

COMMUNICATIONS.

A LETTER FROM JAPAN.

We arrived in Kobe on Friday, August 22, and anchored out some distance from shore. Soon after anchoring a small steamer, called a "steamer launch," came out to us, in which were Bro. Towson, Rev. Turner, Rev. Mosely, Miss Bonnel and Miss Gaines. We went ashore with them, and after bargaining with the ricksha men, each of us got into a nice little two-wheeled, covered ricksha, and the ricksha men started off in a long trot. The men had stayed behind to look after the baggage, so we had no trouble with the custom officials.

We soon arrived at our home, which is perhaps two hundred yards from the base of the mountains. The city of Kobe is very narrow, and is strung out along the shore for some distance. It is the most beautiful city I ever saw—one side washed by the sea, the other side nesting at the base of the mountains, which are covered with vegetation. Our home is a nice large building, but I can write very little of it yet, as we were not there long.

After arriving there and resting a while, we had dinner (an American dinner, of course, though cooked by a Japanese). There were nine of us at dinner—four women (Miss Bonnel, Miss Gaines, Mrs. Macaulay and myself). Bro. Towson made me a present of a Japanese fan—an oil-paper one, very pretty. They tell me to dip it in water and then fan, allowing the drops to sprinkle my face. It is very, very hot in Kobe, and in the afternoon Miss Bonnel told us to get ready, pack our steamer trunks, as next morning at 8 o'clock we were to leave for the mountains. We were busy until late that night getting ready, for we had to take wraps, blankets and everything. Next morning we dressed, hurried through our breakfast, then out to the gate, where the ricksha men were waiting, stepped in and struck off at a lively pace for the depot, reaching there just in time for Japanese young men having bought our tickets to be forehand. The cars are something like those in America, but not so nice, and the seats run lengthwise in the first-class coaches. We passed many beautiful rice fields. The ground is terraced, perhaps an acre in a terrace, each one a foot higher than the other. Around the outer edge of each field is a row of beans planted. I do not know for what purpose they are used. We also passed many beautiful mountains bamboo groves and dry river beds, which in wet weather become foaming torrents. All available land that I saw was in cultivation—every little spot. Rice and vegetables are the principal products.

After a twenty minute run we reached Osaka, where Bro. Towson lives. From there we came on to Kyoto, which is about thirty-five minutes from Osaka. Here we stopped. After seeing our baggage safely deposited upon an iron frame resting upon two wheels, with one man pulling and another pushing, we each got into a ricksha and the men started off in a long trot for the mountains six miles distant. A few moments after starting a heavy rain came up. The men stopped long enough to tuck us in with storm aprons and to put on their rubber coats. Then on we went, passed bamboo and reed fences, also some of grass. I see no need of fences as there are no loose cows or horses. I have seen nearly a dozen horses since coming to Japan, and two cows—very shabby ones, too. We saw many huts covered with rice straw to the depth of sixteen inches, gray and moss-covered with age.

Finally, after many turns and twists over hills, across decayed bridges, but all the time over good roads and amid beautiful scenery, we reached a group of low-shatched cottages, where we stopped. The side of the hut next the road was open. Under the shelter or edge of the room was a large, low table. Here we sat down to rest and eat our lunch, the women having given us some square mats made of cloth to sit upon. We carried with us from Kobe a nice lunch, and with the tea which the woman at this hut gave us in tiny bowls, called *teaguna*, we enjoyed it very much. The little cups hold about three tablespoonfuls each, and the tea is a light lemon yellow, served without cream or sugar. I was anxious to know how we were going up the mountain, for I did not think I could walk very far. Just before we were ready to go I saw several very pretty Japanese women, nice and clean, come up, and upon asking who they were, they told me that they were going to carry our baggage up the mountain upon their heads! They were young. Just think of it! We had four large straw telescopes, two heavy steamer trunks, two grips and two or three boxes. Each girl put a little pad upon her head, picked up her burden and started off, laughing and

talking. Just at this time eight men came up with bamboo baskets, with two poles run through each one, and into one of these baskets each of us crawled and doubled up Turk fashion. Then off we went up the mountain. You can not imagine how funny I felt doubled up in that basket, with two Japanese men carrying me. They rested the poles on their shoulders, one man walking in front, another behind. Part of the way the path wound around the mountain at the very edge of a precipice, and part of the time one side of my basket was beyond the edge. It was all so beautiful! All the mountains are covered with green. There are many chestnut and pine trees, and beautiful streams rushing and tumbling over logs and boulders, through the dense shade cast by enormous pine trees. We went up zigzag fashion until we reached a camp. This is a group of tents with floors and roofs. The main tent consists of a veranda, sitting room, dining room, kitchen, two or three bedrooms and servant's room. There were quite a number of missionaries here to meet us, and I felt at home at once. The mountain upon which we are camped is only 2700 feet above sea level. It is called the Temple Mountain, on account of there being so many Buddhist temples here. Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Hager and I walked up, up, until we came to a temple, and as the windows were latticed, we peered through and saw an iron image of Buddha about six feet high. There were large stone steps leading up to the temple. Near it were two very pretty springs, from which we got our water. The shade here is so very dense that we seldom have to wear anything upon our heads. Everywhere we go are ferns of all descriptions, and wild flowers in abundance. In front of this temple is a row of trees set out by priests. From there we went to a much larger temple, where we saw three pilgrims who went there to worship.

These are kind, good people, and I love them all. It is getting late, and I must close. May God bless you all.
EMMA POTTEET
Mt. Heazan, Japan, Aug. 26, 1901

A GLIMPSE AT A FRAGMENT OF THE WORK OF ONE OF OUR MISSIONARIES IN MEXICO.

Our missionaries in Mexico are so very busy in the prosecution of their work that they seldom take time to write and tell the world what is going on there. I make extracts from a letter just received from my son, Rev. F. S. Onderdonk, now presiding elder over the San Luis Potosi District, including more or less of the old Mexico District. The letter is dated at Mexico City, D. F. (Federal District), October 23, and we will let it speak for itself.

"Dear Father— * * * I returned last Monday from District Conference at Toluca. Ten of my preachers were present, and we had a most spiritual and enjoyable conference. I gave special emphasis to such questions as self-support, revivals, gift of the Holy Spirit, etc. The power of God often came down, and the men went back to their charges fully determined to press the battle for souls from now till the conference meets on February 6.

"Our Sunday morning love-feast was equal to such occasions in the United States. I know you would have enjoyed it. One of the Indian brethren gave a victorious testimony. He said that he had been a Christian eight years. Before that he had been much given to drink. He went one day to his brother's house to get on a spree. When he arrived at the house a girl was seated, reading a book. He asked her what she was reading. She replied that she was reading a book. She allowed him to examine the book. It was God's Word. He became so interested and was so moved by the Holy Spirit that the brother could not get him to drink. He persuaded the girl to lend him the Bible for two months—that he had no idea where he could find another. She consented. He went and bought a lot of paper and went to work transcribing the blessed words of Jesus. He worked during the two months, sometimes night and day, making for himself a Bible. Through the truth of God he was gloriously saved. He is now a most faithful steward in our Church. Although a poor Indian, he gives nearly one hundred dollars a year to the Church. That experience, mixed with his tears, broke up things. I tell you.

"On the last night of the conference, his little 8-year-old boy came to me after service, took my hand, and weeping said: 'Hermano, con todo mi corazon deso ser un predicador del evangelio.' (Brother, with all my heart I desire to be a preacher of the gospel.) I put my arms around the dear little fellow, and told him to be

true to God, and when he became old enough he should be a preacher. He went away happy.

"My district will pay out in full on missions, and I think on everything else, too. On November 8 I begin a three months' evangelistic tour. I am expecting great things of God in this work. Be sure and pray with faith for these revivals.

"The Pan-American Congress delegates are here. * * * The American contingent expect to attend church at our house of worship next Sunday. It speaks well that they go to church.

"We begin a revival union meeting on Sunday night * * * Affectionately,
F. S. ONDERDONK."

Now will not our brethren everywhere join in prayer for this three months' evangelistic work in Mexico? There are faithful native workers all over Mexico co-operating with our faithful missionaries, under our great Leader, in the mighty work of the redemption of the millions of our sister Republic. "And yet our Lord leads us on."
G. ONDERDONK,
Nursery, Texas.

"AN INQUIRY AND AN ANSWER DESIRED."

While I do not profess to be competent, I hope I am humble and patient enough to undertake to answer at least some of Bro. R. H. Barrow's questions in Advocate of October 17, 1901. I do this because I am in doubt if any one else will, and I have great sympathy for any one in his perplexed condition.

1. "Do we believe in, or pretend to teach, predestination as ordinarily understood by the Presbyterians, or do we deny it and yet teach it in another way?" We do not teach predestination in any way that contradicts free moral agency or the truths of the Bible. We teach that God has predestinated that every man shall be conformed to the image of his Son if he would be saved. (Rom. 8:29.) Yet it is left to man's choice as to which he will conform to—Christ or the world.

2. "Do we believe that God knows everything, always knew everything?" Many of us do; many do not. I suppose you do not, and I meet many of your opinion. "And that my future destiny is a thing, and one of the things, that God has always known" I suppose that nobody believes that a thing is, and is not, both at the same time. This confusion may have originated in the absurd idea that "with God there is no fore or after knowledge, but one eternal now." If that be true, then everything that ever did and everything that ever will exist does really and actually exist now. For God surely knows things as they are. I frankly and freely confess my inability to believe such twaddle. Let no one be offended at this, for I am not in the least disposed to measure other men's ability in my little spoon. So far as I am capable of judging, some men are able to believe all manner of inconsistent things. But consistency is the luster of life in her possessor. It seems both easy and pleasant to believe that God knows all things as they were, and are, and will be. He knows them in their true relation to time. He knows things that are past as things that have been, and things which are as things that do now exist, and things which do not and never did, but will, exist as things that will be. He knows why, how and what they were and are and will be. My destiny, which is not yet a thing, but will be, and it will be, just what it will be, is among the is-to-be's which God thus knows, and I know that it will be, what it will be.

3. "If he knows my destiny, is it not a fixed destiny?" If it is, it is because you fixed it, and not because he knew what it would be before you were born. One of the queerest things that I meet with in this world of oddities is that it seems so hard for so many people to comprehend that God can perfectly know what every man's destiny will be, and yet it remain possible for that destiny to be otherwise than what it will be, until the last rational act that seals that destiny has gone forth. It is neither omniscience nor death that fixes human destiny. It is the manner of life they are living when death comes. Why can not God know, at one and the same time, both what a man will do and that it will be possible, even easy, for him to do otherwise, one is as easily known as the other, and foreknowledge fixes neither. So we have freedom of will according to foreknowledge.

