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Editorial.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH PAPER.

This is a reading age, as much as some of us are disposed to discount this statement. The school teacher is abroad over the land. Children are learning to read. The book agent is also threading the hedges and the by-ways with his stock of literature. Every county seat has its local paper. The weeklies and semi-weeklies issued by the great metropolitan dailies are carried everywhere by the rural route delivery postmen. Cheap novels are finding their way into the hands of young people. As a result, there is more general reading of one sort and another than ever before. The house, throughout the country, in which there is not a book or a paper of some description is the exception. On this account it has become necessary to put our religious papers into the homes of our people to offset the influence of a different sort of literature. True, the Church paper can not compete in price with these cheap weeklies and semi-weeklies. They are simply the rehash of what has already appeared in their daily editions. It costs these weeklies and semi-weeklies nothing extra to put this matter into them, except the raw paper. In fact, the matter itself has already been paid for by the patrons of the daily editions. To get out a first-class weekly religious paper is a costly business. The raw paper is higher than ever before, so is the labor necessary to produce it; and so is the machinery with which the work is executed. There is nothing cheap in connection with such an enterprise. Then, too, these weeklies can and do handle a paying class of advertisements that a religious paper dare not take into its columns. So that it takes money, and lots of it, to produce such a paper as the Texas Christian Advocate. And the matter found in its columns can not be found in any other paper. It is Church matter pure and simple that gets into the columns of the religious paper. Hence the price paid for the religious paper is very reasonable, and when it comes to the influence of the paper on the moral and religious sentiment of the home, there can be no comparison between the secular and the religious papers. Take the Advocate, for instance, and it is less than five cents per week. It gives in exchange sixteen pages of clean matter, some of it of a very high order, and all of it worthy of a reading. No family in this country who belongs to the Church can afford to be without it when it can be had for so small a price. But over and above these considerations, the Advocate ought to be in the homes of our people because of its educative influence in matters of material and religious helpfulness to our membership. The only way to be a broad and liberal member of the Church is to know what the Church is doing for the world as an institution ordained of God for the salvation of men. The intelligence necessary to this end is imparted by the religious paper. When a member of the Church reads the paper, keeps up with the progress of Church work in the matter of revivals, in its institutions

of learning, in its contributions to mission and works of benevolence, in its force as a factor in training and elevating public sentiment, such a person feels deeper interest in his Church and helps more liberally in its support. He becomes more active in his religious life, more pronounced in his piety and more generous in his contributions. As a matter of fact, people take higher ground in all these matters when they are accurately informed as to the real work being done by the Church to which they belong. Lack of information, ignorance as to what religious work is doing for the world, are the barriers to progress and to expansion. Knowledge is power, ignorance is weakness. The complaint against ancient Israel by the prophet was: "The people perish for lack of knowledge." The same is true, in a modified form, today. Give to the people the proper information touching the great questions now before the Church and a larger per cent of them will quicken the pace of their duty and increase their devotion to Zion. One successful way to do this is to put a good, live and sound religious paper into their homes, where the fathers and mothers and the children read its columns. Ten thousand new subscribers in Texas this year would work a religious revolution in our Church. It would stimulate the interests of mission, church extension, education and church building. Our pastors and people can do no better work than to proceed at once to put the Advocate into the families of the Church where it is now a stranger. Try it and see if things do not speedily come to pass.

CULTIVATE THE SIMPLE LIFE.

Life with us is become too complex and manifold. We try to spread over too much territory and to appropriate too many elements. Mental dissipations are becoming extreme. The avenues of pleasure are too numerous. We are running after too many diversions. The result is, we become surfeited with the things that do not satisfy. People want to become rich, and no amount of riches will satisfy them. They want fresher pleasures and more of them. Under this constant pressure they do not get the best and most valuable out of life. They are hungry without being filled.

The simple life is far preferable. It does not gorge itself upon excesses. Godliness with contentment is great gain. It has the promise of the life that now is and of that yet to come. Such a life does not need the stimulus of intoxicants, the excitement of the ball room, the recreation of the card table, the high life of the theater, and the mad rush after wealth. It finds its pleasure and satisfaction in the substantial pursuits of this existence and it does not need to turn aside after the questionable amusements and indulgences of the day. To love God, to deal righteously with our fellow man, to do good as we have opportunity, to have enough of this world's goods to meet the needs of life and to help those who are unfortunate, to keep a conscience void of offense—these are the things which go to make up the experiences of the simple life. Our fathers and mothers followed this sort of life, and they

were happy, useful, sober and virtuous. The simple life is the natural life and it is in harmony with the gospel of Christ. The other sort of life produces restlessness, dissatisfaction, a grasping spirit, covetousness and some times dishonesty and untruthfulness. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," says the Savior, and whatever is necessary will "be added unto you." Coffers filled with money, ranges covered with herds and flocks, and stocks and bonds can not satisfy the soul. The more of these people possess the more of them they want. But godliness, with substantial accumulations, is best for men and women. Economy and frugality are more conducive to character than millions with their sordid influence.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

