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Editorial.

THE MESSAGE OF CHRIST'S FIRST MINISTERS.

During the life of Christ his disciples had but little to say of the Master. They were quiet listeners to what he had to say, and they were silent witnesses of his many works. They were not preachers so much as they were students under his tuition. Not until after his death, resurrection and ascension did they come to the front as ministers of his gospel. After that they became witnesses of him and of his resurrection, and then they began to preach to men. On the day of Pentecost they were especially baptized with power and began their public testimony. The Acts of the Apostles is the only record we have of the terms in which the gospel was presented to men. Hence we take this book as a sort of a fifth gospel. It was written by Luke, though he was never one of the disciples. Whether he ever saw Christ or witnessed any of his miracles, we do not know; but he was evidently familiar with Christ's ministry and with his wonderful works. Maybe he learned these things from those who were of the twelve. How this is we will never know, but we are indebted to him for matters connected with Christ and his immediate co-laborers that can not be learned anywhere else. In his account of the beginnings of the gospel, after the death of Christ, he gives us an epitome of Peter's great sermon at Pentecost, of Philip's work in Samaria, of the full sermon by Stephen just before his execution, of the proceedings of the General Council held at Jerusalem and something of Paul's conversion, and a number of the sermons and speeches he delivered at various places and to divers people. In all these we learn exactly what these early ministers thought of Christ and his gospel. And, strange to say, not until we reach the very latest speeches delivered by St. Paul, as reported by Luke, do we find any intimation that the suffering and death of Christ possess any sacrificial value. True, that here and there we find a passage whose meaning is made to express this thought by interpretation, but when you come to think of it such interpretation is a shadow thrown backward from a later time. While under the immediate influence of Christ his disciples were taken up with his marvelous personality, and after his death their main thought was his resurrection. This was the good news that they published to the world. It was good news simply because it was new. Nothing like it had ever transpired in the history of the world. It made new men of them and they felt that it would make new men of all who heard it. For a time Paul preached scarcely anything else except the resurrection of Christ. He caught the inspiration from the others. But by and by his great mind began to seize upon other vital truths of the gospel. He saw something back of the resurrection. He not only saw immortality brought to light in the gospel, but he also saw the great doctrine of expiation, and by and by he began to transfer his preaching from the doctrine of the resurrection to that of the vicarious

suffering of Christ. Christ and him crucified became the burden of his theme. He began to theologize and soon planted himself on the great truth that Jesus Christ suffered and died for the guilt of sinful men, and that their salvation was through blood. The atonement became the central thought in his later preaching. He did not surrender one jot or tittle of his hope in the resurrection of Christ, but he placed the emphasis upon his sacrifice for sin. He saw that propitiation is the term that expresses the true meaning of Christ's death. He died for sinners and made atonement for the sins of the world.

What we need in this day is also to stress the two great facts in the gospel as preached by the early disciples and by St. Paul. First, the death of Christ gave us propitiation for sin, a complete atonement, because his death was a vicarious death—a death for us. And second, the doctrine of Christ's resurrection. This was and is the hope of the world. Around these two great truths nearly the whole system of gospel truths revolve. They are the cardinal facts in the salvation wrought out for us by the Master. They are wholesome truths and very full of comfort. From them we have express authority to preach all the other doctrines of our holy religion.

THE PLEASURE OF A GOOD, CHEERFUL LETTER.

Not long since we were sitting in this office reading a letter from a brother. It was not a pleasant letter. It was full of complaints, with now and then an unkind criticism. Yet it was not a business letter, and, so far as we could determine, there was no necessity for it. It was just a letter in which the writer was simply trying to relieve himself of a bad attack of indigestion and wanted someone to listen to his tale of imaginary woe. After reading it we had a feeling of depression, followed by a disposition to give him a good, healthy lecture. Such a letter gives no pleasure, for there was not one cheerful syllable in it. If its author had one speck of good religion, there was no evidence of it in his epistle. He seemed to write like a spiritual orphan, with no one closer akin than a step-father. We did not feel like answering it, for we did not know what to say to him unless we resorted to the lecture habit. Yet, to our personal knowledge, he had many good things about which he might have interspersed a pleasant word. This would have relieved the tedium and somber expressions that made up the sum total of his epistle. But this did not occur to him.

About that time the postman entered and handed us several letters. The first one we opened was from a friend whom we had never met. He was an invalid, and had been confined to his bed for weeks. Had not been able to attend Church or to go to his business place in a long time. But he had just read an editorial in the Advocate on "Lessons of Affliction," and he excused himself for taking our time to read a letter from him on the ground that he wanted to tell

us how much good that editorial had done him. He said it fit his case exactly, and he wanted to let us know how happy he was, even in his affliction. It was a jubilant letter. The note of praise ran all through it. When we had finished it, we read it again, and then again. The spirit of it thrilled us. It gave inspiration to think that we had benefited one shut-in through these columns; and, though we had never met him, we felt the affinity of his spirit. Yet there was nothing of taffy in the letter. It was just a good, cheerful, Christian letter from a man who wanted to tell us that he loved us, and that what we were doing was giving him happiness. All through his letter you could see that he was a man of great affliction; but he had so many things beside his affliction for which to be thankful that the whole letter was illuminated with a spirit of cheerfulness. Who is it that does not enjoy such a letter? It makes one feel pleasant for a week. The object of this editorial is to discourage the misanthropic spirit that creeps into the habit of letter-writing. When you write to your friends, and want to express your feelings on the serious side of matters, why, do so; but let the light slip in at some point. At least put one word in that will remind the reader that life, in some respects, is worth living. And we would furthermore encourage the practice of friendly letter-writing. We are getting out of this habit. A few lines dashed off in a business way and the letter ends. If God blesses you, if fortune smiles upon you, if the world flings a little light into your experience, and you sit down to write to a friend, or a relative, or to the old folks at home, then be sure to make your letter tell something of the good that has come your way. Yes, write a good, cheerful letter, once in awhile, to those you love. It will take but little of your time, and it will cost you but little effort; but it will yield a deal of pleasure to the distant heart perusing it.

CALEB, THE MAN OF FAITH AND COURAGE.

Caleb was one of the spies whom Moses sent to look into the land of Canaan just as the tribes came near the Jordan in their first journey from Egypt. When they reported the results of their inspection all of them were of a fearful heart except Joshua and Caleb. They advised Moses to at once cross the river and take possession of the land; but the others made an unfavorable report, and as they were in a great majority their counsel prevailed. As a result, all Israel wandered forty more years in the wilderness before they again approached the fords of Jordan. Nearly all those who at first approached it had died in the wilderness, and a new generation had practically come upon the scene. But at this juncture Caleb still lived. He went with his tribe into the promised land. And when the land was divided among them, though now an old man, he only made one request of Moses, and that was to give to his tribe Mount Hebron and its vicinity for their habitation.

This was the least desirable of all that country. It was not only mountainous and hilly, but it was still occupied by the tall sons of Anack, the mightiest and the most war-like of all the aborigines still left in the land. Yet Caleb, the unselfish patriot, asked to be given this undesirable section with this hostile people still in possession. Listen to him: "Now, therefore, give me this mountain, whereof the Lord spake in that day; for thou heardest in that day how the Anakims were there, and that the cities were great and fenced; if so be the Lord will be with me, then I shall be able to drive them out, as the Lord said. And Joshua blessed him and gave unto Caleb Hebron for an inheritance." Brave and unselfish old man! He might have claimed the best of the land and the portion least infested with war-like people. But not so. He asked for the mountain where the people of Anack dwelt.

Is this example not worthy of emulation? Soon we will be gathered in our Annual Conference to receive our appointments for another year, and we will have the land before us for occupancy. The Bishop and his advisers will parcel out the territory according to their godly judgment and assign us to these various fields. But how many of us will be like Caleb? If left to us, will we choose the hard fields for service? Or, will we ask for the best? And when the assignments are made and many of us receive mountainous sections infested with the sons of Anack, will we murmur and complain? Or, like Caleb, will we rejoice that even a hard place is given to us, where we will have to fight for every inch of the territory? The day has not yet gone by when men like Caleb are in demand—unselfish men, men not afraid of opposition, and men who are willing to take the severe places for their field of labor. These are the men that make good appointments out of hard ones; and they have laid the foundations for our present success. Soft men, men who want the best and complain when they fail to get it, are not the men who conquer difficulties and rise to eminence. They are like those others who first went with Caleb and Joshua to spy out the land, but whined with a fearful spirit and kept Israel out of their possessions for forty years longer. It takes men like old Caleb to bring things to pass. It was not long until Hebron was freed from the sons of Anack, and her slopes and hills were smiling under a purple fruitage. It became one of the most desirable parts of Judea. But it became such because there was a man to direct the march of progress and industry. We still need the spirit and the courage of Caleb in the work of the Church. There are always places for such a man.

God never makes mistakes in dealing with his children. He knows what is best for them. Even their weaknesses and foibles are made to answer a good purpose in the school of life, if, when they become manifest, we correct them, and thereby bring ourselves under still larger subjection to his will. After all, life is a great school in which God is trying to train us for the better experience and the brighter hope.

AN HOUR WITH BISHOP WARREN A. CANDLER.

Even if I tried I could not forget when I heard Henry Ward Beecher. He was an old man then and I was in my twenty-seventh year. His subject was "The Reign of the Common People." His was a great personality. I rode fifty miles to hear him speak and shall ever be glad of the expenditure, both of the time and trouble that it cost to listen to him. To report him would be like an attempt to describe Niagara, to detail the grandeur of the sea or paint the beauties of the rainbow. I have also heard many other of our great orators and preachers. At the Haymarket Theater, in Chicago, many years ago I listened to a memorable sermon by John McNeil, the Spurgeon of Scotland. I have heard practically all of our great American Baptist preachers. Emerging from the multitude there come before me now the earnest faces of Broadus, Lorimer, Henson, Carroll and Truett. These are, and have been, the kings of the American Baptist pulpit.

Along with these great men of my own faith, I have been blessed in hearing many great Methodist divines. I counted Sam Jones among my warm personal friends and loved him like a brother. We are not soon to see his like again. He was a prophet of the olden time let down from heaven to warn a worldly age. Time would fail me to detail the strong men of the Methodist denomination that I have known and heard and loved.

On last Sunday, for the first time, I was privileged to hear one of the truly great sermons that have blessed my life. It was preached at the morning service at Grace Methodist Church, of Dallas, by Bishop Warren A. Candler, the princely Georgia leader of a princely people. It would be almost as difficult to report his sermon as it would have been to report Henry Ward Beecher. Only an accomplished shorthand man could have properly reported it, and then, as in the case of all great orators, he would only have left to us the printed skeleton of words and would of necessity have deprived us of the soul and sparkle that make up the greatness of a great sermon or oration and which cannot be separated from the man himself.

Bishop Candler is not only a great preacher; he is a great prophet. Taking his text from the life of Solomon in the days when, on account of sin, his glory was departing, and tracing the decadence of the wisest man of all time down through the muck and mire of God-forgetfulness and human pride, Bishop Candler drew for us a true photograph of the dying glory of ancient Israel and then turned and showed us a picture of our own time—these piping times of grasping commercialism and insatiate human greed.

A fit subject for his sermon would have been "God, Man and Money," just as Sam Jones once preached when I heard him in a great meeting in Waco on the words, "Conscience, Record, God." With the hand of a Master and with the golden heart of a Christian king, Bishop Candler traced the fast-falling and fast-falling Hebrew empire from Solomon to Jeroboam and Rehoboam, following the lost ten tribes out into the desert and the mazes of ancient history, where their record and their life was lost, and then following the fortunes of Rehoboam and the two tribes until their glory was no more and until they sunk into the quicksands and quagmire of that unfaithfulness to God that made the name of ancient Israel a hiss and a byword among the nations of the earth.

Then the great prophet and preacher turned the mirror and held it up for us to see the picture of our own times, when constituted authority, as detailed in the Word of God and the fundamental law of our own great land, are treated lightly and men care not for the glorious cause of morals and religion because they are swallowed up in the wild chase after emoluments and worldly glory.

On the subject of capital and labor, which the Bishop discussed in this connection, he was strong, luminous and convincing. He said in part that in no country in the world today, or that has ever been in the world, are there so many lovely homes as dot the hill-sides of our own beloved land between the States of Maine and California. Capital has never reaped such rich rewards as has crowned American investments, and in no land under the stars has labor been so richly paid as in America. Then with towering eloquence, linked with withering scorn, the great preacher looked his audience in the face and asked, "What is American labor mad about? What is American capital mad about? Both and each are mad because they have failed to get it all. They stand like beasts of prey at bay, glowering at each other, not because they are not prosperous and well paid, but because each wants every quivering grain of the commercial pound of flesh."

Proceeding along this line, the preacher said again: "I have not attended a political meeting of any kind in fifteen years. I used to go to them, but when I came to know that every

moral interest of the nation's life was subordinated and submerged beneath the lust for gold, I quit them all. I heard nothing at these political conventions except such words as sound money, free silver, the gold standard, high tariff, low tariff, no tariff. I found that our politicians were consumed with the dry rot of money lust and that the interests of the nation were lost in the greed of the men who made the politicians possible." If I may pardon a word here, and the genial editor of the Texas Christian Advocate who I know does not agree with me upon this point, will allow me, I would say to the beloved Bishop that there is one political party in America that has a care for the higher things, both in social and in civic life. More than twenty years ago I gave my heart and hand and vote to the National Prohibition Party, which is too busy in its efforts to rescue our land from the blight of rum to care whether we have a high tariff, a low tariff or no tariff. If the beloved Bishop will come to our next National Prohibition Convention I will show him a stainless banner that waves over one political convention that has no thought except for the highest interests of our homes and the greatest good of our beloved land.

