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Editorial.

HOW TO MAKE THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL.

Naturally the world is very beautiful, but there are many people who do not know it. But just look at it for a moment. Its topography is worthy of admiration. The plains spread themselves far away in the distance, the hills lift up their peaks like spires, the mountains stand like sentinels in the background, the creeks and the rivers flow through the valleys and the great oceans heave in their channels. Over the plains and upon the mountains and hills the grass, the flowers and the forests flourish, and out of the fertile soil grow the grain and the fruits for the use of man and beasts. Wherever the eye turns we are greeted by some phase of natural beauty and excellence. Then over the world the bright sky hangs and from it the sun pours his life-giving light by day, and the moon and the stars glitter by night. Then come our seasons adapted to all forms of vegetable and animal life, and all the forces of nature bend themselves for the good of human kind. Everywhere God is manifesting his goodness and favor through the medium of nature. Yet there are thousands of people, yea, millions, who see no beauty in this world. Their lives are steeped in sin, their eyes are dimmed, their minds are darkened and their sensibilities are seared. They grope their way and get out of life naught but animal pleasure, while all visions of beauty pass by them unobserved. They look through bleared eyes out of an impure mind and heart upon the universe, and everything without is to them like everything within. But how different with the man or woman who looks up from nature to nature's God! Into them has shone the light of life and immortality, and to them the world is God's habitation. To live upon it is to live with him; and every valley, and every hill, and every mountain, and every river and every sea is the visible expression of wisdom and beauty. The flowers that bloom, the trees that bud, the oceans that roll are God's manifestations of truth and goodness. To put one's self in harmony with these natural environments and live according to nature's laws is to make the things in this world that are naturally beautiful even infinitely more so. To do this we come into sympathy with Divine law and we make heaven and earth meet in the world in which we live. How manifold is the goodness of God in this great world created for the benefit of man!

THE PULPIT SCOLD.

Sometime back Bishop Walden, in addressing a class of young applicants for full connection in the conference, warned them against the danger of becoming pulpit scolds. The suggestion is a good one and needs to be emphasized. It happens that occasionally a preacher unconsciously falls into the habit of scolding and railing at his people. And the worst of it is, the very people who need such treatment are not present to receive it. It is the faithful few, who always do their

duty, who have to sit in the pew and listen to this tirade. That people once in a while need to be admonished goes without saying, but to be scolded and fussed at from Sunday to Sunday is intolerable. The preacher who does it soon loses his influence with his people, and they grow very tired of it. It is proof positive that he has failed to make a thorough preparation of a wholesome sermon to give them, and instead of it he fumes and finds fault. It requires no close study and wide reading to get off a performance of this character. All that is necessary is to overload the stomach, sit up late smoking and talking, keep out of touch with the young life of your congregation, see nothing especially pleasant and keep an eye open for all that is disagreeable. This will fit any man for his calling as a scold. More than that, it will dwarf his mind, narrow his visions, make him spiteful, give him a distaste for good reading, make him search for slights and perfect him in all the accomplishments of a first-class grumbler. But if he will visit his people cordially, learn their ups and downs, find out their manner of thought-life, read good books, study his subjects and learn the inner spirit of his texts, digest well his subject matter, pray much, comfort the afflicted and live in sympathy with the young and the old, then when he goes into the pulpit he will find well-filled pews and he will be so full of the Spirit and so enamored of his subject that it will never occur to him to scold and ruffle his people. He will feed them instead of beating them. And as strange as it may appear, people thrive and grow in grace more when fed with nourishing spiritual food than they do upon scolding and flaying. A pulpit scold is a nuisance and people get mighty tired of him.

THE SALOON HAS NO INHERENT RIGHTS.

The saloon is an adopted child of American civilization. It is not a natural member of our national domestic life. It has none of the rights that belong to a born legal heir. It is an alien taken into our fold as means of controlling it and minimizing its evils. Every right given to it is a conceded right, and not a natural one. When it opens in a given community it does so with the distinct understanding that it is an evil and that the people are empowered by law to take the right of its existence away from it at their will. The State makes conditions with which to meet this emergency in the provision to reimburse the saloon man with the amount of his license money still due at the time he is forced by the ballots of the people to go out of business. Every man who goes into the business does it with the understanding that in all probability the people will vote him out before his license expires. And while he is in business he is so hedged about by statute as to force him to restrict his business to certain regulations. This he almost invariably resists and treats with contempt the very people who concede to him the right to open his saloon. He soon imagines that the community belongs to him and proceeds

to trample under his feet the laws of the State. And when the people vote his right away from him he goes into the courts and annoys them with injunctions as long as possible in order to gain time to extend a little longer the business that has been outlawed. Therefore the people of Texas are making up their minds to abrogate all the conceded rights of the saloon and to divest it of all privilege to live and do business. This is the only disposition to be made of this enemy of God and human kind. The child thus adopted by our civilization has proven itself unworthy to live, even as a bastard member of the political family of this country. It has to be strangled. Nothing short of this will save the country from its ravages and iniquity. It has become a monster. Its vicious practices have made it an enemy to society and the people are becoming desperate in their tolerance of it any longer. They are crying out for its life. On with the battle!

THE WEST TEXAS CONFERENCE.

