertile, prosperous sections of middle East Texas. His wife is a consecrated Methodist in the Bible sense, and she exercises a wide influence for good. Sister Pruitt, niece of Bro. Alphonse Alexander, is another golly woman who by her life commands the confidence of all who know her as a Christian. And her daughter, Miss Kate, who is making a strong effort to get a thorough education, and must succeed, is a most worthy daughter of such a mother. There ought to be some way to assist just such a young woman as Miss Pruitt to get a thorough education, for she will be a power for good in the world. She is a teacher, and we need all such that can possibly be obtained.

A sad and pathetic incident at the close of the meeting was the death of a young man who was a stranger. He had only been there a few days; said his father was a ranchman in Sutton County, and gave his name as Robert Stone. He was taken to the house of Bro. P. H. Green, where he and his Christian girls did all they could for him. He was cared for by Christian people and given a Christian

burial by earnest followers of "Him who had not where to lay his head."

Bro. and Sister Kidd came to Neches by buggy, I by the magnificent I & G N. It certainly is a pleasure to ride on such a road and in such coaches. At Neches we preached four nights and secured a goodly list of subscribers, and made the acquaintance of some of the most hospitable and intelligent people. Bro. Pickens, one of the stewards, and his truly loyal and pious wife and daughters, know how to make a Methodist preacher feel at home. So do Bro. and Sister Posey. Bro. Moore, our local preacher, is well known to our readers, through his pen. He is a graduate of Emory College. Bro. Dunn is the postmaster, and loves the Church and the Advocate. Bro. and Sister Bailey, recently settled there from Mississippi, have already taken their place as among the most substantial people and loyal Christians. They are putting in a large peach orchard, in partnership with Bro. Bailey, of Palestine, who is his brother. Dr. J. T. Seal, who used to "wade in the branch and go to school and get hooked" with Ed. Smith and Ferd Davis over at Naacogdoches, is here. You can judge of his worth to the Church and as a man when I say he went to Bro. Kidd when the latter first came on the work and said, "You can get all your quarters now if you want 'em." Bro. Kidd said he didn't need it all then. The Doctor said if he needed a horse he could let him have one. Bro. Kidd did need a horse, and the Doctor let him have a splendid pony, and would only take the amount of his quarters—\$25 for it, and she is easily worth \$25 or \$30. It was a season of grace to us to have family devotion with Grandma Haylock at the home of her son near town. The family got happy, and so did we. Grandma is unable to leave her room on account of breaking her hip. But she has not lost her faith in God.

Tuesday, Bro. Kidd and I ran up to attend the opening of Alexander Institute. To say that Prof. Williams and his corps of able teachers were happy would be tame. The school opened with thirty-five pupils, the largest in its history. The entire enrollment last year was only ninety-seven. The dormitory is full of splendid girls, and Sister Williams is residing and in her true element. To fill her position as she does one must be born to it.

I go from Neches to be a few days with Bro. J. Arthur Downs at Lindale. Then I expect to see how Georgetown is getting along. WM. A. BOWEN.

Regret cannot bring the arrow back to the bow.—Ram's Horn.

If my name isn't on your lamp chimneys you have trouble with them. MACBETH.

If you'll send your address, I'll send you the Index to Lamps and their Chimneys, to tell you what number to get for your lamp. MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

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Austin White Lime Co. Manufacturers of the celebrated WHITE LIME and dealers in Portland and Rosedale Cements, Plaster, Hair, Sewer Pipe, Fire Brick, etc. AUSTIN, TEXAS.

When a man measures the Bible by himself, the Bible is sure to turn out wrong; when he measures himself by the Bible, he is sure to turn out wrong.—W. H. Jordan.

There may be secret sins when we can hide the sin of the hand from the heart.—Ram's Horn.

GILLOTT'S PENS, THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS, HAVE GAINED THE GRAND PRIZE, Paris Exposition, 1900. This is the Highest Prize ever Awarded to Pens.

Announcement! Will be issued September 15th GEMS OF SONG For the Sunday-School. 288 PAGES. By IRA D. SANKEY and HUBERT P. MAIN

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month, or \$5.50 if paid by Prof. S. H. Moore. Board charges are reasonable. In the pastoral work. 4, 1901. Christian Year for \$22.00

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Conducted in the interest of the W. F. M. Society and the W. H. M. Society. Address all communications to Mrs. Florence E. Howell, 170 Maunten Street, Dallas, Texas.