Pasing logically from the discussion of our political life, Bishop Candler touched upon sociology. He said that upon a time when he was leaving Texas a little while ago he was approached in the sleeping-car by a "hard-oil finished parsonette," who looked down upon him with a combination of pity and complacency, and asked, "Is this Bishop Candler?" Upon being answered in the affirmative, the parsonette at once asked this question: "Bishop, have you ever studied sociology?" He said he turned upon the little man, who was shining from his head to his heels with his oil finish, and replied, "No, sir, I have never studied sociology. I have been too busy studying the Word of God and the conditions of lost souls to waste a moment of time with little fool like issues like sociology." It was at this point in the sermon that the great preacher magnified God's word and the true religion of Jesus Christ. Towering like a prophet of the olden time, he said, "Sociology indeed! Let it depart and leave to us the simple gospel of Jesus Christ, which is the only hope of this sin-cursed earth. There are new things in science. The electric fans with which we are fanned in this house today are new; the electric light that will illumine this building when Sabbath evening comes is new, but there has not been a new fact discovered in divine truth since the canon of Scripture closed and there never will be. The same problems of sin and pain and human sorrow and speeding death confront us amid all the splendor of our modern progress that confronted our fathers and their fathers who worshiped with their houses lighted by the old tallow dip. God's word, impregnable, immortal, indestructible, is the same that it was when inspired penmen wrote it down, and it will remain the same until the last syllable of recorded time."

Then this master of assemblies, who withal is an humble follower of his Lord whom he loves and daily seeks to serve, reached the culmination of the sermon. He was seeking to arouse an interest among his Methodist brethren in the cause of Christian education, and step by step he led up to his peroration, which was a discussion of the differences in value between the dollar and the man. He said: "I come to plead with you to change your investment. I want you to take your money out of the bank and put it into men. Money that you think you keep you will certainly lose and money which you give away to God's great cause you will certainly save." At this point in the sermon, taking the case of the only man whom Jesus ever called a fool, he made of it the richest application that I ever heard. He was the man who made more produce than his barns would hold. Then he took counsel of himself and said, "I will tear down my barns and build greater ones, and then I will say to my soul, 'Thou hast many goods stored up for many years.'" Pausing for a moment, Bishop Candler said, "If you take the f. a. c. e.'s and my's out of this fool's soliloquy, there would be nothing left of it. After all, the only thing the poor man owned was his soul, and of that Jesus said, 'Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee.'"

Time would fail me to detail all of the logic, the humor, the pungent wisdom and convincing eloquence of this great sermon. I count it one of the really great sermons that it has been my pleasure to hear. My own conception of the strength and power of the man was heightened by the fact that on account of an unavoidable delay I was late in reaching the house of worship and finding every seat occupied, was conducted to the remotest gallery by a kind-hearted usher who surrendered his seat to me. Although at this great distance from the pulpit, I heard distinctly, with one or two exceptions, every word the preacher said.

I thank God that this strong, forceful, lion-hearted defender of the old-

time Bible has been given to the world and that it is ours and I hope will be ours, from time to time, to see him and hear his words. Such a man having given his life to the service of his Master and his Church will count more in the land for righteousness than 10,000 men of like ability who are living limping, halting Christian lives. I can say of a truth that the sermon marked an epoch in my own poor life, as I am sure it will be looked back upon in years to come by many others as a milestone in their onward journey that will never be forgotten.

J. B. CRANFILL.
Dallas, Texas.

A PERSONAL WORD.

Since Providence, it seems, has decreed that I should be a "shut in" this winter, I beg to rise to a point of personal privilege. I am at Channing, 4000 feet above sea level, battling, with the aid of a faithful wife, for the old-time strength and energy. The greatest trial of my life has been to leave off so suddenly the work at Clarendon College. For three months I have not been able to preach, or do anything else to gain a livelihood. It is a new and strange experience. I am trying to suffer the will of God



M. E. Church, South, Commerce, Texas, Rev. D. H. Aston, Pastor.

now as cheerfully as when in the thickest of the active service.

For fifteen years—ten of these spent in the foreign field—I have been on the firing line. My brethren have been better to me than I have ever deserved. In school-room, station, presiding eldership and circuit, I have gone ahead at the bidding of those who command. But now—But life, after all, is to be measured not by its length, but by the richness of its contents. And service is to be estimated by the quality of the labor.

For years my motto has been, "We are saved that we may serve." In this enforced halt in the march, I am trying to learn another equally important saying, "They also serve who stand and wait."

With love to all former fellow laborers,
J. R. MOOD.
Channing, Texas.

A SAD NOTE.

Our parsonage home, in Pecan Gap, since the 28th of September, has been a house of mourning. On that day the spirit of our sweet little John S. went away from us. He was 6 years, 2 months and 4 days old. Our only daughter is twelve years old. Our baby boy is four months old.

How much we miss our little sweet-faced John no language can tell! Not a morsel of bread we eat but in tears. He ate just to my left at the table, but the little chair is vacant. The happy greeting at the roadside on papa's return home is no more; the merry laughter has gone from the yard; the prattling feet are sometimes heard, but not seen, in the hall. The flower of our little flock has been plucked by an unseen hand, and we are walking in the midst of falling shadows. But we feel assured "The clouds we so much dread are big with mercy, and will burst with blessings on our head."

God has many little boys in his service. We read, "The city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."—Zach. 8:5. This was a very precious one to us. God said, "Come." In grief we bowed our heads to say, "Thy will be done." In sorrow's tears we await a better day. Bro. Fladger, whose presence our little John most dearly loved and cherished, spoke tenderly the last words of comfort to our broken hearts over the dear little form, after which it was laid to rest to await the resurrection of the just.

Will all of the Advocate readers please remember us at a throne of divine grace. We are sorely bereaved by this death. Yours, in much sorrow,
N. C. LITTLE.

Notes From the Field

Yowell.

Our first meeting was at Yowell. Bro. W. R. Rosser assisted me. He did nearly all the preaching. He preached some fine revival sermons. Had about seven conversions and two additions to the Church. Bro. Keener Isbell assisted me at Pecan. He is a young preacher, a student at Southwestern, and is a good help in a meeting. He is a good singer. Had about twenty conversions and ten accessions to the Church. At Jardin Bro. N. C. Little was with me from Monday till Friday, preaching some very able sermons. About six conversions and four accessions to the Church. Bro. Little preached five times for me at Mohegan. We had several conversions and five accessions to the Church. We closed at Moss' Chapel with the best revival at that place for years. Bro. Little preached three times for us here. Had a number of conversions and twenty-four accessions to the Church. The Church is greatly re-

carpenters and joiners, one for the lawyers, and on until we have touched in this way all the trades and professions of the city. Of course there are those who will see no chance for this to be helpful to the Church work, but those of us who have had experience along these lines are prepared to testify that nothing is of greater benefit. Be it remembered all these things are but auxiliary to the regular Church work. Our Sabbath services and other devotional work are the same as elsewhere, and these are only extra efforts put forth to reach the great masses hitherto almost untouched. "Everything lovely and the goose hangs high."—J. B. Turrentine, October 5.

Turkey Mission.

Our fourth Quarterly Conference is a thing of the past. Our beloved was with us and did his work to the delight of all. We are still on the upward move. Salary was advanced some over last year, and we have reason to believe it will be paid in full. Our collections are full in cash and good subscription. Parsonage property improved some. We have had some good meetings. Was assisted by Bro. J. A. Lang, of Tulsa, who did us fine work; also by Bro. R. L. Jamison, of Matador, whom the people heard with delight. It was indeed a feast to hear these brethren break the bread of life to lost men and women. As a result of our meetings we had 30 conversions, and 27 accessions, and many family altars erected and our people greatly revived. The preacher has been well cared for by a noble Christian people, and we are now rounding up for conference with fine prospects for a full report. God has been gracious to us in many ways, and to Him be all the praise.—C. D. Pipkin, Oct. 9.

Chandler.

Wanda is a switch on the Cotton Belt Railroad, about equidistant between Murchison and Brownboro, where I closed a three days' meeting last week. We had four bright conversions and baptized them all and took them into the Church. We organized a Church and have deeds to a nice lot of one and three-fourths acres of land on which to erect a church. Our appointed Building Committee went to the lumber mills at once to buy material to build with. We have nearly \$200 available cash to begin with, and \$200 more in good prospect and propose to build a house worth \$500 or perhaps more.—Dr. Hall, October 14.

Leesville.

Our meetings on the Leesville charge are over and the Lord has been good to us. We trust the charge is on higher ground. The first meeting was at Hancock's Chapel. The preacher in charge did all the preaching. Two accessions and the Church revived. We then moved to Floyd's Chapel and Brother A. Y. Old, from Flatonia, led the preaching and it was well done. The Church was revived with three additions by profession of faith, two adults and three infants baptized. Our next stop was at Leesville. Brother J. F. Webb, our Missionary Evangelist, was with us and did all the preaching. He is good help—a very earnest worker. The Lord blessed his preaching with eight additions to the Church and the Church revived. We are moving up some on Leesville Circuit. We have money in hand to build a new church at Whitesboro, where we have no church nor organization. The church will cost about \$1500. I hope to leave my successor with a good job on his hands but with a good people to back him in his work. We expect to make a full report at conference this year.—J. D. Burke, Oct. 8.

Jacksonville.

This has been a good year for Jacksonville Circuit. Sixty-four additions to our Church. We have had some meetings that were fine indeed. At Providence, assisted by Brothers Campbell and Watts, of Jacksonville, we had a good meeting with 7 additions. At Cove Springs, assisted by the same brethren, we had a good meeting with four additions. At Turnpike and Tatum's we were assisted by Bro. Trotter, L. E., of Jacksonville. At these places but little good was accomplished, so far as we can see now, but trust that some of the good seed sown will bring a harvest in the days to come. At Earl's Chapel we had with us the same Bro. Campbell. Bro. Campbell is indeed a great help and splendid preacher. Our meeting here was not what we hoped it would be, but we had somewhat of a revival with one addition. At Pierce's Chapel the meet was splendid; 12 additions and the Church greatly revived. At

Throckmorton.

We are rounding up for conference. We have labored very hard this year. The Lord has wonderfully blessed us. We have had conversions and feel that Methodism is growing in these parts, for we continue to baptize babies. Conference collections will be paid. We are looking carefully after the Advocate, so as to give a rounded report. Bro. Ballard gave us some good doctrinal sermons which strengthened our people. We are glad to state that for the first time in about three years, our Woman's Home Missionary Society is now at work. Their ice cream supper was a success and preparations are being made for a great supper during court week in November. Our motto is success. It's onward and upward. It's pray and work. By the grace of God stamp all that's good among our people. We are looking with great joy toward conference. God bless our Bishop. May the Lord abundantly bless our meeting together.—W. P. Davis, October 8.

First Church, Beaumont.

A word relative to the work of the institutional feature of this work. We have recently put in a fairly well organized boys' choir which promises to be of great help. Then we have organized a "Woman's Culture Club" which meets twice a week for physical culture work, but whose literary and social feature is carried on every day. It is constantly growing and bids fair to do good work. Its purpose is to afford the girls and women similar opportunities to those enjoyed by the men and boys in the Y. M. C. A., thus supplying and filling a long felt want. We are beginning a new campaign for the fall and winter, the initial service of which was held last night. Our purpose is to give weekly entertainments to the various trades and professions of the city, calling them together for an hour's social pleasure and intercourse. Last night's entertainment for the printers and publishers of the city was a decided success. We will have one for the telephone folks, one for the clerks, one for the

Devotional-Spiritual

THE DEATH OF WESLEY.

In the opening of the next year, 1791, Wesley made plans for his usual journey through England, sent his chaise and horses before him to Bristol, and had bespoken seats for himself and his friends in the Bath coach for about the 1st of March. As late as the 19th of February it appears from one of his letters that he still hoped to start on the 28th; but on the 20th, which was Sunday, he was so ill as to be quite unable to preach, and was obliged to take to his bed. Next day, however, he was out again, and on Tuesday he preached in City Road Chapel, and on Wednesday preached again at Leatherhead, eighteen miles from London. Thursday he spent quietly with an old friend, Mr. Wolff, at Balham, and seemed as active in mind and cheerful in spirits as ever. It was on this day that he penned, with trembling hand, his last letter. Interested to the end in all measures of public reform, he wrote to Wilbur Wilberforce, bidding that young champion Godspeed in his crusade against human slavery. "Go on," wrote Wesley, "in the name of God and the power of his might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it."

On his return to London next day, Friday, February 25, he repaired to his room in City Road and never left it again.

During the three following days his strength was fast ebbing, and it was evident that the end was near. He slept much, but he knew the friends that gathered about him in those closing days, and gave directions for his burial and the disposal of his effects. In waking intervals he several times sang some lines from his brother's hymns, and even in the half-dreaming quiet of sleep his failing voice would frame the words of Scripture or hymn, or bid his friends "pray and praise." On Tuesday afternoon he insisted on sitting up, and while he was assisted to rise broke out into singing with a strength that astonished his friends:

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last
Or immortality endures."