In one of our Northwestern States the other week the inauguration of the Governor took place in a Church, followed with prayer by the man thus taking upon himself the duties of the Chief Executive of the Commonwealth. It was an impressive and dignified ceremony, and we have seen no criticism of it in the secular press. This, perhaps, is an exceptional case, but it was not out of harmony with the highest standard of propriety and reverential taste. Neither was it an undue mixture of politics and religion upon the one hand, nor the encroachment of the Church upon the State upon the other hand. In connection with the ceremony there was no gaudy display, no frivolity, no glamor of ostentation. A dignified religious gentleman simply took the oath of office, kissed the Bible as a token of his sincerity, and then lead the great throng in prayer to Almighty God for divine blessings upon the administration of the public affairs of the State. After the ceremonies the officials and the audience quietly left the sanctuary and repaired to their several places of business. Last week there was a similar ceremony at Austin, but under different circumstances. It did not take place in a sanctuary set apart for worship, but in the Hall of Representatives and in the presence of a great throng. Prayer was offered by the Senate Chaplain, the oath of office was administered by a distinguished jurist, the incoming Governor solemnly kissed the Bible and then followed speech making and applause from the House and the galleries. Thus far we have no semblance of fault to find. It was a proper, a dignified and a solemn ceremony and in every way in keeping with good taste and propriety. But what followed later in the evening? A great ball in the same room in which the ceremony of the noon hour had taken place. A great deal of money was expended in decorating the hall for this brilliant occasion, and hundreds of fashionable and wealthy people danced and waltzed till the wee small hours the next morning. It took just seven columns of a daily paper to minutely describe the gorgeous costumes worn by the first ladies in the land as they appeared in dazzling gems on the floor of the dance hall that night. Some of these rich gowns were made in the city of Paris, so we were told, and brought over for this special occasion. As to the

first gentlemen of the land—the friends of the common people—they were dressed in handsome attire, according to the newspaper reports, and for hours sported themselves gracefully and charmingly in the gay and giddy dance. The Capitol was one scene and shimmer of beauty, the like of which has rarely ever been witnessed in Austin. Its glory dazzled the eye and stimulated the admiration of the pride-loving vanity of the higher classes of Texas society. It was a surpassingly brilliant state occasion. It had to be, for it followed the inauguration of a plain man for Governor, whose dominant war cry during his campaign was his friendship for the common people and his advocacy of the interests of the down-trodden laboring classes of the Commonwealth. Of course, Austin had to make his advent to office something out of the ordinary. A brilliant dance throughout the night was necessary to initiate him into the duties of his great position. The common people took no part in those dress-parade displays and in these graceful curves and charming figures of the dance. They were living in their humble homes in the outskirts of the towns, the cities and the distant rural sections of the State. No illuminated invitations were mailed to them to be present and take part in this wondrous performance. When it comes to voting they are reckoned with, but on occasions like this they were wisely overlooked. But we are not offering criticisms; we are only stating the facts and drawing a contrast.

A lifeboat is all right in an emergency, but you cannot navigate the sea in that sort of a barque. When you undertake that achievement you want a steady and tried old vessel that has often weathered the storm and anchored in the port. Lifeboat religion is a poor makeshift. It hardly answers for purposes of emergency; and if that is the only sort of religion you possess, you had better change it before the storm strikes you.

Pure and undefiled religion does not consist in a pious facial expression, or in audible expressions in meeting, or in loud professions of self-righteousness on the street corners; but it does show its real character in a deep repentance, a bright experience and a consistent life before the world. A verbal testimony is all right, but a consecrated life is a demonstration of inward principle. Experience and practice are the best evidences of an unmistakable case of old-fashioned religion.

Men sometimes say that it does not matter what they believe if they are honest. Such a statement is not only false, but it does not have the semblance of common sense. "As a man thinketh so is he," says the good Book. His thinking makes the source of his moral life, and if he thinks falsely he will believe falsely, and false belief is fatal to piety. A man may think he is ever so honest in his belief, but it will not save him from grievous mistakes and overt sins. Is it possible for a man to be honest and believe a falsehood? Well, you answer the question.

DR. M. H. NEELY'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL SERMON.

(Delivered at the Last Session of the North Texas Conference.)

