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Editorial Correspondence

SIGHT-SEEING IN PARIS.

The Morgue is a gruesome place, but all visitors take it in as they pass to other points of interest. It is situated near the site of the old Bastille. It is the place where all of the unknown dead are taken and placed upon exhibition, so that some one may recognize them and take charge of them. Otherwise, after a certain time, they are buried in the potter's field. They are usually people who are drowned in the Seine, or commit suicide, or maybe have been murdered in the darkness of the night. The morning we passed through the place there were seven dead bodies exposed to view. Two of them were women. They were up in years and had a begrimed look. The others were men, and two of them were young. One had a wound upon the side of the face, indicating death by violence. Three of them were old and unkempt. Scores and scores of people were passing by inspecting them, but none seemed to recognize them. What tragedies this gloomy place could unfold were it to open its mouth and tell its millions of secrets. A great many of the disreputable women of the city, as they begin to grow old, steal off to the river under the cover of darkness, drop into its current and the Morgue tells the story. Yet proud, busy and wicked Paris drinks, laughs and indulges in sin, apparently oblivious of these midnight tragedies.

Passing on, we reached the Palais du Luxembourg. The buildings are neither stately nor grand, but they are aged and historic. It was erected under the reign of Henry IV for Marie de Medici. A part of it is now used by the French Senate, and here is where they make Presidents. Another part of it contains an art museum. The works of living artists are placed in this great gallery, but after they die their masterpieces, if there be any, are transferred to the Louvre. It is filled with sculpture and paintings, and in gazing upon them one almost becomes surfeited with the excess of their handwork. The gardens round and about these buildings are spacious, but not especially beautiful, with fountains or flowers. Large trees and shrubbery are scattered through the grounds, and the people and the children have free access to them. In fact, all of these public places belong to the people, and the people are the Government. All of these immense places were the property of royalty, but they fell to the Government when royalty was deposed.

The Triumphal Arch is an object of pride to all of Paris. It is built of massive stone, through which a huge gateway passed, and it is high, thick and broad. It was built in honor of Napoleon I, and upon its great sides and arches are carved the famous victories won by this wonderful man. Such is their number that it takes quite a time to even read them. They express in brief his history, his wars and his triumphs. But nothing is said of Elba, Waterloo or St. Helena. The arch is intended to memorialize his glory and not his reverses. When the French capitulated to the Germans, which closed the Franco-German War, one thing exacted of them was that

of the world have been taxed to adorn, beautify and equip this institution. Royalty oppressed humanity to make it glorious, and Napoleon ravaged the art galleries of the nations to enrich its treasures. But I must stop here and take the Louvre up later.

In my last communication I was seeing the treasures of art in the Louvre. In the ground floor of this building I observed the collection from ancient Egypt, Babylon, Greece and Rome. There is nothing that existed in those far-off ages and countries of the world that you can not see specimens of their sculpture here. Money, victory and research have secured them. Some of them are crude, while others of them show that in this art we are still copying from them and have made but little, if any, improvement upon their works. Clay, marble, bronze, silver and gold were used by those early masters in the production of their ideals of things upon the earth and in the heavens. Then to these is added the department of modern art in all of its perfection. Here the works of the masters from the early years of the Christian era to the present time pass before you. You gaze at them and wonder until the mind grows weary and your energies are exhausted. But when you enter the picture gallery, you become bewildered. There are 2500 select works from all the great schools of art here presented, and they comprise masterpieces. I was first impressed with the works of the Italian painters, as this art was carried to its highest perfection by this school. The most of these works come down to us from the period beginning with the twelfth century. Those produced in the sixteenth century make up the finest collection this side of the Alps. In the leading room of this gallery, I examined more carefully some of the works of Rubens, Leonardo, da Vinci, Titian and artists of these schools. One of Rubens' most exquisite pieces is that of his own family—his wife and two children. They look so life-like that you are disposed to walk up and speak to them. Raphael's Holy Family of Francis I, painted in Rome 1518, is one of his greatest works. It stands there looking upon you just as he finished it with his own skillful hands. But why dwell upon the splendor of these things? It would require an encyclopedia to describe them. From this dazzling array of coloring and figures I passed into the department of French history, where I saw their Kings, the rooms in which they lived, their furniture, their china, their jewelry and everything that went to make up their home and palace lives—from Louis IV to Philippe, their last King. They have preserved all of these things intact, and here they are for the pleasure of all who want a glimpse of extinct royalty. The crowns of their Kings and the diamonds of their Queens are here, constantly guarded. The very beds in which they slept with their rich covering are before you, and the carpets which covered their floors, just as they left them. As I looked upon these luxuriant abodes and thought of the poverty of the common people in those days, I understood something of the motive which prompted them to the revolution which swept royalty from France and finally gave them a

Republic. While Kings and their mistresses were reveling in this excess of luxury, mothers were walking the streets with their children in their arms, crying for bread. But those excesses are now matters of history and these tokens abide in order that the people may remember the pit whence they are dug. This mammoth structure, with its invaluable contents stands there as a free school for the education of the French people. It is open to them and they pass through its vaulted chambers, look upon its treasures, study its art and thus familiarize themselves with the old world and especially with their own marvelous history. Their aspiring artists go there by the week and the month and copy the master in these various schools. No charges are made for such privileges. But in order to preserve sacredly these rare treasures, a soldier in bright uniform paces the floor of each room and keeps his eye upon all who come and go. Inside of the frame-work containing the crown jewels, a man sits from the time the doors open till they close, and then the casket with the precious gems is dropped into a great iron safe for perfect security. No one is allowed to touch them, and the glass covering is never removed. And the royal furniture is also guarded with scrupulous care. You can push, inspect it to your heart's content and view it from all sides and angles, but your hand must not touch it and your feet must not press the tapestry. By this method it is kept in a state of perfect preservation. But why should I dwell longer upon that which is utterly beyond description? For the rest of the day I felt like a man whose senses had been dazed by the magnificence of something that I had seen, but could not recall in detail.

Just in front of the central building and between the two lengthy wings of the Louvre is an equestrian statue of Lafayette, but there by money raised by the school children of America some years ago. This is our token of appreciation of the man who came to our aid when we were struggling for our independence. For a long time it was the most imposing piece of statuary in this court, but not a great while since the Republic erected one of Gambetta just in front of Lafayette, and the latter is eclipsed. Gambetta is more modern, more elaborate and more grandly imposing. The rest of this extended court, comprising a great many acres, is filled in with works of art, winding walks, trees, flowers and flowing fountains forming a panorama that angels might covet. In the daytime busy people from all over the globe are hurrying through it and at night happy children and young men and maidens are promenading to and fro. Under the brilliant illumination turned upon it, it is as attractive by night as it is by day. No visitor ever comes to Paris without spending a great deal of his time in the Louvre.

I spent one day in Versailles, in many respects the most attractive, the most renowned and the most historic spot in France. It is situated twelve miles from Paris, out at the end of one of the finest boulevards in all the world. It is practically a part of Paris, in that there is no break in the buildings from one to the other; yet it is a municipal-

Our of Russia comes to Paris in the near future, they say one of them will be brought out for him. The Grand Trison is near by, but not a striking building when you remember who once occupied it. It is a one-story structure, built in the form of a horse-shoe, and covers a good deal of ground. It was built by Louis XIV for Madame de Maintenon, in 1682. Here the successors to this great monarch resorted. Napoleon I was fond of the place, and his room, his bed, his writing desk, his chairs and paintings are all just as he left them. He must have been a very short man, for his bed would not enable a man to stretch himself out at full length. The other apartments are still lined up as they were originally arranged. One room was especially fitted up for Queen Victoria to occupy on her visit to the Royal Palace, but she learned that the furniture in it had been taken from the home of one of the royal mistresses, and she declined to go inside of it. In it has never been changed, and it is still pointed out as Victoria's room. Having looked through this important, though unostentatious, villa, we drove back to the center of Versailles and took lunch. Then we paid our respects to the Royal Palace. If the Louvre and the Pantheon dazed me, this took all the breath that was left in me, and I was simply speechless. We entered it from the rear and looked upon the most enchanting scene that ever greeted human vision. There was the royal fountain as large as an inland sea, whose banks are crowded with amazing statuary. Extending from the two sides are immense gardens, with every conceivable variety of shrubs and flowers. Down the vista in front, falling from one terrace to another as far as the eye can sweep, stretches a broad highway, interspersed by lakes and fountains and statuary and trees that look as though it were the work of the gods. But the Palace! It was projected by Louis XIV, and it witnessed the death and the decadence of that luxurious monarch. It was finished, I believe under Louis XIV. But during the evening and respectable scenes of his reign, he saw this gorgeous structure, which he had been building, thus and so, by a howling mob. Napoleon did not pay much attention to the Palace, as he needed the money for his wars. At the time of the siege of Paris, the German Emperor and his staff occupied it, and it was here that he was crowned Emperor of Germany. But he it said to his home, he did not permit the structure of his royal belongings to be disturbed. So the French Government still views it as one of the Republic's most valued historic treasures. It is 600 yards in length, three stories high and pierced with 371 large windows. Ten thousand people could be entertained over night in its apartments. Its walls above and below are one vast canvas upon which are sketched the history of royalty in France, from its beginning to its close. The two most prominent men in all of these paintings is first Louis XIV the most extravagant monarch that ever presided over the destinies of a people, and second, Napoleon Bonaparte, the most remorseless warrior who ever waded in seas of human blood. Every event of a successful kind that transpired in the history of those two men is immortalized by the masters in works of matchless art upon these awe-inspiring walls. From the time you enter the place until you leave it, you can see Bonaparte cowering over Europe like a beam of destruction with his French troops. Notwithstanding the fact that France is a Republic and ever will be, yet Napoleon Bonaparte, with all of his history of oppression, is the demigod of the French people. If they do not worship him, their works of art belie their character. This palace of extinct royalty is nothing short of a museum to his memory. For hours I tramped through its rooms, looked at statuary, gazed at paintings, inspected the bed-rooms, drawing-rooms and reception-rooms of Kings and high ladies until my brain ached and my eyes were dazzled. I was intoxicated with splendor and felt a

sense of relief when I finally gained the outer world and looked up toward God as my Creator and Redeemer. The millions and millions of money ground out of these down-trodden people by heartless Kings for places like this in order to pamper their pride and foster their ambition, brought on the revolution and made the steets of Paris flow with blood. Out of all this the Republic was born, and the people declared their own freedom from the impositions of monarchies.

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

Napoleon's Tomb is the Mecca of Paris. Her own people worship at its shrine and visitors, with uncovered heads, pass in, look at it with a feeling of awe, and think of this man of awful destiny. His last resting place is sufficient to perpetuate his memory to the remotest generations if there were nothing in the life that he lived to give immortality to his fame. It was constructed by Visconti, the celebrated French artist and architect, and situated beneath the dome is an open circular crypt, twenty feet in depth and thirty-six feet in diameter. On the mosaic pavement, which represents a wreath of laurels and is inscribed with the names of great battles fought and won by Bonaparte, rises the sarcophagus thirteen feet long, six and a half feet wide, and fourteen and a half feet high, made of a single block of Siberian porphyry, weighing about sixty-seven tons. In this hush urn, rich in its natural colorings and polished like glass, are the bones of Napoleon. The walls of the crypt, behind the victories, are of polished granite slabs, adorned with ten marble reliefs, telling of his civic achievements. I did not go into the crypt. Its entrance is at the back of the high altar. It is flanked by two large sarcophagi, bearing the names of Darc and Bertrand, the Emperor's faithful friends. The former fell at the battle of Barbaen in 1812; the latter, who died in 1844, was the Emperor's constant companion throughout his wars and imprisonment, stayed by his grave while he slept in St. Helena and followed them when brought by France in 1816 to their present place of repose. It was to Bertrand that he so often spoke his true sentiments while a captive, and which sentiments are a part of his brilliant history. This is the one friend who never failed him in the storms of his checkered life, who followed him into the humiliation of the sea-girt island, comforted him in the hours of his loneliness, watched over him in his last illness, mourned him at his death, stood sentinel at his grave and came back in triumph with his fleshless bones when they were placed amid pomp and glory where they now quietly lie. He is entitled to a resting-place near his master and idol. Above the entrance are the words in the last will of Napoleon: "I desire that my ashes shall sleep on the banks of the Seine among the French people whom I have loved so well." On each side is a colossal atlas in bronze—one supporting a globe and the other carrying a scepter and a crown. Above the crypt rises a lofty dome, 160 feet in height, in two great sections. The first of these is divided into twelve compartments, painted with figures of the apostles. The upper section is adorned with a large composition: St. Louis' offering to Christ the sword with which he had vanquished the foes of Christianity. The faint bluish light admitted from above and the somber appearance of the crypt and its surroundings, greatly enhanced the solemn grandeur of the scene. Two lofty chapels on each side of the crypt contain the monuments of Vauban and Turenne with head-on recumbent figures. The chapel to the left of the entrance contains the tomb of Jerome Bonaparte, and the one to the right that of Joseph Bonaparte, the brothers of Napoleon. (This outline of facts, figures and description I have gotten largely from Baedeker, as he is the best authority on these matters now at hand.)

Back of the entrance to the crypt

is a huge cross of stone, and upon it hangs a statue of Christ dying for the world. What a contrast! The lowly Nazarene lived in poverty, preached righteousness, healed the sick, opened the eyes of the blind, blessed his own and all succeeding ages with the truth of the gospel, and died a martyr to his goodness and for the redemption of humanity, and was temporarily buried in a borrowed tomb. From his life and death light and immortality have come to universal humanity, and he is called the "Prince of Peace." He was never known to harm a human being, and his feet never trampled upon the rights of the humblest child of earth. There is his statue hanging in apparent agony upon the cross, just back of the crypt of Napoleon! And yet the latter was a man of bloodshed and colossal ambition. He never drew an unselfish breath. He swept over Europe as a dragon of human ruin. He spent his days in planning the butchery of his generation. He filled the land with his slain, snatched contemporary monarchies and kingdoms, plundered royal palaces and art galleries, made widows by the hundreds of thousands, filled the continent with orphanages, swept his countrymen to premature and violent death, exhausted the human and financial resources of France to pamper his haughty ambition; was finally defeated in battle, leaving his beloved France bleeding at every pore, died an exile from home, as the great outlaw of the world, and here his bones sleep underneath the picture of the dying Christ, guarded by the angels of peace! France worships his memory, and pilgrims from the ends of the earth come to his tomb, take off their hats and gaze upon the marble urn where his bones are falling into decay. Why all of this devotion? France gives it to him because he filled the world with her glory while compassing the ends of his own vanity and selfishness; and the world gives it to him because of his marvelous genius as a leader of men. That he was a man of marvelous military and executive resources, none will have the effrontery to deny; and that Providence has used many of the results of his triumphs in the furtherance of the interests of humanity in the long run is equally true; and that our own America is indebted to his menace of Europe for the freedom we won from England, can not be denied, but nevertheless, the injury which he inflicted upon his immediate generation more than a millionfold offsets the good that he has done to the human race. But France will never cease to adore him, while she refuses Bonaparte III a place to repose in her soil. Napoleon was a triumph, and she worships him; but Bonaparte III was a royal failure, and she exiled him, and his body sleeps in foreign soil. Such is human inconsistency! What wonderful people are these French! When Napoleon fell at Waterloo, he left France in ruins. Bourbon royalty, with all of its oppression and extravagance, was re-enthroned. Revolution followed revolution; deeds of atrocity shocked the civilized world; but here she is, a splendid Republic among a continent of monarchies, one of the proudest and most prosperous nations of Europe. Her proud gay capital sets the pace of fashion for all this country and for America. Her fame has come out to the ends of the earth.

MORE SIGHT-SEEING IN PARIS.

The last thing I did while in Paris was to visit the late Exposition grounds and make the ascent of the Eiffel Tower. It is 984 feet to the top, and is the highest tower in the world. It is built of iron and rests upon an iron archway that spans the width of two wide streets. It was constructed for the World's Exposition, and it is one of the very few buildings, or rather monuments, of that event which will remain permanently. Four hundred feet of it you pass on an incline. Then you change to an elevator and reach the top. I never expect to reach such altitude again by artificial means. Such was the height that at

first my head grew dizzy and ached. The feelings that passed through me I can never describe. But after half an hour I became used to it and had no peculiar sensations. From that point Paris and her environments were lying around me. The busy people passing to and fro beneath looked like ants crawling upon the ground; and the busses, street cars and railway trains looked like worms wriggling along their highways. The horizon lifted and stretched forty miles in all directions. Such a spectacular scene rarely passes before the eyes of mortals. The city, covering its 46,000 acres, looked like a playground for school children; while the beautiful Seine River wound its serpentine course from one extreme of the city to the other, like a thread of gold as it sparkled under the afternoon sun. All sounds coming up from below seemed caught by the keys of an invisible orchestra and sent forth into notes of exquisite harmony. The Notre Dame, the Arch of Triumph, the Pantheon, the Tomb of Napoleon, the Louvre Garden and the Vendome column assumed the sparkle of diamonds and lit up their immediate localities with a luster of dancing beauty. For an hour I walked the platform and drank in the glory and the splendor of the view and thought of the New Jerusalem—the city of God—located somewhere upon the eternal hills, and had visions of the higher glory awaiting those who will be entitled to entrance therein. Then my eyes wandered far beyond the horizon, as I thought of the loved ones out of view and across the great sea. But one of those days there will be no horizon and no sea, and we will be one family with God in heaven. But from this elevation upon the earth, I turned my eyes toward the west and saw the sinking sun light up Versailles, with its palaces and spires, till it looked like a fairy city fringed with a radiance supernal in the extreme. And as the shadows began to gather I stepped into the elevator and slowly came down to the real world, feeling that, literally, I had been closer to heaven in Paris than I had ever dreamed.