He sang two stanzas, and tried to begin a doxology, but the exertion was too much, and he sank back exhausted, faltering, as if in benediction, "Now we have done it, let us all go." When the widow of Charles Wesley came to his bedside, his eyes already too dim to see her clearly, he strove to draw down her face for a farewell kiss, murmuring "He giveth his beloved rest." And when she moistened his fevered lips with cold water, he repeated the grace aft-

A HAPPY HOME

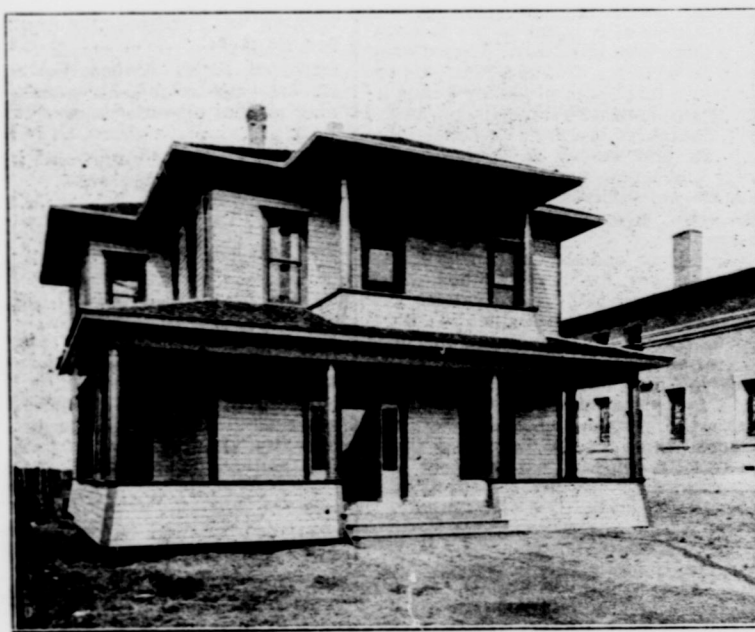
Is one where health abounds.
With impure blood there cannot be good health.
With a disordered LIVER there cannot be good blood.

Tutt's Pills

revivify the torpid LIVER and restore its natural action.

A healthy LIVER means pure blood.
Pure blood means health.
Health means happiness.
Take no Substitute. All Druggists.

er meat which he had used from childhood: "We thank thee, O Lord, for this and all thy mercies. Bless the Church and King, and grant us truth and peace through Jesus Christ our Lord." Once during the afternoon, after trying vainly for some time to make those who stood by his bed understand what he would say, he kept silent for a few moments, and then, gathering all his strength, uttered in a clear, loud voice those words which became a watchword of Methodism, "The best of all is, God is with us!" and after a pause, lifting up his arms, exclaimed again, "The best of all is, God is with us!" Through the following night he was unable to speak, but was heard again and again to murmur the first words of his favorite hymn, "I'll praise, I'll praise."



Parsonage at Commerce, Texas.

At 10 the next morning, Wednesday, March 2, 1781, he opened his eyes, looked round upon the company of friends about him, said distinctly, "Farewell," and was gone.

Some years before, Wesley had caused to be prepared a vault behind the City Road Chapel for the last resting-place of himself, and of such of his itinerants as should die in London. In his will he had directed that his body should be borne to the grave by six poor men, and that at his funeral there should be "no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp, except the tears of them that loved me." These directions were followed. But by the wish of many of his friends his body was carried into the City Road Chapel the day before the interment in his gown and bands, his clerical cap upon his head and his Bible in his hand. It was noticed that in the last sleep his venerable face still had that expression of cheerful serenity it had worn through life. As many as 10,000 persons passed through the chapel that day to take a last look upon the great leader and the loving friend. The throng was so great that, in order to avoid the danger of a crowd and confusion, it was thought prudent to have the interment in the early morning, and to issue notices of it only late in the previous evening. Accordingly, the burial service was held between 5 and 6 on the morning of March 9th, but even at that hour several hundred persons had gathered. The burial office was read by the Rev. John Richardson, for thirty years one of Wesley's trusted preachers, and when he instinctively changed one word in the solemn sentence of committal and read, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of our dear father here departed," the grief of his hearers could no longer be controlled, but broke out into convulsive sobbing and tears.

The quaint scripture on the humble tomb of Wesley declares truly, "This great light arose (by the sin-

gular providence of God) to enlighten these nations." When one reflects today upon the magnitude of the work he wrought, and considers the extent, the permanence and the beneficence of his influence, one feels that he might fitly have been given a resting place in that great abbey which holds the tombs of a score of kings and dust of better men than kings. Yet it is better as it is. More fitting it is that he should rest, as he does, in the central roar of vast London, in the throng and surge of that mass of common men with whom and for whom he labored, beside that homely chapel which was the center and is still the monument of that great religious movement into which he had poured his life.—From "The Life of John Wesley," by Winchester.

RUIN AND RESCUE.

One Christmas night a broken-hearted woman on the top floor of

a large tenement house, cried out to her husband: "I hope I'll be dead next Christmas, because when Christmas comes and every body is happy, you make my life doubly wretched by your drunken conduct!" He cursed her and rushed downstairs and into the street.

The woman determined she would end her life that very night. She rushed to the window, threw open the sash and was about to dash herself on the stone pavements five stories below, when suddenly she gave a shriek; her frightened children ran to her and clung to her skirts. "Look! look! Children, what is that?" The frightened children and the despairing mother fixed their eyes upon a cross of fire and eagerly gazed upon that symbol of redeeming love standing out against the black outline of the sky. The woman called to a neighbor across the hall. "Look at that; what is the meaning of that wonderful sign in the heavens?" The neighbor replied, "O that is nothing but the cross on the City Mission Church in Rivington Street; they are celebrating Christmas and have lighted the cross." The woman replied: "Well, it is the voice and vision of God to men. I was about to do an awful thing, and that cross stopped me." The next Sunday evening she was at the mission. Hope and faith came into her life. She began to work and pray for her husband, and soon the whole family united with the Church.

In this brief incident we have vividly illustrated the ruin and rescue work, which is continually going on in our great cities and all over our land. Sin abounds, but grace much more abounds. Ruin is widespread, but rescue work is going on by day and by night. No one who has even a limited knowledge of the work which is being accomplished can for a moment despair as to the final outcome. Sometimes along the banks of a river we have seen the current apparently going up stream, but it is only a deceit-

Cure Your Dandruff

Why? Because it is annoying, unclean, and mostly, because it almost invariably leads to baldness. Care it, and save your hair. Get more, too, at the same time. All easily done with Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula. Cures dandruff. Stops falling hair. Does not stain or change the color of the hair. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

ful eddy. Just as surely as the great outward course of the river is flowing to the sea, so certain is the kingdom coming among men. Sin is working ruin, but God's grace, made effective through the ministrations of his children, is working miracles to-day.

Saturday night has come. A poor working man is on his way home with his wages in his pocket, but his wavering feet and divided heart carry him to a low saloon instead of his humble home. In the course of an evening's carousal he gets into a drunken fight. His money is gone; his clothing is torn; his face is bruised, and, after fiercely fighting with the officers, he is finally thrown on the floor of a cell in a station house. No rescuing hand saves this poor drunkard; the half-starved wife and children suffer in silence until a merciful death releases the poor woman from her troubles. The two oldest boys become wifs of the street. There is every possibility that they will become wild Ismaelites in the city wilderness, but a kind, loving, Christian heart finds the street Arabs and a rescuing hand is extended to them and their confidence is won. Their names are Willie and Johnnie. After a few kindly words, Willie, the older lad, is asked if he knows who the Savior is. There is a vacant, bewildered look on his face, and he replies: "I never heard about that man." He is then asked: "Do you know who God is?" And the lad immediately replies, "Yes, I know; God is the man who, if you says a few words to him before you go to sleep, he won't hurt you in the night." In a great Christian city that is all poor Willie knows about our loving Father—Rev. William T. Elsing (pastor of DeWitt Memorial Church, New York), in "The Home Missionary."

THE FICTIONS OF SIN.

There is no reality in the pleasure that sin promises. Temptation brings flowers, but they do not delight as do the flowers of the garden of God. Pleasure that is immoral, pleasure that is selfish, pleasure that has no thought of God in it—such pleasure is ever a ghastly fiction. Swan's great picture of the Prodigal Son contains a fine touch. The poor wanderer stands feeding the fierce, filthy swine, and the painter has put in one of those poetic touches which make great art and hint so much—here and there a few poppies supply points of color to the dismal picture. One deep lesson of the parable is expressed in these poppies. The devil causes men to see wonderful promise in selfish, godless excitements, but they who yield to temptation find, sooner or later, as the prodigal did, that all such pleasure is illusion, delirium, falsehood, leaving only bitterness and ruin. There is no true smile, no radiant joy, no sincere laughter, no satisfaction of the soul in the whole range of unrighteous and unspiritual enjoyment. The laughter of fools, the song of the drunkard, and the mirth of wickedness are expressions of morbidity and disease; they are far removed from the sweet, sane gladness of those whose hearts are pure and whose hands are clean. There is no pleasure beyond the rules of righteousness; there is no pleasure in what injures another; there is no pleasure to him who loves pleasure more than God.

Seek genuine, solid satisfaction. Do not deceive yourselves; do not permit yourselves to be deceived. During his last days Verlaine, the brilliant French poet, was occupied in covering the squalid furniture of his squalid rooms with gold paint. The reason of the poor fellow was

gone, and it pleased his wild eye and disordered fancy to reckon the worthless furniture of his miserable lodging as the golden garniture of palaces. So the distempered soul, drugged with the opium of vanity and passion, looks upon base, vulgar, ugly and ruinous things and habits as altogether beautiful and precious. But Verlaine's yellow furniture did not sell for gold, and the day inevitably comes when those who have lived a worldly and godless life awake to the vanity of the things and pursuits for which they gave and suffered so much. It is in the truth and grace and power of God in Christ that we realize all the rich and enduring satisfaction of the heart. All is reality, immortal reality in his faith and service and hope. "Not as the world giveth, give I unto you." No mimic crown, no ghostly garland, no mocking prize. He setteth "a crown of pure gold" on our head and we reign forever and ever.—The Rev. W. L. Watkinson.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS WITHIN YOU.

If you do not wish for his kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it. And to work for it, you must know what it is; we have all prayed for it many a day without thinking. Observe, it is a kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also, it is not to come outside of us; but in the hearts of us. "The kingdom of God is within you." And, being within us, it is not a thing to be seen, but to be felt, and though it brings all substance of good with it, it does not consist in that: "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost"—joy, that is to say, in the holy, healthful and helpful Spirit.—John Ruskin.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

There is no action so slight or so humble but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled thereby.—Macdonald.

A Most Valuable Agent.

The glycerine employed in Dr. Pierce's medicines greatly enhances the medicinal properties which it extracts from native medicinal roots and holds in solution much better than alcohol would. It also possesses medicinal properties of its own, being a valuable demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic and anodyne. It adds greatly to the efficacy of the Black Cherry-bark, Bloodroot, Golden Seal root, Stone root and Queen's root, contained in "Golden Medical Discovery" in subduing chronic, or lingering coughs, bronchitis, throat and lung affections, for all of which these agents are recommended by standard medical authorities.

In all cases where there is a wasting away of flesh, loss of appetite, with weak stomach, as in the early stages of consumption, there can be no doubt that glycerine acts as a valuable nutritive and aids the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Queen's root and Black Cherry-bark in promoting digestion and building up the flesh and strength, controlling the cough and bringing about a healthy condition of the whole system. Of course, it must not be expected to work miracles. It will not cure consumption except in its earlier stages. It will cure very severe obstinate, hang-on, chronic coughs, bronchitis and laryngeal troubles, and chronic sore throat with hoarseness. In acute coughs it is not so effective. It is in the lingering hang-on coughs, or those of long standing, even when accompanied by bleeding from lungs, that it has performed its most marvelous cures.

Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago, says of glycerine:

"In dyspepsia it serves an excellent purpose. Holding a fixed quantity of the peroxide of hydrogen in solution, it is one of the best manufactured products of the present time in its action upon encrusted, disordered stomachs, especially if there is ulceration or catarrhal gastritis (catarrhal inflammation of stomach); it is a most efficient preparation. Glycerine will relieve many cases of pyrosis (heartburn) and excessive gastric (stomach) acidity."

"Golden Medical Discovery" enriches and purifies the blood curing blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings and old sores, or ulcers. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet telling all about the native medicinal roots composing this wonderful medicine. There is no alcohol in it.

The Endowment of Southwestern University

Its Necessity and the Ways of Getting it.

By the Preachers of Texas

CHEERING NEWS FROM BISHOP CANDLER.

"My Dear Brother Bradford: We have got the \$100,000.00 Club up to \$2, and if I can carry it over 90 by next Friday night we can finish it by the 20th of this month."

IT MUST BE DONE.

A little study of the situation forces the conclusion that endowment is an absolute necessity. If we don't keep pace with the progress made by other institutions for higher learning in Texas we will lose patronage, and deservedly so.

- 1. By prayer. It is a religious work and God will help. Religious work done without prayer fails, even if it can be done.
2. By agitation. This ought to be done unceasingly, through the press, from the pulpit and in private.
3. Our Annual Conferences ought to make this one of the items of greatest interest on its program.
4. Those who are friendly to the movement ought to lead out by giving all they can. This will show the right kind of interest and others will follow.
J. A. OLD.
Bowie, Texas.

ENDOWMENT.

As to why we should endow Southwestern University? We only have to compare the meager income of Southwestern University to the ample income of the State University and we will see that we must endow or die.

As to How.

I will give a concrete case. Marble Falls is a town of about 1000 people and will average in loyalty to Church and intelligence to most any town in the State of the same size.
Dr. John R. Nelson, than whom we have no better collector among us, went to Marble Falls and presented the claims of Southwestern and got less than \$25. This was in 1906. The following year Rev. G. A. Matthews, the pastor, ordered a supply of Bishop Key's sermon on giving and distributed them among his people. Moreover he set apart a whole Sabbath day to study it, taking certain divisions himself to read and comment on same giving other divisions to competent laymen to do same, until the whole sermon had been thoroughly discussed. The next Sabbath the Rev. J. Sam Barcus was present and presented the claims of Southwestern University and got \$629.

THEOPHILUS LEE.

WHY SHOULD THE METHODISTS OF TEXAS ENDOW THE SOUTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY?

The most important question that confronts the thoughtful Methodists of today is the endowment of Southwestern University. When we look at the future as seen in the light of the present, Texas is the coming State. View it from whatever standpoint you please, commercial or otherwise, you will find it to be so because it is geographically situated for both the inlet and outlet of the products of the world. Therefore it must

be a State of high mental equipment and strong religious integrity in order to meet the demands of its coming prosperity.

