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Editorial.

THE MORAL USE OF DARK THINGS

It is not always the bright things that give stability to character and permanence to the elasticity of the spirit. The sunshine in the early spring is exhilarating and delicious. It warms the world of vegetable life into activity and transforms nature into beauty and attractiveness. But the unbroken continuance of the steady sunshine withers the flower, blights the grass and arrests the progress of growth and development. All nature then lifts up its voice and cries for the return of the clouds and the downpour of the rain. When it comes, the sky is overcast, the jar of the thunder is felt and the lightning blinds with its glare. But there is life in the commotion and joy throughout the realm of nature. The cereals grow, the fleecy staple blossoms and boles, the birds sing and the fields ripen into a prolific harvest. It takes both the sunshine and the rainfall to produce the result. Human life rejoices under the genial rays of prosperous times and healthful experiences. None of us relish misfortunes or court disappointments. Dark visitations burden us, and pain causes us to cry out in anguish. Sorrows wrinkle the face, bend the form, deepen the eyes and chase away gladness. A casket in the home, crepe on the door, a hearse near the sidewalk, a new mound in the cemetery, a vacant chair round the hearthstone, a silent voice in the chamber and a vanishing hand tell of anxious night, wearisome days, broken hearts and blighted hopes. But we need these experiences to break us away from the world, to deepen our sympathy, to strengthen our trust, to inspire our hope and to remind us of our kinship with God. Uninterrupted joy, continued prosperity and large success in our earthly enterprises, without the intervention of shadows and the smiting of the spirit, make us hard, selfish, forgetful, self-willed and ungenerous. These dark things are the elements of moral and religious tuition, and when they enter the heart and the mind at occasional intervals we develop and grow strong, and the best that is within us has an opportunity to assert itself. It takes storm and billows to develop the courage and steady the nerve of the sailor. Placid seas are beautiful and lovely, but they never determine the strength of the ship or test the heroism of her crew. God knows what is best for his children, and gives to them successions of sunshine and shadow, daylight and darkness, life and death. Out of the sum total of these varied experiences come the wealth of character and the perfection of life's excellencies. Christ was made perfect through suffering; that is, the fullness of his nature, in its power of adaptation to our needs, was made possible, yes, a fact, for our spiritual good. He learned in this way how to get under the world's burden and make himself a real help to those who suffer and fall by the way. It is thus that he is touched with a feeling of our infirmity. In like manner we learn how to make the

most out of the faculties and the possibilities with which God has blessed us. The alternations that necessarily come to us touch the great deeps of our being in a way that fortunate and prosperous conditions would be unable to reach. Thus it is that our heavenly Father deals with us, not in some given event, or solitary exception, but all along the journey of our existence from the cradle to the grave. Every event has a place in the divine economy, as a factor in our mental, moral and spiritual training. There may seem to be no system or order in the plan as the process is in operation, but in God's good time he will make the fabric complete and the finished whole will show his purpose and vindicate his wisdom. Therefore, cheer up, drooping soul; you are in the hands of One who sees the end from the beginning, and in the long run the dark things will fade into the brightest blessings of which the soul is capable.

THE BLOODY SIDE OF 1906.

Last year, according to all reports, was the most prosperous year in the history of our country. All lines of industry had wonderful growth. In a large measure, the Church shared in these results. Ministers of the gospel were paid better salaries, more money was put into parsonages, church edifices, benevolent institutions and schools. A healthy increase in Church membership was recorded, and the progress of temperance sentiment was remarkable. There is much in the year 1906 for which we are thankful and of which we feel a degree of laudable pride. But all is not gold that glitters. There is a tragic side to 1906, the results of which, when tabulated, send a shudder to our nerver centers. In order that our readers may get a glance at this opposite we quote the following from an exchange:

"A tabulated statement of the tragic side of the year 1906 follows: Number of murders and homicides in the country, 9350; an increase of 138 over the previous year. Number of suicides, 10,125; an increase of 143. Of these 7242 were men and 2883 women. Number of legal executions, 123; exactly the same as in 1905. Thirty-five were hanged in the North and eighty-eight in the South. Number of lynchings, 69; an increase of three. All were in the South except one, and all were negroes but five, Mississippi leading with twelve. The wholesale killings by mobs are not included in the number. Number of people killed by automobiles, 209; injured, 851. Number killed while hunting or by hunters, 178; wounded, 167. Killed on railroads as passengers or while crossing tracks, 3295; injured, 9561. Killed on electric lines, including employes, 674; injured, 2953. Lost their lives in fires, 1184; in explosions, 623; in cyclones and storms, 719; in mines, 599; by drowning, 2985; by lightning, 205; by electricity, 176. The record of embezzlement, forgery, defaulting and bank wrecking aggregated \$14,734,863, an increase of more than \$5,000,000 over 1905. The fire losses approximated \$352,000,000, of which \$325,000,000 is charged to the calamity at San Francisco."

THE DUTY OF THE RICH MAN TO THE CHURCH.

We have put in a great deal of time preaching and writing about the masses and the relation of the Church to them. How to reach them and how to bring them into the kingdom are questions to which we have given a great deal of earnest thought and inquiry as preachers and Church people. This is well, and our duty in this direction ought never to be neglected. Christ preached to the multitudes, and the mission of the Church to them has never changed. But the Church has a message also for the rich man. Christ dealt with this sort of an individual on several occasions. The rich young ruler received a message from the Savior that broke his heart, because it was a plain message and made great demands of him. He went away sorrowful. One of the most startling utterances Christ ever delivered was about a "certain rich man" who died and "lifted up his eyes in hell, being in torments." Christ neglected no class in his earthly ministry. The ministers of today ought to have a message for our men of large means. Many of them do not specially need such a message. They are genuinely converted, and they open their hearts to the truth and their purses to the demands of Christ. Such men are a blessing to themselves and to the kingdom of our Lord. But we have in Texas men of large means who have not yet learned the alphabet of their duty to Christ, his Church and to humanity. They are in the Church, give "their part" to support the preacher and to the conference claims, but when the larger demands of the Church are made upon them they close up like clams and positively refuse to respond. You can not do anything with them. They look upon what they put into religious matters as that much to be charged up to profit and loss; and they have prepared themselves with hard arguments with which to prove that they can do nothing more for these larger interests. They have satisfied their consciences by taking upon themselves the vows of the Church and by doling out the least amount possible for its claims, and beyond this you can do nothing with them. They want to gauge their contributions by the amount the man in far less circumstances contributes. Their vast possessions remain untouched for God and his kingdom. They are willing to make large expenditures upon their families and upon the gratification of their pride and vanity, but when it comes to the Church their purse-strings tighten and they refuse to respond. What good does religious, so-called, do such men? None in the world! They are simply on their way to hell, while they delude themselves with the thought that because they are in the Church, paying a little to its support, they are saved and on their way to heaven. These men need to have their mind disabused and to have their mistakes pointed out to them. No man is religious and on his way to heaven who owns large possessions and positively refuses to hear Christ's calls upon him for help! He is in darkness

and in awful danger, if what Christ says on this subject is true. The pastor who leaves such a man in his security and self-deception falls very far short of his duty as a minister of Christ's gospel. We once heard of a pastor who was so anxious to get a rich family into his Church that he actually gave the head of the household a letter exempting him from the payment of money to the Church if he would affiliate with his congregation. We do not know whether this incident ever occurred or not, but there are a few people here and there who seem to think that they are immune when it comes to giving a small part of their vast belongings to the help of Christ's gospel. It is an absolute shame. They own and control their hundreds of thousands, and yet they do nothing worthy of respect for these causes of humanity. They need to be instructed in the primary duties of Christianity. Their eyes need to be opened that they may see their real danger. Otherwise they will wake up later to realize their sad and irrevocable mistake. The gospel of Jesus Christ is absolutely suffering for means with which to carry on its mission, and it not only appeals to the masses for help, but it is thundering into the ears of our wealthy men for something worthy of the mercies with which God has blessed them. They can not continue to hoard their money and enlarge their belongings to the neglect of their liberality to the gospel and expect to find in Christ's words the least degree of comfort. The Church is a poor refuge for men of this character. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." Only they who sow to the Spirit reap life everlasting. It is, therefore, time that some of our rich men were undeceiving themselves in these matters.

Human beings are not the only persons who make mistakes. Once in awhile the wicked one overreaches himself and startles humanity by some crime inspired by his spirit. Then people rise up and smite him with a great blow. Recent events prove this statement.

Afflictions when sent of God have a wise purpose in them. They work together for good; not that they have any merit in them, but as educative in our life and experience. Some flowers have to be crushed to yield their sweetest perfume. So some lives have to be afflicted to bring out the best and the sweetest that is in them.

When we see so much in people that disappoints us, it is not because they are always mean. They are often peculiar, and we have to make allowance for their idiosyncrasies. Not all the faults we see in others are sins. They are weaknesses and infirmities. Sin lurks in a bad motive in an evil intention. Weaknesses and infirmities are to be deplored, and they ought to be corrected; but they can exist without sin. For in them we find no vicious motive to injure others.

Gibraltar and Algiers

Letter From S. J. Thomas on His Trip Abroad.