This closed my sight-seeing in the most exuberant and wicked city in the civilized portions of the world.

The next morning I left for a visit to Brussels.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS.

The city is compact and its houses are densely crowded. All available space is occupied. The streets are all paved and kept clean. The boulevards are magnificent. They are wide and beautified with trees, flowers and fountains, with statuary thrown in. The French sense of art expresses itself everywhere. They stress the beautiful, often to the neglect of the practical. Their public squares and parks and gardens are elaborate, and the people have free access to them all. The appearance of dirt is no where visible. Everything is clean. The public buildings are antique and picturesque. They have none like them in Texas. They are richly adorned and ornamented. Stone, marble and bronze are not spared to make them imposing. There is no wood about the exterior of them. They are not top heavy like some of ours. Two and three and four stories is as high as they go. But their towers make up for this. Articles of merchandise range in price about like they do at home. The cafes and wine gardens are every where. The people are great drinkers and eaters, yet they do not get drunk. If they do, I did not see them in that state. Every cafe along the street monopolizes the entire sidewalk with small tables and chairs, where the people sit—particularly at night—and eat, drink and smoke. They are great smokers. The women drink just like the men. In the hotel dining-rooms wine is as common as water. If you do not call for it, the waiters look surprised. I saw but few babies. There may be plenty of them, but it is my impression that the French women are not model mothers. They are beautiful, bold and fast. On the public streets they do things that would

shock the modesty of our Texas women. Modesty is not one of the dominant graces of the French people. Their art is "high art." All of their human forms put into statuary and upon canvas are, for the most part, nude. In passing through their art galleries the sights are enough to make men blush, much less cultured and refined women. I do not see how our American women can look upon these exposures of the sculptured and painted human form without turning crimson. It kept me in a state of perpetual embarrassment. But the people all about me took it as one of the ordinary ways of life. May the good Lord deliver our American people from the influence of "high art." That sort of thing and high virtue do not live together. Hence these people of Paris are the most lascivious and sensual people to be found among the nations of the earth. Their art schools and customs teach and foster bad morals. And one generation of them follows in the footsteps of its predecessor. Their prevailing religion is Jesuitism. In their Church services it is like being in heathen temples. The women are great Catholics, and the Lord only knows what the men are. They all seem to be living for what the world gives to them. Our Protestant religion is unknown to them. They have ideas of liberty, but it is the liberty of self-indulgence. They are an excessively polite people, but it is all in French. If you get away from your guide and can not speak the language, you are lost. When you stop a man and speak English to him, and he begins to shrug his shoulders, you had just as well walk on. He has no idea of what you are saying. The theater, the opera and the ordinary play-house are great French institutions. Here is where we get some of our vulgar and obscene shows. They flourish in Paris in all of their shameful glory—so I see from the bill-boards.

I have done no "slumming" in Paris. It has not been necessary. You can see enough on the public streets under gaslights without going out to hunt for such sights.

The table fare is good, but fixed up in French style. They take time to eat. When you sit down to an evening dinner you may count on staying there at least one hour, and often two hours. You eat by installments, and often you are eating things just like a young bird—grind it up and swallow it without knowing what it is. But it is usually palatable. I always took it and gulped it down without asking any questions. So I have grown fat and prospered physically. Living is about like it is in America as to price. It is cheap enough, but by the time you get through "tipping" the waiters you have paid for all you have consumed. They expect these extras from Americans. A few of our rich fools and snobs have set this pace, and we all have to trot to it. If you do not, you receive but little attention. I think this is the way the proprietors pay their servants. But this is enough of these rambling notes.

August 29, 1901.

FROM PARIS TO BRUSSELS

From Paris to Brussels you run through two hundred miles of fine country. At times it is rolling, and then again it is as level as our prairies. It is traversed by the finest and best kept road ways I have seen. They are macadamized and as level as a floor. Their little water courses are beautiful. The whole country is well supplied with small canals. The land is fertilized and in an ideal state of cultivation. Their horses are large and strong, and their cattle are in good condition. The farms are small, and every inch is put to use. Fruit trees abound and the people look prosperous. At Mons we crossed the line into Belgium. While this was for a time a part of France and the people still speak Flemish French, yet as soon as you cross the line you can tell the difference. Belgium is one of the smallest of the European States, but one of the most populous and prosperous. Its

greatest extent east miles and from no miles. It is a kingdom, but its policy sets its capital, a 350,000 population. is said to be one of the in Europe. The War collection of military them is one gathers Waterloo, which is The King's Palace nothing like the France. The people Dutch than the French more substantial as the hotels you find and a great many and ladies. The at thronged and a great seems to be in progress where the Belgium made and shipped a world. Also it is the facturing center, as wild over it. I step "bargain day" sale-bedlam. But it does to take back to A Sam's duty charges of such goods and a self with buying it a

I have been very a dog-carts of Brussels ing before I arose I parking of dogs up looked out of the w milk carts passing, these dogs. They a of the canine family heavy a load as a are so hitched to ti under it, instead of a driver, if a man, w the dog; but if a g she sit up and driv in a buggy. This, therefore, I ever s really useful for d But if I were a dog to live in Brussels, really a dog-life, that the women wou like men. I have a ing with two cows-plement. This, in a degradation both to the cows. A woman home, and a cow's, where she is to be to make a cow give is an imposition for can's idea of fair sheep here, and for my life I have seen with his crook and I herd dog is about it the tribe I ever obs a land of babies, he nation. They are i on the streets, in where. This is a bi the Paris plan. T Catholic country, i no Protestantism. I can judge, The continental Europ well-developed and religion. The dom estn produces low and the people at graded.

From here I will a thence to London. his company has left is my young travel myself—are trans party. Rev. Jno. R. E. P. Hamblin ar- have just come in fr sion, and we will together.

August 31, 1901.

A DAY AT W

From early boyho the great battle at W dreamed that I wou visit it and spend over the places ma that world-renowne was with thrilling it the train in Brussel this historic field. miles was soon mad railway station I too under a competent g

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is good, but fixed up They take time to eat own to an evening din- out on staying there at and often two hours. ailments, and often you s just like a young bird nt swallow it without r is. But it is usually rays took it and gulped asking any questions. n fat and prospered ing is about like it is to price. It is cheap y the time you get z" the waiters you have have consumed. They tras from Americans. h fools and snobs have nd we all have to trot o not, you receive but I think this is the ers pay their servants. igh of these rambling

IS TO BRUSSELS.

to Brussels you run undred miles of fine nes it is rolling, and s level as our prairies. y the finest and best I have seen. They are id as level as a floor. er courses are beauti- country is well sup- l canals. The land is an ideal state of cul- horses are large and r cattle are in good farms are small, and it to use. Fruit trees people look prosperous. crossed the line into this was for a time a and the people still French, yet as soon as e you can tell the dif- m is one of the small- wan States, but one of us and prosperous. Its

greatest extent east and west is 160 miles and from north to south 115 miles. It is a kingdom in its government, but its policy is liberal. Brussels is its capital, and it is a city of 250,000 population. The State building is said to be one of the most imposing in Europe. The War Museum is a rare collection of military curios. Among them is one gathered from the field of Waterloo, which is near by the city. The King's Palace is here, but it is nothing like the Royal Palace of France. The people look more like the Dutch than the French, and they are more substantial and less volatile. At the hotels you find a few Americans and a great many English gentlemen and ladies. The streets are always thronged and a great deal of business seems to be in progress. This is the place where the Brussels carpets are made and shipped to all parts of the world. Also it is the great lace-manufacturing center, and the women go wild over it. I stepped into a Monday "largain day" sale of lace, and it was bedlam. But it does not pay to buy it to take back to America, as Uncle Sam's duty charges are higher than the original price. But I am no judge of such goods and would not risk my self with buying it at any price.

I have been very much amused at the dog-carts of Brussels. The first morning before I arose I heard the incessant barking of dogs upon the street. I looked out of the window and saw the milk carts passing, being drawn by these dogs. They are large specimens of the canine family, and they pull as heavy a load as a little horse. They are so hitched to the cart as to walk under it, instead of in front of it. The driver, if a man, walks along leading the dog; but if a girl or a boy, he or she sit up and drive, just like riding in a buggy. This is the first place, therefore, I ever saw where dogs are really useful for domestic purposes. But if I were a dog I would not want to live in Brussels, for his life is in reality a dog-life. Then, too, I noticed that the women work in the fields just like men. I have noticed them plowing with two cows hitched to the implement. This, in my judgment, is a degradation both to the women and to the cows. A woman's place is in the home, and a cow's place is in the lot where she is to be fed and milked; but to make a cow give milk and work too is an imposition foreign to an American's idea of fair play. They raise sheep here, and for the first time in my life I have seen the real shepherd with his crook and his dog. The shepherd dog is about the smartest one of the tribe I ever observed. This is also a land of babies; hence, the dense population. They are in the arms of women on the streets in the houses, everywhere. This is a big improvement on the Paris plan. This is likewise a Catholic country. There is virtually no Protestantism in Belgium, so far as I can judge. The great need of this continental European country is a well-developed and healthy Protestant religion. The dominance of Catholicism produces low moral standards, and the people are spiritually degraded.

From here I will go to Antwerp, and thence to London. Our old guide with his company has left us, and we—that is, my young traveling companion and myself—are transferred to another party. Rev. Jno. R. Nelson and Judge E. P. Hamblin are now with us. They have just come in from another excursion, and we will henceforth journey together.

August 21, 1901.

A DAY AT WATERLOG.

From early boyhood I have read of the great battle at Waterloo, but never dreamed that I would be permitted to visit it and spend a day in looking over the places made memorable by that world-renowned struggle. So it was with thrilling interest that I took the train in Brussels and proceeded to this historic field. The run of twelve miles was soon made, and at the little railway station I took a "bus" and, under a competent guide, drove out to

the battle-field. It is now owned by the Belgian Government and all of its interests are guarded with scrupulous care. At the time the battle occurred—eighty-six years ago the 18th of last June—the whole extent of the country was covered with a forest, and near where Wellington's center was drawn up and between him and Bonaparte's army, there was a deep gulch a half mile or so in length. It was thirty-odd feet in depth and seventy-five or a hundred feet wide, rugged and irregular. On the morning of the 18th of June, Wellington with his army arrived upon the field to check the progress of Napoleon, who was marching toward Brussels. In front of his position and beyond the ravine, the country sloped off into a gentle declivity. His army was drawn up east and west, and extended one mile and a half. In the depression in the rear and back some distance were stationed his reserves. In the center of the right wing was a country house called the Hougomont Farm. It was a sort of orchard, with a thick wall of brick and stone all around it, inclosing four or five acres. Inside was a brick building. The house and walls were loop-holed and strongly occupied by the English. The garden and orchard were lined with light troops, and the wood-bank in front was maintained by some companies of the guards. The road from Genappe to Brussels ran through the middle of the woodland, and right here is where the old guards of Wellington were thrown into that famous hollow square. He had studied the tactics of Napoleon, and knew that his desperate effort would be to break his center and divide the right and left wings of his army. Separated by a valley varying from a half to three-fourths of a mile in length were other heights following the tendency of those on which the British Army was posted. The advanced guard of the French reached these heights on the evening of the 17th. The night was dreadful. An incessant rain fell in torrents. But, notwithstanding the torrents of rain and the mud, Napoleon succeeded during the night in bringing up his artillery. He had feared that the British would retire during the night, but when morning dawned and he saw them in position he could not restrain his joy, and he exclaimed, "I have them now, those English!" The ground occupied by the two armies was the smallest in extent in frontage, in proportion to the numbers engaged in the conflict, in the recollection of military men. And the two armies were not more than six hundred yards apart, while the two great Captains were deploying their troops, getting ready for the impending conflict. The French Army is said to have been 80,000 strong, and that of the English was 65,000. About 5 o'clock the rain abated and at 11 o'clock everything was ready for the engagement to begin. Both sides were pitted against foemen worthy of their steel, and they were to be led by two of the most distinguished military men in the history of modern warfare. They both had everything at stake, and the fate of Europe was in the balance. Napoleon had often confessed that the Duke was the second great General of the age, reserving the first place for himself. Wellington had successfully vanquished every Marshal who had been opposed to him, and now for the first time he found himself face to face with the most consummate master of military tactics in the world. The genius of the two men was to be taxed as never before. They were to fight not merely for glory, but for life or death.

The French commander took the offensive and ordered the attack. The artillery opened, and the small arms swelled the awful chorus. The left wing advanced upon the Hougomont Farm. Again and again they forced themselves to the walls and to the gates, and again and again they were hurled back by the intrepid British. In less than half an hour fifteen hundred men were killed in this four-acre orchard alone, to say nothing of the number that fell outside of the front

walls. At last the house was set on fire by the French. A hand-to-hand combat followed, while the flames roared above them. Finally the French were driven back and the British held the farm. But many of the wounded on both sides were burned to death under the falling building. Had this point been captured, the result would have been fatal to the British. Hence the effort to take it upon the one hand and to hold it upon the other. Napoleon, seeing the failure of his brave men to capture this important point, then turned his fire upon the whole line of the British. Rapidly the British center flung itself in squares, and the French artillery mowed them down like grass; but they rallied and riddled filled up the dreadful gaps. When Napoleon saw their deeds of heroism he exclaimed: "What brave troops! It is a pity to destroy them, but I shall beat them yet!" He ordered the charge upon the stubborn squares. The British reserved their fire until the enemy approached to within a few paces, and then with one directed volley leveled whole squadrons of the foe with the ground. They were repulsed by this awful shock. Then Napoleon directed the masses of his troops toward the left wing of the British, having for his object the turning of the left wing of the allies and cutting off the approach of the Prussians, but they were beaten back. They rallied and again came against the British lines with fearful havoc. At times the English lines were broken, but wherever this occurred Wellington rushed in and re-formed them and urged them to stand firm. This dreadful slaughter kept up till 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The great Duke felt that his position was critical and at one time he cried out: "Oh, for night or for the approach of Blucher!"

Finally Napoleon drew up his old guard and ordered Marshal Ney to hurl them against the British center. They went thundering down in the face of the foe. They knew nothing of the gulch and tumbled into it, horses and riders, until it was full, and these coming in the rear rook over them to the charge of death. The whole British line turned loose their artillery and muskets upon them, and the destruction was tremendous. About this time Marshal Blucher appeared upon the scene with fresh troops and rushed to the aid of the British. He came just in the nick of time. The French saw that their doom had come and they bent a hasty retreat. Wellington was quick to see the advantage, and he followed it up with the skill of a master. Napoleon rushed in front of his flying squadrons and tried to arrest their retreat, but to no avail, and he turned and galloped from the field. The day was lost and his destiny sealed. This was the climax of the struggle which made Waterloo immortal.

I went into the old Hougomont enclosure. The walls are still there, battered with French canister and bullets, and a small part of the little chapel which was used as a hospital for the wounded English officers, and a part of the old well curbing is there in which two hundred dead bodies were buried. Further up, where the gulch was such a factor in the battle, there stands an artificial mound half a mile in circumference and two hundred feet high. This was built by the Belgians as a monument of the victory, but it marred the site of the battle-field. Upon the apex of this and upon a huge stone pedestal stands a colossal bronze lion looking toward Paris. There are two modest monuments near by, marking the spot where two English officers fell, but there are no other monuments of any consequence upon this celebrated field. Under the mound lie the bones of thousands of the slain, both friends and foes. A half mile to the left and a little back stands a part of an old stone frame which once supported a Holland windmill. This is where Wellington stood the most of the time while the battle was raging. As I

stood upon the top of that mound, looking over that fatal field, many visions of the past came trooping up, and I almost lived the 18th of June, 1815, over again. I could see the contending armies, hear the deafening roar of artillery, see the iron Duke holding his hollow squares intact, and looking in front I could see Marshal Ney—"the bravest of the brave"—leading the old guard to the front on-shaunt, and then, glancing to the east, I could see Blucher, with his plumed Prussians, breaking over the horizon, and then looking far away and up the road toward Paris, I could see the beaten French flying in confusion, followed by their broken-spirited commander, with his sun gone down to rise no more forever!

Brussels, September 2.

FROM BRUSSELS TO LONDON.