Christian education is the only education that can give this equipment, and the Methodists are the only people who possess the liberality of thought sufficient to meet this demand.

Besides, Texas has the area of country to support the population necessary to meet the need of this great commercialism. It is one thing to have the population to handle the coming products of the world, and then dispense them through the verified channels of outlet, but quite another thing to have the area of country to furnish them with sustenance. This Texas has. Hence Texas will always be open to immigration, and it requires no prophet to divine that the farm hands of the future Texas shall be foreign born. This shall give to the State an oriental form whether we wish it or not. What I mean by an oriental form is this: The population of the State shall be gathered into small towns and large cities. This shall eliminate from our system the old-time circuit, and our ministry must be equipped for station and half station work, or, in other words, they will have to cope with city problems, and the city will be Christianity's storm center.

This condition of things will require not only that our ministry be equipped with high mental training, but that the Church must be prepared to properly educate the boys and girls to fill the places asking for them in the office, store and shop. With a constant demand from the town and city for professional men and women, and a constant call for clerks, no American born boy or girl who has the mental capacity to take the training for these places will stay on the farm.

Texas ought and must give this mental training, and at the same time develop a strong faith in God that these youths be not swept into sin by the deceptions of commercialism.

Every man of thought and wealth needs to see that if they meet the God-given opportunity they must endow this great central institution.

Power to think and power to make money are the gifts of God and must be used not for selfish ends, but for the fulfilling of God's purpose of holding the men of America to a strong Christian character.
No one who has given the endowment of Southwestern University a serious thought has failed to see that God has raised up and blessed with thought and wealth enough Methodists in Texas to properly endow and equip this institution without touching a penny of their already accumulated principal. So we stand today where no Methodist can hold communion with God without seeing the need of the institution from a business as well as from a religious standpoint.
G. H. COLLINS.
Houston, Texas.

ENDOWMENT FOR SOUTHWESTERN.

I look upon the one hundred men and women who shall endow the Southwestern as being a royal band whose names shall be handed down to generations yet unborn, because of the greatness of the work accomplished by them. Theirs is a great work for a great institution in the interest of a great people. What an inspiration there is in the fact that one hundred of our leading men and women will consecrate their money-making powers to the glory of God and the good of humanity and bless Methodism for ages to come.
J. H. WISEMAN.

TRAINING LEADERS.

Bishop Hendrix says: "After the father of the family, the priest was the first teacher of mankind." The Mosaic system culminated in the priest, for human activities could rise no higher than a full discharge of his duties. Without him the people were disorganized and drifted. Even so do we find matters in the Christian era. The cause of Christ marches under leadership, and flourishes most with strongest leaders. Other denominations may hold intact very well without a pastor, but our Methodist people always have them and expect them, following their leadership generally to victory. If he is weak, they have little interest. If he is strong and aggressive, they are filled and thrilled and move on to great results. Who occupies such an important and responsible position as a Methodist pastor? Can't we learn a lesson from the business world? Yes, truly. Throughout the land are to be found colleges well equipped to prepare men for business.

And many of them are experts in special lines. It pays to do this. The returns are large and satisfactory. But how much is done in our Southland to prepare our preachers as preachers for their work? Plenty in a general way is done, but little in a special manner.

Therefore, endow Southwestern University and let the Theological Department be added with all necessary equipments. There let our preachers be generally and specially trained for their great work. This is religious business. On, within the next six months, to a half million dollars endowment for Southwestern University, with a fully equipped Theological Chair therein!
J. T. GRISWOLD.

ENDOWMENT NECESSARY.

The endowment of our colleges is an absolute necessity. Higher education is so expensive, the tuition receipts are inadequate. The efficiency and permanency of a school depends to a greater or less extent upon an endowment. A great majority of our people never stop to seriously consider this question. They regard a college as a lucrative institution, yielding a revenue sufficient for all purposes—even for building purposes. They do not realize the number of pupils who pay no tuition and that the amount given in this way by the Church school is equal to the interest on a large sum of money. They do not stop to consider that the State appropriates a large sum of money annually for State institutions and that to place our Church colleges on an equal footing an endowment is necessary. I very much fear too many of our people are not sufficiently impressed with the great importance of Christian education.

As to how endowment can be secured; I answer, by no set method. The one important thing is to agitate the question. A few years since we were doing comparatively nothing for missions, but we began to agitate the question and now it is comparatively easy to secure missionary money. We have the people and they have the money—there is no disguising these facts. By constant agitation we can get the money steadily but surely.
R. C. ARMSTRONG.

The necessity for endowing Southwestern University is so evident that it does not need to be argued. A well equipped faculty is absolutely necessary to first-class work. These teachers thus prepared must be paid good salaries or we cannot command their services. Our young Methodists of Texas are too wide-awake to the best advantages offered them by the various schools to attend a Methodist school without a first-class faculty and other equipment necessary to first-class work. No school doing real college work, conferring the baccalaureate degrees can live by the revenue received from its patronage. The marvel is that we have done so well this long with so little endowment. We cannot compete with other schools any longer without doing something worthy of our great Church in Texas.
How to secure this endowment:
1. Let us more thoroughly unify our system of schools in Texas.
Next, have a better understanding with our Training Schools and give them proper credit for the work done by them. Do in the class room what we pledge ourselves to do on the platform. Then go to the people with a united school system and no spirit of rivalry among us and the money can be raised.
If Wilson can raise \$100,000 in the West and Campbell \$50,000 down here where the interests are united, it convinces me that our people are willing to give the money when we get the difficulties out of the way.
J. M. SHERMAN.

Facts for Cataract Sufferers. The mucous membrane lines all passages and cavities communicating with the exterior. Cataract is an excessive secretion, accompanied with chronic inflammation, from the mucous membrane. Hood's Sarsaparilla acts on the mucous membrane through the blood, reduces inflammation, establishes healthy action, and radically cures all cases of cataract.

A WORD PERSONAL.

If friends should chance to think of me this will at least remind them of the whereabouts of one who craves to be remembered. The year has not brought to me the happiness of former years when I was too busy to think of myself. I suppose it is more of a fortune than a misfortune to be in position to stand under the burdens of those who, in sickness, bereavement or other difficulties, stretch out pleading hands to a trustworthy pastor. We are far happier when we make these contributions of help to others than when we are ourselves the recipients of them. The one advantage the recipient has, however, is, he feels his sense of gratitude largely intensified. Do not understand me to say that the door of opportunity has closed to me, but my official relation is changed.
The reason I am compelled to think of myself will be plain to many of my friends who remember that in addition to other troubles, I am the victim of cancer. Former cures have

KNITTED UNDERWEAR FOR AUTUMN

A complete assortment of the correct weights of Knit Underwear for ladies and children, selected from the best makers of cotton, merino and pure wool of the best American and European manufacture.

- Ladies' Union Suits, white ribbed cotton, medium weight, high neck and long sleeves, per suit.....50c
Cream ribbed cotton, fleeced, silk-line trimmed, pearl buttons, high neck and long sleeves, per suit, 75c
White combed cotton, medium weight, hand crochet silk trimming, pearl buttons, high neck and long sleeves, per suit.....\$1.00
Cream fleeced cotton, heavier weights, hand crochet, silk trimmed, high neck and long sleeves, per suit.....\$1.00
Cream colored merino, medium weight, suit, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.75
SEPARATE VESTS AND PANTS.
Ribbed cotton in medium and heavy weights, white or cream color, per garment25c
Combed maco cotton in cream color, with hand crochet trimming, medium and heavy weight, the latter fleeced, regular price, garment, 50c
Extra large75c
Cream colored merino in medium weights, hand crochet trimming, per garment.....\$1.00
Imported Swiss Ribbed Vests—2-2 ribbed white cotton, high neck and long sleeves or with elbow sleeves each\$1.00
2-2 ribbed white merino, high neck, with long or elbow sleeves, each\$1.50
2-2 ribbed white cashmere, high neck and long sleeves, each \$2.00 and\$2.50
CHILDREN'S UNION SUITS.
Ribbed cotton in both cream and silver gray; all sizes from 3 to 16 years, per suit50c
Heavy weight silver gray ribbed cotton, fleeced, sizes 3 to 16 years, per suit75c
Boy's ecru colored combed cotton, superior quality, sizes from 9 to 15 years, per suit.....\$1.00
Merino suits, medium weights of cream or natural gray, per suit\$1.25
The Stuttgarter Imported Combination Suit, merino, all sizes, per suit\$1.75
Medium weight wool, size 18, per suit\$1.90
Heavy weight wool, size 18, per suit\$2.00 (Rising 10c per size.)
CHILDREN'S SEPARATE VESTS AND PANTS.
Fleeced cotton, cream color, all sizes, per garment25c
Medium weight vest and knee pants, pure white, per garment..35c
2-2 ribbed merino in natural gray or white, all sizes, per garment..50c
Dr. Denton's Sleeping Suits for Children. A great protection for the sleeping children during the cold nights when they have kicked the cover off. Size O 50c, rising 5c per size.
Stuttgarter vest and pants in natural color merino or pure wool.

WRITE FOR OUR NEW CATALOGUE.

MAIL SECTION SANGER BROS. DALLAS, TEXAS

ended in disappointment and the excessive heat of the past summer started the ugly ulcer to work again, with less disposition to yield to treatment than heretofore. For the past month I have been under the treatment of a specialist with fair chance of recovery, but the rule I am under and must obey is to keep perfectly quiet and engage in no exercise inducing fatigue or perspiration. How hard this is when my family so much needs the few dollars I might otherwise earn, let the reader judge for himself.

Such restraint to a man who has always been active is indeed galling. True, I am allowed to preach some, but restrained from traveling. But for this condition I am not responsible, and for that reason I am trying to be patient.

I will not agree that my general health is that of an invalid or that my age necessarily implies decrepitude. Far from it! I have only reached the youth of old age.

But for the present, at least, I must keep quiet. I am still flattered with hopes. I believe I'll be well from this trouble in another month or two and fit for something yet.

This, however, is twice since last conference that I have been under special treatment and for different troubles; the first at Dallas last winter was a great success. Hope says the second shall be likewise.

Possibly this is the first letter I ever wrote for publication in the Advocate with a somber coloring. But the circumstances are responsible for it. Pray for me.
J. J. CANAFAX.
Rising Star, Texas.

CHAPPELL HILL AND BELLVILLE CAMP-GROUND

Those who live, or have lived, in the vicinity of this old time-honored camp-ground do not have to be told what an enjoyable occasion the Annual Reunion is on each returning fifth Sunday in September.
The 29th of Sept., 1907, will not soon be forgotten by those who attended. Early Sunday morning everything about Chappell Hill in general was in a stir. But about the College it was a buzz. All the teachers and students had been provided with conveyances out to the camp-ground, to spend the day in sermon, song and worship. The spiritual atmosphere was splendid; the morning services were entered into with devotional interest. It was good to be there. After the forenoon services one of the finest dinners was spread to which we have ever been invited, as a "basket dinner." Everybody feasted and chatted, and when the fragments were gathered there were several basketsful left. At 3 p.m. we gathered under the splendid

tabernacle to hear our young brother, Ben O. Hill, preach to us for the last time before he left for his new field—the Greater Antilles. It was an hour of thoughtful reflection. He read for his text Rom. 12:1, "He dwelt upon the thought of a living sacrifice." He assured us he was not going to Cuba with bowed head and flowing tears, but to try to be of service to his Lord and the Church. Bro. Hill is not a fluent, eloquent speaker as the world would term eloquence, but he is eloquent in his humility, his clearness of thought, and directness of speech. He had only been here for a few months, but had greatly endeared himself to all of us who knew him. He is said to have done the best work among the German and Bohemian elements of any preacher ever sent to the Bellville Circuit. It is a very serious question whether it was wise to take him from this home field where we are environed with this very class of people who are continually encroaching upon us, and who need just such consecrated, educated, practical, common sense young men as our Bro. Hill, and send him to foreign fields. I doubt not that sometimes, in our zeal to "send the joyful tidings all the world around" we hurt the work at home. To my mind this is a most evident case in point. But it has been done, and "Ben" has gone cheerfully, hopefully, and begs the prayers of all who love their Lord and his.

Our confidence is that if life and health abide and he maintains his reliance upon the Holy Spirit, that he is destined to become one of God's honored agents in the accomplishment of great things for those whom he serves.
At the close of the sermon was sung "God be with you till we meet again." While perhaps every Christian gave the missionary their hand, and a "God bless you" in their hearts, while the involuntary tear stole down many a cheek. Fervently, we say God bless our young missionary.
THOS. G. WHITTEN.
Chappell Hill Female College.

A WORD FROM BRO. REECE.

To all my old friends in Christ: I am living and in good health. Was born in 1841, converted in 1865 and have been preaching holiness of heart and life ever since, but not the second blessing. When a man is born of God he goes out of the sinning business. Every child died in Adam before there was one born, and every one was made alive in Christ before there was ever one born in this world and they are not sinners till they grow up and commit sin.
THOS REECE.
218 Franklin St., Ft. Worth, Texas.

The Home Circle

A BOY WHO HAD NO CHANCE.

"You feel proud, don't you, Dick?" "I feel glad," said Dick, simply. "Of course he feels glad. And proud, too, if he felt like owning it, but it's the right kind of pride. Here is one that feels proud, and is quite ready to say it."

A plainly dressed, sweet-faced woman was holding Dick's hand in a close grasp. The kindly faces surrounding her showed by their sympathy that they warmly acknowledged her right to be proud, for most of them knew through what struggles her son had reached this day, when he stood as valedictorian in the graduating class of the high school.

Herbert Barnes, the first speaker, stood a little to one side, gazing on what was going on about him with half indifferent amusement.

