

# TEXAS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

BLAYLOCK PUB. CO., PUBLISHERS.

Official Organ of all the Texas and New Mexico Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

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Vol. LIII.

Dallas, Texas, Thursday, January 31, 1907.

No. 24

## FAITH THE SUBSTANCE AND EVIDENCE OF THE UNSEEN.

In this life we labor under the law of limitation. In most matters we are dependent for knowledge upon the exercise of our senses. Through these the mind comes into contact with the great material universe. In this way it gathers its knowledge of the world in which we live. When the mind reaches a higher degree of maturity and is trained to higher and more sustained modes of thought it acquires the power to grasp, in a given sense, things that are more subtle and abstract. But in all these efforts to learn the knowable and the more recondite, it is restricted by this law of limitation. We can not see afar off, we can not think with absolute accuracy. When we get beyond the regions of sense we become largely speculative. Were we left to our own efforts we would not be able to apprehend God as one who loves us and is ready to forgive us and to adopt us into his family as children. For this very reason he has not left us in our natural helplessness, but he has revealed himself to us, not only through the senses, but more specifically and satisfactorily through faith in the truthfulness of his revelation. What is faith? The question is answered in the first verse of the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews as follows: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;" and the remainder of the entire chapter is an illustration of this faith-principle. What is meant by "the substance of things hoped for?" If we properly understand its meaning, it is the ground or confidence in our consciousness of the things hoped for. We can not see God, or Christ, or the Holy Spirit, or heaven. These great facts lie beyond the range of our actual knowledge as matters of investigation and research. Man by searching can not find out God. Hence faith becomes the confidence or the ground of our hope in him as a reality necessary to the life of the soul. In this respect faith is the foundation upon which we base our hope in the invisible, for faith is also the evidence of things not seen. It is not the inward conviction of these things, but a demonstration of their existence so as to superinduce the conviction that they do exist. It establishes us in the confidence that God exists as a merciful Father, that Jesus Christ came into the world as our Savior, that the Holy Ghost is present as our Comforter and that heaven will be our final abode if we are faithful and true to the end of our earthly pilgrimage. Faith is to us the substance of our hope in these truths, the evidence of their reality, though not seen by the eye. As such faith brings these great facts of revelation within the scope of our spiritual perception, and it enables us to realize in our conscious experience the certainty of their existence as a transforming power in our thoughts and purposes and habits of life. We hold them in this substance and upon this evidence, though our sensuous perceptions can not reach them and appropriate them. They come by faith, as a result of repentance and pardon and adoption into the family of God. For the "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath

prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things; yea, the deep things of God." In this way faith enables the soul to see the unseen, to hear the inaudible, to touch the intangible, to know the unknowable. It becomes the substance, or the confidence, or the foundation, of our hope in these truths: the evidence of them, though we can not see them as we see the natural objects around us. Faith then is the root of all true religion, and the apostle further on tells us: "Without faith it is impossible to please God; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is, a rewarder of them who diligently seek him." Let us, therefore, seek to strengthen our faith by prayer and a study of the Word of God until our faith becomes to us "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

## AN ERRONEOUS STATEMENT AND A FALSE ARGUMENT.

Recently the Houston Post contained the following interview with one of the agents of the Brewers' Association who was then at work in the city of Beaumont:

When asked concerning the objects and purposes of the association represented by him, Mr. Laceywell said:

"The recent report of the State Revenue Agent shows that the local option movement has been successful in 103 counties in this State, and partially successful in forty-nine counties. As there are but 249 counties in this State, of which fourteen are unorganized, you will see at a glance that almost 50 per cent of the State is entirely dry and that 39 per cent is almost in the dry column. No movement of this magnitude could have gained its present importance without a cause. An examination of the principal argument made by the prohibitionist reveals the reason of the success of the local option movement in Texas.

"The argument is effectual, because it is sometime, unfortunately, true. Briefly, this argument is that the prohibitionist does not so much object to the drinking of intoxicants, but he does object to the conditions under which drinks are sold in the open saloon. Close the open saloon, says the pro, and you will get rid of the place with the gambling rooms, wine rooms, slot machines, minors, lewd women and other violations of the liquor dealers' bond. Such an argument, where true, is logical and telling. Thus the illegal saloon provides the ammunition for the artillery of the pro, and the only way to deprive him of the ammunition is to conduct legal saloons. The best answer to argument is a fact that does not require a microscope to find it.

"Hence the purpose of the Texas Brewers' Association is to oppose local option by answering it with the removal from the saloons of Texas of all things that constitute a violation of the liquor dealer's bond."

It makes no difference what "the report of the revenue agent shows," it is grossly erroneous in its calculations as to the prevalence of local option in Texas. In the first place, there are not two hundred and forty-nine counties in Texas, but two hundred and forty-four. Instead of one hundred and three being dry, there are one hundred and forty-five. In addition to these totally dry counties, fifty-one are partially dry, leaving only forty-two totally wet. Nearly all these totally wet counties are along the Rio Grande River, where Mexican grocers are in the majority, and in Southwestern and Southern

Texas, where negroes and foreign born citizens control the balance of power at the ballot box. True, a few of these dry counties are in the list of those unorganized, about eight of them, nevertheless they are dry counties. The great bulk of these dry and partially dry counties are in the most populous and prosperous sections of the State. As a matter of fact, where native white people live, people who can read and write, people who are in sympathy with our American institutions and whose names you can spell and pronounce, the country is either totally dry or nearly so; but where the opposite is true the liquor shop and the beer joint flourish. These facts ought to cause Americans to stop and think. The argument of the Brewers' Association agent is false and so are his conclusions. True, the evils that go along with the saloon are most objectionable, but it is the saloon itself that the people object to. Its very existence necessarily brings about the evils mentioned by this agent. The saloon is inseparably connected with them. Really it would not and could not be a saloon without them. They are a vital part of its very existence. As an institution the saloon breeds lawlessness, just as the swamp breeds malaria. When you come to think about it, the swamp is the malaria. To get rid of the latter you must destroy the former. The evils of the saloon are inherent in the saloon. The one presupposes the other, and the only way to get rid of these evils is not to treat the symptoms, but to destroy the cause. As long as the saloon is in the community it will produce these evils, and when it ceases to produce them it will cease to be a saloon. It is not the illegal saloon that we are after, but the saloon authorized and protected by law. Were it true that the Brewers' Association is opposing local option by removing from the saloon the things that constitute the violations of the liquor dealers' bonds, it would be quite refreshing; but there is no truth in the statement. They are opposing local option by encouraging in every possible way the violation of local option laws in dry territory and by using a slush fund with which to corrupt the ballot box in local option elections. Their little flurry just at this particular time is easily understood by sensible people. The Legislature is in session and they want to make a show of virtue in order to forestall the passage of other stringent laws affecting the saloon business. They are as wise as serpents, but they are far from being as harmless as doves. But the very fact that they admit the lawlessness of these saloons is that much gained in public sentiment. It aids the people to get the evil of the saloon more deeply impressed upon their minds. These agents, with their detectives, coming to the aid of the lawfully constituted authorities to enforce the laws against the violations of law by these saloons is not only an acknowledgment of the uncontrollable devilry of these crime breeders, but a gross reflection upon the courts, the juries and the peace officers where these saloon agents and detectives are at work. Down with the saloon! The only way to reform it is to kill it, and this the people are doing in communities where virtue, intelligence and piety inspire the franchise. On with the battle!

## SOUL CULTURE.

Ours has been pre-eminently a revival Church. Our short pastorate, our manner of preaching, our whole machinery, find their explanation in this dominant purpose of our Church life. That this is the first great work of the Church is evident from the Master's last commission and from the example of the apostles. But granting all this, it would be a most serious mistake for a Church to make "soul-saving," as ordinarily understood, its exclusive work. The New Testament links immediately with soul-winning soul culture and makes it vital to the progress of the kingdom Christ came to establish. This is seen first, in his own method of work. While he preached to the multitudes and went about doing good, a close study of his life will show that his chief concern during his brief ministry was the culture, the development of the men who were to organize and carry forward his work. How diligently he taught them! How mightily he exercised himself upon them that he might call out all their powers and then quicken and refine to the highest possible degree! Even the last commission, while it immediately sends the Church out to call sinners to repentance, at the same time heavily lays upon the Church the continuous duty of soul culture. The one phrase "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have said unto you," has in it all the elements of the highest spiritual culture. Jesus was not content to have his kingdom simply the deliverance from the grosser effects of sin, but he was intensely concerned that every man who has a place in that kingdom should be at his best—a perfect man. In his intercessory prayer this idea is again conspicuous when he says: "Sanctify them through thy truth," for sanctification means the culture of the soul through the truth as that truth is applied by the Holy Spirit. By every token therefore Jesus emphasizes the culture of the soul. Paul was a mighty revivalist with his stirring appeals to the unsaved, but throughout all these active missionary labors he diligently sought by tongue and pen to culture each new convert as a florist would care for the development of a rare plant. He saw as the ultimate aim of all the gifts conferred upon the Church "the perfecting of the saints" for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, till we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of Christ unto a perfect man. His weighty speech, his brilliant pen, his marvelous power of organization, were all inspired by the high aim of so developing and refining all the powers of his converts as to make them "saints in Christ." If this is the work of the pastor, what a boundless field of opportunity it opens before him! Instead of spending his time with a few themes that play upon man's emotions, or with the last sensation of the hour which may attract to him for the moment the unthinking rabble the true pastor will find himself called upon to familiarize himself with every department of truth that can broaden and quicken and ennoble human nature, and so to present this truth that it will become fascinating to the human mind.

## Let Us Pray By Rev. E. R. Barcus.

Without question, we are all agreed that prayer has been and shall forever remain the right arm of every great religious awakening. Pentecost was produced, not by persuasive preaching, but by protracted, importunate prayer. The preaching of the Word proved the power of God unto salvation of three thousand when it was accompanied by the Holy Ghost who came after ten days of unceasing prayer. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." "Your heavenly Father shall give the Holy Ghost to them that ask him." This first Pentecostal out-pouring of power was but a type of the what, and but an illustration of the how of every great soul saving awakening from that day to this. In Schotts, Scotland, one Monday morning in June, 1638, Pentecost was practically repeated. Five hundred were saved under the preaching of one sermon. It is said that most of the Christians of that town spent the entire Sabbath night before in united prayer. We are all familiar with the fact that the great Wesleyan revivals originated in prayer circles. In 1741, at Enfield, Mass., Jonathan Edwards preached that most terrific sermon, "Sinners in the hands of an angry God," during which strong men are said to have seized the pillars of the church to prevent their feet sliding into hell. The Christian people of Enfield spent the entire preceding night in prayer. That most marvelous work among the Indians, under David Brainerd, in whose breast burned the unquenchable passion for souls, had its origin in the days and nights that he spent in prayer.

The wide-spread revival which broke out in Rochester, New York, in 1830, led by Mr. Finney, was attributed by him to the great spirit of prayer that prevailed.

During the year 1859, 10,000 souls were converted in Ireland. The acknowledged birthplace of this great work was in a little country schoolhouse at Tannybrake, where four young men met for prayer every night for twenty-four months before the blessings came.

Mr. Moody tells us that the first revival he ever attended was in a little town in Michigan. When he came to the town to begin his work he found that in response to the pleadings of a dying elder in the Church, the good women, about twenty-five wives and mothers, had for fourteen days been meeting together, weeping and praying to God to save their unconverted husbands and children. The whole Church was revived and the entire community was moved for God.

One of the most thrilling stories of recent years is the account of the great revivals led by Mr. Torrey in Japan, and China, and Australia, and England, and in Ireland, in which multiplied thousands were converted. These revivals were brought about, continued and ended in prayer. In 1898, Dr. Torrey, pastor of Mr. Moody's Church in Chicago, called for a weekly prayer meeting for each Saturday night, the sole object of which was to plead earnestly for the speedy coming of a great spiritual awakening. These meetings continued for three years, with an average attendance of 300. During this time an "after prayer service" was held, in which Dr. Torrey and several of his associates continued in prayer until two o'clock Sunday morning. In one of these after services, Dr. Torrey was led to pray, "Here am I, send me." Before one week had passed, two men from Australia urged him with an invitation in the name of the United Churches of Melbourne, to hold a simultaneous meeting in that city. Arriving in Melbourne, he found 1200 prayer circles organized. Twenty thousand were converted on that little continent. The same good woman of prayer who started the circles of prayer in Melbourne, related the facts and the results to the great Keswick Convention in England. When Mr. Torrey arrived in England months afterward to begin his work, he found more than 20,000

throughout Great Britain enlisted in similar circles for prayer. The gracious results are known throughout the Church. More than 100,000 were saved. The secret of it all? Three hundred Christians praying from nine to ten every Saturday night, and a half dozen continuing in prayer until two o'clock Sunday morning for three years. Twelve hundred circles of prayer in Melbourne! More than 20,000 enlisted for prayer throughout Great Britain, besides the countless number over the wide, wide world whose prayers God only heard. It is the fulfillment of a promise, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

But we need not wonder at these great results from these meetings for prayer throughout the history of the Church. The Bible is our warrant for such meetings, and the gracious results are repeatedly foretold therein. When Solomon had completed the temple and had come to the hour for its dedication, in his prayer of consecration, he said: "O Lord God of Israel, if thy people be put to the worse before the enemy, because they have sinned against thee, and shall return and confess thy name, and pray and make supplication before thee in this house; then hear thou from the heavens, and forgive the sin of thy people; and bring them again into the land which thou gavest to them. When the heaven is shut up and there is no rain, because they have sinned against thee; yet if they pray toward this place, and confess thy name, and turn from their sin, then hear thou from heaven, forgive the sin of thy servants; and send rain upon thy land. If there be dearth in the land, if there be pestilence, if there be blasting, or mildew, locusts, or caterpillars; if their enemies besiege them in the cities of their land; whatsoever sore or whatsoever sickness there be, then what prayer or what supplication whatsoever shall be made of any man or of all thy people Israel when everyone shall know his own sore and his own grief, and shall spread forth his hands in this house; then hear thou from heaven thy dwelling place, and forgive, and render unto every man according unto all his ways, whose heart thou knowest." And the Lord appeared unto Solomon by night, and said unto him, "I have heard thy prayer, and have chosen this place to myself for an house of sacrifice. If I shut up the heaven that there be no rain, or if I command the locusts to devour the land, or if I send pestilence among my people; if my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sins, and will heal their land. Now, mine eyes shall be open, and mine ears attend unto the prayer that is made in this place. For now have I chosen and sanctified this house, that my name may be there forever. And mine eyes and mine heart shall be there perpetually."

