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AN ESTIMATE OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF BISHOP SETH WARD, D. D.

The death of Bishop Ward has sent a pang of sorrow to the Methodist heart of Texas, while all connectional Methodism feels the blow. We can not realize that he is dead. Yet it is too true, and we bow our heads in profound grief as we contemplate the lamentable fact.

Bishop Seth Ward was born in Leon County, Texas, November 15, 1858. His father's name was Samuel G. Ward and his mother's name was Sarah Ann Wyche. They were plain, substantial and well-to-do country people, honest, frugal and without guile. They were not able to give their son the advantages of a thorough intellectual training, but they did give to him a sound physical constitution, good moral principles and spiritual tuition. He learned early the honest art of wholesome industry and economy and grew up with correct habits of thought and deep conscientious convictions of right.

He was converted under the ministry of Rev. L. J. Wright and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in August, 1871, at the age of thirteen. He was licensed to preach November 5, 1881, Rev. James Mackey, presiding elder. He was admitted on trial in the Northwest Texas Conference November 17, 1881, Bishop Kavanaugh presiding, and the session was held in Waxahachie. Leon County was then in that conference. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Parker at the session of the Texas Conference which met in Flatonía December 16, 1883, and he was ordained elder by Bishop McTyeire at Austin December 6, 1885. He was transferred to the Texas Conference in November, 1882. Bishop Ward filled the following charges: 1881, Corsicana Circuit; 1882, was junior preacher on the Groesbeck Circuit; 1883, he was junior preacher on the Centerville Circuit; 1884, he had Kosse Circuit; 1885-86, he was at Calvert and Hearne; 1887-88-89-90, he served St. James, Galveston; in 1891-92-93-94 he was at Huntsville; in 1895-96 he was presiding elder of Houston District; in 1897-98-99, pastor Shearn Church, Houston, succeeding the writer in that charge; in 1900, Secretary of Education, Texas Conference; in 1901-02, pastor of Central Church, Galveston; in 1902 he was elected one of the Secretaries of the Board of Missions, serving four years, and in May, 1906, he was elected a Bishop by the General Conference in Birmingham Ala.

The above statistics give the technical history of Bishop Ward, but they do not give the details of his extraordinary work as a preacher, as a pastor, as a church builder and a savior of souls. These latter facts are recorded in the books of the other world, and they will show faith-

ful service to his credit in all these departments of earthly toil and self-sacrifice. No man wrought with more fidelity in whatever sphere the Church placed him than Seth Ward. He never sought place, but he never shrunk from responsibility when the authorities ordered him to any station of labor.

Physically Bishop Ward was tall and well proportioned, not a model of grace, but a man of commanding presence. He was a trifle inclined to stoop, had a well-poised head, a most pleasing countenance with striking blue eyes. His complexion was smooth and florid, and his mouth was well formed and expressive. He had what might be termed a handsome face, indicative of great purity of character and transparency of motive. He gave every indication of a man destined, in the course of nature, to live to a good old age. There were no marks of disease in his system. He had always led a regular life, free from the gross excess common to many young men, and under all circumstances his conduct was above reproach. From his youth he was exemplary and careful in his moral character and observed the rules of virtue, sobriety and strictest integrity. He was always known for his rectitude and correct manner of living.

Mentally he was more than ordinarily endowed. As we have already intimated, he was not permitted to enjoy the early advantages of education, and this was always a source of regret to him. But from the beginning he was a student of good books and current literature. He had an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and he soon acquired the habit of close application. His power of concentration was remarkable. As he advanced in the ministry he advanced in all departments of useful learning, particularly those departments pertaining to the office and work of a Christian minister. He mastered the best books and the most advanced periodicals. At one time he took a summer's course in the University of Chicago; in fact, he availed himself of every opportunity to replenish his intellectual resources and to enlarge his ability to think and to develop. As a result he was a well-educated man without the advantage of college training. In his conversation, in his addresses and in his sermons all the marks of a man of learning and culture were visible. You really had to be told that he was not a college-bred man in order to know it. Because of his superior accomplishments, Southwestern University very properly conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and very becomingly he wore the title with honor to himself and to the institution that gave

it to him without any seeking upon his part.

As a preacher he was not a man of conspicuous brilliancy, but he was solid, substantial and resourceful. His mind was naturally inclined to be analytical, investigating and far reaching. He went to the bottom of his theme and thought out things new and old. He always grasped the great principles of his text, and his method of sermonizing was systematic and logical. He never entered the pulpit without the best preparation of which he was capable, and his sermons were finished products. Occasionally he was inclined to be speculative, for he had a liking for metaphysics; but never to the border of anything akin to license. He knew where to draw the line, and his interpretations of the Scriptures were wholesome and orthodox. He believed in and preached a gospel of salvation by faith in the atonement of Christ. But he was never commonplace or platitudinous. There was the sparkle of fresh thought, profitable reading and diligent research in his discourses. And once in a while he would rise to the sublime in eloquence and oratory. But for the most part he strove to give his hearers well-beaten oil, for his aim was always to do his audience good morally and spiritually. There was no semblance of affectation in his style as a preacher or in his manner as a man. He was plain, unassuming, modest and retiring. He yielded the prominence and the preference to others. While he had laudable ambition to make the most out of his ministry, yet he sought no selfish aggrandizement, and was never known to thrust himself forward. He rose to every position he occupied through sheer force of merit and strength of character. When he was elevated to the Episcopacy he wore a look of humility rather than of gratification or pride. In his case the office sought the man. He never lifted his hand to reach that lofty station. Yet he entered upon its duties with courage and consecration and devoted himself to the service of that new field with zeal, ability and unswerving faithfulness. In the office of Bishop he was conservative, safe, progressive and cautious; nevertheless he was firm in his convictions and true to his ideals.

In all the conferences over which he presided he gave great satisfaction, and no man was more devotedly loved by the ministers and the laity of the Church. He bade fair to be one of the most popular Bishops in the College, because of his sturdy character, amiable disposition, careful insight into the work and a constant purpose to serve the

Church and his Master without fear or favor. Providence had wonderfully fitted him for his high station. He had touched all the rough edges of the itinerant life of a Methodist preacher. He had learned from experience the hardships of the preacher and his family. He knew what it was to suffer deprivations, to live on a small pittance, to go without the luxuries of life and to move from one hard field to another. He had passed through the varied alternations common to the man who starts from the ground and travels upward to the summit. He had rubbed against the sharp angles of all positions from the hard mission to the Episcopacy. He had a profound sympathy with the man who struggles against the untoward conditions of life. And he knew the needs of the small congregation, located far from the center, and striving to maintain a helpful order of service in worship and Church enterprise. The common people appealed to him, for he had sprung from them and loved them. Having been made perfect through suffering under all these circumstances, every preacher and every Church felt perfectly safe in his hands. This is why we loved him, and it is why we voted for him and rejoiced at his election to the Bishopric at Birmingham. We felt that in him the Church had a high official who would handle her responsibilities with wisdom and skill, and that the preacher had in him a warm-hearted brother and a devoted friend. We felt, and for good reason, that his heart was as true as his head was sound. It was our belief that God had made Bishop Ward a well-balanced man in his mind and temperament and by experience and training fitted him for all the duties of this great office. And we fondly hoped that he would live to give the Church at least twenty-five years of useful service. We furthermore felt that these would not only be years of usefulness, but of intellectual development and spiritual growth, for he was a growing man. Progress had been characteristic of him from the time he had entered the ministry.

But in the ordering of Providence he has closed his promising career almost at high noon. Just as the day was advancing, with his eye turned toward the future, his great heart in sympathy with the forward movements of our Zion and his resourceful mind en rapport with the activities and lofty ideals of the ministry, he has fallen at his post in far-off Japan! We do not question the wisdom of our good Father above. He is in command of the forces of his kingdom and he knows what is best for the work in the long run. It is still true that, after all,

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"INNOCENTS ABROAD"

By REV. HUBERT D. KNICKERBOCKER.

SOME MORE MARVELS IN PALESTINE

The Well of Souls—The Garden of Gethsemane—The Valley of Hell—The Tree that Noah Watered—Bethlehem and a Baby's Smile.

Article 13.

"Farmer Ed" is not going to heaven! That's a sad and startling statement, but I have authority for it. In the Mosque of Omar our Mohammedan guide carried us to see all its wonders, of some of which I wrote in my last letter. In front of the north entrance of the mosque he showed us a Jasper slab let into the rock. This is the cover of Solomon's tomb, removed and placed here. Into it Mohammed drove nineteen golden nails. A nail falls out at the end of every epoch of the world's history and when all are gone the world is coming to an end. These nails then hold the earth against the wall of time. One day the devil slipped in and pulled out all but three and a half nails, but was fortunately detected and stopped by the angel Gabriel. I suppose that half nail is one that the devil broke off in his haste to get away. In any event I saw three and a half nails and so I know it's all true. Now the artless guide told us that even a Christian would go to heaven if he would drop some "backsheesh" (gift money) on the slab. The rest of us did not dare to take any risk in such a delicate matter, so we dropped "backsheesh" upon the slab, but "Farmer Ed" was resolute and hardened and refused steadfastly to buy his way to heaven even with a copper coin. So we sadly registered the fact "Farmer Ed" is doomed for the want of a little "backsheesh at the Jasper slab."

Then we went down into a cavern beneath the Marvellous Rock—round which centers so much that it is sacred to the religious history of the world. The Moslems believe that the rock hovers over an abyss without any support. Undoubtedly there is a cavern beneath it, as when struck it gives out a hollow sound. There is water beneath it also. Here the Moslems locate the "Well of Souls," where all the souls of the deceased assemble twice a week to pray. There are some of the Mohammedans that believe however that the rock rests upon the branches of a palm tree that grows by the waters of the river of Paradise. In the little cave under the rock we were shown three small stone benches on which Abraham, David and Solomon used to sit when they came here to pray. On one side of the low ceiling is a hollow in the rock about twice as big as an ordinary man's head. That's the impression of Mohammed's head. Finding the ceiling too low and being naturally hard-headed, he stood up straight anyhow and made this impression on the rock. Knowing that he had contended with about six wives for many years, we were prepared to believe the story. It was from this rock that Mohammed mounted his miraculous steed, El Burak and rode to heaven. He had such drawing power (and there is no doubt of his magnetism as witness six wives and hundreds of thousands of soldier followers) that the rock started to follow him, but the Angel Gabriel, always on hand in an emergency, grabbed it and held it down. So they showed us the prints of the angel's hand in the rock. That's irrefragable proof. I'll never shake hands with Gabriel though, for he left a hole five inches wide and eight inches deep in that rock with one grasp of his fingers. And, by the way, all the saints and heroes of these marvelous stories must have been the hardest-headed, flint-fisted lot that ever weathered the Stone Age. All over this country there are impressions in stone that would take the stamping of cavalry passing by for forty years to make what are artlessly pointed out as "St. Peter's foot-prints," "the place where Peter's head lay when he was in prison," etc., etc. Well, the rock didn't like it a little bit, so it fairly "hollered" when Gabriel wouldn't let it go, and to this day its "tongue" may be seen over the entrance to the cavern. On this spot the Mohammedans believe that the last trump will be sounded and on this rock the throne of judgment will be set. No wonder the Mohammedans venerate it!

Upstairs again in the Mosque we were shown a foot-print of the prophet and some hairs from his beard (I don't suppose he had any hairs on his head when he died). So having seen all the wonders of this rock, the site of all the Jewish temples and legitimately a shrine for great veneration, we passed out into the white light of the Oriental sun again.

Between this Mosque and another one near by, called the Aksa Mosque, are two subterranean cisterns. One is called the "sea" or the "King's Cistern." It is mentioned by Tacitus and was probably constructed before Herod's time. It is forty feet deep and 246 yards in circumference. Just in front of the Aksa Mosque is another cistern called the "Bir el Waraka," or

"Leaf Fountain." Here a companion of Omar once let his pitcher fall, and, descending to recover it, he discovered a gate which led to some beautiful orchards. He there plucked a leaf, placed it behind his ear and showed it to his friends after he had quitted the cistern. The leaf came from Paradise and never faded. There are trees growing near this fountain to this day. I saw them with my own eyes and could not be easily persuaded to the contrary.

We went through the Mosque of Aksa, but of this and some few thousand more or less other churches, temples, mosques, synagogues and "meetin' houses" seen on this trip I will have to forbear writing.

Garden of Gethsemane.

On a beautiful sunlit morning we visited this sacred spot. Scripture and tradition harmonize in its location, so that we may know well that here indeed is a sacred place about which also no foolish stories are clustered. On the slope of Mt. Olivet, far removed from the city's noise and dust, it was and is to-day a precinct of peace, a shrine of holy quietude. A wall about 70 paces square shuts in the garden that is filled with beds of flowers and a few old, old olive trees. These old, old trees are said to be the very ones under which Christ prayed on that memorable night of agony. It is easy to believe, for some of them are more than fifteen feet in circumference and for the stow growing olive tree that means centuries upon centuries of growth. So old, so gnarled, so silver white as with the fleecy flight of clouds of years are these ancient trees that they seem to be patriarchal prophets standing here through the silent centuries to tell with leafy whispers the story of that sacred night in the long ago. Their majesty is as the majesty of men, personalities, saturated with the holy associations of the place as the prophets were with the sweet oil of their anointing in the ritual of the past. This morning the fair sunlight falls upon the purple and gold of many a radiant blossom there. The birds are singing on the walls. That dash of crimson is not blood upon the grass, it's only a poppy's petal. But there against the wall is a reminder of the cruel agonies that he endured who once sought here God's presence and help in the hour of His soul's deep anguish. It is a wrought-iron cross, bare and harshly outlined, and on it are hung in iron effigy all the instruments with which Jesus was tortured to his death. A massive hammer and great black, beveled-pointed nails bring into shuddering reality the poignancy of that pain that darted through Christ's frame when those huge spikes crushed through his tender palms. A crown of thorns haloed in our ideals as with the enmeshed gold of heaven's light here hangs all sharp and real as blood-trickling pain. A spear whose point might easily find a heart, already broken; a staff with a sponge whose bitter draught was not so bitter as the mockery which it was pressed to His dying lips; a whip of cords, the awful Roman scourge, and the robe of derision, with which the soldiers covered His drooping shoulders when they made him a mock king for a moment of hellish sport, completed the heart-breaking reminders of Christ's passion, whose beginning was in this lovely garden. No, these were two other symbols on that cross. On its crown was perched a cock, a harsh reminder of that fowl whose crowing marked the desertion of His friends, and at its foot three dice, bringing back the picture of that hard-heartedness of the Roman soldiers who gambled for the garments of Jesus beneath the last look of His dying eyes.

And here on these leafy paths Christ trod the first fainting steps of that Via Dolorosa that led to Calvary's brow and an awful death. I've stood on many a battle field where men fighting upon His knees, settled the destiny of nations, but here one man, fighting upon His knees settled the destiny of the race. What a battle was that! Alone and in the dark, alone and the world upon His heart! Yonder the disciples lie peacefully sleeping, yonder are the lights of the city, glimmering across the valley of the Kedron. Here almost in silence the battle goes on—not a battle of resistance, but a mighty suppressed violence of beseeching, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. Nevertheless not my will but thine be done." What a review of the forces of omnipotence there is in that "if it be possible." "O Father, marshal all the forces of heaven, of love, of wisdom! Gather all the battery energies of mind and angels and principalities,

search out all the hidden forces of your Godhood, if it be possible find a substitute for this agony of mine, find another way, find a different power, or method of redemption! "Nevertheless not my will!" Ah, here was the God-like subjection of His infinite will. Here He became obedient unto death, and when the battle was over, as in all battles, there was blood upon the ground. But now the blood is gone. The little flowers have drunk it up and keep it warm and live in their sweet hearts. The battle is over and the silent sunny air, like the wing of a brooding dove, hovers the nestlings of joy and peace in my heart this serene day. When we passed out of the garden we carried with us memories, worshiped memories, that will not die. Under the trees of Paradise the recollection of this place will still be sweet.

Of course we

Went to Bethlehem,

and on our way passed many places of interest. Just out of Jerusalem we passed by the Valley of Hinnom. This is the valley that gives us the Hebrew figurative word for Hell. Here was Tophet or the place of fire where sometimes in the days of their idolatry the Israelites sacrificed children to Moloch. Here also in later years all the refuse and garbage of the city were dumped and fires were kept burning to destroy the corrupting mass. Gathering up all the awful suggestions of the place, the walls of children in the embrace of the fiery arms of an iron idol heated red hot; the crawling worms of rotten refuse, the stench-laden smoke of never ceasing fires, and the corrupting mass of putrefaction itself, the Jews put them all in one word—Gehenna—the Valley of Hinnom—Hell! It's still a valley, though the refuse of Jerusalem is thrown into it to this day and the sewerage of the city runs down into its depths. Less awful was the next place on the road.

The Monastery of the Tree of the Cross.

This is a monastery on the right of the road built as a memorial to the tree out of which the cross of Christ was made. This tree according to tradition was planted by Adam and watered by Noah. Now that story has the air of verisimilitude for certainly Noah was the logical man to do the watering. The hole in the rock where the tree grew is still there. A hole will last a long time, almost as long as a cube of air.

A camel was drinking out of a well by the road as we passed. This was the well of the wise men and a little further on was the well where the holy family drank as they passed by this way. Under a nearby tree was a flat rock with a depression about two feet deep and six feet long in it. This was where Elijah once lay down to sleep. He must have slept very hard to have made such an impression. However that is probable, as I remember that the angel had to shake him to wake him up when he went to sleep under the Juniper tree.

A little further on we came to a field remarkably full of rocks and stones. Here lay thousands of small stones, an inch or two in circumference, as well as many large ones. This is called the

Field of Peas.