The West Texas Conference is in session at Austin as we go to press, and the Advocate force is on the ground. Next week we will publish the proceedings with the appointments. This is the first session since the Austin District was added to it by the General Conference, and this is the first time that it ever met in the Capital City. The session will be somewhat marred by the fact that the yellow fever is within the bounds of the conference, and some of the points are shut in by quarantine, but the Bishop thought best, along with a number of the brethren, to meet according to the published time and transact the business. Bishop Duncan is in the chair and his presence will add much to the interest of the occasion. He is scholarly, religious, a fine preacher, a good executive and an entertaining man. There is a dry touch of humor in his make-up that crops out once in a while which, if understood in the spirit that animates the good Bishop, will impart a flavor of interest to the session. Some things he says appear sharp, but he is as tender-hearted as a woman. To know him well is to love him devotedly. He is a genuine Methodist preacher and he has the heart of his calling. There will be a number of changes necessarily, many of which can not be anticipated. Yet we pray that Divine wisdom may guide in all things so that the Church will be strengthened and God's name glorified. An Annual Conference ought to be a very religious gathering, one of prayer and song. The Holy Ghost ought to rest upon every session and all the preachers ought to leave its scene with an unction from the Holy One resting upon them. May this be the portion of the present West Texas Conference!

Love is the essence of the gospel, but love does not dispense with law. Law is of heavenly origin, and love helps us to obey its commandments and precepts. Perfect obedience to law is the result of love in the heart and character. The love of Christ constrains us to obey the law of Christ.

SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE.

Truth is the agreement of things, the correct intellectual apprehension and expression of reality. Christ stands in perfect accord with this definition in that he is in agreement with all facts and he is the only correct apprehension and expression of God. He tells us, "I am the way, the truth and life; no man cometh unto the Father except by me." He was the truth in concrete form. He lived and spoke the truth. It is becoming upon the part of his followers to understand the truth and to speak it even as did the Master. A lie has nothing in common with Christ. It is contrary to his life and to all that he taught and expounded. His every word was the truth. He expects the truth in those who claim him as their Lord. There are several ways to speak the truth. We can speak it in a half-hearted way, or we can speak it in a roundabout way, or we can speak it in a disagreeable way. But Christ spoke it in none of these ways. He spoke it with a full heart, with a straightforward way, and in a pleasing way. He spoke the truth in love. When not spoken in love the truth loses more than half of its force. Just here the minister needs always to learn a lesson. When he stands before his people and assumes a defiant attitude and speaks the truths of his sermon in a manner and in a tone of voice which repel instead of attract men, his sermon is depreciated fifty per cent. He must have a heart full of love, and out of such a heart he must speak it in love if he wants to win men. When he couches the truth in sarcastic language, biting and severe, the truth itself wounds instead of soothing and inspiring those who attend upon its delivery. Christ uttered the most awful truths that the world ever heard. They are impregnated with eternity, but he put those truths into such loving words that it melted men to tears rather than stirred them to wrath. How pathetic, how tender, how melting are the words of the loving Christ! He never railed, he never excoriated, he never withered and burned those who heard him; but he spoke the truth in love. His heart went out after men and he drew them to him. He spake as never man spake. To hear him was to approve your own condemnation. The world needs a loving tone and manner in order to be drawn into the kingdom. Vinegar and salt never catch flies. Something sweet draws them into the net. So it is with men. Harshness repels, denunciation offends, but the tenderness of love draws and holds men and women. It makes the pulpit a throne of power. But the social circle and friendly converse stand in need of the truth spoken also in love. The father, the mother and the children need to fill their hearts and voices with love when they communicate with each other. Cutting speech, even if it is the truth, leaves wounds and strife in its wake. But how beneficent the words that give us truth in its tenderness and sympathy! Gentle reader, if you are in the habit of speaking the truth coldly, or harshly, or cuttingly, never be guilty of it again. Be like the Master, and whether in public or in private, speak the truth in love.

Devotional and Spiritual

THE LIFE OF GRACE.

The spring of all Christian service is love. The true Christian is aflame with this power. He shows it by his desire to have all men share the privileges and advantages he has. As one upon whom divine grace has come so that he has felt its wonderful power and richness, he longs that men everywhere may also feel it. In his judgment, no richer gift can be received. And so he devotes his life to the endeavor of communicating the gift to others. He is like a large-hearted Edison who, by his inventive skill, has succeeded in utilizing, in some new and more effective way, nature's force and wants to make his discovery immediately advantageous to the people in easing the burden of toil and increasing convenience. So stands the Christian before the world, with the knowledge of new power for the soul's life, aflame with a desire that all mankind may profit by his knowledge, his only fear that some may miss the advantages within their reach.

This is the spirit that the divine grace awakens in every life to which it comes. With the new life it brings it also imparts the desire to share the life with others. Grace is contagious. Every true-hearted Christian lives in the consciousness of having something precious in his life that the unbelieving have not, but which he is anxious to have them have. And he endeavors, collectively through all the agencies of the Church, and individually by his personal influence and testimony, to give his treasures to the world about him. The Christian is not here to persecute. Persecution is the attempt of men to compel those whose beliefs differ from theirs to assent to their views of truth. But Christian grace never attempts to get by force unwilling advantage from men, but it tries to give by love all its advantages to them. Furthermore, the Christian is not here to play the Pharisee. He does not have that pride or virtue that thanks God that he is better than other men are. He

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does not seek to widen the distance between himself and the publican by thrusting him further down into sin that he himself may appear to have risen higher in righteousness. But in the Christian's life the publican's poverty is a power that draws him, his own wealth a power that drives him to the work of leveling up the other's life to his own happier, fuller condition. In other words, the true-spirited Christian lives in the full recognition of his position as a steward of grace, enriched of God, not to persecute or despise men for not believing, but to impart to them his own rich faith. His fear is not that any shall have more grace than he, but that any shall have less.