It was a pleasure to emerge from the dark ages in which Spain is still living into the light of modern progressiveness such as prevails under British rule on the fortified rock of Gibraltar; and to hear our mother tongue once more from the lips of those who can speak it intelligibly.

Gibraltar is the strongest natural fortress in the world—a giant sentinel, stolid, imperious and terrible at the gateway of the great mid-continent sea. From the Atlantic its outline is an abrupt slope that does not impress one as he approaches, but a closer view, such as is possible from the harbor inside the bay, brings out the grim, defiant features and establishes the splendid commanding position it occupies. One is almost surprised and is greatly relieved to find that no insurance company has vandalized its noble front with advertising signs and that it stands in all its virgin and primitive grandeur undamaged by chisel or paint.

Gibraltar may be described as a bold headland promontory jutting into the sea, a huge rock projected, as it were, by some powerful force from the Sierra Nevadas, in an attempt to dam the communicating seas, with a low train of sympathetic sand connecting the dislodged boulder with its mother mountain source. It is a solid mass of limestone, three miles in length, seven in girth and three-quarters only at its greatest breadth. On the north it is connected with the mainland of Spain by a valley but a little higher than sea level, and there is where the rock shows up to superb advantage. Full 1,400 feet the adamantine monster rears his pomped head and sweeps the Mediterranean Sea and Spanish hills with never sleeping eye. It is not hard to imagine this bold climax an ossified emblem of the great nation that holds it, a recumbent lion with uplifted head and sloping posterior.

Around this famous pile the navies of the world have battled for advantage and the floor of the sea is strewn with the wrecks of conflict. Gibraltar took its name from the word Gabel, the Moorish term for mountain, and Tarik, the Moorish chief who first occupied it as a stronghold in 711 A. D. From that date to the present it has been taken and surrendered fourteen times, the Moors holding it altogether 726 years. It is related of Queen Isabella of Spain, she who purchased America for a ring and a necklace, that she was so intense in her desire to recover Gibraltar from the Moors that she seated herself on a certain rock in the vicinity now called "Queen's Chair," and asserted her determination never to move until the Spanish flag should float from the fortress. She would have perished had not the Moorish commander gallantly run down his own flag for a few moments and supplanted it with the colors of Spain, allowing the foolish sovereign to save her face.

But the most miserable of all the sieges that have tried the merit of Gibraltar's bulwarks and the mettle of its defenders was the last one, that of 1779 when Spain, mortified and all but heartbroken at the loss of her cherished fort, brought the full force of her great resources to bear upon the citadel of English endurance. For four years the isolation was complete and the bombardment continuous, but in the end the siege was a failure, the British won out and to this day are in undisputed control. During that war the English dug a tunnel, technically termed a gallery, in the solid rock, to bring a flanking fire on the enemy without exposing themselves. Since then the gallery has been extended and others constructed until to-day there are seven miles of them.

It was my privilege to walk through a portion of this underground network of communication. The rough jagged walls of solid rock; the resounding

echoes of feet and voices; the damp, dark and sinuous passageways; every twenty or thirty feet a powerful dog of war, silent, severe and threatening, with his muzzled nose through the windows of the rock; the very presence of the uniformed soldiers in charge of our party; great precipitous depths underneath; the uplifted tremendous heights above and the great guns visible there—altogether conspired to give an impression of powerful latent military possibilities, of terror of war; of Britain's unstinted efforts to perpetuate her prestige behind the great-

a subterranean passage at the bottom of this abyss, the apes which now infest the rock passed originally from Africa. These apes are respected by the soldiers and roam over the mountain with impunity and absolute immunity, as they have done from time immemorial.

From Gibraltar, Trafalgar Bay is plainly visible, for it is only a few miles distant. This was the site, it will be remembered, of the battle between Admiral Nelson's fleet and Napoleon's navy, resulting in a victory for the English and in Nelson's death. At night no lights on the seaward side of the mountain are allowed, but the illumination of the town on the landward side, when seen from a ship in the bay, is almost equal to that of Funchal, Madeira. The British gov-

ernment has fine dry docks, and while we were there a huge warship was high and dry in the hands of machinists and painters. The visitor is always shown the beautiful Alameda Park, but as he is not at Gibraltar hunting flowers he feels almost insulted when shrubbery is mentioned. There is also a Moorish cathedral 1,200 years old, but the visitor is likewise averse to mixing religion and war, and passes up the churches for the guns. The constant blare of trumpets, the marching of troops, the galloping of officers, the frowning of engines of destruction, and others still, that we know are ready for use, concealed behind barriers and bastions, the men-of-war in the harbor, the sentries, the walls, everything proclaims the military character of the place. Gibraltar is strong, but when to its natural impregnability is added the military skill and dogged endurance of the British soldier, it becomes, as it has become, a synonym of all these superlatives of stability.



GIBRALTAR.

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Between the rock and Spanish soil is a strip of neutral ground 200 yards wide which by agreement is not to be used by any nation. Near this point are located the cricket and tennis grounds where the soldiers engage in games, and a cemetery holds in its solemn vaults the fruits of a dozen wars.

On the west side of the hill the town of Gibraltar is located, tier and tier, pell mell and promiscuous among the rocks. On its main street there is a constant stream of men of many nationalities—a rare opportunity for the student of ethnology. Such a cosmopolitan mixture of breeds cannot be seen anywhere else in the world. Europe, Asia, Africa, and the isles of the sea jostle each other in a confusion of costumes and faces and a babble of tongues; tall, stately, slow-pacing Moors from Morocco; red-turbaned Turks from the Levant; thick-lipped negroes from Ethiopia; gesticulating, jabbering Greeks; olive-hued Spaniards; gabardined Jews; red coated British soldiers and fine looking Americans. The city consists entirely of military officials' residences, their quarters and barracks, and the homes of those necessary for supplying and serving the garrison. Of the total population of 25,000, 6,000 are soldiers. No one is allowed to establish a residence or business there except to supply the wants of the garrison, and must have a government permit. At 6 o'clock every afternoon when the signal gun is fired the foreigners are routed out like a lot of sheep and at that time the Spaniards may be seen in droves going to their homes at Linea a town across the neutral ground. Then the gates of the city are locked and there is no admission except on special order.

The rock abounds in caves, the largest of which, 1,000 feet above the sea, has a hall 220 feet long, 90 feet wide and 70 feet high, supported by stalactite pillars. This cave presents a most beautiful effect when lighted up. It contains a fathomless gulf which recently became the tomb of a couple of English officers who fell into it.

And yet it is doubtful if Gibraltar will ever be more to England than a place to sink her money and to harbor and coal her ships. It is the opinion of experts that war vessels could pass through the strait unharmed under fire from the fort, by hugging the African coast, and if it be useless for this purpose there is no excuse for its maintenance except as a matter of pride.

At midnight we lifted anchor and silently stole past the sentries, unnoticed by the watch dogs of the mountain embrasures, or aught else so far as we could tell, save the revolving signal light that threw its searching rays full and fair upon us. The great lion lay still with its shaggy head turned alert and menacing toward the unhappy people who were his last enemies. The shadow of the world's best expression of strength and stability fell athwart the Mediterranean far out, and the moon traced its outlines in the water, as it has done since the morning stars sang together and Gibraltar was born in the labor of a world.

For thirty hours we traversed the trackless thoroughfare that has borne the commerce of every age of man, and has been the scene of conflicts of galleys, triremes and of ironclads that changed the trend of history time and time again. This part of the

of her citizens.

We are now approaching the old nest of these bandits of the past, and we have already pictured it in our minds as a desolate and forbidding stronghold overlooking the sea and flanked by the sand dunes of Sahara, a fit and becoming habitation of desperate characters. The low African hills along which we cruise are mantled to the feet in sand rolling before the winds except where it is pinned down in occasional folds by a boulder or cactus. Forsaken by the seasons, it is no wonder that is untenanted by man or beast. Surely on all this coast there is no place for civilization to harbor its commerce or to rear tolerable homes for its men of trade. We shall see. The ruffled sheen of the blue Mediterranean glides by in charming monotony; the unoccupied hills rise and fall in graceful undulations; and night shuts out the prospects and plays its drama of dreams.

Most of our company are still asleep when in the early dawn the Arabic entered the expansive harbor of Algiers and only a few were fortunate enough to get the first glimpses of the city. To these few it was a revelation of successive surprises. A serrated chain of blue-black mountains with crests of snow were visible in the background far inland. As the steamer approached, a range of hills in the foreground detached themselves from the darker mass, and on their front a white city appeared and gradually grew upon the vision—a city so white that it seemed the hills had been uncovered and their bosoms embellished in carvings of alabaster. Nearer, the scene resolved itself into white houses, tier on tier, from the water up the steep declivities, square boxlike concerns, most of them, but washed clean, and gleaming in the rising sunlight like the pearly teeth of maidens at play. Was this Algiers?