The legend is that here one day the Virgin Mary was passing and saw a man sowing peas. In answer to her inquiry as to what he was sowing he answered flippantly and rudely, "Stones." "Let the field produce stones then!" was the virgin's answer and to this day that field bears nothing but stones.

But now we approach a venerable spot of undoubted authenticity. It is a little dome-covered building—the Tomb of Rachel. Since the time of Christ this tomb has been recognized as truly the burial place of Jacob's beloved wife. The simple but pathetic account of her death is given in Genesis 35:16. "And they journeyed from Bethel and there was still some distance to come to Ephrath (that is Bethlehem) and Rachel travailed and she had hard labor. . . . And it came to pass as her soul was departing (for she died) that she called her baby's name Ben-oni (that is, 'the son of my sorrow'); but his father called him Benjamin (that is 'the son of the right hand'). And Rachel died and was buried in the way to Bethlehem." Long years after old Jacob when he was telling Joseph his past history went back in memory and tenderness to this spot and said, "As for me when I came from Paddan Rachel to my great sorrow died and I buried her there on the road to Bethlehem." So here by this dusty wayside, thousands of years ago, this intimate domestic sorrow and joy of the old patriarch's heart came into his life. The tomb is a monument to the likeness of all hearts in all ages and the fact that the truly touching things are those which happen alike to all—birth, death, joy, sorrow. We are all akin!

A Horse Race.

Just about this time another driver came along with a two-horse carriage and tried to pass our driver on the road. This was too much for our young Arab's spirit and the first thing

we knew we were going at a break-neck speed, pell mell, helter skelter down the road. In a moment the four horses (two in each carriage) were running at full speed. There was enough of the old Adam in us all to make us encourage our driver with hurrahs and shouts and for about ten minutes we had a lively time. Of course we beat in the race and though the other driver renewed the contest twice more before we got to Bethlehem, we always came out ahead. This was a little modern excitement and was good to keep us from the stagnation of old ruins in the midst of so much that was ancient. Thus after a five and one-half mile drive along the dusty road we came to

Bethlehem.

The modern town of Bethlehem contains about 5000 population, nearly all of them Christians. For several centuries the principal industry has been the manufacture of rosaries, crosses and other fancy articles of wood, mother-of-pearl and stink-stone (lime mixed with bitumen) from the Dead Sea. I stopped in one of the factories where they were making pearl articles. The tools and methods were of the crudest sort. Every separate stone on a rosary is cut and turned by hand. A little piece of pearl is sawed off a shed, then this is stuck on the iron point and turned with one hand, while the other rounds it with a sharp steel chisel. Yet all these pearl articles are sold wholesale at about one dollar a pound. The cheapest thing in all this country is a man's labor—no, a woman's labor is yet cheaper.

Bethlehem has been here a long time. It was the home of David's family. It was the scene of the exquisite idyl of Ruth. But of course even these illustrious names and associations pale before the glory that a little baby's first cry gives to this name of Bethlehem.

The Church of the Nativity is built above the cavern or cave, once used as a stable where Christ was born. It dates back very close to the first century and a great portion of the present edifice is the same as in that far off day. The interior of the church is

characterized by grand simplicity. It consists of a nave and double aisles and a wide transept. Down the length of the church run four rows of monolithic columns of reddish limestone, veined with white. On the walls are the remains of some very ancient mosaics. Down two flights of stairs we descended into the Chapel of the Nativity. This is the very spot where Christ was born, and of this fact there is little doubt.

The chapel is a cavern, hewn out of the solid rock and used in Mary's time as a stable belonging to the inn where there was no room for Joseph and Mary that eventful night. It is 13½ yards long, 4 yards wide and 19 feet high. Under the altar in a recess on the east of the cave a silver star is set in the pavement with this inscription, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus est." "Here to the Virgin Mary Jesus Christ was born." That simple sentence tells the most significant and far-reaching fact in the history of the universe. Those old walls heard the wail of a tender babe whose voice one day would still tempests and make the leashed seas lie down at His feet! Nay, a voice that in all the days of all the ages has stilled all tempests of passion and sin and unrest that beat in the mighty depths of the human heart.

In a moment as we stood in that solemn taper-lighted place a procession of cowed monks came in bearing candles and singing as they marched. Then down upon their knees they fell and holding each his little light aloft, chanted a service of song and praise. It was indeed a place to pray and a place to sing. "O God, help me to be truer to Him who left the golden throne room of heaven for this dim cavern and left it for my sake!" To praise God and say, "I thank thee here for the Holy Baby's life—nay more, for all innocent, tender, radiant baby life in the world, for all Christ-mas joys and songs, for all that motherhood, lifehood and home and heaven mean to a Christian heart; for out of this cave, as perfume is born in the dark earth, all the sweetness and light of Christendom blossomed from a baby's smile."

GUMBO

By REV. S. A. STEEL, D. D.

There is one thing about the people of Loudoun County, Virginia, which you are bound to admire: They believe in Loudoun County. Much of the county is poor and broken, all of it rolling, and where it approaches the Blue Ridge in the western part it is picturesque in scenery; but they have to fertilize heavily and cultivate with care to make farming pay. Yet they brag on Loudoun County land, Loudoun County stock, Loudoun County climate, Loudoun County people, and tell you with an air of confidence, as though they spoke a self-evident truth, that Loudoun County is by all odds the best county in Virginia. It is not necessary to agree with this opinion to admire this spirit. We need more of this local love, this special pride in our particular corner of the universe, and the desire and determination to make it an ideal spot in which to live from generation to generation; to improve its roads, enrich its soil, make its homes beautiful and its people a joy in the earth.

At Purcellville, in full view of the Blue Ridge, "in the heart of Mosby's country," they will tell you, about fifty miles from Washington, they have a Chautauque assembly. It began more than thirty years ago as a camp-meeting of the old style, and has never missed a season. It has been a great educational institution for the people of the county, a sort of "people university," and has undoubtedly had much to do with producing the high average of citizenship that marks this people. They started the fight for the prohibition of the liquor traffic away back in 1879; have been so long without saloons that some people perhaps never heard of one, and are now ardent State-widers. In the great pavilion or auditorium an immense streamer across the platform bore the word "Prohibition," and every speaker had to stand under it. The officers wore prohibition badges, and white ribbons, the emblem of Christian patriotism and civic righteousness, appeared on every hand. There are many Quakers in this part of Virginia.

It was with great pleasure that I spoke to a vast audience of Virginians. When I had spoken an hour and a quarter, beginning at that somnolent period, 3 p. m.—the dread of every preacher, I proposed to stop, but the audience cried, "Go on," and the officers on the platform said, "Never mind the clock; go on!" And I went on, with the mercury mounting in the nineties and perspiration flowing in streams. They let me stop at last, with the promise to return next season and give them more. Great is old Virginia yet!

Washington looked deserted. The National solons had fled, and none too

soon. Whether they are responsible for it or not, the temperature was like Gehenna—106 in the shade! That would be about 150 in Texas. Taft was in New Hampshire, Brother McVeagh in Vermont, Brother Dickenson among the maples and oaks of his Tennessee home; all gone, except Brother Hitchcock, who was sitting on the lid to hold things down. I want the Democrats to elect Judge Dickenson the next President of the United States. They can't elect Brother Bryan, and both he and they ought to know it by this time. Dickenson is an ideal man for the place, and if elected would make one of the best Presidents we ever had. He is a clean, high, strong man, a typical Southerner in his manners, thoroughly National in his spirit, and with ability and experience that fit him pre-eminently for the place. The Democratic party cannot elect a President without the independent vote—that vote that puts men and principles before party fealty. Judge Dickenson will be the man to get that vote. I have nothing to do with the matter, of course, and never heard any one else suggest this. But I think for myself, and Dickenson is the man I want.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is the scenic route across the Alleghanies north of the Ohio River. There is some very fine scenery on the Pennsylvania from Pittsburgh to Harrisburg, but the Baltimore and Ohio beats it. It follows the Potomac from Washington to its source. How busy memory is with the past when the trainman calls out, "Harper's Ferry," and you look out on the beetling crags and see the meeting of the Shenandoah—"Daughter of the Stars" it meant in the States Indian tongue of old—with the swift Potomac, hurrying to the sea. All this ground is historic. You get among the hills in earnest at Cumberland. At Piedmont a double-header, snorting, puffing, panting, drags the long train at a slow pace up a seventeen-mile grade. The Potomac that below Washington floats a battleship shrinks to a branch far down in a rocky canyon. This noble river is a small affair up among the heights. In countless springs and rills trickling from great cliffs it takes its rise under dense jungles of laurel and rhododendron, now collected in little pools of crystal-clear water, now leaping over rocks in tiny cascades, now almost lost, a mere thread of lazy water creeping in its rocky channel, but ever moving on its way to the sea. It is a poem, but it would take the Singer of the Chattahoochee to tell of its beauty.

On the summit of the Alleghanies along this route there is a rolling plateau. The rugged mountains recede in the distance, and beautiful

woodlands and deep meadows and productive farms unroll on every side. On this high land, 2500 feet above the sea, is Mountain Lake Park. Here a lovely tract of 800 acres has been dedicated to a Christian summer resort. There are pretty drives, nice hotels, cozy cottages, beautiful summer homes, a miniature lake, one of the finest auditoriums in America and all the attractions consistent with the ends and character of the institution. At Deer Park, not far away, you can find a fashionable summer resort, with all the fringe of folly that amusements a la mode afford; but these things are not found at Mountain Lake Park. No sound of revelry disturbs your rest at night; no fortune-teller or fake palmist liches your spare change; no nude pictures or unchaste art or machine music mimicking the masters, corrupt your taste; no card playing in the hotel to disgust your sense of propriety and remind you of the Shakespearean quip, "What fools we mortals be!" All is clean and high and pure, like the air you breathe. They not only do not have any Sunday excursions—that curse of all resorts—but, by special arrangement, no train stops at Mountain Lake Park on Sunday. It is a day of rest and holy peace.

During the summer all sorts of religious meetings and conventions are held here, and it is the seat of one of the largest Chautauques in the country. It is a sure enough Chautauqua, carrying on a whole system of summer schools, as well as a platform full of popular attractions. The great auditorium, which seats 3000 people, is without a single column or pillar to break the view. The vast roof springs aloft supported by trusses, so designed as to need no vertical support. Its acoustic properties are said to be fine, but acoustics never bother me—or anybody else who will speak distinctly.

It was fortunate for me in my feeble physical condition that I could spend ten days in this mountain resort as the guest of the assembly. Those wonderful Hot Springs baths out in Arkansas eliminated the malaria that was knocking me silly, and the ozone of the Alleghanies has re-invigorated

me so that I feel ten years younger. I preached in the auditorium on Sunday to a vast congregation. The venerable Dr. Judkins, of the Virginia Conference, was on the platform, and just before I rose to begin he said, "Steel, did you ever preach to a larger crowd?" They were from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Norfolk, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati — everywhere. The Lord gave his blessing, and we had a great service. While at Mountain Lake Park I met, by appointment, the managers of several Eastern bureaus and arranged for my work next year. They assured me they could fill my time to the limit. My field will be largely New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Ontario. This is nice territory, fine railroads, good hotels, cultured audiences and good compensation. I will preach somewhere every Sunday, and as the bureau foot the railroad bills, the travel will be light. It is not the work I prefer, for I love Dixie; but as my Church could give me no work I am glad the Lord has taken me up, opened a wide field and assures me of his favor in every service. I go to New York in October to tell the Central New York Conference how we ran the rum devil out of Dixie, and incidentally to tell them some other things. I shall touch up "organic union" along the line I have discussed in the Richmond Christian Advocate, if the editor prints what I sent him. It will take nerve, for I plunk the center of the whole federation folly, and go for "the authorities" with a sharp pen. They need punching.

"When are you going to divide Texas?" asked a gentleman at Mountain Lake Park. Never," I replied. "Oh, yes," he said, "it is too big." "No," I said, "we need it just as it is, so that when one of William's subjects brags on Germany, we can say, 'Germany? Germany? Yes, Germany is not as large as Texas!'" Then listen to the eruption of irate zig-zag vocables, the splutteration of unpronounceable Teutonic jargon that follows!

I will still make Brownwood my home, and will feel a deep interest in all Texas affairs.

teacher of redeeming truth, whose human life was adorned by the faith of his followers with a crown of grand and wonderful legends—from an abode in heaven, out of mercy to the world, he came down unto the world and was conceived and born of a virgin mother, created and entertained by heavenly spirits, and recognized beforehand by a pious seer as the redeemer of the world; and as a youth he manifested a wisdom beyond that of any of his preceptors. And then he received an illuminating revelation, and then he victoriously triumphed over and overcame all temptations of the devil, who tried to induce him to become faithless to his call to redemption. He then became a preacher and preached of the coming of the kingdom of justice, and sent forth his disciples, two by two, as messengers of his gospel of glad news to all people. He declared that it was not his calling to do supernatural things, nevertheless the quaint old legends of him, indeed, tell how many sick he healed, and how with the contents of a small basket he fed hundreds, and how he was possessed of all knowledge, and how he revealed hidden things, how he overcame the limits of time and space, swaying in the air and mysteriously disappearing at times and vanishing and appearing to them again, being transfigured in a heavenly light, and then he revealed himself to his disciples just before his death. And in the faith of his followers at last, having passed from the position of a human teacher to that of an eternal heavenly spirit and Lord of the world, he was exalted as the object of prayer and reverence to many millions of the human race in Southern and Eastern Asia. A knowledge of this parallel from India to the New Testament and of the Persian and Babylonian parallel to the Old Testament must have some notice and engage the religious thought of Christian people. Though we are ever so much convinced concerning the essential superiority of our religion over all other religions, nevertheless the dogmatic contrast between absolute truth on our side and complete falsity on their side cannot be maintained. Instead of this view there must be the view of the relative grade of differences between the higher and lower stages of development. We can see no longer in other religions only mistakes and fiction, but, under the flimsiness of their legends, there may be found many precious thicknesses of woof and warp of truth, and expressions of inner religious feelings and of noble ethical sentiments. We should therefore accept the position not to object to the same discrimination between flimsiness and woof and warp in the matter of our own religion, and to recognize in its inherited traditions and dogmas legendary elements, the explanation of which is to be found in psychical motives and in historical surroundings, even as they are found in the corresponding parts of religions other than the Christian religion. The value of the Christian religion can never suffer in the view of a reasonable human being when it is not accepted in blind faith, but as a result of discriminating comparison. Like the evolutionary philosophy of religion uses the method of science without exception in the case of all historical religions, so also it does not hesitate from taking up the question of the genesis of religion, but believes that here is also found the key in the analytical, critical and comparative method. And here we find the assistance of the comparative study of languages, ethnology and paleontology. The great Max Muller, the German philosopher and Sanskrit scholar, in vain tried in his works, from the Grecian, Roman and Hindoo mythologies, sought in the comparative study of these mythologies to prove the etymological relation of many of the Grecian gods and heroes with those of the mythology of India, and to trace the common origin of all these mythological beings and legends in the personification of the movements of the heavenly bodies, the thunder and lightning, the tempest and the rain. All mythical belief in gods of the Indo-Germanic peoples seems to have arisen out of a poetical view and dramatic personification of the powers of nature. Strange, too, to think that this hypothesis is so suggestive, it is not by any means sufficient to give us a complete explanation of the subject. Many others have shown that primitive religion does not consist altogether in mythical conceptions, but in sincere reverential actions, sacraments, sacrifices, and other solemn cults as vows which have very little to do with the social life of primitive people. When once the sight was clearly directed to the social meaning of the religious rites, it was then observed that even the earliest legends concerning the gods were connected far more closely with the habits and customs of early society than with the facts of nature.

Writers on primitive religion have written from this standpoint; an epoch-making class of writers, which shows the original close connection of religion

The Fountain Head of Life Is The Stomach



A man who has a weak and impaired stomach and who does not properly digest his food will soon find that his blood has become weak and impoverished, and that his whole body is improperly and insufficiently nourished.

Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY makes the stomach strong, promotes the flow of digestive juices, restores the lost appetite, makes assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and restorative nerve tonic. It makes men strong in body, active in mind and cool in judgment.

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gion with the entire civilization of humanity, with the views of life and death and social customs, the forms of law, their spirit of emulation in science and art. Such writings give a large amount of information brought together from observations on all sides. We can find in this channel all the researches which today are classified under the name of folk-lore; seeking to gather still existing characters and characteristic customs and forms, legends, stories, novels and sayings in order to compose these and to discover the survivals of the earliest religion, poetry and civilization of all the human family. One should pursue this study with great diligence, and he should not underrate it. These studies show that all that which at one time did exist faith in the spirit of even humanity possessed within its very nature the strongest power of endurance, so that in new and strange conditions and in many other forms it did continue to remain. In all vicissitudes, progress and changes of history there is still found an unbroken connection of constant development.

Nevertheless the philosophy of religion is not fulfilled by a knowledge of historical forms and development of religion. The philosophy of religion sees in religious history not only the coming together of like forms, but an advance from the lowest stage, the simplest ignorance, to an ever purer and richer realization of the idea of religion, a divinely ordained progress for the inculcation of religion into humanity from the slavery of nature to the freedom of the spirit. We ask, then, the question: Where do we find the principle and law ruling this ever rising development? And where do we find and how do we ascertain this measure of judgment for the relative value of these religious appearances? The very principle of religious development and the type, the norm or the authoritative standard of its judgment can only be found in the spirit the inner being of humanity; that is, in the indispensable striving of the mind up to one harmonious arrangement of all the conceptions, or the idea of the true, and of the complete order of all purposes, or the idea of the good—the word "God" means "good" in all languages. All these ideas unite in the highest unity in the very idea of God. This is why the consciousness of a God is the revelation of the original, innate longing of reason after complete unity as a principle of universal and harmonious existence in our thinking and in our willing.