This experience of men teaches the meaning of the grace of God. The divine is the parent grace, and the human is the child. But the parent is like the child, only with a richer, larger measure of life. So grace in God is like grace in man, only immeasurable. It is the outgoing love that makes the full life enrich the empty. It has its fountain in God. For in him is all; in man is next to nothing; and by his outflowing love is man filled.

The whole thought of God that lies imbedded in the idea of grace is that of God putting himself within reach of men. He waits to serve men. The most precious knowledge that we have concerning the Infinite is this that shines out of all the confused, bewildered thought of God, like the light from the tower through the mists of the sea, that he bends that immeasurable life of his to the service of men. God is ready at every man's hand to be used for the upbuilding of life. The infinite riches of his nature are ever being expended for men. In earthly estimation service belongs to the lowest position. Its essence is duty, that which the weak owe the strong. But in Christian teaching service is the privilege of the highest nature. He that serves is greatest. God is the supreme minister. Service is his delight. It springs out of grace. His is not a service due us, but undeserved by us. This is the marvelous truth of the New Testament. If it should get itself firmly believed in every life, and if all should lay hold upon the power the grace of God puts within their reach, what marvelous transformations would be wrought in their lives and the life and activities of the Church!

In the life of Jesus was given a human demonstration of the spirit of the divine life. His cross is a token from God that he offers his life to the world. Christ called it a consecration, but a consecration for the sake of men. "The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep." Christ gave his in his services, in his teachings, in his death, in all that part of his life that men could see, that they might know that in all that part of it that they could not see he is still giving his life for the life of the world. The cross is the proof that the offering of his life is without reserve, it is unto the utmost. So perfectly ready does God stand by human lives to enrich them with all grace and spiritual power. There is not a man who may not claim His strength to overcome the evil and achieve the good.—Christian Intelligencer.

THE HARD LIFE.

The transgressor's life is hard in its deprivations. The question is sometimes raised whether the sinner does not, after all, get more out of the world than the true disciple. He who has turned from evil to live with God never raises that question. He knows that the earth, without peace of heart, without joy in right and sympathy with good, without the happiness of God's presence and delight of service, is a hard and nar-

row and unhappy place. The true and full inheritance of the earth belongs to the children of God, and to no others. To be self-deprived of the highest and the best, is to be cheated of what makes our life worth living.

Far back, also, in every transgressor's consciousness lies the hard trial of self-contempt. He may not admit it to his thought. Conscience may be ill-educated and under careful discipline; but in the moments when he sees clearly, the sinner is self-judged. God has let us sit upon the seat of counsel, and we see what value we have put upon our souls in bartering with evil.

"Still, as of old,
Man by himself is priced;
For thirty pieces Judas sold
Himself, not Christ."

It is hard to fear to meet one's own thought sitting as the judge; to dodge and shift and evade the quiet hour that brings self-condemnation. It is hard to be, amid whatever passing joys, without God and without hope in a world that is so full of hope and so bright with the presence of our Heavenly Father—the Congregationalist.

UNION WITH CHRIST.

Joining the Church is one thing, but joining the Lord Jesus is quite another thing; and only those who have done the second have any clear right to do the first. The main cause of inconsistency and failure in the life of too many professors of religion is that they make a formal union with the Church without any heart-union to Christ. Almost their solitary act of loyalty was their standing up to respond to a Church covenant before the pulpit. From that time onward their divine Master had no more of them than their idle name on the roll of his followers. They enlisted; they entered their names on the record and straightway are heard of no more. They made no tie to anything but an organized body of professed Christians; they did not knit their souls to the Savior.

"But am I not to join the Church?" inquires someone who is indulging a hope of pardon and of the new birth. Yes, friend, join the Church, provided that you have already joined Jesus. If you unite yourself to nothing stronger than to a company of frail, fallible fellow-creatures and expect them to toy you along by the power of their fellowship and prayers, then you have but a poor chance of reaching the "desired haven." But genuine conversion unites your heart in clinging faith to the Friend of sinners. When you take the step of confessing this faith before men, you literally and truly join the Lord. You join your weakness to his strength; you join your ignorance to his wisdom, your unworthiness to his merits, your frailty to his enduring might, and your poverty to his boundless wealth. The fair peasant-girl who married an emperor of Russia became a sharer of his palace and his crown. When you wed your heart and hand to Jesus, you become a sharer in his kingdom and crown, a joint heir with Christ! The joint heir has the promise of the Father's love, of the indwelling of the Spirit, of the peace of God, of pleasures forevermore, and of the society of all the just made perfect throughout eternity! "Where I am, there shall ye be also."

What a glorious thought this is! What a different conception it is from that of merely "joining a Church" of fellow-creatures. You really join Christ. Your heart joins his heart. Your life is knit by hidden links to his; because he lives, ye shall live also. Your destiny is bound to his; and ye shall be kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation. If you have a real faith, however feeble, confess it. If you have renounced sin and

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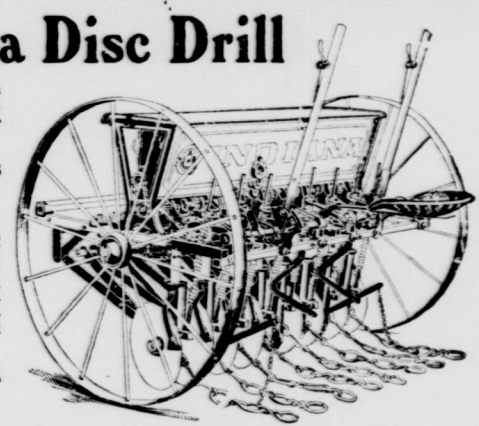
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self and come to Jesus, then "join yourself to the Lord in a perpetual covenant, that shall not be forgotten."