In the bay a number of large ships were at anchor and a score of fishing vessels were spreading their white wings for the work of the day. We landed by tenders, and pushed our way through a crowd of strangely dressed men who surveyed us with gaping curiosity, our guide himself being the most strikingly grotesque of them all—a fat, turbaned Arab with trousers that dragged the ground in the rear, their ample folds drawn together be-

low the knee. But he had a merry and rather intelligent face and in this respect he differed from his companions on the pier who were a picturesque gang of cut-throats unless their faces belied their character.

We secured carriages and drove, first to the left up a long grade, then to the right and up, and again to the left, until we reached a wide boulevard splendidly paved and fronted by wholesale mercantile buildings, massive and modern. Electric cars ran by with uniformed motormen at the helm and there was nothing to indicate that we were in an African town of former barbarian ownership and occupancy, except the strange and polychromatic dress of the pedestrians. French enterprise and skill had reared a duplicate of Paris, in white stone, on the ruins of the old Arab lair. Farther on we entered a street that was thronged with babbling natives—the great market thoroughfare of Algiers, its main artery of supplies where caravansaries from the desert, tired and dusty, drop their bundles of tropic fruits and after a rests of days load up again with the commerce of the interior. The camels with ponderous awkward strides come and go here with lazy indifference to the prancing bobbed steeds of the soldiers and the modern caravans of the rail and sea.

The drive carried us through shaded streets and lanes where palms and tropical verdure abound, and into the Jardin D'Essai, where the most charming specimens of tropical vegetation delight the eye. Angular-limbed rubber trees with capacious canopies of foliage, sequestered retreats with pillars of palms and architraves of abounding vines, groves of lemon, banana and orange, rippling streamlets; and every flower that blooms in the summer sun—a very wilderness of verdure and bloom—in all the world there cannot be a lovelier beauty spot. It was a pity to leave this place where you could almost "hear the voice of God walking in the garden," but we were to see yet grander and more beautiful sights than this exquisite garden. The French have constructed a magnificent turnpike around the ravines of the hill and on either side of it are located the homes of the aristocracy of Algiers.

Swinging around the road, now far inside where we felt the fragrant breath of the dells whence the rills and gulches spring, now doubling the bold projection of the mountain, always climbing, always above the glistening city, the ascent to Mustapha Superieur, as the climax of this tortuous way is called, was a delightful and refreshing experience. The villas were denude; draped from cornice to steps with cataracts of vines, the white walls were scarcely visible through the verdure, and the merest sprinkle of sun fell through the foliage of orange, aloe and palms upon the velvet lawns.

But prettiest of all, and sublimest of all, the view from the lofty summit. There the masses of clematis hanging in festoons from the olive trees, cactus and aloes running riot in the glens, sweet odors from oleander and jasmine steaming from invisible and unsuspected gardens, the emerald nests of fern in the dells, the milk-white city sparkling in the sunlight, the blue, arching sea and the polished dome of the sky, made up a picture that surpasses Maderia and I dare say has no superior in the world; though I have been surprised so many times on this trip that I have thrown my opinions and beliefs into the junk pile and am forming new ones from ocular contact with the real article.

And this is Algiers, the city of the desert. Astounded beyond measure, bewildered as if suddenly startled from a dream, we drifted back to the business section. There we visited the old Arab part of the town.

In those malodorous alleys and the long, narrow streets, where "every prospect pleases and every scent is vile," old Moors in soiled and ragged robes emerged from half-concealed openings; ladies muffled up to the eyes with tea towels and draped in sheets, silent and ghostly as disembodied spirits, fitted from place to place; veiled figures glided softly as

a merry and in his com- re a pic- s unless cter. I drove, de, then n to the e boule- nted by gs, mas- s ran by he helm ate that f former upancy. romatic ouch en- a dupli- , on the rther on throug- re great lers, its ere car- red and f tropic ys load of the nderous go here prancing and the id sea. shaded lms and into the t charm- ation de- l rubber of foll- h pillars ounding ma and id every mer sun ure and e cannot is a pity could al- walking see yet sights The gnificant the hill ated the igers. now far fragrant he hills pling the ain, al- the glis- ustapha his tor- ightful The vil- m ex- cets of scarcely and the through I palms blimest summit. s hang e trees, in the der and de and emerald e milk- unlight, polished picture are say though y times wn my ink pile ocular of the ceasure, startled to the visited and the "every cent is ragged nealed to the ped in disem- lace to ightly as

if to inaudible music; all so weird and so strange that it seems like a seance of spooks. Everything so alarmingly quiet, so solemn and so pulchral. In the little shops men were sitting on the floor and when a customer made a purchase they would reach for the goods and deliver them without rising. Every Arab denizen of the town had sore eyes and most of them were short at least one optic. From what I could see of the women I think they do the proper thing in concealing their features.

Algiers has a population of 160,000, of whom two-thirds are Europeans. The State of Algiers has 5,000,000 people and is fertile, well watered and has fine seasons. It grows everything. The city has a great foreign trade, is growing rapidly and bids fair to become the chief port of the Mediterranean. It is a protectorate of France. In 1815 Commodore Decatur with an American fleet first brought the pirates to time, and later France completed their overthrow and took their country in charge. Under her magnificent management the Arab and his customs are fast disappearing and will soon be swallowed up and lost in the new and progressive civilization swarming around him.

A PHASE OF EDUCATION NEGLECTED AMONG OUR DENOMINATIONAL SCHOOLS.

Taking up the subject where we left it last week, some one may say that all this question of "Methods" is the work of the normals and we have plenty of them to do the work needed. Let such a one not fail to read this paper through and see that I am discussing another subject than "Methods." But such has been the attitude of the colleges and universities of the South to this question that rarely indeed has a college graduate gone to a normal to get any training for his work, and almost as rarely has a normal graduate gone to a college for an education. And even those who have gone to college have made so strong a demand that the work done in the normal be recognized that they might finish in a year or two, that the result has been disastrous to the cause of education.

The normal can attempt only practical work in pedagogics, and that very meagerly. They have not the time nor their students the ability to go into the science of education. This is emphatically the work of our colleges and universities. We often hear calls for "practical educators," but we need equally as much scientific education. I cannot better explain my conception of this subject than by quoting from Prof. H. Holman, professor of education in the University College, Wales. In his book, "English National Education" (p. 210), he says of English teachers:

"As a body it is probably true to say of the teachers of our public primary schools that they have no superiors as practical teachers in the world, and yet it is probably not untrue to say of them that not one per cent of them are true educators. They have been trained to the last state of complete preparation to be practical teachers; they have not been taught and trained to be educators; and at present the teaching in our schools is, as a whole, but little better than intelligent cramming." Again (p. 241) he says, "Ought not, therefore, the training of our teachers to be educators to be the first feature of future reform? Should not mental sciences be the main part of their training, and should these not be studied in the same way as other natural sciences? The mental sciences should be studied not only as pure sciences, but as applied sciences.

Note the important distinction he makes between practical teachers and educators. As I conceive it, the practical teacher is one who has learned how to use methods commonly recommended as true pedagogical methods, and to use them pretty much in a me-

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chanical way, as when a miller pours corn, good, bad and indifferent, into the hopper and grinds, grinds, grinds away, all coming out together. Whereas, the educator, going into the science of education, is able to deal with each pupil as an individual personality, is not a slave to any method but a master of all methods, even superior to all methods, able to forge ahead and advance the cause, keeping step with the vanguard in his day. The practical teacher at best can only utilize what the educator has found to be true.

Now, what is necessary to give us the scientific educator? He must deal with two things at least, with the knowledge to be imparted, the content of education and with the human mind. He needs mastery in each. We take it for granted that the college and university courses give him mastery of the content. How is he to get the other? Prof. Holman, as quoted above, calls us to the study of psychology; and that not only as a pure science but also as applied science—that is, as applied to pedagogical principles. Now, it is quite evident that you can't study it as an applied science, until you know it pretty well as a pure science. That is why I am contending for its introduction into our Southern colleges and universities. The normals cannot do the work. They have usually only about ten to twelve weeks to devote to the subject. No student can even get a smattering of it in that time. I have studied ten years and feel unequal to the task today. Oh, may the colleges and universities of the Southland realize the responsibilities that rest upon them: for to them alone we must look for help in this work!

Only he who has carefully looked into the schools of the North can realize how far our section is behind in this work. The city of New York will not allow one to even teach in her secondary schools until they have had as a minimum a completed college course, one year's work in a university, studied the science of education one year and had seven years' experience in secondary school teaching.

The University of Chicago lays stress on this subject. Quite a variety of courses are offered covering every phase of education. I am now taking a course in the "Psychology of the Educational Processes" under the celebrated Dr. Angell, and every seat in his lecture room is taken. Work in this line can be offered in our colleges and universities as an elective for the bachelor's degree, or as the body of the year's work for the master's degree. If the latter was offered, the number who remained or returned to take the degree would rapidly increase
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5718 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"DEATH OF AN OLD INDIAN FIGHTER"—JOHN BOWLES.