"It is a great thing for Dick," he remarked to a companion. "At least, he thinks so. He has a fancy that a high school diploma is an open sesame to all the big things in the world."

"It's a good deal of help to us, isn't it? I mean the education that it stands for."

"Oh, I suppose so—to boys who need that sort of thing. Now I don't, you know; I can get along without it."

"I dare say you can," said the other, who knew that Herbert had been quietly dropped out of the school about six months before for poor scholarship.

"Yes, I'm in for business, and Latin and 'ologies don't count much there. I have a good chance ahead of me, you know. My uncle is going to give me a clerkship in his big business. It's a fine thing to have a 'pull.' I can soon work up and get to the top."

"Yes, you're a lucky fellow," said the other, regarding him enviously.

"Now, I don't see any chance for Dick," went on Herbert. "He's as poor as a church mouse, and hasn't any influential friend in the world, so far as I've heard—no, not a bit of a chance."

"Not a bit of a chance," it sometimes seemed to Dick, as he sought employment in the place where he lived. Plenty of good friends he had, but the demand for intelligent employment was limited, and he had a great desire to remain near his widowed mother. So it came about within a few weeks after the proud commencement day Herbert stopped in surprise to speak to a boy wrestling with some heavy packing cases at the alley entrance to his uncle's store.

"You here, Dick?" he said. "Looks like it, doesn't it?" said Dick, pausing to take a long breath.

"You don't mean you are doing this kind of work?"

"That's just what I mean. A fellow that can't get what he wants must take what he can get."

"But— isn't it pretty tough?"

"Rather, at first. But I'm going to give my muscles a training now."

"A porter, after all his fine study, and the fuss made over his graduation," remarked Herbert to the young man near the desk at which he worked a little and idled a good deal. "Poor chap," half contemptuously, "I'm afraid he's going to find, as I said before, that it takes something besides a high school diploma to boost a fellow up."

Dick brought the same earnest, conscientious effort to his subordinate position that he had always given to his studies. At first he ached cruelly under the unaccustomed physical strain, but before long the rebellious muscles obeyed the demand on them, furnishing a good bodily foundation on which to build such mental effort as might in future be demanded.

And the demand came in good time to the boy who had "no chance" except that built upon faithful effort.

"I am told there was a light in the basement all night," said Mr. Seymour, on coming to his place of business one cold morning. "Who knows anything about it?"

He was referred to Dick Woodbury. "A load of that tropical fruit came from the station just as I was leaving," explained Dick. "I told the drayman everything was locked up for the night, and we couldn't receive it; but he said they couldn't put it anywhere, it would freeze. So I got into the basement and made a fire."

"And you stayed here all night?" "Yes, it needed an even temperature."

Mr. Seymour had his own opinion of an employee who, in the seeking of his employer's interest, did more than he was hired to do. It was not long after this that Herbert was surprised at seeing Dick at one of the desks in the safe office with him.

There he remained for a long time—longer than would suit the maker of sensational stories of the rapid ad-

vancement of poor boys. In real life the crowding for place is too pressing for rapid promotion. But in the years in which Dick worked hard for what might be thought moderate pay, he was steadily building up a character for integrity and reliability which in time found the place of trust which awaits the trustworthy.

Herbert still remains at his desk, relying on his well-off father to supply him with what he cannot earn, and the boy who had "no chance"—except the chance always belonging to energy, perseverance and godly living—now in charge of an important branch of the business, writes out the checks for his monthly pay.—Sydney Dayre, in Herald and Presbyterian.

HOW COMMON SENSE SAVED THE PUPPY.

"Charlie, Charlie, come quick!" called Mabel in a voice shrill with terror; "the puppy's in the cistern."

Charlie obeyed instantly, dropping the old pan into which he had deposited swarms of potato bugs.

Even the swift thought that they would all crawl onto the vines and have to be gathered over again did not stay his footsteps.

What were a few hours' work, even though hard and disagreeable, when compared with the life of his beautiful Newfoundland puppy?

He thought it would be the work of a few minutes to rescue the little fellow. An old tin pail was at hand, Mabel brought the clothesline, and, in a moment or two, the pail descended into the black hollow. Charlie floated it close to the puppy, at the same time calling to him in coaxing and endearing tones. But the poor little animal found it impossible to fasten his feet upon the hard and shining sides of the pail. He struggled bravely, at the same time crying pitifully.

Mabel, who was watching eagerly, at last began to cry loudly as she saw the puppy's vain attempts.

"He's going to drown, I know he is," she sobbed aloud; "see he can hardly keep his head out of the water now."

The hired man was just driving into the barn as she made this outcry. He dropped the reins on the horse's back, and with a few strides, reached the cistern and gave one glance into its depths.

He next jerked the clothesline around so that he had hold of the end that lay on the ground, at the same time calling to Charlie, "Get me that wooden pail on the steps, there."

The wooden pail soon struck the water close to the poor puppy's head. He threw out his feet in one last desperate effort. They clung fast, and in another moment the poor little soaked body was in Charlie's arm.

"How did you happen to think of the wooden pail?" asked Mabel, looking at the hired man in awed admiration.

"Common sense, that's all," said the man, returning to his waiting horse.

"Common sense," repeated Mabel; "let's go tell mother; you know she always saying that it's better to have common sense than talent."—Clara J. Denton, in Christian Work.

THE BLACKSMITH EVANGELIST.

There was an old blacksmith converted down in the country where I came from—in Tennessee. He was a very ignorant man. A friend of mine met him on the street one day, and said to him: "Why don't you come up to the revival meetings?" He replied: "You 'tend to your business, and I'll 'tend to mine." "But," he said, "I am; I'm a preacher, and I want you to come up to the meetings." He said: "I'm a blacksmith; you 'tend to your preaching, and I'll 'tend to my blacksmithing." "Well," he said, "you come on up there; you can have a back seat, and sit there or go out whenever you please." Well, he wouldn't promise. But he came, and when the invitation was given he was the first man on the front seats. And he did that thing as he did everything else—he went into it with his whole heart. Good old Tom Sexton! he always had his hair cut in such a funny way—he looked funny—he looked queer. And when they heard that Tom Sexton was converted everybody laughed. But he would go to Church and he'd tell the same thing—get up in prayer meetings, anywhere.

First thing we knew he was beginning to hold cottage prayer meetings. A friend of mine who was not a Christian told me that Tom came to him and said: "Professor, I have to keep my family up with my blacksmithing. I have got nothing but an old gray horse down there, but I want to learn to read the good Book. I never cared to read before, but if you will teach me how to read the good Book, the old gray horse is yours." Well, my friend said: "Tom, if you really want to

learn, I'll teach you; you can keep your old gray horse, but after I get through with my school in the afternoon I'll just pull the school bell, and you can come along and I'll teach you for nothing." He thanked him. My friend said he never dreamed that Tom would learn to read as soon as he did. At the end of a month he was beginning to read a few verses—wouldn't take any other reader but the Bible. And the next thing we knew he was beginning to hold little protracted meetings in the country school houses in the winter time—he'd work all day and go along at night to hold meetings. And people would come for miles to have some fun out of old Tom Sexton. He would tell the same thing night after night about how Jesus had saved him—going right over the same thing, but they'd still keep coming; they'd pack the building, and these men who had come these miles to hear Tom would stay and take the same Jesus that he had. I have known prominent doctors and lawyers to give their hearts to God, who went for the fun, but found out that Tom really had Jesus, and what a wonderful change He had wrought in ignorant old Tom. Then Tom began to get out to the neighboring towns, and when I was down home just before coming here, I saw over a great big hall in Knoxville, Tenn.—a city of forty thousand to fifty thousand inhabitants—"The Rev. Thomas Sexton will begin a series of revival meetings here." That is the third or fourth time he had been in that city.

A man said he heard Tom get up one day down at Cartersville, Ga., where Sam Jones had his annual revival meetings, and he began to describe Paul and Silas in jail. He said he never heard anything like the way Tom pictured it. He had bad grammar, but he had good thoughts. He began to describe these two men in jail—he said:

"I can just imagine Paul and Silas there with their feet in the stocks and their backs all cut up and bleeding, and everything looked like it was against them, death seemed to be in front of them; and Paul says, 'Strike up a hymn, Silas.' But Silas says, 'You'll have to excuse me, Brother Paul, my back's hurting so, and they've got the stocks round my feet so tight. The sing has all gone out of me, Paul.' And Paul says, 'Well, we've got to have a hymn, if I start it up myself.'" And Tom Sexton said: "I don't know what hymn Paul started up, but I believe if they knew this hymn, it would be this:

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for ev'ryone,
And there's a cross for me."

The man said he never saw an audience moved as that audience was.—Charles W. Alexander, in The Advance.

HE WAS SO BUSY.

One year ago to-day I sat at my desk busy with the month's bill and accounts, when a bright-faced, starry-eyed lad of twelve rushed in and impetuously announced, "Say, pa, this is your birthday; you are fifty-five years old, and I am going to give you fifty-five kisses, one for each year." And he began to make good his word when I exclaimed, "O Andrew, don't do it now, I am so busy!" His silence attracted my attention, and looking up, I saw his big eyes filled with tears, and apologetically said, "You can finish to-morrow." He made no reply, but was unable to conceal his disappointment, his face wearing a grieved expression as he quietly walked away.

The same evening I said, "Come and finish the kisses now, Andrew," but he did not respond to the invitation.

Two months later, in consequence of an accident, the waves of the Fox River closed over his body, and we carried him away to sleep near the village where he loved to spend his summer vacations. The robin's note was never sweeter than his voice, and the turtle-doves that coo to their nestlings where he sleeps could not be more gentle than my little boy who never finished his love-impulsed task.

If I could build a ladder to the skies and find him there; if I could only tell him how much I regret the thoughtless word spoken; if I could be assured that he understands and knows how my heart is aching because of the unkind request, there would be no man in all this wide world so inexpressibly happy as the one who sits to-day and thinks how he prevented an act that love inspired, and grieved a little heart as tender as the mercy of God.

"And, be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted."—A. M. Bruner, in Northwestern.

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In coughs and hoarseness caused by bronchial, throat and lung affections, except consumption in its advanced stages, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a most efficient remedy, especially in those obstinate, hang-on-coughs caused by irritation and congestion of the bronchial mucous membranes. The

"Discovery" is not so good for acute coughs arising from sudden colds, nor must it be expected to cure consumption in its advanced stages—no medicine will do that—but for all the obstinate hang-on, or chronic coughs, which, if neglected, or badly treated, lead up to consumption, it is the best medicine that can be taken.

It's an insult to your intelligence for a dealer to endeavor to palm off upon you some nostrum of unknown composition in place of Dr. Pierce's world-famed medicines which are of known composition. Most dealers recommend Doctor Pierce's medicines because they know what they are made of and that the ingredients employed are among the most valuable that a medicine for like purposes can be made of. The same is true of leading physicians who do not hesitate to recommend them, since they know exactly what they contain and that their ingredients are the very best known to medical science for the cure of the several diseases for which these medicines are recommended.

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The publishers of the Texas Christian Advocate want to hear from every subscriber in Texas who does not read his Advocate by Saturday.

VALUE OF RIGHT LIVING.

The writer will continue his discussion on The Value of Right Living by noticing some more mistakes common among Church members.

4. Neglecting to take the Church organ. The writer has heard Church members, even officers of the Church, refuse to take the Texas Christian Advocate because its subscription price was more than that of most secular papers.

5. Careless. This, perhaps, is the sin that doth so easily beset us. The sin of omission. The sin of thoughtlessness. We are careless in our manners. In our conduct toward others we fail to express thanks for favors bestowed.

6. Grumbling. Grumbling is heard on every side. Grumbling because it rains. Grumbling because it is dry. Cotton is too low; taxes too high. Even Church members will grumble.

Grumbling is a habit. Once it gets fixed in the life of an individual it is almost impossible for that one to extricate himself from it.

James Atkins, of the Magazine, says, "The music of the young, of whatsoever kind it is, is of enduring effect upon the mind and character."

Satanic Majesty is giving way to the gentle influence of love. There is more light than darkness. This fact is attested by the social world.

"We are living, we are dwelling, In a grand and awful time; In an age on ages telling, To be living is sublime."

G. T. BLUDWORTH, Italy, Texas.

MUSIC IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

(A paper read before the Sunday-school Institute in Corsicana, and published by the unanimous request of the Institute.)

The home and the Church are the greatest institutions in the world, and the Sunday-school has well been called the door of the Church.

The child who comes to us in the early years of his life, almost fresh from the hand of God, is, as some one says, a bundle of possibilities.

During childhood these emotions govern his actions, forming gradually his habits, conduct and character. The egotistic emotions are assertions of self.

We turn to the battlefield and find a striking answer to our question if we note the prominence given to music in the warfare of all nations.

While the battle of Santiago was being fought (1898) the regulars of the United States army were arrayed against the very flower of the Spanish forces and were suffering from a rain of shot and shell and deadly rifle fire.

Tennyson says, "Music so disarms the mind that not an arrow does resistance find." Music cultivates a love for the refined and leads from that which is low and degrading.

A song interpreted in its truest meaning has often been the means of melting hardened hearts where sermons preached have no effect.

One of the most important and essential features of the Sunday-school is its music. The songs should be, and often are, lessons within themselves, creating lasting impressions on the young mind and heart.

That much of our Sunday-school music has been affected by the light and trashy songs of social music is beyond question. Apart from all question of religion, the common dignity of man calls for a further reformation.

There has been quite a reaction in Church circles of late, and much has already been done in the way of eliminating the trashy and enlarging the

volume of such music as is of a higher tone.

The Sunday-school music is surely improving. The importance attached to music in the schools, the sight reading newly installed in many as a part of the regular curriculum, and the establishment of denominational publishing houses, are doing much toward elevating the tone of our music and awakening an interest not yet manifested along this line.