I might refer you to many places in the Bible which will prove that God does know long before men are born what they will do and how they will end. I will space for but one—that of Cyrus, Persia's most celebrated King. More than one hundred years before he was born God told Isaiah of him and his work, even calling him by his name. Observe it is not said his name shall be called Cyrus, as when God gave names to men, but "I have

called him by his name"—the name that his parents gave him one hundred years after. If God knew all this one hundred years beforehand, why not one thousand? Why not always? If God intended to work the deliverance of his people by forcing the will and actions of some one, he need not have waited till by the natural course of events this man Cyrus should come. But if he had to have a shepherd who would of his own free will perform all the pleasure of the Lord, then we see great wisdom and foreknowledge in his waiting for Cyrus, and great mercy in encouraging the hearts of his people by telling them of his coming while he waited.

So we see that God does not have to leave the destiny of any man out of his knowledge in order to give man a part to play in his destiny.
H. T. HILL.

THE RUTER MONUMENT.

On October 21, 1901, we finished a very nice monument to the memory of Rev. Martin Ruter, D. D., at his grave on lot No. 5, block 8, Oakland Cemetery, Navasota, Texas, at a cost, all told, of \$239.29, not one dollar of which came from Southern Methodism. The moneys—except \$5 handed me, unsolicited, by the cemetery company, from whom I bought the lot, \$5 sent me by his daughters, Mrs. C. R. Wynne and Mrs. Maria R. Cuthbertson, and what I gave—came from Bishop W. F. Mallalieu, of the M. E. Church, which Church now owns the lot on which Dr. Ruter lies. The monument is of dark-gray granite, and is made in a very beautiful style.

As the custodian of said remains—jointly from about 1870 to 1892, and alone from that date to this—it seems meet that, for the information of the Texas Conference and the public, I should answer the following queries, which will naturally arise in the public mind:

1. Why did I remove the remains from Washington?
2. What authority had I to control them?

3. Why does the M. E. Church, and not the M. E. Church, South, own the lot on which Dr. Ruter lies?
Before answering these queries, I shall state some facts which will make my answers more apparent.

Seven men, jointly, bought a tract of land on the west bank of the Brazos River, in Washington County, Texas, and established the town of Washington thereon, who were known as the proprietors of the town of Washington. On February 12, 1828, these proprietors executed a deed of conveyance to two lots to trustees appointed therein, with power of self-perpetuation forever, by the specification that they were to fill all vacancies that should occur in their board—in trust with the condition that said trustees should cause to be erected thereon "a house for divine worship for the use of the M. E. Church, but for no other purpose." By this deed the title was in the trustees, and the use only in the Church, which was prohibited, by the deed, from having any control over the trustees.

In 1852, the Church and citizens of Washington County built a large memorial house of brick to the memory of Dr. Ruter on said lots, which was known and specified in the subscription papers, which I have, as a memorial Church to Dr. Ruter. A marble slab was inserted in the wall over the doors with this inscription, "To the memory of Rev. Martin Ruter, D. D.," and his remains were reinterred by the house with Masonic honors. But some opened in the walls many years afterward, and the house was abandoned, and during the war it was made a depot for military stores. Subsequently the roof decayed and fell in, when the Church in Washington determined to sell it, and if possible rebuild on the lots.

I was appointed to sell the house, which I did for \$520, and I was made agent of the Ruter fund—to loan or use it in such a way as to make money for the rebuilding on those lots. A few years afterwards the Quarterly Conference called for \$225 to buy a parsonage at Independence for the circuit preacher. I gave the money, believing it was an improper use of a consecrated fund, and I refused to permit any more of it to be used in that way.

In 1879, I put iron railing around the grave of Dr. Ruter, at a cost, out of this money, of over \$100. Washington was now rapidly depopulating, and it became evident to the trustees, whose families formed the Church, that it was impossible to rebuild the church there.

In 1884, the Church at Navasota had a preacher without a home, and they were trying to build a parsonage. They could build one for \$800, but \$200 was all they could raise, and they appealed to me. We consulted in Washington, and determined, as it was impossible to build there, then we would give the money to Navasota in the nature of a deposit—that is, if it should ever be

needed in Washington, it was to be refunded. I met the Navasota Quarterly Conference and gave to it \$500 on these conditions, stating that it was Ruter's monumental money. Subsequently, I gave that conference, on the same conditions, \$100, the last of the Ruter fund in my hands, which they used in building their church. I also gave them the Ruter bell, which they exchanged for the one they now use. So that Navasota Church, since 1884, has \$600 of Ruter's monumental money and his bell, which was a present to his memory by the ladies of Pittsburg. Should she not be a monumental church?

I, having removed to Navasota, six miles distant, in 1887, Col. Brown was the only one in Washington to care for the grave of Dr. Ruter, and he dying in 1892, left me the only trustee of the property. The desertion of the town, the isolation of the grave, and the distance from me gave me great concern. One man fenced the lots and the grave to use as a stock pasture, and it was only after I had given him notice that within six days I would bring suit for damage that he removed his fence from the lots.

I felt that removal was necessary, but I met with no sympathetic feeling from any one. So, in 1896, I wrote to the trustees of the Church at Georgetown, offering them the remains of Dr. Ruter, supposing they would bring the matter before their conference, and, if accepted, that a monument would be raised to his memory there. This letter was answered by Dr. J. H. McLean, who expressed pleasure at the offer, but said "wait two weeks." I have never heard further from that offer to this date.

Removal became a necessity, and in June, 1899, I took up the bones of Dr. Ruter and interred them on the lot I had bought in the cemetery, at a cost to myself of \$58.25—\$5 of which was handed to me by the cemetery company \$52.25 still charged to my expense. I thought the Church at Navasota, which had his money and his bell, would regard it as an honor to have the remains of Dr. Ruter in their cemetery, until stern facts proved it to be otherwise. Soon after the removal, I published in the Texas Christian Advocate the fact of having done so, and I earnestly appealed to Texas Methodists to raise a monument to his memory. In legal terms, I took nothing by my appeal—it was unheeded.

Dr. Ruter was lying on my lot, which I thought ought not to be so—that the Church should own the lot. With this purpose, I proposed to the fourth Quarterly Conference at Navasota, 1899, with my itemized expense account, that if they would refund the balance of expense, \$52.25, I would give the Church a deed to the lot. It was rejected without an entry in the minutes. This I regretted, because I desired the records to show that I had made the proposition. This was not caused by any feeling toward me, for they were my friends; but they could not see why Dr. Ruter should have \$52.25 from his Washington monument deposit after being dead sixty-one years. It was only an error in judgment.

Having been unheeded or repelled in every effort to induce the M. E. Church in Texas to receive or to erect a monument to Dr. Ruter, and being determined to have one, I now appealed to the M. E. Church, of which he died a minister six years before the M. E. Church, South, was formed. Bishop W. F. Mallalieu once called at my house on legal business, and I found him to be a very amiable man. When I failed in Texas, I wrote to him to engage his services in this matter. After all the information that I could give him, and his research in Boston, he wrote me: "I will raise the money, but it will take time." This referred to his official labors, and that the memory of Ruter had almost faded away in Boston.

The questions now are answered:
1. Removal was necessary to protect the grave.
2. I am the only trustee under the deed.

3. The M. E. Church owns the lot, because it accepted my proposition, which the M. E. Church, South, rejected.

It was two years and nine months from my appeal to the M. E. Church till I raised the monument. Bishop Mallalieu sent me the money, and I procured the monument. I feel very grateful to the Bishop for his kindness. During the long delay he would write to cheer me, saying: "It takes time, but the money is sure to come."

Martin Ruter was born in Charlton, Worcester County, Mass., April 2, 1785; died May 16, 1838, in Washington, Texas.

I feel that Bishop Mallalieu and myself have done a good work.
C. L. SPENCER.

The kidneys are small but important organs. They need help occasionally. PRICKLY ASH BITTERS is a successful kidney tonic and system regulator.

Notes From

CALDWELL
J. W. Horn, My old Cal. All arrangements annual Conference ago paid in full, and the way to bring out the salary.

HIG SAN
G. V. Bidley, Nov. 10, Big Sandy held in Am. After conducting it Prof. Newby, who knew how to conduct a meeting in us, followed quite a Lowry, who preached ferventness. We had a show and also succeeded in getting the Baptist to close the meeting.

NEVILL
S. W. Miller, Oct. 11, month at Nevada and phine began work on "The Church: Its History, Persecutions, Membership, Subjects, etc., some kicking, some taking on one side, we proved and refuted their I have said thirty-four People's Hand Book, which truth to the question of its size I ever to be one in every Methodist meeting, he doctrines.

MOHGA
J. H. Chumbley, Oct. 2, good reports from many notwithstanding the hat doing what we can to do well, but have many do I believe we have done under the circumstances faithful few hearts that great credit, and I do hearty praise. We have W. H. M. Sackett in the it is due them to say it reported every road, and it is very well content with this, they have additional obligation sending the pastor with and his wife with an elo

CALDWELL
J. W. Horn, Nov. 4, ready to leave for Mahe I write this note to a going purely on account health, trusting that aided by that climate, I to leave the Texas Co. hereby tender my sincerest members of the conference people whom I have so Calvert, St. James (Galley) Washington Street (H. Hill and Caldwell for a and my family. May the bless all of you, and thing of God's providence be again associated together I trust we may all see us when the storm and I ever, we may all meet in

MARVIN CHURCH
A. A. Godley, Nov. 4, great pleasure to be able one week ago we paid off the indebtedness on Mar that the windows which out by the storm several been replaced at a cost Some needed repairs are we hope to have things in the East Texas Conference will be dedicated at this all former pastors will be on this occasion. On the the money was secured Street began a meeting, a ing most excellent work present. I will write up h it has closed, but at p that if nothing else be done we have made a great under his strong preach methods of work.

AN OLD CHURCH I
C. L. Cartwright, Oct. 1, die the good people of M. of you who are interested that we have paid off debt. This debt has to our church here for a we been as a multi-stone all our people. We have in wards this end of paying 1 year, but it seemed too tall, but the darkest hour the dawn. Rev. J. R. Her done, came to us on the fourth Quarterly Conference our beloved presiding elder, necessarily detained at his of sickness in his family remarks from Bro. Henson, debt, our people made a Monday morning, 28th in against our church a debt 5 p. m. every cent was ladies of our W. H. M. S. year previously paid \$100. we gathered about 100, and grateful hearts to God and faces, listened to a sweet sermon from Bro. Henson, joy with us. May God's inge rest upon you, Bro. Henson, good people of M made such a great effort a ed with victory. Again t for his goodness to us.