In a sketch by H. G. H. in the Texas Christian Advocate of January 24 past is a name I would love to correspond with Brother H. G. H. about—namely, Rev. Ivey H. Cox. I have seen his name as presiding elder in the old Texas Conference Quarterly Meetings. He traveled our circuit as junior preacher in 1856-7, LaGrange Circuit, Kentucky Conference. I met him in New Orleans at the General Conference in 1866. He often was at our home; we loved him very much. He took the vote at old Wesley Chapel for my license to preach, and heard my trial sermon, July 21, 1851, ere I went to academy, college and university. He went West. I know not if he still lives. If Brother H. G. H. or any one knows his whereabouts, I would love to learn, and, if dead, correspond with those who knew him well. I will be in Texas in March. Address me at Prospect, Kentucky.

You will be interested with his many Texas friends and just admirers to know how Dr. Alonzo Monk is getting on in old Broadway Church, Louisville, Kentucky. I've not met the Doctor, but two of my three daughters belong to his Church, also my youngest sister, Mrs. W. S. Smith, her daughter, my niece and her children. So my people are

workers in that noble Church. The past Sunday was not a good day—a cold, ugly day—but the house was full, and they tell me it was the largest communion they ever witnessed—just simply wonderful. And the Doctor's praise is on every tongue. Broadway has been more highly favored with the average best preachers of any Church in our denomination. Dr. Messick, a princely gentleman, a sound instructor, faithful pastor, a splendid scholar, and fine orator, served them for years. Dr. Rivers preceded him. Bishop Morrison, courteous, spiritual, mighty in charming eloquence, companionable as the noble Messick, served them full time. Dr. Riddick had the house packed for years—the delight of that excellent congregation. Then came Dr. Pinson. You Texans have heard of him, for I preached for him in Houston and Austin. Now Dr. Monk succeeds to this illustrious line of exalted pulpit orators and faithful pastors. Each time Broadway thinks she has the very best, and she thinks rightly. Dr. Monk is a great preacher. What is better, he is a devoted, wise pastor. Dr. Messick is presiding elder of the city. Louisville is proud of her preachers. But the pastors are proud of her laymen. When one of our laymen whom I knew from childhood died, Wm. Kendrick, years ago, the finest jeweler in Kentucky and the sweetest-spirited man in Kentucky died. His funeral was preached in the churches of different denominations. The jewelers of New York sent to his two worthy successors, his sons, the most splendid compliment ever received by a citizen of Louisville, engraved: "An honest man is the noblest work of God."

Another grand old man I knew when I was a boy was the princely J. S. Lithgow, mayor of the city. A photo of him hung in a room of our Publishing House. Another grand old man belongs to old Fifth and Walnut, John L. Wheat, layman in the last General Conference. But even Paul said time would fail to let him tell of the many noble ones of the host. One of the Kendricks, William, is a very prominent worker in Dr. Monk's Church. His brother, George, is an equally faithful worker in Fourth Avenue, where Dr. Messick was pastor the last four years. It is perhaps the finest building in the Southern Methodist Church, and has a most excellent body of members. And it does a preacher's soul good to recognize in the smiling, approving faces of these two lofty souls—Clarke Smith, son-in-law to the sainted Lithgow, and T. L. Jefferson, both of whom are princes in Israel, and do enjoy real, good preaching. I have been honored to fill those pulpits many times, and love to face both congregations. But in the olden times, in the long ago, Louisville had the famous John Newland Moffit, the most charming, famous orator on our continent in the forties; the mighty Bascom, the charming E. W. Schon, Secretary of Missions longer than any in our Church; the eloquence of G. W. Smiley, forgotten long ago, sad to relate; Dr. Lewis, eloquent and true, and Dr. C. B. Parsons, who was the most thrilling orator I ever heard on hustings or in pulpit, and Mrs. Magee, the sweetest singer I ever heard or expect to hear on earth.

J. DITZLER,
Prospect, Ky.

THE LIVING LINK.

Our Forward Movement!
The Discipline provides that upon recommendation of the Annual Conference Board the Bishop may appoint a specialist in Sunday-school work, whose duty shall be "to travel throughout the bounds of the conference for the purpose of establishing and aiding Sunday-schools," etc.
Your board felt that the magnitude and importance of this great interest called for the entire time of one man, and the board unanimously recommended to the Bishop the appointment of Rev. C. S. Field.
This was done at Brownwood, Texas, at our last conference.
Upon recommendation of the board

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?

Thousands of Men and Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

To Prove What the Great Kidney Remedy, Swamp-Root, Will Do for YOU, Every Reader of Texas Christian Advocate May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Absolutely Free by Mail.

If you are sick or "feel badly" begin taking the great kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

Didn't Know I Had Kidney Trouble

"I was out of health and run down generally; had no appetite, was dizzy and suffered with headache most of the time. I did not know that my kidneys were the cause of my trouble, but somehow felt they might be, and I began taking Swamp-Root. There is such a pleasant taste to Swamp-Root, and it goes right to the spot and drives disease out of the system. It has cured me, making me stronger and better in every way, and I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers.
Gladly yours,
MRS. A. L. WALKER.
340 Boulevard Place, Atlanta, Ga.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for many kinds of diseases, and if permitted to continue much suffering and fatal results are sure to follow. Kidney trouble irritates the nerves, makes you dizzy, restless, sleepless and irritable. Makes you pass water often during the day and obliges you to get up many times during the night. Unhealthy kidneys cause rheumatism, gravel, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints and muscles; make your head ache and back ache, cause indigestion, stomach and liver trouble, you get a sallow, yellow complexion, make you feel as though you had heart trouble; you may have plenty of ambition, but no strength; get weak and waste away.

To overcome these troubles take Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the world-famous kidney remedy. In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that has yet been discovered.

How To Find Out

If there is any doubt in your mind as to your condition, take from your urine on rising about four ounces, place it in a glass or bottle, and let it stand twenty-four hours. If on examination it is milky or cloudy, if there is a brick-dust settling, or if small particles float about in it, your kidneys are in need of immediate attention.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—So successful is Swamp-Root in promptly overcoming even the most distressing cases, that to prove its wonderful merits you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy they needed. The value and success of Swamp-Root are so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle.

In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say that you read this generous offer in the Texas Christian Advocate. Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and you can purchase the regular fifty cent and one dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. 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.

Brother Field has moved to Fort Worth, Texas, and is now in the field and busy at work.

His duty will be:

1. By correspondence to keep in touch with our Sunday-school workers, distribute literature bearing upon every phase of modern Sunday-school work, edit and distribute our Annual Year Book, etc.
2. To encourage and assist in organizing Sunday-schools in mission territory and to furnish those who are not able to purchase for themselves Sunday-school literature free of charge.

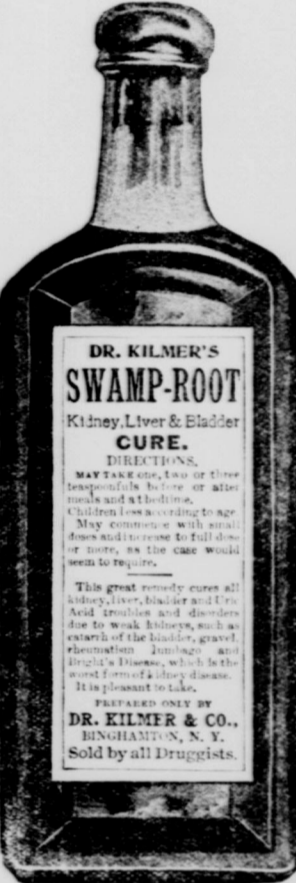
While our means have been limited, we have so far rendered financial assistance to every worthy applicant who has appealed to us for help.

3. To visit pastoral charges, hold institutes in same. Preach on the subject and bring the Sunday-school interest prominently before the entire congregation.

Also to lead in Circuit, County or District Institutes upon invitation from those having same in charge. We all know that the problem of the improvement of our work is a great one. A recent writer said: "There is no great institution on earth in which so much bungling work is done as in the Sunday-school."

Brother Field has met with much encouragement in his work. He has all he can do at present and calls for assistance are coming in to him continually. He is well qualified for the place, and is showing himself to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed in the line of his work.

Mrs. Field is a trained teacher, an experienced Sunday-school worker of many years in primary work, and she



(Swamp-Root is pleasant to take.)

is assisting in this department. His postoffice is Fort Worth, Texas, Station A., and he invites correspondence and suggestions from any and all who may be interested in Sunday-school work. If your Sunday-school interest needs reviving, stimulating and pushing forward, confer with Brother Field, and he stands ready to assist you as far as possible.

Finances.
We call attention to the fact that the income of this board is insufficient for the work we are trying to accomplish.

We trust that Children's Day will be observed this year by every Sunday-school in our entire connection, and that the collection will be taken as the Discipline requires and same forwarded to our Treasurer, B. W. Dodson, Colorado, Texas.

Will all our pastors and superintendents do this? It is especially important this year.

Children's Day programs will be furnished free to all who apply to our Secretary, C. S. Field, Station A, Fort Worth, Texas.

We ask for our work the sympathy and co-operation of our entire Church.
E. HIGHTOWER,
Chm. S. S. Board N. W. Texas Conf., Belton, Texas.

B. W. DODSON,
Treasurer, Colorado, Texas.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,
Be sure to use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic and is the remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

DROPSY Cured; quick relief; removes all swelling in 8 to 20 days; 28 to 60 days effect permanent cure. Trial treatment given free to sufferers; nothing fairer. For circulars, testimonials and free trial treatment write Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box G, Atlanta, Ga.