On November 5, 1856, I was admitted into the East Texas Conference on trial, with a class of three, Bishop R. Paine presiding. The three of us who were admitted had all been re-chooled and classmates at McKenzie College. Rev. J. Clark Smith, after serving several years on circuits, stations and districts, died at Terrell in 1889. He was a noble man, true and faithful, and his end was peace. Rev. W. J. Joyce spent a few years in the East Texas Conference and transferred to the West Texas Conference, of which he is now a superannuated member. It may be of some interest to the younger preachers to know how I went to that conference, which met at Paris, Texas. A saddle and bridle and a pair of old-time saddlebags constituted my worldly possessions. I had no horse, but my presiding elder, Rev. J. R. Bellamy, of precious memory, told me if I could get to the conference he would furnish me with a horse. There was a wool-carding machine three miles east of Paris, and people from far and near took their wool there to be carded. A neighbor of my father told me that he was going just at the time of the conference with a load of wool and that I could put my saddle and bridle in his wagon and ride on the seat with him. Thus I reached the carding machine and walked thence to Paris. Reaching there Tuesday evening, I was assigned to a home, and Wednesday morning I was on hand at the opening of the conference—a memorable occasion to me. The very sight of the venerable Bishop Paine impressed me wonderfully and when I heard him preach on Sunday I was completely captured. His text was "Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord to persuade men." He dwelt on the omnipotence, the omniscience and the omnipresence of God. When with much feeling he spoke of spending sleepless nights in thinking of having to send young men to hard and difficult works, he closed by saying in a most impressive way that he had never sent them where there was no God to watch over and keep them. I was ready to go anywhere he might direct. I felt the spirit of Isaiah when he said "Here am I, send me." I am thankful that the same spirit has actuated my ministry ever since—never seeking place, but going wherever sent.

At the close of the conference I was read out to the Clarksville Circuit as junior preacher under Rev. H. W. Cumming, who located several years ago and still lives in Delta County. He was a good preacher and most excellent man, taking a fatherly interest in me, a mere boy at the time. I shall always remember him kindly. The Clarksville Circuit embraced all the country lying between the Sulphur River and Red River, from the Bowie County line on the east to the Lamar County line on the west, with one or two appointments in each of these counties. There were twenty-six preaching places to be filled every four weeks. I was almost constantly in the saddle and did my reading and studying on horseback. In the homes, where I was always kindly welcomed, there was absolutely no opportunity for reading or study. On two different occasions I was compelled to lie out over night with Mother Earth for bed, my saddle for a pillow and the heavens for covering. But with all these hardships and privations those were happy days. One great trial with me this year was having to preach over a month at McKenzie College before the President and faculty and the students. Young and timid, I found it a great embarrassment. Dr. McKenzie, "Old Master," as we loved to call him, noticed this and took me to his room and kindly and lovingly talked to me about it and greatly encouraged me. O how much I owe to that great and good man!

At the close of the year the conference met at Rusk. To reach it I had three days' travel on horseback

through a steady rain. Bishop Kavanaugh presided. It was at this conference that Bishop Kavanaugh preached that memorable Thanksgiving sermon from the 65th Psalm, never to be forgotten by any who heard it. At this conference I was appointed to the Rockwall Circuit, three days' travel from the seat of the conference. I started on this long journey with only 25 cents in my pocket. The rousing missionary speech of Dr. Jefferson Hamilton, of Alabama, so stirred me that I gave all but 25 cents. I had faith in God that he would take care of me. I reached Rockwall with my 25 cents capital intact. Rockwall Circuit embraced all of what is now Rockwall County, a good portion of Collin, Hunt and extended into Grayson, with one appointment on the Van Zandt County line, and now forms a part of four districts, six circuits and five stations. The conference was held at the close of this year at Tyler, Bishop Pierce presiding, by whom I was ordained deacon in 1858. I was sent to Kaufman Circuit, remaining on this work two years. In the fall of 1860 I was sent to Athens Circuit; in 1861 to Kickapoo Circuit; in 1862 and 1863 to Paris Circuit. In the fall of 1864 I was sent to Sherman Station and remained two years, which was then the time limit. In the fall of 1866 our conference was held at Marshall, Bishop Marvin presiding. The General Conference of 1866, held in New Orleans, had granted to East Texas Conference the right to divide, and by vote the conference was divided. I was appointed to Kaufman District. In the fall of 1867 the conference met at Sulphur Springs, Bishop McTyeire presiding, and the Trinity Conference was organized. At the General Conference of 1874, held at Louisville, Ky., the name was changed from Trinity to North Texas Conference. At this conference I was appointed to Kaufman District.

But time will not allow me to give in detail a description of my several charges, and I only give the connection. In 1868, Ladonia Circuit; in 1869, Sherman Station, with Bonham attached; in 1870, 1871 and 1872, Sulphur Springs Station; in 1873 and 1874, Sulphur Springs District. In the fall of 1871 the conference was held at Paris, Bishop Pierce presiding. He sent me to Dallas Station, where I remained two years; in 1877 and 1878, Jefferson Station; in 1879, 1880, 1881 and 1882, Sulphur Springs District; in 1883, 1884, 1885 and 1886, Terrell Station; in 1887, 1888, 1889 and 1890, Denton Street, Gainesville.

