

TEXAS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

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Official Organ of all the Texas Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

L. Blaylock, Publisher.

Vol. L

Dallas, Texas, Thursday, December 17, 1903.

No. 17

The Advent of Another Christmas

The days, the weeks and the months of another year have passed, and we are again face to face with the return of Christmas. What sacred memories crowd round the day when real Christians come to celebrate it! To them it means a real and a risen Christ whose ever-blessed presence is with them, the inspiration of hope and the perfection of life and character. To them he is not simply a historic Christ, in the sense that he lives alone in the realm of history, but he is a vital Christ, who lived and taught and died on Calvary, and who rose again from the dead, brought life and immortality to light in his gospel, and who is living a dominant force and a transforming power among men in their work and thought even to-day. We, therefore, look to him as the fairest among ten thousand and altogether lovely, the Prince of Peace, the Savior of the penitent, the Helper of the helpless, the Comforter of the disconsolate, the Uplifter of the fallen, the Healer of the broken-hearted, and the Friend of universal mankind. Wherever he reigns in the hearts, the institutions and the civilizations of men, they enjoy the blessings of religious liberty, and the claims of the brotherhood of the race are recognized. And while on these Christmas occasions we revert to his crucifixion and to his interment in Joseph's new tomb, and to the afflictions which he endured in our behalf, nevertheless we indulge in no feelings of sadness, but rather we rejoice in the fact that he forsook death and the grave, transmuted his

NOT ACCORDING TO HISTORY.

Recently Bishop Walden held the Austin Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Ft. Worth. Not many people know what is meant by the Austin Conference. It is a little handful of ministers, representing the so-called white work of the Northern Methodist branch of Methodism in Texas. In the number of its delegates and members, though they cover nearly all the State, is not as strong as the Methodism of the Dallas District. Yet Bishop Walden did some very large talking about their work through the columns of the Ft. Worth papers. He made a stately address to his little gathering the morning they assembled in that city, and among other things he said: "When the Methodist Church was first divided in this country all conferences and all Church property and all episcopal authority south of Mason & Dixon's line were by agreement transferred to the 'M. E. Church in the South,' which was the ecclesiastical title to be given to the Methodists south of that line; but when this agreement was abrogated by the organization of the 'M. E. Church, South,' without reference to any agreement with the M. E. Church, and without recognition of the ecclesiastical authority of that Church, the line of demarcation was destroyed, and both Churches—or, more properly speaking, both ecclesiastical organizations—had the unrestricted right to organize and control congregations, build and own property, anywhere in the South, North,

Spirit into the vital existence of our poor humanity, changes us into his own loving image and makes us heirs of the eternal Father and joint heirs with himself. And in so far as we live his life among men, he becomes the Savior of society and the hope of a lost world. But there will be thousands who will make the observance of his suffering and death an occasion of feasting, revelry and excess. They will not for a moment think of him as their Deliverer from guilt and sin, but under the guise of celebrating Christmas they will debauch themselves and bring blood upon their localities. But not so with his real followers. They will make his death the occasion of lifting their communities upon a higher plane of usefulness to their fellowmen. It is a shame that any other use of the day should be made possible in our Christian land. But such is poor human nature that it often spurns the best gift that God brings to the world. Yea, it often lives as though there were no Christ and no God of infinite mercy and love. But Christ was given to mankind to reverse this order of human nature and to make all men the habitations of his Spirit of truth and righteousness. Thus will we present him to the world on this Christmas occasion. Let us make him so precious to some suffering ones that they can not resist his love and entreaty to become his followers in deed and in truth. Happy are the people whose Savior is our Lord Jesus Christ, who was dead, but is now alive forever more. Amen and amen!

East or West, or in any part of the world, for that matter." Now as a matter of truth and of history, when the Church, in her General Conference assembled in 1844, agreed on a division of territory and of property, both sides entered into a solemn compact as to the terms of this division, and they both agreed to occupy the territory on their respective sides of Mason & Dixon's line; and when they adjourned the whole matter was accepted as settled amicably and fraternally, as well as justly and righteously. But soon after the Northern branch submitted their part of the question to the judgment of their Annual Conferences, and they voted by majority against it. After this the Northern Church stoutly refused to comply with the contract and resisted the proposition to divide the Church property. Then it was that the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, had to go into the courts and ask that the terms of the contract be complied with. The case went to trial in the United States Court and it was decided in favor of the Southern Church. It was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States and that high tribunal affirmed the decision of the lower court, and thus the Northern branch of Methodism was forced by the courts to comply with their contract and make an equitable division of the property according to the agreement of the General Conference. Therefore history and truth teach us that the Northern Church was the body that strove to abrogate the

original contract, and would have succeeded had not the courts of the country forced them to stand by their agreement. No one can deny these statements. Now just why Bishop Walden, at this late day, should come into Texas and make such a statement as this is past our ability to understand. He knows that his people were the ones who tried to upset the agreement of the General Conference in 1844, and he knows furthermore that, after the courts blocked their effort, they remained north of Mason and Dixon's line until the close of the Civil War. When this country was overrun by soldiers and carpet bag governments were forced upon the Southern States, then his people marched down here and even confiscated our property and occupied it until the courts got reorganized and his people made to surrender it. We do not like to refer to these unpleasant matters, but we can not allow Bishop Walden to come into our midst and at this late day give out through the public prints the statement in question.

THAT JUG TRADE DECISION OF THE CRIMINAL COURT.

Some three years ago the Legislature of the State passed a law preventing express companies from shipping C. O. D. liquor packages into local option districts. The law did not interfere with the companies shipping liquor into said districts when the parties ordering the same sent the money and paid for it at the point of shipment. It simply prohibited the C. O. D. business. The reason which made this law a necessity was found in the fact that the liquor dealers of the "wet" districts were using the express companies as a means of violating the local option laws with impunity. For instance, they would get the names, real and fancied, of a great many people supposed to reside in local option territory, then consign to them hundreds and even thousands of jugs through the express companies, labeled "C. O. D." These consignments were shipped to the agents of the companies in local option communities. Then any man so disposed would assume one of these names, collect money enough from his pals to pay for a jug, go to the office, call for and obtain it, and then go out and divide its contents among those who were in league with him. This enabled such a person to evade prosecution for violating the law. By this means hundreds of local option communities were helpless in their efforts to enforce the laws against the liquor business. So the Legislature passed a law making the "C. O. D." liquor business a bona fide sale at the point of delivery and where the money was received for the package, or jug. This forced the express companies to desist from cooperation with the liquor dealers in subverting the will of the people in local option territory. Now the Court of Criminal Appeals, with Judge Brooks dissenting, comes along and decides that this law is null and void because it interferes with "commerce." Judge Brooks, according to the papers, took the ground that it did not interfere with legitimate "commerce," but merely prevented express companies from over-riding the

will of the people in local option districts, and that in his judgment the law was clearly constitutional and ought to be upheld in the interest of law and order. But the other two members of the court took the opposite view and destroyed the law. Therefore the "jug trade" has been reinstated in local option communities by two members of the Court of Criminal Appeals. And this decision now makes it possible for every express office in a local option town to become a virtual barroom and the agent a virtual bartender, with only this difference, the agent sells it by jug instead of by the drink, and the parties purchasing the same can not drink it in the office. Otherwise the express companies can now flood the local option counties with jugs of liquor, shipped "C. O. D." Now we would have nothing much to say on this subject were the court unanimous in its decision, but since it is a decision rendered by two with one Judge dissenting, then laymen even are at liberty to take sides. And we do not hesitate to say that a majority of the leading lawyers in Texas, together with multiplied thousands of voters, will take the side of Judge Brooks in this decision. And the common mind can not divest itself of the impression that the decision is subversive of the rights of the people to determine the question of local option for themselves. It is a blow at their legitimate will peacefully expressed through the elective franchise. Under this strange decision they are not permitted to enjoy the fruits of their victories at the ballot box. It puts them where local option in their communities can be made a farce. There is no other interpretation as to the practical effect of the action of these two members of the Court of Criminal Appeals. That they are honest in their view of the question, we do not doubt, neither will any one doubt the equal honesty of the dissenting Judge; nevertheless they have stricken our local option law a fearful blow. But this is enough to say for the present, as we propose to pursue the matter in a few more issues of the Advocate.

We heard a great deal of the preaching at the different conferences, and we are prepared to pronounce the most of it spiritual and evangelical. If the brethren had their special themes on exhibition, they were so modest about it that the purpose to show off was well concealed. As a matter of fact, there was no effort of this character, so far as we were and are able to judge.

Now is a good time to make improvement on the parsonage, and every preacher's family ought to see to it that the parsonage is well taken care of. Put in the broken panes of glass, mend the old steps, nail on the pickets that have fallen from the railing, plant a rose bush, fix the broken hinge of the window blind, or make any other needed little repair without waiting for a committee of ladies to look after it. A parsonage neatly kept makes the people glad that they have a nice home for their preacher's family, but if it is neglected or kept in bad condition they do not take much interest in it, and we cannot blame them.

THE CHILD IN OUR MIDST

By Rev. J. Marvin Nichols.

"And they said one to another, we are very guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us. And Reuben answered them, saying, spake I not unto you, saying, do not sin against the child; and ye would not hear? therefore, behold, also his blood is required. And they knew not that Joseph understood them; for he spake unto them by an interpreter. And he turned himself about from them, and wept."—Moses.

This pathetic account broadly suggests:

I. The fact of a possible sin against childhood;

II. How shall we relate ourselves to childhood? and,

III. The possible reaction of such a sin in disastrous ruin upon our own heads.

There are some universal principles that underlie the whole question. They apply especially to history as we are framing it in these modern times.

I. American civilization, in particular, and German and European life in general, is the immediate product of moral and intellectual culture as applied to the on-coming generations.

II. That Church-life must forever perpetuate itself in the childhood committed to its care.

III. Family history—and for that matter, individual mortality among men—is absolutely dependent upon the parental attitude and appreciation of the child born into the home.

I. These passages suggest that one may commit a positive sin against childhood. You ask, "How?" I answer:

(1) By a failure to put the highest possible premium upon youth.

This is the era of youthful power. Young life is in the saddle. Had you noticed that our great industries, enormous financial interests—the great spiritual, educational, financial and secular affairs of the age are manned by the youth of the land? In the busy marts, along the world's mighty thoroughfares, in the realm of letters, in legislative halls—everywhere and everywhere—our young men and women sit on pre-eminent thrones of power. Goethe declared: "To do great things one must be young." Another wrote:

"Youth's heritage is hope, but man's is retrospect of shattered plans
And doubtful glances cast before."

The retiring generation does wrong in charging their displacement at the hands of the young. Is not this the divine order? Is not this the dream of the poet?

"The one far-off divine event
Toward which the whole creation
moves."

We must be obedient to that law that would seek the survival of the fittest. God would build a yet sublimer fabric on the ruins of the past. The triumphs of yesterday are but the prophecies of yet grander victories. To say less grounds an argument for the world's retrogression. If the human race is to ascend into yet holier and more glorious planes, it is to be done only as the passing generations give way to the advance of an army of sons and daughters more highly furnished for every good word and work.

All history vindicates the fact that vigorous youth has always been and will always be in the forefront. It is a remarkable fact that men who have held in their grasp the world's thought and action accomplished the purposes for which they were born while in the very prime of life. The earth's heart is young. Age is not a congenial atmosphere for the unfolding of vast and potential individuality. A ramble in biographic history vindicates the assumption.

Alexander conquered the world, and wept for yet other worlds to conquer, before he was 26.

Napoleon, the great Corsican, before he was 25, made all Europe tremble under the tread of his invincibles.

Pitt was Premier of England at 26. Hamilton led our National Congress when only 26.

Webster, than whom no greater statesman ever lived, stood without a peer at 30.

Judge Story donned the ermine and sat upon the Supreme Bench at 32. Goethe was a literary lion at 24.

Dickens wrote "Pickwick Papers,"

the book that made London's poor an object of public pity, when 24.

Schubert and Mozart died before they were 35.

Raphael ravished the world of art at 20.

Michael Angelo made stone to throb with life before 24.

Galileo's far-reaching discovery was at 19.

Newton reached his zenith at 25. Watt knew the power of applied steam before he was 30.

Edison, the wizard, harnessed lightning before he was 25.

Luther shook the Vatican and disturbed the dreams of the papacy before he was 29.

Calvin wrote his famous "Institutes" before he was 21.

John Wesley marshalled and commanded a world-wide Methodism at 35.

The world's history reveals this as the divine plan. The youth of this age are called alongside the mighty apostle who, in his prime, evangelized the Roman Empire. They appear in the category with the son of Mary, who, at the tender age of eight, confused the intellectual strength of all Jewry. And who, at the age of 33, had set in motion a truth that should bring an apostate race back to its Edenic joys. Again we may sin

(2) By refusing the spirit of the times, as contrasted with all the past, which holds its childhood in a new and different light.

Once a certain Bishop was making a great speech before a body of university students. In an impassioned period he exclaimed: "The Bishops of to-day look upon the Bishops of tomorrow." And how true was his prophecy! From among the boys addressed that day has come the timber out of which Bishops were made.

At the old, historic German university there was once a professor that had the habit of doffing his hat, and reverently bowing, whenever he passed some certain students. True, they were ragged and hailed from peasant homes. One of them sang for bread upon the streets, accounting it no disgrace. One, more pompous than the old professor, asked:

"Why are you so courteous to those ragged urchins?" "Ah!" said the German teacher, "how do I know but that among those boys there may be one whose fame will eclipse my own." And it was so, for from among that very company came Martin Luther, the thunders of whose anathemas shook the Vatican and whose footsteps naunted the dreams of the papacy like a nightmare. The professor, though unconscious of it, did tip his hat to the boy whose voice made all Germany tremble and whose presence was more to be dreaded than standing armies.

And, still further, we may sin

(3) By refusing to recognize that our individual destiny depends upon the proper appreciation of childhood. There are some false and fatal conceptions touching this matter of parental appreciation. Just as certainly as the world's commodities have given values, just that sure are we to set values upon our children. As surely as cotton fluctuates in the markets, that certain are we to vacillate in the conscious value of childhood. No child carries a higher appreciation in the world than the parental value placed upon it, and that is controlled by the mission we design for it in life. There is but one exalted estimate to be put upon a child. In it we must perpetuate our own destiny. That's no evasive law—that God will visit the sins of the fathers to the third and fourth generation. The moral and intellectual possibilities of childhood are the measure of our own destinies. We perpetuate or annihilate our name and history in successive generations. The tide of individualism rises and falls with on-coming posterity. It's an awful, yet profound, law! Childhood incorporates the wondrous capacity of perpetuating or blotting out your name among men. Here we fashion destiny. In this plane we cast the die for weal or woe. A child is no mere accident. It's the clue to your mortality or immortality among the sons of men. But now a moment's glance at false and fatal estimates placed upon childhood.

(a) Some parents place a monetary valuation upon childhood. They view the child simply as a wealth-producer. The new-born child, under given conditions, is to increase their earthly possessions—he's to contribute his part to the enrichment of the family whose name he bears. What a sordid estimate! And yet who denies it?

(b) Others put no higher estimate upon childhood than that they are the channels through which social prestige and dominion shall be gained and perpetuated. Girls are pampered until they are ready for the eventful debut. The one epoch, according to many mothers, is the night when the daughter, fully attired and present in some gilded hall, is pushed off into the swirling currents of society. Per-

haps a foreign Duke or Princess may be bought with American coin. Children are taught to fawn at the feet of the rich. It is great to be crucified on a cross of gold. They must know the art of coddling with the dictators in the social realm. Nothing is too great a penalty if it brings a miserable existence among "the four hundred." It's a fad to become the mother of a social queen. Yes, this is an estimate, but the utter emptiness of it is appalling. The truth is, if you touch the real inwardness of modern life you'll find that the frontier of civilization now runs along our great boulevards fronted by the mansions of the excessively rich. This is the social arena! Yes, but here dwells a servile band among the lordly free. Here burn the pent-up fires that disturb our dreams. Here you tread the territory where God is forgotten and, sometimes, a prostitution worse than that of the Eternal City destroys the sanctity of the fireside. Motherhood lays down her scepter and an unwelcome child is born into an atmosphere that's damp with the mists of spiritual doubt and gloomy in that valley where steals no ray of blessed hope. The mad race for social supremacy shuts off forever a place amongst intellectual aristocracy. I had rather, like Luther, sing for bread beneath the windows of my beloved city—and be remembered, than to be a monarch of modern social life, then lie down in disappointing death—and be forgotten. More frequent is it that the eventual social debut means no more than a break for premature death. It means almost certainly a spiritual atrophy and the rapid decay of intellectual powers. The mental and spiritual pabulum of modern life generates no blood—it absorbs, it devitalizes. Social history makes its exit with sunken eyes, wasted forms, pallid cheeks, shattered nerves, and dead hopes. Society pits itself against the laws of God and nature and proposes no obedience. Nor is there a power in all the range of grace that can forestall the reaping of this transgressed law. The social arena is the scene of a grand stage-play whose excesses are checked by the handwriting on the wall.

This brings me to the second suggestion of the passages.

II. How shall we deal with the child? I answer this question:

(1) Deal with it as you would a life dignified by the childhood of our Lord. Only the religion of the blessed Christ has lifted the child into its present exalted heritage. Did you ever stop to look at the child as it exists in the three periods of the world's civilization? The sons of Greece were born for the forum and for the sharpest competition in the intellectual arena. The sons of Rome were trained for the battlefield—Spartan blood run in their veins. Or else they must reach their zenith in the glories of the Olympic games or the conquests made in senate halls. But what of the sons born in the full blaze of the Christian era! What of them? This is the only age in the world's history when we can catch a vision in childhood of the perfect and symmetrical man.

Way back in the primitive days of the race there was one mother that caught such a vision. Her mother-love alone could not have been sufficient grounds for such an inspiration. I have often tried to look within Levi's daughter's heart as she gazed into the face of Moses—her new-born baby boy, and "saw that he was a goodly child." For this she hid her baby three months. For this she laid him in the tiny cradle-ship among the flags by the river's brink. Angels kept their vigils. Standing behind the shadows, God was keeping watch above his own. She caught the vision of the man down deep in the heart of her baby. In this sense, one has said: "The child is father to the man." Here's the estimate of childhood in the Christian era. Every baby born comes as a nation's deliverer. He comes to us as an incarnated pivot in the world's destiny.

(2) How shall we deal with the child? I answer, again: Deal with childhood as we would with raw material.

Shame on the parent that reduces the development of character to the sordid plane of dollars and cents. The more you convert your gold into brain and spirit the richer you make your child. What does it cost! What matters it if it should cost everything? Huxley said: "If a nation could buy a Watt, a Davy, or a Faraday, at a hundred thousand pounds, he would be dirt cheap." Why? At whatever cost, a Watt brings the discovery of applied steam, a Davy opens up the world of chemistry, and a Faraday introduces you to the realm of natural science. A nation is great only as she produces great men. A family is great only as it generates great sons. And then the reflex! Nazareth—antiquated, without commercial importance, despised, rejected—is the best known spot on the globe. It produced a Christ. Susannah Wesley

was the mother of a great son—and she is deathless. We live in childhood. Our destiny is circumscribed by their possibilities.

A bar of iron worth \$5, made into horseshoes, is worth \$12; into needles, \$350; into pen knives, \$3000; into springs for balance-wheels, \$250,000. So it is! Men are not born—they are made. Such a thought forced Wordsworth to bring this tremendous indictment: "You force your children to drudge through a weary life without the help of intellectual implements—a savage herd among the civilized, a servile band among the lordly free." Webster asserted: "If I work in marble, in time it will crumble; if I work in brass, after awhile it will corrode; but if I work with mind, I work with that which will grow brighter through all eternity." No wonder a certain sage, under proper limitations, said: "On earth there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but mind."

In the last place.

(3) We must deal with childhood looking to the highest possible symmetry in character. This is the age of specialties. It carries with it a supreme danger. We are apparently past the era of full-rounded men. Six months in a business college equips for life. Much of education is a parody on the past. That may be forgiven; if it is, make the most of it! Schools that can educate the quickest get the student. The result is, a graduate that can scarcely and intelligently decipher his diploma. Rapidity, not accuracy, is the idea. We've yielded to the commercialism of the age. The science of money has become a fad. "Get-rich-quick" plans have invaded the schools. You can buy diplomas, you can purchase degrees, you can buy sermons, you can practice law without law. It's an outrage—a supreme farce. Boys lounge on the streets waiting for a job at bookkeeping. We are becoming vassals to the more successful. Aspirations do not go beyond the counter-jumper. A straight-jacket law enforcing the old apprenticeship system would redeem many an idler. Four years in college is a penalty—not a privilege. The old educational theory—a sound mind in a sound body—is all right, but it doesn't mean to pit the physical against the intellectual. First thing we know the olympic game will draw a greater throng than all the schools of art, of science, or of song. The other day Prof. Cooley superintendent of Chicago's public schools, said: "College authorities offer special inducements, and secure the pupil before he has finished the higher school course. They do this to strengthen the athletics of the college. They become athletic stars." Mr. Cooley continues: "If the universities are determined to let down the bars on the ground that a man is an athlete, the man with brains has an unequal chance, and the struggle in preparatory schools will be for physical instead of for mental development." In some quarters we seem to be making an experiment in that direction. Education that leaves out the Christ of history will indite our history in human blood. Intellectual enrichment, combined with spiritual poverty, will bring us a God of force—the materialism of France—that atheistic creed whose spawn is anarchy and bloodshed. Or else the undue exaltation of reason—the rationalism of Europe—that infidelity whose only end is an unseemable wantonness and debauchery. A mind educated at the expense of the soul, will produce a skeptic.

Just here let me emphasize the fact that the savings of Moses, the poetic imagery of the monarch singer, the deep philosophy of Paul, or the dreams of John in Patmos, have as much place in our public schools as have the utterances of a semi-heathen philosopher or the carping of a more modern moralist. We are on the quick-sands when the opposition of foreign populations will not permit the open Bible in our public schools. Nor can we develop spirit at the expense of mind. The finished product is a fanatic whose ultimate goal is mental imbecility. The anarchist and the fanatic are alike dangerous. They are one-sided, and yet the product of the times.

This leads me to the final thought:

III. The penalty consequent upon our failure to recognize and utilize the child in our midst.

(1) Such a penalty is inevitable when we suffer the loss of our mothers. Motherhood is infinitely more than mere maternity. Motherhood must come to its awakening. We laugh at the old foggy mothers of the past. Our laughter will be turned to mourning when the weakling sons of to-day measure lances with the sons of yesterday. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." The nation that loses its mothers loses its mold of destiny—the balance wheel is gone. This age needs a revival of motherhood. Boys are dying of criminal neglect. Most of our homes are merely places where children, oftentimes

unwelcome, eat and sleep. Social functions have absorbed the child's sacred rights. The queen of the home has bartered her scepter for the fatal joys of the club. Back to the old days of home and mother's knee! An anonymous writer thus addresses you: "Mothers, you are the divinely-appointed teachers of your children, and any attempt to free yourself is a direct opposition of the will of God. If you neglect them the consequences are swift and sure. And how fearful they are, let broken-hearted mothers tell who have bowed in anguish over lost sons." What right have you to turn your boy's intellectual and moral life over into strange and alien hands? The Scotch, whose idealization of mother is world-famed, say: "An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy." Napoleon appealed to the mothers of his Empire to fashion the destinies of his beloved France. He said: "The greatest need of France is mothers." It was the Roman orator who said: "The empire is at the fireside." Mohammed declared: "Paradise is at the feet of mothers." John Randolph pays this tribute: "The thing that saved me from atheism was the recollection of an affectionate mother kneeling by my side, and with my hand in hers, teaching me to say, 'Our Father, who art in heaven.'"

(2) Again, such a penalty is inevitable when we suffer the loss of students. We commit a high-handed crime when we fail to cultivate that which creates a genuine thirst for knowledge. There was something grandly suggestive when Joseph built those mighty granaries against the long years of Egypt's famine. It was the providential fact that saved his father's people, for Jacob bought his corn from these vast store-houses. Youth is the seed-time; age is the harvest and the reaping time. He who fails, between the ages of 20 and 40, to store his mind with a rich fund of information will hardly make it across the dead-line. The surest antidote for pessimistic old age is youth-time reading. And yet, it is alarming that the present generation read but few great books. The mind hibernates in the zone beyond the fifties. To pass life's winter within is inevitable; in thought, to be a hermit. In the aftermath but few new thoughts are born. They are only recast—ideas evolved from those already gathered. Would that our vast army of young men could realize that the intellect will one day, weary with its years of toil, turn within for rest. Like Nature's hibernating animal, shielding itself from excursions and blasts it can no longer stand, the mind must feed upon its garnered winter-store. It is the highest folly to make no preparation against the mind's declining day.

"Give a boy a passion for books," said Collyer, "and you give him thereby a lever to lift his world, and a patent of nobility, if the thing he does is noble." Away back in the seventeenth century, Rhodiginus said: "But how can I live here without my books? I really seem to myself crippled and only half myself." Milton, the blind bard, declared: "Many a man lives, a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose for a life beyond life." "God be thanked for books!" exclaims Channing. "I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live." This age needs some students. In the event we fail here we shall produce a generation of pigmies and intellectual dwarfs. Sir John Lubbock asserted: "The choice of books, like that of friends, is a serious duty. We are as responsible for what we read as for what we do. The best books elevate us into a region of disinterested thought where personal objects fade into insignificance, and the troubles and anxieties of the world are almost forgotten."