The Home Circle

THE WISE AND FOOLISH VIRGINS.

Matthew 25:1-13.
Behold a prince went forth to wed,
From heaven's eternal throne,
A crown of glory on his head,
A kingdom all his own.

The worlds in dazzling splendor shone,
And charmed his loving heart,
He saw them as on ether borne,
Millions of leagues apart.

But one appeared in awful death,
Back to his youthful bloom,
His heart was drawn toward this earth,
To save it from its doom.

He came this world to woo and win
Back to his tender love,
He told his message-wish, and then
Went back to courts above.

His heart he gave without reserve,
His constancy he pledged,
But one and all must wait and serve
In love their living head.

The time of nuptials drawing nigh,
This prince went forth to meet,
And summons to a palace high,
His love and spouse to greet.

The cry was made, behold he comes,
To meet him go in haste,
Ten virgins rose and trimmed their lamps,
They had no time to waste.

They came with vessels all alike,
Emanuel's face to see,
But five had failed to bring the light
To guide them o'er the sea.

"Lend us your oil; our lamps are out,"
Said they to others wise,
"Not so, but so ye with the pay,
To those who sell and buy."

They went their lamps to fill in haste,
And came their cause to plead,
They found the door forever closed,
No voice within to heed.

L. B. THOMAS.

GENTLENESS OF SPIRIT.

Let the sweetness of Christian character find expression in the house. One of the most pleasing aspects of modern times is the presence of art in lowly homes, giving the touch of grace to every humblest, household, necessary thing; delightful manifestations of skill and ornament appearing in the wood, lead, iron, and common crockery of the cottage. But if art thus makes the house into the house beautiful, what will not gentleness, consideration, and politeness do for the household? "The aim of art is to express the sublime in the trivial," said J. F. Millet; if in the home we reveal our sublime faith and righteousness in doing gracefully many little things, the home will be far brighter than it sometimes is. Conscience expressed

is not seen at all. There is a good deal of fatalism seeking to pass as faith. People say we must have faith in God; let things take their course, and they will come out all right. But faith feels the certitude of a harvest because it has first diligently plowed and sown and because of the goodness that has ever brought the seedtime and the harvest.

Your faith forms you. If you do not believe in things better, nobler, purer, how can you move toward them? If at bottom your faith is in things mean, sordid, sensual, base, then thither turns your life, and no strenuous efforts, nor badges, buttons, nor creeds, can change its course.

You can measure a man's weight in this world by the strength and clearness of his convictions. Poor you may be, friendless, alone, weak, unlearned; but this can be overcome if bright in the heart there burns the unquenchable flame of some great passion, some high faith. Given this fire within, all the tools shall be found, but without it the finest endowment of brain and body is valueless.

Given but some great principle, some purpose that becomes a holy passion, something that leads you, like one of long ago, who "steadfastly set his face to go up to Jerusalem," then all power is yours. The man who has faith to remove mountains always finds the picks and the steam shovels somewhere. He takes the tools he has, though they seem but toys besides his task, and lo! some morning when the dreamers awake the mountain is no longer there. Faith has had her perfect work.—Exchange.

FAITH.

You cannot believe little things and do great things; you cannot believe in half successes and accomplish whole ones. A man's faith sets the boundaries of his work. He will do what he believes and accomplish what he believes can be accomplished. Mountains are not subdued by men who stand discouraged at a molehill. A man must conquer the fatigue of the way in his own heart, or he will never set out on the road.

Back of all the free action lies some creed, some conviction. All great battles have been fought and either lost or won in the heart. The simple or stubborn confidence that leads to all-conquering effort—this is faith, the vision that vitalizes. The eye of faith sees the prize at the end long before it is reached; the eye of fear looks so closely at the difficulties and dangers of the course that the prize

is not seen at all. There is a good deal of fatalism seeking to pass as faith. People say we must have faith in God; let things take their course, and they will come out all right. But faith feels the certitude of a harvest because it has first diligently plowed and sown and because of the goodness that has ever brought the seedtime and the harvest.

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WHY NOT READ THE BIBLE THROUGH.

There is no reason why the average Christian should not read all the Bible every year. The task is not nearly as formidable as it seems. By actual experiment it is found that, with only a fair speed—less indeed than is employed in perusing the daily paper—it requires less than twenty-three hours to read the whole book, or less than four minutes a day. It is nearly correct to say that two and a half minutes a day will take one through the Old Testament in a year, and one and a half minutes a day will cover the New Testament in the same time.

Of the sixty-six books in the Bible, more than half can be read in less than thirty minutes each, twelve in from thirty minutes to an hour each, and sixteen in less than two hours each. Only Psalms and Jeremiah require over two hours each. There are eleven books in the Old Testament which can be read in less than ten minutes each.

With a carefully-prepared plan, the reading the Bible through next year would be not only feasible, but inspiring and profitable. Perhaps the order of Doctor Moulton is as good as any: For the Old Testament, start with the "Wisdom" books—Proverbs, Ecclesiastes and Job—which, together with Deuteronomy, Ruth, Esther and the Canticles, will take until Washington's Birthday. The Pentateuch will be finished in April, the other historical books by the middle of August, and the prophecies by

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER



Free to You and Every Sister Suffering From Women's Ailments.

I am a woman. I know woman's sufferings. I have found the cure. I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or White Discharge, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Protrusion, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weakness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. I want to send you a complete ten days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the cure a trial, and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Stickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Pimples and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases, and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address: MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 187, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

Thanksgiving, leaving a month for the sweetness and the jubilation of the Psalms. In the New Testament, the first two Gospels are finished early in March, the General Epistles by the middle of April, Luke and Acts in July, the Pauline Epistles the last of October, with a glorious ending in the Epistles and revelation of St. John.

This should not, of course, constitute the exclusive reading of the Word for the year. The lessons for the Sunday-school and the young people's society, and the passages for special study, would all be helped by this reading in course. Nor would that reading be so superficial as is sometimes feared. It is an excellent drill to get the swing of a book or an author, perhaps at a sitting, and to catch the sweep of the wonderful themes of God's Word, as shown by compassing it within a year.—Zion's Herald.

A plant grew up in the spring, and spread its leaves and looked abroad, rejoicing in its life.

"To grow!" said the plant. "To be beautiful and gladden the eyes of those who look on me; this is life. The Giver of it be praised!"

Now the plant budded and blossomed; lovely the blossoms were, and sweet, and men plucked them joyfully.

"This is well!" said the plant. "To send beauty and fragrance hither and thither, to sweeten the world even a little, this is life; the Giver of it be praised!"

Autumn came and the plant stood lonely, yet at peace. "One cannot always be in blossom!" it said. "One has done what one could, and a little is part of the whole."

By and by came a gatherer of herbs and cut the green leaves from the plant. "They are good for bruises," he said; "or, distilled, their juice may heal an inward wound."

The plant heard and rejoiced. "To heal!" it said. "That is even better than to gladden the eyes. The Giver of this too be praised!"

Now it was winter. The dry stalk stood in the field and crackled with the frost, its few remaining leaves clinging black and shriveled about it.

"All is over now," said the plant. "There must be an end to everything."

But now came a poor soul shivering with the cold, and took the dry plant and carried it to his home; and breaking it in pieces laid the fragments on his naked hearth and set fire to them. Puff! the dry stalks crackled into flame and blazed up merrily, filling the room with light and warmth.

"And is this death?" said the plant. "The Giver of all be praised!"—Laura E. Richards, in "The Silver Crown."

"GETTING THE GLORY."

A would-be witty writer makes fun of an old time negro meeting, and particularly of one old man who shouted a good deal, and had "the witness of the Spirit," and was sure that the old Apollyon couldn't hinder his getting to glory, and that he was going to see his blessed Master, and have a room in the big house with him.

We see nothing ludicrous in all this. It is quaint, but all right. He who has the witness of the Spirit that he is a child of God has a right to shout. Whether white or black, he is an heir to heavenly inheritance. No matter if the very old Apollyon bars his way as he did that of Christian in "Pilgrim's Progress," he can go on in confidence.

He knows there is a personal God, his Father in heaven; he knows there is a divine Saviour, Jesus of Nazareth, now seated at the right hand of God; he knows that the Bible is inspired, for it meets his deepest and purest consciousness in his hours of meditation, and responds to his highest and holiest emotions. He knows that the

heaven it pictures is real, and is his. He knows that in his Father's house are many mansions, and that Christ prepared a place for him. Neither argument nor persecution can disturb him. He may be unable to answer arguments and convince others, but he has one answer which satisfies him—that of the man whose eyes Jesus opened: "Whereas I was blind, now I see." I was a sinner, but now I am saved. We have been in a good many negro meetings, and have heard some unwise shouting and some unjustifiable testimonies; but we have also known some negro men and women whose prayers and testimony and exaltation carried us to the very gates of heaven.—Herald and Presbyter.

"DISHONEST MORTAR."