At the close of my fourth year in Gainesville my wife was in bad health and my physicians advised me to take her to Colorado as, perhaps, the only means of saving her life. I accordingly took her to Colorado Springs, having no thought of remaining in that country. But while there the Denver Conference met at Rye, Bishop Hendrix presiding. He heard of my being there and left the First Church at Pueblo to be supplied, and came at once to see me about taking charge of it. My wife was improving, and he agreed that I ought to stay there at least one year; so with the understanding that I was to still hold my relation to the North Texas Conference I consented to fill Pueblo as supply. At the close of the year I went up to conference to make my report with the full intention of returning home. Bishop Duncan told me that from what he could learn my return to Texas would endanger my wife's health and insisted that he had important work for me there and that I ought to stay. Again I yielded and was put in charge of the whole Denver Conference, thrown into one district, which I served two years. Bishop Key then held the conference and divided it into three districts, forming them around three of the largest stations, so that the presiding elder could serve both the station and the district. I was appointed to Trinidad Station and District. The next year (1895) Bishop Hargrove held the conference and sent me to Morrison Memorial in Denver and to the Denver District. In 1896 Bishop Hendrix again presided and again threw the conference

into one district and put me in charge. At this conference I told Bishop Hendrix that I had made up my mind to transfer back to the North Texas Conference. The Denver Conference was held in August and the North Texas Conference was held in November, so the Bishop insisted that I could make one round on the district there and reach the North Texas Conference in time. He, therefore, appointed me to the district again with the understanding that he would give me a transfer at the close of the first round. Thus I lost no time working on in the Denver Conference to the meeting of the North Texas Conference. I came back just in time to meet with the North Texas Conference at Dallas in 1897. Bishop Granbery presided and sent me to the Terrell District. So it will be seen that my six years' stay in Colorado were not years of idleness, but of strenuous labor.

In 1898 sent to Terrell Station; 1899 and 1900, Whitewright Station; 1901, Denton Station; 1902-3-4-5, Plano Station.

Thus in the fifty years I spent eight in circuit work, fourteen in district work and twenty-eight in stations. During all these years the Church has dealt kindly with me, and I have never suffered want. Just here I want to enter my protest against the modern method of classifying preachers by their salaries and speak of \$1000, \$1500 and \$2500 preachers, etc. It is bad taste and evil in its tendencies; it is also misleading. It is proper to speak of \$1000 or \$2000 charges, but to apply it to the preachers is misleading. I repeat, for sometimes a \$800 preacher is sent to a \$2500 charge. To illustrate: I have been four years at Plano on a thousand-dollar salary. My official board were not really interested about my successor and asked me to suggest some suitable man. I spoke of a man that I thought would suit them and with one accord they said they could not reach him, because he was a fifteen-hundred-dollar man. Of course, they never thought that this was an implied reflection on me. The Bishop may appoint a \$2500 man to Plano this year, but the quality of the preaching will not be improved.

Now during these fifty years I have never missed the roll call of my conference. Have been a delegate to six General Conferences and never missed roll call; was a member of the Centennial Conference in Baltimore in 1884 and answered to my name; a member of the Parent Board of Church Extension for twenty years and only missed one meeting. I do not refer to these things by way of self-glory, but to magnify the goodness and grace of God in enabling me to meet these obligations, however unworthily.

Progress.

When I joined the East Texas Conference in 1856 there were 65 traveling preachers and 14,344 members. Of this number, however, 2593 were probationers and 1513 colored members and 555 colored probationers, leaving only 9436 members in full connection. In 1867, when the Trinity Conference was organized, it had 37 traveling preachers, 9 superannuates and 7495 white members and 588 colored members, making 8257 in all, leaving in the East Texas Conference 5595 white members and 1129 colored members, making 7165. In 1856, when I entered the conference, the whole State had but 28,000 members. Now we have, in 1905, 51,507 members in the North Texas Conference and in the State 231,000. But let us specify some particular points in our own conference to illustrate growth.

Take Dallas. In 1874, when I was sent to Dallas Station, I had charge of the old Lamar Street Church, which has developed into the present First Church. Rev. J. R. Allen had charge of Floyd Street, which has grown into the magnificent Grace Church. And then grew up Trinity, and the membership in either of these three Churches more than doubles the entire membership in Dallas in 1874. Besides, there is Ervay Street, Oak Cliff, Oak Lawn and other Churches. It is wonderful. Again in 1869 I

served Sherman and Bonham as one charge. Now both Sherman and Bonham have two strong Churches each and two or three stations on the round between them, which I traveled in filling them in 1869.