QUANAH
C. N. Ferguson, Nov. 1, the good people of Quanah port what they have done I gave us a royal reception ing on our arrival, and a Board of Stewards and we did board fixed the salary will be paid. After a time another pounding. About people came to the parso the biggest pile of grub tha in one dwelling. After t they served tea, cream and bread, these luxuries being the people, not by the pre on an occasion. Indeed, "We on this fashion before." I attempts to have a revival Miller come in April and about ten days. Miller is long-headed and long-winded preacher, and did us much

The Home Circle

AWFUL.

There is a little maiden
Who has an awful time
She has to hurry awfully
To get to school at nine

She has an awful teacher
Her tasks are awful hard
Her playmates all are awful rough
When playing in the yard.

She has an awful kitty
Who often shows her claws.
A dog who jumps upon her dress
With awful muddy paws.

She has a baby sister
With an awful little nose.
With awful cunning dimples
And such awful little toes.

She has two little brothers.
And they are awful boys.
With their awful drums and trum
pets.

They make an awful noise.
Do come, I pray thee, common
sense.

Come and this maid defend.
Or else, I fear, her awful life
Will have an awful end.

-Toronto Globe.

"THE STRAW THAT BROKE," ETC.

"I'masperated, sister, per-foot-lyasperated! You won't hurry and everything goes wrong with you. You wasn't near ready when the school back came for us. Now we will have to walk, and, oh! it is so cold to cross that prairie. I can just feel the wind now," and my poor little sister-mother wiped a few tears from her eyes and hurried me up, as she hastily prepared our lunch, which consisted of fried ham, boiled eggs and the thinnest looking biscuits you ever saw. Three hours before they were beauties. Papa was cook, and always bought yeast powder that made the biscuit rise and rise, but as soon as the oven door was opened they fell to the flatness of a pancake, but we ate them and told papa they were good.

Sister was ready now and called me. I was in desperation because I could not find but one of my shoes. I hastily put on one of hers instead, and answered: "I am coming, sister; don't scold me."

As she locked the door and put the key under the water bucket on the shelf, she cast a critical eye on my make-up. I like myself, had on a blue waterproof cloak, but somehow mine lost its buttons, and the night before, while she and papa were learning to hem the had ripped up some old shirts and torn off the tails, and was making beautiful handkerchiefs. I procured a needle and thread and had sewn on, haphazard, a brass pant button and a white rice one. I looked a little zig-zaggy across the front, but I knew my head looked all right, and my hands, too.

The Saturday before, papa had taken us to town with him, and I had seen such a beautiful little pink satin bonnet in the show-case in A. Pearson's store, and wanted it so that papa bought it for me. It had lace quilled around the face. I had this on my little touselled tow-head but was blissfully happy, thinking I looked like the children in the fashion plates. Papa also bought me a pair of green kid gloves, and took us to Knepff's and bought us each a little plain gold ring.

How well I remember that morning, and how kind Mr. Knerdy was to us. Old Col. McCoy came in the store while we were there, and while Mr. Knepff and papa were talking, sister and I explored that emporium of beauty.

Well, I was arrayed in my pink satin bonnet, gold ring and green kid gloves, with the aforesaid waterproof cloak.

Oh! how cold it was that morning, and how I lagged behind to the vexation of dear sister. She was quite a distance before me, and I can see her now, dear child, as her poor little skirts flapped around her thin legs, with bent head, breasting the stormy wind.

Once, as she turned to call me, I had to laugh for she had on her nose a little "nose bag," as she called it, made of bright red flannel, then behind her ears with a cord string. Where she had breathed through, her breath had frozen and a little cake of ice adhered to the little red nose-bag, making her look so comical!

As we crossed the railroad we met dear old papa, who fondly kissed us and choked when we told him the back wouldn't wait for us. His clumsy hands tied on my little bonnet more closely, he told sister to remove her little bag, as it wasn't doing her any good, and stood looking after us wistfully as we trudged along.

In front of Prof. Aldehoff's I gave out crying bitterly with the cold. Sis-

ter came back to help me on, and I was sure she was asperated again (she could always use such lovely big words, with no small amount of envy on my part). She did look distressed as she helped me hobble along.

At last the old Male and Female Rock College was reached, I managed to climb the steep steps, but gave out on the landing. Sister, poor child, was desperate. She was so timid, and to have to tell Miss Nelly of my plight was an ordeal.

The next thing I knew I was in a beautiful room—so warm, with my poor little feet in a basin of snow, and dear, kind Miss Nelly, then Mrs. Hobbs, kneeling, rubbing my frozen feet. She gave me a hot lemonade and tucked me in her own pretty, white bed—I thought it was like mother, come back.

It was Friday, and every child, big or little, was expected to speak. I felt better, so I asked to go up to the big recitation hall.

I sat down by sister, and after a while my name was called for a speech. To sister's consternation I arose, and walking up on the high platform, took a mark. I had to leave one foot considerably in the rear, because, you remember, my shoes weren't mates. One was my own, the other a cloth garter laced with a white string. Standing facing that audience of critical scholars, I commenced:

"I have no mother, for she died
When I was very young;
But still her memory round my heart
Like morning mists have hung.

"They tell me of an angel form
That watched me while I slept,
And of a soft and gentle hand
That wiped the tears I wept.

I started on the remaining verse, halted, finally broke down, and bowing walked to my seat. As I passed Prof. Hobbs he placed his hand on my head and said:

"Little girl, that was most appropriate."
I looked up and saw almost every child crying. I dreaded to look at sister, because I thought I had already given her so much trouble this day, but finally did, and then knew "this was the straw that broke the camel's back."
MRS. R. R. RAMSAY,
Marshall, Texas.

"THESE OUGHT YE TO HAVE DONE."

Little Mrs. Marshall was completely tired out. The weather was so hot, so many of her fellow workers were away from home, there was so much to be done, having been on the "go" from ten o'clock Monday morning till the present time—three o'clock Thursday afternoon—that she was conscious of absolute exhaustion. She had a raging nervous headache, but she must preside at the Women's Club that evening, and had to come to her darkened room, seeking a little rest in the meantime.

But try as she would, sleep would not come. The active mind, quickened unusually by the throbbing pain, recalled all the week's work. First had come the meeting of the executive committee of the Fresh Air Fund. Mrs. Marshall, being chairman, of course she must be present. Then the Russian mission superintendent had urged the ladies of the church to meet and discuss plans regarding the continuance of this work among the miners in a neighboring village. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union held its regular meeting on Tuesday. Mrs. Marshall was appointed one of a committee to secure signatures to a new petition urging the city council to close two saloons dangerously near to a public school. The work must be done at once, and Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning were taken up by it. The missionary meeting came on Wednesday afternoon, the prayer meeting Wednesday evening, the Society for the Propagation of Social Purity met on Thursday at one o'clock. She had attended them all, and to-night the Women's Club would discuss "The Social Settlement as a Means of Uplifting the Masses."

Mrs. Marshall's paper was ready, but oh, her poor aching head! She turned over with a groan. She hoped the children were in no danger; but no! she could hear them singing. And then all grew indistinct for a little, but finally the singing grew louder and nearer. The throng that swept along was a strange one to Mrs. Marshall, who could not recall exactly where or how she had learned it. But ah! there was a face she knew distinctly, and there was another, and there was a third. They seemed to crowd around her, black and white, Chinese, Hindus, Hottentots, Europeans of almost every nationality, but all children. In the midst of her wonderment they all swept together up to a great white throne, and she knew Him that sat thereon and bowed herself before Him.

"Lord," she said, for something in the quiet gaze compelled her to speak,

"Lord, where am I, and those whom Thou hast given in answer to my prayers and work?"

And the Lord looked searching over the throng, and spake, gently but piercingly.

"But those that I have for thy very own—Maggie, and Lula, Willie and Neddle, and Little Grace—where are they?"

Terrified, she cast her eyes about her and could see none of her own children, except Little Grace; but when she attempted to draw the child forward, Grace clung to the hand of the Sabbath school teacher.

"I can't, mamma," she said, pleadingly, "I must stay with Miss Taylor; she brought me here."

The distracted mother turned again toward the throne.

"Lord, are my own children not here? Will they not be here? Thou knowest I meant not to slight my own, the best loved of all. Thou knowest how hard I have worked for Thee, and through my instrumentality for all these have come to Thee."

But those that I put directly under thy care to be trained for Me. What hast thou done with them? These ought ye to have done, but not to have left the other undone."

Lifting herself up and glancing around, Mrs. Marshall caught sight of Jamie Allen, her Neddle's bosom friend.

"Oh, Jamie," she cried, chokingly, "where is Neddle?"

And the boy could not bear to look upon the anguish of her face, but sought to comfort her.

"I belonged to your Boy's Temperance Brigade, Mrs. Marshall, don't you remember it? You saved me from being a drunkard."

"But Neddle? Lord, I cannot find my Neddle. Is he not here?"

And the Lord looking down pityingly, spoke softly.

"There shall in no wise enter into it anything that doleth, or worketh abomination;" and she fell upon her face weeping.

Then they brought forth a crown blazing with jewels, but there were five dim places. Catching sight of them, she pushed away the angel, which held the glittering emblem, and extended her hands toward the great white throne.

"Give me a little longer, dear Lord!" she entreated, with streaming eyes. "Let me go back again just for a little while, that I may not return without my own children. What will the joy of heaven be to me, dear Lord, if these other children are all saved, and my own are lost?"

And, crying, she awoke.

An hour afterward her husband, coming home from work, met her on the stairs.

"Why, my dear," looking at her searchingly, "you've been crying."

"I've been talking with the Lord," she answered softly, "and I have made Him a promise to be a better wife to you, and a better mother to the children. He has given us, I have been so much taken up with helping other people's families, that I'm afraid I've been neglecting my own. These ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone!"—Presbyterian.

What S. S. S. Does for Children

Children are constantly exposed to all sorts of diseases. The air they breathe is filled with germs, sewer gas and dust from the filthy streets are inhaled into the lungs and taken into the blood. At the crowded school rooms and other public places they come in contact almost daily with others recovering from or in the first stages of contagious diseases. You can't quarantine against the balance of the world, and the best you can do is to keep their blood in good condition, and thus prevent or at least mitigate the disease. You have perhaps learned from observation or experience that healthy, robust children (and this means, of course, children whose blood is pure) are not nearly so liable to contract diseases peculiar to them, and when they do it is generally in a mild form. On the other hand, weak, emaciated and sickly ones seem to catch every disease that comes along. This is because their blood is lacking in all the elements necessary to sustain and build up the body. Poisons of every description accumulate in the system, because the polluted and sluggish blood is unable to perform its proper functions.