Of this, more in next article.

THE "TWIN SISTERS."

H. G. H.

Superintendent of Public Buildings Day and Dr. H. N. Graves of Georgetown did not succeed recently in unearthing the "Twin Sisters" said by the Doctor to have been buried by himself, another Confederate soldier and a colored man in the outskirts of Harrisburg in 1865. The topography of that section has greatly changed since that period and it was found difficult to locate the spot. Another attempt will be made by Mr. Day and Dr. Graves soon. Tradition has reported these cannon at ten or a dozen places since 1865, but no one has found them. It is highly probable that they are in the ground near Harrisburg where they were buried and will be dug up some day. They are easily distinguished from other cannon, six-pounders, of brass, just alike, with inscriptions stating that they were molded in Cincinnati, Ohio, and presented by the ladies of that city to the Texan army. They were landed by steamer at Valasco and hauled up to the battlefield of San Jacinto, where they were used for the first time. No such inscription as they contain can be found on any other cannon. Dr. Graves says he buried them to prevent their falling into the hands of the Union soldiers who had just landed on the coast and were marching toward Houston. The Doc-

tor years ago assured the writer that their burial near Harrisburg was a vivid fact in his memory. In the battle of San Jacinto, Ben McCulloch handled one of these cannon and John A. Wharton the other. They were loaded with all sorts of deadly missiles and are said to have done terrible execution in the fight, mowing down the Mexicans. It is a co-incidence worthy of being remembered that the cannon with which the Texan soldiers fought were contributed to the cause by Northern women, and that the flag which waved in the air and smoke above these cannon in the battle was made by the fair hands of Georgia women at Columbus on the Chattahoochee. On the top of the flagpole was securely fastened the kid glove taken from the hand of one of these women as she passed the flag into the hands of the bold outgoing Texan. No relic of early Texas days would create such interest as the finding and preservation of these cannon. Outside of assisting to win more than an empire, they are connected with the brilliant career of Ben McCulloch, who was killed at Elkhorn, Mo., and John A. Wharton, who was killed in the old Capitol Hotel in Houston just at the close of the Confederate war in a personal encounter.

THE REAL MAN.

Would you know the real man? Then learn the way he treats men. The test is certain, the interpretation sure. They never fail. If you have kind words to speak, speak them now. Do not wait till death has wrought the sad and tragic end and vandal hand has torn away the rose that blooms and grows upon the animated cheek. In the hard march of a million men, there is thirst for the look not given and hunger for the unspoken word. We chase with eager feet the phantom skirts of the Goddess of Gold, unmindful of a world of bruised and broken spirits, but just as certain as the Almighty lives and rules, the way we treat men will be the standard of the ages eternal by which we will either stand or fall. If you have kind deeds to do, do them now. Do not wait till dreamless sleep shall dim the lustre and beauty of the eye, or paints in colors white and pale the furrowed face that waited long the sympathetic touch. We do not always know the history of men. Misfortune's cruel shades may be crowding from their lives what light remains and beneath faded jackets often beat the hearts of honest men. Do not be too quick to judge. Be careful of the stranger within the gates; for just as certain as Jehovah's hand framed the universe, just so sure the way we treat men will be the scales into which we will be thrown on the dread issue of eternal life or death. If you have bits of bloom to give, give them now. Do not wait till caskets wind their dark and sinuous way along the parlor floor, or graves insatiate receive all that's mortal of friend or fellowman. Give the bit of green, the flower, now; while with elastic step the hope of life beats high and love fingers to kiss the hand and bless the soul of him who gives. In the balance of an hour empires have hung. Above the sleeping head of Lameoles the sword dangled by the frail tressure of a hair, to remind him that he was mortal. Truly, unsettled and uncertain are the affairs of men and on the throwing of a single die fortunes have been lost or won. The look of kindness given, the deed unselfishly done, the gift lovingly bestowed may to some appear the small dust of the balance, but they may be turntables upon which are headed human lives here and golden argosies upon which the soul may feast hereafter. To speak, to do, to give; "that's the question"; and greater soliloquy never jarred the throne, nor came thundering along the worlds to find a footing among men.

L. N. COOPER.
Hillsboro, Texas.

RELIGION

By Hon. J. T. Hammons,
Eastland, Texas

Article III.

I said in my last article that before and after Christianity, as I before stated, other religions made exactly the same claims for their sacred Scriptures. The book of the pious Brahman, the "Veda," is regarded as infallible and eternal; they believe the hymns of the old seers were not indited by their seers themselves, but were taken from an original copy in heaven. All Buddhists as devoutly believe in their "Dhammapadam" as the infallible sayings of its author, Buddha—their prophet—as a Christian truly converted does in the major and minor prophets of our Bible. As we believe in our Christ, so do they believe in the exact inheritance of the infallible words of the omniscient teacher, Buddha. The Zendavesta for its votaries contains the scriptural revelations of the good spirits unto their prophet Zarathustra; and the Jewish rabbies that the laws revealed unto Moses on Mount Sinai were even before the creation of the world the object of the observation of God; and to the faithful Mohanmedan the Koran is the copy of an ever-present original in heaven—the contents of the book were dictated word for word, as before stated, to Mohammed by the Angel Gabriel. Then whosoever may undertake to ponder these books to refute their authenticity for the sake of strengthening the Septuagint translation of our Bible, but with no proof that they are false, but with positive infallible proofs that ours are authentic, and is a direct revelation to us from God, will find it difficult to hold to the dogma that theirs, as held by the Christian Church, are false and untrue. I am not warranted by any evidence to say as much. I had rather let their documents and their religion lie undisturbed, and cling to the infallibility and inspiration of my Bible, which I know is true, with the same fidelity that they do to theirs, than to say that theirs are not true. Rather I would accept the view that in all these cases there are found by me the same motives of the religious mind that there is given an expression to the same need common to all seeking for an absolute and abiding basis for their faith. The student of history and the comparison of religions can discover in religions other than the Christian religion many very striking parallels to many narratives and teachings of our Bible. It might be of interest and information to you to recall some very important points. The Assyrian cuneiform writings have recently been deciphered, and there has been found a story of the Creation which has many characteristics in

common with those of our Genesis. A story of the Flood, which in its very details can be regarded as the forerunner of the story of the Flood in the Bible. They have found Assyrian penitential Psalms which, in consciousness of guilt and in earnestness of prayer for forgiveness, can well be compared with many Psalms of David of the Bible. The code of a Babylonian King, Hammurabi, who reigned 2300 years before Christ, has been dug from the dust of these centuries. The similarity of this code with many of the early Mosaic laws has excited the general attention to this very recent discovery. Scholars and archaeologists are finding from these fossils in the Persian religion teachings of the kingdom of God, of the good spirits who surround the throne of God, of the spirit hostile to God, and giving account of an army of the devil's demons, and of the judgment of each soul after death, of a heaven with eternal light, and of a dark abyss of hell, of the future struggle of the multitudes of bad and evil spirits and the victory and final triumph over the evil through the divine hero and Savior, and of the general resurrection of the dead, and of the awful destruction of the world and the creation of a new and better world—teachings which are also found in our last Jewish theology and apocalypses—so that the acceptance of a dependence of Jewish upon a corresponding Persian heathen teaching cannot well be avoided. Grecian influence is observed obviously in latter Jewish literature; Proverbs, in the wisdom of Solomon, the son of Sirach; and in Sirach, especially, in the Alexandrian Jewish theology, which gives thoughts of Plato of an eternal, ideal world, and of the heavenly home of the soul, and of the stoic conception of the divine world-ruling Logos. It is profitable here to say to the hearer that it is from this source that the Logos to which Plato had already ascribed the meaning of the Son of God and the messenger of a divine revelation, crossed over into our Christian theology and became the beginning of the foundation of the dogma of the Church concerning the name and person of our Jesus Christ. To greater importance than even all these was the opening of the East Indian, and there especially the Buddhist religious writings. In these writings are found, and we have, five hundred years before Christ, the revelation of redemptive religion, resting upon the ethical foundation of the abnegation of self and the withdrawal from the world. Gantama Buddha being the center of this religion, the great ideal

Notes From the Field

Stockdale Circuit.

On Aug. 15 we closed the summer campaign of revival meetings for the Stockdale Circuit. We began at Eclecto and held there about five or six days, at which meeting there were additions to the Church, and most of the members revived and strengthened spiritually. Rev. R. L. Collier, once a member of the West Texas Conference and now a local elder on this charge, did the preaching, which reached the needs of the sinner and made stronger the faith of the Christian. Bro. Collier is an able preacher. July 19 we began at Sunny Side and closed Sunday, July 25, and on July 29 Rev. John E. Green, of Houston, came and shelled the ranks of the enemy and encouraged the soldiers until Aug. 9. This was indeed a great meeting. Green is a power for good in the hands of our Lord. He puts the highchurchite to flight, drowns the waterfowl in the depth of his own native element, turns back the tide of sin in a town, preaches the gospel that saves, and wins for himself a place in the hearts of the people. He did us much good. There were thirty or more conversions, and during and since the meeting I have received 23 into the Church, and some joined the Baptists, and we received some from their meeting, which they began soon after ours closed. Bro. Collier started our meeting at Caddo on Friday before we closed at Stockdale. Rev. A. S. Whitehurst, our pastor at Bay City, Texas, came to us Monday at Caddo, and we closed there Aug. 15. There were 23 conversions at this meeting, besides reclamations, and we had 6 additions to the Church, and more to follow. Bro. Whitehurst did the old-time stirring preaching which convicts the sinner of sin and fits the believer on to a higher life. On the charge to date this year there have been 3 conversions and 52 additions to the Church, and several children baptized. Verily, I can say we have had a good year, by the help of the Lord, in spite of the drought. We have a good people to serve. Rev. E. A. Rowland, our energetic presiding elder, was with us at Stockdale Sept. 4 and 5; held our fourth quarterly conference and preached three splendid sermons. Pastor's and elder's salaries well paid up. We have a faithful board of stewards. We are somewhat behind with the collections ordered by the Annual Conference, but hope to make a clean sweep of them by the conference at Uvalde.—N. W. Carter, P. C., Sept. 9.

Hawkins Chapel, Canton Circuit, N. M.

Rev. Mote Hawkins, of Canyon City, Texas, and our P. C., Rev. Will Thomas, have just closed our revival meeting at this place. Bro. Thomas preached Sunday and Sunday night, Aug. 22. Bro. Hawkins arrived Monday and did the preaching the remainder of the meeting. We had several conversions. Seven joined us and the Church was strengthened. Yet there are many of our friends and neighbors, for whom we have offered many earnest prayers, still out in sin's "dark night." How men and women can resist such gospel as we had preached to us is a great mystery. While it was a Methodist meeting, the other denominations joined us in our effort to save souls. There was a Campbellite down in the altar praying for the salvation of her husband and children. One friend (quaker) came from fifty miles to get a spiritual feast, and got it. When the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Nazarenes, Friends and Campbellites got mixed up it was a little hard to tell which was which. We are rid of some of the conversions and here is a better spirit among professing Christians than there was a year ago. God was with us, and only Eternity can tell the full extent of the good done in our meeting. Aug. 29 was a great day for Methodism in this part of the territory. At 11 o'clock a. m. we had a great sermon on "The Home," in which each member of the family was admonished to do his whole duty. Dinner on the ground, after which the services of the afternoon were begun. First was baptizing the babies. Notwithstanding our immersion friends devote all their time to preaching doctrinal sermons, and we had never had a sermon on baptism, there were 11 children baptized. The new members were received into the Church then, and baptism by affusion administered. At this point Bro. Hawkins made us a talk of a few minutes on the mode of baptism, which will be a help to the new converts when they come into contact with the ever-present "proselyter." Next on the program was laying the cornerstone of our new church house. This was a great event. Out of a large congregation, only a very few had ever attended such a ceremony. Strange that people reared in the dear old States, settled so long ago, must come away out here on the plains, with the coyotes, to witness the laying of a church cornerstone. From here we proceeded to Mr. Turner's tank, where Bro. Thomas administered baptism by immersion to one candidate, who was not willing to be sprinkled. The evening service closed our meeting. Bro. Hawkins held our protracted meeting last summer. He was pastor of some of our people back in Texas, so that he is very dear to us and has done a great deal of good. Bro. Thomas is faithful and has given us a good year's work. We want him next year, and while we have paid our assessment this year, we hope to do better next year. We want to make it possible for him to do more pastoral work than he has been able to do this year. He is very anxious to see our church house completed, and is doing all in his power to advance the work. Our presiding elder tells us that, so far as he has been able to learn, there is not another rural congregation in the New Mexican territory which has made an attempt to build a house of worship. While we have not raised enough money to complete our church house now, our pastor and building committee think best to put up the outside and get it so that we can meet in it and finish the inside later. We lift up our hearts in thankfulness to

God when we look out and see the frame of our little church going up. While we thank God, we thank our friends whose contributions have made it possible for us to build. The memory of having helped to build the first rural church house in this great Territory will be a pleasure in this life and you will receive your reward in the life to come. Since my letter to the Advocate last March, Mrs. B. B. Moore, of Waxahachie, Texas, has contributed \$2.50. Another contribution of \$11 was received, with a request that the sender's name be withheld from the public. Crons are very short here, but we are going to keep pressing on till we are ready for dedication.—Mrs. A. J. Stewart, Painter, N. M.

Bandera.

In reporting my Medina meeting I neglected to state that Prof. G. P. Bledsoe led the singing for us. He is one of the finest choir leaders I ever heard.—S. J. Drake, Sept. 15.

Merit.

We are through with our revival meetings on the Merit charge, and trying to get in shape for come. The results of our meetings are eighty conversions and forty-four accessions and the collections nearly all in sight. The following brethren rendered valuable service: R. B. Moreland, T. J. Beckham and W. H. C. Elliott.—J. W. Beckham, Sept. 16.

Meridian Station.

We are having one of the greatest meetings in the history of Meridian. We had three conversions yesterday and twenty-four joined the Church, some by certificate, some by baptism and some by vows. My father, Rev. I. E. Hightower, from Grapevine, is doing the preaching to the delight of all. We are happy and expect great things yet to come.—C. C. Hightower.

Duster.

Had fine meeting here; twenty-eight conversions, thirteen additions to Methodist Church. Rev. U. J. Morton, local elder, rendered us most efficient service. Duster is in the bounds of the Sipe Springs charge. We organized a Church here with thirty-one members. Hope to build house to worship in by another year. The faith of the people is stronger and the hope brighter. Will commence meeting at Sand Hill September 18, at night.—M. M. Smith, P. C., Sept. 13.

Mangum, Okla.

We are having one of the greatest revivals ever held in Mangum—so the people say. We have had over a hundred conversions and nearly a hundred accessions up to date. The stores are closing day and night for the meeting. It is a great sight to see the business men as a body at the tabernacle at ten o'clock in the day. Many strong men have been converted. The singing is led by J. E. Buttrill, of Stamford, Texas. Bro. Buttrill is a fine singer and knows how to lead a choir. The Methodist people here are building one of the most handsome stone and brick churches to be found in Southwest Oklahoma. The estimated cost will be about thirty thousand dollars.—W. M. McIntosh, Sept. 14.

Lewisville Station.

We closed a two weeks' meeting last Sunday night at Lewisville. The Church was revived and as a result we baptized nineteen, received twenty-five into the Church; a splendid meeting. I was assisted the first ten days by Bro. Cohen of Dallas and part of the next week by Bro. K. R. Isbell of Decatur, both of whom rendered good service.—E. S. Hursey.

Rosalie.

We have held five protracted meetings in the bounds of this circuit. We have seen a goodly number of people converted to the Christian faith and a number have joined the M. E. Church, South. We have a great Church revival all over the charge. Bro. Gray, of Clarkeville, was with me at McKenzie Chapel and did good work and preached to the satisfaction of the people. He is a good revivalist and very earnest in his work. The fourth quarterly conference will soon be here, 6th and 7th of November. We are behind with finances now, but I believe we will be able to pay everything in full.—W. H. Head, P. C.

Oakdale Circuit.

Why not now hear from a portion of the Free State of Jack? Things have so shaped themselves that we have the Oakdale Circuit wholly in Jack County. In spite of our geographical position, many people are here—the best of people. Our protracted meetings were attended by great outpouring of the Holy Spirit. When our presiding elder, Bro. Barton, in his personal letter for one thousand conversions in his district,

we began to try to bring in our part. Our first meeting at Wilder was not all we desired, however, things were left better than we found them. We are much indebted to Bro. William Oliver, our faithful and efficient local preacher, for his executive ability. Many are praying in public who before were afraid to hear their own voice. Others are doing whatsoever their hands find to do. Several of the young lives gave themselves for special service. Our meeting at Oakdale was a spiritual uplift. We were helped in our next meeting at Barton's Chapel by Bro. O. T. Cooper, of Jacksboro. His heart-stirring and soul-inspiring sermons were sin-killers and Church-awakeners. The meeting was great in every way. The famous Wesley Chapel, the thorn in the side, was the next and last place on the work. All hands and the cook were alive to the need of a good meeting. "We are gone if we have no meeting," was the cry. Bro. Oliver, with Rev. Myers and the pastor, began hostilities. God was with us in every charge. By and by Quarterly Conference brought stewards and members from each of the other appointments with Bro. Barton to our assistance. Bro. Barton gave us three of his powerful revival sermons thus adding spiritual fuel to the already revival fire. After his leaving we ran the meeting on a few days, which resulted in seventy conversions and reclamations. Our labors have resulted in conversions and reclamations 110. Some fifty-odd have united with the Church. Little behind on the salary, but our people are loyal. Will pull out everything in spite of the drought. We praise God from whom all blessings flow.—L. D. Shawver, Sept. 17.