Seven hundred years afterwards the Prophet Isaiah, while exhorting the people to sanctification and promising that God's blessings shall be general without respect of persons, uses these words: "Neither let the son of the stranger, that hath joined himself to the Lord, speak, saying the Lord hath utterly separated me from his people: neither let the eunuch say, Behold, I am a dry tree. For thus saith the Lord, Even unto them will I give in mine house and within my walls a place and a name better than of sons and of daughters." "Even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer: their burnt offerings and their sacrifices shall be accepted upon mine altar; for mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people." Jesus quoted this passage from the Prophet in defense of the temple as the place of prayer. "He came to Jerusalem and went into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the moneychangers, and the seats of them that sold doves; and would

not suffer that any man should carry any vessel through the temple. And he taught them, saying unto them, Is it not written, my house shall be called a house of prayer for all nations? The Church is primarily the place of prayer. The prayer service is the one service for which we have specified Scriptural warrant. On another occasion, Jesus said to his disciples while talking to them of the Church and its relation to the outside world, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." This passage is the Magna Charta of the prayer meeting. This is our warrant for urging our people not to forsake the assembling of themselves together to pray. In the third chapter of the Acts of the Apostles we find at least two, Peter and John, going up together at the hour of prayer. At the gate of the temple they overtook a crippled beggar, to whom they ministered in the name of the Lord; and after he was healed, these three went into the temple to praise and to pray. We find where the early Church held what we call cottage prayer-meetings. At one time many were gathered together in the house of one Mary, the mother of John, praying for Peter who was kept in prison and whom Herod intended to kill. The apostle Paul told what we would call a grove meeting. Paul tells us that while he was at Philippi, "On the Sabbath he went out of the city by a river side, where prayer was accustomed to be made, and sat down and talked with the women who resorted thither. The early Church prayed much. They prayed always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints. Hence we do not marvel that the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved.

O that the Lord would pour upon his people the spirit of grace and of supplication! "Ye fight and war, yet ye have not, because ye ask not."

But the cry everywhere is, "How shall we increase the attendance at the prayer meeting?" My brethren, I am as much convinced as I am that there is a God in heaven that the difficulty is not so much in the small numbers who attend as in the unscriptural character of our prayer services. These days we are asking for snap, for crispness, for brevity, for variety, for the happy smile, the handshake, the ring in the voice, the to-the-point talks, the sentence prayers, the double-quick, hop-step-and-jump songs, the up-to-date methods—the veritable soda pop of this world, rather than the solid meat of the gospel. Rather than snap and brevity, and sentence prayers, we need to "Tarry at Jerusalem until we be endued with power." Rather than the conventional ring in the voice, we need the hearty cry, "O that my heart were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people." Rather than the studied handshake and the affected smile, we need to pray the soul's expression of genuine love, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen, according to the flesh." It is not prayer meeting talks nor prayer meeting topics that we need. We need to pray. We need the determined waiting and the tenacious faith of Pentecost. And if it should Jesus is the person of the Holy Ghost is descending, the multitudes will be gathered together. Wherever Jesus went the multitude thronged. If to-day, Jesus in the person of the Holy Ghost, is manifestly present, the people will come to see the cloven tongues like as of fire; and to hear men speak as the Spirit gives them utterance. "I will draw all men unto me."

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#### INSTITUTIONS OF THE SABBATH AND OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL LITERATURE.

In our Senior Quarterly for January 13 it is stated that "Moses formally instituted the Sabbath by the command of God." If it had been stated that Moses delivered this commandment with the other nine to the people "by the command of God," we might remain silent. But we contend

that Moses never instituted the Sabbath. To institute means "To establish to enact to found, to originate." In Gen. 1:1-3: "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them, and on the seventh day God ended his work, which he had made.

"And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work, which God created and made."

Here God originated, and instituted the Sabbath, and sanctified—formally instituted the Sabbath; and when he wrote the Ten Commandments on "tables of stone," and gave them to Moses to deliver to the people, he instituted the other commandments. And when he wrote the Decalogue, he did not say concerning the Sabbath, "Thou shalt not," as he did the other commandments, but it says, "Remember the Sabbath day," etc., showing that it had been instituted before, and he was reminding them of it, etc. In a number of places in Scripture it speaks of the seven days, showing they were divided by the Sabbath.

A. E. Waffle, M. A., in his excellent book on the Sabbath, says, on page 116: "Our first argument is founded upon the fact that the Sabbath was instituted at the beginning of human history—long before the formation of the Jewish nation. If it is admitted that if this early institution of the Sabbath can be shown, it will go far to establish its claim to universality. In his work on 'The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy,' Paley says: 'If the divine command was actually delivered at the creation it was addressed, no doubt, to the whole human species alike and continues, unless repealed by some subsequent revelation, binding upon all who come to the knowledge of it. If the command was promulgated for the first time in the wilderness, then it was immediately directed to the Jewish people alone; and something further, either in the substance or circumstances of the command, will be necessary to show that it was designed for any other.'

Waffle takes the position that the Sabbath was instituted by God at the beginning or at the creation, and was intended for all men in all ages. Paley takes the position that the Sabbath was instituted in the wilderness and was intended for the Jews only. So if we take the position of Paley that the Sabbath was instituted by Moses, then, like Paley, we must admit that it was binding only upon the Jews to keep the Sabbath; and none of us are willing to admit that the Sabbath is not still binding upon us.

In a former article I gave the "Design, Purpose and Intent of the Sabbath," why and when changed from the seventh to the first day, and the difference between the seventh day (Jewish Sabbath) and the first day (Christian Sabbath), and will not repeat it here.

Again, Dr. Chappell seems to teach in Senior Quarterly's lesson for January 13 that one day represented a thousand years, and says, accordingly, "We are now living in the seventh day."

I do not believe any such stuff. We have always been taught that seven days make a week, four weeks and a little over make a month, twelve months make a year. Now, if we are going to claim that a thousand years make one day, then I suppose we would have to teach that seven thousand years make one week, etc. What are we coming to? No, I do not believe any such thing, but I believe a day was twenty-four hours then just as it is now, for it is written, "The evening and the morning was the first day," etc., showing that it was divided into day and night, just as it is now.

We ought to be very careful what we put in our Sunday-school literature for our young people. We have too much skepticism already.

J. DAVID CROCKETT.

The length of your life you cannot determine, but its worth you must.

#### THOUGHTS FOR PREACHERS.

I. Jno. 4:7 reads: "Beloved, let us love one another."

"This is the message that ye heard from the beginning that we should love one another."—Jno. 3:11.

Love is the foundation of our religion and the Christian's hope. If there had been no love we would be to-day without religion and any hope of eternal life. Yes, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Love is of God."

That little above word "so" means a great deal more than what we think. "The love of Christ passeth knowledge." "Beloved, if God so loved us we ought also to love one another."

Wonder why the good Lord "so loved the world?" He did not love it because the world loved him. Of course not, for the world did not love God. If our thoughts are correct, the best reason that can be given why "God so loved the world" was because "God is love." If God had not been a God of love and mercy, he would of never "so loved the world" and would never have sent His Son to suffer and die as He did for the sins of the world. Therefore, as love is the foundation of our religion, by all means love should always reign in the hearts and bosoms of God's children. The children of God should always love one another.

Strife, envy and the like among God's children is awful. We regret that our opinion is (we sincerely wish we are mistaken) that there is not enough of that brotherly love and Christian sympathy among the ministry that every minister should have for everyone of his preacher brethren.

If that financially poor old local preacher (or a local preacher of any kind as to that) should come over to the protracted meeting, we suggest, suppose you, pastor, just show him by your actions and words that you love him, and are glad to see him, and treat him right and like a brother, if you don't preach him. And he (local preacher, may get so full of religion that when he goes back home he may set the woods on fire with the love of God. And you (pastor) too may also just feel so good about the matter and get so full of that good old religion of love, that a sure-enough, genuine revival will extend out all over your work. In fact there is more power for good in this old genuine religion of love in the heart, which comes from above, than anything else. Oh why not, why not all love all and one another? Right. Love and religion all-around.

"We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren." "He that loveth not his brother abideth in death." The plain, simple truth is any Christian is compelled to love their brethren in order to remain a Christian.

"He that loveth not knoweth not God." The devil sure enjoys the racket when strife, envy and the like is among the children of God, and especially so when he, the devil, can get them to show such by their actions and words.

If us Christians don't watch and pray the old devil will work it shewed on us and get possession of our minds, hearts, and tongues. "It is an honor for a man to cease from strife."

Every man who is a Christian owes all people his love. Please bear in mind that loving all people does not imply to mean to love their sinful or bad ways. Loving a person and loving their ways are two different things. May we "Be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace and the God of love and peace shall be with us." "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with us all."

Let us "Enter in at the strait gate, for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat." "Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life and few there be that find it."

W. D. M. WARD.

# Devotional and Spiritual

## THE GUIDING GOD.

One of the best results of our Savior's coming was His revelation of the Father. He brought God down from heaven and left him here when he ascended. To a few before Christ, God was a present help. To all who hear the Christ message, God is now the abiding presence. The blessing of the Christ revealed a nearness and guidance of God we cannot appreciate. He is intensely interested in us. He summons us to work with Him. He promises to be with us daily. He will guide us aright. It is better for that Christ went away. No physical nearness can compare with spiritual possession. No occasional word of guidance could be a substitute for constant spiritual direction. Among the benefits of our Lord's humiliation we rank high the bringing of God near to all true believers.

Often in reading history or biography we have found illustrations of men trusting God implicitly to guide them. We have read of men who felt guided to open orphanages with no means of support. We have seen men who left lucrative business and professional careers at God's immediate call and went out not knowing whither they went. We have heard of men who heard God's voice sending them to a certain field as clearly as Philip did when he went down the desert road to meet the Ethiopian eunuch. Frequently, the reason for these insistent calls was not manifest at the time, but was made clear afterward. Sometimes these voices heard and impulses heeded have proved baseless. In Stevens' History of American Methodism for instance we have the story of the pioneer who felt divinely moved to leave his road of travel, and went two miles out of his way. Then he saw a cabin and the voice told him that his message was to the dwellers therein. When he arrived at the house he found it empty and unoccupied. A brother engaged in mission work has recently told how a man came to him and said God had sent him to ask for thirty-eight dollars. "Are you sure God sent you?" asked Mr. C. "Quite sure," was the reply. "Well," answered Mr. C. "I am sure God did not. For if He had sent you to me for thirty-eight dollars, He would have given me the thirty-eight dollars to give you. As I have only four dollars, I know God did not send you." The story does not reveal whether the mendicant was convinced or not. The Spirit leadings have not always proved to be Divine.

Undoubtedly also fanaticism has often resulted in divine guidance where none was necessary. A noted evangelist recently told the story of his needing a pair of trousers. He prayed for divine guidance in their selection. Having selected the cloth he was inspired to select, he found that the price was twice what he desired to pay. Still he insisted on having the cloth at his price. The tailor then remembered that a pair of trousers of that pattern had been ordered and made, but uncalled for. On producing them they were found to be a good fit, except that they were two inches too long. This the tailor rectified. The evangelist went his way with his divinely chosen trousers at his own price. But, as

another asked, "Why could not the Spirit have seen it that they were not two inches too long in the first place?" Such senseless stories as this have brought disfavor on the whole subject of divine guidance.

As a consequence of the frequent fallibility of the impressions of divine leading, and as a protest against the vapidness of fanatic claims of divine guidance, we have inclined to swing away from this belief altogether. We are prone to overlook the blessed possibility of being God-guided. We do not give sufficient place to Spirit leadership. Because some meat is tainted we have become vegetarians. We are inclined to believe that all listening for the Spirit voice and expecting providential guidance is fanaticism and therefore to be avoided. We are sending God back to heaven, whence Christ brought Him.

We cannot afford to surrender the priceless Christ-bestowed-blessing of God's nearness because of the errors into which some have fallen. That we are the subjects of divine watch-care and guidance is too comforting a knowledge to be sacrificed because of error. The work of Christian service is too great for merely human endeavor. Our wisdom will inevitably bring us into confusion if we depend on it alone. The character of the work to which God calls us demands divine leadership. We are seeking to touch hearts. Only the Spirit of God knows the heart and the opportune time and way of influencing it. Divinity needs not even wireless telegraphy to find out the condition in homes and hearts. A phrase used so frequently as to have almost become hackneyed is "the psychological moment." God always knows the psychological moment for doing His work and only God always knows it. His Spirit can direct us, and will. We should be expecting it, looking for it, praying for it. This is not fanaticism, but only faith. We may swing into fanaticism in this faith. We may react from fanaticism into materialistic unbelief. We may by the Spirit's aid hold to the truth in the safe middle course.

Doubtless every one who has tried to do God's work has had experiences that told him undeniably that God was guiding him. The following illustrations are selected merely as typical of all service.

One afternoon I had started out to make calls. Turning a corner I saw the house in which one of my members lived. I felt impelled to go there, although it was not on my list for that afternoon. I went. When the door was opened the daughter told me she had just returned from mailing me a letter asking me to call, as her mother had been suddenly taken seriously ill. That day was the only time I was able to minister to the mother. By the following day she was unconscious and soon died.