(3) And the penalty shall be upon us when our children no longer are encompassed with the loftiest ideal of manhood.

Who can fathom the power of an ideal! The sculptor, chisel and mallet in hand, cuts into the rough block of marble the image that throbs in his brain. Just that certain are our children to imitate the ideal that stands daily before them. It's an awful fact—this law of reproduction as children's imitative powers lay their hands upon it. My soul grows sick and faint as I watch the aimless souls upon our streets. Many of them have neither a subjective nor an objective purpose in life. It's a mass adrift. They are headed for the haven of dead ships. They are in the grasp of the currents. Our youth must catch a vision of a real man. When Jenny Lind was stirring old Boston with her power of song, Webster called on her. After he had gone, she arose—walking to and fro—with indescribable earnestness she exclaimed: "Oh, that is a man, that is a man. I never

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saw a man before!" This recalls a passage in George Eliot's journal: "I have seen Emerson; I have seen a man."

And after all, what's the debt youth owes the world? I can only answer in the language of the poet:

"Like the star That shines afar, Without haste And without rest, Let each man wheel with steady sway Round the task that rules the day, And do his best."

Neither God nor man can damn a spirit that does its level best. Gainesville, Texas.

Devotional and Spiritual

OUR CHRISTMAS DAWN.

O Christmas dawning, throb and glow! O roses budding, bursting, blow! O sweet winds come, and sweet winds go! Our happy hearts are beating so! O larks in meadows wide and green, Bearing on breast gold shield of sheen And arabesque; a gold-robed queen Were humbled, thee beside her seen! O blue of sky, O blue of bird! O sweetest song that e'er was heard! Creation chants at heavenly word The song divine that God has stirred. Stirred with His breath this Christmas dawn, This dawn supreme when Christ was born! Forgot the pain; forgot the thorn; Forgotten grief this Christmas morn! —Harriet Winthrop Waring.

KING DAVID'S VISION OF CHRIST.

A Homily for Christians.

The last words of David, as they are given in Sam. 23:1-5, must evidently mean his last words as a prophet—the last message received from heaven. It was an interesting moment in the life of so remarkable a man, and the message was worthy of the occasion. It is generally allowed that the Authorized Version is not very happy here, and that the true idea of the passage is got by reading it as a vision—a bright vision of a glorious ruler, as it rose before the entranced sight of the Psalmist. The form of this Ruler is projected before him. He is one who is "righteous," and who "rules in the fear of God." A Divine radiance goes from him, diffusing a silvery brightness on every side. "As the light of morning!" exclaims the Psalmist, recalling the welcome sight of the purple dawn after a dark and stormy night. By-and-by "the sun ariseth," rejoicing like a strong man to run a race. It is "a morning without clouds," there is nothing to obstruct the influence of the orb of day as he scatters his treasures from his golden chariot. See how his beams

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure

Costs Nothing if it Fails

Any honest person who suffers from Rheumatism is welcome to this offer. For years I searched everywhere to find a specific for Rheumatism. For nearly 20 years I worked to this end. At last, in Germany, my search was rewarded. I found a costly chemical that did not disappoint me as other Rheumatic prescriptions had disappointed physicians everywhere. I do not mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure can turn bony joints into flesh again. That is impossible. But it will drive from the blood the poison that causes pain and swelling, and then that is the end of Rheumatism. I know this so well that I will furnish my remedy on trial. Simply write me a postal for my book on Rheumatism. I will then arrange with a druggist in your vicinity so that you can secure six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure to make the test. You may take it a full month on trial. If it succeeds, the cost to you is \$3.50. If it fails, the loss is mine alone. If it fails, I will refund you the cost of the bottles. If you say the trial is not satisfactory I don't expect a penny from you. I have no samples. Any mere sample that can affect chronic Rheumatism must be dragged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs, for it is dangerous to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood. My remedy does that even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. It has cured the oldest cases that I ever met, and in all of my experience, in all of my 2,000 tests, I never found another remedy that would cure one chronic case in ten. Write me and I will send you the book. Try my remedy for a month, for it can't harm you anyway. If it fails the loss is mine. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 414, Racine, Wis. Milk cases not chronic are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

fall on "the tender grass," making it sparkle with diamonds and pearls! This was King David's last vision—the vision of a Ruler appearing on earth, worthy of these glorious emblems. Who can this Ruler be?

Not Solomon, not Jehoshaphat, not Hezekiah; for though these and other kings were noble rulers, they did not come up to the high eulogy of David; neither were they "rulers over men" as such, but only over a small section of them—David's own kingdom, if even the whole of that. The Ruler of the vision has a wider dominion, and belongs to a nobler order. One feels instinctively that certain passages in the Old Testament must be Messianic, for this if for no other reason; that they portray so truly what Jesus really was and said and did. This is one of these passages. It must be Messianic in its full ultimate reference. It makes us think what a wonderful gift God gave to this world when he gave his Son. What a matchless event it was in the world's history when Jesus came to it, bringing with him the light and life, the joy and peace, the purity and the beauty of heaven! What a different world it had been since the life of Jesus became part of its annals, since the fragrance of his presence sweetened its atmosphere, since the lustre of his example brightened its moral scenery, since his cross was planted in its soil! If it was the day of Christ that David saw afar off in this vision, the emblems were just what suited the day. Of the manner of his advent David seems to have known nothing; of the stable and the manger, and the infancy, and the gradual growth and rise of the Ruler from utter feebleness to high dominion, he gives no hint. Messiah seems rather to have been presented to him, Minerva-like, in the full possession of his imperial strength; in the full blaze of his kingly glory. What David saw was the advent of the Christ; and along with that he saw the earth glorified, its shadows scattered, its wilderness blossoming, its floods lifting up their hands, its trees and its hills rejoicing before the Lord; "for he cometh to judge the world; with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity."

There are few things that strike the imagination more, or that dwell more vividly in the memory, than a beautiful sunrise in an Alpine country. The Alpine horn wakens you in the early morning, and flushed with the expectation of a rare enjoyment, you hasten to the spot where the view is to be seen. Your patience is somewhat taxed as the minutes slowly pass, and no sun appears. But as you look, the flush of dawn begins to brighten the sky, and now just over the dark mountain range in the east, you see a speck of ruby peering, brighter than any gem. Quickly it broadens into a slender bow, then to a golden semicircle, and in a few more seconds the round globe itself stands above the horizon. And what a glory it spreads over mountain and valley, over lake and river! What a transformation of the dull, dark globe, now bright with a hundred hues and sparkling with a thousand smiles! Not only are your eyes feasted, but your soul is filled with a holy emotion; your mind carries you to a brighter transformation, to the thought of the new heaven and the new earth, and of the great Resurrection morn, when they that dwell in dust shall awake and sing, and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads!

In the imagery of the vision, our Lord is compared to light; and it is interesting to note the successive touches by which the image grows in brilliancy. First, he is as the

light—the most cheering and reviving, the most beautiful and beautifying of earthly things.

Then he is as the light of the morning, for morning light is more cheerful and reviving than any other. Then the great fountain of light, the sun, comes into view, suggesting inexhaustible fulness. And lastly, it is morning without clouds; there is nothing to obscure or interrupt the light in its passage to earth; it falls on the face of Nature in an unbroken flood, giving radiance and beauty to every object; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

We need not dwell on all these minutiae; it will be better to think of the many ways in which, to all who receive him, Jesus Christ is as the light of the morning. Effects like these are best brought out by contrast; and we shall probably see best the claim of Jesus to be compared to the light if we think a little of the darkness—if we think of some of those gloomy experiences to which we mortals are exposed in this world, but which are chased away at the rising of this bright morning star.

1. It is indeed a gloomy experience when one first feels what it is to be a sinner, and first knows oneself to be a sinner—a great sinner—in the sight of God. What the Holy Spirit brings home to one may not be dark, flagrant acts of sin, but the fact of one's rebellious will—one's systematic disregard of the holy will of God. I fear that this age must be held to be one of shallow convictions of sin, as compared with other days. Not many now-a-days are familiar with the struggle described in "Grace Abounding"; not many know anything of the experience of young Bruce of Kinnaird, three hundred years ago, who declared that he would rather wade through a stream of boiling lead half a mile long than endure what befell him one night in the house of Airth, when the Holy Spirit was convincing him of sin. Yet it may be otherwise. There may be more distress than we wot of because of sinful hearts. More Bibles than we think may open at the fifty-first Psalm or at the parable of the Pharisee and the publican. Anyhow, it is a gloomy experience to find oneself a criminal before God, and to find, do what one may, one cannot make it otherwise. But when one apprehends the true meaning of the Baptist's call—"Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world"—is it not as if one passed into the light of the morning? Bunyan saw it when he understood the words, "Thy righteousness is in heaven." We may fancy the delight of Abraham when he saw the ram caught in the thicket—the substitute for his son. Like this are the feelings of all who, after the gloom of deep conviction and self-condemnation see Jesus Christ atoning for their sins, and putting in their hands the title-deeds of heaven.

2. There is another gloomy experience to which many are subject after they have entered on the Christian life—the sense of indwelling sin, of the perpetual activity of evil desires, giving birth to a sad contrast between their souls and those saintly, angelic, Christlike beings whom they have sometimes met with, or about whom they have read. Do what they may, their souls cleave to the dust, their temper gives way, even under slight provocations, unkind words escape their lips, selfishness asserts itself many a time in their hearts. "Oh wretched men that we are!" they sometimes cry, "who shall deliver us?" St. Paul was far in the depths when he uttered that groan. But hardly was it uttered when the light of the morning burst on him—"I thank God, through Jesus Christ." He saw in Jesus Christ, over and above his atoning merit a sanctify-

ing grace capable of renewing him wholly, and he thanked God. He thanked God that it was not left to him in his own strength to renew his heart. It was for him to mourn its corruptions, and send up to heaven day after day the prayer for renewal; but it was his privilege to welcome the indwelling of Christ by his Spirit as the power that worked in him to will and to do of God's good pleasure. And he cherished the belief that through that power the change which he describes to the Ephesians would be completed in him. Jesus would sanctify and cleanse him with the washing of water by the Word; and thus in the end present him, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.

3. A third gloomy experience of Christians is that which often arises from the trials and troubles of life. Perhaps it is ill health that brings them down, or ill success in life, or loss and disappointment, or worry and anxiety, or the ill behavior of loved ones, or all combined. There are St. Sebastians in this world whom God seems to make a target for all his arrows; all his waves and billows seem to pass over them. The sadness of their hearts is reflected in their faces, as it was in Mary's when she wept at the sepulchre. But to the weeping Mary there came a vision of the light of the morning: "Woman, why weepest thou? Behold your risen Lord! After all, it is well! So to many a one, 'in heaviness through manifold temptations,' the vision of a sympathetic and considerate Savior comes as the light of the morning. The thought commends itself to them that their trials and sorrows are but the medicines by which a physician alike faithful and loving is healing their souls. It is no easy task to make all right there. There is a tradition that once a great painter, seeing a rough block of white marble, said, 'I see an angel imprisoned in that stone; but I will set him free.' It was his way of saying that cut of the rough block he would carve the form of an angel. But what an infinite amount of labor, what innumerable strokes of the hammer and touches of the chisel, were needed to fulfill the task! Certainly the task of turning the human soul into a pure unsullied spirit is not an easier one. We may be helped here by another emblem of the text—"Clear shining after rain." Heavy rain, pelting fiercely during the night, batters the tender grass, seems rude, and reckless, and destructive; but the morning sun not only makes the grass bright, but helps it to rise and helps it to grow; and in a little while the grass is stronger and richer than ever. I knew an eminent Christian, in a prominent position, who said that on looking back on his life he saw that the times of sorest trial—of trials that seemed as if they would crush him utterly—were the very times when he got the most spiritual good; it was out of such weakness that he was made strong.

4. We note one other gloomy experience against which Jesus is emphatically as the light of the morning—that which is bred under the shadow of death. As a rule, death is not viewed at the present time with that repugnance which was usual in former periods. This is probably due to that feeble faith in the unseen and eternal, in heaven and hell, in rewards and punishments, which marks the present age. But no thoughtful or reasonable man can look on death without the gravest feelings, not only for the leap in the dark it involves—the unknown change of being to which it leads—but also because of the voice within that assures him that at death there will be a reckoning with him on the part of his righteous Judge. If the Christian were to be the victim of such feelings, whether in the prospect of

his own death or in the experience of the death of his friends, his case would be sad indeed. It is, in any case, hard when friends die of whose welfare one has little hope, though even here there remains the thought that the verdict of God will be in strict accord with the infinite righteousness and goodness of his nature. But for oneself, and for all who die in the Lord, how welcome is the vision of him who is as the light of the morning! Jesus has himself died; he knows the bitterness of death, and he will not leave his people to die alone. Let them often ask dying grace, and dying grace will come. Let them often think how much brighter and better the second stage of their being will be—how certain it is that it will transcend their highest expectations. Let them learn to trust their Lord with all the interests they leave behind, in the firm assurance that he careth for theirs as well as for theirs.

O Light of the morning! how welcome is Thy rising to all who have eyes to see! Arise and shine on all the dark places of the earth. Again and again let these words be verified: "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great Light!"—Rev. Professor W. Garden Blaikie, D. D., LL. D., Scotland.

A happy Christmas to you For the Prince of Peace is come, And his reign is full of blessings, Their very crown and sum; No earthly calm can ever last; 'Tis but the lull before the blast; But his great peace Shall still increase In mighty all-rejoicing sway; His kingdom in thy heart shall never pass away. —Frances-Ridley Havergal.

TWICE WON.

Wife Fell in Love With Husband "All Over Again."

The wife of a well-known attorney-at-law, of Seward, Neb., tells the tale worth reading: "My husband was a soldier in the Civil War and was, as he called himself, 'an old coffee cooler' and had always drank very strong coffee. "About a year ago he complained of a feeling of faintness every time after climbing his office stairs and was also troubled by terrible headaches that almost drove him wild. "He gradually grew weaker and weaker until his affliction culminated in nervous collapse and for weeks he seemed to be fading away from us in spite of all our efforts. "The physicians pronounced him strong and well with no organic trouble whatever and there seemed to be nothing the matter except the complete giving out of his nervous system. "The doctors decided that coffee was at the bottom of all his trouble and ordered Postum Cereal in its place. He improved daily since he quit coffee and began drinking Postum and now says he feels better than he has felt for 20 years, headaches are gone, no more fainting spells and is gaining in flesh every day and he seems so much younger and heartier and happier than he has for years that I have fallen in love with him over again. "Now for my brother's case; a few years ago he had a peculiar trouble. His tongue was swollen and sore at the roots and covered underneath with festers. "He thought his affliction was of a cancerous nature and his doctor was of the same opinion. He could scarcely eat anything and became so poor and run down he was simply a nervous wreck. He consulted various physicians but none were able to diagnose his case or help him in the least. "At last a doctor to whom he applied said he believed my brother was coffee poisoned and advised him to quit coffee and drink Postum. He gave him no medicine but told him to give Postum fair trial and return to him in 6 weeks. My brother had used Postum only about ten days when the festers disappeared from his tongue and at the end of two weeks the soreness and swelling were gone and he began to pick up in flesh and spirits. "He has never touched coffee since but drinks Postum all the time and has never had the slightest return of the trouble. "To look at my experience is it any wonder I can write a heartfelt testimonial for Postum? Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Secular News Items.

Herbert Spencer, the great English author and Agnostic, is dead.

Colombia still threatens to invade Panama if the United States Government does not accede to Colombia's wishes. In the meantime, Uncle Sam has warships stationed around the Isthmus.

The extra session of Congress expired without confirming the appointments of General Wood to his higher position, and Dr. Crum, the negro, to Collector of Customs at the Charleston port. So the President has re-nominated them, and the regular session will wrestle with their confirmation.

The next National Convention of the Republican Party will meet next June in Chicago. Senator Hanna declines to lead the campaign as Chairman of the Executive Committee. He and the President do not get along well together.

Congressman Pinckney, of the Houston District, Texas, has taken his seat in Washington, and he is becoming familiar with his duties. He is a safe and sound man, and that district is in safe hands.

Three young bandits in Chicago succeeded in killing a number of men the other week in their efforts to commit public robberies, and they in turn were severely wounded and lodged in jail.

The white people living within the jurisdiction of a school taught by a negro woman near Boston were ordered to enroll their children with the colored pupils, but they stoutly resisted and refuse to patronize a "nigger school." And this near Boston!

Emperor William, of Germany, has had a severe operation performed on his throat on account of a tumorous growth, and while he is doing well, yet his people are exercised about it, because his father died of cancer of the throat.

The Cuban reciprocity bill will pass the Senate soon, giving to the island better tariff rates with this country. This is one of the reasons why the extra session of Congress was called.

Chas. D. Blake, author of "Rock-a-Bye Baby" and other popular songs, died in New York recently, aged 60.

It is said that Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris will be elected lady manager of the St. Louis Exposition, in place of Mrs. Blair, who has resigned.

The cotton mills, of New England, have reduced the wages of their men 10 per cent. The reduction affects 22,000 operatives.

Over forty millions of dollars are to be expended in carrying the Missouri Pacific's new line from the Missouri River to New Orleans, and the contracts have been let.

The next annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans will be held at Nashville, Tennessee.

It cost \$220,000 to print the last annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture. This makes it the most costly Governmental publication in the world.

The remains of the wife and daughter of President Monroe which were disinterred from their resting place near Leesburg, Virginia, have been re-interred at Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond.

The American Federation of Labor by a tremendous majority vote, declared its opposition to Socialism.

Twenty-six indictments for peonage were returned against seven prominent planters in Southern Georgia.

Harriett Hubbard Ayer, a well-known writer for the New York World on matters pertaining to the health and beauty of women, died in New York, November 20th, of pneumonia.

The United States uses more than five-eighths of the diamond output of the world. In two years the total advance on small stones has been twenty per cent, and on large stones twenty-five per cent.

It is said that Panama will invest \$9,000,000 of the money secured from the United States in United States bonds.

The joint resolution introduced in the United States Senate inviting Cuba to become a State of the United States, occasioned a great deal of comment in Havana.

In a recent letter to the editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, ex-President Cleveland declared that he would never again become the nominee of his party for the Presidency. He says: "My determination not to do so is unalterable and conclusive." That ought to settle the matter once and for all.

E. Prentiss Bailey, editor of the Utica Observer, celebrated the 50th anniversary of his connection with that newspaper, which began December 5, 1853, last Saturday. Mr. Bailey entered the employ of the Observer as city editor, and by rapid strides rose to the editorship of the publication. Although the oldest newspaper writer in point of service in the State of New York, Mr. Bailey enjoys rugged health

and is at his desk daily. The employes of the various departments of the Observer, in recognition of their chief's half-century connection with that newspaper, presented to him a handsome silver loving cup. Isaac G. Ryals, for 53 years foreman of the Observer press room, and still holding that position, made the presentation speech.

Secretary Root, in the last annual report he makes before retiring from the war office, indulges in a parting shot on the canteen question by allusion to "the injurious effects produced at a large number of posts by the abolition of the canteen." It's the same old song; let us hope the new Secretary of War will sing a new one.

The Panama Canal Treaty was signed by the junta or provisional government, without amendment, on the same day it reached Panama. Now it will be returned to Washington, and transmitted to the Senate before the holiday adjournment, though it is doubtful if it is considered, even in committee, till after the holiday recess.

Henry Billings Brown, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, is threatened with total blindness. He has been informed by his physicians that the entire loss of his eyesight within a week is now indicated.

Mrs. Richard F. Mueller, bride of a week, died of glanders. She caught the dreaded disease from her pet horse, which she drove to the city while preparing her trousseau. Her symptoms were obscure, and she had been treated for rheumatism. Her death was unexpected.

Chairman J. W. Bailey, of the North Carolina Anti-Saloon League, has given the official figures as to the prohibition movement in that State. Fifty-three counties are under prohibition. There are dispensaries in 13 counties and in 28 are saloons. There are saloons in less than 50 cities and towns. Mr. Bailey says the league will make determined efforts to have the next Legislature in full sympathy with the temperance movement.

In round numbers and generally speaking the strike bill of Manhattan and the Bronx for the year ended November 30 is \$25,000,000. The returns turned in by the tax assessors, says the Tribune, show that falling off in the assessed valuation of strictly new buildings, as compared with the last four or five years, amounts to the figure stated. The falling off is ascribed almost wholly to strikes and lockouts, which kept building operations at a standstill much of the time in the last eight months.

Traffic costs a life a day in New York, according to an official police estimate, made by Commissioner Greene, of the number of deaths in the city streets during the year 1902. Gen. Greene finds that 265 people were killed. Of this number, the Commissioner said he wished to point out that 172 were killed by street railway lines. Truck and wagons had killed 146, while automobiles killed only 9. Bicycles killed 2 and runaway horses 7. There were 240 arrests for exceeding the speed law. Gen. Greene recommends greater severity with offenders and a rigid enforcement of road rules.

Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, after a service of sixty-one years, has resigned as Chairman of the Committee which inspects the course of instruction in English literature at Harvard University. In his report to the Board of Overseers, Col. Higginson makes many suggestions as to teaching English at Harvard. Col. Higginson asked whether it would not be for the interest of the University to reconstitute the sub-committees on "courses of instruction" by limiting the number of each to one person, or at most two, with the understanding that each committee hereafter should be a working body.

W. N. MacMillan, of St. Louis, Missouri, who recently failed in an attempt to explore the course of the Blue Nile, has completed arrangements for another expedition. He starts soon, accompanied by Mrs. MacMillan, Lieutenant-Colonel Harrington, the British Resident at the Emperor Menelik's, and a large retinue of carriers. The party will go in launches from Khartoum to the furthest navigable point, where it will land and continue its explorations in the direction of Lake Rudolf. Mr. MacMillan expects to be absent seven months.

M. Oishi, a former Japanese Minister, has protested, in a public speech which has attracted much attention, against the incessant increase in the Russian Government forces in the Far East. He would demand the instant stoppage of these reinforcements under threat of war.

The Empire of Sahara, M. Lebandy's pet scheme, is no new idea. Donald Mackenzie, who, in 1875, established a British settlement at Cape Juby, made some ambitious proposals, which attracted a good deal of attention, in particular his scheme for flooding Sahara. In Mr. Mackenzie's opinion El Juf, a plain in the Western Sahara,

lay several hundred feet below sea level, and he proposed, by cutting through the Beta Valley, to connect El Juf with the Atlantic, north of Cape Juby. He wrote a very ingenious book on the project, which was taken up by many influential people, and to some extent favored by the foreign office. In the north of Africa, by the way, the French were enamored of a somewhat similar idea. They thought of cutting a canal into the Sahara, but that sandy waste is still as dry as it ever was.

Spain has taken the first step toward a breach of relations with Venezuela, having withdrawn the exequators of all Venezuelan Consuls in Spain. It is surmised that this action has been taken because of the ill-treatment accorded the Spanish Minister to Venezuela as a result of the Mexican-Venezuelan arbitration, and of the disrespect shown to the Spanish Consul at La Guayra.

If the Columbians still want to subdue Panama, their cue is to strike while the iron is hot. When the conditions are all settled, and the canal is under way, then it will be too late. If General Reyes can get his army over somehow, now is the time to do it. Later on, we might not want him to. His army would be in the way while we were digging the connecting ditch. Meanwhile, they needn't rail at the United States. If we had not sent warships down there, France would probably have done so anyway. The Government Francais would never have brooked the revocation of the Isthmian canal concession. And it is understood on good authority that if we had not acted energetically and finally, France would have been there to help Panama.

The policies neither of Russian nor Japan are altruistic. The only trouble now between these nations lies in arranging the division of the spoil. "If you'll let me get in Korea," says Japan, "I won't object to your remaining in Manchuria." No one can blame Japan and Russia. Self preservation is the first law of nature. The possession of Korea means the preservation of Japan. Manchuria is the salvation of Russia. The only chance now for a quarrel is that Russia will offend Japan by hesitating too long before returning a reply. Japan would probably not object to war, but she will be content with a good berth in Korea. And Russia seems bound to have Manchuria, anyway. Our only interest is in the "open door."

Thirty-seven per cent of the American people now live in cities of more than four thousand inhabitants.

Five hundred cotton-cloth weavers at Burnley, England, struck recently as a protest against "the Americanization of the weaving industry."

The Emperor William has withdrawn his offer of a cup for a transatlantic yacht race in 1904, on account of his health, and has substituted for it the offer of a cup to be raced for in 1905.

The old jail at Carthage, Illinois, in which the Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith, and his brother, Hiram, were killed by a mob in June, 1844, has been bought by the Mormons, and will be removed to Salt Lake City, to be set up there as a memorial.

While the government officials of Denmark deny reports published abroad of a revolutionary movement in the Danish West Indies, they admit that dissatisfaction exists, and it is recognized that the prosperity of the new Republic of Panama may so impress the inhabitants of the Danish West Indies as to develop the now latent desire to come under the American flag.