Irene.

The laymen of Irene charge, with Bro. J. H. Walker, our pastor, had been giving a series of lectures at each appointment, and on the first Sunday of this month we had the pleasure of having them with us at Irene and can say that the Church was greatly benefited. The program was performed and the cause of missions was greatly benefited. I think our pastor will go to Annual Conference this year with a clear list in spite of the bad crops.—J. C. Lowe, Sept. 17.

Alma and Bardwell.

These two charges were thrown together last conference in order, as I suppose, to move the parsonage from old Bardwell to the new town and to build a church there. The work is done, and we have one of the nicest churches I ever saw in a small town. It is simply a beauty and we are all proud of it. We closed a meeting there on the first day of September. This was in every respect a great meeting. Bro. E. R. Patterson helped us most of the time and did fine work. On the whole charge we have had a few more than 200 professions. Bro. R. F. Dunn helped us in one meeting and did great good. Bro. J. L. Greenhaw, one of our faithful local preachers, helped us in two meetings besides one he worked up in a neglected place where there had been no preaching for years till he went there and preached a few times, and started a meeting. I helped him a few days and we had a fine meeting and organized a Church. Bro. Reed, one of our local preachers, helped all he could. Young Bro. Hays, a student at Georgetown, preached his first sermon in the Bardwell meeting, and did extremely well. He did fine work in three meetings. Bro. George McClelland, who comes to us from the Protestants, conducted the singing in four meetings. He is a fine singer and a good man and did us great good. This has been one of the very best years of my life. The Lord has been with me and the people have been kind and good to us throughout the whole charge. I love them all. The conditions demand that the charge divide this fall and go back as it was, and I know not where my lot will be cast. I feel sure that by the help of the good Lord I have in a large measure done what I was sent here to do, and now I am ready for another hard job.—M. W. Rogers.

Milburn.

I am now in my last meeting for this year. The Lord has wonderfully blessed me this year. I have seen something over one hundred and fifty souls saved during this summer. The Lord was the leader in our meetings. May he receive all honor and glory. I closed a meeting last Monday at Vargo Chapel, which was one of the most successful meetings that I have been in this summer. The Lord gave us forty-five souls during the meeting, and this does not include the children who professed during the special service for children. I held a special service for the young people and a great many were led to Christ. The majority of the professions were men and women who were heads of families. Several family altars were erected during the meeting. The Church in general was revived—so many Christians reconsecrated themselves to God. I received twenty-six

members into the Church—twenty-one were baptized, and five received by taking the Church vows before the meeting was closed. I organized an Epworth League with thirty-five members. I feel that our Leaguers will accomplish great things at Vargo Chapel. Bro. Shelby Estes and wife were with me in the meeting. I was very glad that Bro. and Sister Estes were with us. I feel that they were a great blessing to us. Everybody was glad that Bro. and Sister Estes were with us, because they were almost raised in this part of the country. I am now in my last meeting for the year, which is being held at Mercury, Texas.—Shan M. Hull.

Kirbyville Station.

We are making some progress in our work. In the early part of the year we had Rev. C. J. Oxley, our Sunday-school Field Secretary, to hold a Sunday-school institute. He did us splendid work, and while we were not able to put into practical use very many of his methods, yet he brought an enthusiasm that has been very uplifting to the Sunday-school work. I am sure there is no better man in the field than Bro. Oxley. We then set to work for a revival and in May Rev. Abe Mulkey and his singer, Stanley Berdine, came. They did us faithful work. There were not many conversions because the year before the charge had a sweeping revival and nearly everyone is a member of some Church, and the work was inside the Church. The last night of the meeting Bro. Mulkey took a collection to build a parsonage and secured in good subscription something over \$1100 and we have now nearing completion one of the nicest homes in the town. It will be a credit to the Church and I am sure will be a great pleasure to the preacher and his family. We have a splendid community. This is a town of some 3000 inhabitants. One of Jno. H. Kirby's mills is located here and of course that keeps business lively. This is a local option town. The fact is Jasper County is local option. This is the home of the Hon. E. J. Kelly, the man that helped to defeat submission, and the other day at the old soldiers' reunion he announced for office, but I tell you, and will notify him, that there will be something doing when he starts. The fight is already on and with your words of the battle cry, Mr. Editor, I say, "On with the battle." We are now on the home stretch and trust we shall be able to make a full report at Jacksonville in December. My Church gave me a month's vacation which was greatly enjoyed. I assisted in two meetings in the Northwest Texas Conference; had a great time.—C. H. Adams, Sept. 14.

Ector Circuit.

I closed my last meeting for this year on Tuesday night, Sept. 14, at Mulberry, on Red River. Rev. Walter Douglass did most of the preaching. Such a meeting as we did have! Between sixty and seventy-five conversions and fifty-six added to the roll. We raised \$121.90 for Bro. Douglass and paid a four-year-old debt of \$65.00, and raised \$8.50 to buy a stove with, and secured seven new subscribers to the Advocate. Mulberry will pay for a full Sunday next year. This is my fourth year on this charge and it is by odds the best of the four. We had the best meeting here at Ector of any year yet. Rev. J. O. Peterson of Ladonia helped me. Have received one hundred and twelve members up to date and dismissed sixty-eight, which leaves a net gain of sixty-four. The preacher's and presiding elder's salary will be paid in full, and all collections up and over. He who comes to Ector after conference may well be proud of his appointment.—R. L. Ely, P. C.

Pioneer Circuit.

We have just closed our sixth protracted meeting, each of which resulted in the advancement of the kingdom. We had as earnest, consecrated, efficient help as could be commanded, viz.: J. W. Patison, W. W. Moss, A. E. Turney and R. F. Brown; Rev. A. J. Canafax helped no little. We have had fifty-seven conversions and forty-seven additions to the Church, an increase of 20 per cent. Pleasant Valley built a tabernacle which was dedicated by the tears and shouts of the people during the revival. The Sunday-school work has grown very perceptibly during the year. The assessment for salary was raised 4 per cent and the assessment for conference collection was raised 23 per cent; yet we expect to pay out. Much of our success is due to the emphasis laid on revival work by our presiding elder in the old-time quarterly meetings of the year.—W. T. Jones, P. C.

Hamilton.

In reading in your columns the notes from the field I see a report from Hamilton. Of course our man there could not speak of himself and his work. Permit me to speak for him. When Bro. Campbell went to Hamilton he found the Church split



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in two, and many of the members withdrawn. He was soon master of the situation. The Church early came to realize that there was a man of affairs at the Methodist parsonage. The Church is now a strong, united, aggressive body of Christian workers. No factions, no dissensions. Nor is this all. There are five Churches in Hamilton. Bro. Campbell dispenses the gospel to three of them. All the Churches were brought together for organized work for the Master in our recent revival. The man at the head of Christian endeavor in Hamilton is named Campbell—a man who can go into the saloons and invite men to come to Church and they give him the most deferential and respectful hearing and then close up their places of business and go; a man who can preach on the street and in the church and hold the men as by magic. He loves men and they love him. The Christian people of Hamilton are united and they are efficient. They love to sin "Blest Be the Tie" and "Tis the Old Time Religion." God bless 'em!—B. E. M., Nashville, Tenn.

Estelline.

We have just closed our second meeting on the charge which completes our meetings for the year. We surely have a noble people. They stand by the Church and support it with their substance. The salary this year has been raised to \$1000 which is \$200 raise over last year. A nice new 7-room parsonage with two closets, a hall and a 48-foot porch is being constructed. The carpenters are putting on the siding and it will be finished before conference. The total cost will be about \$2000. It has a solid concrete block foundation and will be one of the handsomest buildings in the town when finished. It is a modern bungalow. Bro. A. L. Moore and Bro. J. T. Hicks, as well as our splendid presiding elder, gave us fine preaching and valuable assistance in our meetings. The love and prayers of my people will follow them to the end of life. During the meetings we had 35 conversions. During

A SERMON

By REV. ISAAC ZACHARY TAYLOR MORRIS

PART III.

How strange it seems and yet how natural it is that in the origin of this great movement we find the women, but if you will glance through these verses of this great parable you will find that in the third factor there is no insignificant meaning. Here is a representative meaning. Our Lord brought before the Church of God the other two representative men and used a significant phrase. They said, "I go." This man says, "I have married a wife and therefore I cannot come."

He had the idea of staying with his wife. I presume, of course, he had made preparation; purchased him a home, and that it was a model home; had everything in it necessary to equip a home. I presume it was the best home in that country, and he said, "I have married me a wife." Not a woman, but a wife. You understand that our Lord was selecting and it is His privilege to select; He selected everything which He needed in His work, and on investigating the greatest influence that we have brought to bear upon the Church from its early history down to the present time, will find various things: great men, great institutions, great sermons, great books, many great things, but I believe that after all of our investigation and give to each institution its proper place, we will find that three words cover the greatest institution the Church has ever had: Home, Wife, Mother.

There is nothing in the history of our great men that has had more to do with making them great than the influence of home. A leading United States Senator was making a talk to an assembly of men and boys. He had filled every office from constable to United States Senator. Talking to them about events in his life, and all of us have them, we think of our birthdays, our marriage anniversaries, and we old Confederate soldiers remember the day we were mustered into service, remember the day when we were marched out with our backs to the battlefield and our faces toward home; we remember the day when we were converted and joined the Church of God; this Senator said, "I have had eventful days in my life; I have filled the office of constable, justice of the peace, county judge, represented my county in the Legislature, in the State Senate, in Congress, even been the Governor of my State, and am now in the United States Senate; I went to primary school, academy, college and university; all these have influenced my life and somewhat equipped me to fill the position I now occupy, but of all the influences and events in my life none have been so great and so eventful as that wife and that place where my father and mother lived and I was pleased to call home."

Not a hotel, not a boarding place, not light housekeeping, but home. Beautiful situation, kept just as near like heaven as can be made here on earth. In that home was a wife with a wife's love and a wife's influence, influence upon that husband when he came out of the busy world of life, coming from the store or workshop, law office or any department of business; there was a mother, a wife, to receive that man, to refresh his weary mind, and make his hours at home sweet and beautiful. That is the kind of woman that man had married.

That is the kind of women that laymen need to marry. I do not believe she was the President of the Wednesday Club, nor of the Civic Society, nor of the Shakespeare Club, and it takes my level best to believe that she was the President of the Home Mission Society even; I am very well satisfied that she would not have been traveling agent and organizer of the Home Mission Society.

There may not be much in this, but I am here to tell you that from my last ten years' experience and my most daily experience now. I announce that I do believe that one of the greatest evils of this country is the unmatched marriages, the infelicity in the home. A disposition and desire to be a woman in the place of a wife. Read the biographies of our great men, get close to them, hear them tell of how often they have been ready to give up the fight, turn the victory over to the devil, but by some coincidence they are carried home. They were brought into the sweet influence of that home. They hear the sweet voice of that woman who was president of that home. Even if she did have to use the Board of Education on some of those boys, she did it just the same. Now, I believe Jesus had His eye on these things when He was talking here. He not only wanted a man equipped for business, trained to contend with evils, but He wanted a man equipped with a home influence, and I believe that the object of this laymen's movement

is to look back to the homes as well as across the sea.

Now, how about the ultimate result of the organization of this great movement? Well, I have described the kind of people I believe the Lord wanted to use. He wants them today; He has always wanted them, but does He get them? I am sorry to say that He does not. What about it; does His work go on? He wants this kind of representatives, but be ye assured that the Lord's Church is not dependent on man.

Were these people guilty of any great crime? I do not think they were. What were their troubles? Simply this. They did not want to bring their talents, labors, skill, money and influence into subjection to the will of God. They might have given it provided it had been wanted and accepted as a third, fourth, or it may be a second consideration; but the Lord said, "No, give me thy heart and where thy treasure is there the heart will be also. Let Me be the leader, the ruler. I do not propose to take you laymen on the poor farm, or put you on the city, or make you dependent altogether; but I want what I have given you to be used as I direct." Submit your talent to God and let Him help you use it.

How strange it is that people never see any great mistakes or troubles or sorrows outside of the Church of God! They read daily of bank failures, large institutions failing, men taking their lives, because of the loss of a few dollars, men toiling and laboring, doing even worse than driving oxen, and accomplishing apparently nothing. Read of divorce cases by the hundred. See accounts of suicide on account of domestic infelicity. Go out to asylums; see the men and women hopelessly insane, brought about by domestic infelicity, and yet they seem to think that when they surrendered their all to Christ, their business capacities, their labors, their accumulated wealth, their wives, their children, that it means destruction; it means misery, and they have but to look to the Church. Look at our Publishing House. How many thousands of dollars, yea, how many millions of dollars have passed through that institution, and not a dollar gone wrong. We have had men to manage it from the beginning with thousands of dollars going through their hands and, so far as I know, no bond has been required of one of them. Look at our institutions; missionary causes, church extension, superannuated preachers' fund; look at the millions of dollars that pass through the Church year after year, and not a dollar misappropriated. See what God can do if you only Give Him a chance.

Now these are my own thoughts on this parable. I may be wrong; I may have different opinions to what other people have; but until somebody gives me a better opinion of this I think I shall stay with it.

NOTES AND COMMENTS FROM HOLSTON.

1. Denominational Schools.

The contribution of the several "Christian" Churches to the higher education of the people in "Virginia" and "Tennessee" is not usually considered in the glorying of educators over the advantages furnished by the States in the high schools and other institutions. The extent of the great work done by Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists cannot be fully estimated by the present generation of teachers and learners.

In 1907 the "private schools" listed by the "State Superintendent of Tennessee" numbered 225, with 42,538 pupils enrolled and having school property estimated at \$10,257,520. Just how many of these schools are "Church" schools is not easily stated, but it is likely that a majority of them are under the control of the evangelical Churches.

Of the older institutions of learning named in this report Washington College in Washington County, Hiwassee College in Monroe County, Carson and Newman College in Jefferson County are notable examples of what three of the Churches have done for the people of the counties where these schools are located. For more than 50 years these and others have been kept in running order by the respective Church organizations, through many personal sacrifices of the ministers, teachers and public-spirited members of the several Churches.

In some quarters these Churches are asked to surrender their cherished plants or to combine them with others so as to take away the so-called "sectarian" character. Is it not true that schools, with distinct re-

ligious influences are as much needed now as they were in the 18th or 19th century? If Church organizations are continued, with increasing popular approval, then the literary training of a portion of each Church should be kept in the hands of its own teachers. If we are to have Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist Churches in city, town and country, then these denominations of Christians need to have schools for as many of their Church members as may desire them and for the literary culture of all the people under some religious influences.

The schools of these evangelical Churches are not "sectarian" in the sense so often applied to them.

2. Connectional Boards at the Annual Conferences.

The editor of the Midland Methodist in a recent note calls attention to some matters connected with the presentation of the several connectional interests at the Annual Conferences of the Church. He pleads for a fair division of time, for the Board of Church Extension. This board being more recently organized than the Board of Missions and not so much pushed forward as some other interests, is frequently outrun by other connectional athletes and fails to make as large collections.

It seems to be a great mistake in conference sessions to make them so largely anniversaries of the "Connectional Boards" for the purpose of gathering benevolent funds.

The old-time, careful examination into the work of the year and each preacher's performance of his part in the evangelizing of the people under his charge, is either neglected or attended to in such haste as to be practically useless for the purpose in hand.

The methods of these connectional officers often bear with extraordinary hardship on rural pastors and their charges. For example the raising of Church Extension funds in the Tennessee portion of Holston to build churches in Oklahoma or other Western States looks like making the poor poorer and the rich richer. The people who go from Tennessee to the Western States take all the money they can get to buy farms and build homes, and if Church members in their native State leave the Church there less able to repair the old church or support a pastor. While it is true they ought to have churches in the new field, they should manage to get a start with some self-denial which their going away induces the home people to practice.

The country mission charges in Holston are in some cases caused by this emigration of Church members and the persistent collection of the benevolent assessments. We are making mission charges at-home by collections for missions in China. By collecting Church Extension assessments on country circuits in Holston to be applied in building churches and parsonages in Oklahoma and other rapidly growing States we have been taking from these circuits what was urgently needed at home for the plainest kind of frame church houses.

The General Board of Church Extension does not return to these circuits as much as they send away.

3. Walking a Circuit in Tennessee.

Not long ago a notice appeared in a Tennessee paper that a young preacher, a student of the Vanderbilt University, had taken charge of a mission circuit covering almost an entire county, with "no horse to ride and no means with which to buy." The presiding elder who writes the notice does not give the name of the young preacher or of the circuit where horses are so scarce that he must go afoot to preach the gospel. It seems to the writer that there is no proper apology in this 20th century for any preacher taking charge of a large circuit like this one without a horse and other equipment for successful work. If his work was in China the Church would not send him and so ought not to send him to a circuit in the mountains of Tennessee.

If the country of this mountain section has been thrown out until a whole county is without preaching by the Methodists, a great Church covering the thickly settled portions for almost a hundred years should put a man on a horse, with some money in his pocket so he can reach these mountain people without embarrassment.

It is true that other preachers on good circuits in these older conferences are essaying to fill the country appointments for preaching by walking when not supplied by the kindness of a farmer brother.

Sometimes the reason for this arrangement is that it does not pay to keep a horse to reach the churches away from the railroad and by walking the preacher has more time at home. No mountain or country circuit can be rightly served with the gospel by filling the regular appointments once a month. No preacher can visit rural homes, as his duty requires, without being properly mounted and ready to go without delay when needed most.

A circuit too small or too poor to

A Soda Cracker is Known by the Company it Keeps

It is the most natural thing in the world for exposed crackers to partake of the flavor of goods ranged alongside. In other words, a soda cracker is known by the company it has kept. On the other hand

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support a pastor and feed his horse ought to be made larger and stronger or promptly aided by the Conference Board of Missions. A Methodist preacher too poor to fit himself out for work should wait until the proper equipments are in hand.