I had been out of town for three days. While away I thought that one of my faithful members had been absent from Sunday evening service. The first call I made upon my return was upon her. One of her boys was on the stoop when I arrived. "Is your mother in?" I asked. "Mamma is dead," was his startling reply. Taken suddenly ill, she had been hurried to the hospital on Tuesday and had died the day before I called. I went in to see the backslidden husband before he had sent for me, with a message that the over-watching Father had directed me to him.

A young girl of the church had been long ill with consumption. I had frequently visited her. One day I felt it was necessary to go to see her. I found her quite bright, and her mother told me that she was much better that day. I talked and prayed with her. When I was leaving she repeated from the twenty-third Psalm that I had quoted to her, "Though I walk through the valley

of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." "I will remember that," she said. Twenty minutes later she suddenly sank and passed away.

I was called once to a home by the death of a bright little boy five years old who had been killed by a fall. The time for the funeral was appointed. When I arrived for the funeral service another crepe hung on the door. The mother had grieved over her boy till her heart broke and she had joined him. The husband and father was crazed with grief. He railed violently against God, if there was such a thing. At first he refused to allow any Christian service and to the end threatened to make a scene by denouncing all faith. I saw him two or three times afterward, but he remained defiant. Then he moved and I lost trace of him. Fifteen months later I went to call on one of my members who lived in one of two houses built exactly alike. Familiar with the look of the house, I did not notice the number, but rang the bell and when the door opened climbed to the top floor. There on the landing stood the man I had lost sight of. Then I realized I was in the wrong house. I did not let him know I had come unwittingly but went in and visited him. He looked unwell. I inquired concerning his health. It was very poor. The doctor thought he might not live long. "My friend," I said, "when last I saw you, you were railing bitterly against your Maker, if He existed. Now when your life will soon be over do you still feel the same?" He confessed that he did not. We talked awhile and I left. In a few days I called again and this time asked permission to pray with him and for him. He assented and we prayed together. Once again I called. This time he was confined to his bed. We talked and prayed together, and he said he believed God would pardon and receive him for Christ's sake. On my departure he thanked me for calling and praying with him. That night he passed away. What believer doubts that in each of these instances God guided His servant?

As God's workmen we are attempting tasks of tremendous import. Fidelity is demanded of us by Him who has called us. His wisdom has been promised us. His strength is offered us. His guiding hand will lead us. Joshua, called to lead God's people, prayed: "If thy presence go not with us lead us not up hence." That should be our daily prayer.

"I'm walking close to Jesus' side  
So close that I can hear  
The softest whispers of His love  
In fellowship so dear.  
And feel His great Almighty hand  
Support me in this desert land."  
—The Christian Advocate.

## THE CLOSING YEAR.

We have reached the end of another year. In the commercial world it is a time of careful inspection; another year of widely extended trade and exchange has closed; and around this season men are busy casting up accounts, taking stock, and trying to see what the year has brought them and where they stand at its close. In this they are wise. It is not prudent to conduct a business without regular and thorough investigations to show whether it is leading—whether to prosperity or to bankruptcy. Men want to know whether their trafficking is to profit or loss.

Now along this inspection of our affairs there ought to go an inspection of ourselves. Life is more than meat; character is more than possessions. If, therefore, it is important to know how we have done commercially, it is vastly more important to know how we have done morally and spiritually. How have we fared in this higher realm of our lives? Where did we stand when the year drew to its end?

What has been the reaction of our daily work on character? Our business may have yielded us a handsome profit; but if we have succumbed to the temptations that are inseparable

from life in a sinful world, if we have achieved our successes at the sacrifice of rectitude, or if we have even allowed ourselves to be subdued to that which we have worked in, then the year has been one of loss to us. We must reckon on ourselves to have failed. On the other hand, though we may have met with business reverses and financial defeat, yet if we have maintained our integrity before God and men, if we have beaten down Satan under our feet, preferring the testimony of a good conscience to gains gotten by unrighteousness, we can count that the year has brought us great and enriching returns. No inquiry into the business we have been conducting is complete unless it includes this inquiry into the way our management of our business or work has affected our character.

It becomes us to inquire, also, what gains we have made through our contact with the means of grace and our use of the opportunities God has given us for distinctively spiritual enlargement and improvement. Have we searched the Scriptures? Have we maintained habits of prayer? Have we been regular in our waiting upon God in His house? Have we been careful to translate the truths we have heard into forms of conduct and life? These are questions that search us and try us, and by which we may judge ourselves that we be not judged of God. There is many a child of God, who, putting these questions to himself, can answer with humility, and with joy, "His grace was not bestowed on me in vain!" At the close of another year, he can truly say of Christ his Savior, "I see Him still nearer whom I always see."

Nevertheless the best of Christians must not only confess non-attainment of ideals, but even failure to attain the best that was within his reach. He must acknowledge failure to improve opportunities, and want of sustained ardor and enthusiasm in running the Christian race. Granted that he has grown in grace during the year, he must nevertheless have a marvelous facility in self-deception who does not feel constrained to say at the year's end:

"When I compare  
What I have lost with what I  
have gained,  
What I have missed with what attained,  
Little room do I find for pride."

This consciousness of non-attainment, however, should be felt only as a keener spur. Past failure, viewed in connection with the sobering thought that another year of life has gone for us, should but lend new force and urgency to the apostolic injunction, "Redeem the time."

"In vain  
Ye call back the past again;  
The past is deaf to your prayer."

But a new year is right at hand. It stands before us with gracious mein, holding in its hands new opportunities and responsibilities and inviting us to fresh and higher endeavors. "Not as though we had already attained or were already made perfect, but forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forward to the things which are before, we press on."—Lutheran Observer.

We talk about the telescope of faith, but I think we want even more the microscope of watchful, grateful love. Apply this to the little bits of our daily lives, in the light of the Spirit, and how wonderfully they come out!—Frances K. Havergal.

## Cures Eczema.

S. B. Hartin, of Ridgway, S. C., writes Nov. 25, 1906: "Your 'Tetterine' does the eczema on my mother's hands more good than anything we have ever found." Tetterine is a prompt and effective cure for ring worms, eczema, erysipelas, chafe and all diseases of the skin. At all druggists, or send 50c. to J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., for box postpaid. Bathe with elegant Tetterine Soap, 25c. cake.

If some people could see themselves as some other people see them, what revelations there would be!—Ram's Horn.

## HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains the linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it, or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

### What To Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in overcoming rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night.

The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root the great kidney and bladder remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest because its remarkable curative power has been proven in thousands of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine, you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, and a book that tells all about it, both sent absolutely free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing be sure to mention that you read this generous offer in the Texas Christian Advocate. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

### NEW BOOKS FOR FARMERS.

The Farmers' Companion, Educator and Counselor. Price 25 cts. Address R. W. Wellborn, No. 1, Texas.

**Secular News Items.**

As Senator Blackburn retires from the Senate at the expiration of this Congress, there is already much talk among Democratic Senators as to whom they will select to succeed Blackburn as their leader. Senator Bailey and Senator Culberson were both talked of in this connection at the time Blackburn was selected, but both declined in order that the honor might go to the Kentucky veteran and round out his long and closing career. The question of leadership is again being discussed, and again Senator Bailey and Senator Culberson are being considered, as is also Senator Daniel, of Virginia. The Senators have begun canvassing among themselves in a preliminary way, but none of them would commit themselves at this time for publication.

President Roosevelt will have an opportunity of putting to the test those Senators who have proclaimed their undying affection for the negro. He has long wanted to make some appointments in the North, where meritorious negroes have been available for government service, but always reasons have been advanced why negroes should not get important places, and generally they have been sidetracked. The attitude which has been taken by a number of Senators over the Brownsville order would indicate that the time is ripe for giving some thoroughly equipped negroes important Federal jobs. Just where these appointments are to be made is not known, but it is said by those who share the President's confidence that he will make several appointments in the North, which he long has had in mind. It is stated one of the appointments contemplated is for Ohio. Foraker's State is Ohio.

The greater portion of the first sixty days of the Constitutional Convention at Guthrie, Oklahoma, was consumed in locating the county boundary lines and afterward in locating the permanent county seats. After it is all over, too, it is now held by many attorneys of prominence that the convention has overstepped its authority in this drawing of lines and location of county seats, and in several instances the work of the convention will be tested in the courts. This is true in particular in Greer, Woods and Woodward Counties of Oklahoma Territory, which were divided against their will by the convention.

The tidal wave which devastated some of the Dutch East Indian Islands south of Achin, as announced January 11, practically engulfed the island of Simalu. According to latest information received here, Simalu has almost disappeared. It is said that probably fifteen hundred persons lost their lives. Violent earthquake shocks continue to be felt daily. Civil Governor Achin has gone to the scene of the catastrophe. Puda Badi, or Simalu, is situated off the northwest coast of the island of Sumatra and south of the province of Atehy.

The resignation of Theodore P. Shonts as Chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission was announced at the White House Jan. 23, having been tendered to the President and accepted by him, according to correspondence made public. It will take effect not later than March 4, Mr. Shonts having been elected as President of the Interborough Metropolitan Company, which controls the Rapid Transit and many lines in New York. No announcement was made as to who will

**Cancer Cured by Anointing with Oil.**  
Cancerol, a compound of essential oils, has been discovered which readily cures all forms of cancer and tumor. It is safe and sure and may be used at home without pain or disfigurement. Readers should write for free book to the originator, Dr. L. E. Leach, Drawer 88, Indianapolis, Indiana.

succeed Mr. Shonts as chairman of the commission, but it was learned authoritatively that headquarters would be removed from Washington to the isthmus and a high salaried chairman to serve in that capacity alone will not be named. This being admitted, it follows that Jno. F. Stevens, the engineer in charge of the construction of the canal, would not be made subordinate to another official on the isthmus. Without definite announcement thereof, it is regarded as a certainty that Mr. Stevens will be named as chairman of the commission and will assume his duties as such in connection with his post as chief engineer.

In the Arkansas State Senate Jan. 24 a resolution was passed to investigate charges of bribery that were made in connection with the attempt to secure the passage two years ago of a bill which appropriated a large amount for the completion of the new Arkansas capitol. The resolution also alleges that inferior material is being used in the construction of the building, and authorized a committee to make inquiries and ascertain whether the contract between the State and the builders might be cancelled. It was finally decided, however, that the authority to make the investigation was vested in the regular standing committee. Senator Wingo, author of the resolution, stated that one of the contractors is a self-confessed bribe giver. Several Senators made the statement that they would not vote for an appropriation for the completion of the building unless the present contractors are deposed.

By a vote of forty-seven to thirty-eight the Arkansas House of Representatives refused the adoption of a resolution indorsing the action of President Roosevelt in the discharge of the negro companies of the Twenty-Fifth Infantry, who participated in the Brownsville riots. The resolution had been introduced by Senator Legate, the lone Republican representative in the Senate, and passed the upper Legislative body by a unanimous vote.

A Washington dispatch, January 24, says: Announcement was made at the War Department this morning that the office of chairman and chief engineer of the Isthmian Canal Commission will be combined, and that Mr. Stevens, present chief engineer, will be given the appointment, the understanding being he would maintain his residence on the isthmus. The resignation of Chairman Shonts, it was also stated, will be accompanied by his resignation as President of the Panama Railroad Company and take effect on the same date he severs connection with the Isthmian Canal Commission.

Cheers greeted the passage by the Missouri House of Alonso Tubbs' anti-tipping bill. The vote was eighty-six to thirty-nine. This bill prohibits the giving of any money or presents of any kind by a man to his waiter, and makes it unlawful for any restaurateur or hotelkeeper to permit employes to accept any tips. The bill has created much merriment all the session. Governor Folk's anti-discrimination bill, which permits a firm or corporation from selling its products higher in one part of the State than in another, also passed the House. The bill is aimed at trusts which reduce their prices temporarily to drive out competition in a given territory.

The Senate has passed the compromise Foraker resolution authorizing the Committee on Military Affairs to investigate the facts of the Brownsville affair without questioning the legality or justice or any act of the President in relation to or connected with that affair. This action came after the subject of the President's discharge of the negro troops had been under consideration almost daily since the first day of this session of Con-

gress, and every phase of the question has been discussed on all sides.

A dispatch to the Chicago Tribune from Lawton, Oklahoma, says:

A negro riot, created by Lane Dixon, colored, reported to be a discharged negro soldier from the Twenty-Fifth Infantry at Fort Reno, Jan. 21, resulted in the death of Nat Marshall, colored, the wounding of Dixon and several other negroes, and the arrest of fifty other negroes.

Marshall was the owner of the gambling resort in which the negroes had congregated, and Dixon engaged in an argument over a game of dice. Their fight drew others on and a pitched battle ensued. The fight was so desperate all the officers in Lawton were called on to put a stop to it and make arrests.

A dispatch from Rome, January 24, says: The Vatican authorities denounce as non-Catholic the French Apostolic Catholic Church or new National Catholic Church, organized by Henry De Houx. The authorities of the Church here say that Archbishop Vilame, head of this new movement in America, who is now in Paris, is lending his aid and authority to establish the spiritual direction of the Church, and who, according to the Paris dispatches, comes from Texas, really resides in Chicago, is a well known apostate and therefore his ordination of priests is invalid. The Vatican officials describe Vilame as being a French priest who renounced Catholicism, was ordained a Bishop by a sect of the East Indian Protestants, known as "Old Catholics," and went to Canada and the United States.