Many who have a secret faith in Christ hold back too long from a public confession. Waiting to become stronger, they only grow weaker. They are like the timid child who should try to learn to walk without ever getting on its feet. For fear of a tumble they lie still. On the whole, I rather like the venture of Simon Peter out of the fishing-boat to walk to Jesus on the waves; for, though he began to sink, he also began to pray. He found that sinking times were praying times; and when we learn that, we know where to reinforce our own weakness by laying hold on the infinite strength. But for a true convert to confess Christ is really not a walking on the water. He has under him the solid rock of God's promises.—Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler.

HAPPINESS.

Happiness, according to the laws of nature and of God, inheres in voluntary and pleasurable activities; and activity increases happiness in proportion as it is diffusive. No man can be so happy as he who is engaged in a regular business that tasks the greater part of his mind. I had almost said that it was the beau-ideal of happiness for a man to be so busy that he does not know whether he is or is not happy; who has not time to think about himself at all. The man who rises early in the morning, joyful and happy, with an appetite for business as well as for breakfast; who has a love for his work and runs eagerly to it as a child runs to play; who finds himself refreshed by it in every part of his day and rest after it as from a wholesome and delightful fatigue—has one great and very essential element of happiness.—Beecher.

CHRIST OUR GUIDE.

We have often to travel solitary ways. Some of us have perplexed paths to tread. Some of us have sad memories of times when we journeyed in company with those who will never share our tent or counsel or steps any more and, as we sit lonely by our watch-fire in the wilderness, we have aching hearts and silent nights. Some of us may be as yet rich in companions and helpers whose words are wisdom, whose wishes are love to us and may tremble to think that after awhile they or we shall have to tramp on by ourselves. There is a Presence which never departs, which moves before us as we journey and hovers over us as a shield when we rest; a cloud to veil the sun that it smite us not by day, and a pillar of flame as the night falls, being ever brightest when we need it most and burning clearest of all in the valley at the end, where its guidance will only cease, because then "the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne will lead them."—Alexander McLaren.

"HE LEADETH ME."

"The other side of the Christian experience is to be found in gracious activity. We not only think, but we act. We are not always lying down to feed or because we are satisfied,

but we are journeying on toward perfection. But it must all be under His leadership. The Shepherd leads the way; the flock, confiding from experience in his wisdom and goodness, follow. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice" (John x, 4). In ordinary circumstances the shepherd does not feed his flock; he simply guides them where they may gather for themselves; but there are times when it is otherwise. Take in the autumn, when the pastures are dried up, and in winter in places covered with snow, he must furnish them food or they die; and so it is not an uncommon sight to see the shepherd all day long in the bushy trees, cutting down the branches upon whose green leaves and tender twigs the sheep are entirely supported. Mary was the sister sitting at her Master's feet in contemplation, Martha the sister busy serving, constantly in action; but, as they both dwelt in one house, so must both these elements of the Christian life be in one heart.

"It is a mistake to think the life may be right without the green-pasture experience, and quite as much of a mistake to think that there can be genuine satisfaction without service. So our Good Shepherd will feed us as he leads us out to live for him."

There must be the reflection of his life in all we do. There must be the heavenly atmosphere of his presence in all that we are. Our Christian life is a failure if it is not possible for all with whom we come in contact to take "knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus."

"He Knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win,
And so he bids me go and speak
The loving word to him;
He bids me tell his wondrous love,
And why he came to die;
And so we work together,
My Lord and I."

—Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman.

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THE LAST STRAW

By Andrew Henry Bezzo.

It was the last day of the session of the conference and the Bishop had risen to read the appointments. The Rev. Mr. Littleman waited with quickly beating heart for the calling of his name. He was a care-worn, over-worked little fellow, with a pale face and a thin wife. He came from Hardscrabble, where the assessment for his support had been fixed at \$100, but there had been a very dry summer, and when he went to conference he wore his three-year old suit, although it had grown very threadbare.

He felt that he was rich in experience, although rich in nothing else. At Hardscrabble there had been an Epworth League which had given him no small trouble. He had been obliged to nurse it, and coax it, and doctor it, to keep it alive at all, and at each Quarterly Conference he had racked his weary brain to find something good that he could say for it. As he brushed up his threadbare suit for conference and thought of the reading course for the League that had to be paid for out of his slender salary, he sincerely hoped that if he were sent to a new charge that there would be no Epworth League, and resolved if he found none to organize none.

At the conference that last morning he had looked at the sleek, well-dressed, well-fed preachers who had fed and dressed and replenished their book shelves from their comfortable salaries, and when the pompous brother with his new, shiny coat, and gold watch in his hand (the gift of the Highsteepie Church, where he had been pastor) had risen and asked for just three minutes (by his new watch) and then told the conference how Bro. Poorpenny had died on Black Jack Circuit, leaving a wife and six small children destitute, and asked for a contribution, and then from a purse in which the little preacher—little in form, but great in soul—had seen a comfortable wad of greenbacks, started the ball to rolling with a five-dollar bill—his coat cost twenty—the tears of sympathy started in his eyes. He hastily thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth his lean purse. Just one five-dollar bill! Should he give it? If he had to remove, how was it to be done? A brother in a glossy suit was at his side holding the hat. "Let everybody contribute," he cried. A venerable preacher, a supernannate, whose active ministry was done, totteringly arose and fumbled with trembly fingers in his thin and time-worn purse, then held forth with shaky hand his consecrated coin. The little preacher dropped the bill into the hat, and a tear fell into it as it passed beneath his nose. A little spot of envy burned in his breast. How could he help it? Why must he be read out always to the poorest charges? He had never been appointed to preach at any of the Churches during the session of a conference, and although he was a very able preacher—his wife said so—no one seemed to know it. Always his home had been among the poorest and at the greatest distance from the Church where the conference was held. It seemed, indeed, that the providing for his entertainment at all had been almost an afterthought. Absently he bent and picked up a scrap of paper from the floor. It was a piece of Sunday-school leaflet. "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." A tear dropped on the empty purse which he still held in his hand. Then hope sprang up in his heart.