To Third Vice-Presidents of the Auxiliaries, W. H. M. Societies, East Texas Conference.

Dear Sisters—At the last Annual Conference W. H. M. Society, at Pittsburg, the writer was honored by being made superintendent of "the life membership certificates and baby roll." Since that time I have tried faithfully to arouse the merited interest in this worthy department. It gratifies me to inform you that in many cases I have received prompt and encouraging answers to the letters I have written to each and every auxiliary reported at last conference. But while this is all true, in other instances I have had no answer at all.

The year is rapidly drawing to a close. Let me urge every one of you to still greater diligence in your appointed spheres. I have a supply of certificates and mite boxes on hand, and will be glad to supply you on demand. Yours in His name.

MRS. J. B. TURRENTINE, Center, Texas.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The ladies of Oak Cliff are preparing for a large attendance upon the meeting of the conference of the Home Mission Society this fall. The auxiliaries are urged to elect their delegates and send the names to Mrs. W. M. Crow, Oak Cliff, right away. Those wishing help for passengers must have the blanks properly filled and in the hands of the President, Mrs. Lura Hagy Potts, Dallas, Texas, by the opening of the meeting, October 22.

MRS. I. S. BARTON.

ADVANCEMENT OF WOMAN'S WORK.

A paper read at meeting W. F. M. Society, at Kinger, Texas, and published by request of the members.

Perhaps some of the readers of the Advocate are deficient in information regarding the advancement of our work in the United States and foreign lands; therefore if you will be patient with me, dear reader, I will try to entertain you on this important subject.

It is said that the first germ-thought of a Woman's Missionary Society in the United States was in the year 1860, at Boston, Mass., and was called "The Boston Female Society" for missionary purposes. The money these noble women collected was paid into the Church treasury and used for Church purposes.

In 1868, a "Female Mite Society" was formed, and three years later a "Female Cent Society" appeared, and from that day to this "mites and cents" have been very popular in missionary enterprises.

The missionary cause originated in the Congregational Church, and this was in the year 1837. Seventeen years later the M. E. Church organized a Mission Society in New York City, and still later, "The Ladies' China Society" was formed in Baltimore, Md., for the special purpose of aiding the M. E. Church in foreign mission work.

In the spring of 1858 a letter was received from Dr. Wentworth, then in China, addressed to the Baltimore society, urging the establishment of a school in Foochow, China, for educating girls. The required amount for the establishment of this school was \$5000. Imagine the thoughts of these inspired women when they were called to aid in this great work they had so nobly begun, and think, too, of the almost discouraged and broken heart, caused partly by the sneers of the wicked world and by their own weakness, when the second appeal reached their anxious ears for the amount of \$5000, when their annual collection was merely \$200! Doubtless the missionary workers of to-day would have shrunk from the work and disregarded the urgent appeal of this noble man. Can not we, to-day, exclaim from the depths of our hearts, "Thank God for such heroism and religion as our forefathers possessed and the origin of the missionary cause in this great country?" And can we not stand upon our present elevation and look back through the dark ages and view with an ever-anxious eye and willing heart the meritorious of our risen Lord and the innumerable blessings bestowed upon America, and shout with ever-increasing distinctness, "It is so grand to be a Christian?"

But to my subject: This little band of Christian women struggled through through much opposition and difficulties, raised the required sum of money, and in the course of time the result of their labor was well told in far-off China. Now a great many may ask, "Why do you patronize missions?" "Why

does it become your duty to carry the gospel to heathen worlds?" In answer to these questions we can only say that Christ in his holy Word commanded us to carry the gospel to every creature, even to the uttermost parts of the earth. To whom was he speaking but the generation of to-day? Oh, how often we have wasted his goods and hidden our talents, so careless of the meaning of his commands! Others may often ignore the many strange stories of the heathen nations. You say, "It is unreasonable and impossible for a nation to be so wicked." But did you ever stop to think, to consider, how heartless and careless a people could be without the knowledge of Christ? Ask yourself this question: "Would I remain in this country if it were entirely deprived of the Christian religion?" Then how selfish and un-concerned we are! In view of this great fact, let us strive, with renewed diligence, for "freely ye have received, freely give," saith the Lord.