After quite a little stay in Brussels, visiting the Royal Palace, the great park and the Cathedral, we left for London. We traveled some fifty miles through Belgium and had a good opportunity to see more of the country life of the people. Like the French, the people live in villages instead of upon the farm, as our country people do in America. In fact, nearly all of Belgium is a continuous village. It is so thickly populated that the ground is well occupied with dwellings. The farms are mere garden spots, and they are enriched and developed to their highest capacity. Every inch of earth not used for building purposes is made to yield something for use. They have small canals running through the country, and the town-bout is made to serve a helpful end. Small Catholic chapels are plentiful, and now and then a venerable church building looms up. The people are under the dominance of priestcraft completely. They attend mass in great numbers on Sunday morning, and dance, smoke, drink beer and frolic the rest of the day. Sunday, in fact, is a day for carousal and pastime. Antwerp is a large city, but outside of the fact that it has a large cathedral with some fine paintings, there is nothing of special interest about it. However, it is a great seaport city, and the channel is alive with all sorts of craft. We did not tarry there very long.

At 7 o'clock in the evening we went on board an English freight ship with some passenger accommodations, for Harwich. We were furnished a good supper. Ships are good feeders. Four of us occupied one small stateroom. There were two bunks to the side, one over the other. They were not large enough to stretch out upon and turn over. They were a little below water level. In the night I woke up, and the ship was tossing and bounding in a lively manner. Some were sick, but others were snoring, all unconscious of the dancing vessel. Once or twice I was nearly thrown from my bunk and I could hear the waves slap the sides of the ship with great fury and then feel the jar from her stem to her stern. But after awhile I dropped off to sleep again and woke up as we were steaming into port. Soon we set foot upon the soil of merry old England, and what a joy to be in a country once more where people could talk! For nearly a month we had heard nothing but French and Dutch jabber, until we had an uncivilized sort of feeling. But here we felt like we were actually setting back home. We were ordered to place our baggage upon a long counter and open it for John Bull to see. If we had any extra cigars or whisky. As he came to me and asked if I had any of those articles, I told him no; that I neither smoked nor drank, and had no other bad habit that I knew of. He smiled, took me at my word and did not even look into my grip.

Soon we were on the express and sweeping through some more fine country. But the whole trend of English thought and custom was unlike the other sections of the countries visited. The houses, the farms, the rail- ways, the men, the women and the

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circulation were different from those on the other side of the channel. It was so opposite that it was like being in a new world. A few hours' run brought me into the metropolis and finally into the wonderful city of London. I could scarcely believe that the dream of my life was being realized. It was true, nevertheless. I was really in London! We reached the Liverpool Station, took a line and drove half an hour north through crowded streets to the First Avenue Hotel. We then had time to change, dress and start out for City Road's Chapel in time to be at the opening of the Ecumenical Conference. But of this and of many other things, I will have much to say from this trip on.

September 4.

New Orleans Advocate: To what extent Methodism is responsible for the breaking down of the barriers that once separated certain geographical borders we do not know, but of one thing we are sure: The Churches are getting nearer and nearer together and are more and more disposed to recognize each other, not only as co-workers, but as members of the Church of God. The bigoted sectarian spirit that was formerly so strong has greatly weakened, and when it lifts its ugly head and speaks the majority of sensible and religious people blush and hang their heads. The men who pass before an audience as the representatives of the only true Church of Christ is written down a hobbyist and out of date.

LIKE OPIUM EATERS.

Coffee Drinkers Become Slaves.

The experienced coffee and tea-drinkers of some coffee drinkers would be almost as interesting as the famous "Confessions of an Opium Eater," says a Boston man. W. J. Thon, 111 W. Newton St., "The trouble came I used coffee at the breakfast table and had, finally, through the day, I drank it as a whiskey drink, long for my morning brew. I knew perfectly well that it was slowly killing me, but I could not relinquish it. The effect on the nervous system was finally alarming, and my general health greatly impaired. I had dyspepsia, nervous heart difficulty, and insomnia. When I would lie down, I would almost suffocate. My doctor assured me it was due to the action of caffeine, which is the active principle of coffee on the heart.

I persisted in the use, however, and suffered alone just as I would. In one day when I was feeling unusually depressed a friend whom I had looked me over and said: "Now, look here, old man, I believe I know exactly what's the matter with you. You're a coffee-fiend and it's killing you. I want to tell you my experience. I drank coffee and it ruined my nervous system, affected my heart, and made me a wallow. Millions of men, but through a friend who had been similarly afflicted, I found a blessed relief and want to tell you about it. Try Postum Food Coffee, a grateful, delicious beverage, full of nourishment that will satisfy your taste for coffee and feed your nervous system back into health, rather than tear it down as coffee has been doing. I took my friend's advice, and within a week from that time, my digestion seemed perfect, I slept a sweet, refreshing sleep all night, and my heart quit its quivering and jumping. I have been steadily gaining in health and vitality right along."

Secular News Items.

Canton, Ohio, Sept. 22.—Dr. Rixey said today that there has been no material change in the condition of Mrs. McKinley, and that she is doing as well as could be expected. He said: "She went out for two hours driving today, and still seems to be holding her own."

Today's drives were taken in the family carriage, an open survey, which the President had sent on from Washington to be used during the summer vacation. Dr. Rixey and Mrs. Barber accompanied Mrs. McKinley. The first trip was to the cemetery this morning and it was taken at the request of Mrs. McKinley.

A much longer drive was taken during the afternoon at the suggestion of the doctor, who feels that his patient is benefited by all the outdoor life she can stand and can be induced to take. These outings have always had a tendency to produce sleep and rest and to increase the appetite for her, and now they have that effect to a degree at least. It is understood that Mrs. McKinley is somewhat faintly good rest in the matter of her sorrow and grief.

There was placed on the McKinley casket by Judge Wm. R. Day a large wreath from the Emperor of Russia. Judge Day received a telegram from Charles d'Almeida de Wollante of the Russian Embassy, requesting him to have this wreath placed on the casket of the late President. It is oval in shape and seven feet by six. It is composed on one side of American flags, roses and on the other of orchids. The base is of green palms, the entire wreath being interspersed with small green ferns and with orchid satin ribbon.

The casket of the late President was visited by thousands of people today, probably over 20,000 people entering the gates of Westtown Cemetery between the early morning of the morning and the late hours of the evening. The attractions were the floral tributes sent to the funeral, which have been arranged on each side of the casket. They are still in a very good state of preservation, and probably will be for several days longer. The guard of regular soldiers, attended a very wide circle around the casket and the flowers to-day as they have done in the past. A number of mounted horses were also placed on the casket of the McKinley children, which are also protected by a guard of soldiers. Many of the crowd wandered from the casket to the private. Many also climbed the high knoll in that part of the cemetery, the prospect of which is the permanent McKinley home and monument, all awaiting that of a more appropriate location. These thousands of visitors at the cemetery were not from Canton alone, but included many from neighboring towns. The court-house was kept open all day for the accommodation of thousands of people who had not yet seen the casket, and many people passed through the corridors of that building during the day.

Washington, Sept. 22.—A very impressive memorial service was held at Chase's Grand Opera House in this city this afternoon. An hour before the exercises began a vast sea in the theater, which held over 1,000 people was taken and an official meeting in Fifth Street was arranged. Fully 1,000 people stood in the street through out the afternoon listening to addresses in memory of the late President. President Roosevelt was invited to attend the exercises at the opera-house, but having already returned many similar invitations he felt compelled to decline. Postmaster-General Smith, however, occupied his seat and many prominent officials were in the audience. Gen. Miles and Admiral Schley were in adjoining boxes. A good representation from the diplomatic corps also was present. The Chinese Minister, Mr. Yen, and his suite, and the Japanese Minister were together in an upper box. The speeches were handsomely draped for the occasion. The stage was backed with palms, and on either side were beautiful wreaths, one of which bore a light red flag, and the other of white and purple asters. A large crayon portrait of the late President, encased in black, hung in the rear of the stage. The Marine Band was in attendance. Hon. Henry B. MacFarlane, President of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia, presided. The exercises consisted of five-minute addresses by ministers of the different denominations and music suitable to the occasion, the musical features being the singing by the entire audience, with the Marine Band accompanying, of the hymn, "Nearer My God, to Thee," and the national anthem, "America." A quartette from St. Patrick's Church sang "Lead, Kindly Light," and the Harmony Lodge quartette of the Masonic choir rendered "Jesus, Lover of My

Soul." Mrs. Thomas Noyes sang a solo, "Some Time We'll Understand." Those who delivered addresses were: Rev. George Buckler, Methodist Episcopal Church; Rev. J. S. Butler, Lutheran Church; Rev. D. J. Stafford, Roman Catholic Church; Rev. J. M. Schick, Reformed Church; Rev. Merrill E. Gates, Congregational Church; Rev. T. S. Hamlin, Presbyterian Church; Rev. J. J. Muir, Baptist Church; Rev. E. E. Bagby, Christian Church; Rev. John Van Schalek, Unitarian Church; Rev. Lucien Clarke, Methodist Episcopal Church; Rev. Herbert Smith, Episcopal Church; and Rev. M. R. Fishburn, Congregational Church. Rabbi Louis Stern, who was on the program, could not be present, but a letter from him was read expressing deep sympathy with the purpose of the memorial services.

The most important development in the Colgoz case was the announcement that no poison had been found on the bullets or the revolver with which the anarchist assassinated President McKinley. Chemical and bacteriological examinations were made and both revealed the fact that no poison was used. Another examination to determine the exact mental condition of the prisoner was made in the county jail by Dr. Carlos F. McDonald of New York, the alienist who was taken to Buffalo for the defense by the Erie County Bar Association, and Dr. A. W. Hurd, superintendent of the Buffalo State Hospital. The alienists were with the assassin for one hour and a half, and when they left both declined to discuss the case. District Attorney Penny and his entire staff spent all of Sunday at the City Hall preparing for the trial of Colgoz. Mr. Penny had conferences with the alienists and with City Chemist Herbert M. Hill, who submitted his report upon an examination of the bullets and revolver. Immediately after the death of the President one of the staff of physicians in attendance on the President expressed the opinion that the bullets may have been poisoned. The District Attorney, who had possession of the assassin's revolver, ordered thorough examination made. Dr. Hill was directed to make a chemical examination of the bullets and the chambers and barrel of the revolver, and Dr. Herman G. Matzinger, one of the surgeons who performed the autopsy on the President's body, was ordered to make a bacteriological examination. Dr. Hill reported to the District Attorney that his work showed no poison had been used.

Manila, Sept. 22.—Ammunition body guard, Major Alcantara, two Captains, two Lieutenants and twenty nine men, with twenty-eight rifles, surrendered about forty miles west of Baloor, Island of Luzon, to Capt. George A. Detchemonty of the Twenty-Second United States Infantry, took the oath of allegiance and were released. After Alcantara klaned the Presidente of Casiguran, on September 12, Captain Detchemonty requisitioned a steamer and pursued him closely. He would have been captured within an hour if he had not surrendered. Since Aguinaldo left Gen. Mac Arthur's house for his present place of confinement he has never left the premises, although he is at liberty to do so if accompanied by an officer. The reason assigned is that he fears assassination at the hands of the partisans of the late Gen. Limna. Gen. Chaffee has refused the request for the release of the prisoners on the Island of Guam. He considers that their release would not be safe until the surrender or capture of Malvar and Lukban, and he also believes that the friends of the prisoners desiring their release will use their influence to bring about the surrender of the insurgent leaders named.

The Manufacturers' Record of Baltimore, under date of September 12, contains the following editorial regarding the work of the mineral survey now being carried on by the University of Texas: "Prompt action by the Legislature of Texas last March, under the spur of the discovery of petroleum at Beaumont, resulted in the organization on May 1 of the University of Texas mineral survey, with William B. Phillips as director. The survey has been equally prompt in getting to work and has already issued its first bulletin. It is quite appropriate that this publication should deal with Texas petroleum. In more than 100 pages, a brief but comprehensive sketch of the history of the oil in the State and treatises upon the nature and origin of petroleum, oil and gas-bearing formations and the use of petroleum as fuel are presented, with half-tone illustrations of features of the Corsicana and Beaumont fields and large maps of the latter region and of the eastern part of Texas, with special reference to its geological characteristics. The report, an exceedingly valuable one to everybody interested in Texas oil, is based upon data already

in hand when the survey was organized, and new material collected since the first of the year, including the results of chemical work on the composition of various Texas oils and the determination of their heating values as compared with coal or lignite. Though the bulletin went to press less than two months ago, additional facts have accumulated as prospecting has been pushed in other parts of the State and new wells have been sunk, and if necessary a second edition of the work will be published. In the meantime material is being collected for bulletins upon the gold, silver, lead and zinc prospects and mines west of the Pecos River and upon the extent and utilization of Texas deposits of cement rock, sulphur, asphalt rock, clay products, building stones, etc. Its oil developments have aroused practical interests in the mineral potentialities of Texas, which has made enormous strides agriculturally. The careful work of the mineral survey can not but increase this interest and lead to a full development of the State's industrial power."

The year 1900 was a comparatively favorable one for shipping disasters on or near the coasts and on the rivers of the United States. There were 346 total wrecks, as against 338 the year before, and 888 partial wrecks and casualties, as against 906 the year before. The lives lost were 252, the lowest on record in the present United States Maritime Statistical Bureau.

A statement by the Pension Bureau shows that the entire number of pensioners at the end of the fiscal year was 997,735, a net gain of 4296 in a year. The roll of pensioners is the largest that it has ever been. The rolls still bear the names of one survivor and 1527 widows pensioned on account of the War of 1812.

France still holds the record for national debt. She owes \$151 per capita. Great Britain stands second and owes \$61 per capita. Germany is third, with a debt of \$50 per capita. The United States has the smallest debt of all the great nations, and owes only \$28 per capita.

A furious cotton-seed war is on in Breckenham between the local oil mill men and others that have invaded that territory. As a result of the war seed has advanced to \$19 a ton. It is estimated that 1900 warbonnets were marketed there last week.

By a vote of 84 to 28 the Synod of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church has decided to remove Trinity University to Waxahachie. This move will mean much both to Waxahachie and the Cumberland Church.

The sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., has decided that where a saloon is run in connection with a hotel the proprietor of the hotel shall be regarded as a saloon-keeper and not eligible to membership in the order.

Dr. Tanner, of fasting fame, now 85 years old, has challenged the brewers of Denver to a fasting contest. Six men are to drink beer only, and he is to drink water. The brewers have agreed to the contest.

Col. Skinner, of the British Army, states that since the outbreak of the Boer War, England has invested \$1,000,000 in Kansas and Missouri horses and mules. It is estimated at the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C., that about \$25,000,000 of Alaskan gold will reach the United States during the present season.

A monument to cost \$10,000 is to be built to the memory of the Quaker poet, John G. Whittier.

The public debt of the United States decreased during the month of August \$5,469,597.

Only the Omniscent One could discover any Christianity in some Churches.—Ram's Horn.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY. I have been selling Perfumes for the past six months. I make them myself at home and sell to friends and neighbors. I have made \$700. Everybody buys a bottle. For 50c worth of material I make Perfumes that would cost \$2.00 in drug stores. I also sell 25 formulas for making perfume at \$1.00 each. I first made it for my own use only, but the curiosity of friends as to where I procured such exquisite odors, prompted me to sell it. I clear from \$25.00 to \$50.00 per week. I do not canvass, people come and send me for the perfumes. Any intelligent person can do as well as I do. For 50c in stamps I will send you the formula for making all kinds of perfumes and sample bottle prepaid. I will also help you get started in the business. MARTHA FRANK'S, 11 South Vandewater Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

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, that homes may be provided for them. Please do not neglect this, brethren, if you expect us to entertain your wives. We want to make it as pleasant for all as we can. E. W. SOLOMON, P. C., Corsicana, Texas.

MARRIAGES.

Short-Walkin. At the home of the bride's parents, Aurora, Texas, September 11, 1901, by Rev. W. S. May, assisted by Rev. S. Crutchfield, Mr. Ben Short and Miss Ella E. Walkin. Smith-Taylor. On Sunday, September 1, at Holly Springs, Texas, Mr. R. L. Smith, of Como, and Miss Ida Taylor, of Yantis, Rev. G. E. Holley officiating. Childs-Nichol. In public road, one mile south of Holly Springs, Texas, September 1, 1901, by Rev. S. Crutchfield and Miss Fannie Nichol, Rev. G. E. Holley officiating. Steel-Harper. At the residence of the bride's father, at Arbolito, Texas, September 15, 1901, by H. M. Stead and Miss Lavonia I. Harper, Rev. G. E. Holley officiating. Eubanks-Lowe. At Mr. Will Fleming's gate, near Bridge's Chapel, Texas, at 4 p. m., August 25, 1901, Mr. Dallas Eubanks and Miss Daisy Lowe, Rev. T. R. Vinson officiating. Farwell-Johnson. On September 8, 1901, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Johnson, in Altus, O. T., Mr. C. J. Farwell, of Vernon, Texas, and Miss Lulu A. Johnson, Rev. R. A. Walker officiating. Williams-Russell. At the parsonage, North Rock Church, Marshall, Texas, Sunday, September 16, 1901, by C. E. Williams and Miss Sophie Russell, Rev. Gus Garrison officiating. Hallock-Alexander. At the residence of the bride's mother, Marshall, Texas, September 22, 1901, at 4 p. m., Mr. Henry Hallock and Miss Pearl Alexander, Rev. Gus Garrison officiating. Yarborough-Harrick. Near San Saba, Texas, August 18, 1901, Mr. N. B. Yarborough and Miss Cassie Harrick, Rev. T. F. Dimmitt officiating. Jones-Sherfield. At the bride's home, Horn Hill, Texas, September 1, 1901, Mr. A. J. Jones and Mrs. Rosa Sherfield, Rev. J. A. Travis officiating. Wilson-Raley. Near Ben Hur, Limestone County, Texas, September 8, 1901, Mr. Arch Wilson and Miss Tennie Raley, Rev. J. A. Travis officiating.