4. Anti-Prohibition in Holston.

Soon after the Tennessee portion of Holston was free from saloons the Virginia portion of Bristol having been colonized by saloon voters during the past year or more voted on July 8 to restore saloons to that little city on the State line.

What the outcome of this unexpected turn will be the wisest of our people are not able to predict.

Assuredly this set-back to the exclusion of saloons from the towns and small cities in Virginia will call forth an expression of the out-of-town folks at the next general election in that State. If the country voters are still to be dominated by the large cities it would seem nothing but right for the rurals to combine and free the entire State from this monumental curse of our civilization and compel the floating population of these cities to observe the laws prohibiting the traffic in intoxicants. At any rate the churches of this mountain country are and will be in line for the conflict with the saloons.

5. Conference Meeting.

The on-to-conference-campaign is now at hand. Two months from this date the Holston pastors and the district delegates will go up from Tennessee and down from Virginia to Johnson City, now a hustling city at the great railway crossing in old Washington County. Jonesboro, seven miles west, was once a place for conference meetings but is so no longer. This is the first meeting of our Annual Conference in this young city. May the spiritual results be like unto the old time Brush Creek Camp-meeting held by the fathers at the nearby camp ground.

J. R. PAYNE

Washington College, Tenn.

A HOT BATTLE.

The battle in Childress County has been a hot one. As usual the women and the Church had to take the burden of the abuse.

"This is a campaign led by the hypocritical, political preachers, who haven't sense enough to understand the teaching of the Bible, and the poor, deluded women." Why need we say the saloon crowd is against the Church? They plead guilty in every speech.

"Christianity does not dwell in the churches. They have laws made compelling you to close your business, against you going fishing or hunting on Sunday and against your betting your

own money on races or games; and if you antis don't rise up and stop such intrusion on your rights they will soon be sending the officer around Monday morning and put you in jail if you did not go to church on Sunday."

"I want to go to heaven because the Lord instituted the sacrament and used wine and said he would drink it with them in the kingdom above. We have wine and drink it here and we will drink it up there. But the old prohibitionist will knock at the door and St. Peter will say 'I never knew you; depart into everlasting darkness. We have wine in here and you hated it down yonder and you can't come in here.' Not one of them will get in up there."

However the hits at the Church and preachers in the fight went wide of the mark, for this fight has been led by the lawyers, doctors, teachers, merchants, real estate men and farmers. It is the only fight for local option that I was ever in that the preachers could be just private soldiers obeying orders. We have simply brought up the rear and shouted amen to the great truths uttered by others.

More than one hundred business and professional men signed a remonstrance against the return of the saloon, leaving only eight or ten favoring it.

I have felt proud of the citizenship of our town and county, but now since I've seen them tried in this conflict I feel a pride which cannot be expressed in words.

Dr. J. W. Hill, R. C. Dial, Sterling P. Strong and Cyclone Davis did us some fine work in some unanswerable speeches.

The antis refused absolutely to discuss the saloon and its benefits, but simply the question of Bible condemnation of prohibition as a principle, contending that God made all good and all evil and because of this it was not right to deny them the right to sell and use whatever they want.

Four and one-half years ago the county went dry by a majority of twenty-three and now we have carried by a majority of four hundred and thirty. There were eleven hundred votes cast, the antis getting three hundred and thirty-five, and the pros seven hundred and sixty-five.

A. E. BUTTERFIELD
Childress, Tex., Sept. 6, 1909.

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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.

OUR CONFERENCES.

German Mission, Houston, Bishop Key, Oct. 21; West Texas, Dallas, Bishop Key, Oct. 22; Northwest Texas, Sherman, Bishop Key, Nov. 10; North Texas, Paris, Bishop Key, Nov. 23; Texas, Jacksonville, Bishop Key, Dec. 1.

JOINT BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

The Joint Board of Publication will meet at First Methodist Church, Dallas, Tuesday, October 12, at 10 a. m. Let the members take due notice. J. W. HILL, President.

In addition to the sad intelligence through the Associated Press announcing the death of Bishop Ward, Dr. W. R. Lambuth very thoughtfully telegraphed the news to us. The Advocate extends thanks for this courtesy. The telegram reads as follows: "Hager cables that Bishop Ward died peacefully Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock."

In the death of Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, the people not only of his own State, but of all the Nation have suffered an irreparable loss. His life was an illustration of what energy and pure motives can do for the young men of this country. He was loved by the people of all parties. Even President Taft recently said of him: "The country cannot spare him. He must live, for the people of the Nation will some day call on him to serve them."

In Precinct No. 6 in Travis County there was recently held a local option election and we won out by an overwhelming majority. This precinct comprises one-fourth of the county and it lies in a thickly populated section where the rural saloon has done immense harm. A great many foreign population live in the territory and many of them must have voted the dry ticket, for the vote stood 283 dry and 76 wet. Thus we continue to win territory. Also away out in El Paso County we won recently a good section of that county. Floresville, in Wilson County, was redeemed from the bar-room not long since. The war is on and there is no cessation from the conflict. Let the cry go down the line. On with the battle!

BISHOP WARD IS DEAD.

Bishop Ward passed peacefully away last Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock in Kobe, Japan. This is a sad announcement, but for some days it was constantly expected. The first news from him gave no hope for his recovery. The fact is, when we bade him good-bye at the Southland Hotel in this city a few weeks ago, we did not expect to see him return alive. His condition then was very serious, and we were surprised that his friends at Houston permitted him to leave home; but the physicians there thought that the sea voyage would give him absolute rest and that was what he needed. But it developed later that he had a tumor on the brain and by the time he reached Japan it had fully developed and his fate was sealed. After his illness was announced, it was reported that Brights' disease was the trouble, but the true source of his malady was as above indicated. On the first page of the Advocate will be found an extended sketch of his life and character prepared by the editor last Monday, before he left on Tuesday for El Paso for the seat of the New Mexico Conference. The announcement of the Bishop's death came just as the editorial was finished.

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT THE PANHANDLE.

In my last I promised to say something further about the Panhandle brethren and their work. So will make a few more observations.

As I approached Clarendon on my return Rev. O. P. Kiker, the pastor, boarded the train for Dallas, and I had pleasant company to help break the monotony of my trip. He is engaged in building the new church at Clarendon. That is, he is getting ready. The plans have been adopted and work will soon be advancing. It will cost \$30,000 and when finished will be the leading church structure in that section. He has a large and growing congregation, for our work is strong at that point. The school there makes it such necessarily. Those Clarendon people are a plucky set. They do not mind to tackle big enterprises. Brother Kiker is popular among them and they recognize his leadership. He is doing a great work. The Clarendon College has opened its best term—best in numbers and excellent in the quality of its student body. The buildings are in good condition and others are in contemplation. Rev. George Slover has his hand on the situation and the prospects of the school were never better. It is one of our right hands of power in the Panhandle. It is there that we are training our boys and girls for the work of life and in a few more years they will be in the lead up there in Church and State. To take care of them, then, is an important duty. Clarendon College is doing it splendidly. Professor Burkhead is one of the forces of the school. He is polished, scholarly, a teacher of long years of experience and fine qualification and a superlative optimist.

At Memphis Rev. B. R. Bonner and his people are engaged in erecting a handsome church building. It will cost up into the thousands. It will be a gem when completed and for a generation it will meet the needs of that growing little city. Memphis has a progressive population and our people are among the foremost of the place. Brother Bonner is directing things in good shape, and his people are in hearty accord with his plans. At Plainview another church edifice of fine proportions is in process of construction. Rev. Thomas Barcus and his people are now pressing the enterprise. It will be costly, modern and a credit to that growing section of the West. Plainview is making rapid strides and it is one of the coming towns of that section. Claude, Hereford, Canyon City, Dalhart and other towns are making progress. Our preachers are doing well and bring up good reports at Stamford next conference. Rev. George S. Wyatt is in great favor with his people at Canadian, and they say he is doing the work of

his life. His preaching, his pastoral work and his leadership are highly spoken of by them all. And he is happy and contented with his work; in fact he is delighted.

Rev. C. N. N. Ferguson is busy with his agency for Clarendon College. He has been somewhat retarded in his work by the strenuous condition of money matters now prevalent over the country, but he is collecting some of the outstanding notes and securing contributions. He is a man of ability and business tact; and he is full of energy and vim.

All that section, both ministers and laymen, are a unit on the new conference enterprise, and they are hopeful of large results when they set up for themselves. That division project is no enterprise of the Advocate; it is for the brethren in the present conference to settle. But the Advocate does record facts of interest to the Church. Hence we say that we heard not one word against the action of the Commission appointed to recommend a plan of division and whose report has already been accepted up that way. It will not be many years until that will be a thickly settled section of the State. It is developing rapidly and a new district will have to be formed, mostly out of the Amarillo District, with a little slicing from the Vernon and the Plainview. That will make seven districts in the territory proposing to go to housekeeping on its own account. So if the Northwest Texas Conference accepts the results of its Commission on division and boundary lines, the young conference will start off well to begin with. But it is with them as they are now constituted to determine this question. They are wise men and know how to cope with the intricate proposition. G. C. R.

REV. JOHN M. MOORE, D. D.

Bishop Key has transferred Rev. Jno. M. Moore, D. D., to the St. Louis Conference and the secular papers tell us he is stationed at St. John's Church in that great city. We presume that the information is correct. Dr. Moore spent nearly eight years in Texas, serving Travis Park Church, San Antonio, four years, where his labors were greatly blessed. He paid the parsonage out of debt and built a splendid new church and left the congregation well organized and the Sunday-school flourishing. Then he came to Dallas as pastor of First Church, where he served with signal ability for three years and a half. While here he projected an enterprise to secure the fine lot on Harwood Street just in the rear of the Carnegie Library, and while a number of the leading members did not think it the wise thing to do still he persisted, and now the Church owns one of the most valuable sites in the city.

From here Dr. Moore went to Nashville as the Managing Editor of the Nashville Advocate, where he has since served with signal ability. Now he goes to the leading Church in Southern Methodism and we wish for him great success in his new field. He has elements of leadership and the St. John's people will find him a man of convictions, able to cope with most any situation.

A DAY IN THE WAXAHACHIE DISTRICT PARSONAGE.

We spent a day recently with Rev. T. S. Armstrong at Waxahachie, the presiding elder of that district. He lives in one of the best district parsonages in the State—due largely to the enterprise of Rev. O. F. Sensabaugh who secured it while traveling that district. Brother Armstrong tells us that the most devastating drouth ever known in that county has been on for months and that in places the crops are not simply cut short, but blasted altogether. Yet he says that his preachers and people are working manfully and he thinks that in the main good reports will be made. That is one of the wealthiest sections of Texas when good seasons prevail, but it is hard hit this year. Brother McClure, at Waxahachie Station, is in good case with his people, and his work is of the best character. Brother Armstrong is a very busy man. He lives much in the field. He is not a

presiding elder in name, but in fact. He camps round with his preachers, helps them at all weak points and encourages them under all circumstances. He is strong and robust and there is no limit to his energy and his hopefulness.

THE ADOCCATE HAS INFLUENCE.

Recently we called attention to some so-called clubs in this city that were running as bald liquor shops and doing it without license under the guise of chartered clubs. Immediately the Attorney General's Department at Austin clipped the paragraph and mailed it to us asking us to furnish the department with the names of such clubs and other information. We did so, and First Assistant Attorney-General Hawkins appeared on the scene and now there is a flutter among the so-called clubs. He will ask their charters to be revoked and that the men holding them be prosecuted. Things can be done when you go at them the right way. These clubs are a disgrace to civilization and an outrage on the morals of the city. Have you any of them in your community? If so, give the names of them to the Attorney-General and send along the information and they will come to grief.

A FEW HOURS AT NORTH TEXAS FEMALE COLLEGE.

A few hours were spent pleasantly at the North Texas Female College last week. The institution was like a bee hive in the honey flow. Everything was bustle and energy. No wonder when we tell you that Mrs. Key has had the largest opening in the history of the college. She has three hundred and thirty-odd boarding pupils and still they come. She has filled all her available room and is renting other rooms. The dining room looked like one great panorama of beauty and life at the dinner hour. We have rarely ever sat down under one roof with such a vast multitude. They are there from everywhere. And the quality of the student body was never finer. The young ladies had the appearance of well raised and refined homes, and they are there to finish themselves for the work of life. All the departments are full. The classes are up to the limit in numbers, and the music department is swarming. It is wonderful what a hold our college at Sherman has upon the young woman life of Texas and surrounding States.

Dr. Williams is taking hold with success and favor. He is an accomplished scholar and a very refined gentleman. He is a good accession to the college force.

Brother Spurlock, the Business Manager, did good work during the vacation, and he is doing the same all the year round. He is one of the indispensable adjuncts of the institution. Mrs. Key knows how to find men for all departments of work, and when she gets them installed they are permanent. In all respects the college was never so prosperous as at the present time.

STATE CONVENTION OF MOTHERS' CLUBS.

The first annual convention of Mothers' Clubs for the State of Texas will be held in the auditorium of the First Methodist Church in this city beginning October 18, 1909. A large attendance is expected, and a fine program has been prepared for the occasion. Mrs. J. N. Porter, of Dallas, and a prominent member of First Church, is the State President, and she and her co-workers are sparing no pains to make the meeting a great success. The object of this meeting, as we understand it, is to bring the mothers of the State into closer touch with each other in the moral and spiritual interest of the rising generation. It is a sad fact that hundreds and thousands of the children of this country have practically no training in this respect; and the results, which are already beginning to appear, are most disastrous to the Church and to society at large. Many mothers are so taken up with fashion and a desire to shine in the world, that they neglect the

training of their children—an indispensable prerequisite to good citizenship in every age and country—and it is the hope and aim of these good ladies to inaugurate a healthy and effective reform in this respect all over the land. We understand that special attention is given in these clubs and conventions to the work of Sunday-schools and as to how mothers may best interest their children in this important institution of the Christian Church. This of itself should be sufficient to interest the Christian public in the work of these ladies, and we hope that they may have the cooperation and encouragement which they merit and deserve.

Let the reader turn to the page containing the report for the week of Fort Worth Methodism. When pastors can make reports like that at their weekly meetings it encourages all the workers everywhere. Brother Ashley Chappell has the proper idea of reporting these meetings. He gives the meat.

Rev. L. S. Barton, of the Decatur District, is one of our live presiding elders. He eats no idle bread. Day and night find him at his post. He not only preaches everywhere, but he looks carefully over the field and enters every opening. He is now planning for a thirty days' campaign for the Laymen's Movement. He is pushing that to the front in all his charges. His aim is to enlist his laymen in every good word and work. In fact, he strives to levy a tax on all the resources of his territory. Wherever he finds a man who can be utilized he lays hands on him and puts him to work. So Decatur District is coming to the front all along the line.

Rev. J. W. Story has recently issued a "Hand Book of Texas Methodism," and he was kind enough to compliment the Advocate with a copy of the same. It comprises information of a very valuable character, and it puts it in just such shape as to make it most convenient. In condensed form it contains the history of the origin, progress and present status of Texas Methodism, with a list of all the preachers, a statement of our missionary, educational and material development. In other words, it is a hand book of Texas Methodism. Brother Story's address is Hereford, Texas.

Rev. C. M. Harless, D. D., of the Sherman District, has prepared and had published in neat pamphlet form a sermon on "Divine Preservation and Human Perseverance," and we have a copy of it before us. It is a thorough review of the doctrine of apostasy as held and preached by Arminians on the one hand and as combated and resisted by Calvinists on the other hand. Dr. Harless goes into the question in an analytical manner, quoting largely from the position of the Calvinists and pointing out their error fully, and then giving what we as a Church conceive to be the true Scriptural view of the question. It is an exhaustive discourse and its distribution among our people is needed at this time. They are constantly hearing sermons on the other side of this subject by Baptists and others, and it is time that we were giving to them our doctrine as we believe and preach it.

One of the most reprehensible practices among so-called Christians is the unbrotherly criticisms often indulged in toward an absent brother. It ought to go without saying that every man is doing the best he can; and if he happens to fail, it is the part of Christian charity to help him to a better life, and it certainly does not help him to vilify him behind his back. Moreover, it is cowardly to do so. We call a man an assassin who stabs another in the back with a knife, and who is it who would not prefer to have his back hurt rather than his reputation? Envy is the acknowledgment of conscious inferiority, and slander is the weapon of a sneak. Let brave men face each other, and let brethren dwell together in unity!

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF BISHOP WARD

Continued from Page One

men are only agents in the divine plan, and God buries his workmen, but carries forward his work. His plans can not fail. So in this personal calamity we bow our heads and reverently say, "Thy will, not ours, be done." The Judge of all the earth does right, and the wisdom of his providence will be made manifest as the years rush by.

To us this visitation is a personal grief. We knew Seth Ward as we have known but few men. We served under him while he was presiding elder of the Houston District, and for fifteen years we were close personal friends. We loved him as a brother, and we were attached to him as a friend. We have trusted him to the limit, and not once did he ever betray

our confidence or regard our tender relation lightly. Under all circumstances he was the same modest, unobtrusive, faithful and devoted friend and brother. We never heard or saw anything in his private or public life not in keeping with the dignity and bearing of the Christian gentleman. He was as pure in thought and as clean in speech as a cultured and refined girl. No one ever heard an unchaste word fall from his lips. In every sense of the word he was a true minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ; and in forming this estimate of his life and character we speak from a long and intimate personal acquaintance with Bishop Ward. We shall miss his fellowship and counsel, and we feel a sense of loneliness because of his absence in the flesh. But in God's own good time we hope to meet and know

him again under brighter skies and beside clearer streams. He is not dead in the true sense; he is only translated.