On and on this great work is progressing throughout our land. Our mites, dear sisters, when first contributed, look small indeed, but it is the spirit in which we give that counts. So let us all, as advocates of the foreign missionary cause, strive more and more to be instruments in our loving Savior's cause, and at last to receive our welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

"THE MISSIONARY."

Put your stomach, liver and blood in healthy condition and you can defy disease. PRICKLY ASH BITTERS is a successful system regulator.

When the devil becomes the defender of the faith it is time to revise the creed.—Ram's Horn.

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Read This.

Bartlett, Texas, September 1.—E. W. Hall, St. Louis: Dear Sir—I have used your Great Discovery for kidney trouble, and can recommend it to anyone suffering in like manner. R. W. THOMPSON, Mayor of Bartlett.

Every sin committed commits one yet more to the way of sin.

Aunt Lucindy

Always carries Hunt's Lightning Oil around with her, says it's fine for swellings, tooth-ache, colic, weak back and back-ache, cuts, burns, neuralgia, Catarrh. Aunt Lucindy has sixty-nine grandchildren and ought to know what she is talking about.

PROBABLY YOU KNOW IT.

but for fear it may have slipped your memory, we beg to call attention to the very low rates offered by the Texas and Pacific Railway Co., for the Texas State Fair at Dallas, September 28 to October 12, 1901. Beginning September 27, and continuing daily to and including October 12, 1901, we will sell round trip tickets from all stations on the line in Texas at about the same rates offered in former years. The tickets bear the final limit of October 11, and may be used to return from Dallas on any day from date of purchase until expiration.

The management of the Fair this year has assured the railroads that the excellent standard of amusement will be maintained, every possible attraction is engaged and the exhibitors, encouraged by the successes of past years, promise greater displays than ever. Among the various features of entertainment we find the famous Contorno's Military Band, the greatest live stock, bench and poultry show ever held in the South-west, exciting automobile races, etc. Buildings will be beautifully illuminated at night.

Our agents are supplied with large flyers showing the arrangement of special days, and will be pleased to explain everything regarding rates, sleepers, etc. Call on them, or write E. P. TURNER, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Dallas, Texas.

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Smith, Brown and Jones hang all their hopes of recovery upon Cheat-ham's Laxative Chill Tablets. They will be around soon shaking hands with friends. 25 cts. No cure—no pay.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN PIANOS. Write the Great JESSE FRENCH PIANO & ORGAN Co., Jesse French Building, Dallas, Texas.

NORTH TEXAS CONFERENCE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE.

If God had seen fit to have converted souls under that state of things they would have died for lack of care. I gave Mr. Gilford a second benefit, had an excellent meeting. The members that attended were revived; had eight conversions, many were convicted and were penitent. To our sorrow and shame there are two saloons in the town of Dexter and they are largely patronized by the men and boys of this precinct. This will be a corrupt part of Cooke County as long as the people stand in with this saloon. It feeds and corrupts the fallen part of our nature and prevents the gospel in its work to benefit the people. The moral standard is very low in this part of the world. The demoralizing effect of the burning of the Negro bond will not be removed for a generation—what men, women and children saw the day after the burning, looking on the stump of a Negro bond. Our meeting was in progress at the time at Dexter. We did not miss a service, held on to God. F. M. Sherwood was with us. Rev. M. M. Dunn helped us at Riverside and Mr. Gilford. There is no lack of material to work on in Dexter county. One trouble we have here is the unsettled state of things on the river. The people are renters in and out. This is common, as I know from experience, from Bowie County to Montague. It is in this part that two thirds of our best preachers have wrecked in the last twenty-one years, and this has had a fearful effect on our people. Also laymen have wrecked. It requires much patience to do the work on this circuit. There are some as true men and women as anywhere, but there are but few. May God bless Dexter Circuit abundantly.

WEST TEXAS CONFERENCE.

KENEDEY.

J. W. Gibbons, Sept. 18. We have held three protracted meetings on our charge. The first was held in June, at Kenedey, Revs. O. F. Hatfield and W. J. Johnson assisting me. The Holy Spirit attended the preaching of these brethren, and there were sixteen professions and fourteen conversions to our church. This we went to Comanche, where we had the official help of Bro. J. R. Barden. Results: Fourteen professions and eleven joined our church. Our last meeting was held at Karnes City in our new church. Dr. W. R. Burroughs, of Greenwood Station, North Mississippi Conference, did most of the preaching, to the edification and delight of my people. Fourteen united with our church. The doctor's preaching was of a high grade, and eternity alone will tell the full results. We are having a good year, have received forty-seven members and have raised between \$250 and \$300 for improvements on our churches and parsonage. Our conference collections are all provided for.