The Imperial University of Japan sent one of its faculty over to San Francisco to study the earthquake. He saw much, learned much, but said little. One remark made by the professor is worth keeping in mind. He said that much of the damage in San Francisco was due to defective masonry, and this was caused by the use of "dishonest mortar—a corrupt mixture of sea sand and lime."

This may be true of the situation in San Francisco. It certainly is true with reference to individuals. "Dishonest mortar" may be written over against many a human wreck. The character that is built by dishonesty will not stand the strain. The hurricanes of temptation beat upon it, and it falls; the seas of evil influences dash against it, and it is overwhelmed. Like the house in the parable that had its foundation in the sand, its power of resistance is pitifully small, although it makes a show of strength.

A well-built character, like an honestly built house, will stand the storm and reflect honor upon its builder; while the character or house in the creation of which "dishonest mortar" has been used will bring disaster, humiliation, disappointment and suffering to many, because in the crisis of life it surely will fail.—Epworth Herald.

STRENGTH

Without Overloading The Stomach.

The business man, especially, needs food in the morning that will not overload the stomach, but give mental vigor for the day.

Much depends on the start a man gets each day, as to how he may expect to accomplish the work on hand.

He can't be alert, with a heavy fried-meat-and-patates breakfast requiring a lot of vital energy in digesting it.

A Calif. business man tried to find some food combination that would not overload the stomach in the morning but that would produce energy.

He writes: "For years I was unable to find a breakfast food that had nutrition enough to sustain a business man without overloading his stomach, causing indigestion and kindred ailments."

"Being a very busy and also a very nervous man, I decided to give up breakfast altogether. But luckily I was induced to try Grape-Nuts."

"Since that morning I have been a new man; can work without tiring, my head is clear and my nerves strong and quiet."

"I find four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with one of sugar and a small quantity of cold milk, make a delicious morning meal, which invigorates me for the day's business." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

THE BIBLE SAYS:—



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

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

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

BLAYLOCK PUB. CO., Dallas, Texas.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Much inconvenience to the Advocate office and confusion and loss of time will be saved all parties interested if our correspondents will observe a few requests, to-wit:

- 1. Do not send money or any business for Texas Christian Advocate to anyone but Blaylock Pub. Co. or Texas Christian Advocate, Dallas, Texas.
2. Address all business letters touching subscriptions, changes of address, advertising, or other business matters, to Blaylock Publishing Co.
3. Do not address matter for publication to any individual—either editor or publisher—but to the Texas Christian Advocate. An individual may be out of the city; hence serious delays occur.
4. Bear in mind that all communications should be written on different sheets of paper from that intended for the business office, and should be written on one side only.

DISTRICT CONFERENCE NOTICES.

Table listing district conference dates and locations: Abilene, Haskell, Vernon, Munday, Waxahatche, Italy, Beeville, Corpus Christi, Cuero, El Campo, Terrell, Grandall, Georgetown, Hutto, Corsicana, Rice, Plainview, Sherman, Fort Worth, Cleburne, Jackson, Austin, Columbus, San Marcos, Waco, McKinney, Farmersville, Albuquerque, Melrose, N. M., Clarendon, Canyon City, Brenham, Somerville, Beaumont, Liberty, Houston, Alvin, San Augustine, San A., Gainesville, Myra, Tyler, Lindale, Sulphur Springs, Cumby, Bowie, Jackshoro, El Paso, Hazerman, N. M., Huntsville, Anderson, San Antonio, Pearsall, Llano, Cherokee, Sulphur Springs, Cumby, Colorado, Snyder, Weatherford, Ranger, Dublin, Gorman, Greenville, Commerce, Gatesville, Clifton, Waco, Mt. Calm, Brownwood, Comanche, San Angelo, El Dorado.

NORTH TEXAS FEMALE COLLEGE.

We spent an hour or so at the North Texas Female College last Monday. Everything was busy with college life. The patronage has been greater than in any other session in its history. More than 500 have been enrolled, and some 300 of these are boarding pupils. The course of study is adapted to the culture and training of girls; and the department of music is in advance of anything of the kind this side of the Mississippi. Neither money nor labor is spared at this institution to make it efficient and successful. The work of the college is now looking toward the close. That will be one of the great occasions. Rev. G. S. Sexton, of Houston, and Rev. A. L. Andrews, of Dallas, will be the speakers. All our North Texas people are proud of their school, and it is worthy of their support and co-operation. Mrs. Key is doing a great work for the young womanhood of Texas.

A SUNDAY ON THE RANDOLPH CHARGE.

Last Sunday we spent on the Randolph charge with Rev. W. R. Rosser and his good people. Randolph is on the Cotton Belt, between Wolfe City and Commerce, in Fannin County, and the diocese of Rev. Martin Luther Hamilton. I went by way of the Katy to Leonard, and was met there by the preacher and conveyed to Grove Hill Church, some four miles in the country. Got to shake hands with Bro. Ulrich, preacher at Leonard. He and his people are engaged in building a brand-new brick church, which, when completed, will be a credit to the town and an honor to the Church. Grove Hill is one of the congregations in the Randolph Circuit. Quarterly Conference was in progress, and Bro. Hamilton was in charge. I attended the conference in the afternoon. The whole work was well represented. It was an old-fashioned country Quarterly Conference—the best type that we have in our system. It lasted two hours, and every feature of the work was considered. Bro. Hamilton preached at 11 and at night. I heard him at the latter hour. He had a good congregation, and he gave them a strong, earnest, evangelical sermon. It had thought, power and unction in it. He invited penitents. One young man came to the altar. The presiding elder got down in the dust with him and remained until he was happily converted. Do all our presiding elders do this? It was something out of the ordinary so far as my observation goes, but many of them doubtless preach and pray in this fashion. It was a refreshing service. He and myself were to spend the night with Bro. Clark, but the buggy broke down and we turned in and spent a delightful night with Bro. Baxter and his good family. He has a religious household. His wife is the superintendent of the Sunday-school, and she is a good one. He belongs to the North Georgia Baxters, and they are solid Methodists. Rev. J. H. Baxter was a member of the North Georgia Conference when I was admitted in 1870. He was a very bright and popular man, but died young.

Uncle Ben Blanton, a venerable local preacher, was at the meeting. He is a part of the salt of the earth up that way, and his presence is a benediction. I was glad to meet him again and grasp his good old hand. He is all gold.

Sunday morning we assembled to have dedication service. That is an old community—one of the first settled in that section of the country. They had a substantial Church three years ago, and it was prosperous. But at that time many of the people moved further west and depleted the membership; and a storm visited the community and wrecked the church building. For some time they went without a place of worship. But two or three years ago they concluded to build. So they went to work and constructed a beautiful framed edifice, and painted it without and papered it within. It looks like a new pin. They now have a good membership and a fine Sunday-school. The people were there from all over that section. The entire country is thickly settled, and I have hardly ever seen so many babies and larger children in one great gathering. When these grow up they will have to double the capacity of their place of worship. Children are God's most prosperous gift to a community. We would become extinct without them. That good section is certainly perpetuating itself. No race suicide out there—and there ought not to be anywhere. Wagons, buggies, surreys, horses, mules, people—it was like a young army. The house was packed and jammed, but more were on the outside than on the inside. Bro. Hamilton and Bro. Rosser took part in the service and we had a good, old-fashioned time. It was a religious service from beginning to close. There was no debt, and the dedication followed the sermon. It was a solemnly beautiful dedicatory service, after the manner of our splendid Book of

Discipline. Bro. Hamilton offered the dedicatory prayer. After this, the entire audience repaired to a basket dinner, and it was a bounteous feast—everything that the taste could enjoy. All were fed, and then there was much to spare.

After dinner we assembled and celebrated the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It was a spiritual feast to us all. Then we dispersed—Bro. Hamilton to another charge to preach at night and Bro. Rosser and myself to Randolph, where we enjoyed the fellowship of the parsonage. He has had much sickness in his family this year, and lost one child. His people have been exceedingly kind to him and his family. They are held in high esteem. He is a man of devoted energy and a good preacher. He is bringing things to pass on that charge. It will not be an applicant for help from the Mission Board at the next conference. They have a new church in Randolph, and it will be ready to dedicate soon. After an early supper and domestic worship, we drove to Edhube for an evening service. This is a small country village, five miles from Randolph, and made up of a most excellent set of people. We stopped on the way and spent a season with Sister Evans, one of the oldest Methodists in that community. She and her late husband were the standbys in the Church there in the long ago. And she is the grandmother of Rev. E. A. Maness of the Greenville Mission—a young man of promise. We found him in bed sick there, but he will be out soon. At Edhube they have a real elegant church—not new, but practically so. They have it paid out of debt, in good repair and lighted with gas—home-made. It is a beautiful auditorium. As soon as they get it furnished with new seats, they will have it dedicated. We had a large congregation and a helpful service. They have a good school there, and Prof. J. B. Laughlin has charge of it. We had the pleasure of spending the night in his good home. It was a pleasure to enjoy its hospitality. They read and love the Advocate. Thus ended a busy day and one of considerable work. Again we want to say that Bro. Rosser is an efficient pastor and devoted to the interests of his charge. He has good books and he is studious. His people report well of his work. He has good stock in him and he is one of our promising young men. Bro. Hamilton is taking that country with his preaching and with his management of the district. He keeps an eye on every nook and corner of it, and he goes night and day. He is arranging for a series of evangelistic services in the neglected places of his district, and he hopes to accomplish much in this way during the spring and summer. He finds great need of this sort in a good deal of his territory. He is the right man in the right place. He is young, vigorous and full of enterprise. New blood in the presiding eldership once in awhile is a good thing, and Hamilton is a demonstration of it.