A THOUGHT.

For each our feet the glow-worms creep, We creep beneath the light's gleam; That upward vision have, Yet here the lights of ages shine, That prove the thought of God divine. MARY HOWDEN, Georgetown, Texas.

If your food does not digest well, a few doses of PRICKLY ASH BITTERS will set matters right. It sweetens the breath, strengthens the stomach and digestion, creates appetite and cheerfulness.

Pittsburg District—Fourth Round. Sept. 29, 29. Leeburg, at Union Ridge, Oct. 5, 6. Ripley, at Bridge Chapel, Oct. 12, 13. Mt. Pleasant, at, Oct. 13, 14. Queen City, at Queen City, Oct. 19, 20. Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 20, 21. Quitman, at Liberty, Oct. 24, 25. Gainesville, at, Nov. 2, 3. Lindale, at Cedar Grove, Nov. 8, 9. Fairview, Friday night, Nov. 15. Dallas Springs and Eckolt, at Oak Grove, Nov. 16, 17. Redwater, at R., Nov. 22, 23. State Line, at, Nov. 24, 25. Kingsgrove, at State Chapel, Nov. 24, 25. Nov. 26, Dec. 1. John Adams, P. E.

Bosham District—Fourth Round. 15th Sun, Oct. 14, night and Mon, morning. 16th Sun, Oct. 14, night and Mon, morning. 17th Sun, Oct. 14, night and Mon, morning. 18th Sun, Oct. 14, night and Mon, morning. 19th Sun, Oct. 14, night and Mon, morning. 20th Sun, Oct. 14, night and Mon, morning. 21st Sun, Oct. 14, night and Mon, morning. 22nd Sun, Oct. 14, night and Mon, morning. 23rd Sun, Oct. 14, night and Mon, morning. 24th Sun, Oct. 14, night and Mon, morning. 25th Sun, Oct. 14, night and Mon, morning. T. R. Piers, P. E.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to who ask it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for using. Sent by mail, by addressing a self-addressed stamped paper, with a note, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

You can afford to lose the flowers of life for the seed of eternity.

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

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN PIANOS. Write the Great Jesse French Piano & Organ Co., Jesse French Building, Dallas, Texas.

SICK MADE WELL WEAK MADE STRONG.

Marvelous Elixir of Life Discovered by Famous Doctor-Scientist That Cures Every Known Ailment.

Wonderful Cures are Effected That Seem Like Miracles Performed—The Secret of Long Life of Olden Times Revised.

The Remedy is Free to All Who Send Name and Address.

After years of patient study, and delving into the dusty record of the past, as well as following modern experiments in the realm of medical science, Dr. James W. Kidd, 71 Dallas building, Fort Worth, Tex., makes the startling announcement that he has surely discovered the elixir



DR. JAMES W. KIDD

of life. That he is able with the aid of a mysterious compound, known only to himself, produced as a result of the years he has spent in searching for this precious life-giving tonic, to cure any and every disease that is known to the human body.

There is no doubt of the doctor's earnestness in making his claim and the remarkable cures that he is daily effecting seem to bear him out very strongly. His theory which he advances is one of reason and based on sound experience in a medical practice of many years. It costs nothing to try his remarkable "Elixir of Life," as he calls it, for he sends it free to anyone who is a sufferer in sufficient quantities to convince of its ability to cure, so there is absolutely no risk to run. Some of the cases cited are very remarkable, and but for reliable witnesses would hardly be credited. The same have thrown away crutches and walked about after two or three trials of the remedy. The cures given up by home doctors, have been restored to their families and friends in perfect health. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stomach, heart, liver, kidney, blood and skin diseases and bladder troubles disappear as by magic. Headaches, backache, nervousness, fevers, consumption, cough, colds, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs or any vital organs are easily overcome in a space of time that is simply marvelous.

Partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, dropsy, gout, scrofula and piles are quickly and permanently removed. It purifies the entire system, blood and tissues, restores normal nerve power, circulation and a state of perfect health is produced at once. To the doctor all systems are alike and equally affected by this great "Elixir of Life." Send for the remedy today. It is free to every sufferer. State what you want to be cured of and the cure remedy for it will be sent you free to return mail.

DALLAS FAIR.

Rev. G. W. Randolph and Dr. L. D. McCullough, those master voice doctors, from St. Louis, who cured so many sufferers in Dallas 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 that they were cured, while others write of their cures. Some of these letters we published last winter. We hope that our readers will hand this to their strutting friends. They are now at 18 Commerce Street, which is about two blocks east of the Postoffice, near Carnegie Library. Hope to see you soon.

SAFE THE KEELEY CURE THE ONLY KEELEY INSTITUTE IN TEXAS. Cures all drink and drug Addictions. Address J. B. KEITH, Mgr., Drug Store, Dallas, Tex.

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

LADIES My Monthly Regulator never fails. Most Free. Dr. F. MAY, Birmingham, Ill.

WHY DON'T YOU EAT RICE? If you do not eat rice you ought to. It is an ideal food, easily digested, nutritious and cheap. Send ten cents in stamps to S. F. B. Morse, Passenger Traffic Manager, Houston and Texas Central R. R., Houston, Texas, for copy of Southern Pacific Rice Cook Book, containing two hundred receipts for preparing rice.

Notes From

NORTHWEST TE

G. D. Wilson, Sept. 22.—I failed to do the work in the meeting stated by both the efforts contributed to of the meeting. I am and one of preachers. I do not know if it was altogether for us fortunate. I have protracted my continued him to highly qualified to

J. S. Hinkley, Sept. 22.—I do not know what to do. I have been in the city for two additions to our following local preachers. I have been in the city for two additions to our following local preachers. I have been in the city for two additions to our following local preachers.

J. L. White, Sept. 22.—I do not know what to do. I have been in the city for two additions to our following local preachers. I have been in the city for two additions to our following local preachers.

G. F. Wainwright, Sept. 22.—I do not know what to do. I have been in the city for two additions to our following local preachers. I have been in the city for two additions to our following local preachers.

R. A. Walker, Sept. 22.—I do not know what to do. I have been in the city for two additions to our following local preachers. I have been in the city for two additions to our following local preachers.

W. B. McKinnon, Sept. 22.—I do not know what to do. I have been in the city for two additions to our following local preachers. I have been in the city for two additions to our following local preachers.

GILLOTT'S THE MOST PERFECT HAVE GRAND Paris Expo This is the Highest Prize

The Home Circle

WHAT IS LOVE?

For others' sake to hunger wear
The garments old that they more bare
May feel the warmth of robe you give
And have a braver heart to live
Nor show that you yourself deny
By any half-regretful sigh—
Herein I think is love.

For others' sake to seek to bear
The heaviest part of all life's care
For others' sake to dry your tears
And keep unspoken all your fears
For others' sake to be heart-strong
When sore beset by foe and wrong
Herein I think is love.

For others' sake to make life sweet
Though thorns may pierce your weary feet
For others' sake to walk each day
As if joy helped you all the way
While in the heart may be a grave
That makes it hard to be so brave—
Herein I think is love.

For others' sake—this brought to earth
The benediction of Christ's birth
For others' sake to suffer all
That into human life can fall
For others' sake to bleed the crimson tide
For others' sake he was crucified—
Herein I think is love.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

It was a poor little cottage, but very clean and neat, and its owner was breakfasting on a cup of tea with a couple of thick slices of bread and butter. She had a comely face and form, and looked like what she was—a good, intelligent woman of the hard-working sort. On the table was a postoffice savings bank book, and by its side a little bean of silver. The book showed that nearly all the money had been drawn out the day before, and this was the cause of a pitifully fierce conflict which was going on in the woman's mind. Her son, who had been working in a distant town, was ill in a hospital, and she was impelled by the longing of love to go to see him. No telegram had summoned her to his side, but she had no reason to think that he was dangerously ill, and this very fact was, of course, the most thankful reason for her going. Had he been dying, it would have been her duty to take that money and use it for her journey, but as he was not, was she doing wrong to waste the money which it had taken her many months to save? She might herself be ill, or work might fail, though she was not much afraid of that, because a conscientious woman, willing to do anything and do it well in generally in demand, but still, one never knows what may happen, and it was a most vexatious thing to leave herself with only a few shillings in case of emergency. And yet these weekend tickets were really cheap, and to be able to spend the great part of Sunday with her boy, why, life could hold no greater happiness for his mother than this.

When she had finished breakfast, she rose from her seat and put her hand upon the coins. Living alone, she had got used to talking to herself aloud and always her prayers were uttered even the most secret of them. It was a good deal of money to handle, and she could not, even though the last minute for decision had come, be sure that she might spend it. What was she to do? She must pray about it.

"O Lord," she said, "help me to decide for the right. O Lord, take my part against my desires. If I am doing wrong, punish me, but please don't let it be wrong." Then, knowing what it is to be a mother, and what a mother's feelings are, it must have been a comfort to her in this suffering to have thy mother near thee. And it would be a joy to my boy to see his mother now that he is ill. Perhaps it is an extravagance, but thou didst not think it waste once when another woman spent much money for love. It is that box of ointment that I am thinking about. O Lord, don't let me come to want because I break my alabaster box. Please take my part for love's sake, and help me to decide for the right.

She tilted the cup and saucer away, and went up-stairs. Everything had been done, and on the bed lay her best banner and mantle, a pair of thread gloves and a clean pocket handkerchief, which things had been placed ready in case she should decide to go, and were, indeed, proofs that she had really decided from the first. She was speedily arrayed in her out-of-door dress, and taking a small basket with her, she looked the door, put the key in her pocket, and started at a brisk pace. She was more than a mile from the railway station, but she took a penny train-ride for half the distance, and arrived in good time.

"Express to the North!"
At the sound of the stentorian tones

the woman nervously pressed into the group at the ticket-office, and a gentleman who was watching the people came behind her. She took her weekend ticket to Liverpool, and the gentleman took an ordinary third.

A porter, holding a Gladstone bag, looked on with her disapproval. He thought it a very mean thing for a "moneied man" to travel third-class, and would like to have said so, had he dared.

He stepped up to the gentleman. "First-class, sir?"
"No, third."
"It is a very cold morning, and looks like rain."

"Yes, I am afraid it will not be very comfortable traveling to-day."

The woman was nervously walking up and down the platform, looking at the carriages. The gentleman opened one.

"Are you going on?" he inquired, kindly. "There is room here."

"Thank you, sir."

He got in after her, and the porter put the Gladstone on the rack. It was always a first-class tip that the gentleman gave the porter, so it was no business of his if the rich man preferred third-class to first, only he was a favorite at the station, and the man would have liked him to have the best for himself.

Several other persons came in, and the carriage was nearly filled when it started. The gentleman sat opposite the woman, and read his newspaper and her face. So they rode for two hours. When they first started the delight of being really on the way to her son banished other thoughts, but presently the harassing question obtruded itself again, and her face grew pale and disturbed.

Then the gentleman began a conversation with his fellow passenger.

"Are you going far?"

His manner was gentle and sympathetic and before long he was in possession of the facts. They were both silent afterward until his destination was nearly reached. Then he slipped a sovereign into her hand.

"It is a habit of mine to travel third-class, and give the difference between the cost of first and third to any one in the carriage who looks as if a little help might be acceptable."

"What a beautiful thing to do," said the woman, looking at the money in great amazement. "Do you mean this is for me, sir? Why, it is the cost of my return ticket. I did not mean to beg when I told you about my boy and my savings. You know I am doing it for love's sake, and—"

"Yes, I'm doing it for love's sake, too, closed her. I hope you will find your son better."—American Messenger.

BITTER JESTING.

On a train coming from New York to Chicago the conductor might have been seen peering through the window of the car at a certain point. His face was almost white as death. Some stupid passengers began to joke the conductor, asking if his sweetheart was over there, if he was to marry a farmer's daughter, leave the road and settle down. The man shuddered at these words, but kept looking out into the darkness, and at last the brakeman, his comrade, came and took him away. White-faced, sad-hearted, half fainting they took the conductor away. When the brakeman came back, he told the assembled passengers the story. He said: "We are all sorry for Sam. You know he has got a little girl the pride of his life. For weeks she has been ill. He was off duty, and when she got a little better he came back, and left a message with his wife that as his train went past she were to put a light in the window if it were all well. For four nights there has been a light, but to-night there is none. She is gone."—Gospel Messenger.

BRIAN AND THE TURKEY.

"Oh! I'm so glad Brian is coming. He is such a dear little boy," cried Dot.
"So am I," answered Marie, "but I wish he would come quick. I am so tired of waiting."

"What a lot of things we shall have to show him," Dot went on. "It seems funny to think he has never been in the country before."

"Here they come," cried Marie, rushing to the garden gate, and the children kissed their little cousin until his cap fell off and he was quite confused.

The days were getting long and warm now. So after an early tea three children made for the farm-yard.

"You see, there's such a number of things you've never seen, Brian—chickens and ducks and geese and pigs and—"

"I've seen lots of 'em," said Brian, a little indignant. "We has chickens for dinner, and ever so many years ago, I don't 'xactly' member when we had a goose and we has turkey at Ch's mas."

Dot and Marie laughed. "But you

have never seen them running about, have you?"

Before Brian could make up his mind what to say, they came upon a brood of ducklings, and his shout of delight told them the sight was new to him.

Then the chickens and the geese, and the little pigs, all were fresh and delightful to the London boy; and his cousins were as happy as he.

But his rosy cheeks grew a shade paler when he saw a big turkey strutting about with outspread tail.

"He doesn't look much like the turkeys in the shops, does he?" said Dot. As the turkey took no notice of them, Brian's courage soon came back.

Suddenly he gave a great shout and, pointing to the turkey's wattles, he cried, excitedly, "Why, the turkey's got a trunk!"

Dot and Marie laughed so much at Brian's discovery that Brian began to laugh, too, although he did not know why. So it was a very happy party that mother called indoors at last.

But all the time he stayed at the farm, nothing pleased Brian so much as watching the turkeys; and when he was quite a big boy, his cousins used to remind him of the turkey's trunk.—Cassell's Little Folks.

IMPLICIT OBEDIENCE.

Among other good stories, Cyrus Townsend Brady tells the following in his "Under Topsels and Tents," published by Scribner's.

It is told that a large number of cadets were negligent in following the services in the chapel, which was after the ritual of the Episcopal Church. An incensatory officer in charge on Sunday morning made the Church party a little address on the subject, saying he supposed that some of them erred through ignorance, but if they would observe him carefully and do as he did in his military parlance, follow the motions of the commanding officers they would not go wrong.

Word was quietly passed through the battalion. They marched into the church. The officer in charge took his place in the front pew, settled himself in his seat and calmly blew his nose. Three hundred noses were simultaneously blown with a vehemence that was startling. The officer looked around and blushed violently in great surprise. Three hundred heads followed the motions of the commanding officer. Six hundred cheeks violently endeavored to blush—a hard thing for a midshipman to do—and so on through the service.

The man could not stir without instant imitation. He finally confined himself strictly to the prescribed ritual of the service, looking neither to the right nor to the left, not daring to raise a finger or breathe out of the ordinary course. This enterprise was also a very startling success.

The cadets received other instructions later in the day from a furious officer who sternly resented their innocent statements that they did not know which was ritual and which was not, and that he had not instructed them that blowing his nose stood on a different plane from saying his prayers. It was a huge joke everywhere.—Christian Advocate.

A 'POST-OFFICE' STORY.

Tilly, Mary, Jennie and Prue were little country girls, and each had a mother and father of her very own, but never a brother or sister.

One day when the sisterless and motherless little maidens were all at Tilly's house, Jennie suddenly exclaimed: "Oh!" then closed her lips and clasped her hands.

"Oh, what? Oh, do tell us," asked Tilly, Mary and Prue.

"Why not have a postoffice all our very own?" the lips opened themselves long enough to ask, while the hands enclasped and crossed themselves over Jennie's heart.

"Where?" questioned Prue.
"In the corner where the farms join," answered Jennie.

"What a beautiful idea!" exclaimed Tilly. "And I've got just the thing for the postoffice—a box with a cover we can lift, and a hole through its side for the letters to go through, and we can fasten it to the limb of that choke-cherry tree which hangs over the fence corners."