Or, take Gainesville. When I went to that charge in 1887 there was but one society. During my second year Broadway Church was organized and now both of these are strong, prosperous churches with a membership in each much larger, perhaps double, the original membership.

These are only samples of the wonderful growth which I have been permitted to witness with joy and gratitude. Right here let me say from the heart, "Bless the Lord, oh my soul!"

But how about the spiritual status of our Church, which by all means should be the true test of progress and real prosperity. Have we kept pace in spiritual progress with our progress along other lines? At the risk of being put down as an old fogy I must express some misgivings on this point, yet I am not a pessimist, but when I recall the glorious revivals of former years and compare them with our modern revivals, so-called, I can not help noting the difference. We know that some one has said that "Memory's geese are often swans," but it is true that the old-time revival was a thorough thing. It sent the spear between the joints of the armor; it drew the arrow to the head and let it fly at the mark; it let the ploughshare go to the brain and turned up the fallow ground. Men were taught by our old fathers that they were in fearful danger; that they were sinners who must look to God through Christ for salvation, and they might, should and must receive the witness of the Spirit to that fact. And giants were born in those days! What we need today is plain gospel preaching. And, brethren, there is no preaching like the doctrines of God's law and Christ's atonement, repentance and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, the new birth and the seal of the Holy Ghost set forth by an earnest, glowing heart to bring men to the cross. It has never been improved upon; it has never failed. But all ministers in their days do not seem to appreciate the power of such a gospel. They have been tempted to modernize the pulpit and too many have yielded to the temptation and have brought in a perfect deluge of science and literature, art and philosophy, socialism, evolutionism and popular secularism. Many pulpits have been turned into lecture-ships on all things in general and nothing in particular. But these topics, however much they may compliment a man's learning and versatility, do not bring salvation. They do not press home the need of immediate redemption. They do not make saints. And just at this point allow me to speak kindly of what seems to me serious defects in our modern evangelism. While not wishing to attack any class of consecrated workers for God and his Church, it is my deliberate conviction, based upon careful study and observation, that some modern evangelistic methods and processes are detrimental to the spirituality and well-being of the Church and a disorganizing and dangerous innovation on old-time methods. This disposition to improve on the old vigorous style of salvation of the early days and adapt revivals to modern times has, I verily believe, wrought endless mischief. To make the way easy, hurry the convert in and count him, may be a good way to manufacture statistics, but it leaves a hereafter that it is hard for a faithful pastor to get over. In the language of Dr. Day, who was elected to the office of Bishop in the M. E. Church and declined it: "We have too often taken the penitents in hand. We have presumed to break the shell for them. The result has been in such cases sickly chickens. They reflect small honor on their incubators. The notorious practice of urging people to the altar and then compelling them to say they feel better, of telling them that Christ died for sinners and they are sinners, and if they believe these two facts they are saved; of teaching them that

Christ suffered all the sorrow required and that repentance, therefore, is not essential and can not obtain pardon—all this mixture of truth and error is bringing modern revivals into contempt."

Now I do not want to be too drastic nor do I include all evangelists in this indictment. Some are wise to win souls, but many seem satisfied when they stir up an excitement, rope in a rabble, pocket a liberal contribution which is an important part of their program, and then leave the Church and the pastor the disagreeable task of casting out what they have roped in. Then off they go to deceive and damage other Churches by trumpeting through the press and boasting before the public their immense fish stories of their immense exploits in catching men.