The following are the Texas items in the Rivers and Harbor Bill: Sabine Pass, \$360,000; Galveston Harbor, \$1,000,000; Galveston Channel, \$150,000; Texas City Channel, \$60,000; Aransas Pass, \$490,000; Mouth of the Brazos, \$35,000; Brazos Canal, Galveston to Brazos River, \$151,000; Brazos River, Velasco to Old Washington, \$75,000; Brazos River, completion of lock and dam at Hidalgo Falls, \$225,000; Turtle Cove Channel, \$123,700; Inland Waterway, from Aransas Pass to Matagorda Bay including the Guadalupe River to Victoria, \$148,000; Buffalo Bayou, \$400,000; of which \$50,000 is for restoration of the channel from the head of Long Reach to the foot of Main Street. Trinity River, \$375,000; West Galveston Bay and mouths of connecting streams including Chocolate and Bastrop Bayous, \$50,000; Cypress Bayou, \$10,000; Sulphur River, \$36,000; Upper Red River, \$100,000.

Congress will appropriate (if the bill recently reported goes through) \$190,000 to carry forward the work against the boll weevil. Forty thousand dollars of it is for the Bureau of Entomology and \$89,000 for farm demonstration work, with \$25,000 given to the Plant Bureau, convertible to this use if emergency should arise; of this \$154,000, \$40,000 is to be available at once. Judge Russell, of Texas, is largely to be credited with this appropriation. He introduced a bill early in the session increasing the appropriation by \$50,000 for demonstration work, and made an argument before the committee and showed both the value of the work done and the need of enlarging it. Dr. Knapp has said that with this increase he will be able to have demonstration farms in every county of the weevil-infested district of Texas. The bill also appropriates \$150,000 for the work of exterminating the cattle

tick. Last year it was only \$65,000. The increase is evidence both that the experiments so far have been successful and that the campaign is to be carried on along broader lines hereafter.

The present contract with the State of Kansas for the care and maintenance of Oklahoma Territory's convicts will expire January 31 and a meeting was held in Topeka this week between Governors Frantz, of Oklahoma, and Hoch, of Kansas, together with Warden W. H. Haskell of the Lansing penitentiary, for the purpose of renewing the contract for another year. Even if Statehood becomes effective before the close of the present year the new State will have no place for her convicts until a penitentiary can be built and provided for by the first State Legislature. With Statehood, therefore, it will be at least two years before the convicts of Oklahoma can be cared for within the State. The Territory pays to the State of Kansas 35c per day for the care and maintenance of each convict. The Territory also pays for the clothes given the convicts when they are released from the penitentiary. The contract with Kansas was made in 1895 by Governor Renfrow and has been in existence ever since, being renewed from time to time. It was Governor Renfrow also who inaugurated the contract system of caring for the insane patients of the Territory. Including the year of 1895, the Territory of Oklahoma has paid to the State of Kansas the sum of \$589,681.55.

The Milwaukee Journal prints a long interview with Gen. Russel A. Alger, which was obtained in Detroit on March 4, 1906, giving inside facts regarding his resignation from McKinley's Cabinet and his election later to a seat in the United States Senate. Gov. Alger exacted a promise from the Journal at the time the interview was given that nothing was to be published with regard to it until after his death.

Gen. Alger told the Journal that on account of the severe criticisms against him during the Spanish-American War he three times offered to resign from the Cabinet, but that each time President McKinley would not listen to such a plan and that the President said he would quit the Presidency before he would allow Alger to leave the Cabinet. Gen. Alger said the sequel shows how much McKinley's words were worth, in that later his resignation was accepted, because the President was "embarrassed" and "annoyed" because of Alger's alleged alliance with Governor Pingree in a plan to elect Alger to the United States Senate over McMillan after the latter had promised to give way to Gen. Alger after his (McMillan's) term was up. Gen. Alger said that McKinley lacked backbone.

With the adoption of resolutions favoring the adoption of different States of the country of the legislation against the employment of child labor and favoring the eight-hour law and the strict enforcement of these enactments, the National Farmers' Union adjourned at Atlanta Ga.

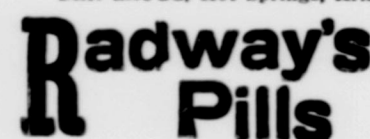
Ballots were taken by the South Carolina Legislature January 23 for Senator Tillman for United States Senator. The Senate voted solidly for Senator Tillman's re-election, while in the House one member, Rev. Coke D. Mann, of Oconee County, declined to vote. Tillman's election will be confirmed in a few days.

The Paris Matin publishes an interview with Senor Ferrez Cabbalero, the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, upon the coming Hague conference. The Spanish Minister is quoted as saying that Spain shares the universal desire for peace, particularly in view of the present internal condition of the country, namely the risk of disturbing the economic, political and social position now in process of reconstruction.

What you dedicate, God will consecrate.

**LIVER ILLS.**

Dear Sirs.—I have been sick for nearly two years, and have been doctoring with some of the most expert doctors of the United States. I have been bathing and drinking hot water at the Hot Springs, Ark., but it seemed everything failed to do me good. After I saw your advertisement I thought I would try your pills, and have nearly used two boxes; been taking two at bedtime and one after breakfast, and they have done me more good than anything else I have ever used. My trouble has been with the liver. My skin and eyes were all yellow; I had sleepy, drowsy feelings; felt like a drunken man; pain right above the navel, like as if it were bile on top of stomach. My bowels were costive. My mouth and tongue sore most of the time. Appetite fair, but food would not digest, but settle heavy on my stomach, and some few mouthfuls of food come up again. I could only eat light food that digests easily. Please send Book of Advice. Respectfully,  
BEN ZAUGG, Hot Springs, Ark.



Price 25c a box. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail.  
Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., New York, for Book of Advice.

**MARRIED.**

Fletcher-Cash.—At the residence of the bride's parents at Joy, Texas, Jan. 23, 1907, Mr. L. Fletcher, of Ector, Texas, and Miss Cora Cash, Rev. J. H. Kerr officiating.

Simmons-Gibbs.—At the parsonage at Gordon, Texas, Jan. 17, at 3 p. m., 1907, J. R. Simmons and Miss Mattie Gibbs, Rev. J. P. Patterson officiating.

Burns-Cook.—At the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Flemons, at Gordon, Texas, at 5:30 p. m., Jan. 24, 1907, Mr. Geo. W. Burns and Miss Birdie Cook, J. P. Patterson officiating.

Mecklin-Ward.—At the Methodist parsonage in Maria, Texas, January 14, 1907, Mr. G. W. Mecklin, of Hill County, Texas, and Miss Florence Ward, of Maria, Texas, Rev. N. E. Bragg officiating.

Bailey-Traylor.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. Traylor, January 9, 1907, Mr. P. A. Bailey and Ruth Traylor, all of Milam County, Texas, Rev. G. C. Cravy officiating.

Thompson-Pritchett.—At the home of the bride, Captain E. T. Thompson and Mrs. S. M. Pritchett; all of Milam County, Texas, January 15, 1907, Rev. G. C. Cravy officiating.

Jackson-Anderson.—At the home of the bride's parents, near Chandler, Texas, January 16, 1907, Mr. Ira Jackson and Miss Minlah Anderson, Dr. Hall officiating.

Moore-Wilson.—At the bride's residence, December 25, 1906, Mr. Tom Moore and Mrs. Lizzie Wilson, Rev. G. M. Massey officiating.

Armstrong-Nash.—At the residence of the preacher, January 19, 1907, at 8 o'clock, Mr. Brevis Armstrong and Miss Lucille Nash, Rev. G. M. Massey officiating.

Pucket-Collins.—On the evening of January 17, 1907, Mr. J. A. Pucket and Miss Mary Collins, the charming daughter of Rev. Levi F. Collins, of the Northwest Texas Conference. Many blessings upon the happy young couple; Rev. T. H. Davis officiating.

**Georgetown District—First Round.**

Abbott Cir., at Abbott, Jan. 26, 27.  
Peoria Cir., at Peoria, Jan. 27, 28.  
Hubbard City, Jan. 30.  
Mt. Calm, Jan. 31.  
Morgan and Walnut, Feb. 2, 3.  
Bosqueville Cir., at Bosqueville, Feb. 9, 10.  
Riesel, at Riesel, Feb. 16, 17.  
Penelope, at Penelope, Feb. 23, 24.  
W. L. NELMS, P. E.

**NEW MEXICO CONFERENCE.**

**Albuquerque Dist.—Second Round.**  
Melrose, Feb. 1.  
Texico, at Liberty, Feb. 2, 3.  
Eilda, Feb. 8.  
Portales, Feb. 9, 10.  
Tiaban, Feb. 16, 17.  
White Oaks, at Carrizo, Feb. 23, 24.  
Watrous, Feb. 27.  
Gallup, March 2, 3.  
Albuquerque, March 6.  
Magdalena, March 9, 10.  
San Marcial, March 13.  
Blacktower, at Harmony, March 16, 17.  
Tucumcari, March 20.  
Puerto, at Quay, March 23, 24.  
Melrose Circuit, Hawkins, Apr. 5, 7.  
Dear Brethren: Let us expect nothing less than gracious revivals and full collections this conference year. The man that begins early is the man that always succeeds. The one that puts it off to the last, often reports a deficit without a reasonable excuse. Organize your Sunday-school according to the Discipline, and train the children to give to missions at least once a month.

District Conference, May 8, at Melrose, N. M.

B. T. JAMES, P. E.



stimulate the TORPID LIVER, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels, and are unequalled as an ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE,  
in malarial districts their virtues are widely recognized, as they possess peculiar properties in freeing the system from that poison. Elegantly sugar coated.  
Take No Substitute.

# Notes From the Field

**Mt. Selman and Bullard.**  
 Pastor returned; presiding elder changed by time limit. Bro. Ellis Smith, the new one, came Tuesday and held first Quarterly Conference. Made good impression. Splendid attendance at business session. Pastor's salary raised \$100 over last year. Appointed a Building Committee for a church at Mt. Selman. Everything in full last year and seems now that it will be fuller this year.—B. W. Allen, Jan. 23.

**Weyland, Texaas.**  
 My first quarterly conference is over. Our noble presiding elder, M. K. Little, was with us in great power and demonstration of the gospel, looking well after the pastor and all the claims of our great Church. He gave us an "eye life" that we will not soon forget. The stewards raised the pastor's salary \$215 above last year, making \$615 for this. For such we take new courage and enter the second quarter in great faith.—S. Q. Bass, January 23.

**Wallisville Circuit.**  
 As you know we were "read" on the Crockett District the past two years, and at our Annual Conference at Tyler read out to this, almost a station. We have but three preaching places, so you see the things will have to be worked by the single rule of three—God, the people, and the preacher. One in two and two in one. So mote it be. After leaving the Lord's prayer with friends on the Crockett Circuit we traveled by rail and water two hundred miles and found it being prayed here, and we are praying it. Did we get pounded? Well! If Bro. Nelson and cap had have been "onto" the limb, we wouldn't have gotten it any harder. For three successive days, despite the inclemency of the weather, a steady stream of good things from loving hands poured into the parsonage. It is still sprinkling, and we see "a cloud the size of a man's hand." The ladies, after our arrival, placed in the parsonage a new suite of furniture; but not being satisfied with its appearance, have ordered something better. The people here heard that we were an Irishman and

now we think they are one. They heartily remember my predecessor, Brother Ransch. The Sunday-school at Wallisville has taken on new life. Its membership is nearly double what it was the first of the quarter. We have a live prayer meeting here every Wednesday night, and preaching twice a day the first, second and third Sundays in each month. The numbers attending these services are increasing. We hope our Epworth League will be revived; and that every this people will be sweetly looked after by them and this pastor, so that the sweet spirit of the Lord will be pleased to rest with us. "God in Christ has placed a principle in every man to inform him of his duty and to enable him to perform it."—T. W. Ryals, January 22.

**Hubbard City.**  
 Hubbard City is one of the best business towns of its size in the State. Situated on two railroads, surrounded by Hill County soil. It has good business houses, a handsome school building, a mineral well equal to any; several elegant residences and many comfortable homes. But all these advantages only render the more glaring the one painful defect, that is our inferior church buildings. But I believe the time is not far distant when this stinging reproach shall be taken away. Methodism is the strongest denomination in the town. Under the administration of Bro. C. B. Meador the membership was greatly increased, under that of my predecessor, Bro. Geo. F. Campbell, one of the most elegant, convenient and comfortable parsonages in the conference was built. I have received ten members into the Church so far. By unanimous consent of the Board of Stewards the salary was increased \$100, making it now \$1100. The Home Mission Society has put into the parsonage \$70 worth of furniture. We have had a Sunday-school Institute which is proving very helpful. On account of the harmonious effort being put forth we are expecting a prosperous year. A pounding? Yes, of course.—Albert D. Porter, Jan. 23.

**Rusk.**  
 I am pleased to say that the year begins well here. Five children baptized and one young lawyer received on profession of faith, and another applicant. The Sunday-school, led by Bro. J. E. Mallard and ten faithful teachers, is doing a noble work. Bro. A. M. Vining, the Secretary, serves perfectly. Junior League is in fine condition under the management of Sister Perkins, and boys are some of the finest members. The Senior League is well in hand with a competent President, Bro. Robt. N. Tisdall. The Foreign Missionary Society and the W. H. M. Society are both live and progressive with Sister E. C. Dickinson President of the Foreign, and Sister Lucretia Evans, President of the Home. The Secretary of the W. H. M. Society is Miss Elva Holmes, and deserves special mention because she is suited to all kinds of Church work, and, like many others here, she loves her Church devotedly. The beautiful pipe organ is a great attraction and is well handled by Miss Sunshine Dickinson and a number of the young people play well. The Board of Stewards are fine business men. The chairman of the board is one of the old landmarks, Dr. I. K. Frazer, who is the soul of honor. Salary raised \$100 over last year. My friend, Prof. C. E. Godbey, is in charge of the city public schools, and, like all his stock is true to his trust and faithful at his post. He gives his earnest and original efforts for the promotion of good wherever you find him. I very much miss his family who at present reside at Crockett. I am fortunate in following so elegant a gentleman as Chas. A. Honner, who, and wife, labored nobly. Bros. Elrod, V. A. Godbey, Dawson, Mathis and others whose names I think you will find in the Book of Life, did abiding work. I thank God for their lives and work, and for every worker here, and for those who so faithfully stood by my side at Crockett. Churches of the city are in harmony. Progress is the watchword.—I. B. Manly.