"How lovely!" said Mary.
Two weeks later four little girls, at the same time, arrived at the postoffice. Then three little girls crawled through the fence into the lot where Mary was standing. Then for a moment, they all sat down on a log to rest, and talk, and gaze admiringly at the postoffice, when—

"Oh, my! Did you see that, Jennie?"
"I guess I did see," answered Jennie, jumping up.

"Who'd ever have thought it?" ejaculated Tilly.
"To think of a wren popping out of our postoffice!" exclaimed Mary.

Then the little girls got up on the fence, one raised the cover, and then

Rheumatism



Rheumatism is due to an excess of acid in the blood. When this escapes through the pores of the skin, as it often does, it produces some form of skin eruption—some itching disease like Eczema or Tetter—but when these little tubes or sweat glands are suddenly closed by exposure to cold and sudden chilling of the body, then the poisons thrown off by the blood, finding no outlet, settle in membranes, muscles, tissues and nerves. These parts become greatly inflamed, feverish and hot; dagger-like, maddening pains follow in quick succession, the muscles become extremely tender, the nerves break down and the sufferer is soon reduced to a state of helplessness and misery. This acid poison penetrates the joints and seems to dry out the natural oils, and the legs, arms and fingers become so stiff and sore that every movement is attended with excruciating pains.

Liniments, plasters, electricity and baths, while their use may give temporary ease, cannot be called cures, for the disease returns with every change of the weather.

S. S. S. cures Rheumatism by working a complete change in the blood; the acids are neutralized, the circulation purified and the rich, healthy blood that is carried to the irritated, aching muscles and joints, soothes and heals them. S. S. S. cures Rheumatism even when inherited or brought on by the excessive use of mercury. Opium, in some form, is the basis of nearly all so-called Rheumatic Cures, which deaden the pain but do not touch the disease and lead to ruinous habits. Alkalies and the potash and mineral remedies so often prescribed, affect the tender lining of the stomach and weaken the digestion, thus adding another burden to the already weak and impoverished blood. S. S. S. contains no mineral or dangerous drug of any kind, but is a simple, vegetable remedy and the most perfect blood purifier known. Send for our book on Rheumatism and write our physicians if you wish any information or advice. We would be glad to mail you a book free; we charge nothing whatever for medical advice.

B. F. GREGORY, Union, S. C.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

they all peeped in and saw a lot of fine twigs neatly arranged in the center of which were four tiny eggs.

"A wren's nest!" exclaimed Prue.
"And in our postoffice!" said Mary.
"Let's shut the cover down softly and go away, and then, by and by, there'll be some baby wrens. Oh, my!" said Jennie.

Then down they got back on the ground, hurried home, and told their delightful secret to their mothers and fathers.

"Oh," said Jennie, one Sunday afternoon, when, with their mothers and fathers, they were looking at the baby wrens, "they are God's letter to us!"

"Living epistles," suggested one little girl's father, "for us all to know and read."—Charles H. Dorris, in Michigan Advocate.

ALL ABOUT A SIGNATURE.

Tellers and clerks of savings banks have a rare opportunity to study human nature. All sorts of people, with many strange notions of the methods and purposes of banks, come before them. A teller of a Boston savings bank sends to the Youth's Companion a true story of a good Irish woman who came to the bank to open an account.

"Please write your name on that line," said the official, pushing toward the woman a book and a pen.

"Do yer want me first name?" she asked, taking the pen in her hand.
"Yes, your full name, and middle initial, if you have any."

"Do yer want me husband's name?"
"Yes, his last name, but your own first name."

"No, your given name—Ellen, or 'Oh, me name before I was married'?"
Bridget—
"Sure, then, me name is neither was o' them!"

"Well, what is it, then?"
"Sure, it's Mary."
"Very well. There are others waiting for you, so please hurry and write your name."

"Ah, sure, do yer want the Mrs.?"
"No, never mind that. Now go ahead."

"An' sure, Mister, I would, honest, but ye see I can't write!"

ORDERS ARE ORDERS.

From out the smoke and carnage of the South African War comes a pretty story of obedience both to the letter of military law and to the spirit of justice and Christian soldiery. An eye-witness tells the incident in the Outlook:

An English officer was recently ordered to take a company of soldiers and set fire to a Boer farm-house from which the enemy had fired with killing effect. The officer found a charming home nestled among trees and gardens, and learned from the kindly widow who greeted him that she was friendly to the English, but had been powerless to prevent some Boer raiders from entrenching themselves in her home.

The discomfited young officer, having disclosed his errand, ordered his men to remove everything from the house and help the two Kaffir servants carry them to places of safety. Straw and kindling were brought from the barns. All being ready, the officer or-

dered his company to march back to the railway station, his body-servant and the correspondent being left as the only witnesses.

"Orders are orders," the officer repeated, sternly. "Mine are distinctly to set fire to this house." With a snarl from his silver box he lighted a loose bundle of hay and threw it on a low roof easily reaching from adjoining windows. As a little flame leaped forth he hurried his companions into their saddles, and all rode away without a backward glance.

"If those two able servants," laughed the correspondent to himself, "can not put out that fire before it has eaten through a tile roof or a foot of stone wall, they are not worth much!"

Some weeks later the correspondent took occasion to ride through that section. He saw the farm-house nestling as before among its trees, and saw a woman's form moving in the garden.

"When a General wants a house burned down," he murmured to himself, "he had better so nominate it in the bond."

ROTHSCHILD'S RULES.

When Meyer Rothschild, founder of the great banking house in Frankfurt, Germany, died, he left something better than wealth—an example which has become a tradition in his noted family. He also left precepts. Among them were the following:

- "Work hard.
- "Dare to go forward.
- "Shun strong liquors.
- "Employ your time well.
- "Bear troubles patiently.
- "Never tell business lies.
- "Do not reckon on chance.
- "Be prompt in everything.
- "Pay your debts promptly.
- "Be brave in the struggle of life.
- "Make no useless acquaintances.
- "Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing.
- "Take time to consider, but decide positively.
- "Carefully examine every detail of your business."—American Boy.

A UNIVERSAL FOOD.

Following Nature's Footsteps.
"I have a boy, two years old, weigh forty pounds and in perfect health who has been raised on Grape-Nuts and milk."

"This is an ideal food and evidently furnishes the elements necessary for a baby as well as for adults. We have used Grape-Nuts in large quantities and greatly to our advantage." F. W. Leavitt, Minneapolis, Minn.

One advantage about Grape-Nuts Food is that it is pre-digested in the process of manufacture; that is, the starch contained in the wheat and barley is transformed into grape-sugar in exactly the same method as this process is carried out in the human body, that is by the use of moisture and long exposure to moderate warmth, which grows the diastase in the grains and makes the remarkable change from starch to grape-sugar. Therefore, the most delicate stomach can handle Grape-Nuts and the food is quickly absorbed into the blood and tissue, certain parts of it going directly to building and nourishing the brain and nerve centers.

Made at the pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

DOUBT NOT—W

AG

Doubt not, "He grew
And shed his blood,
For if we would we
We must indeed be

O that I might fall,
And on my heart be
Then oh how happy
My soul would most

Then freely, Lord,
That I may ever be
Then will I sing, in
Of all thy glorious

Nor will I cease
Through all my life
My soul shall be
Reposing on thy S.

"The foot bath as
is no good."
But "Let the water
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able in the slight,
and my rebuker."

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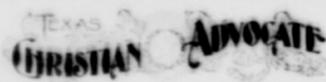
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G. C. RANKIN, D. D., Editor

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TEXAS ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

Held at Dallas, Texas.

West Texas, San Antonio, Oct. 29; Central, Houston, Nov. 1; North Texas, Fort Worth, Nov. 1; South Texas, McAllen, Nov. 27; East Texas, Tyler, Dec. 1; Texas, Houston, Dec. 1.

MONTHLY BOARD OF RELIGION.

The Joint Board of Religion will meet in the First Methodist Church, Dallas, Texas, Wednesday, October 2, 1901, at 8:30 P. M.

THE STATE FAIR.

The State Fair will open Saturday, Sept. 28. Manager Smith announces that everything will be in readiness for the opening. The first day has been set apart as "Confederate Day," and will attract large crowds. Each succeeding day will be equally attractive.

THE ELEMENTS OF PULPIT EFFECTIVENESS.

Address of Rev. G. C. Rankin, D. D., at the London, England Conference.

The gospel of our Methodism is the gospel of the New Testament. With our ministry it has never been an experiment, but a regenerating and constructive force in the aggressive operations of modern Christianity. Throughout our Providential history we have persistently magnified the importance of preaching this gospel and God has wonderfully blessed our efforts in the salvation of the multitudes and in the transformation of society. While we have made haste to use all helpful agencies in the furtherance of the gospel, nevertheless the pulpit has been, and is, and will ever continue to be our throne of power. With the Apostle Paul we still hold that it is the pleasure of God. "By the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." And in proportion as our preaching has been true to the fulness of the gospel, has our Methodism been fruitful of large spiritual results. Therefore The Elements of Pulpit Effectiveness are not difficult of discovery.

THEY ARE IN THE PREACHER HIMSELF—HE EMBODIES THEM IN HIS PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

1. In the unqualified certainty of his divine call to the work of the ministry. This call is fundamental and it is his conscious knowledge of this fact that differentiates his true work from that of other men. They choose their own vocations according to their tastes,

talents and aptitudes; but not so with the man called of God to preach the gospel. God makes this choice for him, and he has neither will nor voice in the matter: "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you," said the Master to his disciples. So it has ever been with the true disciple of Christ. His call is not from the militant Church, but from the eternal throne, and he has no alternative but to render prompt obedience and enter the ministry. Under the terms of his divine call, he is not permitted to confer with flesh and blood, but like the great apostle, he cries out, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel." A preacher thus called of God, is heaven's ordained ambassador and with his divine Lord he says, "It is my meat to do the will of him that sent me and to finish his work." His authority to preach the gospel is from God.

2. In his thorough mental equipment for the work of the ministry. A call to the office of the ministry carries with it a call to make all possible mental preparation for the duties of his high office. He must have special training and instruction. Christ gave his early disciples a three-years' course in this sort of preparation before he sent them forth as permanent preachers of the gospel. Paul not only had the benefit of tuition at the feet of Gamaliel, but after his conversion he was sent into retirement near Damascus for further training before going forth as a burning and shining light to the Gentile world. Mr. Wesley, our spiritual progenitor, went through long years of mental preparation before God committed to him his world-wide mission to men. Today we have our institutions of learning on both sides of the water for the intellectual equipment of our young men called of God to the work of the ministry. The reason for this is self-evident. We stand face to face with problems of which our fathers in the gospel never dreamed; and it is vastly more important now than at any previous period in our history to have trained men for the work of the ministry. They must know how to think, how to investigate, and how to express the results of their inquiries in lucid and forceful speech. They must understand the history, the literature and the contents of the Holy Scriptures; and their minds must be stored with useful knowledge from all legitimate sources. Such knowledge is power and the skill to use it wisely is a necessary acquirement. A man thus trained is in position to speak with authority and to command the respect of those who attend upon his ministry.

3. In his endowment with power by the baptism of the Holy Ghost. This is indispensable, and no natural gift, however brilliant, and no human learning, however profound, can take the place of it. Like the early disciples he must tarry in some upper chamber in prayer and supplication until there appear to him cloven tongues like as of fire to rest upon him and he is filled with the presence and power of the Holy Ghost. Under the spell of this divine anointing he is prepared to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gives him utterance. Thus he becomes God's messenger and with his Master he can say, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me; because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and the recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." Under the ministry of such a preacher signs and wonders will be made manifest and the gospel will be glorified in the conversion of the multitudes.

4. In his consecration and fidelity as a minister to the letter and the spirit of the gospel. With the apostle he must be able to say, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave himself for me." Following this consecration

is the duty of faithfulness to the gospel. It is not his province to amend it, or to abetize it, or apologize for it in the slightest particular; but to accept it in its fullness and to preach it in the demonstration and power of the Holy Ghost. Paul, Luther and Wesley followed this course and their preaching produced historical epochs in the spiritual progress of Christendom. They did not tamper with the gospel, but they believed it and preached it with such efficiency as to make it "The power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The spiritual needs of humanity still cry out for preachers of like faith and utterance, and the pulpit is calling in thunder tones for their presence and ministry.

5. In his unflinching love for and abounding sympathy with men. This was the secret of Christ's success in the days of his earthly ministry. His great heart was ever touched with sympathy toward men. "When he saw the multitudes he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd." The true preacher can not improve upon the spirit and life and ministry of his Lord. Like him he must love men, and be willing to spend and be spent in seeking their salvation. He must feel their sorrows, bear their burdens, experience their griefs, enter into their struggles, and voice their spiritual thirst and heart hunger. This brings him into kinship with men, and when he expounds to them the truths of the gospel they are ready to give him a responsive hearing. They take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus.

Therefore, an unmistakable call to preach the gospel; a thorough mental equipment necessary to the duties of this call; the endowment of power by the baptism of the Holy Ghost; consecration and fidelity to the spirit and letter of the gospel, and unflinching sympathy with and an abounding love for men, make up the elements of pulpit effectiveness, whose potency and influence are well-nigh omnipotent. Where they exist in the mind and the heart of the preacher, the pulpit becomes a spiritual dynamo, from which there issues a power that will save and sanctify the souls of the children of men and accelerate the spread of the gospel from the givers to the uttermost parts of the earth.

THE PRAYERS OF DAVID THE SON OF JESSE ARE ENDED.

Psalms 72:29.

While we recognize the fact that there is an end awaiting all human action, there is somehow a peculiar solemnity connected with the declaration, "The prayers of David are ended." The voice of intercessions of the best and most successful King Israel ever had is now forever silent. He had carried that nation in his prayers to a throne of grace a thousand times, and God in answer to his prayers and leadership had raised Israel from a reproach and by-word amongst the nations of the world to the most important and powerful then known. Now his prayers are ended, and the inquiry arises, Will Israel continue to grow and prosper, or will a proud and prayerless King succeed to the throne and Israel soon lapse into a third or fourth power? Let the apostasy of Solomon and the history of his foolish son, who harkened to the counsel of young and frivolous men, instead of taking the wise counsel of age and experience, answer. We condemn the folly of Rehoboam, and yet too often follow his example in both Church and State. We frequently fail to appreciate the power of prayer. Doubtless prayer like the prophet's angel stands by the way to prevent us from the commission of sin. But now the prayers of David are ended, and both ruler and people have become idolaters and the nation is divided, its glory departed. It has been truly said, when the wicked rule the people mourn, but when the righteous reign the people rejoice. As little

as we may think of it, this is just as true now as it was in the days of inspiration. Even in this Republic many members of the Church think more of party than they do of piety. Hence many professed Christians go to the poles and vote for a walking demijohn to represent them just because he is of their party. Thousands of members of the Church vote against prohibition and for the perpetuation of the accursed saloon because their party is anti-prohibition, thereby ignoring sobriety, religion and God for party. While we are governed by party instead of moral principle, why object to combines, trusts and monopolies, all of which are the patrons of party politics? The way a man votes is often a better test of his religion than the way he prays. David had watched the horizon of life as it waned and became less and less, until it finally closed in upon him, and the words were recorded, "The prayers of David, the son of Jesse, are ended," and the nation's loss was irreparable. The day will soon come when we will have prayed our last prayer and made the last effort to save our friends and loved ones. How important, therefore, it is for us to obey the words of Christ, who said, "Men ought always to pray and not to faint."

The intercessions of the saints in many instances have prevailed with God, and the subjects of their prayers have been saved. In other cases the evil day has been deferred. The angel could do nothing in the destruction of the devoted city until Lot had departed. When the prayers and intercessions of Abraham were ended, Sodom was doomed to devouring flames. How sad and hopeless will be the condition of many prostrate sons and daughters when the prayers of devoted parents for them shall have ended! If as Christians we are faithful unto death, like David, though we pass through the valley of the shadow of death, we will fear no evil, for God's rod and staff shall comfort us. The great and good Bishop Seale, when in his last hours, was asked by his friend, Dr. A. L. P. Gessen, "Bishop, are you praying?" His prompt and emphatic answer was, "Not now, sir; I am only waiting the Master's command to come up higher." May the reader, with the writer, when our prayers are ended, receive from the Master the command, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, enter the joys prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

TEXAS PERSONALS.

Rev. M. C. Dickson says: "The Quarterly Conference has been changed from Ross to Aquilla." Let those interested take notice.

Rev. E. M. Meyers, of the Texas Conference, has been transferred to the Indian Mission Conference, and will attend its session at Chickasha.

In writing on other matters, Rev. W. W. Adickes, of Huntsville, adds: "Our new pastor, Rev. Davis, who succeeded Bro. Newsom, is doing well, and we are well pleased with him."

We note that Rev. Horace Bishop has gone on the lecture platform. He delivered a lecture at Milltholman on September 15, entitled, "My Girl." The proceeds of the lecture went to the new church building at that place.