GONZALES.

C. F. Goodenough, L. E., Sept. 9. This place has been undergoing a spiritual siege for some time, with short intervals of rest. The Christian Church first started, holding on for several weeks. The Baptists held a two weeks' meeting and had one of the most spiritual Baptist preachers I ever met, and a man of God, who dared to "preach the whole counsel of God, none daring to make him afraid." It was Bro. Hanks, Baptist pastor at Caldwell. He started the meeting by stating he wanted the full co-operation of all denominations, without in any way prejudicing their peculiar differences, pledging himself to Christian civility, and to keep his word throughout, knowing nothing and preaching nothing but Christ and him crucified. The results were anything but satisfactory. The Methodists have just closed an eight-day meeting. Bro. Harris had Bro. Perkins, of Sweet Home, to assist—a Christian in deed and in truth. We closed last night. There were eight received into the church yesterday evening—mostly children—and a most affecting service, and there are some three or four to follow, but oh, what shall we say? The earnest appeals of Bro. Perkins and Bro. Harris seemed to fall on deaf ears; appeals that one would think sufficient to move the hardest heart. Still stood noble young men and young women, apparently unmoved, and nearly all exhibiting no interest in their souls—well-being. To all human appearances no man deserves more fully to reap the reward of his labors and gather sheaves into the garner of the Lord; but God has not seen fit to permit Bro. Harris to see the result of his labors as he desires, and as some of us desire for him, but may the God of all grace grant the blessing may yet come, and may he pour it out in such rich abundance that there may not be room to contain it.

LITTLE ROCK CONFERENCE.

FOREMAN, ARK.

A. C. Benson: You can just add one more conference to your list, for I must report. We had a real revival at one point, a month ago, that, for its intelligent and rich talks and singing was hard to excel. There were about sixteen professions, thirteen conversions and several family altars erected. We have just closed a meeting at Allen's August 11 to September 11; that was great for that place. There were, at the beginning, thirty-eight members and we received forty-six. We now have eight-four. There were about thirty-three professions. Bro. Cleg-horn, a local preacher, was a great helper. His work and influence were both good. The Spirit gave the power.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials from all parts of the world. Hall's Family Pills the best.

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Santa Fe Special Rates. Buffalo—Account of Pan-American Exposition, various rates according to limit, on sale daily. Minneapolis, Minn.—Account National Convention Christian Church, one fare for the round trip, Oct. 5, 9, 10, limited Oct. 21, by privilege of extension to Oct. 21, by deposit. Galveston, Texas—Account meeting Grand Chapter Order of the Eastern Star, one and one-third fare, October 1, limited October 11. Dallas—Account Texas State Fair and Dallas Exposition, special low rates, September 25 to October 11, various limits according to rates. W. S. KEENAN, G. P. A., Galveston, Texas. "Beyond the Question of a Doubt." The "Katy Flyer," via the M. K. & T. R'y., is the best train to take, if you are going to the PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, at Buffalo, N. Y. Clean, up-to-date service, Buffet Sleepers and free "Katy" Chair Cars. The most comfortable and finest route from TEXAS to the NORTH. Full information as to rates, schedule, connections, etc., can be obtained by calling on or writing any "Katy" Agent, or W. G. Crush, G. P. & T. A., Linn Building, Dallas. Excursion round trip tickets on sale with all the principal roads in the State ALL THE YEAR ROUND. Close connections with the Texas & Pacific and Santa Fe trains at Weatherford, Texas. For any information, address L. M. FOLTS, P. E. BOOK, Pres. & Gen. Mgr. Supt. Weatherford, Texas.

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Piecing. That is a word which may not be in the dictionary in this sense of its use, but which is in very common use in some sections of the country.

Complaints of that sort come to us "fast and furious" from all parts of the State. To print all of them is impossible with the space allowed us.

Dear Bro. Young: I have read most of your chats with the local preachers since you commenced writing.

Dear Brother: I have read most of your chats with the local preachers since you commenced writing.