**Greenwood.**  
 My work is situated on the northeast side of Wise County: four nice churches and a nice four room parsonage; people are as nice. I have been received cheerfully and the best of friendship shown myself and little family. We have some true and tried spirits on this work, for which I am glad. I think we are making a splendid start with the new year. Have organized a Senior League at Greenwood with 26 members and others will soon follow. I think, Sunday, January 20, was our first meeting after organizing and I am told they made

a fine start. Our President is a young lady and is also teacher in our Greenwood college. We have made our first round. Have had some splendid services. Have received three by letter and married three couples in less than three weeks after I came. We are praying and working for the best year of our ministerial life, which is not very long, but have witnessed some of the saving power of God in our meetings. I made the Lord a promise that I would do more for him than I had heretofore done and by His grace and help I aim to do it. Let us all remember that 1907 is here and we are entering a year which will be successful; just whatever we make of it, it will be to us. High ideals and strong resolutions should be our aim, and if we would attain unto the highest ideal we must take the Christ side of life.—A. C. Sterling, Jan. 21.

**Haskell.**  
 We had a good time in Haskell yesterday. Bro. Jerome Duncan came over from Stamford and preached for us in the morning, and our presiding elder, Bro. Jno. R. Morris, preached at night. Both sermons were good and received an earnest hearing. Ten members were received by certificate. Our Sunday-school still grows in numbers and interest. The Leagues also are doing good work. We have secured over half of our conference collections.—J. H. Chambliss, Jan. 21.

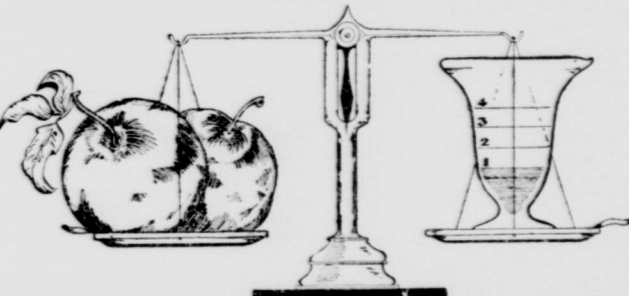
**Oakville.**  
 Praise the Lord for the great victory. Last night closed the greatest spiritual effort and triumph Oakville has ever known. Rev. A. P. Lowery, the evangelist, and wife, of Fort Worth, began here on the 15th at 11 a. m., and for nine days God's spirit was poured out abundantly with visible results as follows: Fifty or more conversions and reclamations, twenty-three added to the Methodist Church, ten to the Baptists, three to the Presbyterians. A handsome and liberal tribute of \$132.50 was given for the earnest and spiritual labors of these godly servants. The evangelist then led in a very liberal donation to the pastor of \$56. Everybody is happy and in love with God and man. Our faithful steward, E. F. Hatfield and faithful Sunday-school superintendent, T. W. Sullivan, deserve special mention as God's chosen and faithful—who have held on through the past and were zealous workers in this glorious victory. It was inspiring to see both young and old taking such active part in the work—going to and in love and tears begging the unconverted to be saved. Bro. Lowery and wife will rest a few days and begin another meeting with me at Lebanon. We expect great things. The outlook on Oakville Circuit is bright and hopeful for great revivals in every Church and full collections—and we aim by God's blessings to develop this charge until next year two pastors will be sent to the territory I now serve. Praise the Lord for the victory. I did not make special mention, as I should, of the winning talks, prayers and songs of Sister Lowery. Her evenings with ladies, and Sunday with the children, were services in which her modest, but consecrated influence was effective. Her personality in Bro. Lowery's success is a necessary and efficient factor.—H. B. Henry, January 22.

**Bluegrove.**  
 Bluegrove Circuit, our new field of labor, we find to consist of five appointments, three church buildings and 166 members and one parsonage which has been rented for about four years. It will have to have quite an amount of repairs to keep the property from going down and the Church from sustaining a heavy loss. We also find that the assessment made by the district stewards for this small circuit is greater than the one made last year for Crockett circuit, which had nearly double the membership, that this has. We are not here to complain or refuse to do what we can, but to do our best. Now we reach the point we wish our friends to see. On the night of January 18, our church building at Bluegrove was blown off the pillars. The damage will likely be \$200, and may be more. If any person is willing to help us in this our time of need we will appreciate any amount they may send by money order to Bluegrove, Texas. This country is settling fast. Now is our time to do our work here. The outlook is favorable to build up, but how will we succeed under this pressure? We need the prayers of the Church as much as we need money.—P. W. Byrd, January 22.

**Nederland.**  
 We have made our first round on the Nederland and Sabine Pass charge. We have found a kind and generous people. I am sure they will take care of the preacher and his family. We have no parsonage, but the Woman's Home Mission Society has rented the best house in the city for the pastor and will pay the rent of same, and the rent will not come out of the pastor's salary. The home is well furnished with good furniture and

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other necessary things. We have had no pounding yet, but we are looking for it right now. Our indefatigable presiding elder came to see us on Friday and preached for us three days. There was no interest of the Church that was not visible to his eye. I cannot tell how any charge could fail, if they adopt his plans. I have been in this conference seventeen years, and have never seen anything to equal it. Such men are not multitudinous. He certainly is no "dirt-dobber" presiding elder. You have seen, as you stood around the well—the old well—the dirt-dobbers come and get their load and off they would go. Our presiding elder is not that kind; he stays until all the demands are met. He is the preachers' friend, and I shall not forget to make this statement. He brought Sister Godbey with him, and I want to say with all honesty, she is not one whit behind the presiding elder, V. A. Godbey. Many thanks for what the two have done for us, and our charge. We should be glad if they would move to Nederland. It has been said that when a preacher is good for nothing else make him a presiding elder. I am certainly glad that V. A. Godbey has "deteriorated" so as to fit the presiding eldership. I am getting just a little uneasy myself. You will remember I was changed from Willard Station to Nederland Circuit, as I like circuit work. However, I am thankful to the presiding elder who worked so persistently in my behalf. He is not pestiferous. Much love for the fraternity.—A. J. Anderson, January 22.

**Cement, Okla.**  
 I am now in a meeting with M. T. Allen at this place. The meeting starts off finely. This is surely a great country. The people hear the Word gladly. We are looking for great things in this meeting. These people are well pleased with Bro. M. T. Allen as preacher in charge, and he is well pleased with his people. Cement has a population of about 800. Good church and parsonage.—M. J. Allen, January 22.

**Cameron.**  
 Here I am, head and heart full, hands and feet busy, and happy as a "possum up a gum stump. After ten years I found the pastoral harness a little big and the shafts a little wide for me, but am trying to expand to the fitting point. Our departure from the Pittsburg District and from the good people of Pittsburg was not the most joyful thing to be thought of. No better people than those who compose that good district. No better set of preachers than those I served up there. The people of Pittsburg, with their own pastor to look after, did not forget us. They fitted my wife out for conference, and when we had to move gave her a linen shower, and Rev. R. A. Morris when he shook hands with me in my "good by" with him left a \$20 gold piece in my hand. Ah that was kind! Rev. G. E. Cameron is a princely man to be associated with as pastor in the town where the presiding elder lives. The little city of Cameron of 1000 people is a most delightful town, and myself and family are just delighted. On our arrival here, Dec. 13, after dark, we were met at the train by Brothers B. J. Baskin and W. H. Triggs, and our family divided and whirled away to their splendid homes, where we were royally entertained till Monday, when we moved into our neat parsonage, which had been newly papered throughout and painted inside, new matting put on floors, new shades and curtains on

widows, new heaters in parlor and family room. This is the best furnished parsonage we have ever entered. The people, our own and everybody else, have been the very embodiment of kindness to us. We hear our predecessor, Bro. Gxley, kindly spoken of, which we like. Pounded? Not yet, but it will come when deserved, no doubt. But this, which is far better, the stewards have advanced the salary from \$1290 to \$1500 and the ladies have put into the pastor's study an easy \$6 chair and a nice roller top desk. And Bro. Arthur Baskin has loaned us a fine Jersey cow, which shows us that they expect us to eat and study and feed them on the sincere milk of the Word, and some strong meat now and then. Well, by the help of God, we are giving and shall continue to give them the best that's in us. We love our Church; its failure is our sorrow, its prosperity our joy. We are praying, reading our Bible and other good books, tramping the streets from store to store and from house to house getting acquainted with the people and praying for them in their homes. We feel that God is with us, and that in spite of the feeling of inability to meet the demands, and of unworthiness to claim success, that He is blessing and will bless more largely the work. It is our purpose to do all the work of a Methodist preacher—and that will include a close canvass for the Advocate.—T. J. Smith, January 22.

**Kennedale.**  
 We are moving along as nicely on this charge as could be expected. We found several old debts which were in the way, but which we have now provided for, and things are in better shape. The people have been just as kind to us as it is possible for people to be. They began to bring in such things as a preacher's family needs just as soon as we arrived here. Turkeys, chickens, fresh meats and such things continued all the while, but last Wednesday night you ought to have seen the crowd that assembled at the parsonage just before prayer-meeting, all bringing something as a token of respect and appreciation for the poor efforts we are trying to put forth for their good. We had a very delightful time. The good ladies have bought some nice furniture for the parsonage, and they are doing all they can to make us happy while our lot is cast in their midst. We expect a great year on this charge. We are preparing for meetings and doing all we can to create a great faith in the efforts to have a good meeting.—M. W. Rogers, Jan. 25.

**White Rock.**  
 We arrived here Friday before the second Sunday in December after an overland drive of seventy-five miles. Our household goods did not arrive for several days, but we were met at the parsonage by H. C. Terry, one of our stewards, and taken to his house, and notwithstanding we were entire strangers, we were made to feel like we were among friends. The parsonage was left in good condition. The good people came with the "regular pounding" Saturday night, and notwithstanding the mud was deep, enough came to gladden our hearts. We are thankful that the "milk of human kindness" still flows. The Woman's Home Mission Society have built a good smoke-house since we came, and now we have meat in it. The same good women have money on hand to do some needed repairing on the parsonage. Our first Quarterly Conference

## TWO SISTERS HAVE ECZEMA OF HEAD

Two Illinois Girls Suffer from Scalp Trouble—Another Sister Needs a Tonic—Friend Suggests Cuticura—They Use It and Now Give

### MUCH PRAISE TO ALL CUTICURA REMEDIES

"I must give much praise to all the Cuticura Remedies. I used but one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment, as that was all that was required to cure my disease. I was very much troubled with eczema of the head, and a friend of mine told me to use the Cuticura Remedies, which I did, and am glad to say that they cured my eczema entirely. Since then, we have always kept the soap on hand at all times. My sister was also cured of eczema of the head by using the Cuticura Remedies. Another sister has used Cuticura Resolvent and Pills and thinks they are a splendid tonic. I cannot say exactly how long I suffered, but I think about six months. Miss Edith Hamner, R. F. D. No. 6, Morrison, Ill., Oct. 3, 1906."

## EVERY CHILD Afflicted with Torturing Disfiguring Humors

Becomes an object of the most tender solicitude, not only because of its suffering, but because of the dreadful fear that the disfiguration is to be lifelong, and mar its future happiness, and prosperity.



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# The Home Circle

### THE BABY.

He is so little to be so loved!  
He came unbooted, ungarbed, un-  
gloved,  
Naked and shameless,  
Beggared and blameless,  
And for all he could tell us, even name-  
less.  
Yet every one in the house bows down  
As if the mendicant wore a crown.

He is so little to be so loud!  
O, I own I should be wondrous proud  
If I had a tongue  
All swiveled and swung,  
With a double-back action twin screw  
lung  
Which brought me victual and keep  
and care,  
Whenever I shook the surrounding air.

He is so little to be so large!  
Why, a train of cars or a whaleback  
barge  
Couldn't carry the freight  
Of the monstrous weight  
Of all his qualities good and great.  
And, though one view is as good as an-  
other,  
Don't take my word for it. Ask his  
mother.

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

### PASSING EVENTS IN THE WORLD'S CAPITAL.

Sitting in the Members' Gallery of the House of Commons a few days ago, I was profoundly impressed with the idea that at last the British Lion is aroused, and that the termination of a long-drawn ecclesiastical tyranny is well-nigh in sight. The Education Bill is one of the rocks upon which the antiquated aristocratic barque will in all probability bleach her ribs, and remain high and dry as a relic of the palmy days when the poor man ate his bread and bacon, pulled his forelock to the gentry, and rather unwillingly said, "God bless the squire." The aforesaid squire earned this benediction in some slight degree, seeing that he gave these hindskim milk for the fetching and coals at Christmas to boot. In return, the hind gave up his body and soul, and after a long struggle with the plough died a pauper and returned to the earth to fertilize it for the use of generations of squires that would follow in lordly train.

It is too much to say that the House of Lords is to be immediately dissolved, but it is not too much to assert that the ship is being madly driven toward the sunken rocks. Mr. Balfour himself being on the bridge, Lord Halifax and Lord Robert Cecil at the wheel, the ecclesiastical engineers calling for more steam meanwhile. With a confidence born of long rule, Mr. Balfour imagines that he has water enough to successfully negotiate the narrow channel, and thus with throbbing engines and a defiant crew, the ship is passing swiftly to its undoing. To immediately put the helm hard-a-port might save the situation for awhile, but upon such a humiliating course the Cecilian captain has no "settled convictions."

Glancing over the benches on the Speaker's left, the Labor Party stand out with peculiar distinctness; amid the solemnity of silk hats and frock coats, Kier Hardy's little light brown jacket attracts the eye, and the very suggestive red tie of one of these democrats offers increased vibration to the optic nerve. It was refreshingly unusual; in fact, it seemed almost Canadian in its freedom, and, of course, I felt quite at home!