On Monday morning we were driven to Bonham and caught the 9 o'clock train for Sherman. We did not tarry in Bonham—rarely ever do. We usually reach it in a hurry and hasten on. G. C. R.

THE ANTICS OF THE FORT WORTH RUMMIES.

The Fort Worth rummies are still making rapid strides in their attainments in the grace of "law and order." Every night they are holding meetings and repledging themselves to keep every law on the statute books with scrupulous persistence. You could not, now, induce one of them to offend public sentiment, not even for a mammoth prize. They are enraptured with "law and order." They are almost ready to go on record as favoring lynch law, if one of their pious number should so far forget himself as to infract the least of our statutes. They are equal to the preachers in wanting the law enforced to the letter. They are actually converting their places of business into centers of pious training. What is the matter with the Fort Worth rum-

mies? Oh, nothing, but the progress of a local option election in Tarrant County. Simply this and nothing more. Poor things. It is a sort of a death-bed repentance with them. They are afraid of the grave and the judgment. They are willing to do anything, to pledge anything, and to promise anything, if the people of Tarrant will just let them off this time. Poor things! It is the first time in their lives when they felt that they were face to face with an awful crisis. Their tears are their meat day and night, and their piteous walls are reverberating across the plains and among the hills of the entire county. They are promising, begging, importuning and howling for quarter. They have enlisted a few "business men" to plead their cause with the people just for one more chance. Poor things! But all the good people of Tarrant know that just as soon as the election is over, and saloons are given another lease of life, they will brush away their tears, cease their lamentations, laugh away up their sleeves, and "return like the dog to his vomit and the sow that was washed to wallowing in the mire." On with the battle.

One of the officious officials of Waco recently made a red-hot anti prohibition speech in his city against local option. Among other things, he said that he was in Hillsboro recently and went to a cold drink counter and ordered a cold drink and they gave him a good quality of real beer; and that they did it openly and without molestation. His statement was published; and when the County Attorney of Hill County read it, he proceeded to have an attachment issued for the gentleman to appear before the Hill County Grand Jury and furnish the facts in the case. We have not heard the result, but we venture that before he comes before that body his memory will have failed him and his testimony will be non est. He simply spoke unadvisedly with his mouth, as many antis do when they undertake to boost the bar room. Any sort of a statement answers their purpose just as well as the truth—and a little better. The truth is always against them. A misstatement, for the time being bolsters their cause.

The Houston Post, recently commenting on the local option election in McLennan County, and the possibility of Waco having local option thrust upon its people by the rest of the county, draws a dark picture on the parody of local self-government. It intimates that a possible hope for deliverance from such a calamity might be found in separating the city from the county, as is the case in St. Louis and a few other cities. In this event the country people would have no say as to what sort of moral regulations the city would adopt. That would make the city independent of the moral sentiment of the country. It is all right to bring the country people in when you want taxes to run the county government, and when you want to build a court house and jail, and to help meet the litigation piled up in the criminal court because of the diabolism of the saloon; but the country jake must stand aside when these pests, the saloons, come in. The city people must have a monopoly of them. Bah! And again, bah!

We are in receipt of a beautifully gotten up invitation to the Commencement exercises of Southwestern University Medical College, to take place in this city, at the Carnegie Hall on the evening of April 25, 1907. The institution has had a very prosperous year, and the graduating exercises are looked forward to with much interest. It will be a most delightful occasion, and the program will be up to a high standard.

We are receiving invitations to the coming District Conferences, both from the presiding elders of the districts and from the pastors of the churches where these conferences are to meet. We wish we could attend

all these gatherings, but so many of them come either on the same dates or approximately so, that it will be impossible for us to reach many of them. Then, again, many of them are far removed from Dallas, and much of our time would be taken in going to and returning from them. The Advocate demands most of our time and attention, and we are staying more closely with the office than usually, for we want to make the paper to the full work of the Church. We appreciate the courtesy of these good brethren, but will they kindly accept this note as a reply to their many brotherly invitations?

W. C. Everett is the right man at the head of the State Sunday-school movement. He is familiar with that sort of work, has good judgment, knows the pastors and leading Sunday-school workers, and he has great enterprise. The conference at Houston did well to place him in this responsible position. This movement has taken on great interest and it represents a large factor in our Church progress. There is no department of our work more potent than the Sunday-school. This State organization has for its object the latest and most improved methods of Sunday-school work, their study, their adoption and their successful application to local Sunday-school efficiency. Bro. Everett will take great interest in these matters.

In Wood County they have been troubled for some time with the "frosty joint" and other subterfuges for violating the law. This was especially true at the town of Alba, where things were very unsatisfactory. But the County Attorney determined some time ago to put a stop to this way of doing upon the part of a few toughs. So he quietly put the machinery of the law at work and at the last term of court put the whole thing out of business. They now have local option in Wood County. Even Mineola joinists recognize the fact that local option surely prohibits. We congratulate the county on having an official who knows his business and goes at it in a business like way. And under our laws any community can do likewise. We have the law on our side, and if it does not succeed it is our own fault.

Rev. C. E. Cameron, of Pittsburg, now in his second year, is in high favor with his people and the town generally. He has his Church well organized and in good working order. They have already made provision for \$1000 for the mission cause this year. We know of no record that will excel this. It speaks well for those good people and for the work of their pastor.

Rev. W. F. Lloyd, now of Louisville, Ky., but formerly of Texas, was in the city last Saturday and called to see us. He was on his way to Cuba for a little outing and rest. He went from here to Plano and there received a telegram from New Mexico that his son, Paul, had just died and that his remains would be forwarded to Louisville for interment. With a sad heart Dr. Lloyd retraced his steps to attend the funeral of his boy. The young man had been in New Mexico for some weeks for his health, and it was thought that he was improving, but he had a turn for the worse and died. The Texas brethren will remember Dr. Lloyd in their prayers.

PERSONALS.

Rev. H. C. Willis, of the Huntsville District, reports a good condition of things on his work. His district stands second in the list on collections to date.

Brother Q. M. Sharp, of Gonzales, dropped in to see us last week. He has been a reader of the Advocate since a boy, and he wanted to shake hands with the force. We enjoyed his visit.

Rev. W. L. Clifton, the old man eloquent, gave us a most brotherly visit recently. He is one of the grand old men in our Methodism, and his inter-


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XIX PSALM IN VERSE.
 The heaven's declare God's glory,
 The sky his handiwork;
 Each day repeats the story
 Of what his hand has wrought!
 Throughout his vast creation
 Wisdom and might are shown;
 And men of ev'ry station
 His sovereign genius own.

The law of God is perfect,
 Converting ev'ry soul
 That yields to its just verdict
 And bows to its control;
 His fear is clean and lasting,
 His judgments true and fair,
 And more to be desired
 Than gold and honey rare.
 Still more by them, thy servant,
 Is warned to keep them all,
 And great reward is offered
 To them who do not fall.
 Then, Lord, keep back thy servant
 From sin's presumptuous way,
 Let not its dire dominion
 A moment o'er us sway.

Let words of my own choosing,
 And thoughts of my own heart,
 Be prompt in ev'ry refusing
 To act a sinful part.
 O Lord, my great Redeemer,
 My strength and wisdom be,
 And may my whole demeanor
 Acceptance find with Thee.
W. J. WILSON.
 San Saba, Texas.