Brethren, let us go very slowly and prayerfully in the matter of appointing special evangelists. Methodism has no need of specialists or hobby-riders; her machinery is so compact and interacting that to introduce them is to bring about derangement and, I fear, disaster. There is danger of getting tangled in our own tackle. Now I believe it is God's will to bless and honor his own providentially-established agencies. The Church and the pastor are as old as Christianity. There is no leadership like that of a devoted, well-instructed and energetic pastor. No man that fails as a pastor will make a useful evangelist. No successful evangelist that is willing to do God's work but could make an effective pastor. No Church can endure for a succession of years seasons of extraordinary services under the guidance of eccentric teachers. We have known Churches to be utterly exhausted in the process. I have thus candidly expressed my views on a most important question which confronts us today. But to say all that I wish to say would tax your time and patience; but allow me to reiterate with emphasis that we need to return insofar as we have departed to the time-honored and God-honored method of preaching the old doctrines of the cross—the fundamental doctrines of our gospel, repentance, faith and new birth adoption, and the witness of the Spirit and a life of thorough consecration, the gospel which is still the power of God into salvation. Some, I fear, may be tempted to think that these themes become monotonous and that it is necessary to turn aside to remoter and more novel themes lest they should weary their congregations with a monotony of teaching. But, my brethren, these doctrines have a variety and extent of application which, wisely and judiciously conceived, do not require any such compromise. O think of this grand compendium of its teaching: "God manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory." Is the range so narrow as to cramp you? O here is height and length and breadth and depth. It is a broad land of wealth unknown. There is no narrowness here to disappoint and fret the most exploring mind. It is no narrow path the preacher of this doctrines treads. He need not be compassionated by the reformer and the philosopher, because he is shut up to the doctrine of Christ. If he determines to know nothing among men but Jesus and him crucified, he is no captive in a narrow cell that denies him range of foot and thought. It is a limitless field, the sphere without walls or copse, in which the preacher of Christ and his salvation ranges at will. Here is enough to stimulate the mind, to gird every power to strenuous wrestling, to feed it, to expand it, and to satisfy it. The pulpit that preaches Christ and him crucified need not run out into literature or social life, a current of providences or advertise quaint and whimsical themes to supplement the charm of the gospel. Then if Christ for man's salvation touches the world's heart, the tragedy of the cross has peace in it. Jubilate these glad tidings and the feet of men run together to catch that message.

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Notes From the Field

Deport. Our first Quarterly Conference for the year was held last Saturday and Sunday. The reports were encouraging...

Royse City. We have been kindly received by the good people of Royse. After spending three years at Forney, we were changed to Royse...

Kingsville Mission. We are moving on nicely in our new field of labor. Our first Quarterly Conference is a thing of the past...

was an inspiration to meet them. I will give them a week night appointment. We hope to build a church there before the year is out.

Carthage, Okla. After a long move of a hundred miles or more I am very comfortably fixed in Carthage, my new field of labor. I got here on December 19, 1906...

Penelope Mission. Am glad the Bishop saw fit to let us remain here another year. We are getting along very well on our second year's work.

Valley Mills. Owing to rain, snow and black mud, we were delayed several days in getting to our new charge, Valley Mills and Clifton.

provement now being made at Valley Mills, we will have two of the nicest little churches in the district, on this charge.

Rosston. We arrived at Rosston Thanksgiving day, about 7 p. m., and lodged with one Z. T. Maxwell that night.

Weimar. Our Conference Missionary Evangelist, Bro. Joe F. Webb, has just closed a twelve days' meeting at Weimar.

Lurango. In the providence of God, we were returned to serve this work another year, which met the approval of both pastor and people of all kinds.

Mesquite. Mesquite is one of the thriving little cities of Texas. As a cotton market and business center we stand shoulder to shoulder with many towns that far exceed us in point of population.



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are two points of doctrine the New South can never accept. I refer to Calvinism and the Northern theory of the race problem.

presiding elder, Bro. T. H. Morris, has just been with us. He has made a favorable impression, both here and on the Willis Point Circuit.

Floydada. We are well into our third year on this charge. The past two years have been pleasant to this preacher and wife, and we hope not unprofitable to our people.

Farmer. During the recent war with Spain, Secretary of War Alger asked for news from the front and Adj. Gen. Corbin replied: "Shafter is fighting, not writing."

Willis Point. A cordial welcome awaited us on our arrival four weeks ago. It was the longest move we could possibly make without transferring to another conference.

GIRL BABY'S AWFUL ECZEMA

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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.

Resolutions of respect will not be inserted in the Obituary Department under any circumstances, but if paid for will be inserted in another column.

Poetry Can in No Case be Inserted.

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CAMMACK.—Mrs. Mary Cammack (nee Thurman), daughter of Daniel and Calista Thurman, was born in Simpson County, Miss., May 3, 1882; was married to Fletcher Cammack March 9, 1899; moved with her husband to Shelby County, Texas, in July, 1901, and to Pickering, Louisiana, in August, 1906, where she died, November 25, 1906, of typhoid fever. She possessed faith in Christ and joined the Baptist Church at ten years of age, but after her marriage joined the M. E. Church, South, with her husband, and lived an exemplary Christian life till removed from the Church militant to the Church triumphant. She loved the Church services, which she evinced by attending regularly. She sometimes testified in the experience meetings that she realized that she was "drawing nearer" her "heavenly home every day." Death was not unexpected. Soon after moving to Louisiana she had a presentiment that she would not live long, and told her husband so. And when her fatal affliction came, which continued fifty-six days, she bore it with unsurpassed patience and resignation. She never murmured at anything. Everything was perfectly all right. She said she would like to live to raise her children, but didn't think she would. She expressed a desire to see her people (all of whom were in Mississippi, except the writer, who was in Texas, and one other brother who was with her), but said she would never see them any more in this world, but would meet them in a better world. She would often have those who attended her to sing and she would seem perfectly happy. Shortly before the end came she said to her husband: "I'll soon be gone, and I want Mrs. Overton (a friend whom she dearly loved) to place me in my coffin." With tears in her eyes she kissed her three little girls good bye, and said: "God bless my children!" As long as she could speak she would point heavenward and say: "I'll soon be gone." And finally she nestled her face to her husband's and without a struggle fell asleep in the arms of Jesus, leaving her husband, three children, both her parents, two sisters, one half sister, five brothers, and many other relatives and friends to mourn her absence. Oh! how sad we are without her! Our grief is inexpressible! but, thank God, we "sorrow not as those who have no hope." We expect to meet her again, and heaven seems nearer and is dearer since she has gone there. We join her in invoking God's blessings upon her little motherless children, and pray that when life's journey is over we may all be brought together in that good land where there will be no more sorrow, pain, nor death and where "God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes." Her brother, **M. A. THURMAN,** Menardville, Texas.