The address of Rev. J. Marvin Nichols is Dallas, Texas. This is stated for the benefit of inquiring Leaguers throughout the State. He still wants all the addresses of the First Vice-Presidents of the local Chapters in Texas.

Rev. Z. V. Liles, of Allen, invited the Advocate sanctum this week by a pleasant visit. He is rounding up his work for conference and expects to make a good report. He is looking well after the interests of the Advocate, which, of course, is the greatest paper in America.

Rev. J. W. Johnson, presiding elder of Beaumont District, sends the following: "Dr. E. P. Angell is now the preacher in charge of Livingston Circuit, with his postoffice address at Corrigan." The Advocate takes pleasure in adding that if the Doctor is as successful in the pastorate as he was in

Sunday-school work Livingston Circuit will show up well at conference. This writer had the pleasure of affiliating with him more than thirty years ago.

Rev. E. T. Caton, of Albany, Northwest Texas Conference, writes: "I have been transferred to the Western Virginia Conference, and will leave here about the 23d of September. Huntington, West Virginia, will be my address. Rev. T. M. Collier will fill the time here until conference."

A note from Rev. L. B. Ellis, of Center Point, West Texas Conference, has the right ring. He says: "Everything all a. k. a. all well and work in good shape; collections all full." With this kind of report the Bishop and Cabinet may consider the probability of sending him back for another trial.

Rev. J. T. Smith, editor of the minutes of the East Texas Conference, in another column, calls the attention of the preachers of that conference to an important matter. Bro. Smith will no doubt rank handsome men of them all—and this is an opportunity some of them can not afford to miss.

Bro. S. M. McAshan, of Houston, in renewing his subscription, says: "It affords me pleasure to renew as I have taken the paper continuously, without a break, since the first number of the Texas Wesleyan Banner, its predecessor, was issued. I guess you will find few, if any, now living who have done so."

Rev. J. F. Webb, preached at the Methodist Church last Sunday morning and evening, although he was too weak to stand, caused by his recent sickness. He intended to have begun a protracted meeting Sunday, but postponed it until last night, hoping to gain strength in the meantime.—Floresville Register.

Rev. J. H. Moreland is a supply on Spanish Fort Circuit, North Texas Conference. He does effective work, and does not overlook an important factor in Texas Methodism, to-wit: The Texas Christian Advocate. He says: "I have the Advocate in most families of our Church. I think I have done well for a \$400 circuit."

Rev. Jesse Willis, pastor of the Willis Point Circuit, Methodist Church, and whose family has been down for several months with slow fever, said Monday that all were about well except his wife, who is still confined to her bed. Their many friends deeply sympathize with them in their long siege and trust that Mrs. Willis will soon be entirely restored to her accustomed health.—Willis Point Chronicle.

And now comes Rev. J. E. Harrison, D. D., President of San Antonio Female College, with this bit of encouraging news: "Please discontinue my advertisement. Will place it again as soon as I can provide more room. We are crowded." And thus the reports read from all our schools throughout Texas this year. Methodism will have to make rapid strides to keep up with those who are knocking at the doors of our institutions of learning. The question now is not so much to get the patronage as to provide places for those who are anxious to patronize Methodist schools. This is a fine opening for some of our men of wealth.

The Van Alstyne Leader contains the following item, which will be read with interest by many:

"Rev. J. R. Guber and family this week moved into the D. M. Cravner place, which they will occupy until the patronage is remodelled. The contract has been let for a \$1000 addition to the present parsonage, which will be moved back and the new building put in front. This is a creditable move on the part of the Methodists of Van Alstyne, who have come to think that nothing is too good for Bro. Guber."

Bro. Guber, being a very modest man, and yet anxious to let the Church know that Methodism is moving up a pace in his charge, sends us the above clipping. But he adds a sentence or two which ought to be printed, but which contains dynamite for the Advocate fore. He says: "I have read again and again the closing clause in the clipping and felt that there may be a chance for Guber to be great after all. If you publish this, you are dead men." If the editor and publisher fail to appear at conference, the brethren will know what became of them."

The following is clipped from the Baptist Standard and is given in these columns in order that Methodists may know what becomes of certain of our preachers. Bro. Cameron served for a time in the Northwest and West Texas

Conferences, then Territory, became the public schools, that capacity, then itinerancy, and has a lake.

"Rev. E. D. Cameron, years Methodist pastor I. T., has joined the Baptist by Rev. E. Baptist pastor there is a man of splendid ability and will prove a to our ranks."

SOUTHERN METHODIST.—Bishop Fitzgerald turn to Nashville to

Dr. Tigert will return abroad in time to attend conference—the Louisville

Gov. Shands, of Mississippi, is recovering through illness, is re

Dr. Tigert's house but nothing but some taken. These burglars cised poor judgment.

Bishop Hendrix wears dress at Trinity College October 2, the same Day. On this day the tors to the college will be read.

The Missouri Conference—J. H. Pritchett, Marvin, D. D., John W. F. McMurry, D. D., Lay delegates—R. H. H. Shackelford, Perry Wagner and E. B. Cr

Thieves broke into Dr. W. R. Lambuth's lot and stole the had come down throats. The family soup with iron spoon night a thief stole from the stable of D. These are warnings nectional men not to change.

GENERAL METHODIST.—Sir H. H. Fowler, 1 of State for India, members of the Hymn of the British Wesley

The third congress of the M. E. Church postponed until next year the Ecumenical Conf

The General Mission of the Methodist Episcopal in Christ M. E. Pa., on Wednesday, 3 a. m.

The organization of the Wesleyan Methodist Great Britain increased the addition of 168, 16,175 members, the ship now being \$5,415

It is announced that under the leadership Satchell, D. D., will church. Dr. Satch churches or pay wherever he is stat

It is announced in that "Rev. Robert the First Methodist City, has been called torate of the Metrop New York. Mr. Ha accepted the call. He known of the younger ters in the West."

A Methodist mission is the author of the f sands of people are word at our lips. I told of the eagerness hear the Word of Crowds fill any buil

Advertisement for Heisk Ointment, featuring a circular logo and text: "Heisk Ointment... makes a beautiful... JOHNSTON, HOL... 531 Commerce St."

Sunday-School Department.

FOURTH QUARTER, LESSON 1, OCT. 6.

JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT
Genesis 37:12-36.

We left Jacob on his way from Padan aram. He traveled down to Hebron and settled there. There are several reasons for the trouble that came up in Jacob's family. One wife is enough for any man who hopes to have peace at home, but Jacob drank the bitter cup of discord and paid dearly for his treachery. Jealousy and envy were engendered between the children of different mothers, and these tempers were nourished from early childhood. They had learned it from maternal lips, and it had grown up as a part of their lives.

Parents are responsible for many of the weaknesses of their children, not to say deeds of violence which are the natural offspring of evil passions.

It is said the patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt; but God was with him. (Acts 7:9.)

Favoritism in families begets envy, and at an age when the child is too young to understand the nature and tendency of such feelings, and in this case was not checked or corrected by the mother, but most likely was condoned and thus localized in the mind of the child.

This rancorous temper of envy and jealousy should be carefully guarded by parents while children are young, for it is entirely too late when they have grown to be men and women, for those vile and dominating passions have then become masters of the hearts and minds, and action yields to the merest suggestion from these evil dispositions. In fact, envy, when left uncontrolled, dominates every act of the being, and, like an unrelenting tyrant, dictates every point of human life.

The cool and calculating manner in which they transacted the business of getting Joseph out of their way shows that they were not novices in crime. No man can be self-possessed in the commission of the first crime. They may have killed no one, but they had brooded over this matter until the deed had become familiar to their minds. They were in a splendid condition to make highwaymen, and they may have held up travelers on this thoroughfare on many occasions.

Jacob, also, had these boys to work away from home and its restraining influences. Boys and girls should live under home restraints until their minds are mature. Boarding schools can not supplement the home, and if parents are forced to send from home to school they should improve some way to keep the child in touch with the restraints and loves of the home circle.

If Jacob must needs send his boys away, he should have gone with them, and his neglect here brings the responsibility on his own shoulders.

Parents are to blame who fail to provide moral food for the family, and these boys were left with no thought or influence except the exigencies and fortunes of chance. Even a father's love was in doubtful expressions. The favor shown to Joseph and the errand on which he was sent had a tendency to exasperate them. Joseph was the last one to be sent out to overlook them and carry back a report of their conduct.

Their decision to sell to the travelers going to Egypt came as a consequence of their rage having been cooled by imprisoning Joseph. The first act exhibited rashness because their envy and consequent rage pressed them on, but they had eaten their meal and had time to cool after the object of their anger had been disposed of, and now they will be satisfied if he can only be sent off. If, at this moment, they could have blotted out the crime and let their present feelings remain, they would have taken him out of the pit and restored him to his father, but Joseph would carry back the deed and they could never conceal it. Many a crime is augmented in order to cover up a preceding one.

One crime necessitates another, and the life of a criminal is a life of crime. These boys are now forced to lie or divulge the secret. They must account for Joseph's absence, and also stop further search for him. Jacob must be settled on some theory, and they practice a foul fraud and deceive their old father, enjoy the comforts of his home, pretend to grieve for the loss of Joseph, try to comfort the grief-stricken home and dissemble their cruel hatred that had driven them to such desperate deeds.

Any act that tends to break the family tie is the entering wedge for widespread crimes. He who dishonors father and mother has incurred the displeasure of God, and has torn from his heart all the restraining influences of the home life and childhood experi-

ence. He has turned himself loose to the dictations of circumstances, and he henceforth becomes a factor of every commotion, floating on every breeze and becoming a victim of every fraud and a tool in the hands of evil-doers.

The home and its lessons to youth are the safeguards to any country, and prudent and wise parents are the greatest blessings to Church and State.

No anarchist ever hailed from a well-regulated home, for the lessons of law and order given in childhood will ever eradicate the black and hideous sentiments of anarchism.

Epworth League Department.

Fourth Quarter, 1901.

Oct. 6—"This Grace Also" (Giving). II Cor. 8:2-9.

Oct. 13—Dark Days and Their Lessons. Ps. 107:1-35.

Oct. 20—A Bad Bargain. Gen. 25:29-34.

Oct. 27—What Is Meant by the Evangelization of the World? Mark 17:15; Matt. 28:19, 20; Luke 24:47; Acts 1:8.

Nov. 3—God's Leading in Our Lives. Ps. 138.

Nov. 10—Our National Bondage (Temperance Meetings). Heb. 1:3-17; Amos 4:1, 2, 6.

Nov. 17—Preaching and Hearing (M. E. Church South). Rom. 10:13-17.

Nov. 24—Why Should the Church Evangelize the World? Matt. 28:19, 20; Rom. 1:14, 16; 10:13-15.

Dec. 1—Children of God. Rom. 8:14-17.

Dec. 8—The Right Use of Ability. Matt. 25:14-30.

Dec. 15—Imperialism of Christianity. Dan. 2:31-45.

Dec. 22—Our Gifts to Our King. Matt. 23:1-12.

Dec. 29—Difficulties in the Way of Evangelizing the World. Jonah 1:1-2; Matt. 23:27, 28; Mat. 2:4-10.

I—OUTLINE FOR THE WEEK.

October 6—"This Grace Also"—II Cor. 8:2-9.

Reference. Word—"Give."—Luke 6:38; Acts 3:6; Acts 20:35; II Cor. 9:7.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

Sunday—Add Virtue to Faith.—Josh. 1:1-7.

Monday—Add Knowledge to Virtue.—Rom. 10:1-10.

Tuesday—Add Temperance to Knowledge.—I Cor. 13:1-7.

Wednesday—Add Patience to Temperance.—Gal. 6:1-4.

Thursday—Add Godliness to Patience.—I John 2:1-14.

Friday—Add Brotherly Kindness to Godliness.—Matt. 25:31-40.

Saturday—Add Charity to Brotherly Kindness.—I John 2:1-11.

II—THE LESSON.

Therefore, as ye abound in everything, in faith, and utterance, and knowledge, and in all diligence, and in your love to us, see that ye abound in this grace also. I speak not by commandment, but by occasion of the forwardness of others, and to prove the sincerity of your love. For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich.—II Cor. 8:7-9.

This is an age of magnificent giving. Our "born of plenty" has been filled to overflowing. Great tides of wealth are streaming beneficently upon institutions in every quarter. Public institutions are being built and endowed for the amelioration of mankind. Philanthropy is abroad in our great country. While we would not lay this sad den turn of earth's millions to a false, unhallowed motive, yet it is well to know that there is one kind of giving and there is another kind of giving. True philanthropy finds its genesis in a Christian's heart and acts absolutely independent of carnal, sinister motives. On this basis much philanthropy may be false and fatal. The bane of such giving is in the fact that it retaliates. The donor comes in sorrow to the culmination of selfish, sordid ends; the recipient is doubtless blessed though the cause be evil at the core. We think it wise, therefore, to present first, the origin of all true giving; secondly, the only outcome of a heart possessed of divine grace—"this grace also"—giving.

Peter, in his second epistle, gives in the first chapter a complete analysis of the conditions of true philanthropy. Perhaps ends would be best attained were we to throw the study of the grace of giving in this form:

I—The transmission of spiritual wealth. (II Pet. 1:5-8.)

II—The transmission of material wealth. (II Cor. 8:7-9.)

III—"THIS GRACE ALSO."

In the science of optics a prism is used for the refraction, or dispersion, of a ray of light. Take this prism and hold it in the sunlight. As the rays pass through it the seven primary colors become apparent to the eye. No more, no less—simply the seven primary colors with which every Leaguer is familiar. A rain or dew-drop acts as a prismatic agency and thus we have the beautiful rainbow following the gentle shower. Without the ray of light on the one hand or the prism on the other, we would never have had

the primary colors—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. The color-beam and the prism can not act separate and apart. The human soul—the heart of every Leaguer in this great State—is the divinely ordained prism through which God expects to pass the rays from the Sun of Righteousness. Say, did you ever notice that Peter's analysis of Christian character presents itself in just seven different phases? These are the seven primary colors, produced by the divine ray passing through the human soul. By this means—these manifestations of divine light—God proposes to give Christ to the world. What a responsibility! What an exaltation!

As Peter's record reveals it, no heart can transmit this spiritual grace until—

(A) TRANSMISSION OF SPIRITUAL WEALTH.

(1) The soul becomes conscious that it possesses all things that pertain unto life and godliness.

(2) Until it be surcharged with the knowledge of Him who hath called us to glory and virtue.

(3) Until it savingly grasps the promises by which it is made a partaker of the divine nature.

(4) Until by this conscious indwelling it escapes the corruption that is in the world through lust.

Here is the consummation of faith. Here we begin to impart this divine grace. Our heart becomes a transparent prism in which are beheld the seven graces of our religion. In this sense, we give as we receive. As the colors are primary, so are these graces. They can't be transmitted until we are saved. To be saved is to be qualified for their transmittal. So Peter declares, having spoken of our personal redemption by faith, "beside this, giving all diligence, add—

I—"To your faith virtue"—not virtue in the ordinary sense, but courage that is the counterpart of a soul self-conscious of triumphant faith. Sin is the secret of cowardice. On this hypothesis all fear is explainable. But faith that brings grace to us expels sin in us. This is the primary result of faith. Let the world see a courage born of conscious purity, and that far you impart to them divine grace. It is an ocular demonstration.

II—"To virtue knowledge"—that which would make us "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." We must



Wholesome Advice

For People Whose Stomachs are Weak and Digestion Poor.

Dr. Harlandson, whose opinion in diseases is worthy of attention, says when a man or woman comes to me complaining of indigestion, loss of appetite, sour stomach, belching, sour watery rising, headaches, sleeplessness, lack of ambition and a general run down nervous condition I advise them to take after each meal one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, allowing the tablet to dissolve in the mouth and thus mingle with the food eaten. The result is that the food is speedily digested before it has time to sour and ferment. These tablets will digest the food anyway whether the stomach wants to or not, because they contain harmless digestive principles, vegetable essences, pepsin and Golden Seal which supply just what the weak stomach lacks.

I have advised the tablets with great success, both in curing indigestion and to build up the tissues, increasing flesh in thin nervous patients, whose real trouble was dyspepsia and as soon as the stomach was put to rights they did not know what sickness was.

A fifty cent package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can be bought at any drug store, and as they are not a secret patent medicine, they can be used as often as desired with full assurance that they contain nothing harmful in the slightest degree; on the contrary, anyone whose stomach is at all deranged will find great benefit from the use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. They will cure any form of stomach weakness or disease except cancer of the stomach.

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TO:

RNER, C. P. & T. A.,

NSAS CITY, MO.

save ourselves from Paul's charge brought against the saints at Rome. He bore record that they had a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge.

III—"And to knowledge-temperance"—includes, but broader than the control of appetites. Temperate in words and address. We speak the truth to our hurt when we clothe it in untempered words. Hearts blood and destinies are blighted over our failure to apply a just law of temperance to our every word, thought and act.