This, like all upward movements in the life of the Church, has progressed slowly. The improvement would have been more rapid but for some hindrances which stood in the way and are not yet entirely removed.

One obstacle was the disposition of hymn writers to copy the style of hymns already written. They yield to the popular taste rather than strive to change it to something higher and better, the standard being popularity and salability.

Some of the most hurtful songs, to my mind, are those sung to popular secular airs, such as "Jaunita," "Way Down on the Swanee Ribber," etc. I won't say that these songs are not standard, from a secular viewpoint.

James Atkins says that denominational publishing houses have not been as independent in so important a realm as they should be. However this may be as to the past, the time has come for a closer supervision of this department of Church life and for a new order of work.

Out of all this movement on the part of individuals and denominations there has come quite a considerable volume of sacred song which is worthy to abide. This is by far the smaller part of the vast volume which we have, but it is good enough and large enough to serve as a nucleus of a truly great hymnology.

It would be well for every denomination to have a commission of Sunday-school music which should determine what shall make up the Sunday-school songs represented by it.

There is no doubt that a well chosen commission knows more of what the Church wants and needs in this respect than anyone else.

In this way we may help to instill the doctrines and principles of our Church in the minds of the youth.

Our publishing house at Dallas is doing its duty in this field, and if all the Sunday-schools of the Methodist Church would use their music, there's no doubt but there would soon be seen a great improvement in the quality of their singing.

It seems that their lists of books should cover every demand.

The standard, perhaps, is too deep for some departments of the Sunday-school, but they have the Young People's Hymnals and the Revivals. The Young People's Hymnal No. 3 is just out and is full of good music.

For the primary pupils they have booklets which might interest the little folks more in the singing.

If the Church could provide for the training of the children in singing, both for Sunday-school and Church services, much could be done towards elevating the tone of our songs and in cultivating a higher taste.

The Church has a great duty to perform along this line.

In conclusion this thought, unfolded by a great man in the dawn of the sixteenth century, Martin Luther, said: "Music is the art of the prophets—the only art that can calm the agitations of the soul. It is one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us."

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CHEERFULNESS.

We should cultivate being cheerful. It is for our good as well as for the good of others. Always look on the bright side of everything. The world thinks more of the man or woman who never looks on the dark side of trouble.

what else to do he determined to take his own life. He was going to a river for that purpose when he met an old man who was stooped with age. As they were passing the old man smiled and said, "Good morning."

Doubtless among your acquaintances there is one who always has a frown on his face, never having a pleasant word for any one, while there is another who is always smiling—having a pleasant word for all he meets.

I was once standing on a street corner talking to a friend when a man passed where we were. He spoke to me and shook hands with my friend. He did everybody that way.

I asked who he was. I was interested in him. It made me feel better to see him. He left sunshine wherever he went. He made an impression on my mind that will remain there forever.

CHARLIE C. COUCHE, Bettie, Texas.

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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.

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OUR CONFERENCES.

German Mission, New Fountain, Texas.
Bishop Candler Oct. 24
West Texas, Yoakum, Texas, Bishop Candler, Oct. 30
Northwest Texas, Amarillo, Texas, Bishop Candler, Nov. 4
North Texas, Sherman, Texas, Bishop Candler, Nov. 24
Texas, Houston, Texas, Bishop Candler, Nov. 27

Subscribers who desire the Advocate discontinued must notify us at expiration either by letter or postal card. Otherwise they will be responsible for continuance and debt incurred thereby. We adopted the plan of continuance at the request and for the accommodation of our subscribers and they must in turn protect us by observing the rule which stands at the head of the first column on the eighth page.

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.

JOINT BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

The members of the Joint Board of Publication met last Tuesday in the First Methodist Church. Eleven of the twelve members were present—Revs. Theophilus Lee and J. T. H. Miller, of the West Texas Conference; Revs. W. L. Nelms, James Campbell and O. F. Sensabaugh, of the Northwest Texas Conference; Revs. O. S. Thomas, J. W. Hill and J. M. Peterson, of the North Texas Conference; and Revs. J. T. Smith and W. W. Watts and J. E. Armstrong, layman, of the Texas Conference. Rev. J. M. Alexander, the other member from West Texas Conference, was detained on account of illness. They were in session a couple of hours. They reviewed the work of the Advocate, approved its administration and re-elected the present incumbent for another year. This is an expression of confidence of which we necessarily feel a conscious pride; for this is the beginning of our tenth year as editor of this paper. With our experiences during the past nine years we ought to do better this year in the position than heretofore, and to this end we pledge out utmost ability and time. We ask an interest in the prayers of all the readers of these columns that this may be the most successful year in the history of the dear old Advocate. With love for all and no unkindness for any, let us enter this the tenth year of our editorial experience, trusting more fully in the great Head of the Church, and leave no resource of head and heart untouched to build up our common Methodism throughout all this great Southwest. So mote it be, and amen!

COLLIER'S WEEKLY MAKES ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION.

It is impossible for certain religious papers to please Collier's Weekly. Of late it has turned itself into an old scold, and its fits of temper are pitiable. The last issue of that ill-tempered sheet had nearly two pages devoted to the religious press, and the Texas Advocate came in for its share of abuse and vituperation. It managed to get hold of one of our photographs and from it gave a picture of us with caustic comments. In fact it has given us a great deal of gratuitous advertisement. Collier's Weekly is an old sore-headed hypocrite. There is not one element of sincerity in its attacks upon us and upon other religious papers. It only assumes the role of virtue in order to foist itself upon religious people as a great reform journal. Yet the whole back cover of that sheet, the very number in which the religious press is excoriated, is covered with a great, big spectacular advertisement of a certain brand of filthy cigarettes. Along with it is a display of large colored pictures of men, women and boys rushing up to the counter to get some of these vile things. Under the picture is this inscription, in black face type: "The universal selection and appreciation of ——— cigarettes by smokers with experienced taste and the ability to command the best is the surest criterion of their supremacy; 10 for 15 cents." With this coarse advertisement on the whole of its outside cover, it walls its sanctimonious eyes and whimpers because the religious press advertises Grape-Nuts and a few standard patent medicines. We mention this merely to show that Collier's Weekly is not sincere in its strictures upon other papers. Its criticisms of us might come in some sort of grace if it would first purge its own polluted columns of such vile stuff as mentioned above. But who can have any respect for a sheet making great pretensions to virtue, when it contains advertisements of articles universally condemned as equal to deadly drugs and poisonous fluids in their effect upon the human system? It ought, at least, to try to pull the beam out of its own eye before it undertakes the task of casting motes out of the eye of the religious press. No, Collier's Weekly cares nothing about what goes into the columns of religious papers. It wants to introduce itself to religious readers, and it seeks to do it by methods outside the pale of reputable journalism. And those who aid and abet Collier's Weekly in its war upon us have never done anything to promote the circulation or the merits of the Advocate. They have only scolded and criticized.

As a matter of fact, we wish that we were able to conduct the Advocate in such a way as to preclude all advertising matter from its columns, but the subscription list, as large as it is, will not support the business department of the paper. No paper could live three months and meet its bills without the income derived from its advertising department. But in taking advertisements for the paper, Mr. Blaylock is exceedingly careful to discard anything and all matter of a hurtful character. For more than forty years he has presided over the business department of the Advocate, and no man has ever given more general satisfaction to the patrons of the paper. Whenever his attention is called to objectionable matter that may sometimes creep into it unawares, he always eliminates it, with out regard to financial loss. And every year he goes over these matters with the Board of Publication, and they have invariably left such things to his discretion and business judgment. Therefore, the editor of the paper, who has his hands full, leaves this department to Mr. Blaylock, just as the Board of Publication does from year to year. And he has ruled out thousands of dollars worth of business, and is doing it, rather than put into the columns of the paper matter that is not in keeping with good morals and cultivated taste. Only such things as experience has demonstrated are good and useful does he permit

in his department of the paper. We say this, not for the benefit of Collier's Weekly, or in any way to estop its criticisms and attacks, for we care nothing about its hypocrisy and disgusting cant, but for the benefit of thousands and thousands of our readers who have never found any fault with the conduct of the Advocate.

A DAY IN THE ROXTON CHARGE.

Rev. W. R. McCarter is our pastor on the Roxton charge, and for some time we had been under promise to spend a day with him, and take some part in the dedication of two church buildings within the bounds of his charge. Roxton is a most excellent community, located a few miles this side of Paris, and on the Sante Fe Railway. Last Saturday we fulfilled the promise by going to Roxton. We spent the afternoon with Bro. McCarter. He has built a handsome new parsonage at a cost of \$1600, and he is living in it. It is practically paid for, and it is one of the coziest homes for the preacher in the Paris District. It has six rooms and is modern and convenient. It was very badly needed, for when the present incumbent went there about two years ago to find a home for his family, there was an old, dilapidated structure, whose best days had been seen, standing on the lot. It was hardly fit to live in. We saw it eight years ago, and it had seen its best days then. So the preacher soon went to work on the new parsonage enterprise. He was not long in securing a good subscription. Then he proceeded to dispose of the old building, and in six weeks after that he moved into this beautiful home, which is not only a place of comfort for his family, but a credit to the Roxton Circuit. It was our pleasure to be entertained over night in this cozy place, and the hospitality was full and open-handed. The preacher, his good wife, three children and the good old Grandma make a most happy family, and it was good to be with them. Saturday night we lectured in the public hall for an enterprise under the auspices of the lay members of the Church, and there was a good audience present to greet us. We have a good people in that community. Their church structure is an old building, but it has been recently repaired and is now in good condition. Crops are good in that part of Lamar County, and the people are prosperous and happy. Roxton has a splendid public school building. They applied for an independent school district, and then voted bonds for the structure. They have a very excellent school.

Sunday morning we drove some eight miles across the country to Atlas, a small town on the Midland Railway; but the country round about it is well settled up with a good and thrifty people. The land is very fertile, and the cotton and the corn are looking well. When Bro. McCarter went to the work we had no church house or organization in Atlas. We had a few members, and we had a little organization a mile or so from the town, in a little school house. He at once took under consideration the effort to build a neat little church in the community. Today we have a splendid little church structure, well located, strongly built, modern in design, and altogether out of debt.

We had a good congregation, one that practically filled the house, and the service was edifying. At the close of the sermon the house was presented by the trustees, free of all encumbrances, and we dedicated it to the worship of Almighty God, according to our beautiful ritual. It was a sweetly solemn occasion and the spirit was with us. Then the services of the day were brought to a close by commemorating the suffering and death of Christ in the Sacrament. It was a glad day to our little company of people in and about Atlas. We only have a membership of fifty odd, but it will grow now, since they have a comfortable home of their own. We had the pleasure of dining with Brother and Sister E. S. Crowley, two good members of the little Church. They live

near by, and they are well fixed in this world's provisions. They have a daughter with Mrs. Key in Sherman.

In the afternoon we drove into the country a few miles to Elm Grove Church, and met a fine congregation of excellent people, and we had another good service. This is the oldest Church organization in the Roxton charge, and it is made up of good country folk. They were there in the buggies and other vehicles, and it looked like old times to see them at an afternoon service. We have a large number of substantial people among them, and we have readers of the Advocate out there. We always feel at home where the Advocate is read.

From there we drove to the next town below, Howland, and took supper with the good family of Dr. H. M. Bradford. He is a Vanderbilt graduate in medicine, and has been living and practicing in that community for several years; he has succeeded in his profession. He is said to be a fine physician, and has a good practice. We have a good church building in Howland. It was projected, and perhaps finished, under the ministry of Rev. G. W. Adams several years ago. They hauled the lumber from the mills in Titus County and put up the house. It has recently been put in good condition, and tastefully painted, and sometime ago the last cent of its indebtedness was paid, and we met in it Sunday night to dedicate it to the worship of God. We had a good audience present, and the occasion was one of seriousness and spiritual influence. After the sermon, the chairman of the board presented it for dedication, and like the one in the morning, it was set apart for God's worship by the use of our ritual. The people seemed very much interested in the service. After this we spent the night in the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Shelburn. They are exceedingly kind and hospitable people, and we had a very pleasant visit with them.

Thus ended a day of continuous work, and, counting the lecture on the night before at Roxton, we filled all the appointments on Bro. McCarter's circuit. It was our first visit to him, and he seemed determined to get all there was in our stay with him and his people. He said he enjoyed the whole day very much, and it was a pleasure to us to render him and his people the service. Bro. McCarter has done two years of most efficient work on the charge. He has built up all its interests, and his people are very fond of him. He is a man who does things, and he does them wisely. We are not making the appointments for next year, else we would reassign him to that charge for another year. He is full of energy, preaches well, visits his people and he is a man of prudent bearing.

Monday morning we took the Texas Midland train and by nine o'clock we were in Terrell to make close connection with the T. & P. for Dallas. But, low and behold, the train was two hours late! Why is it that people are put to such inconveniences by the T. & P. road? It rarely ever runs according to its schedule, and when a man has work to do at home and is thrown out for two solid hours, it is not calculated to put him in good humor. But we made the most of the situation by going up town and meeting a number of the brethren, among them that stanch old Methodist, Dr. Sid Bass. We heard good reports of Rev. Ed Barcus and his work. Those people are delighted with him, and he is having large congregations. By the way, we also learned that the pestiferous ants are preparing to bring on another election in Kaufman County. Though it has gone dry at two previous elections, yet these people seem not to know when they are soundly thrashed. So the people of that county will have to snow them under again. G. C. R.

I am sure I pay less for what I get out of the Advocate than any other commodity I pay for.

G. W. CROWDER.
Houston, Texas.

REV. J. W. CHALK PASSES AWAY.