Such children need a blood purifier and tonic to give strength and vitality to their blood, and S. S. S., being a purely vegetable remedy, makes it the safest and best for the delicate constitutions of children. S. S. S. is not only a perfect blood medicine, but is pre-eminently the tonic for children; it increases their appetites and strengthens the digestion and assimilation of food. If your children have any hereditary or acquired taint in their blood, give them S. S. S. and write to our physicians for any information or advice wanted; this will cost you nothing, and will start the little weaklings on the road to recovery. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Joan was dancing up and down in high spirits.

"Oh! I've been so busy," she cried. "Just after you had gone, a little boy came along. He fell over that big stone and it took me quite a long time to make him stop crying. I gave him half my apple."

"That's two good things Robin Hood and his men have done already. Joe was beginning, when—"

"Children, where are you?" called a voice and mother came in sight.

"What have you been doing all the evening?" she asked.

When they had explained, she smiled and kissed them.

"Do you think that it was a good play, mother?" asked Joan.

"Yes, dear, I think any play is good that teaches you to be kind and helpful. But suppose you come indoors now, and I will tell you something about Robin Hood, how he lived in the forest and how brave and kind he really was."—Cassell's Little Folks.

THE PRINTER BOY.

In the year 1725 an American boy about nineteen years old, found himself in London, where he was under the necessity of earning his bread.

He was not like many young men in these days, who wander about seeking work, and who are "willing to do anything" because they know how to do nothing, but he had learned how to do something, and knew just where to go to find something to do. So he went straight to a printing-office, and inquired whether he could get employment.

"Where are you from?" inquired the foreman.

"America," was the answer.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America? a lad from America seeking employment as a printer? Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

The young man stepped to one of the cases, and in a brief space set up the following passage from the first chapter of John:

"Nathanael said unto him, Can there be any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately, and administered a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him influence and standing with all in the office.

He worked diligently at his trade, refused to drink beer and strong drink, saved his money, returned to America, became a printer, publisher, author, postmaster-general, member of Congress, signer of the Declaration of Independence, ambassador to royal courts, and finally died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790, at the age of eighty-four, full of years and honors; and there are now more than a hundred and fifty counties, towns and villages in America named after that same printer boy, Benjamin Franklin, the author of "Poor Richard's Almanac."

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN.

"Come along, Joan, I've such a lovely plan!" cried Joe, scampering down the little path leading to the wood.

"What is it?" said Joan, as she followed him, swinging her bonnet by the strings.

"Let us pretend we are Robin Hood and one of his men, and we'll help all the people who come along here."

"Yes, that will be lovely," said Joan, clapping her hands. She did not know who Robin Hood was, for she was only a little girl; but everything that Joe proposed she thought very grand.

"Well, we'll go to the stile and wait," cried Joe; and they raced away to their favorite perch.

The road was dreadfully dusty and hot, although the sun was beginning to go down; but the trees of the little wood shaded them nicely. They were just cooling down after their run when along the road came an old woman. She was very, very old and could hardly carry the heavy basket she had on her arm.

In a minute Joe had slipped from his perch and ran to her side.

"Can I carry that basket for you?" he said, politely.

"Why, what would you mother say?" she answered, looking pleased.

"I'm sure she wouldn't mind," replied Joe, as he took the basket. "She likes us to help people." And he trotted along by her side.

It seemed a long way to her cottage, but Joe would not give up the basket, although it was really heavy; and he felt quite repaid when she took it from him at the door. He knew she was pleased by the way she smiled at him and he ran gayly back to the stile.

IMPURE LANGUAGE.

Of all the sins of youth, the indulgence of profane language seems to have least excuse. Other frailties may offer some return, but this is empty of all possible advantage. And it is the mark of low breeding and lack of refined feeling. The instant a heart cherishes reverence for God,

What S. S. S. Does for Children

Children are constantly exposed to all sorts of diseases. The air they breathe is filled with germs, sewer gas and dust from the filthy streets are inhaled into the lungs and taken into the blood. At the crowded school rooms and other public places they come in contact almost daily with others recovering from or in the first stages of contagious diseases. You can't quarantine against the balance of the world, and the best you can do is to keep their blood in good condition, and thus prevent or at least mitigate the disease. You have perhaps learned from observation or experience that healthy, robust children (and this means, of course, children whose blood is pure) are not nearly so liable to contract diseases peculiar to them, and when they do it is generally in a mild form. On the other hand, weak, emaciated and sickly ones seem to catch every disease that comes along. This is because their blood is lacking in all the elements necessary to sustain and build up the body. Poisons of every description accumulate in the system, because the polluted and sluggish blood is unable to perform its proper functions.

Such children need a blood purifier and tonic to give strength and vitality to their blood, and S. S. S., being a purely vegetable remedy, makes it the safest and best for the delicate constitutions of children. S. S. S. is not only a perfect blood medicine, but is pre-eminently the tonic for children; it increases their appetites and strengthens the digestion and assimilation of food. If your children have any hereditary or acquired taint in their blood, give them S. S. S. and write to our physicians for any information or advice wanted; this will cost you nothing, and will start the little weaklings on the road to recovery. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Joan was dancing up and down in high spirits.

"Oh! I've been so busy," she cried. "Just after you had gone, a little boy came along. He fell over that big stone and it took me quite a long time to make him stop crying. I gave him half my apple."

"That's two good things Robin Hood and his men have done already. Joe was beginning, when—"

"Children, where are you?" called a voice and mother came in sight.

"What have you been doing all the evening?" she asked.

When they had explained, she smiled and kissed them.

"Do you think that it was a good play, mother?" asked Joan.

"Yes, dear, I think any play is good that teaches you to be kind and helpful. But suppose you come indoors now, and I will tell you something about Robin Hood, how he lived in the forest and how brave and kind he really was."—Cassell's Little Folks.

THE PRINTER BOY.

In the year 1725 an American boy about nineteen years old, found himself in London, where he was under the necessity of earning his bread.

He was not like many young men in these days, who wander about seeking work, and who are "willing to do anything" because they know how to do nothing, but he had learned how to do something, and knew just where to go to find something to do. So he went straight to a printing-office, and inquired whether he could get employment.

"Where are you from?" inquired the foreman.

"America," was the answer.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America? a lad from America seeking employment as a printer? Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

The young man stepped to one of the cases, and in a brief space set up the following passage from the first chapter of John:

"Nathanael said unto him, Can there be any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately, and administered a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him influence and standing with all in the office.

He worked diligently at his trade, refused to drink beer and strong drink, saved his money, returned to America, became a printer, publisher, author, postmaster-general, member of Congress, signer of the Declaration of Independence, ambassador to royal courts, and finally died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790, at the age of eighty-four, full of years and honors; and there are now more than a hundred and fifty counties, towns and villages in America named after that same printer boy, Benjamin Franklin, the author of "Poor Richard's Almanac."

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN.

"Come along, Joan, I've such a lovely plan!" cried Joe, scampering down the little path leading to the wood.

"What is it?" said Joan, as she followed him, swinging her bonnet by the strings.

"Let us pretend we are Robin Hood and one of his men, and we'll help all the people who come along here."

"Yes, that will be lovely," said Joan, clapping her hands. She did not know who Robin Hood was, for she was only a little girl; but everything that Joe proposed she thought very grand.

"Well, we'll go to the stile and wait," cried Joe; and they raced away to their favorite perch.

The road was dreadfully dusty and hot, although the sun was beginning to go down; but the trees of the little wood shaded them nicely. They were just cooling down after their run when along the road came an old woman. She was very, very old and could hardly carry the heavy basket she had on her arm.

In a minute Joe had slipped from his perch and ran to her side.

"Can I carry that basket for you?" he said, politely.

"Why, what would you mother say?" she answered, looking pleased.

"I'm sure she wouldn't mind," replied Joe, as he took the basket. "She likes us to help people." And he trotted along by her side.

It seemed a long way to her cottage, but Joe would not give up the basket, although it was really heavy; and he felt quite repaid when she took it from him at the door. He knew she was pleased by the way she smiled at him and he ran gayly back to the stile.

IMPURE LANGUAGE.

Of all the sins of youth, the indulgence of profane language seems to have least excuse. Other frailties may offer some return, but this is empty of all possible advantage. And it is the mark of low breeding and lack of refined feeling. The instant a heart cherishes reverence for God,



it suffers pain at promiscuous use of the name of Deity. No wonder the lady on the train, who had been compelled to hear several college students employ bad language, finally asked one of them if he was familiar with Greek. When he replied in the affirmative, she then begged him to please do his swearing in Greek, as she had not studied the language.

Such words do not travel alone. They are the vehicle of impure and wicked thoughts. A wise man once gave the counsel: "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth." Still more, no such thing should be harbored in thought. Speaking of bad thoughts, when someone had said that there was no preventing them, Luther once replied, "I can't prevent the birds from flying over my head, but I can keep them from building nests in my hair." The bad thought harbored presently rises to the lips.

The true method is banishment. When Sir Isaac Newton was at the university he made friends with an Italian gentleman, who was skillful in some of the sciences. But this gentleman one day commenced telling Newton a vile incident, when Sir Isaac at once sundered the acquaintance. He could not soil his soul by hearing words of impure and salacious meaning. It is one of the marks of nobility in a boy that he sets a watch upon his tongue, and that he sees to it that his lips speak no guile.

KEEN COLLEGE MEN.

The Food of Harvard Brain-Workers and Athletes.

Memorial Hall at Harvard where some twelve hundred of the men eat, is particularly interesting. The dining-room is an enormous gothic hall finished in old English oak with wide, stained glass windows on the sides. The walls are hung with portraits of illustrious graduates and benefactors of past generations.

The students have good food to eat and plenty of it. The hall is run on a co-operative plan so that it costs something less than four dollars a week for board. To this place three times a day come men, whose lives for the time being are given to serious intellectual work, and to accomplish this, they are keen enough to realize that proper food is absolutely necessary.

One is particularly struck by the yellow packages of Grape-Nuts standing on nearly every table, which the men purchase at grocery stores and bring in for their personal use. They quickly find out by practical demonstration that brain work exhausts the phosphates, and that nature demands that this loss be made up, and made up from food.

Grape-Nuts is ready to be used without cooking. It is a scientific food which nourishes and builds up the brain, and is particularly suited to the needs of students.

The Varsity athletes also eat it to keep their digestive organs in perfect working order so that they can stand the great strain of both body and head-work when important contests shall come.

PE

Head
flau
rect
Ass
Uri

As a SYSTEM
weakened organs
mental activity.
REMEDY for wo

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SO-CALLED. No. 2.