It is now possible that the United States will have a treaty port on the Yalu River in Korea. For this purpose Minister Allen has been carrying on negotiations with the Emperor of Korea. The town selected for this port will probably be Wiju. It will look strange to travelers in the Far East to see the Stars and Stripes, and

READ THIS: Giddings, Tex., Dec. 3, 1902.—Dr. E. W. Hall, St. Louis, Mo.: Dear Sir—In 1896 myself and wife were great sufferers from kidney and bladder troubles and your Texas Wonder cured us, and we have never suffered since. We cheerfully recommend it to others suffering in like manner. C. E. HOSEA.

A TEXAS WONDER

One small bottle of the Texas Wonder, Hall's Great Discovery, cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, seminal emissions, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women; regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, it will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months' treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Dr. E. W. Hall, sole manufacturer, P. O. Box 629, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by all druggists. Office, 2931 Olive street.

American advertising signs in this out-of-the-way place in the Orient. England and France and Germany are favorably located at various ports along the China coast and in Japan. There is no reason why American trade should not be prosperous as well. A port in this part of the Orient would offer many opportunities to the young men of America to try their fortunes in the East of Suez country. There, where the competition is not so relentless as in the United States; where new conditions and new markets are developing, there are bright prospects in store for men of enterprise who want more room for operation than this overcrowded country in the Western world affords.

The Texas chapter of the "Daughters of the Confederacy" indulged in a sly dig at President Roosevelt in the Panama matter. Last week it adopted a preamble and resolutions, that "whereas the President by his recent course toward the Republic of Panama has shown to the world his endorsement of the principle of the right of secession, and whereas the people of the Northern States have by their acceptance and approval shown that they have been led by him out of the fog of ignorance into the bright realism of truth attained by the Southern statesmen so many years ago," therefore we extend to the President of the United States the hearty thanks of the Daughters of the Confederacy," etc.

At the first session of the Tenth Parliament of British Columbia, which convened recently, Lieutenant-Governor Sir Henry Joll de Lotbiniere declared that, as a result of the recent decision in the Alaska Boundary case, a strong feeling exists in favor of an all-Canadian route to the Yukon and Northern British Columbia. The Lieutenant-Governor also noted the probability of the early completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific line to the British Columbia coast.

The new edifice of the American Church in Berlin was dedicated on Thanksgiving Day. The Empress telegraphed to the pastor, Rev. Dr. Dickie, expressing her regret that she could not, on account of her husband's illness, be present at the services, and sent the Court Chamberlain, Count von Mullen, to represent her. Crown Prince Frederick William, on behalf of Emperor William, attended the dedication and reverently followed the service. President Roosevelt sent a message of congratulation.

Commander Robert E. Peary says that all he needs to reach the North Pole is a vessel strong enough to withstand the crushing force of polar ice. "If I can succeed in reaching the Northern end of Grant Land," he explained, "I can undoubtedly reach the pole." The Northern extremity of Grant Land is five hundred miles from Peary's destination. He will accomplish the remainder of the distance by means of sledges, and he looks forward to such rough usage that he will leave Mrs. Peary behind. The gallant Captain thinks that he of all the Arctic explorers is most competent to reach the pole. Though others have penetrated further North than Captain Peary, no one is more familiar with the conditions of the Northern seas than he. Much as we applaud Commander Peary's determination to reach this elusive point upon the globe, we can not help asking "What's the use?" Will any additional facts be added to our present knowledge of geography? Will any new land be discovered for the propagation of the Stars and Stripes? The only thing that Captain Peary will get credit for will be his spirit of determination and adventure which epitomizes modern life. Posterity can't help admiring such a spirit. It is for their foolhardiness and romance that we most admire the people of King Arthur's Court. We hope that Captain Peary can procure a strong enough boat, even if the expedition is to have a sentimental value rather than a scientific one.

MARRIAGES.

Lee-Roles—At the home of the officiating minister, Star, Texas, Dec. 6, 1903, Mr. J. R. Lee and Miss Ada Roles, Rev. G. W. Tempin officiating. Falkner-Emerit—At the Indian Creek Church, Dec. 6, 1903, Mr. Arthur L. Falkner and Miss Laura E. Emerit, Rev. Geo. W. Kincheloe officiating. Poe-Lee—At the home of the officiating minister, Star, Texas, Dec. 6, 1903, Mr. W. H. Poe and Miss Ella May Lee, Rev. G. W. Tempin officiating. Clingan-Ellison—At the home of the bride's parents, near Leander, Texas, Mr. George M. Clingan, of Oklahoma, and Miss Malinda Ellison, of Leander, Texas, Rev. J. A. Bittick officiating. Blake-Pfaender—At the residence of the bride's parents, in Shiner, Texas, Dec. 3, 1903, Mr. R. G. Blake and Miss Martha Pfaender, Rev. A. G. Nolen officiating. Blocker-Taylor—At the parsonage in Palmer, Texas, Dec. 3, 1903, Mr. C. C. Blocker and Miss Robbe Taylor, Rev. I. E. Hightower officiating. Theford-Price—At the home of Rev. W. C. Stallings, near Tyler, Texas, Nov. 25, 1903, Mr. A. J. Theford and Miss Lexie Price, Rev. W. C. Stallings officiating. Wilson-Doyle—At the home of the bride, Granbury, Texas, Dec. 3, 1903, Mr. J. B. Wilson and Mrs. Alice Doyle, Rev.

MORPHINE Why Remain a Slave to Morphine, Cocaine, Opium, Laudanum and other drug habits when you can be cured at home. We guarantee an absolute permanent and painless cure to those addicted to the use of drugs, if they will take our treatment and follow our instructions. Each case submitted to us receives individual attention and treatment from an experienced nerve specialist. We do not detain you from business. We give immediate relief. Appetite for drugs is destroyed and appetite for food is restored. Sleep becomes normal and the beginning of the treatment. We restore the nervous and physical systems to their natural conditions because we remove the cause of disease. We Guarantee a Cure Free Trial Treatment Write at once for our free booklet which gives references, terms, etc. Manhattan Therapeutic Ass'n Suite 595 1135 Broadway, New York

W. S. Baker and W. B. Wilson officiating. Ethridge-Smith—At the residence of the bride's brother, Oct. 11, 1903, Mr. E. C. Ethridge and Miss Sophia Smith, Rev. W. F. Brinson officiating. Wade-Taylor—At the residence of Mr. Wm. Taylor, the bride's father, Nov. 29, 1903, Mr. Thos. W. Wade and Miss Annie Taylor, Rev. W. F. Brinson officiating. Marsh-Collins—At the home of the bride, Tyler, Texas, Mr. C. G. Marsh and Mrs. M. B. Collins, Rev. W. C. Stallings officiating. Briggs-Anderson—Near Grand Bluff, Texas, Nov. 20, 1903, Mr. Dan Briggs and Miss Fannie Anderson, Rev. W. W. Graham officiating. Hines-Harris—At the residence of Bro. Smith, in Miles, Runnels County, Texas, Rev. T. J. Hines and Miss Alice Harris, Rev. R. M. Leaton officiating. Selman-Thornton—At Thornton, Texas, Dec. 13, 1903, Mr. Jno. T. Selman, of Tyler, Texas, and Mrs. Mamie Thornton, of Thornton, Texas, Rev. F. M. Winburne officiating. Russell-Tunnell—At the residence of the bride's father, J. E. Tunnell, near Electra, Texas, May 10, 1903, Mr. F. C. Russell and Miss Ivey Tunnell, Rev. C. C. Davis officiating. Rowe-Taylor—At Sunshine, Texas, Aug. 16, 1903, Mr. William H. Rowe and Miss Nellie Taylor, Rev. C. C. Davis officiating. Allen-Payton—At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Payton, in Wichita County, Texas, Aug. 29, 1903, Mr. Ed Allen and Miss Nettie Payton, Rev. C. C. Davis officiating. Stone-Beauchamp—At the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Lightly, in Iowa Park, Texas, Sept. 23, 1903, Mr. James Scott Stone and Miss Alice M. Beauchamp, Rev. C. C. Davis officiating. Love-Powell—At the Methodist parsonage, Iowa Park, Texas, Nov. 18, 1903, Mr. Jonah F. Love and Miss Ora Powell, Rev. C. C. Davis officiating. Webb-Yearwood—At the Methodist parsonage, Iowa Park, Texas, Nov. 18, 1903, Mr. Clarence N. Webb and Miss Claude Yearwood, Rev. C. C. Davis officiating. Hoke-Welsinger—At the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Nancy Welsinger, near Montgomery, Texas, Nov. 28, 1903, Prof. Irvin D. Hoke and Miss Susie Welsinger, Rev. J. C. Cameron officiating. Miller-Perot—At the Methodist Church, in Kanawha, Texas, Dec. 2, 1903, Mr. H. H. Miller and Miss Marie Perot, Rev. Walter Douglass officiating.

THE DORSEY PRINTING CO.

It is not to be expected that the uninitiated should appreciate the real excellence of the Dorsey establishment, but it is worth while for the people of Texas to know that the managers of some of the greatest printing and lithographing houses in the country have come to Dallas for no other purpose than to inspect the new home of the Dorsey Printing Company. Without exception they have marveled at its completeness, its modernness, its systematic arrangement, its perfect cleanliness and the superior excellence of its work. Such results can only be achieved by perfect management and first-class ability and skill. Besides the printing and lithographing departments, the establishment is equipped with the greatest blank book factory in the South, a die sinking, stencil and rubber stamp factory, and a retail department which carries in stock every imaginable thing which is required in an office. The statement "If used in an office, Dorsey has it" is literally true. There is not such an array of fine Office Furniture to be found on any other floor in the United States—50x200 feet is devoted to the exhibit of every known style Desk, Chair, Table or Filing Device. The business done in this department is enormous. Office Furniture being shipped to every State in the south and west. Their contracts call for more desks alone than the largest general Furniture house in the country could possibly handle. The line of stationery lacks nothing in the way of completeness. It would require columns to exploit the genuine merits of this great establishment.

The men who point out God's warnings with their wit only hasten their own woe.—Ram's Horn.

SANTA FE HOLIDAY RATES TO TEXAS POINTS. Excursion tickets will be sold to all points in Texas, on convention basis of one fare plus ten per cent, for the round trip, Dec. 23, 24, 25, 26, 31 and Jan. 1, limited to Jan. 4 for return. W. E. KENAN, G. P. A.

Notes From the Field.

Ennis Station.

T. J. Duncan: The fourth year starts off well. Collections nearly all subscribed. Orphans' check gone in. Nine members received—two on profession, seven on certificate. Salary fixed as heretofore. Sunday-school doing good work. League small, but religious. Stewards well organized for the work of the year. Prayer meeting very poorly attended. Will do better further on. Church clear of debt. Parsonage also. Women's Societies at work in a quiet way. What wait we for but a glorious revival? That will solve all our problems for the year. May the Lord send it suddenly and powerfully.

Indian Creek.

C. G. Shutt: Reached our new home 4th inst. Were met at the gate by the reception committee and conducted into the dining room, where we found that supper waiting, of which all freely partook. Had large, attentive congregations Sunday, both morning and evening. Have visited the seven-months' old town of Winchel on Frisco Railroad and fixed it necessary to take steps at once to erect a Methodist Church.

Canyon City.

J. E. Stephens: We have had a good beginning for the new year. The people received us willingly (that is, seemed so) for the third year. We hope to make this the best of the three. Our first Quarterly Conference met November 28, 29, the first one in the district, and though just little more than one week from Annual Conference, the stewards reported nearly one month's salary. Our elder is in fine favor with my people. He preached three strong, helpful sermons. In most respects we are doing well in our Church work.

Couts' Memorial, Fort Worth.

J. R. B. Hall: We have had a nice reception, pounding and good time generally at Cout's Memorial parsonage, all of which were much appreciated by the preacher and his family. We can never forget the many kindnesses received from the good people of Oglesby, and we parted with them feeling truly that we were leaving behind a great deal. But we feel at home with the good people of Cout's Memorial and we note a growing attachment for them. A Methodist preacher sacrifices more than anybody, but when the analysis of the whole situation is made they "receive manifold more." Even here they lay up treasure on earth—their salaries are too small—but if their salaries were quadrupled they would not. They feel too much the world's needs to think about its hoards, besides there are things of more priceless value than money; and that is the kind friendship and confidence of the Lord's people; and this a preacher does enjoy more and more as we note with what confidence people will take hold of a new preacher. Are we impressed with the responsibilities of the ministry? Oh, how true preachers ought to be! We bid the Advocate force and friends, new and old, a happy Christmas and New Year.

Thornton.

Fineh M. Winburne, Dec. 14: Well, the parsonage is furnished and in running order. My predecessor, Bro. Culbertson, kindly donated several articles of furniture, after which the people rallied and fixed us up nicely and gave us a nice pounding, besides. It was a mixed multitude of Methodists and Baptists, led by Bro. Morris, Baptist pastor, with real religious service, handshakes, etc. Yesterday was a busy day; the marriage at 9 a. m., a ten-mile drive and preaching, back at night and preached a Christmas sermon. Well, it's better to wear out than to rust out.

Items From Itasca.

C. L. Browning: After a quadrennium in the Indian Territory—the first two in the pastorate and the second two in charge of the Willie Halsell College—I am back in Texas, my native State, and in Itasca, a former pastoral charge. I am glad to get back to the State, and no appointment could have pleased me better than Itasca. We have been given a royal reception, including a pounding, and the expressed hopefulness of the town for a good work during the year makes us ambitious to do our very best. This is an important charge, an appreciative and cultured people, and one of the very best little towns in the State. There is no finer country than that surrounding this town, and the people, both in the town and country, are far above the average. Since leaving the town six years ago, there have been a number of noticeable changes for the better. The town has made advancements both in its business and in its citizenship. A large cotton factory has been one of the material ad-

ditions to the town, and though the high price of cotton has probably affected this as it has affected similar institutions elsewhere, it is running at full blast and doing a good business. This mill, I understand, was built and is being operated by home capital, and with proper management and support will prove a great blessing to the town and country. Another very important addition to the town is the building of the Switzer Woman's College. This school has had a phenomenal success, and the class of citizens brought to a town by such an institution is of the very best quality. Prof. Switzer and his wife are most excellent school builders and managers, and their children are born teachers. The people of Itasca are justly proud of this school. With a management composed of consecrated Christians and untiring Church workers who feel that, though they may succeed in everything else, their work is a failure unless their pupils become Christians, I feel sure that no parent will make a mistake in sending his daughter here to be educated. The moral and religious advantages of the town are exceptionally good for such a school. The school, while not owned and controlled by the Church, is thoroughly Christian and in perfect accord with the Church. The religious tone of the school is a blessing to the town as well as to the student body. Long may it live to bless the State and the Church. Other changes have taken place which make us sad. We miss a number of once familiar faces. Some have moved to other towns and are holding up the banner of the Church in other places, while a number have transferred their membership from the Church militant to the Church triumphant. Of the latter class are Sisters Ansley, Scrivner, Sheppard, Elmore, Fisher and Coffman. Bro. Fisher has also been called away by death, and since my arrival, Bro. Shine was called without a moment's warning. Fred Stone, one of the young men of the Church, has also died. All these we knew and loved, and hope to meet them again by-and-by. The Church is growing in numbers and in financial strength. The stewards have assessed a liberal salary for the preacher and his family. A spirit of appreciation and liberality is manifested by all. We are delighted, feel at home, and shall try to make this the best Church in the conference.

Lometa.

D. A. Gregg: I have just completed my first round on the Lometa charge. I do not go further east than Austin, nor further west than San Angelo. However, I expect loyalty from Bros. Renfro and Linn, since Lampasas and Goldthwaite Stations are each in the bounds of my territory. We have started nicely on our new charge. Audiences have been large. Numbers of people have come forward for prayer on the first round. By following the directions of paragraph 138 in the Discipline, 23 have been dismissed by certificate. The Lometa people have received us kindly and gave us a real nice pounding. The charge is greatly in need of a sweeping revival all over it. I shall do my utmost, under God, to have a large number of conversions to report at the next conference. At this writing I have not heard from the District Stewards' meeting, but I have commenced raising my conference collections and shall expect all things in full on the charge.

Stamford.

J. A. Biggs, Dec. 14: We are very comfortable in our new quarters. At Stamford the ladies have put one hundred dollars worth of furniture in the parsonage, and done some other needed improvement that makes the parsonage a very pleasant home. The people have given us a very cordial welcome. They gave us a nice reception and pounding, and supplied us with many good things. The ladies here deserve great credit for the work done; they are a heroic band. The brethren have made liberal provision for the preacher. We find a very clever and intelligent people to serve. Brother Hightower did much hard work here, and deserves much praise. He came when there was no church or parsonage; and now they have a nice church and parsonage, with a good membership. The outlook is favorable. This is Stamford's first year as a full station, and it looks, from the way the brethren start, they intend to make it one among the best. It is my purpose to lay myself out to do my very best; and, in doing this, the Advocate will be remembered.

Eliasville.

Mrs. Dora McCarter, Dec. 11: We have arrived at our new field of labor and are much pleased with the kind reception given us. There were many kind friends on Benjamin charge whom we had learned to love very much, and when the time came for us to say farewell our hearts were pained. We left there feeling very sad indeed. But when we arrived at this place we were received with so much kindness we were made happy. God bless these

good people. Other preachers may find larger Churches and more people, but they can not find a better people in Texas. Just as soon as we arrived they began to say cheering words and to pound us all at the same time. They kept bringing in nice things for preacher and family until Tuesday evening. The storm came; the good people began coming in, young and old alike, and, oh, the good things they brought! Eatables of all kinds, goods for myself and babies, and on visiting the barn next morning we found they had remembered the preacher's horses. So with serene faith and hopeful spirits, we enter upon the duties of our new charge, trusting that we shall be able to administer unto them in spiritual things as they have to us in temporal things.

Holland.

C. S. Cameron, Dec. 14: I am on the Holland charge for the second year, and my people have received me back with a hearty, good will; they seem to be willing to try me another year. I have received many expressions of kindness from them. Our work starts off well. We have encouraging prospects ahead. Our intention is to do the best year's work of our life. Our presiding elder is much encouraged with the outlook of his district. Our preachers are all doing well.

Childress.

J. T. Bloodworth, Dec. 13: We are at our post; reception is o. k. Childress is an up-to-date town of more than 3500 busy people. W. H. M. Society is now adding two more rooms to the parsonage. These women mean business. They seem glad to get to do anything to make comfortable the parsonage family. We have a small Junior League but no Senior League. We will institute League work in the near future. Receive members at nearly every service. Stewards are organized, and are getting ready for a good year's work. Sunday-school is running nicely under the care of T. D. Knight. We have a fine Y. M. C. A. hall here, under the supervision of our own A. G. Jennings, whose wife is District Secretary of Home Mission work. This Y. M. C. A. work is put here by the Denver railroad, and it is a great blessing to Childress in general. I find 22 Advocates come to this office (Texas Christian Advocates), and I am going to try to make 64 ere this conference year closes. I find Rev. J. B. Curry, my predecessor, is remembered kindly by the Childress people. Rev. G. W. Harris is on Childress Circuit, and will live in Childress. I once lived with him when I was a boy, and how pleasant it is now to be associated with him in this Western field. He will be a blessing to the Church in the West. We have 3 or 4 saloons in Childress, and they are doing their well-known work. During the first half of this century we will likely help pack up their goods.

Another Parsonage Invaded.

J. A. Wyatt: Bishop Duncan read Annona Circuit, J. A. Wyatt. So here we are for the third year. Have received a hearty welcome and many expressions of joy over our return. Tonight (Dec. 5) a party headed by Dr. Pipkin, and unannounced, rushed in at the front door, taking us completely by surprise. We saw at once that they were loaded with flour, sugar, coffee, etc., and last, but not least appreciated, cash to the amount of \$10.50. These expressions of appreciation put a preacher and his family on their mettle to do the best service for the Church of which they are capable. We are already planning for strenuous efforts for a sweeping revival throughout the charge.

Douglass Mission.

W. T. Gray, Dec. 12: We got here the 10th. The folks had moved our goods from the depot and gave us a nice pounding that amounted to \$14.20, for which we are very grateful, for they brought meat, flour, coffee, sugar, lard, syrup, soda, soap and a great many other things too numerous to mention. I will say there was \$2.75 cash; so we are starting off all right. We pray God's blessings on everybody that had anything to do with it. We will try to make this the best year of this charge. We will do our best to build a parsonage here this year. We are living in a rented house. We are very well pleased with our field of labor. There are some of the best people here we ever met.

Cumby.

J. B. Minnis, Dec. 10: By request of my people my presiding elder, Dr. Alderson, saw fit to return me to the Cumby charge for another year. So we are here comfortably housed in the parsonage, satisfied and happy. We have received many kind greetings and some kind words and presents since my return. The good ladies of the Home Mission Society have put in some new furniture and nice tableware and, in fact, made quite a lot of needed improvements about the

parsonage for our use and convenience, for which we are very thankful, and will try to repay them by giving them the pure gospel. My work is in good shape and everything looks prosperous and points to a good year for Cumby charge. And by the grace of God, I expect to do my best and give the Advocate some special attention.

Sumner.

E. S. Williams, Dec. 10: On Wednesday night after our conference closed, a large number of the people around here called at the parsonage and brought good things to eat in large measure and numerous in kind. I did not know until after the crowd had gone that we had been pounded. I thanked them then for coming, was glad to see them. Now I want to thank them for the many good things they brought.

Lake Creek.

J. N. Hunter, Dec. 11: I am pleased with my return to the Sulphur Springs District, in which I have spent eleven years of active itinerant life. Lake Creek sounds like much water, but it is on the highest, driest and one of the best farming sections in North Texas. This section is densely populated; elegant homes, fine farms, fine stock, good churches and school houses. Methodism, planted here in an early day, has grown and kept pace with the growth of the country. I like to hear people speak well of former pastors; these do. All are held in loving remembrance. Last Tuesday night there was a great gathering at the parsonage and the pounding was immense. Packages, parcels and canned fruits, flour, sausage, sugar, starch, lard and lots of good things we will need. But the best of all was the social hour—the singing by Bro. Nelson and his choir of well trained voices and then the closing prayer by the pastor. Surely our lines have fallen to us in pleasant places in a goodly heritage, and we have a good presiding elder, for we have tried him before. Surely we will have a gracious, good year. The Lord grant the best we have ever had! So mote it be!

Iowa Park.

C. C. Davis, Dec. 11: We have entered upon our fourth year on this mission. The outlook here is not very promising. This is a wheat country and we have not had any rain to wet the ground since early in June. There can not now be a wheat crop made. Our only hope financially is that we may get rain in time to sow oats in the spring. Religiously the charge is not what we would like to see it. We have three good Sunday-schools in the charge. We expect to try to organize an Epworth League here next Sunday. We hope for better times religiously.

Pendletonville.

D. C. Ellis, Dec. 12: I reached here on Saturday after conference adjourned at Fort Worth. Left many warm-hearted friends at Peoria and in Hill County, where we had labored for eight years. I found a newly purchased parsonage. The Home Mission Society have put \$15 or \$50 worth of furniture in it since we came and will do more soon. I have preached six times and held one funeral service. Have met a kind and appreciative people. I am very hopeful of a good year on all lines. The pounding came off on the night of the 7th and was enjoyed by all. I did not talk much. Didn't try. My heart was too full. God bless all these good people and make us worthy to serve them to his glory, is my prayer.

Waples Memorial.

Denison Herald, Dec. 9: There was a meeting of the Board of Stewards of the Waples Memorial Church at the parsonage last night. The business of the Church was discussed and Rev. J. W. Hill, the pastor, was invited to leave the room a few moments, and after he retired the board took up the question of salary. They raised the pastor's salary \$300 over what was paid last year. The pastor was then invited to return, and he was told the news. He was so overcome by the compliment that words failed him. The raise of salary was quite a compliment to the pastor. The salary was raised \$300 annually for him last year, and this second raise at the end of his first year's work is a compliment that a pastor rarely receives at the hands of his congregation.

Kemp.

A. Webb, Dec. 14: Our reception at Kemp has been most cordial. When we arrived on the morning train last Thursday Bro. Amos Williamson met us and conducted us to the parsonage. There we were met by the following ladies: Sisters Moore, Still and Williamson, and Misses Wilkins and Harold, who had the parsonage warmed and our goods opened up and so arranged that it seemed like going into a ready prepared home. In the dining room we found a fine large pound-

ing so well selected that there was absolutely not one thing needed to go forward with our meals. The barn was beautifully supplied and the wood pile was abundant and "ready shelled." Everything was in such apple pie order that we were able to begin our pastoral visiting the very first day of our arrival. Above all, the aforementioned ladies made sunshine for the parsonage by their cheery smiles and on every hand there are warm words of welcome. They have won our hearts. May we have theirs. The signs of the times foretell a pleasant year. God grant that it may be also a prosperous year. To this end we propose to lay out our whole strength in the hardest year's work of our life. Bro. and Sister Huffman leave behind them many friends who regretted to see them leave. They did a fine work here.

Whitesboro.

