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## Editorial.

### THE COUNTRY BOY.

No doubt the country preacher is often tempted to feel and to think that he has a hard lot. He compares himself with the city pastor, and his privations and difficulties with the advantages and opportunities enjoyed by the city preacher and his family, and he feels a touch of jealousy or envy. He may even be tempted to complain of the providence—divine, episcopal or sub-episcopal—which banishes him to the country and shuts him out from the charms and pleasures of the city. And as distance lends enchantment to the view, which, being interpreted, means that the imagination always magnifies those supposed advantages and enjoyments which we desire and can not secure, he feels, sometimes, a touch of bitterness.

But wait. There is another side, and on that side are compensations—compensations that are often lost sight of. These are too many to be treated in a single article. We shall speak of only one.

To do grand work and to do it grandly, one needs a grand incentive, a great inspiration. He needs to feel that he is accomplishing, or that he is in the way of accomplishing, great and telling results.

The country preacher has material to work on and encouragements to success that the city preacher has not. This material is in the shape of country boys—fine, strong, rugged, gifted, unsophisticated, uncorrupted, untainted fellows—who have powers that have not been tested or developed.

The writer of this has been a country boy and a city boy; he has been a circuit rider and a city pastor. And he knows what he is talking about when he declares that, however appearances may contradict it, the well-bred country boy is superior to the well-bred city boy, and he has greater advantages—advantages that, for the most part, inhere in himself, and not those of external or accidental circumstances. However, even in the matter of external environment, the country boy has the advantage.

City life is almost wholly unfavorable, not to say hostile, to the nurture and development of the stronger and better elements of human nature.

From infancy the child in the city is subject to conventionalities and artificial restraints that repress individuality and spontaneity, that encourage self-consciousness and develop an abnormal regard for artificial standards, and a corresponding fear and dread of violating them.

Then there is the multiplication of temptations to vanity, vainglory, show, pride, jealousy, envy, selfishness, egotism. Even Church attendance encourages and promotes all these.

Then there are temptations to all sorts of amusements and indulgences, theaters, parties "society" functions, show-bills, picture-papers, newspapers, book stores with all sorts of books, magazines, pictures, especially of a superficial and sensational variety.

Children breathe in the very atmosphere of ambition and strife for social standing

and prestige, dress, fashion. One can hear little boys and girls talking about how Mrs. So-and-So's children dress and have parties, and how they go with the best society, etc.

The race and the competition are not confined to the grown-up folks; the children catch the fever and it grows on them as they grow up, so that all depth and sincerity and simplicity are gradually destroyed. The consequence is that they live on the surface. The absorbing question is "What do people think of us? What are they saying about us?" So it comes to pass that the conventionalities and artificialities of city life repress individuality, until at last it is almost, if not quite, extinguished.

There is little or no chance for solitude, for real solitude, in city life; and if there were, there is no motive. For the life is absorbed in the multiplicity of affairs, the scramble for money and the struggle to keep up with or ahead of the procession. Hence it is, that, as a rule, your city boy amounts to very little. There is so little chance for him to cultivate and nourish the elements that go to make a man strong and great.

Life in the country is different, and the country boy has a better chance. To him life is not a process of schooling in self-consciousness, a constant drill in the art of making himself appear as presentable and attractive as others. It is not the alternative of poverty and mortification on the one hand or self-conceit and arrogance on the other. It is not a race and a scramble for getting ahead or keeping up with others. The country boy has time to reflect, to meditate. He has the incentive as well. He comes into constant contact with the great and pure things of nature—the everlasting hills, the sweeping plains, the deep and mysterious gorges, the jutting cliffs, the turbulent or the laughing streams, the smiling fields of grass or grain, the mystic and solemnizing silence of the forest, the beauty of the wild flowers, the ringing and gladsome music of the birds.

These are the things that inspire great thoughts, awaken deep meditations, stir great emotions and lift the soul to God.

This is the glorious inheritance of the country boy. The preacher who is wise and understands these things will make wise use of them in discovering, inspiring, teaching, directing and developing the country boys of his charge and fitting them to become, under God, strong and commanding preachers, great teachers, pure citizens, brave men, unselfish servants of humanity and of God.

There are plenty of diamonds in the rough hidden away in the remote and obscure places of the country circuits. It is the privilege of the country preacher to discover them, dig them up and polish them for the use of God.