PETERS.—H. R. Peters was born August 22, 1851, in Hazelgreen, Grant County, Wisconsin, and came to Texas between 1854 and 1906. He married Miss Lula V. Harold in April, 1879. Six children were born unto them. I have not the date of his first wife's death. He was married to Miss M. L. Moody, of Jones County, Texas, April 8, 1896, with whom he lived till his death and who now mourns his death. He joined the M. E. Church, South, in 1888, at Fairview, Jones County, Texas, and passed to his reward December 4, 1906. Bro. Peters was a useful member, and held the office of steward in the Church acceptably for many years. For some years before his death he was a great sufferer, but he bore it patiently, and his record is on high. The pastors of the Church have record to his faithfulness, and the community and the Church miss him much. He was widely known. A large, sympathetic company of his community attended the funeral at Fairview Methodist Church in Jones County, Texas, December 6, 1906, where his body rests for the resurrection of the just. May the sorrowing find the comfort of religion always.

J. A. HYDER.

HARRIS.—Hezzie Harris was born in Hopkins County, Texas, September 19, 1885; was converted and joined the M. E. Church, South, at Shooks Chapel August, 1904. At the close of the same year, at the fourth Quarterly Conference, he was made a steward. He loved his Church, his pastor, and he did great work for His Master. His people will miss him. He was married to Miss Maggie Temple May 6, 1906. They were very happy and the future was bright before them. But God said: "It is enough; come up higher," and He took him to heaven on December 30, 1906. He leaves a wife, father, one sister and four brothers, and a host of friends to mourn their loss. The Church has sustained a great loss, but heaven is made richer. His end was peaceful and glorious. He has ended this life and has entered upon life eternal. So, loved ones and friends, look forward to the happy meeting on the other shore, and let us all pray that those who knew and loved Hezzie may so live as to meet him in heaven. His former pastor, **L. F. TANNERY.**

HARRIS.—Sammie Harris was born January 13, 1893; was converted and joined the Church August, 1904. Little Sammie mourned a mother's loss for a while, and was a great sufferer for five weeks, and God saw fit to take him home, and so He took him to his mother on December 3, 1906. Look up, loved ones, and be ready, for the Lord will come after you some sweet day. His former pastor, **L. F. TANNERY.**

HARRIS.—Bettie Harris was born December 25, 1858; was married to Jasper Harris January 5, 1882; was converted and joined the M. E. Church, South, in 1886, and, in 1904, moved her membership to Shooks Chapel. There five of her children were converted and joined the Church with her. Sister Harris was one of the best Christian characters it was ever the writer's privilege to know, and to know her was to love her. But, alas! God said to her: "It is enough; come up higher," and He called her to her heavenly home May 29, 1906. She leaves a husband, one daughter and six sons to mourn their loss. But, thank God, they know where to find her. (Since that time two of the sons have gone to her.) May the sorrowing husband and motherless children, as they shall cross the untried water of life, put their trust in a mother's God and meet her in the sweet by and by. Weep not, loved ones, as those who have no hope. Her former pastor, **L. F. TANNERY.**

WARD.—W. A. Ward was born July 9, 1854, in Tazewell County, Va., where he grew to manhood. He was married Sept. 17, 1877, to Miss Jenaté Belle Baylor, with whom he lived until his death. This happy union was blessed with one child, who still lives. He came to Texas Nov. 11, 1903, and located near Amarillo. He professed faith in Christ in 1882 and joined the M. E. Church, South, and made an excellent member. He was a steward in the Church at the time of his death, which occurred Oct. 27, 1906. He died in peace and was buried at the old home in Virginia. Bro. Ward was an upright man, clean in his life, kind hearted and gentle in disposition, a model husband and father and a splendid citizen. He is greatly missed not only by the loved ones at home, but by the Church of which he was a member and in the community in which he lived.