Lord Robert Cecil was engaged in an animated discussion with Mr. Bowles, Jr.—very junior in appearance, but although boyish he can give a good account of himself when called upon. Sir Frederick B. was speaking in a deliberate and halting manner about the wickedness of spending public money upon feeding school children of parents who could well afford to provide for them. Mr. Hardy groaned within and without, and challenged some of the statements.

John Burns was busy writing letters in his seat by the Premier, who, by the way, seemed somewhat worried and tired looking, I thought. Winston Churchill lay back against the green upholstery with his feet almost upon the table near the despatch box, perhaps working out another scheme to discredit the political Boers, against whom he wages excellent war. It was the lull before the storm, the Lords having just sent the bill back as

### A NOTRE DAME LADY.

I will send free, with full instructions, some of this simple preparation for the cure of Leucorrhoea, Uterication, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, Hot Flashes, Desire to Cry, Creeping feeling up the Spine, Pain in the Back, and all Female Troubles, to all sending address. To mothers of suffering daughters I will explain a Successful Home Treatment. If you decide to continue it will only cost about 12 cents a week to guarantee a cure. Tell other sufferers of it, that is all I ask. If you are interested write now and tell your suffering friends of it. Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 187, Notre Dame, Ind.

a vast population that will soon people the hills, wolds and valleys stretching from sea to sea.—Christian Guardian, Canada.

### FRAGRANT CHRISTIANS.

In the Lobby I had a chat with Mr. Arthur Sherwell, whom I knew when he was at the West London Mission, and congratulated him on his splendid victory at Huddersfield. The clergy were around in goodly numbers, and many others were waiting to get a ticket to admit them to the gallery, but just at present it is almost impossible to get in, unless a member balloted for a seat several days ahead. Mr. Perks looks quite hale and hearty, and as young as when he entertained the Ecumenical Conference in 1901. It is safe to say that there has been no such session of Parliament since the days when Gladstone was at his meridian, and there certainly has never been a time when such a solid majority has openly declared war on the Peers. Strictly speaking, the situation is interesting, to say the least.

The great mass of the English people have decided that they have been in Egypt long enough making bricks without straw, and submitting to the lash of the Tory taskmasters. Their Moses has arisen, and in spite of the hardening of the hearts of the coroneted and lawn-sleeved Pharaohs and their cool reliance on the long-established order of things, the people are passing out of bondage with the promised land of greater freedom and more equitable legislation in view. It is a privilege to live in these days; not because the atmosphere is militaria, but because justice is asserting herself, and the poor man is coming into his own. Men are to be judged by what they are, and not according to the false methods of the past—by what they have.

Not very many days ago I stood in Euston Road watching a hungry crowd of men and women who had gathered outside a soup kitchen two hours before it would open, in order to get a chance for the free ticket which would entitle them to a pint of soup and a large piece of bread. In the event of not getting a ticket, there was the slender hope that the little soup remaining after all ticket-holders had been served, would be given away to those nearest the door. The police had formed the men into long lines of four abreast, and I roughly counted over one hundred in that wretched procession who had not the price of a three-cent soup ticket.

It was a chilly morning, and they were marking time with their feet to keep up the circulation. Within thirty yards of this tragic scene an auction sale of motor cars was in progress, and hundreds of pounds were being offered my men of means for the luxury of an automobile, and as the gentlemen looked over the highly-polished engines of travel, the throb of the hungry hundred could be heard beating their tired feet against the cold asphalt, buoyed up by the hope that they might possibly get a three-cent meal free of charge. Seeing these things, a lump came into my throat, and I could only exclaim, "Good heavens." The brave attempt made by the present Government to better the conditions of life for these helpless ones, and to have done with servile charity, and to eventually create an environment that will tend to a healthy and prosperous independence, is God-directed, and will be God-blessed.

Midnight at Euston Station: A special train for Liverpool is at the platform. Little groups of individuals are gathered to say farewell. Salvation Army officers with their kindly faces and warm cloaks are here and there among the people, advising and directing upon all sorts of questions. The emigrants are wearing a badge with "Farewell, Welcome," engraved upon it, so that they can be recognized immediately at the departure and arrival alike. They are bound for Canada to begin a new life of hope in a free country, with none of the disabilities of overcrowded England to contend against. As the train drew out, and the handkerchiefs fluttered and the hurried "good-byes" were exchanged, an old woman, supported by two of her daughters, broke into tears, which up to this time she had apparently restrained, and a lame man who stumped past with a crutch, bowed his face with grief. Perhaps it was another case of an only son, but as I watched the red lamps upon the receding cars I knew full well that the men and women to whom we had just said farewell, were going out to a land of promise, and in all probability would return with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads in years to come.

Canada is creating a wonderful interest in the Old Country; only a few days ago "Canadas" were quoted at 200 on the Stock Exchange, and no doubts are now expressed as to the great future which lies before the queen of the colonies. And our great chu-ch will be brave enough—elastic enough—spiritually audacious enough, to adjust herself to meet the needs of

Our Divine Master directs His disciples to be luminous: "Let your light shine!" He reminds them that they are to be the salt of the earth, to preserve society from moral corruption. There is also a steady and often unconscious influence shed off from the genuine Christian which may be likened to the fragrance shed by aromatic plants. Travelers in Southern France can detect at once their entrance into the lavender-producing districts—the air is laden with grateful perfumes.

In the Canticles there is a lively picture of the church as an "inclosed garden," with its pleasant fruits, its pomegranates, its cinnamon, its myrrh and all the chief spices. Then follows the prayer: "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden that the spices thereof may flow out!" As odors may lie latent in a plant, so graces may remain undeveloped in a Christian. What is needed is to call them forth. Pruning is a sharp process, but God's people often require it to make them fruitful. Certain processes are needed also to make them fragrant.

A "north wind" is prayed for to start the odors. Perhaps this may signify the work of the Divine Spirit in producing deep convictions of sin and shortcomings. Christians need to be convicted of sin as much as unre-generate sinners. Many of the most pungent calls to repentance in the New Testament are addresses to the members of those early Churches. Peter was under heartrending conviction of most odious sin when he went out of Pilate's courtyard weeping bitterly. That started the spices, for true contrition has the savor of a sweet smell in God's estimation. Many years ago a powerful awakening occurred in one of our theological seminaries. The "north wind" of the Holy Spirit's power smote so mightily that some of the students abandoned their hopes, threw away all their previous impressions as shallow and unsatisfactory, and experienced a deep, thorough reconversion, that went down to the roots of character. One of the best evidences of the power of a revival is that it brings delinquent Church members to repentance. The same strong gale that uproots false professors, sets the spices of penitence flowing from those who had grown indolent or worldly-minded. Awake, O north wind, and blow upon our Churches!

God has many methods of developing the graces of His children. Discipline is one of them. They tell us that the juniper plant emits the sweetest odor when it is flung into the fire. We all know that bruised flowers yield the most fragrance. I have had some striking exhibitions—among my own flock—of the influence of severe trials in bringing out the richest and noblest traits of Christian character. A lovely young woman has preached to me far more eloquently from her dying pillow than I had ever preached to her from the pulpit. Another one, under distressing pecuniary adversities, has been like a shaken cinnamon tree; her cheerful fortitude has proved that nothing can impoverish a soul that is enriched with the unsearchable riches of Christ. Bereavement has sent its bitter blast into some of our families; yet the odors of riven hearts have been sweet with the spirit of submission. Almost every believer's experience contains the record of severe trials which were sent in order to shake the spice trees.

"Who bears a cross prays oft and well;  
Bruised herbs sent forth the sweetest smell;  
Were plants ne'er tossed by stormy wind,  
The fragrant spices who would find?"

The inspired poet of the Canticles also prays for the "south wind to come upon my garden." Not only the keen north wind that may bring us to repentance, and the sharp blasts of adversity to test and develop our faith, but God is asked to send the warm south wind of love to melt us into gratitude and praise. A great blessing sent upon a Church, or upon a Christian, often makes the hearts thus blessed to become like a bank of violets under a May shower. Do we not need to have more of the felt presence of Jesus in our souls, and more of the warm breath of His love to set all our affections growing and glowing and breathing out a holy joy? However softly the south wind may blow upon the lavender bushes, it is from the bushes themselves that the fragrance must be diffused. God's mercies come alike to saint and sinner.

The balmy zephyrs cannot draw sweet odors from a pig-weed or a thistle. Dead trees yield no fragrance. It is from a zealous, earnest, Christ-imitating life that the sweet attractive in-

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fluences flow; but you and I must do the living.—Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

### WHO WAS IT?—THE BRAVE CAPTAIN OF THREE HUNDRED MEN.

Once upon a time there was a young man who had a visit from an angel while he was threshing wheat to hide it from his people's enemies. Nothing was safe at this time because of them. God's people had gone after idols, and now they were in great distress because of their enemies.

The angel said to the young farmer, "Go and save the people from their enemies." The young man said, "How can I go? I'm a poor man and my father is not great. Nobody thinks anything of us."

But the Lord said, by the lips of the angel, "I will be with you, and you shall win." He also told him to cut down the idol god in the grove and set up an altar, or praying-place. In its stead, and the young farmer did as he was told. Some wanted to kill him for it, but his father said, "Let the idol take care of himself."

Soon the young farmer raised a great army, which God said was too large. After sending home as many as wished to go, the rest were taken to drink at a brook. Three hundred of them dipped up the water with their hands and drank it, but the rest, a great number, got down on their knees to drink. God said, "Take the three hundred and send the rest home. I will save you by the three hundred." The enemy's soldiers were so many that it seemed as if they were like the sand of the sea, too many to count.

The brave captain of the three hundred men armed them with lamps and trumpets and trumpets. Wasn't it strange? He divided the men into three companies of a hundred each, and every one with a trumpet in one hand, and a pitcher with a lamp in it, in the other. Then the captain said, "Look at me and do as I do." So the three companies of men were placed about the camp of sleeping soldiers. It was about the middle watch of the night, and the guard of soldiers had just been set to watch the camp.

All silently the captain placed his companies around the camp, and then suddenly his voice rang out in a great shout, and he blew his trumpet, and broke his pitcher so that the light shone out. Every man did exactly the same. Crash went three hundred pitchers, and out flashed three hundred lights. Three hundred brave voices shouted for God and the captain and three hundred trumpets sounded out. The soldiers waked from sleep, thinking a great army had come upon them. The lights dazed them and it seemed as if thousands were shouting around the camp. They fell upon each other with their swords, not knowing friend from enemies, and tried to get away as fast as they could. So there was a great victory that night. Who was the brave captain?—The Interior.

### "PROBABLY YOU ARE TOO GOOD."

I recently heard a charming story. It is Japanese, not Russian, so I know it will charm you, too. In a certain village were two families, one prosperous and rich, the other merely getting along; yet the former was famous in the village for its unhappiness and the friction between its members, while the latter was equally renowned for its peaceableness and content. The happy family became continually happier—to him that hath shall be given; the unhappy family became continually more unhappy—from him that hath not shall be taken away that which he seemeth to have.

The man of wealth could stand it no longer. He went to his humble friend and asked him where he thought the trouble lay.

"I have land enough, and house

enough, and money enough, yet we are always quarreling and unhappy. You have nothing like the means for comfort and enjoyment that I have, and yet your people are affectionate and contented."

The poor man replied thoughtfully, "Perhaps it is because you are all such good people at your house."

The rich man objected that if they were all good people, certainly they ought to be happy together.

But the poor man would not recede. "No, you are all good at your house. Now, at my house it is different. We are a very faulty lot, and we all know it. To illustrate, suppose I am sitting on a rug by the brazier, and the maid passing there kicks over my teacup, spilling the tea over the mats, I immediately break out with, 'Excuse me, excuse me. Very stupid of me. No business to leave a teacup out in the middle of the room for people to stumble over. Serves me right.'

"But the maid will not have it that way. She drops down, wipes up the tea with her handkerchief, and with beaming face cries, 'Oh, master, what a blunderbuss I am! Always stumbling and making trouble. It will only serve me right if you turn me off without a word one of these days.'

"You see how it is, we are such a faulty lot all around, and we know it so well that there is no chance for ill-feeling or quarreling."

And the rich man, after thinking a moment, slowly said, "I see it all. It would be very different at our house. I would turn to the maid with, 'Stupid, what are you up to now? You've only two feet; can't you look out for that number, or are they so big they are bound to hit every object in the room? I'll have to turn you off some day and get a maid of more delicate build.' And the maid sullenly mutters, 'A lazy man has no business to spread himself all over a room and get in busy people's way.' I guess you are right, we are all too good—or at least we think we are."

In the application of this story I will follow the method of an old college instructor of mine. When some special bit of foolishness had been perpetrated, he would express his opinion of it vigorously, then, looking vaguely around the classroom, but meanwhile pointing his fat finger at the youth deemed guilty, would close with, "I don't mention any names; I put the shoe there." And I, in turn, point my finger at half the people I know, myself included, and without mentioning any names, put the shoe there.—Christian Intelligencer.

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Many satisfy themselves by agreeing with conscience, when obedience is what is needed.—Ram's Horn.

**If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,**  
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The rainbow of promise appears when the sunshine of His love meets the showers of sorrow.—Ram's Horn.

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REMINISCENCE NO. 7.

We had a camping in the Coon neighborhood some ten miles south-east of Princeton. It began on Friday night, but was excused until Saturday evening that I might be initiated into the mysteries of Masonry in Trenton, some thirty miles from the meeting.

On arriving at the camp ground late in the evening Saturday, old Father Ketron met me and said, "Sammie, you must preach to-night." I replied, "Oh, Brother Ketron, I can't preach to-night; I have preached everything I know here." "Oh, yes you can," said he. I urged him to have Brothers Root, Clanton, or Davis, to preach, or preach himself. "No," said he, "we have all preached and can't turn a wheel." "Then," said I, "how can you expect me to preach?" Sister Minter chimed in, "You preach, Bro. Littlepage, and we'll pray for you. Open your mouth and the Lord will fill it." What would young preachers do if it were not for the good women of the Church?