This venerable man of God passed to his longed-for home at Pilot Point last Thursday after several days of serious illness. He was eight-two years of age and died in the triumphs of the faith. For a great many years he was one of the prominent ministers in our Texas Methodism, traveling well nigh over the State on circuits and districts; and in his day he was a great preacher. His early work helped to lay the foundation of our present success and Methodism owes much to his labors. He was well read in the standard of Methodism, made the Bible his book of special study and understood very accurately the doctrines of his Church. He was a man of bright and sunny disposition and had a kind word and a smile for all whom he met. For a great many years he has been on the retired list and Pilot Point has been his home. The wife of Rev. J. W. Hill, of this city, is his daughter, and she and Bro. Hill and others of his family were present when the old man laid down his armor and took up his crown. A suitable obituary will appear in due time in these columns, and it will be a contribution to the history of our Church in Texas.

THE HOUSTON POST ON THE SALOON PEOPLE.

The Houston Post has taken a long step to the front on the saloon people and the law. Some time ago it wanted the privilege of doing away with the State Sunday laws and permitting every community to be a law on this subject to itself. The Post was then under the impression that the city could best make a Sunday law that would meet the public sentiment of its people. But now the Post is a stickler for the observance of the Sunday laws. Good for the Post! "While the lamp holds out to burn the worst of sinners may return." We congratulate the Post on its change of heart. And we are now ready to strike hands with it in making sentiment throughout Texas for the observance of all laws enacted by the Legislature. Recently it contained a strong editorial deploring the fact that San Antonio and Galveston liquor people are tramping the Sunday law under their feet, and it points out the fact that their conduct will continue to make the liquor business an issue in Texas. The Post even goes further and shows that the liquor people in convention recently in San Antonio were neither honest nor sincere when they pledged themselves to obey the Sunday law. The Post will soon find out, if it will keep its eyes open, that nothing the saloons say on the subject of observing the law is worthy of belief. They are lawless institutions, and the only way to regulate them is to exterminate them. But lest our readers may think that we are only joking with the Post, we quote here its editorial in order that they may see and read for themselves:

Several days ago the esteemed San Antonio Express chided the Post for criticising some of the features of the recent convention of liquor dealers in that city and it is asserted that the San Antonio dealers were sincere in their desire to faithfully obey the law. Now the Express closes an editorial on the subject of "The Law and the Saloon" with these words: "The dive, the disorderly and the law-breaking saloons must go and the Liquor Dealers' Association must do its part in aiding to weed them out."

Very good, but we return to the question of that convention and ask the Express, why do not the San Antonio and Galveston saloons obey the law? Search the Baskin-McGregor law and find, please, where anything is said which remotely constitutes a permission for saloons in San Antonio and Galveston to sell their wares on Sunday. In Galveston the rule is to close on Sunday between the hours of 9 a. m. and 1 p. m., and in San Antonio not even this much closing is attempted.

The Baskin-McGregor law requires the saloons to close from 12 o'clock midnight Saturday until 5 o'clock Monday morning and every saloon that fails to keep closed between these hours is what the Express alludes to as a law-breaking saloon, and violates the very declaration recently made at that Liquor Dealers' Convention.

The Post expressed its lack of faith in the motives of the San Antonio movement because the call signed by

NEW TESTAMENT PROPHECY—A STUDY.

(First Paper.)

It is one of the most surprising things in our modern theology that but little serious and persistent study has been devoted to New Testament prophecy.

There must be some cause for this neglect or indifference, and if we can discover the cause it may lead to a correction of the trouble.

The burden of our Lord's prophetic teaching was about his coming again, and the times leading up to his coming, to judgment and to his reign on earth.

The epistles of Paul, Peter, John and Jude all tell of the coming again of our Lord Jesus Christ, and exhort Christians to watch and be ready.

About four-fifths of this book deals with things that pertain to the second coming of Christ. But in the face of these facts, no subject or fact set forth in the word of God is more unpopular as a theme for the pulpit than this.

And yet Paul (2 Tim. 4:8) speaks of the crown of righteousness that is laid up for "all who love the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Testament prophecy must be dubbed a pessimist. Well, if to believe the word of God, which is plain enough, so that a fool need not err therein, is to be a pessimist, I am willing to share the stigma.

As this paper is, perhaps, already too long, I will reserve the rest for the following papers, in which I shall take up other causes for the opposition to the literal interpretation of New Testament prophecy.

So, we find the commentators and Bible expositors, with a few notable exceptions, have gone into wild spiritualizing of the most literal predictions of the New Testament.

Another cause of this opposition to the coming again of our Lord as a theme for preaching or study, is the confusion of Christ's coming for his saints in "the air" (1 Thess. 4:13-15; 1 Cor. 15:51, 52) and his coming with his saints to judge the earth and reign with them on earth (Jude 14, 15; 2 Thess. 1:7-10; Rev. 5:9, 10 and 6:12-17 and 20:4-6; 1 Cor. 6:2)—I give only a few references here.

What ought to stand in its prophetic order is recklessly thrown out of its place to fit the theories of men. We have a parallel instance of this kind of mistake in the unbelief of the Jews and their rejection of Jesus Christ.

It was plainly foretold in the prophecies of our Lord's incarnation, humiliation and sufferings; that he should be born of the virgin in Bethlehem of Judea, and be "called out of Egypt," and be a "Nazarene."

Half of the suffering and torture of piles has never been told. But no matter. Whether your particular case of piles is almost too excruciating for any mortal to bear, or if you are fearfully tantalized by unreachably itching, or whether you have only a moderate case of piles, there is positive relief, and quick too, in Pyramid Pile Cure.

Quickly Cured at Home

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure—Trial Package Mailed Free to All in Plain Wrapper.

You need not take for granted all we ourselves say about our Pile Remedy. We want you to speak for itself.

Follow a few simple directions. Get well to stay well. You don't have to stop working one single day.

No tortures from operations. No heavy doctor's bills.

Here, for instance, is a sample of the kind of letters we get every day and we don't have to ask for them:

"Friend, I write to tell what good your Pyramid Pile Cure has done for me. I used your sample, and it did me so much good I went and got two boxes, and I used one and I am another man altogether. I have no pain, no piles, and I have been troubled with them for over 50 years, and could find no relief till now, thanks to your timely cure. Use my name if it will do you any good. Isaac Smith, Wharton, New York."

For Free Sample send to the Pyramid Drug Co., 96 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich., or you can buy Pyramid Pile Cure in any drug store for 50 cents a box.

On September 17th the opening of Stamford Collegiate Institute for the work of its first session became a matter of history. The event was calculated to impress all who were present with its importance as a history-making epoch in the annals of Christian education in West Texas.

At 10 a. m. a vast concourse of citizens, patrons and pupils assembled at the entrance of the main building to witness the opening exercises. After an opening prayer by Rev. J. R. Morris, presiding elder of Abilene District, in which an earnest appeal for Divine direction was invoked for the institution then being born, addresses appropriate to the occasion were delivered by F. S. Hastings, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Rev. Comer M. Woodward, principal of the literary department and President R. S. Hyer, of Southwestern University.

In introducing Dr. Hyer, the President of the school announced the gratification of all concerned, because of the presence of the President of the central educational institution of our Church in Texas, and expressed the hope that the future of our great educational system in Texas would be materially enlarged by the correlation of all our schools in fact as well as in name.

An excellent faculty of sixteen well equipped Christian men and women began at once the work of organizing, and in less than a week the entire machinery is in good working order, despite the temporary inconvenience of incomplete buildings.

Two hundred and twelve pupils have been enrolled, counting no name twice. The boarding department has far surpassed our expectations and in the fine arts department we have enrolled fully twice as many students as we anticipated for the first term.

All friends of Christian education will rejoice with us in this most encouraging beginning, and we appreciate our great opportunity for the real Christian training of this great company of Methodist young men and women in West Texas.

With Clarendon on the north, San Angelo on the south, and Stamford Collegiate Institute in the center, West Texas Methodism may expect great results in the extension of our educational work, and in the increase of available material for higher education at Southwestern.

I have noted with much interest the establishment of a Junior College in California by our General Board of Education and its plan of operation is almost identical with that adopted at Stamford Collegiate Institute. In my judgment this will become the approved method of adjusting our educational work in Texas.

I beg pardon of Editor and Advocate readers for indulging in an expression of opinion, as I simply intended to announce our opening.

JEROME DUNCAN.

THE JAPANESE MAIDEN.

Another plea for the Japanese maiden, who through the influence of Brother Simeon Shaw and wife was converted to Christianity, and who is now working with might and main to buy a lot and build a Methodist Church in Japan entirely without resources only as she and her friends improvise them, but they are succeeding marvelously. Sister Shaw sends me her picture and writes me a letter as one of her co-operating friends that with the bookmarks she made with her own hands they have realized, if I read aright, \$320 and more in sight. This is certainly encouraging. And now, dear Advocate, if you will not grow weary with me for besieging your columns so oft, I want to suggest a suggestion after referring you to Luke 11th chapter of the proposed "borrowing the loaves of bread," to send the maiden a contribution, say from 25 cents to a dollar

The YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST PAPER FOR FAMILY READING.

The 52 issues of 1908 will give for \$1.75 as much good reading as twenty 400-page books of fiction, travel, biography, etc., costing ordinarily \$1.50 each. The contents will include

250 Good Stories Serial Stories and Stories of Character and Heroism.

350 Articles Sketches and Reminiscences by Distinguished Men and Women.

1000 Up-To-Date Notes on Current Events, Discoveries and Inventions in Nature and Science.

2000 One-Minute Stories Bits of Humor and Miscellany, the Weekly Health Article, Timely Editorials, the Children's Page, etc.

EVERY NEW SUBSCRIBER Who cuts out and sends this slip (or mentions this publication) at once with \$1.75 for The Youth's Companion for 1908 will receive

FREE

All the issues of The Companion for the remaining weeks of 1907. The Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Holiday Numbers. The Companion's 4-Leaf Hanging Calendar for 1908, in full color. Then The Companion for the 52 weeks of 1908.

Send for Free Sample Copies and Announcement for 1908. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.



It Comes Every Week the Year Round.

The Success Sulky Plow

Here's a plow you can buy at a reasonable price and it will last you your lifetime. And you will have an all-purpose plow, too—does the same work and does it just as well as the really high priced plows and it has none of their complications

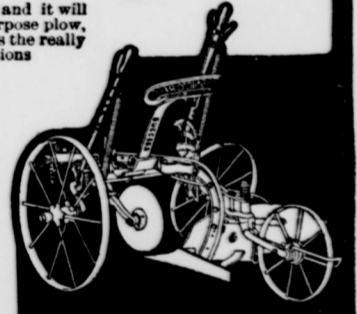
It Is Beam Hitch

with no frame. There's lightness and light draft. Only a few parts, and they simple ones. Adjustable front axle, dust-proof, removable wheel boxes, adjustable rear wheel attachment. Widest latitude in the hitch, and you can set it to plow any depth, two to eight inches.

Just the kind of plow you'd expect to get long, satisfactory service out of. Write for catalog and let us tell you more about it.

The Parlin & Orendorf Imp. Co.

State Agents, Dallas, Texas.



for her enterprise through Mrs. Simeon Shaw, Temple, Texas, thus making a small outlay bring in a large revenue. My own exchequer is light, not reaching into the hundreds, and not very far into the tens or over, but I have already sent my dollar for the picture sent me. Think of it, friends, we will scarcely miss it, and what an aggregate may be thus accumulated. That young lady ought to be encouraged, for she is worth more than her weight in finest gold already coined into doubloons. Is it not invidious to attempt a comparison?

I have—that is, we have, wife and I—raised four daughters of the type of Caesar's wife, as many others have done, and you may rest assured we are proud of them. That word is too tame. The gold and silver circulation of the universe 16 to 1 would be no temptation to reverse it had we the power to do so. No wonder we appreciate that young Japanese lady as of that type and desire to help her some. She has already made her mark and will succeed. Will borrow the editor's phrase—on with the collection. F. C. McMILLAN. Hillsboro, Texas.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE Relieves Headache caused by summer heat, overwork, nervous disorders or impaired digestion. Relieves quickly.

NEW MEXICO CONFERENCE. Albuquerque District.—First Round. San Marcial, Oct. 23. Magdalena, Oct. 26, 27. Gallup, Oct. 30. Albuquerque, Nov. 2, 3. Watrous, Nov. 6. Cimarron, Nov. 9, 10. Logan, Nov. 13. Tucumcari, Nov. 16, 17. Puerto, at Quay, Nov. 23, 24.

BELLS. BLYMYER BUCHER. Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

Our Departed Dead

The space allowed obituaries is twenty to twenty-five lines, or about 170 or 180 words.

Extra copies of paper containing obituaries can be procured if ordered when manuscript is sent.

EDWARDS.—Rev. W. H. Edwards, who, for nearly forty years, was an active local preacher in the bounds of the Bosqueville charge, died in the Methodist Church at Evergreen camp-ground, August 17, 1907, aged sixty-nine years.

KING.—Mrs. Emma E. King was born in Laurens, South Carolina, July 14, 1839, and died at her home in Pilot Point, Texas, July 22, 1907. She professed religion and joined the Methodist Church at the age of twelve years, and for nearly fifty years lived a devout and trustful Christian life.

ANDERSON.—Judge D. S. Anderson was born in Columbia, Tenn., in 1845, and died at League City Sept. 8, 1907. True to his God, faithful to the trust the Church imposed on him, and rearing a family of truly heroic Christian workers, we can surely say that the Church militant has suffered a loss, but he had builded well his mansion, and the Master said: "All things are ready, come."

GLASS.—The subject of this sketch, Mrs. Lorena Glass (nee Hodges), was born near Springtown, Parker County, Texas, April 21, 1880, where she lived until her marriage, on her birthday, on Sunday, April 21, 1900, to Prof. J. M. Glass, which event she often said was the proudest moment of her life.