W. H. Brown, Dec. 11: During the past twelve months I have conducted twenty-four meetings; have seen about 752 profess religion and about 300 or more reclaimed, and some of the old-fashioned shouting revivals. I will begin again in a few days. Am hoping for the best year of my life. Brother Ashburn is starting off fine here.

Atlanta.

S. S. Forest, Dec. 14: Another conference year has come and gone, and our new pastor is with us. He is not as his name would indicate—Cross. While Bro. Cross has been in this work for the past year, yet he is new to us every Sunday morning; and is universally popular with others, as well as his Church, and we were proud to have him returned to us. He is an able preacher, and his good work in Atlanta has been a marked success, and we are expecting greater things yet under his ministry. We note what you say of lending Bro. Sexton to us; and, since it has been our good fortune and pleasure to have him with us and to hear him preach, would say that we do not care to accept him as a loan, but as a gift, and only trust that he will be as well pleased with his new home and work as our people are with him. He is both able and eloquent, and truly a man of God.

Gober.

R. L. Ely, Dec. 14: This is our fourth, and, I suppose, our last year on the Gober charge. We have not been so kindly received any year yet as this by all of our people, as well as the people of other denominations. This is very gratifying to us. We have tried to be faithful and true to the trust committed to us. Though in the past three years of hard work we have made mistakes, yet we have served a patient and kind people, and the Master has been very close to us in our hardest battles. Our Board of Stewards met last Saturday and complimented their preacher by raising his salary fifty dollars. We were not present, on account of attending a funeral, neither had we asked them to raise it. Though we have not so far raised any objection, have not received any poundings as yet. However, we shall do our level best to make this the best year's work of our life.

Preacher Wanted.

I need a preacher for Midway charge, Huntsville District, Texas Conference. The work will pay \$150 or \$200 and there is \$150 missionary appropriation. The work can be served from Madisonville. Single man preferred. Send recommendations with application. CHAS. A. HOOPER, Huntsville, Texas P. E.

OBITUARY.

Dr. Jas. Littleton Brockman, a pioneer physician and local elder of the Methodist Church, in his 85th year, without a struggle, passed peacefully to his reward at 9:15 a. m., Dec. 14, 1903. A. R. NASH, Farmersville, Texas

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

Caused the death of Doctor Bright, Bright's Disease is simply slow congestion of the Kidneys. In the last stage the congestion becomes acute and the victim lives a few hours or a few days, but is past saving. This insidious Kidney trouble is caused by sluggish, torpid, congested liver and slow, constipated bowels, whereby the Kidneys are involved and ruined. Drake's Palmetto Wine is a foe to congestion of Liver, Kidneys and tissues. It promptly relieves the congestion and carries it out of the Liver, Kidneys, tissues and blood. Drake's Palmetto Wine restores the mucous membranes to healthy condition, relieves the membranes throughout the body from inflammation and Catarrh and cures Catarrh, Constipation, Liver and Kidney disease to stay cured. It gives relief immediately, builds up vigor and health, prolongs life and makes it enjoyable. A trial bottle always gives relief and often cures. A trial bottle will be sent to every reader of Texas Christian Advocate who will write for it to Drake Formula Company, 49 Drake Building, 127 Lake St., Chicago, Ill. A postal card will bring this wonderful tonic Palmetto medicine to you absolutely free. It is a boon to disease-laden, pain-ridden men and women.

The Home Circle

SANTA CLAUS' LETTER.

Santa Claus, Santa Claus, where have you been?
Since last Christmas Day you have never been seen.
The spring came with flowers, we called it "Miss May."
We rolled on the grass and we romped in the hay.

The honey-bee sang in the hot summer air,
And clover blooms shook their red fists everywhere.
And we heard, as we sat by the old apple tree,
The bell-like singing far down by the sea.

But the winter has come, and it storms everywhere,
For the "scotchmen" are plucking their geese in the air;
And the poor yellow leaves are all blown far away,
Now the sun hides his face in the clouds all the day.

Last night it got colder, and froze the old pond—
And the days are so short, and the nights are so long.
That I'm sure you've got plenty of time, do you hear?
To drive to our town with your "Tiny Reindeer."

So Christmas is here—just a week and a day—
And we've not got a toy for the house where we play;
My "Tot-Baby-Sister," she wants a big doll,
For the one you brought last got a terrible fall.

Of course, we want candles, and all things like that—
But I'm a policeman, and want a high hat,
And a big picture book—I had almost forgot—
And I'd like a nice horse that can go on a trot.

So now, dear old Santa, just one present more:
There's a sick little girl, and her father is poor—
I'm afraid, if you don't bring her something this year,
When next you come back, she'll be gone from us here.

If you could but bring her a warm, woolly coat,
For I know that was in the last letter she wrote,
And if you have mittens, or something like that,
I'm sure I could give her my last winter's cap.

Now, I'll keep my eyes tight as I sleep in my bed,
You'll know my big stocking; 'tis all made of red,
And I'll pray up to Jesus when you go away,
For never says he made the first Christmas Day.

—Rev. J. C. Speer.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

When we are prone to think that Christmas has degenerated into a date for the payment of obligations as regards gifts, it is pleasant to encounter genuine unselfishness. A true incident of this kind occurred last year in a large western city.

The day before Christmas the clerk of a large hotel, while sorting over the mail, came upon a letter addressed to "Mr. Santa Claus, — Hotel." As no such gentleman had registered there, the clerk showed the letter to two or three of the guests, and they decided to open it.

It proved to be from a little girl, who signed merely her given name; she had added, however, the street and number, which were in one of the poorer parts of the city.

What most impressed the readers was the fact that although the child had asked Santa Claus for many things—"a doll for Susie, a dress for mamma, and a dog for Tommie"—not one thing in the long list was to be for herself.

Two of the business men who had read the letter determined to seek out the little unselfish being, and see how she was situated. They found in a humble home which lacked many of the comforts of life a poor, bedridden little girl, who had written to Santa Claus with the supreme faith of childhood, and asked for gifts, not for herself, but for those she loved.

The visitors, touched by the child's pathos, consulted a physician, and ascertained that with proper treatment she could be cured. She was sent to a hospital; and in that city now there is a well child, who can thank not only the generosity of others, but her own sweet nature, for her new strength and happiness.—Katherine L. South, in Youth's Companion.

DAN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

It was the day before Christmas, as bleak and dreary a day as North Carolina often knows. The rain blew in cold gusts down the valley. Dan Shoon, a pitiful little handful of humanity, was sitting in a desolate heap on the pile of fresh-smelling cut blocks in the woodshed, looking down the steep back yard to the Lee's house.

His thin little face under the white hair was colorless, almost expressionless; indeed, he was a gray, colorless little figure, from the fragment of old felt hat to the great, dingy boots. Only on his hands was a pair of scarlet mittens. He spread them out, and looked at them dazedly, though he was

filled with the pride of possession. Miss Grace had given him those mittens that very day for a Christmas gift. She had seen his red hands when he came in with the blocks, and had run out of the room, and then in again, with a little package, saying:

"Merry Christmas, Dannie. It's a little early, but you sha'n't wait any longer; you need them now."

Nobody had ever given Dan a Christmas present before; nobody had ever been so good to Dan as Miss Grace was, anyway. From the day when the Lees first moved to the village to take charge of the mill Dan had loved her. She had persuaded her mother to let Dan carry blocks from that inconvenient woodshed, and shavings from the mill, and had paid him for it—real money! But that was not all; she was good to him. Dan, in all his starved life, had never had such a smile as Miss Grace gave him now and then. He was used to kicks and cuffs and beatings at home, to gibes and taunts and jeers at school. He accepted them now with weak indifference. There was in all his little world no person or thing that could bring light into those meaningless eyes except Miss Grace. He adored her.

And now it was Christmas time, and he had nothing to give her. She had told them on Sunday why they kept Christmas, about the one great gift of God's Son, the little baby in the manger. He had never heard that story before; it was wonderful. She had spoken about the loving Christmas spirit. Dan did not understand that very well; only he loved Miss Grace. When his thoughts reached this point, he stared harder at the red mittens, and two big tears rolled down his cheeks. If only he had not spent all his money for a coat!

But he was getting very cold sitting there so still, and it was no use. He pulled himself together, and shuffled down the path to the front gate, because he might see Miss Grace if he went that way. Sure enough, she was standing on the porch, wrapped in a shawl, and talking to a man. Her small black dog, Peter, was bouncing round her feet.

"We haven't been able to find any pretty holly for the schoolroom, and I wanted it so much. The berries are very scattering this year. Do you know where we can get any, Mr. Jacobs?"

Dannie stood still. Mr. Jacobs didn't know, but he did. He slipped away unseen, and ran softly out the gate. Christmas morning dawned clear and beautiful. It had rained hard during the night, and the earth was muddy, but the sky was blue, and the air warm and soft for December. Along the railroad track, where the walking was best on a muddy day, came Dan, his face actually happy, his arms full of handsome holly branches loaded with berries. He had walked miles since daybreak, and was very tired, but he could almost see Miss Grace's house now. He had reached the cut where the railroad passed between steep banks of clay only a mile from the village, when suddenly he saw a little black dog trotting down the track. It was Peter, and Dan knew Miss Grace must be somewhere near—probably in the woods on the bank. He stopped and looked up. Peter danced down the track and stopped in front of him, barking furiously as at a sworn enemy.

Just then another sound caught Dan's ear—a rumbling, and then a long shriek. It was the ten-o'clock train, close at hand. Dan stepped to one side, and flattened himself against the bank to let it pass, but Peter did not step to one side. He only barked harder than ever as the earth trembled before the advancing monster. Dan clasped his holly so tightly that the leaves scratched his arms mercilessly, and started straight at the little dog, a strange look growing in his widening eyes. Peter would be killed, and Miss Grace would be sorry. His breath came hard and fast. He never saw Miss Grace standing on the bank, nor heard her frightened cry. He saw only foolish little Peter, and felt the rush and throb of the train as it entered the cut, and then he sprang on the track.

Miss Grace closed her eyes. The whirlwind swept past, and she heard Peter bark. She felt strangely weak, and, not daring to look over into the cut, she turned to hurry down by the path to the track. What would she find?

When she gained the track, Peter came bounding to meet her, wriggling all over with elation at his adventure. But she looked past him with fearful eyes. She saw Dan lying face down in the mud beside the track, and her heart stood still; but, as she drew nearer, she saw that his head was resting on his arm, and that great sob were shaking him from head to foot. She breathed again.

"Where are you hurt, Dannie?" she asked gently, bending over and touching the clay-plastered shoulder.

The boy started at her voice, but did not raise his head.

"Where is it, Dannie?" she asked again.

Dan sat up, drawing his sleeve across his muddy, tear-tracked face. He was too weak and tired even to be ashamed of crying.

"I ain't hurt," he said, hopelessly; "jest bumped a little rollin' off'n the track. B—but, but—here a fresh spasm of grief shook him—"It's them. 'Twas a Christmas gif for you all—the onlies' one I had." And he threw himself down in the mud again.

Miss Grace looked where he had pointed. The track was strewn for yards with bits of holly, ground to pieces under the heavy wheels. Only one spray lay uninjured at her feet, and tears rushed to her eyes as she stooped to pick it up. Then she gathered the boy in her arms, mud and all.

"You blessed child!" was all she could say.

Dan stopped crying when he felt Miss Grace's arms around him. Peter, ungrateful little dog! whined jealously, and snapped at Dan's hand.

"Why, Dan," said Miss Grace, soothingly, when she could speak, "Peter is your Christmas gift. You saved his life, and every time I see him I shall think of you."

Dannie looked up, and Miss Grace waited. At last, with a smile, he picked up the little dog, and, patting the silky head, placed him in Miss Grace's arms.

"Merry Christmas!" he said.—Isabel McKinney, in S. S. Times.

HOW THE SISTERS PREPARED FOR CHRISTMAS.

"No money to spend for Christmas this year," sighed Lottie Brown.

"Then something else will have to do," suggested her sister Molly, who was sitting on the sofa beside her.

"What, dear?" asked Lottie.

"Why, the things we make, to be sure. People will be just as pleased with them."

"Are you sure of that?" queried Lottie in a voice that expressed her doubt.

"I have often heard people say just this," answered Molly, "and I know that I always appreciate what one makes for me more than what one buys for me. I think that one's time and work speak for more than does one's money. People can buy presents for those for whom they do not care, but they will never take time to make gifts for anyone but those whom they love."

"That is so," acquiesced the younger sister. "I never thought of it in that light before. Suppose we make out a list of all we intend to remember with gifts."

"All right, and we'll write them down." With these words, Molly crossed the room and taking from a little plain desk a pad of paper, she with Lottie's help made out a list of those to whom they were in the habit of sending remembrances at Christmas-tide.

The girls then settled back on the sofa and together went over each name.

"Here is brother Ted's name," said Molly, "what can we make for him? It is so hard to know what to make for a boy. All that he ever wants is a jack knife and he has one which he uses for cutting his fingers every day."

"Then court plaster would be a suitable gift for him," I should say.

"Yes, yes, and a case in which to keep it. We can make it out of stiffening, covering this with silk. We shall want a little pocket on the inside of it in which to keep the court plaster. It can be tacked together with a piece of silk twine."

framework out of pasteboard, you see."

"There is Uncle Tim," observed Lottie, as she glanced at his photograph on the top of the book shelf. "I had almost forgotten him, but what can one give a commercial traveler who has no home and would never be there if he had one."

"Then, we will have to give him something to travel with. A traveling case, for example. I have seen dozens of them, haven't you? I will make it out of linen and bind it with braid. I will have it full of pockets for brush, comb, soap case, pins, needles and thread, and everything that a man who is playing the bachelor may need. We shall have to tell him that it is to be rolled together and tied with ribbon and put in his valise. Men, you know, always have to be told everything like that."

"That is so, and I will give you a piece of oil silk with which to line the pocket for the sponge."

The sisters began to ransack the house for material from which to make their gifts. Every bag and box of "pieces" was brought from its hiding place and made to contribute to their demands. They found so large a supply of what they needed that they were obliged to spend only one dollar for sewing silks, etc.

Early the next morning they began their Christmas bee—and a very pleasant one it was—in their pretty chamber. At the end of the week all the articles planned, and many more not previously thought of, were completed. A drawer in the bureau was emptied to hold them. They quite filled it. The girls had never before looked forward with such pleasure to the coming of Christmas, and never a day passed but they would go to the drawer and look at their handiwork. The day before Christmas they wrapped all the gifts into neat bundles, each of which contained the cards of both, for they always made their presents together.

Christmas day was faultless as to weather. Molly and Lottie passed the entire morning in distributing their remembrances. Never before had they been able to give so many and never before had they so well enjoyed a Christmas, for it is indeed more blessed to give than to receive.—Exchange.

THE STORY OF CHRIST.

If you'll listen, little children,
I will tell a story true,
Of a loving little baby,
That up to manhood grew;
All the little children loved him,
Many grown-up people, too,
For he always helped and blessed them
In all the ways he knew.

Now you know, dear little children,
Though we sometimes try with might,
Our hands forget their loving,
Our faces lose their light;
But his hands were always loving,
His eyes were always kind,
And he never was too busy
To heal the sick and blind.

Now his feet seemed never weary,
They would travel day or night,
If, by going on a journey,
He could make a sad face bright.
Only words both kind and gentle
From his lips were ever heard,
And, though many people called him,
He heard their every word.

—From Song Stories.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is the world-wide festival. The "Glorious Fourth" is purely American; "Dominion Day" is purely Canadian; but Christmas is the world's holiday; or, better still, the world's holy-day.

Every one celebrates in some way his own birthday, and sometimes others join in the celebration. No matter how bad one is, some one, most likely his mother, is glad he was born.

But there was one born nineteen centuries ago whose birthday millions of men, women and children delight to commemorate. It is well that they do, for whether Christian or Jew, Protestant or Catholic, believer or infidel, no sane man will deny that the life of the man Christ was the most beautiful and perfect life ever lived upon the earth, and that his example and teaching have raised the world to higher and higher planes of living, and proved the inspiration for the greatest and best things these centuries have known.

It is an uplifting thought that for one day the world steps aside from the routine of life, with its selfish rush for gain, to contemplate the life of One whose every utterance in word and deed was a benediction. All men in civilized lands thus get into their hearts for one day in the year, at least a little of the religion of love—the essence of what the Bethlehem Babe came to teach.

One has said there is a place in the universe where the myriad sounds of earth and sky blend into one great and splendid note of praise to the



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Creator. Another has said that if our ears were fashioned to catch the minutest sound-waves, we might hear the music of springing blade and bursting bud. Still another has said that all nature sings a continual anthem of thanksgiving, and that man alone of all created things, though made in the image of his Maker, is prone to forget.

Suppose, with our ears fashioned to catch the faintest sounds, we could stand on that spot where all sounds of earth blend into one, as this most blessed day of all the year approaches. Day after day the note of joy increases, as men turn from the struggle of daily life to deeds of kindness and thoughts of sympathy and love. As Christmas Eve draws nigh, the tone becomes tender and sweet, as mothers tuck their little ones into bed and tiptoe about the house, their hearts throbbing with the joy of making others happy; and as morning breaks on the blessed day, we hear the diapason of wildest melody which floats up from palace and cottage, mountain and plain, a chord in which is mingled Church-bells and myriad choirs, the mellowed voices of the aged and the merry shouts of children. How marvelous that note as it rolls in from every land! We can imagine all heaven listening to hear the grandest of all the hallelujahs of the universe: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"—The American Boy.

"Christmas should not put a stop to our discontent, our complaining, our foreboding, our anxiety. It reminds us once more of the wonderful love of God for us; a love that proved itself by the most stupendous sacrifice. Christmas spells out the great golden sentence of the gospel—'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son.' Surely we need never fear that we shall be forgotten by our Father, since he has done for us such unspeakable good, at such infinite cost."

God is the source of power, faith the hand that lays hold of the power.—Rev. J. Hudson Taylor.

ON FOOD

The Right Foundation of Health.

Proper food is the foundation of health. People can eat improper food for a time and not feel any ill results until there is a sudden collapse of the digestive organs and then all kinds of trouble follows.

The proper way out of the difficulty is to shift to the pure, scientific food, Grape-Nuts, for it rebuilds from the foundation up. A New Hampshire woman says: "Last summer I was suddenly taken with indigestion and severe stomach trouble and could not eat food without great pain; my stomach was so sore I could hardly move about. This kept up until I was so miserable life was not worth living."

"Then a friend finally, after much argument, induced me to try Grape-Nuts food and quit my regular food. Although I had but little faith I commenced to use it and great was my surprise to find that I could eat it without the usual pain and distress in my stomach. So I kept on using Grape-Nuts and soon a marked improvement was shown, for my stomach was performing its regular work in a normal way without pain or distress."

"Very soon the yellow coating disappeared from my tongue, the dull heavy feeling in my head disappeared and my mind felt light and clear; the languid, tired feeling left, and altogether I felt as if I had been rebuilt. Strength and weight came back rapidly and I went back to my work with renewed ambition. To-day I am a new woman in mind as well as body and I owe it all to this natural food Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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CHRISTMAS ON THE FARM.

Don't you remember, O brother mine, What fun we had at Christmas time...

And when it was time to go to bed, How each tired, sleepy little head...

But dear old Santa would always stop And fill them full to the very top...

And the snowbirds hopped on its boughs away As our brand-new sled went whizzing by...

Of those olden, golden Christmas days! When life was so sunny, bright and new...

But those happy Christmas days of yore To us will come again no more...

THE REAL JOY OF THE CHRISTMAS SEASON.

By Robert E. Spear.

Is not the real joy of the Christmas season found in its spirit of unselfishness? Even the child who looks forward to it with joy for what he expects to receive...

And ought not this spirit to go out at Christmas not to our own family and friends alone, but especially to him from whom we learned the beauty of real giving?

This year it is proposed by many different denominations to suggest to all Christians that on Christmas day a gift be made to Christ as well as to our other friends.

But besides those near, there are those far. The very thought of Christmas is a reminder of the infinite distance from which the Savior came on his errand of missionary service and missionary love.

The whole unreach world is as though it were before Christ. It is with China to-day as it was with Galatia before the Savior came.

It would seem almost just to say that the sincerity of our appreciation of Christianity and its meanings to us, might fairly be tested by our readiness on Christmas day to think of the people to whom it is unknown, and to whose need and lovelessness our love should most eagerly turn as we think of the birth of the Savior of the whole world, whose hope was to bring peace and good will to all mankind.

CHRISTMAS.

Anything remote, either in time or space, loses much of its reality and its purport. So Christmas, with many, has become a kind of tradition or simply a yearly holiday.

munication that does not refer to the birth of Jesus Christ. And business transactions, a title to any kind of property, or even money, is not legal that does not refer to his birth.

W. R. KNOWLTON.

THE CONVERSION OF GENERAL HENRY E. McCULLOCH.

In 1854 General McCulloch, then known as Capt. McCulloch, by virtue of his varied services as commander of several different companies of Texas Rangers, on the frontier of Texas, removed from the town of Seguin, in Guadalupe County, to a stock farm, which he had opened eight miles east on Mill Creek and there entered diligently in the business of stock raising.

The McCulloch home, on Mill Creek, was in the bounds of the work of Rev. Wm. P. Read, who was a neighbor and a friend of Capt. McCulloch, and as Read rode his circuit he visited his neighbors.

But besides those near, there are those far. The very thought of Christmas is a reminder of the infinite distance from which the Savior came on his errand of missionary service and missionary love.

There is no doubt but that the success of this series of great revivals was largely due to the conversion of General McCulloch, and this came from a friendly invitation of a Methodist

circuit rider. Brethren, we never know what a word may bring forth. Let us, therefore, ever strive to be guided by the dictations of the Spirit and be "instant in season, out of season."

BEN E. McCULLOCH. Austin, Texas.

STUDENTS' CONFERENCE.

There will be a conference of college students to be held at Ruston, La., December 23 to 30. Delegates are expected from all the leading educational institutions in Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Texas, Oklahoma and Indian Territory.

F. P. TURNER.

COLORED CONFERENCE.

The East Texas Conference of the C. M. E. Church is now in session at Jacksonville, Bishop Phillips presiding. They are an intelligent body of Negroes. The Bishop looks to be about forty-five years old and is a man of some education, and has a long string of degrees.

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The new drop-head machine is a good one. (Rev.) C. E. LINDSEY.

brotherly to his brethren who were toiling for the cause of our common Lord. He warned the brethren against trying to prejudice him against another brother. Such brethren he regarded as dangerous and they themselves were certainly in danger under his administration.

B. H. GREATHOUSE.

HARK, HOW ALL THE WELKIN RINGS!

(English: Eighteenth Century.) Hark, how all the welkin rings! Glory to the King of kings!

Christ by highest heaven adored; Christ the Everlasting Lord; Late in time behold him come, Offspring of a Virgin's womb;

—Charles Wesley.

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Published Every Thursday at Dallas, Texas

Entered at the Postoffice, 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

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L. BLAYLOCK, Dallas, Texas.

The editorial in last week's issue on "The Methodist Preacher," which was credited to the Daily Post, was written by the editor of the Fort Worth Record, and appeared in that paper during the session of the Northwest Texas Conference. That credit should have been given, but the Post and the Record are very closely related.

Bishop Duncan endeared himself to all the Texans in his rounds of the conferences, and we all have very pleasant recollections of his work. True he did not give every man the work he wanted, but he was tender and brotherly in his relation to us all, and several times there were incidents which occurred in his Presidency that brought out the fact that in his bosom beats a warm Methodist preacher's heart.

It is marvelous how easily our great system works. More than seven hundred pastors assembled in the different conferences, made their reports and received their appointments. Many changes were made, but before this time every man is in his new field of labor, and the work is moving along as though nothing out of the usual order had transpired. We have the organization and discipline of a great spiritual army.

Now is a good time to make several new sermons and fill them up with good pointed matter. The close exposition of several fundamental doctrines of the Church will make excellent themes. People can stand a few of this sort when properly digested. And it is also a good time to take an old sermon, give it a Turkish bath, put new clothes on it, comb its hair, tie around its neck a fresh cravat; and then when you take it into the pulpit, its most familiar friend will not recognize it.

Soon we will have reports of poundings and other expressions of appreciations of the preachers' families to record in the Advocate. Well, let them come. We will be glad to publish them, but make them brief and to the point. About one-tenth of a line will record all the poundings this editor will get—except such "poundings" in the way of roasts to which we will not care to direct public attention. The mails and court proceeding—mayhap—will tell the tale to us privately.

EDITORIAL BIRD-SHOT.

Rag time sermons are not suited to the Christian pulpit.

The Scriptures afford fine materials for helpful preaching.

A pastoral visit to the sick-chamber is next to reading a religious book.

To meet a man and fix him as a friend is to put yourself in a position to do him good spiritually.

Pounding the preacher is good and acceptable, but to pay him his salary promptly by the month is far better—unless you do both.

Now is a fine time of the year for a Board of Stewards to show their appreciation of their pastor's worth as a servant and a preacher.

When you speak of your preacher in the presence of your children, be sure to say nothing derogatory lest you put a barrier between him and them.

If you want to encourage your pastor this year, make it a point to be in your place at the morning and the evening services and especially at the prayer service.