Now the Bishop was reading the appointments. The little preacher listened, a bright spot burning on his pale cheek. All the districts had been called but one. Here it comes! "Twist-about District, U. R. Ableman, Presiding Elder." One by one the remaining preachers were placed, then at last the Rev. Mr. Littleman's name was read in connection with a Work-enough Circuit. Work-enough was a small town on the railroad, and at the conference had been made a half station. When he heard his name in connection with this charge the little preacher turned to the minutes of the conference to see what the charge had accomplished last year. "One Junior League, one Senior League," so said the minutes. "One Junior League, one Senior League," he muttered as he read it. "I suppose they are both only leagues in name, and mean, leagued together to make me trouble. The dose is doubled. Last year I had but one." And he sighed deeply.

Conference had come and gone, the great Itinerant Wheel had turned and dropped out a spoke for Work-enough, and the people were looking for their new pastor.

"Brick" called to see "Uncle Josh." Uncle Josh was one of the stewards

at Work-enough. Brick was not his real name, but it was what he went by, and it clung as nicknames will. Brick was nineteen. Before he was converted he was a very wicked boy, seeming to join with all his heart in all the wicked follies and vices to which many young men are addicted. But a great change had come. Brick was now a Christian. In the little talking meeting he had said that he had been so wicked and had served sin so fervently that he was now determined to work as hard the other way. He said his motto was, "Saved to Serve," and added that he had resolved to perform any Christian duty that was placed upon him. Immediately the pastor called upon him to pray. He stammered and faltered and repeated and cried in his embarrassment before he arose from his knees. The next Sunday afternoon he was elected President of the League at Work-enough.

The League was lifeless. "Let's revive," said Brick. "How many will stand by me?" Seven stood, five girls and two boys.

"How much money is in the treasury?" The treasury was empty. "Let's have a concert. Who will help?"

The seven were reinforced by five others. The time was set. The work was given into the hands of the "Department of Charity and Help." A business meeting was called for Wednesday night. The League seemed to have awakened. Nearly all the members were there. They met at the school house, and soon there was a babel of voices, laughter, jesting, and much loud talking. Brick entered, hat in hand. He went quickly to the front,

ung up his hat, faced the young people and began to sing.

"O, wonderful salvation,
O, grace so full and free,
I know that Jesus saves me,
And that's enough for me."

There was an annoying, irritating twitter or two, and some low talking, and he sang without help, but the brave voice never faltered. A moment later he said: "Let us kneel and pray." Then the earnest voice was heard, "Lord, I hardly know how to be a Christian, but I am trying. This work is all new to me, but if it is for thee I am going to do my best, for thou hast done so much for me. Give me grit, and grace, and common sense." Here a broad snigger was heard. It came from an over-grown boy. The rest of the prayer, though short, was in keeping with the beginning, simple, earnest, strong.

He arose from his knees and sang a verse of song with a rousing chorus in which some of the girls joined and a few of the boys. He was winning. He stepped to the blackboard and wrote, "Every Leaguer a Helper," and under it wrote his own name. "Volunteers," he called. Five girls and two boys came forward. "Follow with your names if you mean it," said Brick, pointing to the board. It took. Soon there was a row of names to the bottom of the board.

Two weeks of practice and the concert was a splendid success. Regular literary meetings followed, and the Second Vice-President with her helpers began a series of cottage prayer-meetings. The spiritual life of the Church began to quicken. Sunday devotional meetings were largely attended. "Let's read the Bible through," said Brick. "Report book and chap-

ter at every devotional meeting, and tell the best thing you get out of it." Two score hands went up. The reading of the Word began to result in conviction of sin. The regular prayer-meeting at the Church grew in numbers and interest.

Conference came on. As I have said, Brick called to see Uncle Josh, the steward. "Uncle Josh," he said, "you are not so young as you once were, and do not get around so spry. Our new pastor will soon be here and he may be in need of some money. If you will give me a list of the members of the Church I will try to raise a purse for him and he won't need to ask for it. I should hate to have to ask for money the first thing after coming."

The new pastor of Work-enough had written Uncle Josh when he expected to arrive. The day came, raw, dreary and a disagreeable drizzle was falling as the train steamed up to the station at Work-enough, bringing the despondent pastor, Brother Littleman, and his pale wife. It was four in the afternoon and the rain had fallen all day. As the train slowed down the new pastor saw through the window a surrey in waiting. As he and his wife stepped to the ground a boy and two girls stepped forward to meet them.

"We are a committee from the Epworth League sent to meet you and greet you, and take you to the parsonage," said the boy. Then he introduced himself and his companions, and conducted the pastor and his wife to the surrey. The pastor observed that each wore a badge with the motto, "Saved to Serve."