As there was no way out of it, I took my Bible and went to the woods, prayed and struggled for an hour or so, trying to find something to preach about, but all in vain. I had asked, oh, so earnestly to be led by the Spirit, but apparently all was dark. Several times my eye rested on the Scripture, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous, who is the propitiation for our sins," etc. Of course, I knew in a general way what it meant, but how to analyze it or get hold of it as a text was too much for me. I wore myself out in prayer and returned in gloom to the preachers' tent. Bro. McDaniel, with whom I boarded in Trenton, asked what was the matter with me. I told him that Father Ketron had appointed me to preach, and I didn't know a thing to preach about, and he only laughed at me. The congregation had gathered, the preachers, Daniel Root, A. J. Davis and T. D. Clanton, were in the pulpit singing. Clanton, who was a splendid vocalist, sang about Felix trembling before Paul. I thought I would preach about that, but I couldn't find it; turning the pulpit Bible in my haste and confusion, there was my text: "If any man sin," etc. Having nothing else to read, I read that; and as the Hardshells used to say, my mouth went off, and I never preached such a sermon in my life. I brought in my Masonry. I had never understood it before, and I doubt if any man can understand

Masonry without a revelation from God. I represented sin as the great misfortune of the race, and the sinner as blind, led captive by the devil at his will; and all the agencies of the gospel, the mercy of God, the blood of Jesus, all commissioned to bring him to light, life and heaven. The preachers were crying, amen! Old Father Ketron was rubbing his hands and blessing the Lord, tears streaming down his withered face. I saw there was a deep feeling in the congregation, and turning to Bro. Ketson, I asked: "Bro. K., may I call for mourners?" I had never called penitents before. He replied: "Yes, call them up," and they came running to the altar, and some came under the altar rail. Old Bro. K. sang out, much excited, "Come down the aisle! Don't come under the pole." The altar was very large, inclosed with long poles, and in less than three minutes it was crowded with penitents. Ketron was in his glory on an occasion like that. A great many were converted and the power of God seemed to rest on camping to the close of it.

I must mention a remarkable scene that occurred at Anberry Grove Campmeeting. A large delegation of Virginia Methodists from near Trenton were camped on the ground and loud in the praise of J. D. Vincil, a local preacher, who lived in Albany, Mo., but he was a Virginian, a popular lecturer on Masonry, Odd Fellowship, temperance, and indeed on most any subject—really an eloquent man—and he was expected. Saturday evening he came walking in, his hair in beautiful ringlets hanging around his neck. Bro. Robinson, presiding elder, appointed him to preach that night. He took as his text, "Wilt thou be made whole?" He began with the statement that he never had accepted the "Methodist dogma of total depravity." Old Sorrell raised his eagle eye at him and his light went out. The old brethren sighed deeply, and Vincil, finding himself alone, sailed into every patent nostrum the devil and deduced men had invented to heal the moral maladies of the race, and fought lustily every enemy in sight. As he sat down, Bro. Robinson, the presiding elder, arose and said, "On the introduction of Methodism into the United States the Methodists were called 'Holy Grunters.' I don't think the term would apply to the congregation to night. I haven't heard a grunt, groan or an amen while the brother was preaching. What's the matter, brethren? Did the eloquence of the brother destroy your devotional feelings? Wake up, wake up!" He exhorted them until he succeeded in getting up quite a good feeling. The next morning Vincil walked into the preachers' tent, saddlebags on his

arm, cane in hand and ringlets in the best of order, to tell us goodbye, he was going home. Bro. Robinson came in, expressed his regret at his leaving. Vincil gave as his reason that "Business was very pressing at Albany, and he thought he would go to Pattonsburg that day, and by taking an early start Monday morning, he could reach Albany by business hours."

"Well, brother, you could preach for us this morning at 9 o'clock, then get to Pattonsburg by night." "Perhaps so," said he. He plucked me out and we went to the grove. Vincil confessed his folly and pride of heart, which had always been in his way. He cried like a child. We prayed together. I pointed him to the source of his strength, and as the horn blew for service, we started to camp. The preachers were in the pulpit (as was then the custom.) Bro. W. F. Bell began singing the hymn Vincil had selected to introduce the service. I saw a shadow pass over Vincil's face and was fearful that he was put out, but he selected another and we sang it for him, and he prayed such an humble, simple, earnest prayer. He was evidently in fine spirit for service. He read as his text, "Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer and to rise from the dead the third day: and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations," etc. He began in the simplest style possible, but when sure of his ground and of his hold on God, oh, how he did preach! Eloquence was no name for it. That sermon secured him to the Missouri Conference, in which he remained an honored member for many years, and Secretary of the conference several years after he located. He was for thirty odd years Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the State of Missouri of the Masonic fraternity. After he had preached such a mellow and pathetic sermon in the morning, Bro. Robinson followed with a strong doctrinal sermon. At three p. m., Father Ketron was put up to preach. His introduction was simple, pathetic and earnest. His sermon I can't recall, but in closing he took fire and fired the audience. He described his death scene, which could not, in the nature of things, be far in the future. "He was then an old man and his tenement of clay was already showing signs of disintegration, his step infirm and his eyes were failing. He loved his mortal frame. It was the handiwork of the Creator. They had loved, labored and suffered together. No man ever yet hated his own flesh, but loved and cherished it. He loved his and cherished the hope of its resurrection, but, oh, how true the statement, 'It is sown in weakness.' But the best of friends must part, when the death angel shall summon

the soul away; but methinks the saddest parting will be that of the soul as its leaves its old companion to become food for worms and mingle with the dust of this unfriendly world; but the fiat has gone forth. 'Dust to dust' is the decree of its Maker, and bidding farewell to his failing frame, his soul plumes her pinions for her heavenly home, rising with the velocity of light, the parting heavens admit her ascent, the orbs of glory burst on his enraptured vision, he hails the inhabitants in their bright, happy abode, but he was going higher, passes Orion and the Pleiades suns and systems in the vast expanse wheel off on either side, close in on his track behind him, and at last in the inconceivable distance through which his enraptured spirit presses its flight to the mansions of the blest. Finally the central orb of this vast universe, whose inconceivable proportions hold in check and balance all other worlds in this system, only less infinite than its creator, comes into view. This is the home of God and the angels and the spirits of the redeemed. In this bright world are the many mansions the Lord has prepared for them that love him. He approaches the entrance—the pearly gates swing back on their golden hinges, and he is greeted by the blood-washed millions that have gone on before, and among them—glory be to God—are his precious mother, the companion of his itinerant toils, the children he had laid away in sadness and tears, hoping some sweet day to meet them again; and, oh, what joy gladdened it possible—the souls of the redeemed he had led to Christ on such occasions as this. Oh, friendly sinner, will you meet me there?" I wish I could give some faint idea of the power of this discourse. Long before this time the audience of near 5000 people were on their feet pressing toward the pulpit. Unable to contain their feelings longer they began shouting aloud, sinners screamed for mercy, and many fell in the congregation like dead men; a great many were converted I have heard a great many pulpit orators. W. G. Caples, of Waco, Bishop Pierce, Dr. Hamilton, of Mobile, Ala., Morley Puncheon, of London, but for real power and influence over men I think I have never heard the equal of this simple-minded, unaffected, Dutchman. How I would like to witness such scenes again, but I doubt if I ever shall. Have the times changed? Has cultivation anything to do with it? Cultured men and women were carried away on these occasions as well as the common people. It may be Providence had something to accomplish in raising up such men to meet the exigencies of the times. These marvelous displays of genius or power were not common by any means. During the four years of our

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intimate association I only witnessed three or four instances in the preaching of this wonderful man, though no doubt many occurred that I did not witness. Well, I must leave my first charge. I have spent more time on it than I expect to give to any other, but this is as good a time as I shall ever find to give expression to the fact that I am not humiliated or chagrined when I see young preachers preferred and the old set aside; it is ever thus, and is likely always to be. Explain it who will. I chanced to hear my presiding elder say after our term on the Trenton Mission was over that Father Ketron is well liked, of course, on the Trenton work, but the majority of the people say they would rather have Bro. Littlepage back than Bro. Ketron. I was never "the ladies' darling and the cities' wonder," but I was a young man and not being able to preach much, I did everything else I could to advance the Redeemer's cause. In looking over my journal I find that I bought during that year four Sunday-school libraries, leaving the selection of the books to Dr. McAnally. I see a fact stated that I had forgotten. I sent Dr. McAnally, at one time, a \$50 bill for books. I carried books in my saddle bags and furnished the people a great deal better theology than I could give them from the pulpit, or at least in better dress than I could serve it in. The Book Agent had not in these early days brought the book business into contempt, and I dare to say that the young preacher, or old one either, who will sow down his pastoral charge with good books, not to make money by it, but to save the people and glorify God, will reap a reward in heaven he cannot hope to gain if this work is omitted. I resolved not to marry until my four years novitiate were finished, with graduation to elder's orders, and kept my resolution. So I know what it is to be courted by the young ladies and caressed by the older ones. "Every dog has his day." I had mine. I remember, oh, so well, when I was young, and let me remind you, my dear young brethren, that you will one day be old, if you live long enough, but never compromise your ministry by secular pursuits, better die paupers than do so. The souls you may save by fidelity to duty will live forever to bless you; the money you might make by turning aside will perish with the using, to say the least of it, if it does not curse you for your disloyalty. Remember David's experience: "I have been young, but now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Thousands can bear witness to the faithfulness of our covenant-keeping Savior. This is my testimony so far, and I will trust Him to the end, "though he slay me." Almost anybody can make money, but few can preach so as to save souls. Another thing added much to my popularity with the best class of people. I was an active temperance worker and organized a great many lodges of Good Templars on my district. Oh, what progress has been made in this cause in the last fifty years, but much yet remains to be done. The cause of temperance is the cause of God and humanity. S. C. LITTLEPAGE. Waco, Texas.

Advertisement for "Blue Willow" breakfast set. Text includes: "Dear to the Heart of Every Lady 'FANCY CHINAWARE'", "SPECIAL OFFER", "THIS BEAUTIFUL 'BLUE WILLOW' BREAKFAST SET FREE", "GENUINE 'BLUE WILLOW' PATTERN", "Set consists of 30 pieces: Six (6) Coffee Cups, Six (6) Saucers, Six (6) Plates, Six (6) Oatmeal or Fruit Dishes and Six (6) Butters. All Full Size.", "Special Offer", "Send No Money", "READ THIS!", "W. M. ROSS, Mgr., 1144 Sawyer Bldg., Chicago."

Give me Thy joy in sorrow, gracious Lord, And sorrow's self shall like to joy appear! Although the world should waver in its sphere I tremble not if Thou Thy peace afford. —Chauncey H. Townshend.

TEXAS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE
PUBLISHERS
BLAYLOCK PUB. CO.
Office of Publication—Corner of Ervay and Jackson Streets.
Published Every Thursday at Dallas, Texas

Entered at the Postoffice at Dallas, Texas, as Second-Class Mail Matter.
G. C. RANKIN, D. D., Editor

SUBSCRIPTION—IN ADVANCE.
ONE YEAR \$2 00
SIX MONTHS 1 00
THREE MONTHS 50
TO PREACHERS (Half Price)... 1 00

For advertising rates address the Publishers.

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Only ministers in the active work in the M. E. Church, South, are authorized agents for the Texas Christian Advocate. We can not be responsible for money paid to others unless they can show authority for collecting from this office or from the preachers in charge.

Two of our exchanges are giving accounts of the faithful work done by the late Bishop J. O. Peck, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who helped to sow his congregations down with religious literature while he was pastor and before he was Bishop. Now, as a matter of fact, was there ever a Bishop J. O. Peck in the Methodist Episcopal Church? We know there was a most efficient and successful pastor in that Church named J. O. Peck, but unless we mistake he was never elected Bishop. He lived and died in the pastorate. Rev. Jesse T. Peck was a Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, but we never heard of him as a distributor of Church papers while pastor.

Our readers will all be delighted to read Bishop Galloway's delightful letter in this issue. We wrote to him to tell us something about his health, as all Methodists in Texas felt a keen interest in his welfare, and the result is the letter furnished this week. From its tone he is evidently beginning to feel like himself again but no work ought to be exacted of him for several months. Let him become fully restored before he again taxes his strength. Ever since he was elected Bishop he has worked up to the utmost limit. We hope he will not repeat the imprudence. He is worth too much to our cause to take any further chances.

John W. Robbins, after serving the State eight years as Treasurer, has retired from office, and is now a private citizen, and in business in Austin. During his long term of office he handled one hundred and thirty-five millions of the State's money, and he holds receipts for the right use of every penny of that vast amount. The State has never had a truer and a more conscientious public servant than John W. Robbins. The integrity of his character is like granite, and there lives not a man who can say aught against his honesty. He is now a member of the Stacy-Robbins-Convert Company, and we wish for him the success to which he is justly entitled. He is a staunch Methodist and the preachers' friend.

REV. J. C. S. BAIRD DEAD.

Rev. John C. S. Baird died at Oakland, a suburb of Madill, I. T., Friday, January 25. Brother Baird was born near the town of Kaufman, Texas, and served many charges in the years gone by in the bounds of the Northwest Texas Conference. He belonged to the old guard of Texas Methodism, and his passing will be noted with pain by his many friends throughout this State. He was for many years a favorite contributor to the columns of the Texas Christian Advocate, and while his theories were not always endorsed, few writers were read after with more interest. Brother Baird has a son, Rev. R. A. Baird, who is a member of the Indian Mission Conference. The Advocate extends to the family sympathy in their great bereavement.