IV—"And to temperance patience"—infinitely more than our modern idea of patience. This is a supreme, overshadowing forbearance that "scatters sunshine everywhere we go." We exercise it under any condition so long as we labor under the injunction, "Let him that is without sin cast a stone." On this hypothesis no stone will be cast.

V—"And to patience godliness"—God-likeness, bearing the image of the heavenly. The new birth is the expulsive power of a new affection. The less of earth, the more of heaven. Religion is a divine process of displacing all that is wrong. Like my Lord—make this a prayer.

VI—"And to godliness brotherly kindness"—because he is your brother, one of the family of God. To do for him, expecting no returns. To let him be exalted by your humiliation. To love him amid his hatreds. For this very reason, godliness precedes brotherly kindness. None but the godly can meet the divine requirements.

VII—"And to brotherly kindness charity"—that love that thinketh no evil, is not easily provoked; that esteemeth others better than himself; that makes us akin to God; that furnishes a clue to conscious salvation, as taught by John.

Now what does Peter conclude concerning those thus gifted in grace?

(1) If these be in you, you shall be neither barren nor unfruitful.

(2) If not, you are spiritually blind and can not discern divine mysteries.

(3) If not, you have forgotten the day of your regeneration.

(4) If you have them, you shall never fall.

(5) If you have them, an abundant entrance shall be given into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord.

None but those thus characterized are qualified to dispense "this other grace also."

(B) TRANSMISSION OF MATERIAL WEALTH.

I—Liberality of the Macedonians—

This lesson is really II Cor. 8:1-12 Paul is raising money for the poor at Jerusalem. Giving is more than duty—it is privilege. Macedonian liberality is thus defined—"the grace of God given in the Churches." Paul calls a collection "grace," "service," "communion in service," "munificence," "blessing," "manifestation of love." Giving of money is not native to the soul, but a divine gift. The Macedonians were put to severe test (I Thess. 2:14); in deep poverty but joyous (I Thess. 1:6); joy and poverty poured out in rich liberality (II Cor. 8:2). Comfort and wealth are the sworn enemies of liberality. And yet, poverty is no reasonable excuse for absent liberality.

II—The Example of the Lord (II Cor. 8:9).—The supreme reason why the Corinthians should give did not rest upon Macedonian liberality, but upon the poverty-stricken Christ for our enrichment. No man is a law to us, but Christ is our exalted pattern in giving. "We know," says Denney, "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and it comes home to our hearts when the apostle says, 'Let that mind—that moral temper—be in you which was also in him.' Ordinary charity is but the crumbs from the rich man's table, but if we catch Christ's spirit, it will carry us far beyond that. He was rich and gave up all for our sakes; it is no less than poverty on his part which enriches us."

III—Laws of Christian liberality:

(1) Readiness—willing mind. Freely given. An offering, not a tax.

(2) According as a man has. The widow's mite is the minimum. We prostitute this in order to cover the grossest selfishness.

(3) Reciprocity. Paul would not believe the Jews by burdening the Corin-

thians. Israel gathered manna, but the neighbor had no more, no less, than his fellow-sojourner. To give is to cooperate with God. The proposition of Christianity is that every man shall have what he needs.

North Texas Conference Leaguers:

At the ninth annual session of the North Texas Epworth League Conference in June there were between sixty and seventy delegates, all of whom pronounced the meeting one of the best ever held.

The attendance was smaller than usual on account of two or three districts having their annual meetings at that time.

Those on the program acquitted themselves admirably, and with two exceptions all the officers were present.

Many pleasant memories of the hospitality of the people of Honey Grove will ever linger with us.

On the question of whether the conference should be continued, the following resolutions were passed:

Whereas, On the 22d day of November, 1900, at Denton, Texas, the North Texas Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, South, passed a resolution which is in part as follows: "We submit the following recommendation: That the Annual Conference League be discontinued; that the District League Conference be made the principal organization; that the State League Conference be continued as at present;" and

Whereas, There is a variety of opinion as to the effect of and as to the construction to be placed on said resolution; therefore, be it

Resolved, 1. That we hereby pledge our loyalty to the M. E. Church, South, and desire to return cheerful obedience to all its laws, rules, orders and decrees.

2. That we do not consider and understand said resolution, as of its own force, abolishing and terminating the North Texas Annual League Conference.

3. That we do not understand said resolution as being mandatory on this conference, nor as an order requiring us to disband and terminate our conference.

4. That we do understand and construe said resolution as being advisory only.

5. That if it was the intention of said Annual Conference, and if they had the authority to discontinue this Annual League Conference, then we deplore said action, and most respectfully petition said Annual Conference at its next session to set aside said resolution and annul and repeal the same.

WALLACE HUGHSTON,
F. E. SCOTT,
LUCY KILLINGSWORTH,
MARY LOU DICKSON,
S. V. WALL, JR.

Committee to present above resolution: Messrs. Gus W. Thomason, Frank Reedy and Wallace Hughston.

Following are the officers: President, Mr. Gus W. Thomason, Van Alstyne; First Vice-President, Mr. John S. Lillard, Bowie; Second Vice-President, Miss Mary Lou Dickson, Dallas; Third Vice-President, Mr. Clarence Hocker, Clarksville; Secretary, Miss Mand White, Lancaster; Junior Superintendent, Miss Jontie Shands, Forney.

To the President and Members of the Oak Lawn Home Mission Society, M. E. Church, South:

We, your committee appointed to submit resolutions concerning the death of our sister, Daisy Pierce, who departed this life June 15, 1901, respectfully submit the following:

Resolved, 1. That we deeply deplore the death of our departed sister, Mrs. Daisy Pierce.

2. That, while we hereby express the profound sorrow we feel that our gentle and sweet-spirited sister is lost to us so long as we remain in this world, we find comfort in the knowledge that it hath only pleased our Father to call her up higher to the heavenly country, where he will wipe all tears from our eyes. The good she did was not interred with her body, but will live after her, inspiring us to heavier deeds and holier lives and more patient waiting. Her faithful and illuminated Christian character has given us a better conception of the Golden Rule, which she had adopted for the guidance of her life.

3. That, although we can not now understand why it has pleased our Heavenly Father to take her to his rest, we will not murmur, for he hath done it who doeth all things well.

4. That we tender our sympathy to the bereaved husband and family, and we request the Secretary to furnish a copy of these resolutions to the husband, a copy to the father of our deceased sister and one to the Christian Advocate.

MRS. J. R. BOYNE,
MRS. J. J. MORGAN,
MRS. W. E. HAWKINS,
Committee.

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The Almighty Father having seen fit in his all-wise providence to call home to his reward Miss Nellie Buchanan, our First Vice-President, we, the Epworth League of Snyder, do bow in humble submission to his will.

We recognize that we have lost one who set us an example of a pure, noble, consecrated life; a faithful worker in the League; a sweet, gentle, loving companion in social life. We pray that we may strive to imitate the example our beloved co-worker has set before us.

To the bereaved parents and family we tender our deepest, heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of deep anguish and pray that God may comfort them, enable them and all the members of the League to live a pure, holy life, so that we may lay hold of the promise, "The pure in heart shall see God," as Miss Nellie Buchanan has done.

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Some Christians seek to demonstrate their wisdom on the basis of the proverb about the fool and his money.

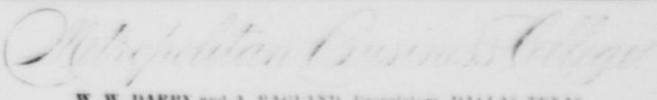
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MILLIE, Elizabeth A. Miller, wife of Samuel W. Miller, died at her home in Harrison County, Texas, at 11 o'clock, on Monday, September 24, 1901. She was born in Tennessee, and was a member of the Methodist Church. She was a devoted wife and mother, and was a member of the church for many years. She was a kind and generous hearted woman, and was a member of the church for many years. She was a kind and generous hearted woman, and was a member of the church for many years.

THOMAS, Mrs. Voluneta Jane Terry, nee Adams, was born in Tennessee, October 1, 1826, and was converted and joined the Methodist Church when about 11 years of age. She remained an active member of the same to the end of her earthly pilgrimage. Sister Terry was married to Stephen W. Terry on August 1, 1847, and moved to San Saba County, Texas, in 1848, where she lived till her death, August 25, 1901. She was a woman of great industry and energy, and was a member of the church for many years. She was a kind and generous hearted woman, and was a member of the church for many years.

ADAMS, Mrs. Mary H. Gendert, was born in Woodstock, Va., March 12, 1826. Her maiden name was Gendert. She was dedicated to God in holy baptism in her infancy, but somehow or other never made a public profession of religion until she was a young woman. She was a member of the church for many years. She was a kind and generous hearted woman, and was a member of the church for many years.

SMITH, Mrs. Carrie Rebecca Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Douse, was born July 18, 1828, and died in Sibley, Texas, September 11, 1901. She was converted and joined the M. E. Church, South, when 12 years of age. She was a faithful member until death. She was married to Mr. A. J. Smith August 13, 1848. Her only child, six weeks after their marriage, Monday morning, September 1, 1849, while near a fire in the yard, died of cholera, and her mother, who was fatally injured, only lived two hours. Her first words were: "Oh, if I should only see my dear little one again, I should be so glad to see her." She always had such a soft, loving, Christian spirit, ever thinking of others, never murmuring while suffering. She did not fear death, but told her mother not to grieve. "It is in his hands." There is a vacant place in Sibley, Texas, and such a vacancy in the hearts of those who will be missed so much here. Oh, how we will miss her! Her dear little one, Carrie, is in the garden in heaven, looking on to the dear old mother.

WATKINS, Mrs. Nellie E. Watkins, nee Haddock, was born August 10, 1827, and married to E. D. Watkins at Houston, Ala., on September 11, 1847, and departed this life at Dallas, Texas, on August 21, 1901. At the age of 74 she was a devoted member of the M. E. Church, South. She was a kind and generous hearted woman, and was a member of the church for many years. She was a kind and generous hearted woman, and was a member of the church for many years.

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the prayer that this may be the means of drawing them still closer to the God whom they already love, and that they may so live as to meet her in heaven. Farewell, dear sister; you are lost to us here, but God helping us, one day we will meet you on the celestial shore. J. K. WATSON.

CLARK, A. W. CLARK

CLARK, A. W. Clark was born in Lincoln County, Ga., in the year 1822. At the age of 21 he was married to Miss Jane Walker, and in this holy estate they lived for more than half a century, his wife having preceded him to their heavenly home about two years. Eight children were born to them, three of whom survive. They moved from Georgia to Mississippi, and from Mississippi to Rockport, Texas, in 1867. Bro. Clark was an active and consistent member of the Methodist Church and a liberal contributor. When he moved to Gonzales several years ago he immediately connected himself with the Church, and served the Church in every possible way. He was the first Sunday-school superintendent also was steward for years, and was trustee and assistant superintendent at the time of his death. He died July 15, 1901, at a ripe old age, leaving a record of faith and works and implicit trust in God in the hour of death. The Church and school will miss him, but our loss is his gain. He has gone to join the loved ones on the other shore. May the God of love and grace sustain the surviving children. NEW HARRIS.

FRIDEN, Sarah French was born in Illinois County, Ala., June 19, 1828, was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at an early age. In 1845, and lived a faithful Christian until she joined the Church triumphant December 23, 1901. She was married to Bro. A. J. French March 1, 1847, who, with three children, was gone and one daughter still lives to tell the tale. Those who know her best speak of her in highest praise. She seemed to have a presentiment of approaching death, but it had no terrors for her, for she knew Him in whom she believed. Her husband has not a devoted wife, the children a loving mother, the pastor a faithful friend, the world one of its brightest jewels, but heaven is richer. Close up, dear brother and precious children, to our death, but await us in the city of our God. Sister French was the mother of eight children, five of whom are with her in that bright world above, and three are coming to her. We hope there will be an angelic family in heaven some sweet day. Her pastor, R. E. T. STUTTS.

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ADAMS, Mrs. E. J. Adams, wife of W. M. Adams and daughter of M. R. and M. A. Chattle, was reared in a Christian home, and professed religion and joined the M. E. Church, South, at the age of 13 years. She was born June 11, 1862, and died June 12, 1901, aged 39 years, 11 months and 29 days. Her life was a great blessing to her home, husband and children. She was a great stay and comfort to her parents—a noble Christian character. Her neighbors miss her, her Church misses her, her family misses her. She was one of earth's pure spirits. The writer recalls of her funeral service, September 25, from the M. E. Church, South, at 10 o'clock, from the following: A large assembly of friends were present. R. CRITCHFIELD.

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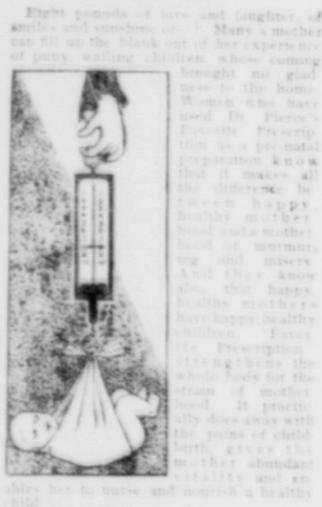
YUCATAN CHILL-TONS Mosquito Bites Convey Malaria The bite of the mosquito is responsible for very many cases of malaria. The best known cure is Yucatan Chill-Tons (Improved). It neutralizes the poison, purifies the blood, and strengthens the whole system. You get more curative properties in one dose of Yucatan than in six doses of the so-called tasteless tonic. If your dealer hasn't got Yucatan Chill-Tons send for it. It's a new and a substitute. Price 25 cents a bottle. Made only by The American Fluor-Mosquito-Preventive Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Healthy Mothers Few mothers are healthy, because their duties are so exacting. The anxiety of pregnancy, the shock of childbirth, and the care of young children, are severe trials on any woman. But with Wine of Cardui within her grasp, every mother—every woman in the land—can pay the debt of personal health she owes her loved ones. Do you want robust health with all its privileges and pleasures? Wine of Cardui will give it to you. WINE OF CARDUI strengthens the female organs and invigorates weakened functions. For every female ill or weakness it is the best medicine made. Ask your druggist for \$1.00 bottle Wine of Cardui, and take no substitute under any circumstances.

WINE OF CARDUI strengthens the female organs and invigorates weakened functions. For every female ill or weakness it is the best medicine made. Ask your druggist for \$1.00 bottle Wine of Cardui, and take no substitute under any circumstances. Mrs. Edwin Crum, Green, Mich.: "When I commenced using Wine of Cardui I was hardly able to walk across the house. Two weeks after I walked half a mile and picked strawberries. When my other child was born I delivered with labor pains, 24 hours, and had to raise him on a bottle because I had no milk. After using the Wine during pregnancy this time, I gave birth to a healthy baby girl, and was in labor only two hours, with but little pain, and I have plenty of milk. For the great improvement in my health I thank God and Wine of Cardui." For advice in cases requiring special directions, please, give symptoms. The Ladies' Advisory Department, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

\$3 a Day Sure

EIGHT POUNDS!



Eight pounds of love and laughter, of smiles and sunshine—? Many a mother can fill up the blank out of her experience of young waiting children, whose coming brought no glad news to the home. Women who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a pre-natal preparation know that it makes all the difference between a happy, healthy mother and a mother who is miserable and wretched. And they know also that happy, healthy mothers have happy healthy children. Favorite Prescription strengthens the whole body for the strain of motherhood. It practically does away with the pains of child birth, gives the mother that abundant vitality and enables her to nurse and nourish a healthy child.

The "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, no opium, cocaine, chloral nor any other narcotic.

"An mother of six children," writes Mrs. K. H. King of Montreal, Quebec, Canada, "and never took more than four bottles of Favorite Prescription before confinement and never suffered any of the usual after pains, my babies were large—they all weighed from three to five pounds. I am not a large woman, weigh about 125 pounds. I have had some doctors think that the dose of Favorite Prescription would not do me any good. I am really over without any medicine. They say it is the medicine on which it takes in time, I never see it except by mail."

"I feel that I owe my little boy a life to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, as he had pneumonia and everything he said would bring him on. I commenced to give him the Favorite Prescription in the first day of his illness. Now he is just as healthy a child as can be found and he gets his milk."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best laxative for women.

A CHAT WITH LOCAL PREACHERS.

In a little less than two weeks will be the meeting of our second annual session. Let us keep in mind that we are to come with a fixed purpose to learn a better life and themselves to have a better experience in our high calling. If we ever had any griefs, have them all written in interdenominational correspondence. If we wear the slanders of men above, we must patiently wear the crown of thorns below.

You are invited to remain in full attendance on the Sunday of our meeting in Dallas, as you will be obliged to decide that day. Now is your chance to do the spirit and power of an evangelist of Christ. Let your feet be taken out from the second tablets of the fundamental of heaven, but from the first tablets of John we from something else than what is there.

Those good people who have opened while their shoes and their hearts to receive, we are expecting a great spiritual uplift from our visitation. We should endeavor to make the meeting an epoch in our own religious life. We all need a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit, so that when we return to our homes it may be seen that we have been alone with God in the mount.