Truth must not only appear to express itself with the lips, but it must incorporate itself in the inner parts. "Thou desirest truth in the inward parts," says the Psalmist; and when truth dwells in the heart it interlaces itself with the moral and mental make-up of a man, and you can always trust him to do his duty frankly and persistently.

### THE VALUE OF SPIRITUAL MEDITATION.

Action in the face of emergency is right and proper. Nothing can be accomplished without it; but meditation has its part in the great struggles of life. It is the fountain in which needed force is generated. The friction of constant activity wears out the machinery and weakens its operation. So it is with the mind and the spirit. Emerson once said: "Absolve me to myself." He meant, "Let me have time for relaxation, so that my mental force may recuperate, and let me have this time in retirement where no intrusion will interrupt or disturb the processes of my spirit and the workings of my mind." It was under these circumstances he had time and opportunity for thought and silent contemplation.

Christ often retired apart to pray, and occasionally spent whole nights in the solitude of the mountain. Here he had time for communion, and his spirit found rest. Not only this: here he recovered his exhausted mental energies and replenished his spiritual powers. It gave him time to review his work, to readjust his plans and to forecast the future. After a night of this sort of communion on the Mount of Transfiguration, where he held intercourse with lofty spirits, he returned in power and demonstration the next morning to again take up his work of healing the afflicted and preaching the truth to the listening multitudes. In meditation he found surcease from his burdens, his oppressions, his heart-hunger and his weariness of spirit. It gave him a silent moment in which to cast all these experiences upon the Father who was his invisible Helper in the work committed to his mind and conscience.

John Wesley spent the first hour of every day in silent converse with God. From four till five in the morning he gave to silent meditation and earnest prayer. He owed much to this habit, and the world in which he labored owes even more. The work which he always crowded into the busy day found its source of inspiration and strength in this early hour of quiet devotion. Our fathers and mothers made much of the closet. They almost invariably had their special time and their secret place for this sort of meditation. Many of us can well remember that when mother entered that private retreat and closed the door, she was not to be approached. She had business with the King. When we moved in that vicinity, it was with soft tread; and when we spoke, it was with muffled lips. She was at prayer, and her spiritual meditation was a sacred part of her religious experience. We often fear that in our day we neglect too much the meditative part of religious life. We try to make up for this by substituting active plans and good works. The latter we do not depreciate or discourage, but they can not take the place of the former. Our richest spiritual possessions come as the result of the quiet hour, the meditative moment when we kneel face to face with him who knows how to strengthen the heart and to reinvigorate the soul with better purposes

and holier aspirations. We need this spirit-rest in order to the active pursuits of Christian life. How sweet, how refreshing, how uplifting to draw aside into these moments of meditation and think over our needs and our plans with God! In such moments he draws closer to us and often speaks in tones of encouragement to our waiting spirits.

### IS THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL PRACTICAL?

What is the Christian ideal? You will have to read the Sermon on the Mount for the answer. There is exactly what Christ designs to make out of men and women: It begins with the heart and works outwardly. It is lofty and looks to the perfection of humanity. Is it attainable? Can men ever reach that high and realize all that Christ here contemplates? No ideal is absolutely attainable. If so it would cease to be an ideal. It has to remain as something yet to be reached in order to inspire larger effort and to raise higher hopes. The Christian ideal will ever remain a standard just a trifle beyond our spiritual endeavor. It is intended to force humanity to its utmost in matters of grace and ethics, and, like the end of the rainbow, it removes itself from us as we think to reach out and lay hold upon it. As long as there is an element in man's spiritual nature yet unattained, the Christian ideal will stand out before him to inspire his faith and hope and love.

Relatively, however, the Christian ideal can be realized by us all. Every man born of the Spirit can love God with all his heart, with all his mind, with all his soul and with all his strength; and he can love his neighbor as he loves himself. He can possess a heart void of offense toward God and all men. He can be clean in his motives and pure in his spirit. His love can be made perfect, and he can let his light so shine before men that they can recognize in his manner of life that he has been with Jesus. True, as long as he lives, there are depths into which he can still go, and heights toward which he can still press; for in his soul as well as in his mind there are almost infinite possibilities. But in this life and at the present time he can so approach the Christian ideal as to realize all its practical results in his experience and in his character. This much Christ demands of all of us, and if we have not reached it we have fallen below our privileges and stopped short of our duty as followers of the Master. His life is before us as our example, and his injunction to us: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." In obedience to this command we grow up into him, our living head. And this is possible to all men. In this way we realize approximately Christ's ideal of experience and character.