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Half through with what I would like to say, but for fear that I might worry you, I close with the hope that your airing of the matter will make the local preachers feel that when the time comes that they "must go," that their cause, though lost, is a just one.

WM. W. MCKINLEY

Complaints of that sort come to us "fast and furious" from all parts of the State. To print all of them is impossible with the space allowed us.

Molokotie, Texas, Sept. 7, 1901.

Dear Bro. Young: With your permission I will add a few words more to what I have written on the local preacher question.

The Local Preachers' Conference, to meet in Dallas the fifth day of October next, will be the guest of Floyd Street Church.

Floyd Street Church is located near the center of the city, about two blocks northeast of the Union Depot.

Remember to meet the Committee of Reception at the Methodist Publishing House.

Be sure to visit the office of the Texas Christian Advocate.

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The new Methodist Church, South, in Whitney, Texas, will be dedicated on October 29 next.

Cured of Tobacco Habit.

Dr. J. S. Hill, Greenville, Texas, Dear Sir: I have taken your tobacco cure and am proud to say that I am thoroughly cured of the tobacco habit.

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in saying he represents himself, for if he is an applicant for orders, or for license to preach, he goes to conference, not to represent himself, but to be represented—that is, to find out what others are going to do with him or for him.

W. W. MCKINLEY

The only reflection we have to make upon the foregoing ably written paper is our dissent from the expression of regret that he attended the District Conference 125 miles away this year.

Dear Bro. Young: With your permission I will add a few words more to what I have written on the local preacher question.

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Dr. J. S. Hill, Greenville, Texas, Dear Sir: I have taken your tobacco cure and am proud to say that I am thoroughly cured of the tobacco habit.

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MISS DUNCAN'S CLASS IN EXPRESSION.

MISS CAROLINE DUNCAN.

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ANNUAL CONFERENCE NOTICES.

NORTHWEST TEXAS

Preachers and delegates who expect to bring their wives with them to the session of the conference will please notify me as soon as possible after reading this notice.

WORD FROM MANAGER VAUGHAN.

To whom it may concern: We have secured Rev. M. L. Dickey and wife, of the Texas Conference, to assist us in the work.

FREE FOR THE ASKING.

It is more blessed to give than to receive. The woman will soon draw nigh when we will be expected to reap the joy from gifts to loved ones.

ADDRESSES WANTED.

Mr. J. D. Hamilton, Treasurer Board of Missions, Nashville, Tenn., desires the postoffice addresses of Mr. S. Y. Smith and Mr. John McCallum.

I want the postoffice address of Rev. Jack Browning, if living, who moved to Texas some years ago from Thomas County, Georgia.

Are Your Kidneys Weak?

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn. (the clothier), says if any suffer from Kidney, Bladder or kindred diseases will write him he will tell them what he used.

UNANSWERED LETTERS.

September 2, J. D. Dorsey, sub. G. W. Harris, sub. S. W. Turner, change. S. J. Vaughan, sub. E. L. Shettles, sub. Jas. W. Downs, sub. has attention. C. R. Gray, sub. R. J. Birdwell, sub. H. A. Barnes, sub.

September 4, H. D. Smith, sub. E. Hightower, sub. W. H. Crawford, sub. J. B. Atchley, sub.

Sept 5-E. L. Shettles, sub. C. G. Short, sub. D. W. Gardner, trial sub.

Sept 5-E. L. Shettles, sub. C. G. Short, sub. D. W. Gardner, trial sub.

Sept 5-J. N. Brooks, sub. Sam'l Weaver, has attention. A. S. Whitehurst, sub. W. K. Tucker, sub. J. M. Mills, sub.

Sept 5-A. E. Cartaway, sub. T. R. Armstrong, sub. N. B. Road, sub. J. C. Cameron, sub. Chas. Davis, sub. A. W. Wilson, sub.

Sept 5-H. A. Boaz, sub. A. I. Sealer, sub. W. S. Easterling, sub. J. H. Gilliam, sub.

Sept 5-W. S. Easterling, sub. Sam'l Weaver, sub. F. M. Whitmore, sub. G. W. Harris, sub. T. W. Lovell, sub. has attention. Henry M. Long, change. M. V. A. Gentry, sub. G. W. Tompkins, trial sub. C. W. Dennis, sub.

Sept 5-D. W. Gardner, trial sub.

I & G N EXCURSIONS

Dates Shown Are Those on Which Tickets Are on Sale.