Do not be exacting of the preacher's wife, for she has a multitude of duties to perform in her home as well as to help run the Church societies and to visit the members.

A few flowers planted in the parsonage yard will beautify the premises, and a few fruit trees placed in the back lot will come in handy some of these days when you have moved out and your successor has come in.

Do not fall out with the preacher if he is a little late about getting to see you, because he has several others to visit as well as you; and he can not see them all at once.

LET LOCAL OPTIONISTS BEWARE.

The Advocate stands for no political party as such. Its mission is to the Church and to such moral issues as involve the welfare of society. Therefore the Advocate stands for local option. This is the best temperance law yet enacted by any State and we are gaining ground under its operation. We do not want it tampered with by the liquorites on the one hand or by party Prohibitionists on the other hand. We want to keep clear of both, and stand by local option as we now have it. There is an effort being made by the enemies of local option to get people to consent to a change in the law by the next Legislature on the ground of what they call "the equality of the law." They mean by this to so fix this law as to give an anti town the right to vote liquor back into it as a precinct after the county has voted dry. Or to so fix it as to keep any small town or country precinct from voting dry after the county by the aid of the city has voted wet. Either one of the changes will hopelessly cripple our local option law and give all the advantage to the antis. Therefore, let the local option people see to it that the men who run for the next Legislature pledge themselves to support the law as it now stands, and vote for no man who wants to tamper with it. The moment the Legislature makes any change in this law, we are whipped. Now such men as Senator Willacy and others we might mention, are vying to deceive the farmers and the people living in the smaller towns and villages that fairness demands one or the other changes above mentioned. But be not deceived. The thing is a fraud and will ruin our local option law. At least one agricultural paper is coming out and advocating these changes, but its editor is an anti and he only wants to get the law where it will be of no effect.

Then, again, there are Prohibition Party people, with speakers from Chicago and elsewhere, running all over the State, speaking in church houses

when they can get a chance, taking collections and organizing the people adroitly into party prohibitionists with a view to bringing out a State ticket next year. Their idea is to organize the temperance forces against the party that has given us our local option laws. Local option people had better let this movement alone and our church houses better not be thrown open to their speakers for such political purposes. Texas can manage her own affairs without the aid of newly imported political organizers. We want this question to stay out of the strife of party politics. For this reason we have organized a non-partisan local option association, and its details were published in last issue of the Advocate. People fresh from Illinois and other distant States are not competent to represent local option in Texas, especially when they come to us as the paid agents of the party prohibition movement. To follow them is to alienate the people who have given us these laws and to cripple our movement in the State. These two extremes we must watch, or we will be led into a fatal trap. The one of them is the sly movement to get the local option people to agree to a change in our present laws, and the other is to be led away from local option by these imported teachers on the specious plea that they are the temperance representatives. Let us keep right in the middle of the road and take care of local option, or we will find ourselves left out in the cold. Watch the wily liquor politician with his importunity for "equalizing the law," and watch the oily-tongued party prohibitionist speakers who want the church houses on the pretext of working for temperance. Stick to our present law, and on with the battle!

A PIECE OF EDITORIAL SMARTNESS.

The Methodist Advocate-Journal, published in Chattanooga and Knoxville, Tenn., is the organ of Northern Methodism in that portion of the South. Its dear editor quotes a little from a recent article in this paper and then comments a trifle. We give the quotation and the comments as follows:

"They have been fumbling around in some parts of the State for a quarter of a century, and we do not hesitate to say that every dollar which they have induced their Mission and Church Extension Boards to spend among the 'Poor Whites' in Texas has been absolutely wasted. 'The dear brother never hesitates' about anything, not long enough even to be accurate. The vigorous, progressive members of the Old Church in Texas no doubt feel just as sorry for 'poor white' Rankin, and the 'fumbling around' of his Church in 'some parts of the State' as he does for them. They are not needing his sympathy, and he should save his tears for greater sorrows."

Now it so happens that the editor of the Advocate-Journal has his tongue and lips twisted around the missionary tent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and from that source draws nutriment enough to sustain a precarious existence, and hence we are not surprised to see him take up any truthful statement made in a Southern Methodist paper concerning the failure of his Church to accomplish anything permanent among the "poor whites of the South," and try to vitiate its force. He has to do this and then make it appear that he is doing something in order to keep from being choked off from his missionary supply. But all this aside, he is not the proper person to lecture a Southern editor, when it will be remembered that he is the veritable Dr. R. J. Cook who emptied his slime on Southern women some time back because they were working under an organization known as the "Daughters of the Confederacy." Such were the maledictions that his attack on our Southern women brought down upon his head from one end of the country to the other that we had supposed he would henceforth keep quiet when anything connected with the South was brought to the front. But now and then you meet a man who has a short memory.

DEATH OF JUDGE R. W. KNICKERBOCKER.

Judge R. W. Knickerbocker, the father of Rev. Hubert and Rev. Percy Knickerbocker, of this city, died at the home of his son, Percy, last Monday morning, after a brief illness. Our venerable brother was born in New York nearly seventy-seven years ago, but came to Louisiana, where the most of his life was spent. He was a lawyer by profession, and practiced in New Orleans for many years. Of late years his health, on account of age, has not been robust, and he and his wife have been making their home with their son. For one year they have lived in this city in a happy little cottage home in East Dallas. He was one of the brightest and most sunny-faced old men we ever knew, and he endeared himself very greatly to all the membership of Grace Church. He was a devout Christian, an intelligent Methodist, and his greatest joy, next to his salvation, was found in the fact that two of his boys are in the gospel ministry of the Methodist Church. He was always present to take part in the services of Grace Church. Such was his happy disposition that the young people were very fond of him. When told that he must die, he was calm and serene, and said he was ready if it was the Master's will. He told his wife and children good-bye, offered a prayer for their comfort and fell on sleep like an infant retiring for the night. A large host of friends attended his funeral last Tuesday afternoon at Grace Church and his mortal remains were laid to rest in Oakland Cemetery. His was a blessed translation!

TEXAS PERSONALS.

Rev. E. L. Shettles was in the city recently on his way from Bryan to his new field at Pittsburg.

Rev. Jerome Haralson, of the Northwest Texas Conference, made us a pleasant visit the other day.

Rev. Atticus Webb and wife made us a pleasant call the other day on their way to their new appointment at Kemp.

Rev. L. A. Humphreys passed through the city last week on his way to his new charge at Harrisburg, and he made the Advocate a pleasant visit.

Rev. P. A. Edwards, who took a superannuated relation at our North Texas Conference session, is now living in the city. We had a pleasant visit from him the past week.

We had a pleasant call the past week from Rev. W. M. P. Rippey, once a member of the North Texas Conference, but now in the Indian Mission Conference. He is looking well and in good spirits.

We are in receipt of an invitation to the silver anniversary of the marriage of Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Braswell, which will occur at their home in Whitney, December 26, 1903. We wish them a happy occasion.

Rev. J. P. Lowry, the only new preacher coming into Dallas this year, is now at Oak Lawn and getting down to his work. He was given a warm welcome by his people, and his predecessor, Bro. Bryant, is doing well at Forney.

We have an invitation to the wedding of Miss Marguerite Winton, daughter of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. M. H. Neely, and Mr. F. B. Yeagley. The happy event transpired Wednesday of this week at Plano. We extend congratulations.

Rev. C. L. Ballard, of Sherman, looked in upon us the other day. He has published some fine doctrinal pamphlets, copies of which ought to be in the hands of our people. Especially his "Our Polity Vindicated" ought to be in our Epworth League course.

In a note from Rev. W. M. Leatherwood we learn that Prof. B. R. Morrison, brother of Slater Leatherwood, died the 11th of this month at Lone Oak, Texas. He was a graduate of Emory and Henry College, a Methodist, and an earnest, good man. The Advocate extends sympathy to those thus bereft.

At the late session of the Texas Conference Rev. W. F. Packard met his brethren for the first time. He came from Missouri last year to Tyler, but failed to reach the conference before its adjournment. He is an able preach-

er, and the members of the conference accorded him a hearty welcome. He preached a fine sermon on Sunday night at the ordination of elders.

Rev. H. W. Smith, of Solway, Ky., in a private note, says: "A happy Christmas greeting to all my brethren in the ministry and friends in long-loved Texas. I am now in my eighty-second year, fast going tombward. The Lord is good to me."

Brother D. H. Snyder, of Georgetown, has been in the city visiting relatives recently, and he made the Advocate a brotherly visit. He is a veteran Methodist and devoted to his Church. He spends the most of his time in Old Mexico, but runs back home once in a while to see how the friends are getting along.

CHURCH NEWS.

It is reported that the American University of Washington, D. C., has received a donation of \$100,000 with which to build an observatory with full equipment.

The Wesleyan Christian Advocate, published at Atlanta, Georgia, made a net gain last year of 1799 subscribers, making a total list of 10,828. It is one of our best connectional papers.

It is estimated that Harvard University will receive \$4,000,000 from the estate of the late Gordon McKay, of Boston. This will give Harvard a greater income than any other American college.

Mrs. Charles H. Spurgeon, relict of the great London preacher, died at her home in London recently. She had been afflicted from early womanhood and now enjoys a long wished for and blessed relief.

It will not do for Methodist editors to fool too much with fictional literature. One of the brethren ventured to refer to the "Mill On the Floss," and the linotype man, with practical views made it "The Mule and the Hoss."

The Virginia Conference now runs up to \$4,000, the net increase for the last year being 1299. The total amount of money raised for all purposes will reach about \$600,000. There were 1000 infant baptisms and 2809 adult baptisms.

Rev. R. J. Bigham demanded an investigation at the hands of his conference (the North Georgia) as injurious rumors had been circulated concerning him, and his character was unanimously passed, nothing whatever being found against him.

At the last session of the Western Virginia Conference they resolved hereafter to pay the expenses of their own entertainment by an assessment on the Churches at home. It seems the Virginia Conference has been doing this for some time.

The Montgomery Methodists, with other enterprising citizens, are making a strong effort to induce the Alabama Conference to move the Southern University from Greensboro to the capital city. Their plan is to tender the conference a large tract of land, and enough money to erect a library building.

After fifty years of continuous service Dr. J. Hudson Taylor has resigned the Directorship of the China Inland Mission, and will be Consulting Director. His influence will not be removed from the mission which he founded, but he does not desire to assume so much of the responsibility of active leadership.

At the missionary anniversary of the North Alabama Conference on Thursday night of their recent reunion, Bishop Galloway made a strong and thrilling address, after which he took a collection of over \$5000 for the mission work in Japan, the special purpose being to advance the educational interests in that field.

Rev. J. W. Roberts, D. D., formerly President of Wesleyan Female College, Macon Ga., and Rev. Ellison R. Cook, both prominent ministers of the North Georgia Conference, withdrew from the ministry and membership of the M. E. Church, South, at the last session and surrendered their credentials.

The South Georgia Conference met in its thirty-seventh session November 25 with Bishop Key in the chair. There were eleven admitted on trial. There are sixteen superannuates. One death during the year, Dr. J. W. Hinton, well known throughout the Church. There was reported a total Church membership of 67,948, an increase of over 2000.

Decem The book and ce J. W. 1 and Ch Kirkpat excellen and he thought book. "The bo rights n lic, and Rev. J selectio well a are adaj tional a in its melody. A Bel W. T. 3 House, written ly of th is to be helped. Person Bishop Nashvill the "Qu Emory i present as we n a man i germ of on this The Bishop House. Lectures dix at 1903. It goes to "The H tion: "T manent ment;" "The A seen fro of the c ject mat Matter Rev. W our Hou Texas n our con years h teaching one of l placed t the volu and a th through thought ful inve ers. It philosop tization, book fo The D an's Ho and it l has one trations pages at esting at It is ju "Woman Leslie' ber is a that pop has a t and its article d tune," a girl. Th it gives girl's lit literatur realistic. Judge H touch of cian's D is most very exc The America the com excellen us a spl the New Sketch" teratins by W. 1 as one 1 well ver the Wor events O ther fe The D tertainir cover it mont ov many of self to b suing a West. 2 picture beneath the pict "The Ch space in tion, w1

WAVES OF MELODY.

The above is the title of a song book issued by J. W. Burk & Co., and compiled and edited by Rev. J. W. Holt, of the Texas Conference, and Chas. E. Pollock, aided by W. J. Kirkpatrick. Bro. Holt is one of our excellent ministers, whom we all know, and he has given much time and thought to his preparation of this book. The publishers say of him: "The book proper contains many copyrights never before offered to the public, and others are comparatively new. Rev. John W. Holt has made happy selections from his own productions, as well as those of others." The songs are adapted to Sunday-school, to devotional and revival work. It is correct in its sentiment and beautiful in its melody.

BOOK NOTICES.

A Betrayed Trust, written by Rev. W. T. McClure and published by our House. This is a beautiful little story written for the young people, especially of the Epworth League. To read it is to be refreshed, entertained and helped.

Personality of the Holy Spirit, by Bishop Hendrix and published by our Nashville House. This book comprises the "Quillan Lectures," delivered at Emory College, Oxford, during the present year. It is just such a volume as we might expect from as scholarly a man as Bishop Hendrix. It is the germ of the teaching of the Scriptures on this subject.

The Religion of Incarnation, by Bishop Hendrix, and published by our House. This book comprises the "Cole Lectures," delivered by Bishop Hendrix at the Vanderbilt University in 1903. It is a philosophic treatise and goes to the bottom of such truths as "The Historical Basis" of the Incarnation; "The Doctrinal Basis"; "The Immanent Christ"; "The Eternal Atonement"; "The Lordship of Christ," and "The Ascended Christ." It will be seen from these statements something of the compass and value of the subject matter treated in this book.

Matter, Mind and Spirit, written by Rev. William Allen and published by our House at Nashville. Mr. Allen is a Texas man, once a member of one of our conferences, but for a number of years he has been devoting himself to teaching. He has made the subject one of lifetime study, and he has placed the results in this compact little volume. He is a scholar, a reader and a thinker, and he who follows him through these pages will get the best thought that a painstaking and truthful investigator can give to his readers. It is a valuable contribution to philosophical and psychological investigation. In fact, it is a good textbook for teachers and preachers.

MAGAZINE NOTICES.

The December number of the *Woman's Home Companion* is before us, and it is a beauty. The front page has one of the finest Christmas illustrations we have ever seen, and its pages are well filled with most interesting and helpful matter for the home. It is just what its title indicates—"Woman's Home Companion."

Leslie's Popular Monthly for December is a very interesting number of that popular magazine. The front page has a unique Christmas illustration, and its contents start off with a fine article on "The Story of Rose Fortune," who is a New York working girl. This story is well illustrated and it gives a peep into a city working girl's life not found in the ordinary literature of the day. It is true and realistic. "A Few Real Boys," by Judge Henry Shutt, gives a refreshing touch of actual boy life. "A Politician's Daughter," by Esther W. Neill, is most readable; and there are other very excellent matters in this number.

The December number of *The American Review of Reviews* is one of the completest yet issued of this most excellent monthly. Albert Shaw gives us a splendid article on "Panama and the New Canal Treaty." "A Character Sketch" of Speaker Cannon is very interesting. "Mr. Morley's Gladstone," by W. T. Stead, is such a production as one might expect from so able and well versed a pen. "The Progress of the World" is a digest of the leading events of the world and well prepared. Other features are equally interesting.

The December *Pilgrim* is always entertaining. In its contents and in its cover it shows an immense improvement over previous numbers, good as many of them were, and seems, in itself to be proof of the possibility of issuing a first-class magazine in the West. The first page shows a striking picture of an American girl standing beneath a cluster of mistletoe. Beneath the picture is the significant phrase, "The Chance." Properly, much of the space in the issue is given over to fiction, which is of a higher order than

one is accustomed to in the so-called "family magazines." A significant little story is "That Boy," by Brant Whitlock, author of "The Thirteenth District;" Jack London, the famous author of "The Call of the Wild," has a story entitled, "Amateur Night," and Clarence Darrow, author of "Resist Not Evil," contributed a pathetically tender tale entitled, "Little Louis Epstine." A story that breathes the Christmas spirit is "The Evolution of a Santa Claus," by Edwin L. Sabin, while another story, brief but significant, is by Eli R. Sutton. It is a City of Mexico sketch.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Thirsting for the Springs, by J. H. Jowett, and published by A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Round Anvil Book, by Nancy Hus-

Gleanings from the Exchanges

PRAYER TO THE VIRGIN MARY.

The extent to which the worship of the Virgin Mary is carried in the Roman Catholic Church is not understood by Protestants. To show what it means, we give below the prayer of the present Pope to the Virgin. It needs no comment; its unscriptural character is self-evident:

"Most Holy Virgin, who pleased our Lord and became his Mother, immaculate in body and soul, in faith and love, in this solemn Jubilee of the proclamation of the Dogma, which announced thee to the universal world as conceived without sin, mayest thou benevolently regard those miserable ones

him forth. And if he can be safely guarded by the government, he proposes to assert the rights and privileges of his manhood and citizenship in this way. If he is in earnest in this kind of talk, it is altogether probable that the Quirinal will see to it that he is duly protected in his outdoor movements. At present, a glamour and power gather about his seclusion, which may be lost through too much publicity. As the Christian Advocate remarks: "It will be interesting to observe whether the pomp of familiarity will be as influential as the pomp of reserve."

THE SOCIALISTS AND THE EMPEROR.

Central Christian Advocate:

What effect the success of the Social Democrats may have upon Emperor William and his policy is difficult to forecast. The Emperor cannot hope to receive any help from them. In every crisis in German politics the Emperor is against the Social Democracy, and that party is against him. The Socialist party is the most powerful single party in the German Empire. A quarter of a century ago the Socialists were a small and discredited sect. They now comprise nearly half of the entire vote of the empire. Their poll in the former canvass, that of 1898, was 2,160,000.

While the Socialists will be much stronger in the new Reichstag than they were in the old, they will not be able to go to the head of all the parties in that Chamber. The gerrymander which time has brought about in the German Empire requires more than twice as many votes to elect a member in the Socialist localities than it takes in the anti-Socialistic communities of the country.

Salt rheum, with its burning, stinging sensation, is due to poor blood and is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

Addresses Wanted.

I have in my hands money for a number of conference claimants of the Texas Conference whose address I have not at hand, also appropriations from the Conference Board of Church Extension for several of the Churches. If the interested parties will send me their address I will remit to them at once.
T. S. GARRISON,
Timpson, Texas. Treasurer.

SOUTHERN CHRISTIAN RECORDER

The Southern Christian Recorder, the official organ of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, has changed its place of residence from Atlanta, Ga., to Dallas, Texas. Rev. G. E. Taylor, D. D., is the editor of the paper and he is a man of good ability and of fraternal spirit. The Recorder is a clean, well-edited paper, filled with matter pertaining to the weal of the Church, with editorials well written, and with a high moral and religious tone. We welcome the Recorder to Texas and to Dallas, and wish for itself and its Church an abundant success. It has a wide field for the uplifting of the colored race in Texas and throughout the connection, and we judge from the spirit of the Recorder that its editor wants to teach his people correctly and to aid in bringing them up to a lofty plane of Christian citizenship. This is a laudable undertaking and the Advocate extends a cordial hand to the Recorder in its work of public education.

CHARGED WITH HERESY.

The Rev. George A. Cooke, pastor of Trinity Church, West Medford, a member of the New England Conference, has preferred charges of heresy against Professor Borden P. Bowne, LL. D., of Boston University, a member of the famous New York East Conference. The charges which Mr. Cooke has lodged with Rev. Dr. C. S. Wing, Dr. Bowne's presiding elder, are as follows:

Specification 1. He disseminates views concerning the Deity contrary to the plain teachings of the Holy Scriptures, and of the Trinitarian conception of God as set forth in the 1st and 4th articles of religion of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Specification 2. He disseminates views concerning the inspiration and authority of the Holy Scriptures contrary to the teachings of those Scriptures, and contrary to the recognized standards of doctrine in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Specification 3. He disseminates views on the atonement of Christ that are contrary to the teaching of the Holy Scriptures, contrary to the ritual of the Lord's Supper in the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and contrary to the 23 and 20th articles of religion of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Specification 4. He disseminates views on the subject of eschatology that are contrary to the established standards of doctrine in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Specification 5. He disseminates

Every Exertion a Task

There is failure of the strength to do and the power to endure; a feeling of weakness all over the body.

The vital functions are impaired. Food does not nourish, and the whole system is run down.

A medicine that strengthens the stomach, perfects digestion, invigorates and tones is needed.

What Hood's Sarsaparilla did for Mrs. L. B. Garland, Shady, Tenn., it has done for others. She took it when she was all run down—without appetite, losing flesh, and unable to do her work. It restored her appetite, increased her weight, and made her well and strong. This is her own unsolicited statement.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Promises to cure and keeps the promise. The earlier treatment is begun the better—begin it today.

views of Christian experience that are contrary to the plain teaching of the Holy Scriptures and contrary to the traditional and well established doctrine of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

It is difficult to take these charges seriously, though Mr. Cooke takes them very seriously. As a member of the New England Conference he is acting within his ecclesiastical and legal rights, and although we consider the action which he has taken presumptuous, unnecessary and harmful to a marked degree to the denomination, we do not presume to sit in judgment upon his motives. It is quite singular, however, that this young man alone, after twenty-five years during which Dr. Bowne has so freely taught, proclaimed and published this views, should be the first to thus make open charges against him for heresy. At first we were surprised and pained that he should assume so grave a responsibility, should so greatly disturb the peace of the Church, and institute proceedings, the consequences of which no man can calculate; but we now think that a trial may in the end prove a blessing to the Church, clearing the air of mystifications and misjudgments, and bringing out into the open men who have for a long time been doing their work in the dark. In this assault upon Dr. Bowne, spiritual and intellectual liberty, our best Wesleyan birthright, is attacked; and to defend that against even the slightest encroachment is the supreme duty of the hour. Even a trial for heresy, with all its grievances, its theological odium and its unbrotherly misapprehensions, is better than that one jot or tittle of Methodist freedom and tolerance should be surrendered.—Zion's Herald.



MRS. W. C. YOUNG.

After an illness of only six short days Mrs. W. C. Young, wife of Rev. W. C. Young, of this city, died last Monday afternoon. No death has occurred in Methodist circles in this city in a long time that has so deeply touched the hearts of our people. For forty years Mrs. Young has been identified with every movement that has been inaugurated in the interest of our Church in Dallas, and she has spared neither money nor toil in her efforts to promote the cause of the Master. She was born in a Methodist home in Alabama May 2, 1839, but the most of her life has been spent in Texas. Her father and mother were Rev. and Mrs. John F. Pipkin, and they were devoted to the Church in their day. Brother and Sister Young were married October 15, 1867, and soon thereafter came to Dallas; and, though Bro. Young remained in the traveling ministry for a number of years, their home remained permanently in this city. He was connected with the building of the first house of worship in Dallas after the

war, and Mrs. Young raised, through her own efforts, several hundred dollars to go into it. Since then she has been connected actively with all the enterprises of the First Church in this city. She was intelligent, consecrated, earnest and devout in her religious life. As a wife, a mother, a neighbor, a Christian and a friend no one can speak otherwise than in the highest terms. Her place in all these spheres will be hard to fill. In some of them she will have no successor. Her funeral service was conducted last Wednesday in First Methodist Church—the Church she loved so well—and hundreds of mourning friends were present to show their sorrow in her death. She has left the perfume of a sweet life and her works do follow her. We ask the prayers of the readers for her afflicted husband, who is confined to his room, and her children, who rise up and call her blessed. A suitable obituary will appear later. Peace be to her sacred dust and everlasting joy to her disembodied spirit!

ton Banks, and published by MacMillan Company.

Trapper Jim, by Edwin Sandy, and published by the MacMillan Company.

McTodd, by Cutcliffe, and published by MacMillan Company.

The One Woman, by Thomas Dixon, and published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

The X-Ray from God's Word, by Emma and Tina Tucker, and published by Foose & Davis Company.

Manhood's Morning, by John A. Conwell, and published by Vir Publishing Company.

The Sabbath Transferred by Dr. Joseph D. Parker, and published by Joseph D. Parker Company.

Some people spend a good deal of time deciding between the devil's chains and his cage.—Ram's Horn.

A FINE KIDNEY REMEDY.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn. (The Clothier), says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder Disease will write him he will direct them to the perfect home cure he used. He makes no charge whatever for the favor.

Preacher Wanted at Once.

A preacher wanted for Dexter Circuit, Gainesville District, North Texas Conference; \$200 appropriated, a friend gives \$100 additional; the people will pay at least \$300 more. A parsonage at Dexter. A married man preferred. Must have best of references from his presiding elder. Address at once, J. A. STAFFORD, P. E. Gainesville Dist. 510 S. Denton St.

who implore thy potent patronage! The malevolent Serpent, against which was hurled the first curse continues, unfortunately, to combat and insinuate itself among the suffering children of Eve; mayest thou, O our blessed Mother, our Queen and Advocate, who since the first instant of thy conception crushed the head of the enemy, gather thy prayers which, united with thee in only one heart, we implore thee to present at the throne of God, that we may never yield to the insinuations which assail us, so that we shall all arrive at the harbors of everlasting life, and in the midst of many dangers the Church and Christian society shall sing once more the hymn of liberation, victory and peace. Amen."