Let us emulate his example of godliness and humility. He ought to be an inspiration to his brethren, especially his younger brethren. He rose to distinction from the ranks, and he did it by dint of application to the one work of the Christian ministry. He never turned aside to other pursuits. He studied God's Word, he read good books, he filled his mind with great thoughts, he communed with lofty spirits, and he followed after the true, the beautiful and the good. Let us follow him as he followed Christ, and his very memory will be an inspiration to our noblest endeavor, to our unselfish aspirations.

This sketch would hardly be complete

without a word concerning her who plighted her faith to him in the years long gone and who shared all his labors, his joys, his sorrows, his successes, and who now mourns his departure. Mrs. Ward was an aid to her husband in all the spheres where Providence placed him, and whether in the home as wife and mother or in the circles of active work as a helper in the pastorate she did her duty faithfully and made herself a helpmeet in deed and in truth. All Texas Methodism bows at the altar of sorrow and hope with her, and throughout our connection her grief is the grief of our Church. May the hand of an unseen though ever-present Father rest gently upon her and those left in orphanage, and in the end may they find their loved and their lost in the world of light and life and immortality.

At the request of Mrs. Ward, Dr. W. D. Bradfield, pastor of Trinity Church, Dallas, and a very close friend of Bishop Ward and his family, will preach a memorial sermon at St. Paul's Church, Houston, Sunday evening, Sept. 26.

From the secular press we take the following items touching Bishop Ward's death:

Bishop Ward's son, Seth, better known as Walter, was at the bedside of his father when the end came, as were a number of the mission workers.

The body will be sent back to America on the vessel leaving Yokohama on September 22, which is scheduled to arrive at San Francisco on October 8. Five or six days later the casket and its escort will reach Houston, where the final funeral services will be held near the middle of October.

Secretary Lambuth of the mission board has wired to Mrs. Ward that it is at all possible the body of the great minister will be sent home for burial as above stated.

Owing to the difference in time between America and Japan, the death was announced here some hours earlier than it occurred in far-away Japan. The message, which was momentarily expected, came to Bishop Ward's family, in Houston, at 8:30 Monday morning, in the words recounted.

Mrs. Ward, prostrated with grief, is surrounded by loving friends and all day long the endless procession of sympathizers with the family and friends and admirers of the dead minister have carried their messages of condolence and their words of Christian faith and hope.

Rev. Mr. Bradfield, of Dallas, was to accompany Bishop Ward on the journey, but as he was detained at the last, Seth Ward, Jr., accompanied his father, who was already ill when he left Houston on July 16, but would not wait in replying to the call of duty and the supplication of the missionaries that he return to China and Japan, where his work last year was so fruitful of results.

On August 8 Bishop Ward was taken from the ship at Yokohama and placed in charge of physicians and his condition has never since been such as to permit his attempting the return voyage.

The story of how the news came to the waiting and anxious family in Houston forms a series of brief and pathetic chapters.

From Honolulu on the voyage out Walter wrote to his mother, "Father's condition is not improved." Again at Yokohama the same message came and in response to a telegram from Mrs. Ward urging that the return passage be at once taken, the message was that so soon as the Bishop's condition would justify, it would be done.

One week ago in answer to a cable the reply was by cable: "Condition serious." The next day another cable: "Can not start home. Father's condition hopeless." Saturday the message was: "Half coma, rapidly falling." Sunday night the message received was: "The end will probably be today." This was followed by the death message Monday morning.

Physicians have not been able to discover any organic disease and the verdict is that the death is due to overwork and mental strain. It is thought that a blood clot might have formed on the brain, from some of the symptoms and the final coma.

From letters received it is known that Bishop Ward knew his condition and the probably fatal termination of his illness. He said, "I am not concerned about myself or the issues of this sickness, but my thought is all for my family. The work needs me, but how glorious it would be to

be in heaven. I could work on, but if the Lord wants me I am ready."

When the end came the sleep that had been encroaching on the brilliant mind enveloped him and quietly death substituted itself at the sick man's bedside for her sisters, sleep and unconsciousness.

Here at home the stricken wife and children recall each incident, each loving family scene.

Mrs. Ward sobbingly said, "My husband knew nothing else than utter submission to the Father's will. I think no other man ever lived so beautiful a life in his home, but it seems that we have gone a little deeper into the depths than anybody else because we could not be with him and minister to him at the last."

On January 5, 1886, Bishop Ward was married to Miss Bettie South, daughter of Rev. W. S. South, who survives him. The surviving children are Seth Walter, aged 21; Annie Byrd, aged 18, and the baby, Emmett Goode, aged 5 years. Bishop Ward's only brother died as a soldier of the South during the Civil War. One sister, Mrs. R. L. Davenport, of Cleburne, with her children, are the only other immediate relatives.

Sketch of Life History.

Nearly fifty-one years ago, on November 15, Seth Ward was born to Samuel G. Ward and wife, in Leon County, Texas. Samuel G. Ward had just moved to the pioneer State of Texas with his family and his slaves from Virginia. He was a graduate of the University of Virginia and a veteran of the war with Mexico and the Civil War. The family on both his side and that of his wife had records of culture and prominence, and his son, Seth Ward, who has just died in Japan, could trace his ancestry in an unbroken line to the year 1634. Bishop Ward's grandfather was an episcopal clergyman, and from his father and grandfather he obtained the strong fundamental elements of the masterly education he possessed. His schooling as a boy was what the public schools of the young State could give him and what he could learn from his cultured father, who was his teacher and companion. On the foundation thus gained Bishop Ward gained for himself an education that caused his recognition as a profound thinker as well as a most brilliant and gifted orator. His wonderful powers of speech were always able to arouse audiences to enthusiasm and scholars to admiration. After reaching manhood his life was spent in the service of the Church.

Among the telegrams of condolence received by the family of Bishop Seth Ward on Tuesday morning are messages from the Southwestern Missouri Conference and the St. Louis Conference of the Methodist Church, both of which are now in session. These are the only conferences now in session.

Bishop A. W. Wilson, the senior member, and therefore the head of the College of Bishops, sent tender, sympathetic messages, as did Bishop E. E. Hoss, who had previously written.

Bishop H. C. Morrison wires from Leesburg, Fla.: "Millions share your great sorrow. God bless and comfort you."

The message from Kansas City, Mo., reads: "Bishop Candler and the Southwest Missouri Conference, now in session, remember you in tender sympathy. C. C. WOODS, Sec'y."

Calvert, Tex., Sept. 21.—News of the death of Bishop Seth Ward was received here yesterday afternoon. Bishop Ward was pastor of this Church for two years. Memorial services will be held tomorrow night.

Bryan, Tex., Sept. 20.—The news of the death in Japan of Bishop Seth Ward, of Houston, was received here

this morning with profound sorrow by the relatives and many friends of the bishop.

PERSONALS

Rev. George W. Owens has been quite sick for some time, but he is improving. The heat affected him very much in August and he was nearly prostrated.

Rev. R. L. Ely, of Ector Circuit, knows how to hold new converts. He sends several new subscribers to the Advocate and explains: "I closed a good meeting last night, hence these new subscribers."

Rev. C. W. Macune, of Thurber, was in Dallas the past week and did not overlook the Advocate office. He reports that his work among the foreigners is growing in interest and he hopes to make Christian Americans of them before a great while.

Rev. James Hamilton, of Brazil, is spending a few weeks in the city on a rest and gave the Advocate a pleasant call this week. He is one of our presiding elders in that mission field and he has been there for six years. He is very pleasant and a brotherly gentleman.

Rev. J. S. Davis, one of the veterans of the conference, is in feeble health at his home in Oak Cliff. He was compelled to give up his work last spring on account of indisposition, and he is still considerably under the weather. We hope the cool weather will pull him up again. We have had no more faithful servant of the Church than J. S. Davis.

Rev. B. H. Webster, now living in Oak Cliff, is not in very robust health. For some years he has been on the retired list, but he has been at work some. But of late he has been very much run down, and stays round home a good deal. Brother Webster for years was one of the most faithful field hands in the conference, and his head and heart are in the right place. He loves the Church and her service.

Mrs. L. B. Ellis, of St. Elmo, Tennessee, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Will Murray, of this city, and they gave the Advocate a delightful visit recently. For ten years Rev. L. B. Ellis itinerated in Texas, having served as his last charge Laredo Station. He is now in the Holston Conference, and his old Texas comrades will be glad to know that he is doing well in his present conference. Sister Ellis says they still love Texas.

Rev. J. L. Morris, of Ervay Street Church, this city, is having a most interesting meeting. Rev. J. M. Peterson, the presiding elder of the district, is assisting. Last Sunday showed twenty-odd accessions as a part of the results. This is now one of our best congregations and Brother Morris is serving them well. Brother Peterson is a most helpful presiding elder to his preachers. He is a revivalist as well as a good preacher and a fine executive.

WHERE TO EDUCATE.

The leading editorial in the Advocate of September 2, "Train Methodist Pupils in Methodist Schools," is most opportune. As a rule the school you patronize determines the character of the "finished product." I am impressed with two recent observations in my meetings. A finely-educated man surrendered to a call to the ministry after a twenty years' struggle. He said to the writer and others: "Twenty years

ago I went to the State University, a candidate and student for the ministry. I studied for that purpose and sought instruction at the hands of ministers and others to qualify me for this work. Under the influence of infidel professors I came out a doubter, and have lost twenty years of my life. In a Christian college and under Christian influence this irreparable loss would have been saved."

These facts were related in another meeting, and one of the ministers present—one of the strong men of the Northwest Texas Conference—related a similar experience, and said: "I lost ten years of my life for the very same cause." The cry of "free tuition," "cheapness," etc., that is so often heard, comes very, very high at any price, when weighed by above facts. The best that parents can do for their children is to give the broad, liberal, Christian education. Put the money you think of leaving them in their heart and brains. They can never lose it.

After graduation day is over what would you have the college send you as their finished product out of the material you sent them? You can answer this by the character of work done by the college.

M. S. HOTCHKISS.

FROM OUR FIELD EDITOR.

My last two meetings have been held in the drouth-stricken region of the State. For a while it did seem that each of the two Churches was a part of the "burnt district." Finally, however, we had showers of blessings and some fruits from our labor. The meeting at Cleburne was closed in the midst of fine interest. While there were only twelve accessions, many said that much-needed work was done in the Church and some letters received since give additional assurances of permanent good accomplishment. A list of Advocate subscriptions was sent in.

Last Monday night we ended a hard fought battle in Bertram. This town has suffered shamefully from follies and fads in the garb and guise of religion. In that small community we found many divisions and subdivisions of Christian people. The progressive and non-progressive Christians, the Board Party and the Church Party Baptists, "The Holiness" Church and "Gift of Tongue" gang. Many meetings had been held in the town during the year, most of them disgusting to the older people and highly amusing to the young folks. Backed by Bro. Haygood and a body of sane and sound Christians, I undertook the difficult and delicate task of driving out "all erroneous and strange doctrines," by preaching a simple, spiritual gospel—Christianity. The Spirit honored our efforts and caused the people to believe that religion consists in something more than cold forms and hot professions. The whole town was made to realize that the monkey-like chattering and meaningless gibberish of the "Tongue" folks are but the mad methods by which religious bunco-steerers catch superstitious and overcredulous souls. My best work of the year was, doubtless, done at Bertram.

It's real heart-help to work with Bro. A. S. J. Haygood whose life and labor had done much to leaven the whole community. He and his good people have had a close time on account of the unprecedented drouth. No corn, no hay, no garden truck, little cotton, and yet not one word of complaint could be heard from them. They were actually cheerful and indeed liberal. The ability to manifest such splendid fortitude and sublime submission more than repays all the loss sustained during the long severe season. We had a good meeting. Be-

sides clearing away the fog from many a head and heart and straightening out some disgusted and discouraged members, we had nine accessions on professions of faith. Bro. Read, the presiding elder, came in towards the close of the meeting and rendered valuable assistance. He proved himself a first-class exhorter as well as an efficient presiding elder. Despite the short crops and stringent times, the Bertram charge will make a fine report at conference. The officials declare that they will pay their preachers up in full.

Last night we began here in Skidmore, a live, growing town in Southwest Texas. Indications are quite favorable. On the first Sunday in October I expect to be with Bro. Matney Bro. Bickley, assisted by Bro. Cart in a meeting at Cedar Street Church in Tyler. Last fall we had a great revival in that Church and we hope for greater success next month.

While in Houston a few days ago I called to see Sister Ward, who in this time of painful suspense and intense strain, is bearing up with Christian fortitude worthy the wife of our noble Bishop. Houston Methodists weep with her and pray for her and our own loved leader so seriously ill in a far-off land. How we of the old Texas Conference love Bishop Ward. Our grief is overwhelming.

JOHN E. GREEN,
Skidmore, Tex., Sept. 18, 1909.

A CARD FROM BRO. DEETS.

I am at Duncan, Okla. Last year we were rained out; this year we are in the center of the dry belt; nothing but two or three light showers since the 24th of June. I have been serving the Duncan Circuit this year since the fourth Sabbath in June. I have had one hundred and twenty conversions in my circuit; received seventy-nine members, built one nice church which is now finished, and held one meeting outside my circuit; have preached every sermon in these meetings; have one more meeting to hold. I came here to grow up with this country and I am doing it. Love to Texas and everybody in it. Yours truly,
R. J. DEETS.

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EVANGELISTIC SINGER

ROBT. E. HUSTON, who has been very successful in work with Evangelist John B. Andrews in the South, will have open dates beginning Oct. 2, and will be glad to assist pastors in their meetings this fall. Permanent address, Windsor, Mo.

WANTED

One set of Parker's "People's Bible," in good condition. Give price and condition.

JAS. H. GRIFFIN,
811 Cedar Springs St., Dallas, Texas.

PASS THE WORD ALONG

It won't cost you a penny to reach out a helping hand to a great army of honest, hard-working and deserving men and women.

Just your moral support will insure work, a living, and comforts which are now either partly or wholly denied them.

How so?

Come on, let's have a look.

You've often been importuned and many have been commanded by advertisement or otherwise to "refuse to buy anything unless it bears the union label."

Looks harmless on its face, doesn't it?

It really is a "demand" that you boycott the products made by over 80 per cent of our American workmen and women who decline to pay fees to, and obey the dictates of the union leaders.

It demands that you ask the merchant for articles with the "union label," thus to impress him with its importance.

It seeks to tell you what to buy and what to refuse. The demands are sometimes most insolent, with a "holier than thou" impudence.

It demands that you take away the living of this 80 per cent of American workmen and women.

Is that clear?

Why should a small body of workmen ask you to help starve the larger body?

There must be some reason for the "union label" scheme.

Run over in your mind and remember how they carry on their work.

During a discussion about working or striking in the coal regions, about 25,000 men preferred to work, they had wives and babies to feed. The union men said openly in their convention that if the employers didn't discharge these men they (the union men) would kill them.

So they dynamited about a dozen homes, maimed and crippled women and children and brutally assaulted scores of these independent workers.

The big boys of the union men were taught to pound the school children of the independent men. How would you like to have your little girl shortly grown from the toddling baby who used to sit on your lap and love "Daddy" pounded by some big bullies on her way home from the school where she had gone to try and please Daddy by learning to read?

The little bruised face and body would first need tender care while you ponder the inscription writ deep in your heart, by that Master and Guide to all human compassion, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." Then perhaps you would drop to your knees and pray Almighty God for strength in your right arm to strike one manly and powerful blow for baby's sake, even if you went to death for it.

Helpless children were brought home, with faces black or bleeding from the blows and kicks of these fiends, teaching independent Americans that they must stop work when told and pay fees to the leaders of "labor." Thousands of men, women and children have been treated thus.

From somewhere, Oh, Father of us all, we try to believe that You look with pitying eyes upon these brutal blows, cuts and scars on the many human bodies made in your likeness and image.

They are beautifully and wonderfully made, each the dwelling place of a Divine Soul.

Is it Your wish that they be crushed by iron shod heels, cut by knives or torn asunder by bullets and dynamite?

May we venture to think that a long suffering patience is extended in the hope that the men and women of America may someday wake to a realization of the awful cruelties perpetrated by this spirit of oppression and that they will some time learn the lesson that the "sacred gift of human freedom and liberty" was given by God and must be defended even to death itself.

Our forefathers were used by the Infinite God to establish our freedom in 1776, and our fathers gave freely of their blood and treasure to establish the freedom of the black. Now again it seems we are called upon to protect our brothers and ourselves from that old time spirit of tyranny

which comes up from time to time to force people to obey tyrannous rules and bend the knee of the slave.

In Wellston, Ohio, thirty Americans sought employment in a factory. They were seeking to earn food for their families. They were bombarded by rocks and pounded with clubs in the hands of union men.

One of the injured, John Brannihan, was taken to the city hospital with a broken jaw, crushed skull and other cuts and bruises. He was the father of two children, and was thought to be dying. Perhaps he did. I don't know, but I sometimes wonder what the children said to Mother when "Papy" didn't come home, and how they and the little woman got any food, and how they could place their wrongs before their own American fellows.

Mayhap sometime some kind person will equip a home where the orphans and widows of the victims of the Labor Trust may be cared for and fed.

It would take a big home. It has been said there were 31 Americans, many of them fathers, killed in one strike (the teamsters in Chicago), and over 5000 maimed, many for life.

That's only one "lesson" of these bul- lies. There are literally thousands of cases wherein your fellow American has been assaulted, maimed or killed by these men. The same work is going on day by day. Suppose you make a practice of picking out each day from the papers, accounts of brutality to American workmen who prefer to work free from the impudence and tyranny of self constituted leaders (?) than to be always subject to their beck and call, pay them fees and be told by them when and where to work, and for whom. You will discover the same general conditions underlying all these daily attacks.