The man who earnestly professes Christ, but often falls by the way, and yet keeps on struggling to amend his course, is not a hypocrite. He is not trying to deceive anybody. He knows that he is not what he ought to be.











MEXICO LETTER No. 2.—GOING TO CUERNAVACA.

By Gilbert Onderdonk. It was my presumption that the lit- hamlets occasionally encountered along the road were composed of the descendants of the old robber gangs, and perhaps included some of the remaining bandits themselves.

The railroad now gives them honest employment, which, with the wild fruits of the mountains, affords subsistence. They are an extremely rude looking people.

At the time I was escorting an American lady friend from Mexico City to Cuernavaca I suggested to her the thought of taking notes of dress patterns while there was an opportunity.

Their houses were mere long shacks with one end open for the door—such as I have seen elsewhere among the rude classes in different parts of Mexico.

All of this time we have been ascending this tall range of mountains till finally we have come to the highest point on the route—a little more than 10,000 feet. We find ourselves among tall peaks running upward still higher.

And now we have reached a most interesting point in our journey over this mountain. We begin to descend from Tres Marias. We are to descend 5000 feet into the valley of Cuernavaca.

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them possible in real nature. We look upward and we see the same blue sky with scattering clouds just as we have all seen them so many times. But when I cast my eyes downward over the vast valley 5000 feet below us, there, away down below us were floating scattered clouds lazily floating in the lower air just like the clouds that we see above us.

In the far distance, above the clouds below us, we could see just a faint outline of mountain tops that looked as if they, too, might be only distant clouds. But while we were looking with bewildered eyes, we were all the time descending towards the deep valley that seemed like a sky below us.

And then we cast our eyes to the eastward border of the valley. It was a low mountain range that from our elevation we could overlook. We could look over the top of that lower mountain into the adjoining valley, which we understood to be about 1000 feet lower than Cuernavaca Valley.

But such was our rapid descent that we could no longer overlook the mountains that now hid from our view the valley that contains Xochicalco. So we turn our gaze toward the city of Cuernavaca, the present capital of the State of Morelos—the former home of Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, the great health and pleasure resort of Central Mexico, where it is said that the atmosphere is so uniform that neither fans nor fires for personal comfort are ever required; where no one ever remarks that it is hot; where no one ever complains that it is cold.

As from our perch on the mountain side we look down at what we are told is the city, some miles from the foot of the mountain, it looks to us like a rude aggregation of scattered rocks. Distance is said to lend enchantment to the view, but it lends no enchantment to Cuernavaca.

When one gets down fairly into the valley he passes smiling fields and cheerful-looking homes, suggestive of a goodly land. When we reach the station in the suburbs of the city we readily see that the city occupies very rugged ground. A deep baranca (ravine) winds through the city and some of the ups and downs make tedious traveling. But I am not going to describe the city nor the valley. I am going to leave that to another. I will say that the hotels are much to my liking and their charges are reasonable.

As we drove down into the city we crossed a deep baranca on a solid stone arch. When we reached the high ground on the opposite side our eyes were attracted by a beautiful quadruple arch. It looked as if it might be fifty years or more old. When I asked what was the purpose of the structure I was told that it was built by Hernando Cortez nearly 400 years ago as a monument to the memory of one of his children.

As we were on the way to our hotel we passed along a street lined with beautiful trees of Althea (Rose of Sharon) in constant bloom in this frostless region.

But, brother, whether they come through or go out into the world and come in on the side, you know there are two classes of those who claim to be Christians—the satisfied and the dissatisfied.

The next morning early I went upon the housetop to watch the rising sun and its effects upon the incomparable scenery of this renowned valley. Oriental architecture prevails here as it does in every part of Mexico where I have been.

I was ready for the earliest rays of the sunlight long before they came shooting across the valley from over the mountain to the eastward. I am going to try to describe the scene: It was yet half dark at Cuernavaca when I took my position on the housetop.

Then we looked towards the adjoining valley that is, perhaps, 1000 feet lower than Cuernavaca. We thought that, perhaps, we might catch a final glimpse of the ruins of Xochicalco on the farther side, eighteen miles away. But no. The shadows are against us and as we tried to look through the opening between the mountains that separated the two valleys we could only see a hazy mass of blue.

Cuernavaca has much that is rude and dreary as well as much that is interesting and lovely. Much of the surface is uneven, some is beautifully undulating. The climate comes so nearly to perfection that I should not know how to criticize it.