WANTS MORE AIR.

Presbyterian:
The present Pope does not like the Vatican prisoner idea which his predecessor cherished and promulgated with increasing constancy and pertinacity. He loves the fresh air and human intercourse, and if reports are true, frets under the restraints of his confinement. He has intimated a desire to move to and fro as a free Roman outside the walls of his royal palace and to have the benefit of a full range of the precincts of Rome when health, pleasure and duty call

OPIUM and Whiskey Habits cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. R. M. WOOLLEY, M. D. Atlanta, Ga. Office 106 N. Pryor St.

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The **FINEST** in the World
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup
Forty Highest Awards in Europe and America
Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

The Sunday-School Department The Epworth League Department

Fourth Quarter, Lesson 13, Dec. 27.

SUBJECT REVIEW OF THE QUARTER.

Golden text: "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him."—Psal. 103: 17.

Time: 1047-992, B. C.

From the Sunday School Magazine, especially doctrinal note by Dr. Paul Whitehead:

The quarter's lessons began with David's care to bring up the ark of God to the capital and give it a permanent place there preparatory to its installment in the "magnificent" house which it was in his heart to build for Jehovah. The supreme importance of the public worship of God to a nation's welfare and security were thus brought to light, and the duty and blessedness set forth of liberal contributions to set forward and maintain that worship. All this was still further enlarged upon in connection with Solomon's execution of his father's purpose and the dedication of the temple by him with imposing ceremonies and amid jublations and thanksgivings of the whole people.

The history of David's reign led at length to the most painful things connected with his life. We saw him fall and go well-nigh to hopeless ruin, when at the summit of greatness and prosperity, realizing the exposure of all men to temptation and the liability of the best and most honored to backsliding and departure from God. That was a fearful and perplexing trial of our faith: to view honestly the real nature of the acts into which the royal psalmist was seduced by the craft of Satan, through the lust of the flesh excited within a spirit before so high and noble; to look upon his crimes against man and sins against a holy God and stand aghast at their magnitude and loathsome consequences; to do this, and not lose faith in the reality of goodness among men and the possibility of pardon and recovery for such iniquity, was a hard test. With fear and awe, we beheld God's wrath against sin as a consuming fire; we heard the tremendous reverberations of his judgments, and expected to see his lightnings consume the guilty king. Brought to confession and humiliation, we read the broken-hearted cry of his God of the unhappy man who had provoked the wrath of a holy God and vexed and grieved, almost to the verge of hell, the goodness of a compassionate Lord. We were puzzled to know how both could be true—the sin and the repentance, the lust and the hatred of it—the folly and recklessness and the deep appreciation of the Almighty's character and government. We saw the opposite sides of a man's nature—his inwardness and defilement, his uncleanness and capability of all evil—and his better nature lifted up toward God, crying for the light, wailing out its broken-hearted self-loathing and reaching out after "a clean heart" and "a right spirit." If we might have had the fear that these good traits could not survive or live in the atmosphere of continual "sorrow for sin," the study of David's subsequent behavior went far to remove such fear. We saw the vindication of God's law and righteous government in the judgments and calamities that were, from the day of his sin forward, never wholly absent from the family life of David. We felt the sword enter his heart with every new distress and horror, deepening and darkening till that pathetic scene at the gate of Mahanaim, a victory wiped out with tears, uncelebrated and unsung. We have followed, with sad interest, the prematurely old monarch, aged as much by bitter experience as by years and hardships, to his dying bed, and listened to his counsel to Solomon to "know the God of" his father and "serve him with a perfect heart and a willing mind." And as we close the lessons of the quarter, we are beholding all the glory and excellence and splendor and fame of the earlier part of an unparalleled reign. Still we see a faithful Lord, abundant in goodness and mercy, keeping truth for thousands, and never breaking a promise. As yet we see also a noble and lofty human character, a king unspoiled by prosperity and uncontaminated by the lusts of power.

(All communications intended for this department and exchanges with articles to be commented upon, should be sent to Gus. W. Thomason, Van Alstyne, Texas.)

State Epworth League Cabinet. President—H. H. Halsell, Decatur. First Vice-President—A. H. McVeigh, Cleburne. Second Vice-President—Miss Mollie Davis, Houston. Third Vice-President—Wesley Peacock, San Antonio. Secretary-Treasurer—A. K. Ragsdale, Dallas. Junior Superintendent—Miss Clara Wood, Van Alstyne.

Subject for December 27: "Missionary—What the Bible Teaches About Giving."—1 Cor. 9:6-11; 2 Cor. 8:23, 24.

We take from the Canadian Era the following comments:

The Old Testament Answer.

The Old Testament contains the most elaborate system of giving that has ever been ordained and practiced on earth. It contains the fullest possible directions for the providing of the necessary means for the carrying on of the worship of Jehovah among God's ancient people. It was a system that secured something from everybody—a result most earnestly to be desired in our day. It makes ample provision for the support of all the priests, for the expenses of tabernacle and temple services, and for the relief of all who were needy and destitute. Here is the system:

1. Every Jew, rich and poor, paid a poll-tax of half a shekel, or about thirty cents, when the numbering of the adult males took place, called "atonement money."

2. The tithes—the tenth of all the produce of the fields, flocks, herds, etc., for the support of the Levites. A second tithe went to the festival services of the temple, and a tithe every third year for the support of the poor.

3. The first things of everything were offered to God.

4. There were also free-will offerings, given voluntarily, as special thank-offerings, over and above the other system. By this system, fully one-tenth, at times one-third, of all the income was devoted to the purposes of religion.

The New Testament Answer.

Turn to the New Testament and see what God says there, and let us be sufficiently loyal to our privileges, and consistent with our claims to be willing to know and accept the teaching it contains, whatever that teaching may be. Look at 1 Cor. 16, 2: "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God has prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come." This was the plan of raising money enjoined by the Apostle Paul for the Church in Corinth, and in other places. Do what we may with the system given to the Jews, here is a system of providing for the financial needs of the Church, which is universally admitted to be the rule for believers in the gospel. This should be the standard of the entire Church, and of every individual Christian. And what does it mean? This:

1. This system was intimately associated with the worship of God. Giving was to be an essential part of worship. These early Christians were to lay aside a portion of their income "upon the first day of the week." This was the day of worship. On this day the disciples came together to partake of the Lord's supper. And as God's people remembered the price that had been paid for their redemption, that the Lord Jesus had given his life a ransom for them, they would be urged by the greatness of his love to liberality; and the presentation of their offerings would be a joyful act of worship, a glad thanksgiving to the Lord. This is the prominent feature of all Bible giving. It and worship are inseparably connected. In the old time, every approach to God in worship was accompanied by some offering.

2. In this system there is regularity. The offerings were to be set apart every week: "Upon the first day of the week." Where there is regular action in giving, there is rarely, if ever, any need for special and extraordinary efforts. In the light of all our advanced knowledge there cannot be suggested a better plan for obtaining the Lord's own than this. The vast majority of the people are wage-earners, and have a weekly income, and weekly giving is, therefore, the right and reasonable procedure. God's plan is for us to give as we get. "Freely we have received, freely give."

With the regularity of the return of the Lord's Day, there should be the recognition of God's goodness and God's claims in the presentation of offerings to him. The scriptural system of weekly giving—weekly laying

aside—is the right system, the system of regularity and success.

3. This is a system for universal adoption. This gospel plan is practicable for everybody. "Let everyone of you lay by him in store." The poor as well as the rich, the younger members as well as the old, were to adopt the plan. The smallest must be valued as highly as the greatest gifts of the rich, as the Scriptures teach; for the truth is, that the poor man, who is a proportionate giver, gives quite as much as the rich man, who is also the proportionate giver, if they lay aside the same percentage of their income. Let us recognize the fact that every man, woman and child in the Church is under obligation to give to God, no age or condition being exempt.

THAT CHRISTMAS STAR.

One of the most intensely interesting of my recollections of Palestine is the memory of my ride down from Bethlehem and across the fields that lie eastward towards the Jordan. I said to myself, "It must have been in some of these fields that the shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks on that most wondrous night in the history of our world. Up in the midnight sky hung the star that guided the wise men to the sacred spot. And up yonder hillside trooped the shepherds to find that miracle of all miracles, that babe lying in the manger who was the incarnate Son of God." How differently had human history read since that memorable night when the Star of Redemption shone out upon a world that had lain in darkness and spiritual death! With that star came the descent of the promised Christ—"God manifest in the flesh." With Jesus Christ came a new gospel of human brotherhood—a gospel whose keynote was love. With Jesus Christ came a new civilization founded on the golden rule. With Jesus Christ came the perfect model for human conduct; with him came the atoning sacrifice for sin and deliverance from the powers of hell. With him came the "resurrection and the life," and the redemption of a countless host of immortal souls, into an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

When the Christ of Bethlehem had finished the transcendent work of redemption on the cross and became the ascending Christ of Bethany, the lustre of that star began to be visible beyond the narrow limits of Palestine. Apostles, baptized with the Holy Spirit and with fire, went everywhere preaching the new gospel of salvation. The most extraordinary man of the age, with his great soul illuminated by this star, wrote to Greek philosophers and septs, "I am determined to know nothing among you but Jesus Christ, and him crucified." Every minister who has done the best soul-saving work during the past twelve months has done it by preaching the faithful saying that Christ came into the world to save them; he has led his hearers where the star was shining. Not only had he guided them by that star to the only place of pardon, but to the only model and motive for a pure, strong, useful and happy life. To teach sinful, tempted and wayward men and women to steer towards eternity by that infallible and unchangeable star—is not that the great purpose for which pulpits were built and God's ambassadors placed in them?

And now let me tell you that some of you make the sad mistake of crowding your Christmas into one day, or a single week. You ought to have the Christmas star beaming into your hearts and into your homes all the year round. You are generous in giving once a year; why lock up your bounties during the rest of the time? You try to make your children happy at Christmas-time; can't you love them as well, and do as much to put sunshine into their young hearts through the other one and fifty

weeks of next year? You remember the poor, and make their tables smoke with your bounty; but they cannot live on a Christmas turkey for twelve months. You let the star of Bethlehem gladden your heart and cheer your spirits on one day of the calendar. But you cannot live on that single glimpse of the blessed light and joy that Jesus sheds. The only healthy and happy Christian is the one who runs his or her Christianity through every day's experience and conduct.

Some people keep their religion for Sundays; and on Monday they fold it up and put it away with their Sunday clothes. Some thaw their hearts and purses out on a Thanksgiving day or in Christmas week, and then freeze them up again. Periodical religion is a sham and a reproach. A healthy, vigorous, cheerful working and Christ-serving religion cannot be maintained on Sabbath and on festival days alone. Every day has got to be a "Lord's day." Every step in your life has got to be taken by the light of that unerring, unsetting star that rose over the hills of Bethlehem twenty centuries ago. You and I must walk in the constant light and consistent love of our Blessed Jesus if we expect to reach heaven, or help others there. —Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., in American Messenger.

Christmas is a day of joy, but joy should not be allowed to die out of our lives next morning. It should stay with us ever after. We should sing the Christmas songs all the new year. We should carry the peace of God in our hearts continually hereafter. We should learn from this time to find the beauty and the good in all things and to show the world that we believe what we say we believe—that since God loves us and Jesus Christ is our friend, "all's well with the world."—Selected.

FORGET YOU EVER HAD IT. Catarrh, the Most Odious of All Diseases, Stamped Out, Root and Branch.

Catarrh is the most foul and offensive disease that afflicts the human race. Any one with social ambitions had better renounce them if he has a bad case of catarrh, for his presence, if tolerated at all, will be endured under protest. The foul and sickening breath, the watery eyes, the hawking and spitting and fetid discharge at the nose make the unfortunate sufferer the most avoided of human beings.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are the hope and relief of catarrh victims all over the world. They go direct to the root of the disease and thoroughly eradicate it from the human system. They cleanse and purify the blood of all catarrhal poisons and under their influence all impurities are carried off. The blood becomes pure, the eye brightens, the head is cleared, the breath becomes sweet, the lost sense of smell is restored, the discharges cease and the sufferer again feels that he has something to live for. He is again a man among men and can meet his fellow-beings with satisfaction and pleasure.

The following letter from a St. Louis lawyer is only one of thousands received praising the merits and curative powers of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets. Read what he says:

"I suffered from catarrh for 15 years. It would be worse at certain seasons than others, but never failed to annoy me and cause me more or less misery during that period. About a year ago I got so bad that I thought of abandoning my practice. I was a nuisance to myself and all who came near me. My condition was very humiliating and especially so in the court room. I had tried, I thought, every known remedy; all kinds of balms, ointments, inhalers, sprays, etc., till I thought I had completed the list. I was finally told of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets by a friend who took pity on me and, as a drowning man will catch at a straw, I got some and began taking them. I began to improve from the first day and I kept up the good work you may rest assured. In six weeks I was as free from catarrh as the day I was born, but to make assurance doubly sure, I continued the treatment for six weeks longer.

"I have had no trace of catarrh in my system since. I am entirely free from the odious disease and feel like a new man. I write this letter unsolecited for the benefit of fellow-sufferers and you may give it as widespread publicity as you wish." Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are for sale by all druggists at 50 cents a box.

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Santa Claus, I hang for you, By the mantel, stockings too; One for me and one to go To another boy I know.

There's a chimney in the town You have never traveled down; Should you chance to enter there You will find a room all bare; Not a stocking could you spy, Matters not how you may try; And the shoes, you'd find, are such As no boy would care for much. In a broken bed you'd see Some one just about like me, Dreaming of the pretty toys Which you bring to other boys; And to him a Christmas seems Merry only in his dreams. All he dreams, then, Santa Claus, Stuff the stocking with, because, When it's filled up to the brim, I'll be Santa Claus for him. —Frank Dempster Sherman, in "Little Folk's Lyrics."

FOUR MONTHS IN THE WONDERLAND OF THE SOUTHWEST.

Mrs. Viola Hunt.

A fitting prelude for Rev. George S. Sexton and party of tourists to the Orient would be to follow the footsteps of my journeys the past four months in America's vast prehistoric burying ground—the Southwest. A hurried trip could be made in as many weeks. If in search of old things there are places in New Mexico, Arizona and California that were old, the Smithsonian say, when Pharaohs were kings in Egypt. Jim Mathason tells us of ruined cities lined with trails worn deep in solid rock by the moccasined feet of the people who lived there. Apart from this feature such an experience of viewing so vast a variety of scenery and natural wonders is worth many miles of travel besides its fitting one the more to enjoy that "fine flower of the wanderer's joy—comparison."

The two young ladies, Misses Jennie Cunningham and Annie Jackson, who were to accompany me being detained by sickness, I started alone, buying my ticket from the most accommodating ticket agent, Mr. Tipton, of the Fort Worth and Denver, transferring to the Santa Fe early next morning at Trinidad. Here an extra engine of mammoth capacity and strength is attached to pull the train over the summit of the Rockies and down to Raton Pass, where it stands to do like duty for the east-bound train. Incidentally I may, with good authority, mention that the Santa Fe contemplates abandoning the present crossing of the Continental Divide by securing a less expensive route in the region of Tucumcari, New Mexico.

Our journey on by the old historic Santa Fe trail, catching glimpses of Colorado's gorgeous peaks ere we cross the summit. The road takes one through the high table-land of Central New Mexico and Northern Arizona, a country of most enthralling interest, and the marvelous natural charm of the region surrounding the Grand Canyon. Let me mention a few wonders: By short side trips we reach the old town of Santa Fe and the Dawson Coal Mines, also the White Sands of New Mexico, which lie midway between Tucumcari and El Paso, being a spotless, snow-white waste of glittering gypsum powder—pure plaster paris. It lies as a river between the mountains of San Andreas and Sacramento, with great billows stretching far in the distance, covering an area thirty miles in length by ten in width. Strange to say, no commercial value was placed upon this gypsum desert until recently, when experiments have proven it equal in strength to the best of plaster. We pass adobe stations, San Miguel Mission, built in the Rio Grande valley over three hundred years ago, and a thousand miles from the ocean, quaint Indian Pueblos and wonderful rock formations. Las Vegas and Albuquerque, the chief objects of interest. Here are the old Mission style, Montezuma and Alvarado Hotels, the former having since been sold to the Government for a sanitarium for U. S. soldiers. The town of Albuquerque lies back of the Alvarado Hotel, which is a great, wide-spreading building of gray walls and long processions of arches, galleries and many towers. The hotel proper is more than a hundred yards in length, sixty yards wide and built around a court. It is connected by a two-hundred foot arcade with the new Santa Fe station, which is in perfect harmony with the artistic lines of the main structure. Throughout the hotel the old Mission idea is carried out with much fidelity. The wainscoting, the window frame, the furniture, the woodwork of what ever kind is of the massive black oak. Before a fine old fire-place swings from the ceiling a cushioned couch, just right for two. A hundred and sixty guests can be easily seated at the table in the magnificent dining-room. The decorations are rich and quaint. To the west of the corridor, which connects the hotel with the Santa Fe station, is a large building

called the "Hogan"—meaning the trading post. Here may be seen the Navajo squaws weaving blankets, and across from them a Hopi Indian is engaged in pottery making.

Next we reach Arizona, where we see two of nature's greatest wonders—the Petrified Forest and the Grand Canyon. To see these have been my day dreams for many years. About two hundred and fifty miles beyond Albuquerque we came in touch with the largest and by far the most beautiful of all petrified forests, with several hundred square miles, whose surface is carpeted with agate chips and dotted with agate trunks, two to four feet in diameter; and just across the valley a buried "forest," whose huge silicified—not agatized—logs show their ends under fifty feet of sandstone. Here, too, is the largest natural bridge in the world. It is one hundred miles south of the railroad. This bridge is two hundred feet high, over five hundred feet span, and over six hundred wide, with an orchard on its top and miles of stalactite caves under its abutments. The section visited from Adamana Station claims a bridge also, but this is only one log which spans a small ravine with one hundred and eleven feet exposed. It is four feet through the largest point and eighteen inches where it enters the bank. So also they claim hieroglyphic rocks and ruins of a prehistoric fort. Adamana Station is an enterprise of the Santa Fe and more extensively advertised. The petrified forest can be reached from points other than this and to much greater advantage—Holbrook and Flagstaff. Mr. Frederick Munson, whom I met and who is prominently known as a student and investigator of the ruined Pueblos and Cliff-dwellers, found buried beneath a petrified log, the remains of an Indian home—the mound, broken pottery, etc., and in one instance he found the Swastika Cross carved above the door of a Cliff-dweller's home. The largest variety and display of geologically recent volcanic action in North America, with sixty miles lava flows, 1500-foot blanket of creamy tuff cut by scores of canyons, hundreds of craters and thousands of square miles of lava beds, basalt and cinders. The largest ice-cave in the world, the largest and most impressive cave-dwellings in the world and the peerless and many-storied cliff-dwellings, castles, forts and houses. Twenty-six strange communal town republics of the descendants of the Cliff-dwellers; the modern Pueblos, some in fertile valleys, some perched on barren and dizzy cliff tops. There are ruins as striking as the storied ones along the Rio Grande, and far more remarkable. There are peoples as picturesque as any in the Orient, and as romantic as the Aztec. There are wonders which have no peers whatever.

A plateau of heavy pine forest is entered before reaching Flagstaff—the nearest point to the Cliff-dwellers. Through the kindness of Prof. Taylor, who is principal of the Normal School at Flagstaff, and Mr. George Babbett, both well known in commercial circles of Arizona, I was provided with conveyance and guide to visit the Cliff-dwellers, while tourists other than myself who had stopped for the same purpose, were compelled to remain at Flagstaff all day. This perhaps, on account of being wrapped in folds of mystery, is the most interesting feature of the Southwest. At Walnut Canyon is the old town—"so old nobody knows how old it is, nor what its name was, nor who lived there, for it is uninhabited now." It extends twelve miles on either side of the canyon, about midway between top and bottom. Some of the walls and structure remain intact. It is a novel sensation to find your way into this city to look through the post-hole and stand within the door that has long since served its purpose and now belongs to the Government to preserve the venerated relics of a prehistoric race.

At 5 o'clock the next evening we stood on the rim of the "Titan of Chasms"—the greatest thing in the world—the Grand Canyon of Arizona. It is the masterpiece of Nature's hand-work. No pen or tongue could describe its beauty and grandeur and sublime paintings. It rivals the most gorgeous sunset. It is no immense deep. It is a gorge 6,000 to 7,000 feet deep, ten to twenty miles wide, hundreds of miles long, peopled with hundreds of peaks taller than any mountain east of the Rockies. Yet not one of them with its head so high as your feet, and all ablaze with such colors as no Eastern or European landscape ever knew, even in the Alpine glow. The whole scene is forever reminding you of mighty architectural pinnacles, and towers and balustrades and arches and columns of lattice work of delicate carving, sublime in litanic paintings in varied hues—pink, red, brown, lavender, grey, blue and black. At the bottom of the canyon flows the Colorado River in its "winding way, as rivers are wont to have."

Another day's journey westward we cross the Colorado River at Needles, entering California, of whose scenes

has been well said, from "Alpine snows to semi-tropic seas," we go on and on, over and between the mountains in many crooked turnings and windings, passing rich mines of salt, copper, gold and silver. From above the clouds to the lowest depression on the continent—the Salton Desert 263 feet below the sea level, the Mojave Desert and its streamless rivers and Yucca palm trees. The Sierras, with their monarch of the forest, the Sequoia, or giant Redwoods, which were in their prime before the beginning of the Christian era, and named Sequoia in honor of the Cherokee Indian, who invented a written language for his tribe; the Yosemite, with its Mirror Lake and beautiful waterfalls, Cathedral spires and granite domes; Mt. Whitney, that towers above all mountain peaks of North America; the San Joaquin and Santa Clara valleys of fruitful and foodful production, and the Golden Gate of the mighty Pacific. We have kept company with the mountains from Trinidad to San Francisco, where they dip into the sea. The journey is ended. By the coast-line I go to the "Angel City" for sweet rest at the quiet home of kind friends.

When Charles Dudley Warner christened California "Our Italy," he did not draw far on his imaginative powers. Here are all the things the tourist likes—the mightiest ocean, the loftiest peak of the Rockies, Mt. Whitney, and the Sierras. These barren, craggy and naked mountains which overhang the genial exposer of irrigated valleys of the foot-hills and the vast arid plains, present a marked contrast. Also the arid vegetation of the sage-brush and the cacti to the marvelous yield of small grain and leguminous growth of irrigation. Here, too, are found trees of lemon, verbena and lantana, the eucalyptus and pepper, the rubber and loquat, the orange and lemon, the fig and olive, the fan-palm and date-palms, and calla lilies and blooming vines everywhere. There is generally a refreshing breeze from the ocean, but the much dreaded cyclone and tornadoes do not reach the shore of this favored land. However, the earthquake is a common event to Californians, and is spoken of in ways other than fear for its results, but as a matter of fact, in a jesting way. I should have felt the experience had I not been asleep the other morning just about dawn.

The table has had its daily treasures of vegetables and fruits—strawberry, raspberry, peach, plums, and prunes, figs, purple and green, pears and grapes and melons.

Los Angeles is an electrical city and the most beautiful of all tropical cities. There remains the old part of Spanish-Mexican adobe homes with the modern commercial and residential buildings, with palm and pepper shaded avenues. Twenty miles distant is the ocean. Electric lines lead out to the many beach resorts. The ride is enchanting. The bare mountain, with its foot-hill adornments, never looked more attractive to me than on the morn of my last ride. Groves of orange and lemon and olives, laden with their fruit of dark green, alternate with vineyards and orchards that had accomplished their annual missions and shaded into autumnal tints of red and yellow. Ever now and then long, straight eucalyptus and pepper bordered avenues leading to the homes of the foot-hills. Los Angeles, Cal.

"Love shall be our token, Love be yours and love be mine, Love to God and all men, Love for gift and plea and sign.

"Love came down at Christmas, Love all lovely, love divine; Love was born at Christmas, Star and angels gave the sign. —Christina Rossetti.

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What Sulphur Does

For the Human Body in Health and Disease.

The mention of sulphur will recall to many of us the early days when our mothers and grandmothers gave us our daily dose of sulphur and molasses every spring and fall.

It was the universal spring and fall "blood purifier," tonic and cure-all, and mind you, this old-fashioned remedy was not without merit.

The idea was good, but the remedy was crude and unpalatable, and a large quantity had to be taken to get any effect.

Nowadays we get all the beneficial effects of sulphur in a palatable, concentrated form, so that a single grain is far more effective than a table-spoonful of the crude sulphur.

In recent years, research and experiment have proven that the best sulphur for medicinal use is that obtained from Calcium (Calcium Sulphide) and sold in drug stores under the name of Stuart's Calcium Wafers. They are small chocolate coated pellets and contain the active medicinal principle of sulphur in a highly concentrated, effective form.

Few people are aware of the value of this form of sulphur in restoring and maintaining bodily vigor and health; sulphur acts directly on the liver, the excretory organs and purifies and enriches the blood by the prompt elimination of waste material.