From the definitions given, it will be seen that pantheism is a modified form of atheism. Atheism in its first meaning denies the existence of God in toto; pantheism denies a personal God, and thereby destroys the true idea of God; hence, it follows that pantheism is atheism. But is Mrs. Eddy a pantheist? Beyond all question, as we shall see from some of her utterances, I shall give only a few excerpts from her book—just enough to prove conclusively the allegation made. She says: "The definitions of law, as given by natural science, represent a kingdom divided against itself, because these definitions portray law as physical, not spiritual, and are therefore in contradiction to the divine decrees and violate the law of love, wherein nature and God are one, and the natural order of heaven comes down to earth." (Page 12.) On page 13 she says: "In one sense God is identical with nature; but this nature is spiritual and not expressed in matter."

In answering the question, "What is the scientific statement of Being?" she says: "There is no life, truth, intelligence, in matter. All is infinite Mind and its infinite manifestation, for God is All in all. Spirit is immortal truth; matter is mortal error. Spirit is the real and eternal; matter is the unreal and temporal." (Page 464.)

"The seed is in itself only as Mind is All and produces all. Mind is the multiplier, and Mind's idea, the universe, is the product. The only intelligence or substantiality of a thought, a seed or a flower is God, the Creator of them. Mind is the Soul of all, and Truth and love constitute the intelligence which governs all." (Page 501.)

As this is a fundamental question respecting her theory, I shall venture to quote from what she terms a platform of doctrine, on pages 225-227: Art. I—"God is supreme Being, the only Life, substance and Soul, the only intelligence of the universe, including man." Art. II—"God is what the Scriptures describe Him to be—Life, Truth, Love. God is Spirit, and Spirit is divine Mind, and Mind is not both good and bad, for God is Mind; therefore Mind is Good only, and there is but one Mind, because there is but one God." Art. V—"The Scriptures imply that God is All-in-all. From this it follows that nothing possesses reality or existence except Mind, God."

Everything in God's universe is His idea." Art. VII—"Life, Truth and Love constitute the triune God, or triply divine Principle. They represent a trinity in unity, three in one—the same in essence, though multifarious in office; God the Father; Christ the type of Sonship; Divine Science or the Holy Comforter. These three express the threefold, essential nature of the Infinite. They also indicate scientific Being, and the whole relation of God and man."

Please to note that Mrs. Eddy claims that Christian Science is the Holy Ghost. Christian Science is one of the elements, not persons, in her trinity. For God is not a person according to her philosophy, but a Principle.

If more evidence were needed to

prove that Mrs. Eddy is a pantheist, and consequently an atheist, it is easily at hand. She claims to have discovered a new religion—a scientific faith—a cult of demonstration proving its claim—carrying its own credentials by healing the sick. But alas for her glory, it is the same old Greek pantheism—the religion of the heathens to-day! There is a very striking resemblance between her cult and that of the Buddhists and Brahmins.

She not only destroys a personal God by her science of Being, but also man's personality and consequent responsibility. Dr. Bushnell, commenting on Mrs. Eddy's version of the Lord's Prayer, very properly says: "An impersonal God may very appropriately be addressed in this manner. Why should the poor and needy make known their requests to an indefinite Principle? Why call aloud to ether or invoke the shadow of a dream?"

"An immense, solitary Spectre stands. It hath no shape, it hath no sound; it hath no place, it hath no time; it is and was and shall be; it is never more nor less, nor sad nor glad; its name is nothingness. Power walketh high and Misery doth crawl. The clepytron drips and the sands fall down. Within the hour-glass. Men live and strive, regret, forget, And love, and hate, and know it. The Spectre saith, 'I wait.' And at last they beckon and they pass; And still the red sands fall within the glass. And still the hands around the dial sweep. And still the water doth drip and we weep. And that is all."

Such is Mrs. Eddy's god—no God. In a qualified sense, Mrs. Eddy is a deist.

A deist believes in a personal God, in so far as he has the advantage of our authors; but he rejects the Revelation of God—the Bible. I do not claim that Mrs. Eddy denies directly the authenticity and genuineness of the Bible; on the contrary, she claims to have followed the Bible in writing her book. None will deny that the Bible contains the history of the fall and restoration of man—man's redemption through Jesus Christ. Eliminate the fall of man and the history and facts of his redemption, and you strike down the Bible at a single blow.

I. Mrs. Eddy denies the fall of man, therefore she denies the Bible. We will make no dogmatic statements in this discussion, but rely upon the evidence in the case. Let us hear from Mrs. Eddy touching the fall of man: "When speaking of God's children, not the children of men, Jesus said, 'The Kingdom of God is within you;' that is, Truth and Love reign in man, showing that man is unfallen and eternal." (Page 472.) "Thus Jesus taught that the Kingdom of God is universal, and man unfallen, pure and holy. Man is not a material habitation for Spirit; he is himself spiritual. Soul being divine, is reflected in nothing imperfect or unlike the infinite soul." (Page 473.) There can not be the shadow of a doubt that this is Mrs. Eddy's doctrine, for her subsequent and foregoing

utterances are based upon this hypothesis. To prove the fallacy of her teaching—to prove that she is heretical and out of harmony with the Bible's account of man's fall, the third chapter of Genesis was recited. Also the Psalm 14:2, Isa. 53:6 and Romans 5:12-17, 18.

2. Mrs. Eddy denies that there is any such thing as sin or evil, and that man can not sin.

This is a natural sequence following her doctrine that man is unfallen. If this first position were true, then indeed would the second be true, but inasmuch as the first position is false so also is the second. But we must let Mrs. Eddy speak to this question: "If soul could sin or be lost, then Being and immortality would be lost with all the faculties of mind; but Being can not be lost while God exists." (Page 111.) On page 182 she says: "Sin, sickness and death are comprised in human belief, and belong not to a divine Mind. They are without a real origin or existence. They have neither principle nor permanence, but belong with all that is material and temporal to the nothingness of error, which stimulates the creations of Truth."

R. C. ARMSTRONG, Fort Worth, Texas.

SHORT SKETCHES OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

(With Illustrations of Soldier Life.)

BY HENRY W. ALLEN.

Waller's Battalion in the Mississippi Swamp and at Bayou des Almonds.

Waller's Battalion was not only driven to the swamp, but into it beyond the courage of the enemy to follow. How each one got along on his introduction to that miserable swamp is an experience best known to himself, and can be made known to others only by personal narration. It took each one all his time to attend to his own business. We had got indifferent about exploding shells and the occasional falling limbs of the cypress trees. We had before us a greater, and it may be said a more dangerous, task. It was said no one had ever passed through that swamp except in a pirogue or some kind of water craft, and then only at certain seasons of the year when there was a sufficiency of water. In getting over it the sod in many places would shake for quite a distance round, as though the turf rested on a treacherous lake of mud and water, which indeed it did. The horses struggled hard to get a foothold on solid turf. In settling back and going down a number of them got caught on cypress knees, and these pierced their bowels and they died on the spot. The boys were all dismounted and trying to lead their horses, hoping they would get through to better ground. But hope was vain; it grew worse every yard of advance.

Every one had his own experience, and nobody but himself could tell it. My horse in his struggle, while I was trying to lead him, threw me over and set his foot on my back for solid footing. No effort of mine could move him away. It was with difficulty that I could hold my head out of the water. Dr. Forbes, of Falls County, came to

me relief slowly, but as fast as he could. Whether he is living or not I do not know, but I thank him to this day.

The scout that went down the Mississippi to burn the gunboat, as related, aroused us early in the morning. We had no breakfast, we had no dinner, and were now in the miserable swamp with nothing but mosquitoes for supper—or, rather, ourselves as supper for them. It is hard to tell what others did, for we were very much scattered. I got my horse a place to stand on somewhat solid footing, close to a cypress tree, stripped him of everything and left him. About sixty of us got together, and under the command of Capt. Woodward, of Victoria, started for the railroad that leads from Berwick Bay to New Orleans. Capt. Woodward was a brother to Col. Woodward, whom I met as a member of the State Senate twelve years ago.

It was a trying time for defeated, tired and hungry men. Some got through with their boots, some had only one, some none. When the turf broke, the men would sink in up to the very croch. In the struggle to get out if a boot slipped it was gone forever. Very few guns were lost, indeed, they were a support. They helped a soldier to stay on top of the turf, and when he went down they were a support to help him up again.

We had two wounded along. One of these had his big toe shot away. I would tell the full tale, but it would seem too incredible for people to believe. We slept little that night. There was not a spark of light in our camp. We had nothing to make a light with. If anybody had matches they were too wet for any purpose. It was very dark in that cypress swamp, although it was the time of moonlight nights. We were up and struggling on our way very early next morning.

In an hour or two we came to a place where the turf was solid for perhaps more than a mile. It was a kind of prairie-looking country—a lake bed, with water about one foot deep. It presented a growth of reed-looking grass such as mortal man can see, perhaps, nowhere else. It was ten feet high, and the growth of a year or two past had fallen, and to the height of a man's breast was so interwoven and impenetrable that a halt was made for some time. No order was given, but a soldier leaped upon it and mashed it down his full length. This he did four or five times, and then dropped to one side to rest. The one next to him did the same, and then the next, and so on until we had changed the ends of the column. The ends of the column were changed several times before we passed through that grassy lake.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we struck the railroad and found solid earth. From the point we struck it to Des Almonds, which was four or five miles I saw soldiers ahead of me apparently eating something. They had found some potatoes at a small cabin by the railroad at the edge of the swamp. When I came up, a swarthy woman was standing at the door, looking with pity on a ruddy, defeated company of Waller's Battalion. I asked the woman if she would please give me a potato. She said she would be glad

to give me one, but that she had none cooked. Oh! it sounded so strange to me at that time to talk about cooking or preparing a potato. I told her it made no difference about the cooking, whereupon she gave me a potato, and I went on, thanking the woman and eating what I received at the time one of the last things in all the world.

When we arrived at Des Almonds we found there a detachment of Cuban French soldiers in quarters. They began to buy the Texans for their defeat. It was too tough for the boys and suffered enough and needed sympathy. They had lost their garments, and the fabric began to rot, though it is hot, in one coat and cap, and until they had ample provisions, and for a respectable camp. A horse was declared, whoreson the best I ever handled, and pots, and got plenty. The night was spent in eating and sleeping. When they were not eating they were sleeping. They would eat, and sometimes purr, to get some sleep. I know which was the best, and it seemed to trouble them less. They would do both at the same time. Oh, you can eat, sleep, and be happy at the same time? For an answer, go and see Waller's Battalion.

That evening, about the night the others of the battalion, about about sixty, struck their camp, and all about in the swamp, with ourselves. There was some chivalry, than one would reasonably suppose. We had learned that there are four hundred men, mostly in a kind of boat, strapped to the back of a mule, could not have anything their own way, that they could not mistake New Orleans for across the enemy's feet, but greatly having his trouble on the river, not about the same time. Expedition with gunboats, a frigate-of-war, two field batteries, and four thousand troops.

DRIFTING.