Buffalo, N. Y.—May 1-November 1, Pan-American Exposition. Tickets on sale daily.

Marlin, Texas.—All-year-round excursion tickets from I & G N points, at rate of one and one-third fares.

Passenger train service on the FORT WORTH DIVISION will be in operation to College Station (where is located the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas) on or about SEPTEMBER 19, and to WACO, TEXAS, on or about SEPTEMBER 20.

FREE

Do You Want a Watch? WE HAVE ANY STYLE and GRADE. Gents' Watches from \$7.00 to \$150.00. Ladies' Watches from \$5.00 to \$80.00. Fine Watch Repairing a Specialty. Our 52-Page Catalogue sent Free. C. P. BARNES & CO. Established in 1858. 504 & 506 W. Market St. Louisville, Ky.

Heaven Help Us In our troubles, but use Hunt's Cure for Itch, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles and Eczema. Guaranteed.

Too many want God's light on their backward way while they wrap their lives in fog.

OPIUM COCAINE and WHISKY. DALLAS FAIR.

Rev. G. W. Randolph and Dr. L. D. McCullough, those master voice doctors, from St. Louis, who cured so many sufferers in Texas last winter, of which this Advocate and many leading papers all over the state wrote about, after having seen so many which they have cured, and quite a number came to our office to see us and tell the good news.

Employment That Pays. Is offered to Women Men grown girls and boys in the vicinity of their homes. Liberal compensation, the most generous terms. Stable and permanent position as a desirable industrial representative, with exclusive rights. Previous experience unnecessary. POPULAR MONTHLY. FRANK LESLIE'S. FRANK LESLIE PUBLISHING HOUSE.

ESTEY This Name on an Organ or Piano. Is positive assurance to the purchaser that he will get the GREATEST POSSIBLE VALUE for the smallest possible price. THE ESTEY CO. 116 Olive St. St. Louis, Mo.

25 Different Bulbs all for 25c. Hyacinths, Tulips. 1 Belgian Hyacinth, 1 Cockade Hyacinth, 1 Large Hyacinth, 1 Double Tulip, 1 Single Tulip, 1 X-ray Tulip, 1 Narcissus, Leids, 1 Winter Anemone, 1 Glory of the Snows, 1 Iris, 1 Anemone, 1 Amaryllis, 1 Tulip, 1 Calla, 1 Freesia, 1 Bermuda Freesia, 1 Double Starred Lily, 1 Post's Double Lily, 1 X-ray Lily, 1 St. Helena Anemone, 1 Grand Ranunculus, 1 Island Ranunculus, 1 Double I. Anemone, 1 Anemone.

10,000 RAZORS GIVEN AWAY. FREE COUPON NUMBER 6076.

MORPHINE, Opium, Cocaine, Whiskey habits cured at home. No suffering. Kennedy's Cure guaranteed. Endorsed by physicians, scientists and others. Book of particulars, testimonials, etc. Free. Write to the publisher, Mrs. E. H. KENNEDY, 1902 WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dublin, Tex.

Per Annum, \$2.00. Vol. XLVIII. Editor

SIGHT-SEEING The Morgue is a all visitors take it other points of interest near the site of the is the place where dead are taken and burial, so that some them and take care wise, after a cert buried in the potte usually people who Seine, or commit have been murder to the night. The through the place dead bodies expos them were women, years and had a b others were men, ar young. One had side of the face, l violence. Three of unkempt. Scores were passing by in none seemed to be tragedies this gh fold were it to op its millions of sev of the respectable as they begin to ex the river under the drop into its curro tells the story. Y wicked Paris drin duffles in sin, app these midnight tra Passing on, we du Luxembourg, neither stately nor aged and historic der the reign of e de Medici. A part the French Senat they make Preside of it contains an works of living at this great gallery, their masterpieces, transferred to th with sculpture gazing upon the surfeited with th handwork. The about these buildi not especially beaut or flowers. Large are scattered thro the people and the access to them. I public places belo the people are the these immense pla ery of royalty, b Government when r The Triumphal A pride to all of Pa massive stone, thr gateway passed, an and broad. It was Napoleon I. and u arches are carv tories won by thi Such is their nun quite a time to ev express in brief hi and his triumphs of Elba, Waterlo arch is intended glory and not his French capitulat which closed the P one thing exacted