Our grandmothers knew this when they dosed us with sulphur and molasses every spring and fall, but the crudity and impurity of ordinary flowers of sulphur were often worse than the disease, and cannot compare with the modern concentrated preparations of sulphur, of which Stuart's Calcium Wafers is undoubtedly the best and most widely used.

They are the natural antidote for liver and kidney troubles and cure constipation and purify the blood in a way that often surprises patient and physician alike.

Dr. R. M. Wilkins while experimenting with sulphur remedies soon found that the sulphur from Calcium was superior to any other form. He says: "For liver, kidney and blood troubles, especially when resulting from constipation or malaria, I have been surprised at the results obtained from Stuart's Calcium Wafers. In patients suffering from boils and pimples and even deep seated carbuncles, I have repeatedly seen them dry up and disappear in four or five days, leaving the skin clear and smooth. Although Stuart's Calcium Wafers is a proprietary article, and sold by druggists, and for that reason tabooed by many physicians, yet I know of nothing so safe and reliable for constipation, liver and kidney troubles and especially in all forms of skin disease as this remedy."

At any rate the people who are tired of pills, cathartics and so-called blood "purifiers," will find in Stuart's Calcium Wafers a far safer, more palatable and effective preparation.

MINERAL WELLS, TEXAS.

THE HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORT OF THE SOUTH.

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SUPERB NEW PULLMAN VESTIBULE BUFFET SLEEPERS HANDSOME NEW CHAIR CARS (SEATS FREE)

ONLY LINE Running Through Chair Cars and Sleepers New Orleans Without Change.

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E. P. TURNER, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., Dallas, Texas.

HE KNOCKETH.

(A Song.)
Awake! O heart of mine, and hear;
Some one is knocking at thy door;
'Tis Jesus knocks, and would come in;
Open, O heart, to Him thy door!

Why sleepest thou, O heart, so long?
Open thy door and take Christ in;
Thy chambers, darkened now, shall be
Light as the noon-day sun within.

Awake! Awake, O heart, and hear!
Make haste to open wide thy door;
He'll sweep away all white with;
He'll sweep and garnish thy floor.

He comes to cleanse thee with His blood;
The stains of sin He'll take away;
Fit habitation thou shalt be
For Christ, the Lord, through endless day.

Awake, O heart, fling wide thy door,
"And let the King of Glory in;"
No palace walls shall fairer be;
His grace can keep thee clean within.

Ennis, Texas.
T. H. YARBROUGH.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock;
If any man hear my voice, and open the door,
I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."-Rev. 3:20.

Who can tell what good things are in store for them who truly and unwaveringly trust in God?
T. H. Y.

TEXAS CONFERENCE.
TREASURER'S REPORT OF JOINT BOARD OF FINANCE.

Your Board have received from the ten districts as follows:
Conference claimants \$7942.58
Bishops' Fund 1730.38
Orphanage 106.46
Hugh's Fund 167.78
Calvin Fund 28.00
Texas Christian Advocate 109.00
G. B. Moore, bequest by Gamble 112.68
Treasurer of Preachers' Aid 150.00

Total \$10,797.88
Have disbursed the same as follows:
Publishing House for Bishop \$1720.38
W. H. Vaughtan for Orphanage 106.46
Mr. V. A. Windsor 145.00
Mr. H. C. Woodrich 85.00
Mr. H. N. Haney 175.00
Mrs. Thos. Whitworth 100.00
Mrs. S. J. Fisher 100.00
Mrs. S. C. Kerr 100.00
Mrs. J. A. Dashiell 125.00
Mrs. R. Alexander 125.00
Mrs. B. A. Graves 60.00
Mrs. J. H. Davidson 100.00
Mrs. L. J. Henkle 175.00
Mrs. Jno. Stovall 100.00
Mrs. J. L. Leamon 150.00
Mrs. J. W. B. Allen 100.00
Mrs. S. E. Guber 125.00
Mrs. C. M. Keith 30.00
Mrs. I. G. John 50.00
Miss Mamie Green 75.00
Miss Lillie Philpott 50.00
Miss Essie Philpott 50.00
Mrs. Annie Whipple 120.00
Mrs. McKiver's children 120.00
Bro. F. A. McShan 150.00
Mrs. W. G. Nelms 300.00
Mrs. W. K. Turner 200.00
Bro. Gibson Powledge 175.00
Bro. G. C. Stovall 75.00
Bro. G. S. Sandel 200.00
Mrs. F. L. Allen 150.00
Mrs. J. M. Mills 175.00
Mrs. J. R. Burt 250.00
Mrs. Frank Stovall 100.00
Mrs. J. C. Huckaby 100.00
Mrs. Bettie Crouse 150.00
Mrs. J. A. C. Bridges 50.00
Mrs. Mary Lynch 25.00
Mrs. R. M. Kirby 150.00
Mrs. W. B. Hill 100.00
Mrs. M. Donovan 100.00
Mrs. G. W. Langley 250.00
Miss Lou Bond 75.00
Bro. William Sproule 100.00
Bro. S. W. Jones 100.00
Bro. John Helms 100.00
Bro. D. W. Town's children 250.00
Bro. H. M. Sears 250.00
Bro. R. W. Adams 150.00
Bro. John Adams 100.00
Mrs. G. E. Parsons 250.00
Mrs. A. D. Melugin 75.00
Mrs. D. L. Cain 100.00
Bro. C. H. Smith 100.00
Bro. D. P. Cullen 200.00
Bro. C. L. Farrington 50.00
Bro. Elchwarz, Houston District 25.00
Bro. J. C. Key, Beaumont Dist. 25.00
Bro. J. A. Carr, Pittsburg Dist. 25.00
Bro. M. L. Story, Calvert Dist. 25.00
Bro. T. R. Cain, Brenham Dist. 20.00
Balance in hand of Treasurer 361.04

\$10,797.88
We apportion the sum of \$2000 to the following districts for Bishops' Fund:
Pittsburg District \$208.00
Marshall District 203.00
Tyler District 208.00
Palestine District 203.00
San Augustine District 184.00
Beaumont District 147.00
Houston District 200.00
Calvert District 222.00
Brenham District 212.00
Huntsville District 182.00
Total \$2250.00

We apportion the sum of \$1000 for delegates to the General Conference:
Pittsburg District \$102.00
Marshall District 100.00
Tyler District 102.00
Palestine District 100.00
San Augustine District 92.00
Beaumont District 75.00
Houston District 127.00
Calvert District 110.00
Brenham District 104.00
Huntsville District 90.00
Total \$1000.00

We assess the sum of \$800 for conference claimants:
Pittsburg District \$822.00
Marshall District 800.00
Tyler District 822.00
Palestine District 800.00
San Augustine District 722.00
Beaumont District 577.00
Houston District 1021.00
Calvert District 880.00
Brenham District 826.00
Huntsville District 720.00
Total \$8900.00

We assess the sum of \$250 for Orphanage at Waco, the apportionage as follows:
Houston District \$287.00
Calvert District 247.00
Pittsburg District 231.00
Tyler District 231.00
Marshall District 225.00
Palestine District 225.00
San Augustine District 204.00
Brenham District 235.00
Huntsville District 232.00
Total \$2200.00

We assess the following sum to the following Boards, \$25 for minutes:
Sunday-school Board \$ 75.00
Church Extension Board 100.00
Board of Missions 125.00
Board of Education 25.00
Total \$325.00
Respectfully submitted,
T. S. GARRISON, Treasurer.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

The Board of Church Extension of the Texas Conference met in the city of Bryan, Texas, Dec. 4, 1903, and have received from the following districts as follows:
Houston District, \$254.50; Beaumont District, \$382.25; San Augustine District, \$406.32; Calvert District, \$244.70; Huntsville District, \$288.50; Palestine District, \$335.19; Tyler District, \$431; Marshall District, \$321.40; Pittsburg District, \$333. Total, \$3412.61. And have distributed as follows:
W. H. Whitner \$1796.39
Kerth Chapel, Shelby County 50.00
Wesley Chapel, Shelby County 50.00
Antioch, Cherokee County 45.00
Katy, Harris County 95.00
Port Arthur, Jefferson County 450.00
Bullard, Cherokee County 120.00
Terry's Chapel, Falls County 45.00
Cedar Springs, Falls County 45.00
Mount Zion, Freestone County 35.00
Center, Smith County 70.00
Flint, Smith County 35.00
Bellview, Gregg County 35.00
Carnack, Harrison County 155.00
League City, Galveston District 60.00
Expense of Ira M. Bryce, March meeting 5.25
Balance on hand to be appropriated to minutes 46.06
Total \$3412.61

There was \$225 transferred from the old fund, East Texas Conference, to Thordale, Millam County, also \$100 from the old fund to Lawsonville.
Respectfully submitted,
T. S. GARRISON, Treasurer.

Beaumont District-First Round.

China and Sour Lake, at China, Dec 19, 70
Beaumont, North End Dec 26, 27
Beaumont, Cartwright Ch. Dec 27, 28
Sabine Pass, at Nederland Dec 29
Warren, at Warren Jan 2, 3
Kountze, at K Jan 3, 4
Port Arthur, at Port Arthur Jan 13
Corrigan, at Corrigan Jan 17, 18
Livingston, at Livingston Jan 19
Woodville, at W Jan 21
Burkeville, at Burkeville Jan 24, 25
Jasper, at Magnolia Jan 27
Jasper and Kirbyville, at K Jan 29, 31
Beaumont, First Church Feb 7, 8
Orange Feb 13, 14
Call, at Cairo Feb 20, 21
Wallisville, at W Feb 27, 28
Liberty, at L Feb 28, 29
Silsbee, at Silsbee Feb 5, 6
District Stewards will meet at First Church, Beaumont, Dec. 23, at 2 p. m.
J. B. Cochran, P. E.

Bowie District-First Round.

Fruitland, at Fruitland Dec 12, 13
Bowie, at Bowie Dec 13, 14
Aivord, at Aivord Dec 20, 21
Chico, at Chico Dec 20, 21
Boyd, at Boyd Dec 26, 27
Khome, at Rhome Dec 27, 28
Bridgeport, at Bridgeport Jan 2, 3
Paradise, at Paradise Jan 3, 4
Bryson, at Bryson Jan 9, 10
Jackboro, at Jackboro Jan 11
Henrietta, at Henrietta Jan 16, 17
Benavue, at Charlie Jan 17, 18
Bellevue, at Bellevue Jan 23, 24
Blue Grove, at Blue Grove Jan 24, 25
Whitla Falls, at Whitla Falls Jan 30, 31
Towa Park, at Towa Park Feb 1, 2
Archer City, at Archer City Feb 5, 6
Holiday, at Holiday Feb 7, 8
Crafton, at Crafton Feb 13, 14
Gibtown, at Gibtown Feb 20, 21
Decatur, at Decatur Feb 27, 28
Decatur, at Decatur Feb 28, 29
District Stewards will meet at Bowie Wednesday, Jan. 6, 1904, at 3 p. m.
T. R. Pierce, P. E.

Gainesville District-First Round.

Denton Street Dec 12, 13
Broadway Dec 13, 14
Aubrey, at Aubrey Dec 19, 20
Pilot Point Dec 20, 21
Era and Boliyar Dec 26, 27
Sanger and V. V., at V. V. Dec 27, 28
St. Jo and Myra, at Myra Dec 29, 30
Ponder and Krum Jan 1, 2
Bonita, at Bonita Jan 16, 17
Belcher, at Belcher Jan 23, 24
Nocona, at Nocona Jan 24, 25
Montague, at Montague Jan 30, 31
Greenwood, at Rush Creek Feb 6, 7
Marysville, at Marysville Feb 13, 14
Rosston, at Rosston Feb 13, 14
Woodbine, at Woodbine Feb 27, 28
Dexter, at Dexter Feb 28, 29
The District Stewards will meet at Denton Street Church Wednesday, January 15, at 1 o'clock. Entertainment will be provided for those who stay over night. A full attendance urgently requested.
J. A. Stafford, P. E.

Pittsburg District-First Round.

Linden, at Douglasville Dec 19, 20
Atlanta Dec 20, 21
Naples, at Naples Dec 26, 27
Texarkana (Rose Hill) Jan 2, 3
Texarkana (State Line) Jan 3, 4
Winfield, at Bridges' Ch. Jan 9, 10
Mt. Pleasant Jan 15, 16
New Boston, at Shiloh Jan 15, 17
New Boston, at Reeves' Ch. Jan 23, 24
Pittsburg Jan 24, 25
Musgrove, at Musgrove Jan 30, 31
Gilmer, at Mt. Gilead Feb 7, 8
Quitman, at Quitman Feb 10
Queen City, at Park Feb 13, 14
Cason, at Allina Feb 17
Daingerfield, at Hughes Spgs. Feb 20, 21
Redwater, at Redwater Feb 27, 28
Dalby Spgs., at Dalby Spgs. Feb 27, 28

I should like to say a few words to the preachers and people of the district. I came to you to give you, by God's grace, the very best service in my power. I shall be your brother, your fellow-servant and helper in the Lord's work. I crave your first interest in your prayers; second, your earnest co-operation. You will notice some of your quarterly meetings come in the week days. This had to be so as to put us to the first of April getting round, which would give only eight months for the other three rounds. I hope pastors will make diligent effort to have full attendance of officials at Quarterly Conference.
Special to Stewards: Dear brethren, a good beginning, if it is not half the battle, goes a long way toward success in the end. I beg that you make active canvass of your people and if possible collect one-fourth of what will likely be your pastor's salary for the year. All will need this early and timely help, and some (those who have had to move) will need it bad. Then it will help you greatly in the end. Pray for your Quarterly Conference.
J. T. Smith, P. E.

Tyler District-First Round.

Marvin, H. a. m. Dec 13
St. Paul, 7:30 p. m. Dec 13
Athens Dec 19, 20
Malakoff, at Malakoff Dec 20, 21
Wills Point, at Palmer's Gin. Jan 2, 3
Wills Point sta. at Palmer's Gin. Jan 3, 4
Edom, at Tunnel's Ch. Jan 9, 10
Edom and Edgewood, at C. Jan 10, 11
Tyler, at Bascomb Jan 16, 17
Cedar Street Jan 17, 18
Emory, at Emory Jan 23, 24
Grand Saline Jan 24, 25
Golden, at Golden Jan 30, 31
Mincola, at Minn Ch. Feb 1, 2
Mt. Sylvan, at Minn Ch. Feb 5, 7
Lindale, at Lindale Feb 7, 8
Whitehouse, at Lane's Ch. Feb 13, 14
Big Sandy, at Big Sandy Feb 14, 15
New York, at Red Hill Feb 20, 21
Meredith, at Mallard's Prairie Feb 22
Troup and Overton, at Arp. Feb 27, 28
E. W. Solomon, P. E.

WHO IS MELCHISEDEC?

Brother Owen, an old side Baptist, said he "wanted me to tell him who Melchisedec was?" I said that "he was a man, like you or I." He said: "No, he was God Almighty himself." I said, "The God Almighty and 'the priest of the most high God'?"-Gen. 14:18. He said, "Then he was Jesus Christ." I said, "Jesus Christ made like himself is a syllogism." I then explained to him that all Paul said about Melchisedec in Heb. 7:1-3 applied to his priesthood and not to his handhood. That in the Aaronic priesthood their father and mother had to be of the line of the priesthood. And the priesthood descended to their son, and their priesthood began at their consecration and ended at their death, for it descended to their sons. But it was not so with Melchisedec and Jesus, they were not priests because their parents were; neither did their priesthood end at their death. But they "abide priests continually." Years afterwards I heard him tell one of his preachers that that was the only satisfactory explanation of Melchisedec he ever heard. I give the above dialogue because it shows both sides. I will add that the manhood of Jesus descended from David, had parents, was born into the world and died on the cross. And I saw a note in Josephus that said that Jerusalem was first built by Melchisedec and called Salem. And as Melchisedec was King of Salem, he must have been like other men.

W. R. KNOWLTON.

THE INSTINCTS OF A DUCKLING.

Mrs. Emma C. Thomas tells this "true story" in the New York Observer:
My father, who was a Connecticut farmer, found upon going out into his yard one morning, a very proud and happy mother hen who was walking about followed by one solitary little duckling. Ah! thought he, that hen has stolen her nest; for had she been properly set, she would have had a family of ten or a dozen chickens, instead of this one duckling, and could have cared for them equally well.

A few days afterwards, his grandson, a boy about eight years of age, living on an adjoining farm, came to visit him. He showed the little duck to Walter, for this was his name, and said:
"I will give you this duck, and you may take it home and give it to some of your mother hens to bring up with her chickens."

Walter was much pleased, and ran to the house for a basket. A willow one with a tight cover was given him, and soon grandpa and he had the yellow ball-like fluff deposited under the cover. His home was a mile away over a winding country road. He walked home, carrying his treasure, and reached there just before dark.

He sought out a mother hen with her brood of chickens and deposited the new comer with her for adoption. Now we would naturally think that with a kind mother, and ten new brothers and sisters, this lonely little duck would be very happy. But this is what really happened:

The next morning early, when grandpa looked into the yard, there much to his surprise was this same yellow duckling closely following its own mamma, having walked back alone over this long stretch of road to find her.

"Well!" said my father, "if you love your mother like this, you shall never be separated," and they never were.

No duty, however hard and perilous, should be feared one-half so much as failure in the duty. People sometimes shrink from responsibility, saying they dare not accept it because it is so great. But in shrinking from duty they are really encountering a far more serious condition than that which they evade. It is a great deal easier to do that which God gives us to do, no matter how hard it is, than to face the responsibility of not doing it. We have abundant assurance that we shall receive all the strength we need to perform any duty God allots to us; but if we fall out of the line of obedience, and refuse to do anything which we ought to do, we find ourselves at once out of harmony with God's law and God's providence, and can not escape the consequences of our failure.-J. R. Miller, D. D.

The Polytechnic College
Of Fort Worth, Texas

In addition to the regular literary courses, offers excellent advantages in music, art, oratory, physical culture, etc. New buildings and good equipments. Good commercial school, military company, library and literary societies. Attendance has almost doubled within the past two years. A large increase is expected at the beginning of the new year. Young ladies home under direct care of the President and his wife. Boys' Co-operative Club furnishes board at cost-about \$8.50 per month. January 1 is a good time to enter. The new term begins January 10. For further information, address
REV. H. A. BOAZ, M. A., President, Fort Worth, Texas.

Methodist Munitions Constitute a Veritable Arsenal for Methodist

These ecclesiastical marauders who hang around our protracted meetings to proselyte our converts and Church members should be stopped. There is but one way to do it. Indoctrinate our people and shoot the thief. We furnish the guns and ammunition at a small cost, and those who have tried these guns say they do the work. Hear them:

- Bishop J. S. Key: "Plain, clear, strong, logical and scriptural."
Rev. P. C. Archer: "Scriptural, logical, pleasing and convincing."
Rev. G. S. Sexton: "One of the strongest statements of the Methodist doctrine I have ever seen. Absolutely unanswerable."
Rev. E. A. Bailey: "I hardly think so much solid information can be found in so small a compass anywhere."
Rev. I. E. Hightower: "They will bear rich fruitage wherever sold and read."
Rev. E. J. Maxwell: "Clear, sound, and logical."
Rev. W. A. Gilliland: "Sound, clear, scriptural."
Prof. P. W. Horn: "Logical and forcible. I heartily endorse it."
Rev. A. L. Scales: "Clear, strong and suited to the masses."
Texas Advocate: "Its circulation will be helpful to Methodists and ought to be read."
Rev. J. E. Roach: "The masses enjoy them. Among the best I have seen. Strong and logical."
Revs. W. H. Terry, C. D. West: "We most heartily endorse them and wish them a wide circulation."
Rev. E. V. Cox: "I heartily endorse them to our people as just what they need on our doctrines."
Rev. T. W. Ellis: "A very efficient agency in strengthening our people in our doctrines."
Rev. J. D. Odum: "The very thing the masses need."
Rev. R. A. Clements: "I don't think any Methodist can afford to do without them."
Rev. G. F. Boyd: "It is what its name indicates."
Rev. Jno. H. McLean, D. D.: "The statements are short, plain, and adapted to all classes. They should have a wide circulation."

"We, the undersigned, have carefully examined the Doctrinal pamphlets by the Rev. C. L. Ballard, and recommend them as being clear, strong, conclusive, logical and scriptural. Eminent fit for the instruction and edification of our people on doctrinal lines. Every family ought to have them."
REV. JEROME DUNCAN.
REV. T. J. BECKHAM.
REV. W. H. VAUGHAN.
REV. J. M. BINKLEY.
REV. J. A. WALKER.
REV. H. A. BOURLAND, D. D.
REV. E. W. ALDERSON, D. D.

These guns in this arsenal are now four; others are being prepared and will be added soon. Of the four now ready we have sold on an average more than 20 per day, or nearly 1000 per month. The guns in this arsenal are:

Our Polity Vindicated; or, The Itinerancy Contrasted with Congregationalism.
Wrecks By the Way; or, Apostasy Proven.
Sledge-Hammer on Baptist Succession; or, The Unbroken Chain Broken.
Methodist Dynamite; or, Immersion Exploded.

These books may be had of the author. Get them. You need them. So do your people. Price, postpaid, 15 cents each; one of each, postpaid, 50 cents; per dozen, postpaid, \$4.30; per 100 or more, not postpaid, \$3.50 per 100.

Address C. L. BALLARD, 306 West Pecan, Sherman, Texas.

UNANSWERED LETTERS.

Dec. 10.-C. M. Shuffler, subs. C. J. Oxley, has attention. E. L. Shettles, sub. H. B. Henry, subs. C. A. Evans, sub; we "brag." G. W. Shearer, sub. M. S. Hotchkiss, sub.
Dec. 11.-J. B. Turrentine, sub has attention. H. E. Carter, subs. C. V. Oswalt, sub A. T. Culbertson, sub. J. W. Long, sub. J. T. Bloodworth, sub. J. D. Young, sub. W. A. Manly, sub. J. A. Old, sub. J. M. Armstrong, sub. G. J. Irvin, sub T. S. Williford, subs. W. L. Nelms, sub. A. H. Bezzo, sub.

Dec. 12.-A. T. Culbertson, sub. J. W. Hill, sub. Jno. E. Roach, sub has attention. E. V. Cox, subs.

Dec. 14.-R. H. Heizer, subs have attention. J. A. Wyatt, sub. H. H. Vaughan, subs. W. R. Rosser, has attention. W. T. Renfro, subs. M. L. Moody, subs. W. K. Simpson, sub. W. T. Morrow, sub. W. F. Davis, sub. G. W. White, sub. D. A. Gregg, sub. J. W. Goodwin, sub. T. S. Williford, subs. J. A. Travis, sub. A. E. Carraway, sub.

Dec. 15.-W. P. Edwards, sub. L. A. Burk, sub. Mac M. Smith, sub. Jerome Duncan, sub. J. J. Clark, change made. W. F. Hardy, subs. W. C. Smith, subs. K. S. VanZandt, sub. C. A. Evans, subs; 2 cards. R. W. Nation, sub has attention. G. F. Boyd, subs. W. R. Rosser, sub. J. W. Bowden, sub. M. C. Dickson, sub. J. W. Kelly, trial subs. M. K. Read, sub. Dec. 16.-T. S. Barcus, sub. J. N. Hunter, trial subs. Sam. J. Franks, sub. W. M. Lane, sub. J. D. Hendrickson, sub. Henry E. Carter, subs. P. W. Byrd, sub. B. T. Hayes, sub. C. A. Evans, sub. G. F. Boyd, has attention.

Bro. S. S. Lomax bought the Advocate Sewing Machine of you several years ago and it has given perfect satisfaction and he now wants one for his daughter.
G. W. WHITE.
Meridian, Texas.

WRITE A LETTER TO "KATY,"

Dallas, Texas, for full information regarding Christmas holiday rates to the North and Southeast. She can interest you.

AN INVITATION

To take advantage of the very low rate made by the M. K. & T. Railway to the North and Southeast for the holidays. Tickets will be sold on December 19, 21 and 23, 1903, at rate of one fare plus \$2 for the round trip. Tickets being good to return thirty days from date of sale. If you are contemplating making a holiday trip you should see one of "Katy's" ticket agents, or write a letter to "Katy," Dallas, Texas, and learn of the many inducements offered the holiday traveler.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

The M. K. & T. Railway of Texas will sell round trip tickets at very low rates between all points within the State of Texas, and from all points in Texas to all points in Louisiana and the Indian and Oklahoma Territories within two hundred miles of selling station, account of the holidays. Tickets on sale, Dec. 21, 23, 25 and 31, 1903, and Jan. 1, 1904, limited to return Jan. 4, 1904. See Katy's agents, or write a letter to "Katy," Dallas, Texas.

DO YOU

Expect to spend the Christmas Holidays at the Old Home? The low rates and excellent service via Cotton Belt Route offer you an opportunity you may never have again, and which you can not afford to overlook.

On December 19, 20, 21 and 23, 1903, you can procure round trip tickets to Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, The Old States; also to points in Arkansas, Missouri, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois and other States at One Fare plus \$2.00. These tickets will be good for return within thirty days from date of sale, giving ample time for a leisurely and delightful visit to scenes of other days.