The last of May I left Brownwood for the West. I reached once in San Angelo, once at the District Conference at Sherman. Went home with Bro. Nath Thompson and his jewel wife in Ozona. Had a happy time at the parsonage and on my work. He and I went to Juro, which is a little beyond the outside row, and preached the gospel there. Bro. T. is doing well on his work. Met the Brownwood District Conference at Goldthwaite. It was good, as also the San Angelo at Sherman. Both preaching elders have their work well in hand, and no matters of the situation. The reports of the pastors at both conferences were hopeful and clearly developed the fact that the horses are not all dead yet. Helped W. K. Simmon on the Center City Circuit about a month. We had a revival at every meeting. "Glory to God!" Bro. S. and his excellent family showed me no little kindness. He is closing his fourth year on the work, which speaks well for pastor and people. Came to Bro. J. M. Linn's work September 29. He and his good wife received me cordially. His people want him back. Preached this year fifty-two times. Praise God from whom all blessings flow. R. M. LEATON, Corpus Christi, Texas.



at promiscuous use of... No wonder the... who had been con... several college students... language, finally asked... if he was familiar with... he replied in the affirm... beamed him to please... in Greek, as she had... language. do not travel alone... vehicle of impure and... s. A wise man once... said: "Let no corrupt... proceed out of your... more, no such thing... arbores in thought. I thoughts, when some... that there was no pre... Luther once replied, "I the birds from flying... that I can keep them... in my hair." The... raised presently rises... ethed is banishment... e Newton was at the... made friends with an... an, who was skillful in... lences. But this gentle... commenced telling New... vent, when Sir Isaac at... the acquaintance. He... his soul by hearing... e and salvation mean... f the marks of nobility... he sets a watch upon... that he sees to it that... gulle. in who can bear the... world's sin is he whom... er—Ran's Horn.

COLLEGE MEN. Harvard Brain-Workers | Athletes. at Harvard where... dired of the men eat... stervating. The dining... rous gothic hall fin... glish oak with wide... ndows on the sides... hung with portraits of... nates and benefactors... ons. have good food to eat... t. The hall is run on... plan so that it costs... than four dollars a... To this place three... me men, whose lives... g are given to serious... k, and to accomplish... een enough to realize... d is absolutely neces... ularly struck by the... of Grape-Nuts stand... very table, which the... it grocery stores and... r personal use. They... l by practical demon... sin work exhausts the... that nature demands... e made up, and made... ready to be used with... is a scientific food... s and builds up the... particularly suited to... dents. athletes also eat it to... tive organs in per... der so that they can... strain of both body... when important con...

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. A TONIC FOR WEAK KIDNEYS. Heals Diseased Kidneys, Quiets Inflammation, Relieves Backache, Corrects Changes in the Urine and Assists the Extraction of Poisonous Uric Acid in the Blood. THE MEDICINE. As a SYSTEM TONIC and BLOOD PURIFIER it is without an equal in weakened organs, cleanses and regulates the bowels. Its fine tonic properties mental activity. Clears the complexion of yellow discolorations, brightens the REMEDY for workers—both body and brain workers, as it puts the brain and SOLD EVERYWHERE. OF MEDICINES. Medicine. It overhauls the system thoroughly, drives out impurities, strengthens extend to and benefit every part of the body, producing strength, vigor and eye, promotes good appetite, sound sleep and cheerful spirits. It is a GREAT vital organs in superb condition and keeps them so. AT \$1.00 PER BOTTLE. A TRUE SYSTEM REGULATOR. Tones Up the Stomach, Strengthens Digestion, Relieves and Permanently Cures Heartburn, Dizziness, Headache, Corrects Bad Breath, Fickle Appetite and a Constipated Habit.



L. BLAYLOCK, Publisher

Office of Publication—Corner Ervay and Jackson Streets.

Published Every Thursday at Dallas, Texas

Entered at the Postoffice at Dallas, Texas, as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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

SUBSCRIPTION—IN ADVANCE.

Table with subscription rates: ONE YEAR \$2.00, SIX MONTHS \$1.00, THREE MONTHS \$0.50, TO PREACHERS (Half Price) \$1.00

For advertising rates address the Publisher.

All ministers in active work in the M. E. Church, South, in Texas are agents and will receive and receipt for subscriptions.

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

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

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

BACK NUMBERS.—Subscriptions may begin at any time, but we can not undertake to furnish back numbers. We will do so when desired, if possible, but, as a rule, subscriptions must date from the current issue.

All remittances should be made by draft, postal money order, or express money order, express or registered letters. Money forwarded in any other way is at the sender's risk.

L. BLAYLOCK, Dallas, Texas.

TEXAS ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

Table with conference dates: Northwest Texas, Corsicana, Nov. 13; North Texas, McKinney, Nov. 27; East Texas, Tyler, Dec. 4; Texas, Huntsville, Dec. 11

PREACHING—ITS PURPOSE AND AIM.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

sermon a week, and he does little else. Dr. McLaren is the world's greatest preacher.

To preach, one needs first the sermon. That should be characterized by thought, insight and devotion—the result of much labor and diligent study.

Then the speaker must remember that he preaches by the call of God and that he speaks for God. His manner, his attitude, his voice, should reveal by their earnestness, their humbleness and rich pathos that God is being represented by the sermon.

While in Merit I enjoyed the hospitality of the good families of Bros. J. P. Hamilton and N. E. Owens, and we had a time of good communion. Sisters Hamilton and Owens are sisters of the late Patton Honaker, of Farmersville, and S. M. Honaker, of Abingdon, Va.

On my way home I tarried awhile in the parsonage at Farmersville with Bro. and Sister T. H. Morris. That work is also highly prosperous. Without much apparent effort Bro. Morris has secured a bona fide subscription of \$12,400 for a new church building, with another thousand in sight.

give him four hours every day in the year for solitary study and meditation. The people in towns should let their pastors have their morning hours for study. Do not visit the parsonage—not even "drop in for a minute"—during the forenoon.

A SUNDAY IN MERIT.

Last Saturday I took the Santa Fe and ran up to Merit, about fifty miles above this city. Rev. J. R. Adair is our pastor there, and for sometime past I have been under promise to give him a service.

While in Merit I enjoyed the hospitality of the good families of Bros. J. P. Hamilton and N. E. Owens, and we had a time of good communion. Sisters Hamilton and Owens are sisters of the late Patton Honaker, of Farmersville, and S. M. Honaker, of Abingdon, Va.

On my way home I tarried awhile in the parsonage at Farmersville with Bro. and Sister T. H. Morris. That work is also highly prosperous. Without much apparent effort Bro. Morris has secured a bona fide subscription of \$12,400 for a new church building, with another thousand in sight.

We have one of the best locations in the town, and when the enterprise is complete Farmersville will be one of our best appointments. Bro. Morris, not finding enough to keep himself well engaged, instituted a number of preaching places within a radius of three or four miles of the town last summer, and the result is that he has organized three other societies with a good membership, and he is ready to turn this work over to the conference for a preacher next year.

ANOTHER GIFT WITHOUT NAME.

A few weeks back we noted a gift from some unnamed servant of God to our Waco Orphanage. It was sent through the Rev. G. R. Hughes, of New Boston. Now we are glad to report from the same town and through the same preacher another gift of money—this time to go to the Southwestern University.

TWO STRAY PUBLICATIONS.

What is the matter with the Methodist Recorder and the Midland Methodist? Have they ceased to exist or is it possible that they are too aristocratic to exchange with the old Texas? At any rate we have not had a copy of either for some time.

A MERITED COMPLIMENT.

From the Channing Courier we copy the following merited compliment to one of our hardest workers on our Texas frontier:

"Rev. W. R. McKown, now of Stratford, paid us an appreciated call on Monday. He is a pioneer, blazing the religious pathway throughout the counties to the east of us. Since last December he has traveled over six thousand miles by buggy, not to mention nearly four hundred miles by railway.

"Too late the tardy meed we bring. Of praise delayed too long!"

TEXAS PERSONALS.

Rev. Minor Bounds, our preacher at Round Timber, was on his way to Georgetown this week and called on the Advocate.

Rev. Atticus G. Webb, of Sanzer, was in the city, last week, looking after materials for a new church. He made the Advocate a pleasant visit. He has had a fine year. All of the collections ordered by the conference are paid in full, his salary is more than paid,

his membership has nearly doubled, and he has made a number of church improvements.

Rev. Jerome Duncan was in the city last week and made the Advocate a cheerful visit. He has just finished up a four-year term of service at Vernon, and he is ready for conference.

A pleasant personal note from Rev. J. M. Carter, of Colorado, Tex., states that his work has moved along pleasantly this year. He is about ready for the conference now upon us.

Rev. George W. Lewis, of the Palo Pinto charge, Northwest Texas Conference, and Miss Fanny Lee were married the 6th instant. Rev. Jno. R. Morris officiating. We congratulate the happy couple upon this event.

We notice in a Washington dispatch to the Daily News that President Roosevelt will appoint Rev. W. W. Watts of Naacogloches to a chaplaincy in the regular army. When this appointment is to take place the News does not state.

Dr. Carter, Secretary of the Epworth League Department of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in America, called on the Advocate last week. He is in the State looking after the young people's work of his Church in Texas.

Rev. W. J. Moore, of the Anti-Saloon League movement, has moved from Granbury to Oak Cliff, and he has an office in the Trust building in this city. He will give all of his attention to this work, and any person wanting anti-saloon help will do well to correspond with him.

Commander Chief, Rev. C. W. Daniel, pastor of the Methodist Church, will preach his last sermons at this conference year to-morrow morning and night. The public is invited to be present. A Methodist preacher is always prepared to move at the close of each conference year as his timetable does not go beyond that, but Rev. Mr. Daniel has given complete satisfaction and his congregation and the people generally would be pleased to learn of his return.

CHURCH NEWS.

The Indian Mission Conference had a gain in membership the past year of 2413. The most of the conferences so far held show an increase.

The Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in their recent meeting, reported that about \$12,000,000 is the amount so far contributed by that Church to the Twentieth Century Thank-offering.

The following fraternal delegates of the M. E. Church will be at the approaching session of the General Conference of the M. E. Church, South: Rev. D. W. C. Huntington, D. D., and the Hon. John L. Dates.

Rev. Jos. F. Barry, D. D., the versatile editor of the Epworth Herald, is quite ill, and the affliction is giving his Church considerable concern. We hope to soon hear of his complete recovery. He holds an important post in the work of Northern Methodism.

A while back, at the Rock River Conference, Bishop McCabe was so beset by delegations of laymen looking after their respective preachers that he announced to them his conviction that they had better go into the Congressional Church.

Bishop Keener is back at his home in New Orleans, after spending the summer at Ocean Springs. He was able, recently, to attend Carrollton Church and take part in the sacramental service. He is now past eighty-three, but remarkably active for one of his age.