Up at the parsonage hard by the church was a merry company. Brick was in the sitting room, dining room, parlor, on the front porch, everywhere, fairly beaming with satisfaction. The

sitting room had been furnished with new, substantial furniture and matting in a pretty pattern was on the floors. A girl peeped through the window. "There they come!" Brick rushed out on the front porch. The new pastor and his pale wife alighted and Brick advanced to meet them. He conducted them to the cozy sitting room where a good fire was burning. He introduced them to all the Leaguers present. In a little while a supper bell rang. Brick approached the thin little wife of the pastor.

"May I take you out to supper?" and he led the way, the pastor following with the Second Vice-President, and the others bringing up the rear. The extension table was groaning beneath its weight of good things, while a well-stocked larder could have told wonderful secrets of what the Leaguers had been doing. The concert was responsible for the appearance of the furniture and matting.

Sabbath came, and a large congregation was at the church to hear the new pastor. The outlook was so cheering and hopeful, and he felt so inspired that he surpassed himself; and when he asked for all who wished to live a better life to come, a great many pressed forward. The Bible reading had been continued and was doing its work in convincing the careless of sin. At night the pastor preached again, and there seemed such visible effect that he called for penitents, and was greatly surprised and gratified when a dozen responded. A great revival swept over Work-enough, and the pastor thinks he has been doing some wonderful preaching. Perhaps he has; but the revival had started before he came. However it may be, he always remembers to pray, "God bless the Epworth League."
Sterling City, Texas.

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L. BLAYLOCK, Dallas, Texas.

TEXAS ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

Held by Bishop Duncan.
West Texas, Austin.....Nov 4
Northwest Texas, Fort Worth.....Nov 11
North Texas, Dallas.....Nov 25
Texas, BryanDec 2

BISHOP DUNCAN'S REQUEST.

Bishop Duncan requests us to state in a conspicuous place that he wants the presiding elders of the Northwest Texas Conference to meet him on Tuesday, November 10, at Fort Worth.

OUR YELLOW FEVER DISTRICTS.

Notwithstanding the approach of the late fall, we are suffering from the yellow fever scourge in our border country. Laredo for some weeks has been in its toils.

A SUNDAY IN SHERMAN.

For once in my life I had a bright, clear day in Sherman last Sunday, but the rain of the day before had put the streets in a muddy condition.

Saturday was Bro. and Sister Archer's silver wedding anniversary, and it was a great occasion. The spacious parsonage was beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens.

BISHOP HOSS IN DALLAS.

Last week Bishop E. E. Hoss came by the city on his return from the Indian Mission Conference and spent three or four days in the city.

Bishop Hoss preached a great sermon to a great congregation at First Church Sunday morning. His theme was the Church—its origin, its progress and work.

eminence. The Bishop's presence and preaching fixed in the minds of our people that in securing his residence in Texas, we have added a tremendous contribution of intellectual and moral strength to our cause.

A NORTH CAROLINA MARRIAGE.

On October 22, 1903, Mr. Charles Padgett, of this city, was married to Miss Oberia Rogers, of Waynesville, N. C.

A FEW DALLAS NOTES.

The work on Grace Church, which was suspended awhile back for a few days, will now be taken up and pressed forward.

The Trinity Church enterprise is now under way and the work is progressing expeditiously.

First Church is having good congregations and her Sunday-school is taking advanced ground.

The Methodist young people of the city recently extended an invitation to the Methodist young people of Fort Worth to come over and be their guests.

The pastors are busily engaged in making preparation for the entertainment of the conference.

SOUTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

Southwestern University is in the midst of one of its most successful terms. It has one of the largest enrollments in its history.

holding the usages and traditions of our Church in high esteem. Then, too, they get the very best instruction that can be found.

Then, too, the Medical Department at Dallas has opened well. This is the first term in its history, and the standard for admission is high.

LOCAL OPTION NOTES.

In our last issue we stated on the authority of the secular press that San Saba County was in the toils of a local option campaign.

The antis of Texarkana do not want Bowie County to order another election on local option.

The antis have been beaten on all parts of the ground in Milam County, and local option went into effect last Saturday night.

TEXAS PERSONALS.

Brother Chester White, of Nevada, made the Advocate an agreeable call the past week.

Rev. W. M. Wallace, a local preacher of Calvert, is now in the city for a few weeks.

Rev. P. R. Eaglebarger, of the Indian Mission Conference and the editor of the Western Advocate, was in the city this week.

Mrs. Dr. Turner and her daughter, Miss Eula, of Terrell, made an agreeable call this week.

all the earth. And the good women had a strong hand in the order of the going.

Now the antis are trying to show that the destruction of the liquor business in the State is lowering the amount of the revenue.

The Grayson County case is making progress. After the Appellant Court in this city dissolved the injunction a few weeks ago, the antis, in order to gain time, were slow to apply to the court for a writ of error to carry the case to the Supreme Court.

The tragedy in Mineola has produced a bad state of things in that town. Demoralization has followed. The antis are not disposed to obey the law, so we are informed.

And Sweetwater, the town away out West, went for local option last Saturday. This is the unkindest cut of all.

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Mrs. Dr. Turner and her daughter, Miss Eula, of Terrell, made an agreeable call this week.