C. N. N. FERGUSON.

PEARL SHIRLEY.

APPLEWHITE.—Mrs. Mary Applewhite, the wife of the late Jesse Applewhite, was born June 11, 1832, in Amite County, Mississippi; married in Louisiana in 1851; moved to Texas and settled in Bexar County in 1853; joined the M. E. Church, South, in 1856; moved to Waldo in December, 1882, and departed this life in triumph of faith at her son's home in San Antonio, October 23, 1906. She leaves a son, sisters and brothers to mourn their loss. Sister Applewhite was a faithful, devoted Christian for fifty-five years. She loved the Church. Her home was the preacher's home. Dear loved ones, let us follow Sister Applewhite as she followed the Savior and we shall meet in the sweet by and by. **N. W. KEITH.**

SEALY.—The glad Christmas tide was a time of sadness in the home of our dear brother, Dr. T. R. Sealy and wife. Their little babe, their first born, abiding with them but a few days, closed its eyes on Christmas eve to open them no more in this world. May the God of all grace comfort them in this their time of deep sorrow. **J. W. PATISON.**

HAWKINS.—Mrs. Della E. Hawkins (nee Hilburn) was born in Hill County, near Grandview, Texas, March 31, 1861, and died December 17, 1906, at Gustine, Texas. She made a profession of religion at ten years of age, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. From the time of her conversion she lived an exemplary Christian life. In her associations with loved ones and friends, she bore loving testimony to the saving and keeping power of her Maker. Always ready to glorify the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, she did not let an opportunity escape her to attend upon divine worship or to speak words of praise for His cause. When upon her death bed, she realized that her life's work was done, she called to her loved ones and told them that she was prepared to meet her God. Her death was a sad blow to the Church and community in which she lived. May the influence of her beautiful life live on and on in the hearts of her husband and children until at last they may be reunited in that upper and better kingdom where there shall be no more death. Her pastor, **HOMER T. MULKEY.**

KEMP.—Bro. W. G. Kemp was born in Virginia May 5, 1829, and died at the home of his son, W. D. Kemp, in Haskell County, Texas, January 13, 1907, aged 77 years. He was a member of the Methodist Church about 53 years, and his fidelity to the Church and her interests was demonstrated by his devotion to her doctrine and polity. He was a steward 35 years, and during that time he missed only two Quarterly Conferences. One miss was caused by sickness, and the other was caused by his being in another State. He was married at the age of 22. His wife died about 24 years ago. Eight children were born of this union, seven of whom still live. Bro. Kemp was a very quiet man, but faithful and true to the trusts committed to him. He leaves the savor of a good name and the rich heritage of a godly character. His body was laid to rest in the presence of many friends, who showed their respect by reverent and tearful attention to the services usual on such occasions. The children know where to find him. May they all meet again in the heavenly home. **J. H. CHAMBLISS.**

McGUIRE.—On November 19, 1906, while the death angel was gathering flowers for the Master, he came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. B. McGuire and plucked a beautiful bud. The reaper paused not beside this tender bud, but quickly carried it heavenward and transplanted it in a land of light. On the above date little Maxie Lee McGuire departed this life in Colorado, Texas. His stay on earth was short, he being 1 year, 7 months and 3 days old. The little one suffered about three days of membranous croup. The efforts of skilled physicians, loving parents, relatives and friends were to no avail. This reminded us of God's own words when He said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for such is the kingdom of Heaven." Dear parents, while our hearts are torn and grieved, let us remember that his joy has just begun. He will never know sorrow nor sin. Little Maxie was a bright child, tenderly affectionate in his nature, and loved by all who knew him. While he had good Christian parents to rear him, God saw fit to take him from them. They had him baptized October, 1905, by Bishop Hoss. Little Maxie's father is a son of the well known M. McGuire, and his mother, Myra McCreeless, is the daughter of E. M. McCreeless. Both are known in many parts of the country. Heaven is the home of the little children and as many others as will prepare for it. Look up, broken-hearted parents, and serve God a little longer, and then we'll meet little Max and his little sister, who preceded him to the grave when an infant, purer and brighter than when they left this world. His grandfather, **E. M. MCCREELESS.**

ROBISON.—Rev. Isaac N. Robison was born in Maury County, Tennessee, August 23, 1832. At the age of 17 he was converted at McCain's campground in Tennessee and joined the M. E. Church, South. He was licensed to preach in 1869 and was ordained deacon by Bishop Wightman at Jackson, Tenn., in 1873. He was ordained elder in 1877 or 1878 and moved to Milam County, Texas, in 1879, where he lived a useful life in the local ministry, loved and respected by all who knew him until his death, January 11, 1907. Truly a righteous man has gone to his reward. **G. W. RILEY.**

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