Rev. James A. Duncan, D. D., late of the Houston Conference, has abandoned the ministry and entered the insurance business. When a man discovers that his connection with the ministry is a mistake, the best thing to do is go into some secular pursuit.

From Zion's Herald we clip this note by the successful pastor of our Church at Waterville, Me., Rev. A. A. Lewis, bearing date of Sept. 25: "I went out yesterday in the interest of Zion's Herald. Called on seventy families, and secured fifty-two new subscribers. This is the way to do business, and not depend on a pulpit notice. If I were not stiff and lame to-

day, I would go out and get more." Zion's Herald comments: "This single achievement illustrates what any minister in our patronizing conferences can do to a degree. If he is really moved by the desire and purpose to increase the circulation and usefulness of this paper, brethren in the ministry shall not such an earnest and successful canvass for new subscribers for the Herald—your paper—be made in all our borders? There is food for reflection in this."

Bishop Hendrix, while preaching in Church Street Church, at the late session of the Holston Conference, in Knoxville, Tenn., had a severe attack of vertigo, and it was with difficulty that he finished his sermon. However, we are glad to note that nothing serious has followed the attack. It was doubtless the result of stomach disorder, and therefore only temporary.

BOOK NOTICES.

"Love in Our Village" and "Jan O'ber," by Orme Agnus and published by L. C. Page & Company, are two beautifully gotten up booklets, and they contain an interesting story each for the ordinary reader. There is nothing profound or strikingly enchanting about them, but they are entertaining and give one recreation while resting the mind.

"A Short History of the Hebrews to the Roman Period," by Prof. R. L. Ottley, of Magdalen College, Oxford, and published by the McMillan Company. This is another contribution to Old Testament literature by a man who is a master of that field of inquiry. It is put in such shape as that the man who has not sufficient time to go through ponderous volumes for this character of study can find all necessary information placed in condensed form within his reach. It is a valuable book, and readers of the Bible will find it both interesting and helpful.

"Suggestive Illustrations on the Gospel of John," by Rev. F. N. Pelouset, D. D., the great Sunday-school lesson commentator. It is published by A. J. Holman & Company. Dr. Pelouset for years has been bringing out his annual Sunday-school Lesson Helps in book form, and he has given special attention to the gospel according to John. In this volume he gathers up all of the material hitherto published and added largely to it, and brings it out in this separate and permanent form. It is exceedingly rich in single-shot comments, apt quotations and striking illustrations. No Sunday-school worker can afford to be without it, and it will be very helpful in the libraries of the ministry.

"The Story of My Life and Work," by Booker T. Washington, and published by J. L. Nichols & Co. This is an autobiography and it appeared in a series of several chapters awhile back in the Outlook. It is just what the title of the book claims—the story of the life of Booker T. Washington. That he is the most remarkable negro in the South none will question. His work is truly wonderful. He was born a slave, but the Emancipation Proclamation was issued while he was a boy. Then the struggle of his life began. That he should have made, by his own efforts, such unique development of talents and character is marvelous indeed. The story of his rise and progress, bearing a few touches of egotism here and there, reads like a romance. The boys of his race ought to read the book. It is an interesting production.

"Deborah, a Tale of the Times of Judah Maccabees," by James M. Ludlow, and published by Fleming Revell. We have not had time yet to read this beautifully gotten up book, but Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis says of it: "Many things conspire to make 'Deborah' a most fascinating book. The story was a critical one for civilization—an era most dramatic and tumultuous; full of romance and adventure. It was an age of war and gold, splendor, luxury, an age of adventure, plottings and intrigues. Than Deborah, Antigone herself does not represent a higher type of nobility, devotion and self-sacrifice. Deborah will, if possible, strengthen the reputation of the author of that most fascinating book, 'The Captain of the Janissaries.' For myself, I can only say that I read the book through at a single sitting and hasten to send this message of congratulation and gratitude."

The R. F. Johnson Publishing Company have just issued a series of delightful sketches entitled "Texas History Stories," by Prof. E. G. Littlejohn, of Galveston. Without attempting to present a connected narrative of events, the author has depicted the lives of the leading characters of the Lone Star State in a manner at once graphic and beautiful. The salient

features of the era of grouped about the adv da Vaca. The incident day in which the "Lil waved over the colon; live the life of the chiv; teous La Salle. The cinto and Golliad, and t which resulted in the e the Republic, become 1 of the lives of Houst David Crockett; with part which Texas pl "Stars and Bars" is the name of Dick sketches have a local ing not to be found in tory, and they make (ing not only for the s for whom they are esp but for every lover of stories are issued in five

MAGAZINE NO.

The Homiletic Review is before us, and it interesting matter. T tion contains a numb celled articles; and portion has sermons at mons from distinguis Other departments of

The November numbe ican Illustrated Methc is very rich in its co only has many very ex touching a variety of many of them are also illustrated. "The Makin of Ralph Connor," the "Pilot" and other popul delightful contribution.

The American Revie for this month is a In its Progress of the ment, all current events note are made to pass l with accuracy, and fr gets a good idea of wh at home and abroad. other leading matters, moral, literary, financia world are treated at lo most entertaining mann

The November numb Magazine contains the ters of Mr. F. Hopkinse est and most importa Fortunes of Oliver Ho with the career of a yo comes to New York fro seek fame, the author sympathetic hero and d own long and intimat with the artistic and li ment of the city. He attractive impression atmosphere in which t actors move. The whol acterized by a sense of and there are many c well-known passages o wholesome human s have contributed so mu popularity of his previo installment will conta tion by Walter Appleton

JACKSONVILLE MAT

ANDER COLLEGIATE

Alexander Colleague I its sixth session under t agreement September 2, 190 school under the present The opening in Septemb the best we have had—al better than the opening. Our enrollment to date, I whom are boarders. T tory has twice as many heretofore. It is consi nearly so. Several mon Christmas. It seems no space will be taken, if no enrollment above is 25 pe of any year's total enr our much class is about large as at any tim charge of this we have a extraordinary musical abilit combined with years of i in teaching. We have a patronage yet enrolled at ing period of any year. patronage is considerably any other year's total, both local and foreign, never so good as now. T will not be gossiped by an with the facts. In this connection one of note, viz.: Ours is the school in Texas that outo cally as a training schoo and reality before the acti cal Conference on the And no other has yet don I know. As we have no imposi fer no degree, and try tionsable advertising meet submitted our work to a le judgment, we feel that is more and more comi One shadow overhangs larger equipment. We m out short our growth. T almost if not altogether, I Twentieth Century Mov but little thus far. The C must enlarge its educati or be practically crushed petition. And then what

PROHIBITIVE

In Jacksonville some t that Collegiate Institue lished there, a leading bu

Permanently cured. No 5 after first day a use of Dr. J Resonance. Sent Free 25 Cents. Dr. R. B. Kline, Ltd. 201 Arch St

Dinner

igestion, relieve distress or drinking too heartily, constipation, take

Pills

ete. 25 cents.



WOMEN'S RELIEF

by woman has little discomfort at the menses. No woman is any. Wine of Cardui quickly relieve those menstrual pains and headache, back and irregular menses.

WINE OF CARDUI

permanent relief to women who suffered from headache and back pain. It makes the men- strual period healthy. Women made by Na- ture to be healthy.

WINE OF CARDUI

It makes the men- strual period healthy. Women made by Na- ture to be healthy.

Max. M. A. Yocum.

17 New St., New York.

Waterbury, N. Y., U.S.A.

WATERBURY MINES.

LACEY & CO

ers, Fiscal Agents, and all other business. 17 New St., New York.

EXTENSION

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS COLLEGE

to offer the largest...

KEY, President.

IN TEXAS.

SURE

Send your address... Pearlina, unequaled

chief agent in enabling American manufacturers to take first place in the world.

It appears that the American workmen are much better time-keepers and far less given to dissipation than those in Great Britain.

In inquiring as to the cause of this greater sobriety by the American, the fact appears that twenty years ago business interests in the United States paid no attention to the effect of the beverage use of alcohol or tobacco on working ability.

Hon. Carroll D. Wright's Labor Bureau investigations show that more than 75 per cent of the employers of skilled labor in the United States require total abstinence of their employees.

The manager of the Borsig factory in Germany recently posted an order forbidding the workmen to bring into the factory beer or other spirituous liquors or to drink the same during working hours.

The nomination for knighthood of Sir Hiram Maxim, the American born inventor, for his work in England, was one of the last official acts of Queen Victoria.

The English workman spends a great part of his earnings in beer, tobacco and betting. He has no ambition. Of course not, for beer in dulling the brain dulls ambition.

Talked
into taking cheap washing powders in the belief that they are equal to PEARLINE! Grocers who want to work off unsalable goods; peddlers, prize-givers, etc., all say "This is just as good," "much cheaper," "same thing." Don't be deceived. The most effective, most economical, best made, is Pearlina, unequaled

A New Departure.

A New, Effectual and Convenient Cure For Catarrh.

Of catarrh remedies there is no end, but of catarrh cures, there has always been a great scarcity.

The old practice of snuffing salt water through the nose would often relieve and the washes, douches, pow-



ders and inhalers in common use are very little, if any, better than the old fashioned salt water douche.

The use of inhalers and the application of salves, washes and powders to the nose and throat to cure catarrh is no more reasonable than to rub the back to cure kidney disease.

To cure catarrh, whether in the head, throat or stomach an internal antiseptic treatment is necessary to drive the catarrhal poison out of the blood and system.

Some of my friends recommended an inhaler, another a catarrh salve but they were no good in my case.

They are pleasant to take and so much more convenient to use than any other catarrh remedy that I feel I can not say enough in favor of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

not drink," says another English writer. England is beginning to see the difference in results between occasional talks by temperance advocates to school children and the systematic graded public school study of this topic required by law in the United States.

"We are being beaten in skill by America. She has been lavish in spending money in educating the brains of her people, while we have been lavish in poisoning them.

It has been wisely said that "industrial supremacy belongs to that coun-

try which enjoys the cheapest materials, the most improved machinery and the most efficient labor."

As clear brains and steady nerves are needed for the preparation of both material and machinery as well as for their use in production, that nation, other things being equal, whose brains are not dulled by alcohol and other narcotics will win in the world's competitions.

SOME DOCTRINAL SERMONS.

For some time the doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, have been assailed and called into question by our Baptist brethren at this place. In fact, they never find a place or occasion when they think it out of place to teach the young people that they are the Church, and of course the Methodists are without grounds or doctrines in the Bible.

The writer listened to every discourse, watched closely every statement and prop of same, and in conclusion will say that he landed safe on solid ground.