Next we tried our vision toward the farther end of the valley, but we could barely distinguish the mountain summits where they so nearly blended the blue of the mountain and sky, while a great haze of indistinctness covered the wide intervening space.

THE ELDER BROTHER. For those interested, and especially to Bro. W. H. Hughes, I would like to say, if you will quit trying to make the prodigal's return represent conversion you can locate the elder brother this side of heaven.

Would it be wrong to consider a division or partition wall across the kingdom of God? If not, then I will say that there is a wall across it, separating, not the children from the grown folks, but those who believe that they are God's children from those who know they are.

But, brother, whether they come through or go out into the world and come in on the side, you know there are two classes of those who claim to be Christians—the satisfied and the dissatisfied.

I say the elder brother was satisfied, because he never wanted anything bad enough to ask for it, for surely if he had asked for a kid he would have gotten it, with time to enjoy it with his friends.

The prodigal is with the dissatisfied, because they are always wanting more. But he wanted his all at once and he got it, and I reckon those who represent him do too. Yes, they get their portion, get beside themselves and are soon out of sight and hearing. Well, they can come back, and those that do are, doubtless, satisfied, but not like the elder brother.

(MRS.) ROSA WHITEHEAD.

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HOW SHE KEEPS BEAUTIFUL.

The Mystery Solved.

Like the flowers that bloom in the spring the young girl just budding into womanhood is an inspiring sight and she is usually beautiful if she is perfectly healthy.

A VISIT TO THE "WILD TRIBES" IN OKLAHOMA.

The most unique and intensely interesting character on the American continent to-day is the "Lone Indian."

The Indians that reflect a glory departed and afford a knowledge of tribal life are the "Wild Tribes of Oklahoma."

The Comanches are also a noted, war-like people. They are badly mixed with the Mexicans. Their speech is smooth and soft, and denotes a Southern tribe.

The Cheyennes, Wichitas, Caddos, Kechis, Wacos, Teuhua Cannas and Delawares are remnants of powerful tribes aggregating about 1,000, who, like the Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches, were at different times located on reservations in the Indian Territory.

These "Wild Tribes" are scattered over Comanche, Caddo and Kiowa Counties, covering an area of 100 miles long by 75 wide. In recent years the Government has allotted to each one of them 160 acres of land, and bought the surplus of their reservations, paying \$200,000,000.

Dr. John Fyfe, of Saugatuck, Conn., Editor of the Department of Therapeutics in THE ELECTRIC REVIEW says of Unicorn root (Helonias Dioica), one of the chief ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription: "A remedy which invariably acts as a uterine (womb) invigorator and always favors a condition which makes for normal activity of the entire reproductive system, cannot fail to be of great usefulness and of the utmost importance to the general practitioner of medicine."

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Sill, and by the M. E. Church, South, Baptist Church and Presbyterian Church at Anadarko. Some of the younger generation are well educated, the brightest ones of them having been sent to schools in the East.

The time is near at hand when "Day Schools," together with "Sunday-schools" should be established in every community. The conscious contact of the school-room with the home and of the teacher with the household will have an uplifting effect upon the entire family.

The M. E. Church, South, enterprising work among the "Wild Tribes," centering on the Kiowas in the fall of 1887. Rev. J. J. Methvin was our first missionary, and has the distinguished honor of "building on no other man's foundation."

Brother Clark is closing his third year among the "Wild Tribes," and twenty-third as missionary to the Indians. He is an ex-Confederate soldier, and goes around on one leg, having left the other on the battlefield, following Jackson and Lee.

The Mt. Scott church is constructed of stone 47x43 feet, will have Cathedral glass windows, and has a seating capacity of about 200. It is located in a beautiful valley on an eminence of forty acres of land deeded by the Government to the Board of Missions.

HE GIVES HIS ENDORSEMENT. I do not think that I am hypocritical. I try to see in every man a brother. But I want to say with some emphasis, though very cordially, that I do not believe that my brother, Milton Finch, of Waxahachie, has put his finger on the weak spot in our ecclesiastical harness.

Such a man may not have passed up through the schools, but he will be no "dry-as-dust" preacher either to the learned Judge, or to the humble citizen. He does not cling to the worn out relic of a former day. But he boldly presents Christ as the center and substance of all gospel preaching.

Two preachers are wanted in the Montana Conference, Helena District. These stations have comfortable, well-furnished parsonages and are suitable for men with small families. We can use one single man. Those making application please furnish a recommendation from Bishop or presiding elder, giving age, experience and size of family.

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