TREATIES WITH INDIANS.
 BY N. C. BUNYAN.
 The first effort to make a treaty with the Indians was at San Antonio. This, as we know, was unsuccessful, because Texas had demanded that the Indians bring in their white prisoners and give them us. When the Indians came in they only brought one little white girl and they were known to have other white prisoners. Judge Hood told the interpreter to tell them that they would be held prisoners until the white prisoners were brought in. The interpreter at first refused to tell them this as he knew they would at once begin to fight. Judge Hood ordered him to tell them and he did so. They immediately began to fight and in the fight all the Indians were killed except one, there being 14 or 15 killed. Among the white men killed was Maj. Hood, who at one time was Land Commissioner under Sterling C. Robertson at old Viesca.
 The next attempt to make a treaty was during President Lamar's administration. Maj. Weston was appointed Commissioner to treat with the Indians. Under his work and influence the Indians were induced to come to Waco and make a treaty. They gathered and came as far as the Bosque valley. Their horses were in the Bosque valley between the Bosque and Brazos Rivers. There came an overflow and the horses were all drowned. The Indians, ever superstitious, took this as a bad omen, saying it was evil spirits. So they went back to their homes and the attempt to treat with them was again a failure.
 The next and only successful attempt to make a treaty with the Indians was made by Gen. Houston. Through the influence of Col. Len Williams, the great interpreter, (who was said to have spoken the dialects of thirteen different Indian tribes) they got the different tribes of hostile Indians to agree to meet in the Brazos valley, not far from where Marlin now stands. The intention of Gen. Houston was to meet them in person, which he did. I remember seeing him, riding a mule and attended by his servant, as he passed through Wheelock on his way to this council of war. When he got to the appointed place many Indians had already gotten there. Whole tribes, men, squaws and children, with the ever present dogs, all to be fed at the white men's expense. I recall vividly the scene as the white men would drive up cattle shooting and butchering them for the Indians' use. As soon as a beef was shot, down a squaw would run with a knife, cut a hole in the beef, begin to pull out entrails and eat them ravenously. This shows the quality of savageness with which we had to deal—savageness may be said to have a quality.
 When the day came for the council to take place, the chiefs all got together and got down in a ring on the ground, bringing their peace pipe with them. This was a pipe on top with a

hatchet underneath. In it they smoked sumach leaves and wild sage. Each chief beginning with Accona, the oldest, would smoke, then pass it on to the next. All smoked, including Gen. Houston. They began smoking about 10 o'clock in the morning and smoked until 2 in the afternoon before any of them ever spoke. Finally about 2 o'clock one of the chiefs grunted, then the next and the next, until the grunt had gone around and Gen. Houston had grunted with them. They then had a long consultation, each chief talking until peace was agreed on and the treaty made. Gen. Houston was familiar with the language of the Cherokees from long association with them, but there were many tribes in this council of whose language he knew nothing. So the interpreter, Col. Len Williams, rendered valuable services to Houston in explaining the chief's talk. When they had finished, Gen. Houston took his hand and swept a place clean on the ground and the old Indian Chief Accona stuck the hatchet in the ground, signifying that the past was swept out and the hatchet buried and all were ready to begin over and live a life of peace. The Indians called Houston "The Great White Chief" and always had great confidence in him. G. W. Hill was Indian agent under Houston. This treaty lasted until well into the 50's. In this time the counties of Comanche, Bosque, Hamilton, Coryell, Lampasas and possibly others had settled up, the Indians giving no more trouble. The names of some of the chiefs in this treaty were Ocoona (who was said to have been commander of the Indians in Bowie's fight at the old silver mines at San Saba) Santa Anna, Yellow Wolf, Buffalo Hump, Pahanca and Monchachuca, and Caviya Blanco.

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THE DOCTRINE OF REPENTANCE
 Repent, therefore, and be converted. Brethren, I would to God that all men, everywhere, were more concerned about their conversion, and God will take care of the regeneration. We must, as God's creatures, comply with His demands, and he has demanded of us to repent; to be sorry for our sins and to be sorry that we have omitted to do right, and He also demands us to be converted, to change our lives, this is turn away from sin and folly and cleave to truth and righteousness. We must do all this in Christ's name, not trusting in any worth or merit of our own, but in the merit of the Blessed Son of God. If we do this then regeneration takes place, that is, God converts us into holiness, or, in other words, God reproduces us and makes new creatures of us in Christ, Jesus. So we can see plainly that we come to God in Christ's name and God comes to us through Christ, for He is the mediator between God and man, and we must come to God in Christ by repentance and conversion or we cannot be saved, for there is no other name given under heaven and among men whereby we can be saved. Repentance and conversion is the act of the creature.
 While regeneration is the power of God upon the soul of men, brethren, there is great truths that we should study that we might be strong in the inner man, and that sinners might be brought to Christ and infidelity might be banished from the land.
R. M. JONES.
 Canton, Texas.

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SHINN.—Mrs. Cornelia Roberts Shinn, daughter of Capt. and Mrs W. S. Hudson, was born in Pontotoc County, Mississippi, February 6, 1850, and died in Franklin County, Texas, February 3, 1907.

M. H. HUDSON, Westbrook, Texas.

MACKKEY.—Little Alva Loreen Mackey, daughter of W. B. Mackey, was born August 22, 1906, and died Tuesday morning, March 26, 1907, being seven months and three days old.

T. J. O'NEIL, F. W. BRADY.

CROUCH.—James Isaac Crouch was born August 16, 1848, in Clark County, Arkansas, and passed to his reward February 27, 1907, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. P. O. Adams.

A. T. WALKER, Reagan, Texas.

COSSTEPHENS.—On Friday night, February 9, 1907, the beautiful spirit of Willie Cosstephens passed in sweet peace to his home in heaven.

MRS. D. B. ENGLISH.

SCHERMERHORN.—J. C. S. Schermernhorn, son of Morgan L. and Elizabeth C. Schermernhorn, was born in Albany, New York, December 21, 1850, and died in Elgin, Texas, March 15, 1907.

L. C. MATTHIS, Elgin, Texas.

KINCANNON.—F. P. Kincannon was born in Middle Tennessee March 2, 1848; was married to Miss E. E. Culpepper at Masterville (now Bruceville, Texas), December 25, 1868, who, with one son and two daughters, survives him.

B. R. BOLTON.

LOVELACE.—Mrs. Annie Lovelace was born in Chambers County, Alabama, on March 13, 1870. Moved to Texas when she was three years old.

SENGER OF DEATH.—Her remains were brought back to Bonham on March 23, and after services by her pastor, and in the presence of a great host of relatives and friends, were laid to rest in the Willow Wild cemetery.

R. L. ELY, Pastor.

CARLOW.—Sarah Thelma Carlow, daughter of W. A. and Blanche Carlow, was born February 23, 1906, and died March 17, 1907. Thelma's little frame was so frail to stand the shocks incident to a pilgrimage through this world of matter, and when death visited the home she had made happy for nearly thirteen months, her white spirit leaped from the dust and was carried by the angels to a blessed home far away.

IRA M. BRYCE.

O'NEAL.—Mrs. B. E. O'Neal (nee Miss Jessie Lay) was born November 26, 1876, married to Mr. B. E. O'Neal in 1906, and departed this life at her home in Godley, Texas, March 30, 1907.

JOHN M. NEAL, Godley, Texas.

TUCKER.—Sister Mattie J. Tucker (nee Clifton) was born in Alabama December 24, 1879, and died near Lawn March 25, 1907. Sixteen years ago she came to Texas, and December 21, 1901, was united in marriage to J. L. Tucker.

J. N. VINCENT, Pastor.

BRADSHAW.—Little Ralph Bradshaw was born July 4, 1902, and God received him unto himself March 19, 1907. Ralph was loved by all and was so bright and cheerful that none could help but love him.

J. W. PATISON, Santa Anna, Texas.

FAIREY.—Died, in Santa Anna, Texas, on March 15, 1907, J. L. Fairey, aged 50 years. Bro. Fairey's death was sudden, though not altogether a surprise, as he had for some time been in impaired health.

J. W. PATISON, Santa Anna, Texas.

JONES.—Rev. Samuel W. Jones, a superannuated member of the Texas Conference, was born May 18, 1828, in Illinois; converted when 21 years old; moved to Texas in 1852; joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; was licensed to preach August 21, 1856, by Rev. James Young.

J. C. STEWART, Pittsburg, Texas.

SMITH.—On March 27, 1907, the death angel came to the home of Bro. Wm. Smith and took away the spirit of his mother, Mrs. Jane Smith (nee Reed). This mother in Israel was born in Hempstead County, Arkansas, October 18, 1831; was married to William Smith September 22, 1852, and moved to Brazos County, Texas, in 1860.

A. B. KEEN, P. C., Aspermont, Texas.

CURRY.—On April 5, 1907, Sister Mary A. Curry, beloved wife of D. W. Curry, of Santa Anna, Texas, departed this life. On that day she and her husband left home for an extended visit with their married children and other relatives.

J. W. PATISON.



PRESTON.—Emma Lee, the eldest daughter of R. H. and Alice C. Preston, was born in Leesville, Gonzales County, Texas, November 20, 1859, and died in Cuero, DeWitt County, February 22, 1907.

WILLIAM H. NELSON.

FAIREY.—On March 23, 1907, the home of Bro. I. L. Fairey and wife was made sad by the death of their little Edith Alberta, aged one month.

J. W. PATISON, Santa Anna, Texas.

DAVIS.—Miss Bessie Lee Davis was born February 18, 1859, and died March 8, 1907. The deceased joined the Methodist Church when quite young and lived a true Christian.

OTTIE SHOOK, Mt. Calm, Texas.

SHELTON.—On March 21, 1907, the friends and relatives of Mr. O. L. Shelton were shocked to hear of his death after but a few hours of serious illness.

J. W. PATISON, Santa Anna, Texas.

RICHARDSON.—Bro. J. P. Richardson and family, of Rockwood, Texas, mourn the loss of their daughter, Edith, aged twenty-four years. Sister Edith died in Georgetown, where she was keeping house for her brother and sister, who were students in Southwestern.

J. W. PATISON.

RIDLEY.—Jerome B. Ridley, son of J. C. and L. C. Ridley, was the first white child born in Kerr County, Texas, his birth occurring at Center Point, Texas, August 1, 1856. His parents were among the earliest white settlers in this county.