Bishop Seth Ward ran up to Dallas last week and spent a day with friends. We had a delightful visit from him in his office, and it was sweet to enjoy his communion again. He is exactly like his old self. Position has not changed him a particle. He is a brotherly, companionable and religious man, deeply interested in everything pertaining to the success of Texas Methodism. His home is still in Houston, and he will not fully determine whether he will make that point his permanent residence until he returns from Mexico about the 10th of March. The Methodists down that way are using their influence to keep him in Houston. There he has been intimately associated with him for sixteen years, and they love him tenderly. We are not surprised that they want him to live among them. However, he will not determine that matter until in the spring.

The local Church Extension Board of Dallas, composed of the pastors and leading laymen of the city Churches, are now perfecting their organization preparatory to some needed work in the city. The Discipline provides for this organization and points out its line of work. This Board is going to put itself behind the City Missionary, Brother Parkin, and see that he has adequate support and cooperation in the work he is doing. This is a worthy movement, and shows that our pastors and people are interested in the entire work of the Church in the city as well as their own special congregations.

Dr. T. N. Ivey, editor of the Raleigh Christian Advocate, has just brought out a new edition of his Methodist Handbook, and he has kindly sent a copy of it to this writer. It is a book of more than two hundred pages, filled with important information touching every department of our Church work. He is selling it at the low price of twenty-five cents and postage; and those who want a bird's-eye view of the status and progress of Southern Methodism will want to own a copy of this valuable document.

The Ram's Horn, which for several years has been a wonderful power for good, has merged itself into the New Voice, and the consolidated paper is now called the Home Herald. So far, more of the style and matter of the Ram's Horn are retained than those of the Voice, and the subscription price remains the same. John J. Wooley, the former editor of the Voice, is the editor in chief of the new publication. We always read the Ram's Horn with interest, barring an occasional illustration that placed preachers in an unfavorable light; but we never did approve the politics and style of the New Voice. We hope it will not carry its reprehensible methods into the new journal. We had occasion more than once to rebuke the New Voice, and as a consequence that publication said many ugly things about us. We hope by this time its editor has found out the error of his way, and that he will not give to the Home Herald the objectionable feature common to his old organ. If we are correct in this, then we give to this new enterprise our congratulations and wish for it much success.

A BEAUTIFUL LETTER FROM BISHOP GALLOWAY.

Dear Dr. Rankin: Please accept sincerest thanks for your kind letter and cordial greetings. I found me here in this land of sunshine and song, eating its luscious fruits and admiring its gorgeous flowers. Here I have been for a delightful month resting and feasting, but all the while dreaming of the early day when, unrestrained, I can again revel in the work which has been the great joy of my life. Never having had the experience, I really doubted my capacity to "take a rest," but that was because I had known too little of Southern Florida. Here the soft breezes soothe you, and the genial sun enswathes you, and the silent nights subdue you, and the mocking birds woo you, until there is no resisting the sorcery of sleep. Rest becomes a habit,

stairs well screened and sleep there winter and summer.

Of the citrons fruits of this tropical "garden of the gods" I will not write. I take grape fruit at every meal, oranges in the intervals and pineapples for dessert. Strawberries also, which can be had almost every month in the year, are often on the table. While I write, a passing fruit vender is singing "Strawberries, nice, fresh strawberries!"

But amid such tropical beauty and glorious luxury one would not like to live always. The world needs its winter, and its daylight could not be endured without a night time. The sun would blight and blister but for the cold star light and the refreshing dews. North winds are as necessary as the warm breath of Southern summer. And so with every human heart, A soul that has never felt the chill of

A TRIP TO THE HOLY LAND.

We give here a good cut of Mr. S. J. Thomas, editor of the Comanche Chief, Comanche, Texas. He is one of the brightest men in the newspaper work of our State. Mr. Thomas is going to make a trip to the Orient and spend several months in these interesting countries, taking in Palestine, Egypt and other countries of special interest to Christian people. The Advocate has arranged with him for a series of letters of his travels and of the places visited, and we are anticipating a most instructive and entertaining correspondence from him in these columns. He is a layman, well informed, with eye quick to discern people and items of interest, and he has a fine use of good English with which to express himself. He will not follow the beaten track of the guide books in what he will have to say, but write from personal observation and experience. As an editor of long years of experience he knows what will interest the masses of the people and he knows how to tell it to them in a way not to tire or to weary the reader. We would be glad if our pastors will put this special phase of the Advocate before their congregations and give them an opportunity to get the benefit of this series of letters furnished by Mr. Thomas.



S. J. Thomas.

and dozing is a genuine delight.

Two blocks from the home of my friend, Col. John Trice, where I am a grateful guest, is the shimmering Tampa Bay, a sheen of golden glory by day and a mirror of silver stars at night. Not on all the seas over which I have sailed were there such wonderful cloud and color effects as I have seen here at the setting of the sun. To attempt a description I would have to turn back the dial of years and recall the poetic ardor of youth.

To-day the mercury registers 76 degrees in the shade, with scarcely a feck of cloud in the genial sky, while the morning papers report 53 below zero in Montana. The very thought of such a possible temperature gives the imagination a shiver. No wonder the wealthy Northerners, of learned or lazy leisure, come in such numbers to these soft and soothing parallels. They crowd the hotels or occupy their own handsome villas, and spin over the country in their swift automobiles. The "Furist Season" is a distinct and longed-for period in the life of Florida. Floridians advertise their sunshine and bemoan the bleak winds and blizzards of the far North. Some of the cartoons representing the shivering North without fuel and no freight cars, and laughing, happy Florida, in shirt sleeves, under a sun shade and vigorously wielding a fan, are very ingenious.

Well, the winters here are certainly delightful. Within the past six weeks I have not seen two days of cloud and gloom, and not a single day when the sun, at some time, did not show himself. And only once has there been any rainfall. To see little boys running about with bare feet in January, and business men at work in their offices without coats, seems an almost reckless defiance of the weather bureaus.

The people very largely live out of doors. They all take the "open-air treatment," both for health and disease. Many have their porches up-

the world can never warm another soul into life. Forest trees on storm-riven coasts have deep roots. I like the royal palm, straight and stately, with its feathery branches waving high up in the air; but I admire the giant tree whose toughened limbs have won a thousand victories over the storm king.

I am enjoying a layman's privilege—attending Church service regularly, accepting with neediness the preacher's message without an opportunity to answer anything he may say. That is no easy matter for one to do, long accustomed to the authority of the pulpit himself. As a rule, preachers are not good hearers. They are apt to be critical, and are sometime censorious. And those are most critical who are least in demand. The only serious trouble I ever had was the year I spent in a small town with five other preachers who had little or no pastoral work. If physically able every preacher ought to preach somewhere every Sunday. He needs the spiritual "exercise" as well as the world needs the gospel.

These weeks of enforced rest have enabled me to study the Church and the pastor's work from the pew. And my conception of the minister's awful responsibility as an ambassador of God has been heightened thereby. How anyone can dare to assume the sacred functions of a "legate of the skies" without an unmistakable divine call to the work and the most prayerful effort to seek the highest possible qualifications for its duties, is an increasing amazement. And to degrade a divine calling into a mere trade in which a stipend is the chief consideration, is the worst of presumptuous sins. And then I have helpfully meditated upon the preacher's great responsibility and glorious responsibility. How ready the people are to acknowledge his divine authority and accept his message as sent from God! The reverent silence and eager attention of a Christian congregation is at once a pic-

ture of the morally sublime and a tribute to the sacred commission the preacher bears. But for that some of us would not be heard with much patience.

The ministry of our brethren in these Tampa pulpits I have genuinely enjoyed. Each is magnifying his office as an apostle of God. Dr. W. K. Piner, the new pastor of First Church, has begun his ministry under most favorable auspices and is sure to keep up the record of the past and have a great year. Bro. W. J. Carpenter, at Hyde Park, a beautiful residence section of this metropolis of South Florida, has a new church enterprise on hand, the foundations of which will be laid next week. A most intelligent and loyal congregation wait upon his strong and helpful ministry. At Tampa Heights, Rev. L. W. Moore is the new preacher, with whom I worshipped last Sabbath. Such pulpit instruction and earnest pastoral fidelity can not fail of the best success. I am engaged to dedicate his church at an early day.

The Rev. Joseph Norwood, long a faithful worker in Mexico and in Central America, and whose knowledge of Spanish will make the average Spaniard ashamed of himself, has charge of the Cuban Mission, and is "toiling in rowing" in most difficult waters. But whether the "catch" be large or small, that mission must be maintained. With Mrs. Alexander and the ladies of the "Wolf Mission" next door, we had tea one evening, and learned much of their school and other work. One Sunday night I attended a never-to-be-forgotten service at the Italian Mission, in charge of Bro. Ghidmi, the accomplished and zealous man secured through the good offices of Bishop Hart, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Beginning with nothing, he has gathered a membership of over fifty, and has a congregation every Sunday that crowds the church to its utmost capacity. The Sunday-school numbers about one hundred and forty, and the day school has an attendance of nearly as many. Upon the success of this work in "Little Italy"—a colony of six or eight thousand Italians—mighty things depend. It will be the beginning or end of similar work in the South among the immigrants from Southern Europe. Here our Home Mission Home Department must have its "experiment station."

Bishop Candler and Bro. Calhoun, from the Mission Rooms, passed through Tampa on Tuesday night for Cuba. Two or three hours with them was a great joy. Dr. McMurry is expected to-night, and will sail for Havana on the next steamer. Miss. Belle Bennett and Mrs. McDonnell, of the Woman's Home Mission Board, will be here in a few days. Dr. C. C. Woods, of the St. Louis Advocate, now at Sarasota, south of here, is expected to spend the Sabbath with Bro. Carpenter. So all roads, in the winter, lead to Tampa.

CHAS. B. GALLOWAY. Tampa, Fla., Jan. 15, 1907.

The town of Ladonia has been in quite a stir of late because of the relation of town officials to gambling dens and joints. The better class of people went to work, employed a detective, and caught the most of them, or at least a number of them, in a close place. The result is impeachment proceeding and a general cleaning up of officialdom in that community. People can control such matters when they take it in their heads to do so, and Ladonia has taken it into its head, and things are happening.

From what we can hear of the new school enterprise at Stamford, the brethren out that way are getting things in shape for immediate action. They are getting the material on the ground have their plans, and they are excavating for the new building. Men of means are behind the enterprise, and Rev. Jerome Duncan, the President is directing and leading matters. In all probability the plant will be ready for the opening term next fall. This will give us a fine school in that part of the State, where it has long







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DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

A telegram was received Sept. 20 notifying us that we were transferred by Bishop Atkins to this conference and stationed at Deer Lodge, Montana. We at once began to close up our work at Holliday, Texas.

We arrived here Oct. 11, 1906, after a journey of 1668 miles. Our route chosen was through some of the best land of North Texas to Paris where we tarried a few days to visit mother and others.

Several good meetings have been held, resulting in a goodly number of conversions and many accessions to our Church. Will everyone reading these lines pray for our revival meeting beginning in February?

Who says that our country is not a Christian nation? Surely, it is not he that has studied our history—we have not only tamed the wild Indian, but have given him the Gospel of Christ and it has proven "to be the power of God unto salvation."

Today he is dressing himself as a civilized man, educating his children and worshipping God in his home and in nice, neat built churches.

Early next morning we passed the famous battle ground of the Little Big Horn, where General Custer with his gallant men were massacred in 1876 by the ever vengeful savage of the plains.

This valley is about 350 miles long and furnishes some of the finest agricultural and grazing land in the world. The vast stretch of country along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains has been the home of the Indian, the buffalo, moose, elk, deer and antelope for ages past.

At Livingstone the Northern Pacific Railroad has a branch line running to Yellowstone Park, the wonderland of America.

At Livingstone the Northern Pacific Railroad has a branch line running to Yellowstone Park, the wonderland of America. At another time, I shall give your readers, with your permission, a writeup of a trip to the Park.

tion with my other work to preach once a month to them.

On arrival here at 11 p. m. on a delayed train, we were met by our presiding elder, Rev. J. R. Murray, and wife, and some friends, who cared for us in the district parsonage until we could begin housekeeping.

Two rooms of the parsonage were well filled with a lively crowd representing several of the Protestant Churches and the Roman Catholic Church. All seemed to be happy, and I am sure it was one of the most pleasant evenings of our lives.

Our work in the conference is moving forward—every man at his place and busily engaged in his work. Our wide awake presiding elder hails from Texas and is one of the most energetic and consecrated workers I have seen.

I send New Year's greetings to all my friends in the Sunny South. LUTHER O. ROBERTS

COMFORTABLY HOUSED.

It is considered one of the greatest trials in a Methodist preacher's life to have reached that period in age when he must cease from the active duties of the traveling ministry. If it is so with those who come to it in this way, it is much more so to one, who, from failure of health, takes this relation to the conference.

The writer and his family are comfortably housed in a nice new home for the superannuates, which the good people of Graham and our Church here, with the assistance of the agent of the superannuates homes, Bro. Chas. E. Brown, have built and kindly tendered its use to us.

STILL DOES THE WORK. THE SEWING MACHINE BOUGHT OF YOU OCT. 21, 1899, STILL SEWS ALL O. K. MRS. T. J. MAULDIN. FINIS, TEX., JAN. 10, 1907.

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THE TAKE-UP is absolutely positive and automatic in its action; it is operated directly by a cam on the main shaft of the machine, and will control any kind and size of thread in a perfect manner in any class of sewing.

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THE AUTOMATIC TENSION RELEASE is an important special feature. It is operated by the presser bar lifter, and the action of operating this lifter automatically releases all tension on the upper thread so that whenever the presser foot is lifted, the work may be freely removed with no possibility of injury to the needle, and altogether without special attention from the operator.

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THE FEED IS double and extends on both sides of the needle. It is absolutely positive in its action and is strictly fair motion and will handle all grades of work easily and accurately. This feed is absolutely free from springs or other yielding devices, which invariably wear and weaken and cause serious trouble when used.

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