We are in receipt of an invitation to attend the wedding of Mr. W. R. Mood and Miss Bessie Wilson, which occurred at the Methodist Church in

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Indian Mission Conference

In company with Mr. W. C. Everett, Manager of the Texas Branch of our Publishing House, and Mr. Frank Reedy, his general field man, I left over the T. and P. on the night of the 19th for Oklahoma City to attend the fifty-ninth session of the Indian Mission Conference. At Fort Worth we boarded the Santa Fe, and woke up next morning in what might be called the most marvelous city of the great Southwest. I mean marvelous in that it is only fourteen years since its site and all the surrounding country was a rolling, billowy plain of rich red sandy loam and chocolate soil covered with grass, on which fed thousands of live stock. To-day they claim twenty-five to thirty-five thousand inhabitants. The most conservative and observing visitor would readily concede thirty thousand.

The city has eight miles of asphalt and five miles of fine vitrified brick pavements already completed or being finished, with the best sewers and

boom town I may mention that the county and municipal buildings are not in keeping with those put up by private citizens. The hotels alone would do credit to a city of 75,000 inhabitants, and the Hotel Lee, whose Manager, Mr. Jefferson, entertained our party, including Bishop Hoss, has a large five-story building and is run in accordance with its surroundings. There are five or six other very reliable, attractive hotels, and one of fine pressed brick, four stories, occupying a quarter of a block, being completed. In this respect Oklahoma City far surpasses Dallas. The above facts are given in rapid detail to show what a great work lies before our people in this new section and what a wonderful future the Indian Mission Conference must have.

Rev. L. M. Broyles, our pastor in Oklahoma City, because of the large number he had to provide for, found himself put into hard straits to find room for all. This was not only because the conference was large, but because the city is so constantly filled

a large net gain in the membership resulted, which is shown in the statistical report. Some of the reports of the preachers were more than heroic and pathetic, and brought forth the remark from Bishop Hoss that he thanked God that the days of great heroisms were not in the past.

Bro. H. J. Brown, who served the Stillwater charge, made a fine report as to all the work of the pastor and brought his finances well up in everything but his salary. In speaking of this latter he said, with a decided effort to control his voice that was choked with emotion, that one of his leading stewards had explained to him that the people demanded a college man, and must have one now; that they wanted a man who could meet all of the requirements of the cultivated people. Bro. Brown added that he felt sure that if the Bishop found such a man, and one who could, like that Baltimore professor attempted to demonstrate, live on 15 cents per day and fill all the other requirements, the Bishop had better send him. This brought tears and caused some laughter.

Rev. W. H. McKinney, a full-blooded



Standing—From right to left: Dr. J. D. Hammond, Secretary of the General Board of Education; two native Choctaw Indian class-leaders; Rev. L. W. Cobb, full-blood Choctaw, born 1818, educated in his neighborhood mission schools, licensed to preach 1889, joined conference 1891, preaches to his people alone; Rev. A. H. Horner, semi-educated, full-blood Choctaw, born 1854, licensed to preach in 1882, joined conference in 1892, preaches only to his people; W. C. Everett, manager of the Dallas Branch of the Publishing House; Rev. A. S. Williams, full-blood Choctaw, educated at Spencer Academy, in his Nation and at Roanoke, Va., College, licensed to preach in 1888, joined conference 1891; a full-blood Choctaw class-leader; Rev. Wm. H. McKinney, full-blood Choctaw, born 1862, converted 1871, went to mission schools in Nation, graduated with A. B. at Roanoke and took A. M. there in 1882, took full B. D. course at Yale with degree in 1886, licensed to preach same year, joined conference 1891 and preaches to his people, to whom he is very devoted; Dr. A. F. Watkins, in charge of the funds for supernumeraries of our Church; Rev. Wm. A. Bowen, "The Advocate Agent Abroad."

Kneeling—Right to left: Rev. J. J. Methvin, in charge of Methvin Institute at Anadarko; Rev. Kicking Bird, the first full-blood preacher among the Kiowas, born 1861, converted in 1895, licensed in 1903, went to school to Bro. Gassaway at Fort Sill, is a nephew to the great Chief Kicking Bird and a cousin of Big Bow, and is devoted to Christian work among his people; Rev. Gassaway, in charge of the Indian Mission work at Fort Sill; Big Bow, son of the great Kiowa chief and is a fervent, consecrated class leader in his charge; his father died this year and rejoiced that his son is a Christian; Bishop E. E. Hoss, presiding over the conference and who will live in Dallas; Mody Tiger, a full-blood Creek, born 1842, licensed to preach in 1885, joined the conference in 1902 and is second chief in his Nation and a man of force and power; Rev. Lewis McHenry, full-blood Creek, born 1866, educated at Wealaka in his Nation, son of Rev. James McHenry, one of the early noted preachers, licensed to preach in 1891; Rev. Sam J. Chesote, full-blood Creek, born 1866, grandson of Rev. Samuel Chesote, one of the earliest preachers to and of the Creek Indians, is a local preacher, educated at Carlisle, Pa., and the Normal, Fort Scott, Kansas, with Lone Wolf; two Creek full-blood class-leaders.

twenty-five or thirty miles of paved sidewalks and everything in the way of public improvements and conveniences that are found in our largest cities. The buildings are of the finest pressed brick or stone from three to six stories, and these not confined to just one or two down town streets for show, but stretching six or eight blocks north and south, and five or six blocks east and west. The residences are in keeping with the progress and attractive appearance of the business part of the city.

The Frisco, Rock Island, Santa Fe and the Katy are all running there and have fine depots and are building better, and several other roads are headed for there. Eighteen passenger trains daily come and go.

The property owners are paying for paving without cost to the city except for catch basins and main sewerage. This guarantees a continuance of such work. There are six large modern brick public school buildings and eleven of frame with 115 teachers and 6670 pupils enrolled in the scholastic age.