W. G. HAMILTON
Nevada, Texas.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Mr. Roe uses a striking analogy in his delightful volume, "What Can She Do?" An avalanche lying across the mountain-pass, often intercepts the Alpine traveler.

Bishop Thoburn, that apostle and evangelist in the Dark Continent, gave expression to this fearful thought: "I don't have to believe there's a God; I know it."

HOLIDAYS—HOLIDAYS
Don't wait, but send us your address at once and get our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE containing over one thousand articles to select from of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silver and Platedware. Have you an old Watch or Jewelry to repair, send them to us. We will put them in first-class order at reasonable prices. One trial will convince you. (Reference, this Paper.)

IRION, GIRARDET & CO. 404 W. Market Street, Louisville, Ky.

that refuses to believe because he does not know turns from the force that leads to unlimited and satisfactory knowledge. Faith is the capacity to believe a thing you do not know.

"Men pierced the haze of Nature's dirty wheels,
And saw a motive and a guiding hand,
But other eyes of Nature make demand,
And view a tangled whirl that naught reveals."
Men dug aside the surface that conceals
Pure thought, and bared a syllogistic strand
That led to God, while intellects aggrand
Still wander blindly by to specious veils.
Too bright the vision for my dazzled eye
To mark the outlines of the Glory's Source;
Too vague the path, too fair the fal-lacy,
That shuts from Reason her ambitious course.
Uncertain, useless, dead—what need I own
To argument? For, praise His name, I know!"

A man may believe until he can believe no more. The poor, harassed father, waiting for the transfigured Christ had reached that point. He comes helpless and transfixed by the awful consciousness that the agencies that led his faith were utterly exhausted.

"Faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without,
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt."
I wish I could express a certain thought in an intelligible way. There is a sense of faith that is partially, if not altogether, paralyzed by our false ideas.

conditions played no part in the ultimate outcome of Abraham's faith. How gentle the conviction? "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?" Faith must not be conditioned on anything save the fact of an resurrection and life here.

"The kingdom of God cometh not with observation," or of the material has it, "with outward show." Neither shall they say, "Lo here, or lo there" for "within the kingdom of God is within you."

"A religious order or society is a human institution and may frame its constitution as it pleases; but a Church is a divine institution and must conform its laws to the Word of God."

CLERGYMAN'S CHILDREN

Coffee Being Replaced by Postum Food Coffee.

"I am the wife of a minister. About three years ago a warm friend, an exemplary mother and the conventional wife of a minister, asked me if I had ever tried giving her coffee and using the Postum Food Coffee. I had been telling her of my own experience and ill health, and she said, 'We drink nothing else for breakfast but Postum Food Coffee, and it's a delight and a comfort to have something that we do not have to refuse the children when they ask for it.'"

I was surprised that she would permit the children to drink any kind of coffee, but she explained that it was a most healthful beverage and that the children thrived on it. A very little thought convinced me that for brain-work, one should not rely upon a stimulant such as coffee, but should have food and the very best of food.

My first trial of Postum was a failure. The maid of all work brought it to the table lukewarm, weak and together lacking in character. We were in despair, but I read up on Postum trial. At the second trial, we faithfully followed the directions, and four transparent to the pint of water, but it had full effect, and served it with rich cream. It was delicious and we were all won.

implants HARRHEA MORBUS y's Ready Relief w moments cure r Stomach, Naural Fevers, Stek stulency and all umatism, Neural s, Bruises, Mos- of Insects, Sun- ache, Headache, he application of

EADY RELIEF affected will in- cure the suf- ts. Sold by all . New York.

Ohio R. R. E LINE ED TRAINS

Cafe Car Service LIMITED NEW YORK in the World.

ates. hortest states, f cars. ts are ogches ; also ay and night.

R 50¢ TIONS ER AGO. Y. STIN, D. ORTH.

WEST TEXAS CONFERENCE.

San Antonio District—First Round. Sherman Street. 2d Sun Nov. 11. South Heights and South Flores Street. 7:30 p. m. 3d Sun Nov. 12.

Beeville District—First Round. Floresville. Nov. 23, 24. Kenody. Nov. 27, 28.

San Angelo District—First Round. Sonora and Eldorado, at S. Nov. 17, 18.

Llano District—First Round. Llano sta. Nov. 16, 17. San Saba sta. Nov. 23, 24.

Cuero District—First Round. Runge, at Runge. 4th Sun Nov. 11. Leeville, at Leeville. 1st Sun Dec. 1.

EAST TEXAS CONFERENCE. Tyler District—Fourth Round. Troupe and Overton, at T. Nov. 16, 17.

Beaumont District—Fourth Round. Call cir, at Caro Springs. Nov. 16, 17. Livingston cir, at Livingston. Nov. 23, 24.

Marshall District—Fourth Round. Church Hill, at Church Hill. Nov. 16, 17. Harmony cir, at Harmony. Nov. 23, 24.

TEXAS CONFERENCE. Huntsville District—Fourth Round. Dodge cir, at Dodge. Nov. 16, 17. Cold Springs cir, at Cold Spgs. Nov. 18, 19.

terson, Oct. 19; Hill's Prairie, Oct. 11; Winchester, Oct. 16; Rock Island, Oct. 22.

Houston District—Fourth Round. Houston, McKee Street. Nov. 16, 17. Washington Street. Nov. 17, 18.

Brenham District—Fourth Round. Giddings. Nov. 16, 17. Livingston, at Tanglewood. Nov. 23, 24.

NORTH TEXAS CONFERENCE. Dallas District—Fourth Round. Lewisville. Nov. 16, 17. Cochran and Caruth, at Cochran. Nov. 23, 24.

McKinney District—Fourth Round. Wylie, Wylie. 2d Sun Nov. 11. Renner, Alpha. 4th Sun Nov. 13.

Paris District—Fourth Round. Emberson, at Forest Chapel. Nov. 16, 17. Lamar Avenue. Nov. 17, 18.

Sherman District—Fourth Round. Gordonville. 2d Sun Nov. 11. Bells. 4th Sun Nov. 13.

Greenville District—Fourth Round. Leonard. Nov. 16, 17. Greenville mission. Nov. 23, 24.

Bowle District—Fourth Round. Alvord, at Foster. Nov. 16, 17. "Aico, at Ohio. Nov. 23, 24.

Gainesville District—Fourth Round. Gainesville, Broadway. Nov. 16, 17. J. L. Morris, P. E.

Terrell District—Fourth Round. Royse. Nov. 16, 17. F. O. Miller, P. E.

Bonham District—Fourth Round. Gober. 2d Sun Nov. 11. Pannin. 4th Sun Nov. 13.

NEW MEXICO CONFERENCE. Albuquerque District—First Round. San Marcial. Nov. 23, 24.

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS. On December 21-22, 1901, the St. Louis Southwestern Railway Company of Texas will sell round trip tickets from all stations on its line to points in Missouri, Arkansas and the Southeast, at greatly reduced rates.

I & G N POPULAR EXCURSIONS. Dates Shown Are Those on Which Tickets Are Sold. Fort Worth, Texas—November 15-21, National Convention W. C. T. U.

Hunt's Cure is not a misnomer. It does cure Itch, Ringworm, Eczema, Tetter and all similar skin diseases. A wonderful remedy. Guaranteed. Price 50 cents.

An Alabamian in Texas.

Mr. T. A. King, formerly of Atmore, Ala., moved to Angleton County, Texas, in 1880, and at once entered into growing vegetables for local and far-away markets.

Agents of the Texas & Pacific Railway Company in Texas and Shreveport, La., have been instructed to sell round trip tickets to Fort Worth, Texas, November 14 and 15, with final limit of November 22.

There is a time for all things. The time to take Simmons' Cough Syrup is when afflicted with Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Coughs or Colds. It is guaranteed to cure you.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure to use that old and well tested remedy, Dr. King's Specific for Children's Teething.

He who knows only Christ knows all.

4 IMPORTANT GATEWAYS



2 FAST TRAINS 2 DAILY

FOR St. Louis, Chicago and East

SUPERIOR NEW PULLMAN VESTIBULE BUFFET SLEEPERS HANDSOME NEW CHAIR CARS SEATS FREE!

Direct Line TO ARIZONA, NEW MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA

MINERAL WELLS, TEXAS

THE HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORT OF THE SOUTH Reached via the WEATHERFORD, MINERAL WELLS & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY.

Excursion round trip tickets on sale with all the principal roads in the State. ALL THE YEAR ROUND. Close connections with the Texas & Pacific and Santa Fe trains at Weatherford, Texas.

When Traveling

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

The most direct route to the NORTH, EAST and SOUTHEAST. For rates and information, call on local agent or address W. H. TAYLOR, WM. DOHERTY, G. P. A. A. G. P. A. N. S. MELDRUM, General Manager, HOUSTON, TEXAS.

THE WABASH ROUTE.

Best Equipment, Best Service, Best Time. Between St. Louis and Chicago, St. Louis and Detroit, Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Between St. Louis, New York, Boston and the East.

4 ELEGANT, FAST, THROUGH, SOLID TRAINS DAILY

The ONLY LINE running over its own RAILS between KANSAS CITY or ST. LOUIS and BUFFALO.

The Proper Way to Travel. USE THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC, SUNSET ROUTE.

Free Chair Cars, Splendid Equipment, Box Vesteduled, Perfect Trains. Equipment the Best, Route the Quickest. CALIFORNIA, THE WEST, NEW YORK, THE EAST...

TEXAS HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OFFICIALLY RECOGNIZES THE SHIRT WAIST.

The one thing that is sure to stir up The American Public is any radical departure from custom—anything that is not in style and lacks common approval.

Within the last three years "THE DENVER ROAD" has made several quite radical departures in the matter of regular, daily equipment and service.

HOMES FOR THE MILLION

In Southwestern Missouri, Western Arkansas, Eastern Texas and Western Louisiana on the line of the

K. C. S. KANSAS CITY SOUTHERN RAILWAY. "Straight as the Crow Flies" from KANSAS CITY TO THE GULF

THE EASIEST WAY IS THE BEST

and the BEST WAY is the

HOUSTON & TEXAS CENTRAL RAILROAD

TO ALL North, South and Central Texas Points. FREE CHAIR CARS THROUGH SLEEPERS DALLAS, AUSTIN, WACO, FORT WORTH, DENSON, CORSICANA, HOUSTON.

Send 10c. in stamps for a copy of the Southern Pacific Blue Book Book, containing 100 coupons.

Advertisement for THE I. & G. N. IS THE SHORT LINE. ALL YEAR SPECIALTIES: THROUGH CARS and PULLMAN SLEEPERS. DAILY FAST TRAINS, MODERN EQUIPMENT. SUPERIOR PASSENGER SERVICE.

Sewing Machine and Texas Christian Advocate 1 Year for \$22.00