LEE.—Miss Minnie Lee was born May 14, 1889, and died Aug. 5, 1907. She was converted and joined the Methodist Church July 29, 1903, and remained faithful unto the end. Minnie was just stepping within the portals of beautiful young womanhood. She was loved and admired by a wide circle of friends and loved ones.

PUNCHARD.—Elizabeth L. Punchard (Grandma Punchard) was born in Kentucky, April 5, 1820; was converted and joined the Church in early life. She was married to William Punchard, but the date is unknown to the writer. He died some years ago and left her alone with her children.

JACKSON.—Mrs. Martha Jackson, of Caldwell, Texas, passed to her reward Sept. 29, 1907. Aunt Martha, as she was commonly called, was born March 24, 1830, at Huntsville, Ala. She was 77 years old. She professed religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Holly Springs, Miss., at 15 years of age, and lived a consistent life to the end.

SMITH.—James K. Smith, well known for many years in Ellis County and for years a prominent teacher in the county, fell on sleep, after an affliction lasting about a year, on Friday, September 27, 1907, at his home in Midlothian, Texas. Bro. Smith was born September 21, 1832, and was therefore 74 years and 8 days old at the time of his death.

STEPHENS.—Mrs. Maetildia Jane Stephens (nee Davis) was born May 12, 1832, and died May 8, 1907. She was married to D. P. Stephens July 24, 1852. She left an aged husband and five children and many friends to mourn their loss. While our hearts are sad, yet we feel sure that dear mother is safe in heaven.

STEPHENS.—Again the death angel came and took from our home our dear father, Daniel Preston Stephens, on July 31, 1907. He was 77 years and 16 days old when he died. Oh, how hard it was to give up dear father and mother, both in so short a time!

JONES.—Lillian Kate, daughter of J. T. and Kate Pollard, was born near Sedalia, Missouri, September 24, 1871. She professed living faith in Christ in childhood and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, on January 22, 1889, she became the happy bride of Professor J. B. Jones and to them were born six children, one of whom went away to our Father's house in infancy, and the others—Clyde, Clarence, Lola, Kate and John—together with the faithful husband and father, are left behind to mourn the departure of this good woman who crossed the last river on September 30.

STEPHENS.—William B. Dennis was born in Overton County, Tenn., in 1847, and came to Texas, and settled in Dallas County, in 1866, and died at his home in Farmers Branch Feb. 8, 1907. He is survived by his wife. Through their happy sojourn in life there were born no children. His body was borne to his church, where a great company of relatives and friends assembled to pay their last tribute of love and respect.

wait for loved ones here below. Their lives have not been in vain, as all their children are on the road to glory, and soon there will be a great reunion where tears and sorrows shall have ceased forever, for God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Sister Lee is not dead, but sleeping. Peace be to her ashes, and everlasting joy to her released spirit. W. C. CHILDRESS, P. C. Palo Pinto, Texas.

SHELTON.—Bro. Elmer Shelton was born in Illinois Sept. 14, 1872, and died at Oak Forest, Gonzales County, August 29, 1907, being 34 years, 11 months and 6 days old. He came to Caldwell County, Texas, with his parents when he was five years old. He was married to Miss Maggie May Cordwell Dec. 3, 1902. In going away he leaves a wife and two little children, Julia Avenelle and Edgar Donovan; one little girl, Vivian Adine, preceded him to the better world. He suffered much during his illness, but expressed a readiness to meet death should God see fit to call him.

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STEYER Makers of Good Organs Since 1846. From smallest reed-instrument to Pipe Organ of greatest capacity we can meet your Church or Chapel needs. Send for descriptive catalogue...

day-school and always on hand at Church services. She did not wait till the very last moment about paying her pro rata to the missionary cause and Church claims, but had settled these claims some time ago. She also took the Texas Advocate and Go Forward, and was careful that the pastor instruct her children in the rules and doctrine of the Church. Every pastor knows with what regret he parts with a member like this. In the presence of an unusually large congregation I preached her funeral, speaking from our Lord's words, Be ye therefore ready also. Luke 12:40.

ZORO B. PIRTLE. Knox City, Texas.

LUSK.—At the home of her father and mother, Sister Norid Lusk, of Sidney, Texas, died June 8, 1907. She was born Sept. 21, 1888, in Comanche County, Texas. She gave her life to God and the Church in her early childhood, and was living a beautiful life of consecration. Some two years ago she consecrated her life to the mission field, and was looking to that work. Her life was all given to God and home. She was sunshine in the home; always happy and singing. God called and she was ready to go. She would place her arms around mother in her last illness, and say: "It's all right." It was one of the largest funerals I have seen for many years. The Church will miss Norid, and the home will miss her, but heaven will greet her. God comfort the hearts of father and mother! Many of her friends of Southwestern will remember her as she sat and touched the keys at commencement this last year. Her blessing was upon them all. May her friends all meet her on the other shore. A. T. STODGEL.

BROWNING.—Mrs. Harriette H. Browning (nee Adams) was born in Tennessee, March 20, 1823; was married to Dr. G. W. Browning November 12, 1840, and died April 20, 1907. These figures give the beginning and end of a life of a good woman. She was converted in early life and was a faithful Christian to the day of her death. She had a great deal of trouble and for a good many years was on crutches and suffered a great deal, yet she never was heard to murmur or complain. Her only thought was the burden to others—those she loved and upon whom she was largely dependent. In her last illness she suffered greatly and said to me often: "I would be glad to go if it's God's will." Sister Browning's husband and two children preceded her across the river. She was tenderly cared for by her niece, Sister W. H. Crouch, who loved her as a mother. Auntie, as she was familiarly called, is gone, but we confidently expect to meet her in heaven. W. F. HARDY.

DENNIS.—William B. Dennis was born in Overton County, Tenn., in 1847, and came to Texas, and settled in Dallas County, in 1866, and died at his home in Farmers Branch Feb. 8, 1907. He is survived by his wife. Through their happy sojourn in life there were born no children. His body was borne to his church, where a great company of relatives and friends assembled to pay their last tribute of love and respect. As his pastor, who had been so intimate with him for over a year, in his association every day, more or less, I esteem it a great privilege to bear testimony to the rare consistency of this good man's life. He had been a member of the Methodist Church for over forty-five years. He was a steward that the Church was ever proud of. No preacher ever had a truer friend than "Uncle Bille." He possessed those attributes of divine love which found constantly its expression in every day life. His ear was always open to the cry of the helpless and needy. His life embraced those virtues contained in his duty to God and man, and was impressive to all who knew him. To say the least, his life was an indisputable fact of Christianity—which was irresistible. All loved him for what he was. We were with him every day in his last illness, and through those hours of

DEATH IN YOUR HANK? Engross resolutions, memorials, family records, marriage certificates, etc. Guarantee satisfaction. N. R. Atinworth, Massey College, Houston, Texas.

excruciating pain, like a martyr, he bore it nobly without a murmur...

SHULTZ.—Again the death angel has come into our midst and taken from us one of earth's fairest blossoms...

MRS. R. C. BROWN.

SALLEt.—On June 29, 1907, when it seemed the very breath of the flowers wafted prayers to our heavenly Father...

CROUCH.—Isaac Crouch, son of Newton C. and Louisa Crouch, of blessed memory in the Reagan community...

Gilmer, Texas.

VANDIVER.—Mrs. Susie L. Vandiver, wife of M. H. Vandiver, and daughter of John S. and Inthia Daniel...

DAVIS.—Mrs. Mary L. Davis was born near Ft. Smith, Arkansas, March 2, 1838...

Middle Texas in 1874. In 1889 they moved to Sargent county. Sister Davis leaves a husband and three daughters...

WILEY.—Bro. A. F. Wiley was born May 20, 1822, and died December 20, 1906. He professed hope in Christ about 26 years ago...

WEST TEXAS CONFERENCE.

San Angelo District—Fourth Round. Miles Sta., Oct. 19, 20. San Angelo, Oct. 22.

Austin District—Fourth Round. Tenth Street, 11 a. m., Oct. 20. First Street, 8 p. m., Oct. 20.

San Marcos District—Fourth Round. Dripping Springs Circuit, at Driftwood, Oct. 19, 20.

San Antonio District—Fourth Round. Del Rio, October 18. Moore Circuit, October 18.

Beeville District—Fourth Round. Corpus Christi, Oct. 19, 20. Kingsville, Oct. 20, 21.

Llano District—Fourth Round. Bandera, Oct. 18. Center Point, Oct. 19, 20.

San Antonio District—Fourth Round. Del Rio, October 18. Moore Circuit, October 18.

San Augustine District—Fourth Round. Nacogdoches Sta., Oct. 19, 20. Cushing, at Trawick, Oct. 20, 21.

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Riesel, Oct. 26, 27. Mart, Oct. 27, 28. Penelope, Oct. 30. Aquilla, Nov. 2, 3.

Waxahachie District—Fourth Round. Grandview, Oct. 19, 20. Alvarado, Oct. 20, 21.

Georgetown District—Fourth Round. Holland, Oct. 19, 20. Rodgers, Oct. 20, 21.

Clarendon District—Fourth Round. Hansford mis., at Hansford, Oct. 19, 20. Plemmons mis., at Leib Sch. H., Oct. 21.

Gatesville District—Fourth Round. Brookhaven, Brown C., O 19, 20. China Springs, Wesley's Ch., Oct. 26, 27.

Brownwood District—Fourth Round. Bangs Circuit, at B., Oct. 19, 20. Coleman Cir., at Junction, Oct. 21.

Colorado District—Fourth Round. Stanton, Oct. 19, 20. Big Springs Sta., Oct. 26, 27.

Ft. Worth District—Fourth Round. Arlington, Oct. 18. Grandview Cir., Bethany, Oct. 20, 21.

Abilene District—Fourth Round. Nudis, at Nudis, Oct. 19, 20. Lawa, at Lawa, Oct. 19, 20.

Weatherford District—Fourth Round. Palo Pinto, Palo Pinto, Oct. 19, 20. Graham Mis., Salem, Oct. 22.

Plainview District—Fourth Round. Gomez, Oct. 19, 20. Tab-ka, Oct. 22.

North Texas Conference. Sherman District—Fourth Round. Bells, at Bells, Oct. 12, 13.

Pittsburg District—Fourth Round. Park, Red Lick, Oct. 19, 20. Texarkana, Hardy Mem., Oct. 20, 21.

Huntsville District—Fourth Round. Trinity and Onalaska, T., Oct. 19, 20. Huntsville, Oct. 21.

Brenham District—Fourth Round. Bellville, at Cochran, Oct. 19, 20. Maysfield, at Maysfield, Oct. 26, 27.

Woodbine, Whaley, Nov. 3, 4. Myra, Myra, Nov. 9, 10. Saint Jo, Nov. 10, 11.

Sulphur Springs Dis.—Fourth Round. Mt. Vernon, Mt. V., 3rd Sun. Oct. Wimburno, p. m., Oct. 25.

Bowie District—Fourth Round. Boyd and Garvin, Oct. 19, 20. Rhome, Oct. 20, 21.

Bonham District—Fourth Round. Brookston, at B., Oct. 19, 20. Dodd and Windom, at D., Oct. 26, 27.

Greenville District—Fourth Round. Campbell, Oct. 19, 20. Commerce Ct., Mt. Zion, Oct. 26, 27.

Dallas District—Fourth Round. Ervay St., Oct. 19, 20. Trinity, Oct. 20, 21.

Tyler District—Fourth Round. Emory Cir., Point, Oct. 19, 20. Mt. Sylvan, Oct. 22.

Beaumont District—Fourth Round. Warren Cir., Warren, Oct. 19, 20. Jasper Mis., Bjerly's Ch., Oct. 25.

Houston District—Fourth Round. Cedar Bayou, Oct. 19, 20. Richmond, Oct. 26, 27.

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DALLAS TEXAS

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Reference. Every minister, doctor and business man in Dallas and thousands elsewhere...

Phone Cliff 142 WHITE SANITARIUM, 122 TYLER STREET Oak Cliff, Dallas

Davilla, Friendship, 10 a. m., Oct. 29. Milano, Milano, 3 p. m., Oct. 29.

Somerville, S., 7:30 p. m., Oct. 30. Sealy, Sealy, Nov. 2, 3.

Fulshear, Brookshire, Nov. 3, 4. Bay City, Nov. 9, 10.

Wharton, Nov. 10, 11. Lexington, Nov. 16, 17.

Brenham, Nov. 18. Chappell Hill, Nov. 19.

Calvert District—Fourth Round. Travis, Cedar Springs, Oct. 19, 20.

Terrell District—Fourth Round. Rosser, at Jones Chapel, Oct. 19, 20. Mabank, Oct. 26, 27.

Paris District—Fourth Round. Rosalie Cir., R. Oct. 19, 20. Annona, Oct. 26, 27.

Beaumont District—Fourth Round. Warren Cir., Warren, Oct. 19, 20. Jasper Mis., Bjerly's Ch., Oct. 25.

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1907. Y... Instructions of... 400... NS... nd at... rait till... paying... cause... settled... he also... to For... pastor... and... pastor... with... presence... at... g... from... erefore... TLE... father... isk, of... She... nanche... life to... r child... life... ers ago... nission... work... nd and... home... called... would... in her... right... erals I... Church... e will... et her... er and... South... she sat... mencing... was... ds all... GEI... te H... orn in... is mar... rember... These... end of... as con... faithful... h. She... l for a... es and... never... mplain... den to... upon... nt. In... tly and... e glad... Brown... n pre... he was... Sister... r as a... narily... tly ex... RDY... is was... in 1847... died in... l at his... 8, 1907... hrough... e were... s bomo... mpany... led to... ve and... id been... a year... sore or... lege to... consist... He had... theodist... ns. He... ch was... r had a... He... divine... its ex... his ear... of the... braced... duty to... live to... least... fact of... distible... s. We... is last... ured of... R. N. R.