If you contemplate going, don't wait until the last minute, but write now and tell us your destination. We will take pleasure in advising you fully of the exact cost of the trip, our through car service, the schedule, both going and returning. Then when you buy your ticket, provided it reads via Cotton Belt Route, you will know when you board the train just what hour you should reach your destination, and what time you will reach home, returning. Let us hear from you. Address A. S. Wagner, T. P. A., Waco; D. M. Morgan, T. P. A., Fort Worth; or John F. Lohane, G. F. & P. A., Tyler.

OBITUARIES.

The space allowed obituaries is twenty to twenty-five lines, or about 170 or 180 words. The privilege is reserved of condensing all obituary notices. Parties desiring such notices to appear in full as written should remit money to cover excess of space, to-wit: At the rate of ONE CENT PER WORD. Money should accompany all orders.

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POETRY CAN IN NO CASE BE INSERTED.

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

FOX.—Virgil Osgood Fox, the eight-year-old son of Wm. A. and Tyrena J. Fox, died at Babyhead, Nov. 30, 1903, of diphtheria. His illness was very brief and the dangerous nature of the disease did not manifest itself until the night before his death. Little Virgil was a true Christian. Reared in a Christian home, he was brought up in an atmosphere of prayer and faith in God. About four months before his death he was received into the Church, but some time previous to this he had expressed to his parents his desire to become a member of the Church. He was always in his place in the Sunday-school, and only the day before he died, though too unwell to go so, he begged that he might be allowed to go. Happy and affectionate in his disposition, he was devoted to his parents and always kind and obedient in the home. A great deal of light and joy has gone out of the lives of the father and mother and two brothers who mourn for him, but he is now with the host of children that sing God's praises about the throne. Though stricken with grief, the sorrowing ones bow with Christian fortitude to the will of Him who doeth all things well, and know that they shall soon meet their loved one again.

J. W. BLACK.

Cherokee, Texas.

WAGENER.—"Little Ethel Mae Wagener is dead." This was the message borne from the sick chamber on the morning of Nov. 3, 1903. At the time of her death she was a little more than ten years old. But even at this young age she had already entered into many of the realities of life. I doubt if one may be found more loving, kind, sympathetic and true than little Ethel. God has plucked from the earth one of the fairest of his flowers. Ethel was esteemed by the older people, but she was loved and revered by those more nearly her own age. It was a tender sight to see her schoolmates, without an exception, march by her grave, while the tears came streaming down their faces as an evidence of their grief, each one stopping to plant a bouquet of flowers. Other children will yet swell their number, but no one will ever take Ethel's place. We are sad and lonely because she has gone, but heaven has added to its number one of the richest jewels of all of God's children. We pray that her friends may imitate her sweet young life and finally make Ethel's heaven their home.

HER PASTOR.

GOLSON.—Sister A. E. Golson was born Nov. 16, 1875, and was married to Bro. Jack Golson in 1893. She was converted and joined the M. E. Church, South, in 1895, and died Nov. 12, 1903, near Speeglesville, Texas. She was sick about one month and suffered much during this time. It was a sore bereavement to her husband and little children. Their home is broken up. The gentle influence and loving ministrations of the wife and mother will be sadly missed, but He who knows how to temper the wind to the shorn lamb will take care of his own and provide for them in their distress.

R. F. DUNN.

SWEET.—Little Ethelwyn, infant daughter of Rev. and Mrs. E. M. Sweet, Jr., died Nov. 29, 1903. Bro. Sweet is pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Church, Muskogee. The little one was dangerously sick in Texas several weeks ago, but seemed to be recovering. The family had only been here two weeks when the blow unexpectedly fell. The members of St. Paul's Church, also many from First Church, showed them every consideration possible. The sympathy of the community has been manifested in many ways. The funeral services were conducted by the writer at St. Paul's parsonage and then the dear little body was laid to rest in Green Hill Cemetery to await the resurrection. Our dear brother and sister are sustained by living faith in the living Christ.

MARCUS L. FUTLER.

Cancer and Tumor Permanently Cured with Soothing, Balmly Oils.

No pain. No scar. No experiment. Dr. D. M. Bye's thirty years of success stamps him the master specialist of the day. Convincing evidence in his new book, which will be sent free on request. Address Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Box 462, Dallas, Texas.

GREEN.—On the morning of Nov. 19, 1903, Little Susan Emma Green met death in a horrible manner. Her father and mother were a short distance from their house when fire caught her dress, and the flames soon enveloped her from head to foot. Before help could be given she was so badly burned that parents and physicians could not save her. She died in six hours. A. H. Green, the father, is son of John T. Green, grandson of Uncle Jimmie Green, and second cousin to Judge Green, of Tennessee. In Franklin County, Tenn., he joined the Church, at New Friendship, now called Faris Chapel. His mother's name is first on roll at Green's Chapel; his and wife next, in Brown County, Texas. He has been here twenty-nine years. They, as a family, are known to be of undoubted worth and Christian integrity. They have the prayers and sympathy of all. Little Emma, born Aug. 30, 1888, fell asleep Nov. 19, 1903. This writer and others often spoke of her as a bright and lovely child. We wonder, "Oh, we wonder," why one so glorious and so lovely should leave us, but she is safe. This little one will be missed in the home by father and mother and brothers and sisters, to whom she called so tenderly while the wreathing flames made haste. Little ones in Sabbath-school will miss her smiling face as they meet at Green's Chapel. May the entire family and Sabbath-school meet her in heaven.

A. F. BOWDEN.

Blanket, Texas.

GLASSCOCK.—Mattie Glascock, daughter of W. N. and Annie E. Glascock, was born Jan. 1, 1890; died Dec. 3, 1903. She joined the M. E. Church, South, July 28, 1901. Her life was one of sunshine. She was loved by every one who knew her, both those in the Church and out of the Church. Her life was truly one that was "hid with God." She impressed one as having been with Jesus, for just before falling asleep she showed by her angelic face that Jesus had come into her life, and would tarry. She did not look like one that had lived and died, but like one fresh from the great Master workman's hand. She leaves a father, mother and several brothers and sisters, with a host of friends, to mourn because of her departure. "We weep not as those who have no hope," for we expect to meet our sister again. Heaven will be dearer because she has gone to become one of its inmates. The pathway that leads up to heaven's heights will be smoother because it has been polished by her footsteps. I would say this to her classmates: that while you can not be with her here, live for God and you shall join her in the resurrection.

G. W. SHEARER.

NEIL.—Mrs. Deborah Neil was born at Salem, Roanoke County, Virginia, June 18, 1813, and died at her son-in-law's, P. D. Bartlett, at Eureka, Stephens County, Texas, Nov. 22, 1903, at nearly 90 years old. She was converted at an early age and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and lived a devoted Christian life. She married Wm. Landrum in 1833. To this marriage one son was given, who died at about one year of age, and near the same time her husband died. She was married to Henry Neil in 1843. To them were born two daughters, Mrs. P. D. Bartley, of Eureka, and Mrs. S. S. Cook, of Eolian, Texas. Bro. Neil died in 1849. Sister Neil was one of the most devout Christians I have ever known. She had a blessed experience. It was a great joy to me to see her happy and shouting the praises of God. She was ready and anxious to go home, but suffered much and waited in great patience. It was a spiritual benediction to me to hear her talk of the hope of the soul and pray with her. She is gone, but her light will still shine and her example help others to believe in Jesus and be faithful.

S. J. VAUGHAN.

Cisco, Texas.

SMITH.—Lewis C. Smith was born in Tennessee July 26, 1826. He went to his reward in heaven Oct. 25, 1903, aged seventy-seven years and three months. He moved to Texas thirty-three years ago. He was first married to Miss M. D. Parker in the State of Tennessee, July 24, 1852, to whom were born six children, five of whom are still living. The mother and one child deceased. On Feb. 26, 1863, in Arkansas, he was married to Miss Zenobia Kirkland, to which union were born nine children, eight of whom are still living; mother and one child preceded him to the better land. All of his children are members of the Church except one, and without an exception are among the firmest and best citizens and members of the Church in the community. He professed faith in Christ and joined the M. E. Church, South, at the age of twenty-five years and has lived a consistent Christian until his death. He moved to the community in which he died twenty-seven years ago, and was universally loved by all who knew him. All of his former pastors will bear me witness when I say that his home was the preacher's home. He loved his

Church, and demonstrated that love by his work and with his means. Too much could not be said in honor of this faithful man of God. The funeral service was held in the Methodist Church by his pastor. He was then laid to rest by the Masonic fraternity in the Carlton Cemetery. May God bless the bereaved ones.

J. H. WATTS.

OLIVER.—J. A. W. Oliver was born in South Carolina Aug. 12, 1831, and was married to Miss Mattie Golson in 1853. He was converted when twenty-seven years old and united with the M. E. Church, South, in which he lived a consistent member until his death, which occurred Nov. 25, 1903. Bro. Oliver came to Texas many years ago and his house became a sanctuary of God, where for years the gospel was preached and God's people met to enjoy communion and fellowship of His saints, and the large-hearted hospitality of their friend and neighbor. When the church was built at Mt. Zion he cheerfully gave two acres of land to be dedicated to the worship of God. Before his death, he had almost lost the sense of hearing, but patiently bore his afflictions and would go to Church that he might encourage his pastor by his presence. He leaves behind him his devoted companion, eight children, sixty-three grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren, who will hold him in loving remembrance and cherish his noble, Christian life.

R. F. DUNN.

GARNER.—Mrs. Eliza Jane Garner (nee Carr) was born in Kentucky, Mo., June 16, 1826. She was converted when a girl and joined the Methodist Church, in which she lived till God took her. She came to Texas and settled in Dallas County in 1850. There I met Grandma Garner in the fall of 1889. I was her pastor three years. She was a friend to the Church, to the sick and to the poor; the helper of her pastor. She was at Church at Cedar Hill on Saturday at 11 o'clock and testified for Christ; died on Sunday at 6 p. m. Aug. 31, 1903, and on Monday I preached her funeral at Duncanville, and her pastor, Bro. Areher, held the burial service at Wheatland (Old Wesley Chapel) the same evening. There are many good women in that community, but none who will be missed more than Grandma Garner. She leaves two brothers, four sisters, nine children and fifty-two grandchildren, and a host of friends to mourn her departure. Peace to her memory forever.

B. A. THOMASSON.

Sulphur Springs, Texas.

This is What They Say.

Those who take Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, eruptions, catarrh, rheumatism or dyspepsia, say it cures promptly and permanently, even after all other preparations fail. You may take this medicine with the utmost confidence that it will do you good. What it has done for others you have every reason to believe it will do for you.

Constipation is cured by Hood's Pills, 25 cents.

Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external Nature give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not dream.—Longfellow.

NATIONAL LIVE STOCK ASSOCIATION.

Portland, Oregon, January 12, 1904. Round trip tickets to Portland, Oregon, as follows:

Rate: One lowest normal first-class one-way fare.

Routes: The above rate applies for tickets going via Huntington or Billings, returning same route, or going via Huntington, returning via Billings, or vice versa. Going via Huntington or Billings, returning via Shasta Route or O. R. & N. Company steamers to San Francisco and direct routes from there at rate of \$13.50 higher.

Final return limit, January 31, 1904. Transit limit: Going transit limit January 12, 1904, going passage to begin on date of sale. Returning transit to begin on date of execution. Joint agent at destination will execute tickets by attaching validation certificate thereto. Stop-overs will be allowed within final limit at and west of Colorado common points, by depositing tickets with ticket agent at stop-over point. A. A. GLISSON, General Passenger Agent.

LOW RATES FOR CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

The Texas and Pacific Railway Company, as heretofore, affords the people of Texas and Louisiana an opportunity to visit the old home during the Christmas holidays at cheap rates. For full information, ask any ticket agent, or write E. P. Turner, General Passenger Agent, Dallas, Texas.

SPECIAL LAND BUYERS' EXCURSION.

Will run to the new lands of Greer County, Oklahoma, and other sections of the great Southwest in November and December, via the Frisco System.

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Consumption, Tuberculosis, Asthma and Catarrh,

Positively cured by entirely new methods. The white plague, the scourge of the world, brought under subjection to science. Will give thirty days' trial treatment in office free if not benefited. (Will not treat any case in third stage of consumption). I cure cancer by new methods.

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LIMIT 30 DAYS.

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Write and Tell us Where and we will Tell You How. A. S. WAGNER, T. P. A., Waco. JOHN F. LEHANE, G. F. and P. A., Fort Worth. D. M. MORGAN, T. P. A., Tyler.

A BOON does not, ultimately, bring about the best results to a community. THE PAN-HANDLE is NOT on a boom, but is enjoying the most rapid growth of any section of Texas. WHY? Because only recently have the public at large realized the opportunities which this northwest section of Texas offers. The large ranches are being divided into SMALL STOCK FARMS. Wheat, Corn, Cotton, Melons and all kinds of feed stuffs are being raised in abundance, surpassing the expectations of the most sanguine. A country abounding in such resources (tried and proven), together with the LOW PRICE of lands, can not help enjoying a most rapid growth, and that is what is happening in the Pan-Handle. "The Denver Road" has on sale daily a low rate home-seekers ticket, which allows you stop-overs at nearly all points; thus giving you chance to investigate the various sections of the Pan-Handle. Write A. A. GLISSON, General Passenger Agent, Fort Worth, Texas. For pamphlets and full information.

MILES AND MINUTES Are Very Important to the Traveler. THE I. & G. N. IS

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Correspondingly as Quick to All Eastern Cities Through St. Louis.

- 6 Hours 25 Minutes Quickest St. Louis to Houston.
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Leeville, at
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Bertram, at
Sunny Lane
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WEST TEXAS CONFERENCE.

Cuero District—First Round. Victoria Nursery, at Nursery, Tues, Dec 22...

Llano District—First Round. Liberty Hill, at L. H. 7 p. m., Dec 19...

San Marcos District—First Round. Dripping Spgs, at Driftwood, 3d Sun Dec...

San Antonio District—First Round. Uvalde, at Uvalde, 3d Sun Dec 20...

San Angelo District—First Round. Junction City, at J. C., Jan 4...

Austin District—First Round. Weimar, at Weimar, Dec 19, 20...

Beeville District—First Round. Goliad, at G., Dec 19, 20...

Corsicana District—First Round. Dawson, at Dawson, Dec 20, 21...

San Angelo District—First Round. Brady, at Brady, 3d Sun Dec 20...

Clarendon District—First Round. Clarendon, at Clarendon, Dec 19, 20...

Waxahachie District—First Round. Milford, at Sims' S. H., Dec 19, 20...

Dublin District—First Round. Duffau, at Skipper's Gap, Dec 19, 20...

Cisco sta, at Cisco, p. m., Jan 2, 4...

Georgetown District—First Round. Temple, First Church, Dec 19, 20...

Weatherford District—First Round. Santo, at Brazos, Dec 19, 20...

Fort Worth District—First Round. Glenwood, at Glenwood, Dec 16, 17...

Brownwood District—First Round. Wingate, at Wingate, Dec 19, 20...

Gatesville District—First Round. Crawford, at Crawford, Dec 19, 20...

Abilene District—First Round. Midland, at Midland, Dec 19, 20...

Vernon District—First Round. Chillicothe, at Chillicothe, Dec 19, 20...

Waco District—First Round. Lorena, at Lorena, Dec 19, 20...

Dublin District—First Round. Duffau, at Skipper's Gap, Dec 19, 20...

Peoria, at Menlow, Jan 16, 17...

NORTH TEXAS CONFERENCE.

Greenville District—First Round. Greenville, Wesley, 3d Sun Dec 20...

Sulphur Springs District—First Round. Mt. Vernon and Pine Forest, 3d Sun Dec...

Bonham District—First Round. Honey Grove, at White Rk., Dec 19, 20...

Terrell District—First Round. Garland, at Garland, Dec 19, 20...

Paris District—First Round. Detroit, at Detroit, Jan 2, 3...

McKinney District—First Round. Allen, at Allen, Dec 19, 20...

Sherman District—First Round. Pilot Grove, at Pilot Grove, Dec 19, 20...

Dallas District—First Round. Farmers Branch, at F. B., Jan 2, 3...

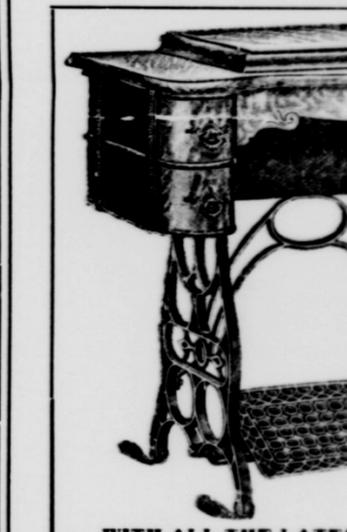
TEXAS CONFERENCE. Calvert District—First Round. Hearne and Wheelock, at H., Dec 19, 20...

Franklin sta, at Franklin, Jan 16, 17...

San Augustine District—First Round. Timpson, at Timpson, Dec 20, 21...

IT MAKES A NICE PRESENT. WHAT COULD BE MORE SUITABLE?

SOMETHING NEW IN SEWING MACHINE WOOD WORK



THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATES OUR NEW SWELL FRONT DROP head furniture fitted to our ball bearing stand...

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Burk, at Huntington, Feb 20, 21...

Jacksonville, at Jacksonville, Dec 20, 21...

Dear Sir—The High-Arm Sewing Machine which we bought from you...

Very Respectfully, W. B. CHEATHAM, Edgewood, Texas, Dec. 4, 1903.

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Improves the flavor and adds to the healthfulness of the food.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO. CHICAGO

THE NORTHWEST TEXAS CONFERENCE AND MISSIONS.

Seventy-three thousand Methodists! What an army! Where are they? In the bounds of the Northwest Texas Conference...

What can they do? Anything they want to. Can they raise seventy thousand dollars a year for missions alone? Of course they can.

How many more are there who can be induced to do what these fifteen are doing? A hundred? Certainly there are.

Why should we do this? The Lord wants us to do it. Aside from his reconciliation with Peter by the sea of Galilee, the missionary cause is the only thing he talked about during the forty days after his resurrection.

To do this the Lord's plan is for some to give their lives and their money. There are thousands who are giving their lives.

But it seems easier for some to give their lives than for some others to give their money. Artemus Ward was willing to give all his wife's relatives to save the union, but he allowed his twins to squirt dish water on the income tax collector.

The dear friends at New Boston write that they are praying for and sympathizing with me and mine. Will not the readers of the Advocate do the same, and help their suffering brother?

One conspicuous case of it caused the rout of Israel at the opening of the dispensation in the land of Canaan, and one stands out as a fearful, gruesome, object lesson to the early Church in Jerusalem.

We want an average of a dollar each from the seventy thousand Methodists in the conference, and we want it given willingly, not grudgingly, nor of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.

not double his contribution and not feel it.

There now, I am sorry I wrote that, but since it is said I will let it go, for it is a sample of a very pernicious form of speech among us.

There now, I am sorry I wrote that, but since it is said I will let it go, for it is a sample of a very pernicious form of speech among us.

HORACE BISHOP.

A TOUCHING AFFLICTION.

Last Monday, yes, the 7th day of December, 1903, my boy died from the effect of a gunshot wound accidentally inflicted by himself.

I feel his kiss upon my brow and lip, as when, in baby days, his mother paced him in my lap and he twined the chubby arm around my neck and lisped, "Baby love pa."

Yes, yes; I feel the strong grasp of his honest hand and it draws me to the brighter resting place to which he has gone.

The dear friends at New Boston write that they are praying for and sympathizing with me and mine.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

There is nothing more suitable for a gift than a watch, diamond ring or some piece of jewelry which you know to be admired by the recipient of the gift.

Ready for Work.

I shall be glad to assist as many of the brethren as I can in their meetings during the incoming year.

Northwest Texas Conference Journal.

The Journal of the Northwest Texas Conference will be completed and ready to be mailed out by the time this notice appears in the Advocate.

If any brother fails to receive his package of Journals by December 25, let him write the editor at Brownwood, and his wants shall be supplied.

"BUILDERS OF THE BEAUTIFUL."

A New Book that Ought to be in Every Home of our Church, and Studied by Old and Young.

"Builders of the Beautiful" is the title of a book just out from the press of Funk & Wagnalls. The author, H. L. Piner, Supt. Blind Asylum, Austin, is well known all over Texas as an educator and writer.

"Builders of the Beautiful" is based upon the philosophy that spirit creates form, and its doctrine is so refreshing and stimulating that the reader does not willingly lay the book aside till the end is reached.

This book has a message to humanity—a message of good cheer, faith, hope, charity. No purchaser will regret his investment in ordering a copy.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Received of G. C. Rankin, D. D., the following amounts in full of all assessments in the North Texas Conference Brotherhood:

Table with columns for date, name, and amount. Includes entries for Nov. 27, 1903 and Dec. 12, 1903.

Total \$22.50 J. A. WYATT, Treas.

Postoffice Addresses.

Rev. J. W. Gibbens, 702 Bandera Street, West End San Antonio, Texas. Rev. F. M. Sherwood, Gibtown, Tex. Rev. A. P. Lowery, 409 Cedar Springs Street, Dallas, Texas.

"It was a brave act, young man," said the grateful father, with deep feeling. "At the peril of your life, you rushed into the burning building and saved my daughter. How can I ever repay you?"

AN APPROPRIATE

Christmas Present

SEND US \$1.00 FOR TWO YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE AMERICAN HOME JOURNAL, AND YOU GET

3 Counts in The Great "Jim Hogg" Contest

THE AMERICAN HOME JOURNAL IS AN APPROPRIATE CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR THE MOST REFINED HOME. YOU WILL WIN A PRIZE IF YOU COUNT THE STARS CORRECTLY WE WILL SEND A FREE COPY OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER IF YOU SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

Mrs. C. V. Walker, of Ennis, Texas, writes: "I received my magazine yesterday and feel that the paper is a prize within itself, and thank you for it."

Miss Effie West, of Frost, Texas, writes: "I have received two numbers of the American Home Journal, and to say that I am delighted and surprised to get such a valuable paper so cheap, is a mild way of expressing my appreciation."

The American Home Journal L. BLAYLOCK, President. FRED E. JOHNSTON, Manager. DALLAS, TEXAS.

A DREAM.

(The author is only fourteen years of age.—Ed. Advocate.)

I had the queerest dream one night! I dreamed that I was dead, And to the region down below I was to go, God said.

I thought the great Redeemer sat Upon a throne of gold And listened while I told to Him My history, long and old.

I told Him of my troubles great, And of my toils and strife; Of all the cares that I had borne Through the weary march of life.

I told Him how I used to pray And ask Him in my prayers To guide my weary, worn-out feet Toward the golden stairs.

Like after the close of every day Comes the setting of the sun, Always my prayers would surely end, "Thy holy will be done."

I said I tried to bear my pains, And tried to comfort all, But said in spite of all my life My faith in Him would fall.

Then the great Redeemer sweetly laid His hand upon my knee And said: "I sent these burdens great To try thy faith in Me.

"And thou, oh weary pilgrim, Couldst not thy sufferings bear, While I upon the cross did bleed To all thy burdens share."

And there I stood while the vision Of the Savior seemed to pass by, And Christ upon the cruel cross Was next to catch my eye.

And then I seemed to hear him say, In words so sweet and low: "Those who ask forgiveness To heaven shall surely go."

And then I turned and looked at Him, With a tear still in my eye, And said: "Forgive me, Savior!" And then I stopped to cry.

And then I dreamed He answered, Without a tear or sigh, That I should go to heaven And never have to die.

At the end of all our pleasure there is sure to come a pain, I woke and found my weary self In this wicked world again.

A conversation with the Savior, Although it was a dream, Seems to make heaven nearer me And shine with a brighter gleam.

MIRIAM PATTERSON. Thorndale, Texas.

WANTED.

A good doctor that is a Methodist, for a good location. Prefer a man with some experience. Address Box 17, Evant, Texas.

Though life's labor leads us to turn many ways the compass of the soul turns ever to Christ.

FOR SALE

New Boarding House Near State Normal. For Terms write to W. J. JOYCE, San Marcos, Tex.

NO. 7002.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT. OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 5, 1903. WHEREAS, By satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that

The Texas National Bank of Dallas, located in the City of Dallas, in the County of Dallas, and State of Texas, has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of banking.

The Texas National Bank of Dallas, located in the City of Dallas, in the County of Dallas, and State of Texas, is authorized to commence the business of banking as provided in Section Fifty-one Hundred and Sixty-nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, witness my hand and seal of office this fifth day of December, 1903.

(Seal) WM. B. RIDGELY, Comptroller of Currency.

Advertisement for C. P. Barnes & Co., featuring watches, diamonds, jewelry, and silverware. Includes text 'SINCE 1858' and 'Headquarters For Santa Claus for Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware and Optical Goods.'



Advertisement for Parlin & Orendorff Co., Dallas, Texas, promoting a 'Christmas Drive' and offering a 'name plate on buggies on the floor of your merchant'.

Large advertisement for 'THE "KATY" GIRL' featuring a picture in colors and promoting it as a 'HOLIDAY GIFT' available for 12c.

Additional text regarding the Denver Road and other transportation services, including details about passenger trains and schedules.