In every case the workingman prefers to be free. He has that right. He then tries to go to work. He and his family sorely need the money for food or he wouldn't run the risk of his life. Many such a man has wiped the tears away and quieted the fears of a loving wife, left with a kiss on her lips, set his manly jaw and walked into a shower of stones and bullets to win food for the loved mother and babies.

A good many have been brought home on stretchers with blood oozing from nose and ears, some cold, while some gradually recover, and carry for life the grim marks of the "union label."

They are your fellows, my friends, and yet you supinely read the accounts and say "too bad."

Have you grown so calloused that you care nothing for the sufferings of these men who need food and these helpless ones who rely on the life and strength of husband and father?

Let us hope that soon you may be moved by a just God to rise in your might and by voice and pen, by vote and right arm you will do a man's part in protecting yourselves and your brothers from this onslaught on American citizens. This cruel warfare is carried on not always to raise wages, but to establish union control, kick out the independent men and establish the "label."

Unfortunately the "Labor movement" which started many years ago honestly enough, has fallen under control of a lot of tyrannical, vicious "men of violent tendencies."

There are too many to attempt to name. You can recall them. They include men who have planned the murders of miners, teamsters, pressmen and carpenters, shoemakers and independent workmen of all kinds. Many of them have escaped hanging by an outraged public only because juries became terror stricken and dared not convict them.

Some have been punished slightly and some, including the principal officers of this nefarious crew are now under sentence to imprisonment but have appealed their cases.

Right here some apologist rises to protest against "speaking thus of laboring men." Bless your dear heart, it isn't the honest and real workman who does these things, it is the excitable ones and the toughs and thugs who don't work except with their mouths, but have secured control of too many unions. I don't even attempt to specify the criminal acts these persons have assisted or winked at in their plan for destroying free workmen and forcing men to stay in "the union" and hence under their control. The newspapers for the past

seven years contains almost daily accounts of the criminal, lawless and tyrannical acts against American citizens and haven't told half the tale. Right here it becomes necessary to say for the ten thousandth time that there are scores of honest law-abiding union men who deplore and are in no way responsible for the long infamous record of the "Labor Trust" under its present management, but they don't seem to stop it.

The men who manage, who pull the strings and guide the policy have made the record and it stands, as made by them.

Examine, if you please, the record of a string of members of the American Federation of Labor and you will view a list of crimes against Americans, stupendous beyond belief. They defy the laws, sneer at the courts, incite mobs and are avowed enemies of the peaceable citizens of all classes.

This band wields an iron bar over their subjects and drives them to idleness whenever they want to call a strike or exact extra pocket money for themselves.

Men don't want to be thrown out of work and lose their livelihood, but what can they do when the slugging and murdering committee stands always ready to "do them" if they try to work.

The poor women and helpless children suffer and no one dares present their case to the public. They must suffer in silence for they have no way to right their wrongs, while the notoriety-seeking leaders carry out their work.

These men cannot thus force oppression on the weak and innocent or use them to bring newspaper notice to themselves and money to their pockets unless they can "hold them in line."

Therefore, with the craft of the fox and venom of the serpent they devise the "union label" and tell the public to buy only articles carrying that label.

Smooth scheme, isn't it?

They extract a fee from every union man, and in order to get these monthly fees, they must hold the workers in "the union" and force manufacturers to kick out all independent men.

Can anyone devise a more complete and tyrannical trust?

If allowed full sway, no independent man could keep working in a free factory, for the goods wouldn't sell no matter how perfectly they be made. Then, when the factory has been forced to close and the employees get hungry enough from lack of wages the workers must supplicate the union leaders to be "allowed" to pay their fines (for not becoming members before) and pay their monthly fees to the purse fat managers of the Labor Trust. Thereupon (under orders) before the factory be allowed to start they must force the owners of the business to put on the "union label" or strike, picket the works, and turn themselves into sluggers and criminals towards the independent workers who might still refuse to bend the knee and bow the head.

In the meantime babies and mothers go hungry and shoeless, but who cares. The scheming leaders are trained to talk of the "uplifting of labor" and shed tears when they speak of the "brotherhood of man" meaning the brotherhood of the "Skinny Maddens," "Sheas," "Gompers," et al., always excluding the medium or high-grade independent workers.

Perhaps you have noticed lately that the makers of the finest hats, shoes and other articles have stopped putting on the union label. Naturally the Labor Trust managers have ordered their dupes to strike, lie idle, scrap, fight, slug and destroy property to force the makers to again put on "the label." But for some reason the buying public has been aroused to the insults and oppression behind it and in thousands of cases have refused to buy any article carrying what some one named the "tag of servitude and oppression."

The bound and gagged union slave is fined from \$5.00 to \$25.00 if he buys any article not bearing the "union label." Nevertheless, he, time and again, risks the penalty and buys "free" goods simply in order to help the fellow workman who is brave enough to work where he pleases without asking permission on bended knees from the bulldozing leaders who seek by every known method of oppression and hate to govern him.

If these poor wageworkers will thus brave fine and slugging to help out other men who seek to live a free life under our laws and constitution cannot you, reader, help a little?

Will you reach out a hand to help an independent workman earn food for his wife and babies? Or will you from apathy and carelessness allow him to be thrown out of work and the helpless suffer until they prostrate themselves before this stupendous and tyrannical aggregation of leeches upon honest American labor?

The successor of Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, says:

"Union labor hatred for labor burns like a flame, eats like nitric acid, is malignant beyond all description. But the other day, a woman representing a certain union visited many families in Plymouth Church asking them to boycott a certain institution. * * * Alas this union woman's hatred for non-union women burned in her like the fires of hell."

She was pitilessly, relentlessly and tirelessly pursuing the non-union women and men to destroy the market for goods, to ruin their factory and to starve them out.

In the French revolution only 2 per cent of the French people believed in violence. The 98 per cent disclaimed violence and yet the 98 per cent allowed the 2 per cent to fill the streets of Paris with festering corpses, to clog the Seine with dead bodies, to shut up every factory in Paris, until the laboring classes starved by the score.

The small per cent element in the Labor Trust which hates and seeks to destroy the large per cent of independent Americans sends out letters declaring "free" industries unfair and tries to boycott their products. If they could bind everyone it would bring suffering upon hundreds of thousands, immeasurable ruin upon the country, and land it absolutely under control of the men now attempting to dictate the daily acts of our people and extract from each a monthly fee.

There are babies, children, women and honest, hard-working and skillful fathers who rely upon the protection of their fellows, when they seek to sell their labor where they choose, what they choose, and for a sum they believe it to be worth.

Every citizen having the rights, privileges and protection of a citizen has also the responsibility of a citizen.

The Labor Trust leaders may suavely "request" (or order those they can) to buy only "union label" articles, and you can of course obey if you are under orders.

Depend upon it, the creatures of the Labor Trust will upon reading this, visit stores and threaten dire results unless all the things bear "the label."

They go so far as to have their women pretend to buy things, order yards of silk or cloth torn off and various articles wrapped up and then discover "no label" and refuse them. That's been done hundreds of times and is but one of the petty acts of hatred and tyranny.

Let no one who reads this article understand that he or she is asked to boycott any product whether it bears a "union label" or not. One has a constitutional right to examine the article and see whether its makers are Labor Trust contributors and slaves or are free and independent Americans.

I have tried to tell you something about those who are oppressed, vilified, hated, and when opportunity offers are attacked because they prefer to retain their own independent American manhood. These men are in the vast majority and include the most skillful artisans in the known world. They have wives and babes dependent on them.

These men are frequently oppressed and have no way to make their wrongs known. They are worthy of defense. That's the reason for the expenditure of a few thousands of dollars to send this message to the American people. Remember, I didn't say my "excuse" for sending it. The cause needs no "excuse."

C. W. POST,
Battle Creek, Mich.

N. B.

Some "parlor socialist" who knows nothing of the Russian Czarism of the great Labor Trust will ask right

here: "Don't you believe in the right of certain workmen to 'organize'?" Oh yes, brother, when real workmen manage wisely and peacefully, but I would challenge the right of even a church organization when its affairs had been seized by a motley crew of heartless, vicious men who stopped industries, incited mobs to attack citizens and destroy property in order to establish their control of communities and affairs, and subject everyone to their orders and exact the fees. When you see work of this kind being done call on or write the prosecuting officers of your district and demand procedure under the Sherman anti-trust law, and prosecution for conspiracy and restraint of trade. We have the law but the politicians and many of our officers even while drawing pay from the people are afraid to enforce it in protection of our citizens and now the big Labor Trust is moving heaven and earth to repeal the law so their nefarious work may be more safely carried on.

But You. Why don't you strike out and demand defense for your fellows?

Put your prosecuting officers to the test and insist that they do their sworn duty, and protest to your Congressmen and Legislators against the repeal of the Sherman Anti-Trust law. Its repeal is being pushed by the Labor Trust and some big capital trusts in order to give each more power to oppress. Do your duty and protest. In this great American Republic everyone must be jealous of the right of individual liberty and always and ever resent the attempts made to gain power for personal aggrandizement.

Only the poor fool allows his liberty to be wrested from him.

Someone asks "how about your own workmen?"

I didn't intend to speak of my own affairs, but so long as the question is almost sure to be asked I don't mind telling you.

The Postum workers are about a thousand strong, men and women, and don't belong to labor unions. The Labor Trust has, time without number sent "organizers" with money to give "smokers," etc., and had their "orators" declaim the "brotherhood of man" business, and cry salty tears describing the fearful conditions of the "slaves of capital" and all that. But the "confidence game" never worked, for the decent and high-grade Postum workers receive 10 per cent over the regular wage scale. They are the highest paid, richest and best grade of working people in the State of Michigan, and I believe in the United States. They mostly own their own homes, and good ones. Their wages come 52 weeks in a year and are never stopped on the order of some paid agent of the Labor Trust. They have savings accounts in the banks, houses of their own and steady work at high wages.

They like their daily occupation in the works (come and ask them) and are not slaves, and yet the Labor Trust leaders have done their best to ruin the sale of their products and force them into idleness and poverty.

It would cost the workmen of Battle Creek (our people and about 3000 others) from \$1000.00 to \$2000.00 a month in fees to send out to the leaders of the Labor Trust, if they would allow themselves to become "organized" and join the Trust.

Not for them, they keep the money, school the children and live "free." That's some comfort for white people.

Once in a while one of the little books "The Road to Wellville," we put in the pkgs. of Postum, Grape-Nuts and Post Toasties, is sent back to us with a sticker pasted across it saying "Returned because it don't bear the union label."

Then we join hands and sing a hymn of praise for the discovering by some one that our souls are not seared with the guilt of being conspirators to help bind the chains of slavery upon fellow Americans by placing added power in the hands of the largest, most oppressive and harmful trust the world has ever seen.

When you seek to buy something look for the "union label" and speak your sentiments. That's an opportunity to reach out a helping hand to the countless men and women in all kinds of industry who brave bricks, stones and bullets, to maintain their American manhood and freedom by making the finest goods in America and which do not bear the seal of industrial slavery, the "Union Label."

Some men think they must be grapes to God because they are always thorns to men.

Starving the preacher never strengthens the sermon.

flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace and home?—Selected.

All paths to strength are known as avenues of struggle.

What a vast portion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future, either our own or that of our dear ones! Present joys, present blessings, slip by and we miss half their sweet flavor,

and all for want of faith in Him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. Oh, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God our little children teach us every day by their confiding faith in us? We who are so

mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust, and he who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving! Why cannot we, slipping our hand into his each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or

POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE OPENING.

The splendid outlook held in prospect for the Polytechnic College during the closing days of August has been more than realized in the opening of its eighteenth session, on September 8. The enrollment is some 40 in excess of the enrollment at this time of last year. And there is a marked increase in the number of men and women doing college work. Indeed, this means more splendid growth than the figures indicate because all work below the three freshman years has been eliminated, and requirements for entrance to the college are now 14 units.

Opening exercises were held, despite the somewhat dismantled condition due to the addition of a south wing to the college building, in the auditorium. Rev. S. R. Hay read a scripture lesson. Short talks were made by the Rev. H. D. Knickerbocker, George Mulkey and others. There were a number of appreciated offerings by the faculty of the School of Fine Arts. The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. R. C. Armstrong. And the work had begun.

Saturday evening the young men given a reception in the new gymnasium. College songs and "rah rabs" echoed over the campus. There was lemonade in abundance; talks on various student activities and an exhibition game of basket ball made every fellow feel glad to be there. The young women were also tendered an informal reception at the Young Ladies' Home.

President Boaz preached Sunday morning on "The More Abundant Life." It was an exhortation to the young people and a splendid inspiration to both young and old. In the evening the Rev. S. R. Hay preached.

In the School of Fine Arts Mrs. McMillan's exhibit of oil paintings has created unusual comment. Mr. Chute, of the Chicago Art Institute, has characterized Mrs. McMillan's work of the past summer in the highest terms. The present exhibit has afforded Fort Worth art lovers a feast of good things unsurpassed by any previous art exhibit in the State.

During the summer nine members of the faculty have done work at the Universities of Chicago, Wisconsin and in New York. Mr. Pitner spent the summer in Europe. Including the new church, which stands on the campus, more than \$65,000 has been spent, during the past summer (the work is now in the course of completion) for buildings and equipment.

With these facilities and the new inspiration brought back by the faculty from their travels, together with the increased attendance in the face of an unprecedented drouth, Polytechnic College looks forward to the greatest year, thus far, of its history.

B. O. BROWN.

GATESVILLE DISTRICT TRAINING SCHOOL.

The Gatesville District Training School located at Meridian, Texas, is no longer a question of doubt or uncertainty. The magnificent building is complete, and it is one of the best single school buildings of its size in Texas. The building is furnished throughout with new furniture, also two splendid, new pianos. On last Tuesday morning, September 7, the doors were open to a splendid audience and for the reception of students. It was a great day to the citizens of Meridian, a real epoch in the history of the Gatesville District.

The President's home and dormitory for young ladies will be ready for occupancy next week. This is a very creditable building, worth from three to four thousand dollars. We have a splendid campus of forty-five acres and the same puts our buildings in the little city, near the churches, public school, etc.

Our first day surprised us all. We were greeted with a faculty of nine teachers that would be a credit to any of our schools. Prof. G. T. Bludworth and the board of trustees were determined on securing a first class faculty. Their next aim and purpose is to do nothing but first-class work in all departments. Eighty-seven pupils were enrolled the first evening, eight more the next morning; the first week closes with an enrollment of one hundred.

Too much can not be said in favor of Meridian as to the healthful conditions, the picturesque scenery, a good, clean citizenship with no saloons in the county and none of the vices of the city.

We very much need these training school to reach the masses and give our splendid young men and young women opportunities that otherwise they would not have and at the same time make these schools feeders to our colleges and universities.

I will now let my friend, Rev. W. J. Mahen tell in his way something of the exercises of the first morning: "At ten a. m., Rev. C. C. Hightower, pastor of the Methodist Church, stepped to the center of the rostrum and announced, 'Praise God from Whom

All Blessings Flow,' which was sung with zest by the entire audience, after which an earnest prayer was led by Rev. R. E. Smith, pastor of the Baptist Church. 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,' was sung after which Rev. J. M. Sherman, Presiding elder of the Gatesville District, read the 150th Psalm and other Scriptures. Following a piano solo by Miss Lucile Bludworth, Senator E. B. Mayfield delivered the welcome address. This was a masterly deliverance in which eloquent tributes were paid to Rev. G. F. Campbell, the first President of the institution, and G. W. Turner, the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, for their untiring energy and indomitable perseverance which made the program of the day possible. After another piano solo by Miss Edeling, of Hico, Judge O. L. Lockett, of Cleburne, delivered a very practical address in which was given some interesting history, followed by an optimistic forecast for the future of Meridian and the Training School. One of the most interesting features of the program was a reading and impersonation given by Miss Berta Reese, the teacher of expression in the faculty. There was an address then by Hon. H. J. Canton, of Meridian.

Miss Florida L. Parish, the supervisor of music in the faculty, delighted the audience with a vocal solo. Mr. Shitham, master mechanic of the T. C. railroad, made a very fine speech, delivered specially for the benefit of the students. A vote of thanks was given the building committee, the donors that made the school possible, Dr. J. J. Lumpkin for securing the plan, but more especially to the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, G. W. Turner. Miss Emerson, who has been one of the warmest supporters of and staunch friends of the institution, made a telling speech.

J. M. SHERMAN.

GRANBURY COLLEGE.

Granbury College opened on the 7th inst. with one of the best enrollments in many years. Over one hundred have already enrolled, and at least twenty-five more are expected in the next few days. It will reach two hundred before the end of the year. This is three times the enrollment at the same time last year, and this, too, in the midst of the worst drouth that has ever afflicted this country. Granbury has given the finest patronage that she has given in years. We regard this a splendid compliment, for the people here have an opportunity to inspect the work done, and this patronage shows that they approve the same. On every hand you hear expressions of approval by the citizens. One of the strongest business men in the town remarked this week that he was ready to join the other business men in putting down a new dormitory for the college. This is the great need of the school. The facilities now are already overflowing, and more room is necessary.

All the old teachers are with us, and the work that they did last year insures a success in their departments this year. They form a strong faculty. The two new teachers, Misses Rizer and Matkin, in the music department, are entering upon their work, and giving fine satisfaction. They are well equipped and experienced teachers. They have made good elsewhere and will do so here.

All in all, the outlook for the school is very fine, and all Granbury are proud of its success.

ATTICUS WEBB.

PEACOCK COLLEGE OPENING.

Largest Boarding Attendance Enrolled in the History of the Institution.