The two Methodisms, the Jews, Presbyterian, the Disciples, the Episcopal, the Baptist, the Roman Catholic, Congregational, the United Brethren, English Lutheran, German Lutheran, all have from two to three churches each, and are preparing to build larger and finer houses to meet the great demands. There are several other modern "ists" and "isms" that have places of assembly.

The Chamber of Commerce is a live representative body, and ought to be with my old friend John Rose as Secretary.

As evidence that it is not a mere

with visitors that hotels and private homes are usually crowded with guests; but Bro. Broyles, who has a very large hold on the affections and confidence of not only his own congregation, but that of all the evangelical Churches in the city, managed so that he gained laurels for himself—and the Bishop returned him for his fourth year.

Bishop Hoss came in Tuesday night almost sick and wearied from his tedious journey, but his energy, buoyancy, and geniality combined to make him appear as fresh Wednesday morning as if he had just come from a summer's vacation where good hunting and fishing were found, of which he is particularly fond. He opened the conference promptly at 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning, Oct. 21.

It was an inspiring sight to witness the assembly of this one of the largest conferences in our connection, and see the cheerful faces of those preachers with not a line nor a trace indicating a spirit of complaint, many of whom came from fields of labor where they had not received as much for the support of themselves and family as the cheapest ignorant negro farm hand gets for a year's work on our Texas farms. It may be mentioned here that of the little more than 200 pastoral charges in this conference 155 of them are missions. About thirty of the preachers filling charges over there are from Texas, and of course they know what it is to "come up through great tribulations."

The reports all showed a year of hard work, consecrated effort and devotion to the cause of the Master on the part of the preachers. Great revivals reported from every district and

Choctaw, and an A. M. graduate of Roanoke College, Virginia, and a full B. D. graduate of Yale University modestly reported \$26 for his year's work. He explained in excuse for his people that last year was very wet and a hard year. He said that he had to hire out as a farm hand to help support his family, which he cheerfully did to continue giving the gospel to his poor, needy people. Not that they were poor in worldly matters. Many of them were rich in lands, cattle and other wealth, but they needed instruction. He had just found out since coming here why his stewards did not do better for him in the way of support. Some of his local preachers had found out that other denominations were paying the Indians to join their Church, and his people insisted that the Methodists do the same. This gave many of his people the idea that the Church was intended to supplement the support of the people and that Methodists ought to do it. Many of his rich people had been advised not to support the preacher. Still he was anxious to persevere and spend his life in this cause. He said some of his people even came to conference and demanded to know how much that good suit of clothes cost him that he had on, and if he was not doing pretty well to buy such a suit. He stated that the Home Mission Society of Cook County, Missouri, had sent a box of supplies to him and his family and this suit was sent in it by some good brother whom he had never seen. He had eleven appointments. The Bishop made a strong and pathetic appeal on this case and over \$10 was contributed to Bro. McKinney in a few minutes.

A. H. Homer, another Choctaw and

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LARGEST BOOK CONCERN IN THE SOUTH.

self-educated man, devoted his life to preaching to his people, and made a report somewhat on the line of Bro. McKinney.

Bro. S. A. Williams, another full-blooded Choctaw, who was educated in the Spencery Academy in his Nation and at Roanoke, Virginia, had a fine report. The Bishop explained that Bro. Williams had put extra work on himself by giving good literature to his people. He has transplanted some good, religious and literary works, and is now adding some of Wesley's sermons and other standards of doctrine. Two of the other preachers to the Indians reported that they had got \$24.25 each from their charges and very small missionary appropriations. These will serve to show the hardships and self-sacrifice that meet the preachers. In this conference of course it is not all so hard as this, but there are all too many of such, and when we remember that this vast territory is being settled up by many people who have no interest in either Indians or anybody else, except as they may prosper themselves in a worldly way, Methodism, especially the great Southern Methodist branch, has a great responsibility before her and an opportunity offered. It is our territory by right and we must not lag in working it.

There are some fine stations in this conference and some most desirable circuits. Oklahoma City, of course, is the leading point in the Territory—both Territories in fact—and our people are awake to the need of the hour. But the entire country is rapidly and marvelously improving and building up. The Bishop met with Bro. Broyles

and his official board, and urged them to immediately secure the most favorably located lot they could find in the city and prepare to at once erect a building that would meet the needs and demands of the hour. He assured them that he would use all influence he might have in securing whatever aid was needed in this work, as it was largely the key to the situation. The brethren there gave assurance that they would move in the matter at once; in fact, they have already begun.

The work of the conference moved smoothly, and Bishop Hoss showed a knack for ably and safely directing the affairs and expediting business that has never been surpassed and seldom equaled by any one. No little of the smoothness was due to the readiness, fitness and experienced ability of Rev. M. L. Butler, who was elected Secretary, a position he has filled before. He had as his assistants Revs. J. M. Porter, S. F. Goddard and J. L. Williams; and as statistical Secretaries, Revs. R. A. Crosby, T. L. Rippey and J. H. Ball. I wish to here acknowledge my indebtedness to all of these brethren for uniform kindness and courtesy.

There are some strong men in that conference. Dr. T. F. Brewer, President of Spaulding Institute, is an exceptionally strong man. Dr. W. F. Wilson, the agent of the conference schools, is another; Bro. Gassaway, in charge of the Indian work at Fort Sill, is a man whose place it would be hard to fill. The hold he has upon the Indians equals that which we read concerning Elliott, the first missionary among the American Indians in the colonial days. Texans are justly

Continued on Page 16.