Floyd Street church in the Church home of one-fourth of all the local preachers of the Dallas district. One of them is an alternate delegate to the next annual session of the North Texas conference, and one of the three lay delegates. Indis his church membership at that place. You may conclude that it rates as a Methodist Church, but then the people never put on high-top shoes, and that is why the local preachers look to that station.

On all the Methodist churches in Dallas, the Floyd Street Church has the largest seating capacity, and usually a large congregation, so you may expect a good hearing when you preach there. The membership, principally are the old-fashioned Methodists, but the good old days of our fathers. If you should forget that you are in a great city and get happy and raise the old-style Methodist about you feel have no fears of being indicted for disturbing public worship. That will be in the line of the regular order of business.

Some brother, real or imaginary, seems not yet able, after reading our Chat with the Local Preachers for nearly a whole year, to understand what we are driving at and wants some one to enlighten him. Well, we will introduce in evidence the following letter:

Elmout, Texas, Sept. 16, 1901.
Rev. W. C. Young.

My Dear Brother—It is my intention to attend the Local Preachers' Conference. I can not afford to let it pass and not be with you. Our last and first conference was a benediction

to me and a starting point in my life to a higher life of usefulness and deeper devotion to God. When I left Dallas last October, I prayed earnestly that this would be the best year of my life, and so far I can truthfully say that it has been the most joyous year of my life. I hope to meet many of our local preachers in Dallas the 5th of October. May it please our great, loving Father, who has so many blessings in store for his children, to pour them out upon our heads at our next conference in great abundance.

" Hoping to see you soon, I am, yours in Christ,
P. G. SMITH."

When every member of our brotherhood shall be able to return to his home from our annual sessions with that sort of an experience and testify to the good results of our labors in this work, our aim will be fully accomplished and we will be ready to lay down our charge.

W. C. YOUNG,
No. 245 Wall St. Dallas, Texas.

ADVOCATE AGENT ABROAD.

Pilgrimage Among People and Preachers—In Their Homes.

It was with regret that I left Bro. Kidd and his hospitable people. Bro. Kidd is one of our coming young men, and he has already come a good part of the journey. He is a preacher of a high order of mind and of more than ordinary depth and force of logic. He likes to preach the doctrine of our Methodism—in fact, he borders on the "I'm ready to split" style so much that many of the conservatives of other denominations kept close of him. He has "held himself in" on this line. But he is a lover of good books. By continued application he will soon become one of our strongest preachers. He is in great haste with his people. Over at Montalvo he they are already talking about making that station—building a parsonage and building themselves to support a preacher and family. And those Montalvo Methodists will just about do what they make up their minds to do. It would not astonish me to hear of them doing this very thing after Bro. Kidd's present possession is rounded out.

From Nerber I went to Lindale. That some of good fellows, Bro. F. Arthur Downs had Bro. J. M. Langford there to meet me and bring me out to Mount Selivan, where he was conducting a meeting. Bro. Downs shows yet the marks of the hard spell of slow fever he had some weeks ago—but he is getting in his usual health rapidly. Bro. A. S. J. Haysgood was assisting him. Bro. Haysgood has just been transferred from the New Mexico Conference and takes the place of Bro. Ray at Lake, Texas Conference, who goes to the New Mexico conference for his health. Bro. Haysgood doesn't look as if he needs any more health than he has—but does he preach like he felt the need of it? He is a preacher and gave us some very finished sermons full of thought, clear English, accompanied with earnestness and power. We had a good meeting, it being my privilege to preach several times to the people. A number of conversions to the church, and some backsliders, revived made up all religion. Bro. Langford took me out there and he carried me through an fine farming section as one would expect to see. It is a continuation of the beautiful valley above, known as "Mercho Valley," and runs from a north-westerly to a south-easterly direction, through Smith County, and is filled with well cultivated farms, orchards, etc. There is a cane factory at Mount Selivan, and the farmers all raise some fruit and vegetables, and by shipping and canning their products add considerably to the staples raised. Their diversified thrift is a monument to Cal Bels and his great newspapers in the persistence with which Texas was urged to diversity, and thus insure a prosperity beyond the possibility of any other State. Brother and Sister Downs and I were the guests of Brother and Sister Smith, and we enjoyed a genuine Methodist hospitality. Indeed, Bro. Smith's boys and girls are now all religious, the two boys converted at the meeting, completing his family in the church. They rejoiced, and we with them.

On Friday afternoon we returned to Lindale, where Sister Downs soon had in such a dinner as only a Methodist preacher's wife, trained up after the old pattern, knows how to get up in a hurry. But the air of "hominess," if I may make the word, and feeling that I was part of the family which took possession of me in their guest, spoke of the atmosphere of welcome all around.

In Lindale they have a good church, just painted, and the ladies have new blinds for the windows. It is a church-looking church. The parsonage is almost dilapidated—it certainly needs a great deal of overhauling. It is unwholesome. The house especially are an eye-sore. Several hundred dollars expended on it would, I feel sure, make the good, prosperous Methodists of Lindale feel much better enhance their feeling of loyalty, and add to their pride in their growing

little city. They can easily do it, and I believe they will in the near future. They are shipping a great many peaches every year, and are putting in larger orchards. This is well. Now for them to remodel the parsonage and have it look in the church and little could be desired except they continue to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." They are a good people and hospitable. I enjoyed the hospitality of some of them. It certainly was a pleasure to be in the home of such people as Brother and Sister J. W. Ogburn. Their home is open at all times to the brethren. So are their hearts. Bro. Ogburn said he would almost as soon try to keep house and stay religious without his wife as without the Advocate. I met Bro. Riley G. Marchman, who is the next cattle business. His gentle smile carried me back some dozen years, almost, when I was writing up the sawmills. He and I fell in as traveling companions for several days, and one night last struck a mill camp and with difficulty got a bed but it was a cold night. But I will spare the reader further comments on that memorable night, except to say that whenever Riley Marchman and I meet, we gaze into each other's eyes a moment, and remark, "Have you ever been over there again?" We assure each other that we have not, then we embrace and try to forget.

Bro. J. N. Vandiver is superintendent of our Sunday-school at Sabine Church, near Lindale, and has been for over six years. He could not give a satisfactory explanation as to why he had not been taking the Advocate, so I let him off with a year's subscription. He is a substantial farmer, and Bro. Downs says he is a good superintendent—and so do his brethren. Bro. R. M. Mallory, in subscribing for the Advocate, remarked that he was a nephew of Bro. West Mabury of Shelby County, who had been taking the Advocate about fifty years, since it started—and the "Banner" before it. Bro. Cannon and Luke were shipping off some fine peaches the day I left, and I guess the home-folks enjoyed the box they sent them for me. It was a pleasure to again meet Bro. H. C. Hughes, and renew the friendly relations began nine years ago at Tyler when I was organizing Leagues and first wrote in this section for the Advocate. He is in partnership with Bro. J. W. Ogburn here, and they do the principal business of the town. Bro. J. S. Ogburn is also in the store, and Sister Ogburn, who is one of the leading spirits among the younger people, added the Advocate to her aids in Church and League work. It was my privilege to organize a League for Bro. Downs, and I never knew one to start with better material than that one—about twenty of the most intelligent, active, high-minded young men and women. Bro. Downs has come to feel good over his charge and the way the people love and appreciate him and his good wife. Sister Downs is certainly a help to her husband in every way in his work as a minister of the gospel. He is studious and she keeps up with him in all things. My old friend of the days of the Eighteenth Legislators, Dr. H. L. Taylor, lives in Lindale, a staunch Methodist. Bro. D. H. Love, who married his daughter, added the Advocate to their home-life this year. Bro. Love is putting in a magnificent peach orchard. Bro. Downs has in Bro. Terry, superintendent of his Sunday-school, in Bro. J. J. Love, J. W. Ogburn and his other stewards, a corps of officers who are co-workers indeed. Bro. Ogburn said that he had sought to be permitted to be an officer or member of the Quarterly Conference who did not talk the Advocate. Bro. Downs will bring up a good report and his people want him back.

Lindale is a prohibition town. So is the district embracing Mount Selivan. At Nerber out of 28 votes, only four were anti and every negro voted pro. I stopped over for dinner at Tramps, with Bro. Spear, at the Hanna House. Bro. Spear, I was informed, is a staunch Methodist. I did not get to talk much with him, except to get some business on prohibition. He was rejoicing over the victory. As is well known, Tramps were prohibition by 51 majority, and the President by 22. I am told almost, if not quite, every negro in the town voted against whiskey. The saloons are dying hard—they were in full blast, with several young men swaggering in front of their bars, as I passed by. But that will be a thing of the past in a few days, and hasten the day when all Texas shall be included. Then will indeed come such a day of prosperity as was never dreamed of—and not until then will it dawn. Then will anarchy cease—and not until then!

WM. A. DOWEN.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF TEXAS.

The wonderful strides which the United States is making in all commercial directions has not only poured wealth into the pockets of the American people, but has astonished the world. The child of a century since, when its swaddling clothes were torn away by oppression and jealousy, has blossomed into a veritable giant. Stride by stride, Uncle Sam in his seven-league boots has explored every cranny in his domain, planting the seeds of prosperity in the fertile soil and instituting progress. To-day the United States produces billions for export, and has leaped to the fore as the chief producing country of the world, its exports in 1900 being \$1,379,753,571, and in excess of all its imports. These figures are annually increasing, and as the producing area of the country is brought into play the volume of trade must necessarily increase in proportion.

Texas is one of the most important agricultural States in the Union. Her progress has been marvelous, and the recent census has shown a wonderful increase both in population and products. The growing demand both in our own country and in the old world for American commodities will stimulate conditions, and the natural advantages of Texas should place the State in the front rank. Producing all of the prime crops in abundance, with millions of fertile acres yet untouched by the plow, with an attractive climate and a progressive civilization, the future must of necessity exceed the past. The people of Texas must be the promoters of the State's prosperity. Industrial education for the young, the conversion of the raw products into complete facilities and the attraction of settlers and capital—these are a few of the things which must be a part of the future that Texas rise to the eminence her proportions and opportunities deserve.—Literary Bureau, Southern Pacific and Houston and Texas Central Railroads.

WHAT WORRIED HIM.

An old, bedridden fisherman at a fashionable Scotch watering place, was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind-hearted clergyman, who wore one of those close-fitting clerical vests which button behind.

The clergyman saw the near approach of death one day in the old man's face, and asked if his mind was perfectly at ease.

"O yes, I'm a right," came the feeble reply.

"You are sure there is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me."

The old man seemed to hesitate, and at length, with a faint return of animation, said:

"Well, there's just one thing that troubles me, but I dinna like to speak of it."

"Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman.

"Tell me what it is that troubles and perplexes you."

"Well, sir, it just like this," said the old man, eagerly. "I canna for the life o' me mak' att how ye manage tae get intae that weskitt."

MISS DUNCAN'S CLASS IN EXPRESSION.

Miss Caroline Duncan has opened her studio for classes in Expression, and is now ready to receive students for the Regular Course, Special Course or Private Lessons. Miss Duncan brings with her to Dallas several of her former students and can furnish satisfactory boarding arrangements for others. Write for information, address:

MISS CAROLINE DUNCAN,
285 Main St., Dallas, Texas.

A young Irishman once went to a kind-hearted old squire for a recommendation. An elaborate one was written and read to him. He took it with thanks, but did not move. "What's the matter with it?" roared the squire. "O nothing, sorr," said the lad quickly. "Well, then, why don't you go?" "Sorr, sorr, I thought on the strength of a recommendation like that you'd be wantin' to hire me."

FORTHCOMERS WANTED.
The following-named by members of the Sunday-school Board of the North Texas Conference will please write me at once their postoffice. I wish to confer with them on important business connected with the board:

Nathan J. C. Fegelman, J. Frank Smith, C. W. McElwreath, J. A. McFarland,
S. J. A. WYATT, President,
Sherman, Texas.

CLARENDON COLLEGE.
The Clarendon College opened the fall term under most favorable conditions. The enrollment was 25 per cent larger than that of any former year. The new three-story dormitory is finished and elegantly furnished. Bro. Barcus has secured near \$100,000 with which to build and equip. Every indication is for a most prosperous year.

G. R. HARDY.

The man who revolves around himself will never get anywhere.

For Nervous Women
Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
Dr. J. B. Alexander, Charlotte, N. C., says: "It is pleasant to the taste, and ranks among the best of nerve tonics for nervous females."

The telescope of love has the longest range for celestial vision.

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 Speciality. Our 52-Page Catalogue sent Free.

C. P. BARNES & CO.
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304 & 306 W. Market St., Louisville, Ky.

ALL ABOARD FOR THE DALLAS FAIR.

Don't forget that the Houston and Texas Central will sell low rate tickets from all line points to the great Dallas Fair. Special dates and special rates constitute special attractions. The Fair of 1901 will swell all past celebrations, both in character of its exhibits and the magnificence of its various events. Ask your local agent for whatever information you desire, and then pack your grip for the greatest festival of the year.

M. I. ROBINSON, G. P. & T. A.
S. F. H. MORSE, P. T. Mgr.
HOUSTON, TEXAS.

NORTH TEXAS CONFERENCE BROTHERHOOD.

Third call for assessment in favor of Rev. J. H. Reynolds.

Members who have failed to respond to this call will please send amount \$2.50 to me at once. Also, all who have not paid around dues \$1.00 for 1901 will forward this amount at once, as I must make settlement with the Treasurer of the Board of Trustees before conference.

J. A. WYATT, Treasurer,
Sherman, Texas.

MORPHINE. Opium, Cocaine, Whiskey, Habits cured at home. No suffering. No need of a cure guaranteed. Endorsed by physician ministers and others. Book of particulars, testimonials, etc., free. Tobacco, the tobacco cure, E. Estab. 1902.

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dublin, Tex.

EDUCATIONAL.

ELIZABETH COLLEGE
For Women, Charlotte, N. C.
Modern buildings and equipment. Ex- perimental University trained teachers. A beautiful suburban location. A healthful climate, according to the U. S. official report, east of Rocky Mountain. Write for illustrated catalogue.

Rev. CHARLES E. KING, A. S., President.

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 have much exceeded last year and are increasing for want of room, and the large enrollment of new pupils already made us believe we shall be more so next year. To provide abundant rooms 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 unimpeded for College work proper. With the Conservatory of Music separated and the College unimpeded, both will be benefited.

We are now prepared to offer the largest and the best facilities for both College and Conservatory instruction and we open our doors and invite the patronage of the public.

For detailed information, address:

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

The University of Texas.

One hundred instructors and officers, more than 1000 students, not including 300 Summer School students. Women admitted to all departments. TUITION FREE. Total expenses \$25 to \$30. Students from colleges of repute admitted without examination and given credit for work completed. **Academic Department**—Session begins September 26; entrance examination September 25; matriculation fee \$10. 124 courses of study, university system of instruction and discipline. Faculty of 1000 scholars. Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association, gymnasiums and gymnasium. Instructors for women and men, athletic field. Teachers' courses lead to permanent State teachers' certificates. Engineering Department confers degree of civil engineer. **Law Department**—Session begins September 26; entrance examination September 25; matriculation fee, payable only once \$10. A two years course leads to the degree of bachelor of law, and entitles holder to practice in any court in Texas. Law students may pursue academic courses without further charge. **Medical Department**—Located at Galveston. Four years course. Faculty of twenty-two instructors, school of pharmacy, school of nursing (for women); matriculation fee, payable once \$10. Complete equipment in all schools. Session begins October 1; entrance examinations the preceding week. Address: Dr. Allen J. Smith, Dean, Galveston, for medical catalogue. For catalogue of department or for information, address **JOHN A. LOMAX, Registrar, Austin, Texas.**

Turning to the right

Per Annum, \$2.00

Vol. XLVIII.

Editor

WESLEY CHAPEL
Wesley Chapel, place where John V. to take on unit therefore the most Methodism. It is a medical Conference which I will write tell something of I smiling. It has on this program London, and it w-like a hundred feet open court has a r shade trees along t ing out. Just look trance stands, on a magnificent lawn Wesley, in the att His forth, his exte noble face, fringed of curly hair fall turned head, show tage. Just a little monument to his Swannish Wesley, the Wesley house did the most of every work. But I more at length in cation. Along test the passway to the neat Wesleyan work tablets to their men set in the brick wa- this ground to acre the houses of the men labors helped to m agency in God's ha millions. The walls structure, with son ings, were projected he had the old hou was an old foundry difficult that a fo secured. The fact is sunk, and these are edifice was finish opened by Mr. Wes year 1777. Here he held some of the services. In it h though it was in the eminent life. He d the present Wesley improvement on the His was simple, con stantial. The prese cept the old walls. gant and handson course, as compared St. Paul's and other ed edifices, Wesley affair; but as we structures at home house of worship, and unpretentious, or dome. But it is imposing. It may I impression of it on tory. There are two one near front corrs space filled in with left as you enter is row building extend walk in front. Strai go in is a continuat building, running br with the main stru the first and second used for Sunday-cho and committee meeti