The sixteenth session of the Peacock School was formerly opened today with the largest attendance of boarders in its history and with twice as many day pupils from the city. There are twenty-eight private and denominational schools in the city besides thirty public schools.

Col. Geo. LeRoy Brown, L. S. A., Superintendent, returned Friday with his son, Dudley, from a vacation of four months with his family in Santa Monica, California.

Capt. H. La F. Applewhite, U. S. A., Commandant, has received from the Rock Island Arsenal a consignment of several thousand cartridges and full equipment for target practice, which will begin in the next few weeks on the school range four miles away. Instruction in dismounted cavalry will begin next month under the direction of Sergt. S. Klingensmith, U. S. A., detailed to this school by the War Department. This is the only school in the South enjoying the distinction of having three United States officers.

A new departure will be instruction in seamanship by Seaman Byron Haltom, who has been placed in charge of the five Navy Cutters on the West End Lake, consigned to this school by the Navy Department.

To meet the demands of the new college course, Prof. Peacock has appointed as Head Master his brother, Prof. J. H. Peacock, Ph.B., a well known educator of Georgia. The two

new members of the faculty are Prof. Earl R. Parket, B. S., and Prof. W. A. Riall, A. B., graduates of the Austin College. WESLEY PEACOCK, San Antonio, Tex., Sept. 14.

ALEXANDER COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE OPENING.

This institution opened its thirty eighth session for the years 1909 and 1910 on the 7th inst. with the following faculty: F. E. Butler, A. M., President; J. E. Willis, A. M., Vice-President; Miss Carrie R. Wallace, A. B.; A. W. Runyan, B. S.; Mrs. J. N. Hunter, A. M.; Miss Bessie Butler, B. M. and B. O.; Miss Kate L. Turner, B. O.; Miss Georgia Nash, Miss Susie Mae Butler, Assistant in Music; Miss Mary C. Morris, Mrs. P. E. Butler, Matron Young Ladies' Home; Mrs. Seppie Russell, Assistant Matron Young Ladies' Home; Mrs. J. E. Willis, Matron Young Men's Home.

The opening exceeded our most sanguine expectations. We have boarding pupils from almost every county in the conference, and including such cities as Houston, Galveston and Dallas in the North Texas Texas Conference, with many others yet to arrive. The enrollment to the present reaches 227. The large chapel in which the opening exercises were conducted was well filled with pupils and visitors.

The people of Jacksonville are highly elated over the splendid prospects confronting this school. Prof. Butler expressed himself as being delighted at the large number of pupils present at the first hour's opening.

The girls' dormitory and Smith Hall for the boys are almost full, and will be quite full when all who have made arrangements to come have arrived.

There were quite a number of splendid addresses, among the speakers being Rev. Ellis Smith, presiding elder of the district; Rev. W. W. Watts, pastor of Methodist Church at Jacksonville; Rev. Ford, pastor of Presbyterian Church, at Jacksonville; Rev. J. A. Stafford, pastor of Methodist Church, at Lufkin; Judge Box, of Jacksonville, with several others of the trustees.

If in the face of the short crops and embarrassing financial condition of the country such an opening as this can be had, the outlook for this school seems to be assured. To its zealous friends this will be good news, and to its lukewarm friends, it it has any such, we believe this will stir them into warm attachments for it.

We believe that the old Texas Conference, the mother of all the Texas conferences, when it sees our splendid building when it meets here in December and looks at our excellent faculty and fine student body will rally to its support with such enthusiasm as will, within the next few years, tax our entire capacity to accommodate the students that will be put into it.

Let all who have heretofore taken an interest in the welfare of Alexander Collegiate Institute rejoice with us. REV. J. T. SMITH.

SAN ANTONIO FEMALE COLLEGE OPENS WELL.

The sixteenth year of this institution was begun September 8.

A large and appreciative audience assembled in the auditorium to witness the opening exercises. After a well-rendered program, consisting of piano by Miss Harrison, violin by Prof. Romberg, vocal solo by Mr. Andrews and a pipe organ number by Prof. Puchs, the address was delivered by Rev. D. K. Porter, presiding elder of San Marcos District. The address was heartily appreciated and applauded by the students and people. It was beautiful and helpful.

The enrollment for the first day exceeded that of a year ago. Other pupils are arriving every day.

The outlook for the year is very pleasing. This large attendance came without any "drumming." San Antonio Female College is training young ladies for graduation at Southwestern University. The course here is based on that at Georgetown, and is intended to cover the work included in the junior year there, so that a student finishing our course may take B. A. at Georgetown in one year.

Two young ladies will graduate here in 1910 with a view to graduating at Southwestern in 1911.

J. E. HARRISON.

THE OPENING OF CLARENDON COLLEGE.

Clarendon College sends greetings to all Texas Methodism, and we are happy to say that everything is lovely on College Hill. Everything hereabouts is astrir with young life, and the tides of enthusiasm are rolling high.

Without any special canvassing, without beating the bushes, without sounding the gongs, without the blare of bugles during the summer, the capacity of Clarendon College is taxed to its utmost to take care of the boys and girls who have come seeking her tuition.

Splendid addresses were made by

Brothers Miller, Ferguson, Kiker and Brother Pittman of the Baptist Church, and Dr. Stocking, President of the Board of Trustees.

The old-time songs were sung with great unction, and Brother Hicks, of Childress, prayed with much fervor.

We have, without doubt, the finest class of young men and young ladies that has ever attended our halls for instruction. The beauty of the thing is that so many of our old boys and girls have returned and have brought others with them.

The graduating class will be large, and all things give token that Clarendon College in a short time is destined to be among the best, if not the best, of the training schools of Texas, and we might say of all Southern Methodism.

A gentleman whose word means much, and who has seen a great deal in Texas and elsewhere, in looking over the auditorium today, remarked that he had seen many similar schools, but he had never looked upon such a promising set of boys and girls in all his life.

Brother Slover has been extending his diaphragm and shaking up his intercostals—in other words, illustrating Thomas Carlyle's definition of a good, hearty laugh, on account of the remarkable opening of Clarendon College in spite of the drouth and the hard conditions throughout the country.

Next Sunday morning he will preach the opening sermon to the students and citizens of Clarendon, and we are expecting a great day in our Israel at that time. S. E. BURKHEAD.

OPENING OF NORTH TEXAS UNIVERSITY SCHOOL.

Last Monday week, September 6th, the North Texas University School opened her doors for enrollment of students for session 1909-10. The day was given entirely to organizing and classifying. The formal opening came at 9 a. m. Tuesday, the 7th. Rev. J. M. Peterson, of Dallas, was scheduled to deliver the opening address, but he failed to appear; impromptu speeches were made by the following: Rev. M. L. Hamilton, Rev. T. N. Weeks, Rev. O. P. Thomas, Rev. J. G. Forester, Rev. J. J. Morgan, Rev. G. Lyle Smith, and Prof. Kidd. As is often the case, these talks were enthusiastically received and the "opening" was all that could

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be desired. Much good advice was given the students and some great jokes told, all of which gave spice and enthusiasm to the occasion.

We are glad to announce a much larger enrollment than last year at this time. We are pleased with the character of students. Each year we have felt that we had the best class of students, but this year we are sure of it. We have about fifty boarders and more are coming. We have eleven children of Methodist preachers receiving free tuition, and ten young men preparing for the itinerancy. Nine young men are being helped to secure an education by work for board.

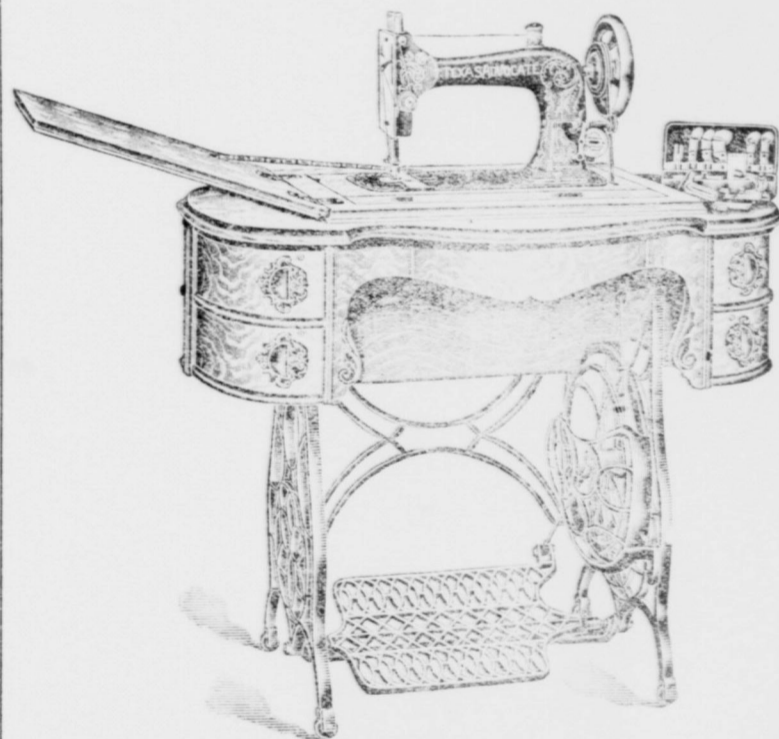
We face the new session with great faith and a bright spirit. The thrall of debt has been broken and all clouds of uncertainty brushed aside, and we are now going forward with quick and certain steps. J. J. MORGAN.

TO THE PREACHERS OF THE NORTHWEST TEXAS CONFERENCE.

Please push the mission collections and send in the money at once, for it is greatly needed. Now! now! now! J. H. WISEMAN, Treas.

Usually ripe tomatoes rubbed on a spot of iron rust will remove it without a second application, and will not injure the fabric.

Texas Advocate Sewing Machine



MANY TESTIMONIALS FROM SATISFIED PURCHASERS.

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Blaylock Pub. Co.,

416-418 Jackson St., Dallas, Texas.

ENDOWMENT FOR SOUTHWESTERN.

To the Methodists of Texas I come again to ask for the further endowment of our great central school at Georgetown.

In the early part of 1907 I began to write in the Texas Advocate for one hundred persons to give one thousand dollars each for endowment, and the enrollment of the "first hundred" began.

Of the first hundred, ninety-seven have made payments on this fund and I feel sure the other three will wish their names on the university tablet.

So that we may boldly say the first endowment campaign was a great success and that the ingathering of that first hundred thousand dollars will be complete.

I am told that quite a number of names are now on that tablet and we expect to see in time one hundred names enrolled there.

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arduous task, and he was compelled to retire from the field for two years. As an evangelist he is a fine success.

Brother Vallente is a converted Spanish priest, a man of fine gifts and culture. He is an effective and pleasing orator, and his lectures on the errors of Romanism draw large audiences.

Our District Conference showed a gain of ninety members and ninety-three candidates so far this year. Three local preachers were licensed, all reports were encouraging and the best of spirit prevailed.

The camp-meeting was a blessed season of grace. The attendance was large. The early morning meetings at 4 o'clock showed especially well the spirit of the occasion.

From Devine the evangelists came up to San Antonio, where Brother Reynolds had previously held a very gracious and successful meeting which added to our membership.

San Antonio is a hard place in which to reach the Mexicans, but we hired a hall for Brother Vallente, and for four nights he lectured to audiences of never less than three hundred.

MISSOURI LETTER.

We have two old-fashioned camp-meetings in the Springfield District.

Shiloh Camp-ground, in Benton County, dates from the days before the war. In war times Jim Lane, of Kansas, burned all our improvements in his efforts to put down the rebellion.

The Kansas Legislature rewarded his zeal by electing him to the United States Senate. Yet there are those who think the Senate is deteriorating.

In 1871 I held a camp-meeting at Shiloh and we worshiped under a brush arbor. Since then our people have built a church, a good tabernacle and a number of permanent camps.

The meeting this summer was conducted by Rev. A. J. Gearheard, our pastor at Pierce City, and there were a number of conversions. In 1870 just before joining conference I spent a month helping Rev. C. C. Wright in revival meetings on the Springfield Circuit.

THE MEXICAN MISSION WORK.

I decided to hold my District Conference and my camp-meeting this year at the same time and in the same place, Devine, Texas.

I am at Clear Creek again assisting Rev. John D. Wood in his camp-meeting. One family is camped here now that camped here thirty-nine years ago, and the younger generation of other families I knew then are here.

My room at home is near a noisy corner where the clanging of street car gongs, the "honk honk" of automobiles and the clatter of hoofs on brick pavements disturb my slumbers.

can see the stars and listen to the rippling waters.

About fourteen years ago I spent a week helping a pastor in my district in a meeting. The results seemed meager, but there were several additions to the Church.

He won a medal at Vanderbilt last year and will graduate from the Theological School next June if his health holds out.

After disastrous floods in June and July that wrought havoc in Missouri estimated at over fourteen million dollars we are now suffering from heat and drought.

TO THE PREACHERS OF TEXAS.

Each year a number of young men from all parts of Texas come to Galveston to attend the University of Texas Medical College.

TO WEST TEXAS CONFERENCE.

Dear Brethren—I write you in the interests of missions and missionary collections. In many places in our conference short crops prevail.

Knowing the West Texas Conference, preachers and people, I am aware of the fact that some know how to make brick, even when there is no straw, and therefore I know that, being reminded of the absolute necessity for us to bring in full collections,

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Resolved, (1) Whereas, an all-wise Providence has removed from our midst our pastor, Sunday-school laborer, brother and friend, Dr. T. R. Pierce, one of the ablest and most approved of men, we humbly submit to its decrees, while we mourn its dispensation.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Resolved, That we extend the deepest sympathy to the relatives of the deceased, and we express our hope that even so great a loss to us all may be overruled for the good of him that doeth all things well; and be it further resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Sunday-school, a copy be sent to the Advocate and the Messenger, and a copy sent the bereaved family.

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directing us to all the better and nobler ends and aims of life, and fully realizing that none of us can hope to reach a higher perfection than by endeavoring to emulate him.

(5) As a minister he was learned, pure and upright; as a man he was without a blemish in character; as a father and husband, affectionate, generous and just.

EMORY C. SMITH, ED F. BATES, M. P. KELLY.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas, The great and supreme Ruler of the universe has, in His infinite wisdom, removed from among us one of our worthy and esteemed sisters, Mrs. T. N. Weaks; and

Resolved, That we extend the deepest sympathy to the relatives of the deceased, and we express our hope that even so great a loss to us all may be overruled for the good of him that doeth all things well; and be it further resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Sunday-school, a copy be sent to the Advocate and the Messenger, and a copy sent the bereaved family.

MRS. L. L. LINDSEY, MRS. J. E. MOORE, JR., MISS DAN MOORE, Committee.

TO THE PREACHERS OF TEXAS.

Each year a number of young men from all parts of Texas come to Galveston to attend the University of Texas Medical College. Some of them take advantage of the religious influences, but many do not.

STATE FAIR OF TEXAS.

On Saturday, Oct. 15, Hon. T. M. Campbell, Governor of Texas, will press the button, the gates of the State Fair of Texas swing inward, and the twenty-fourth annual meet begins.

For the Fair of 1909 the management is expending \$100,000 for improvements. Of this sum \$100,000 is being expended for a Coliseum, which when completed, will be one of the finest structures for live stock shows and convention purposes in the South.

The prizes, trophies and awards that will be awarded in the various departments of this year will total \$100,000. Of this amount \$100,000 is awarded in the speed department for running and harness races and automobile contests.

In the live stock departments \$25,000 will be distributed among the various breeds of cattle, horses, swine, sheep and goats. In the agricultural, the poultry, the ladies' textile and culinary departments, the dairy and apiary departments, etc., the premiums awarded will total \$20,000.

Forty-four counties will exhibit their farms, orchard and garden products in the agricultural building. In the live stock department 3000 head of blooded stock will be exhibited. In the poultry department preparations are being made for the display of 3000 fowls. The textile building will again overflow with the handwork of the women of the Southwest, and with exhibits from the manual art schools of Texas.

In the art department a collection of paintings of the foremost American artists will be exhibited. In the dairy and apiary department the exhibition of milk and honey products will be both interesting and educational.

Waco District—Fourth Round.

Austin Avenue, Sept. 25. Morrow Street, Sept. 26. Peoria Cir., at Peoria, Oct. 2, 3.

Waxahachie District—Fourth Round.

Alma, at Byrd, Sept. 25, 26. Palmer, at Palmer, Oct. 2, 3. Ennis, Oct. 2, 4.

entled musicians, twenty great vocal artists and a grand array of instrumental soloists in a series of musical festivals, under the direction of the famous bandmaster, Signor Alessandro Liberati, have been secured.

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.

NORTHWEST TEXAS CONFERENCE

Georgetown District—Fourth Round.

Georgetown, at Granger, Sept. 25, 26. Bartlett, Sept. 27, 28. Belton Circuit, at Cedar Creek, Oct. 2, 3.

Plainview District—Fourth Round.

Tulla Sta., Sept. 25, 8 p. m., Sept. 27, 9 a. m. Hereford Sta., Sept. 28, 8 p. m.

Stamford District—Fourth Round.

Avoca, Bethel, Sept. 24. Tuxedo, Ledger Chapel, Sept. 25, 26. Bomarton, at B., Oct. 2, 3.

Vernon District—Fourth Round.

Paducah Mis., at Paducah, Sept. 24. Guthrie Mis., at Buford, Sept. 25, 26. Olney Mis., at Olney, Oct. 1.

Dublin District—Fourth Round.

Carlton Cir., Sept. 25, 26. Duffau Cir., Sept. 25, at 11 a. m. Iredell Cir., Oct. 2, 3.

Waxahachie District—Fourth Round.

Alma, at Byrd, Sept. 25, 26. Palmer, at Palmer, Oct. 2, 3. Ennis, Oct. 2, 4.

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