

# TEXAS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

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G. C. RANKIN, D. D., EDITOR

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No. 12

## THE HON. WOODROW WILSON IN DALLAS.

The Hon. Woodrow Wilson, formerly the distinguished President of Princeton University, but now Governor of New Jersey and prominently mentioned for the Democratic nominee for the Presidency of the United States, spent last Saturday in Dallas and made two notable addresses. One of them was at 10 o'clock at the First Baptist Church. Over three thousand people crowded into the immense auditorium to hear him speak on "Life and the Bible." It was under the auspices of the American Bible Society, of which the Rev. J. J. Morgan is the superintendent. The speech was an event in the progress of religion in this city.

When he appeared on the rostrum he was received with great handclapping, showing that he was in the midst of his friends. He is not an extraordinary man in his personal appearance, but compact and impressive. He is inclined to be tall, rather spare made, but erect and sinewy. He has a classic face bearing marks of study. In pose he is graceful, in manner charming, and in voice distinct and far-reaching. He has magnetism and his English is as chaste as Addison's. We have never heard purer diction; yet his style is simple, his words direct and expressive, and his earnestness pronounced. A child could have easily understood everything he said. He spoke like a man who had a message and knew how to deliver it. Occasionally the most refined humor bubbled up in the progress of his address which gave zest and relish to it. There was not a dull word or moment during the continuance of his deliverance, and frequently his sentences were punctuated with applause. The address was out of the ordinary, unique, original, bright, felicitous, cumulative and climactic. It held the undivided attention of the audience, and the people marveled at its brevity when he closed; yet he had spoken more than an hour. It was an intensely religious address and showed great familiarity with the Scriptures and their importance as a revelation from God. It was a demonstration of the claim that they are absolutely essential to the religious weal of the individual, and the stability and perpetuity of the Nation. Hundreds of men were given a new impetus in the practical uses of the Bible as the true source of life.

In the afternoon more than 7,000 people faced him in the great Coliseum. Leading men were there from all over the State. He was received with volumes of enthusiasm that lasted for several minutes. Senator Culberson introduced the speaker, and for one hour and a half he gave them one of the finest political speeches ever heard in this city. It was not along the ordinary lines, but was full of new thoughts on old subjects, pointing out the relation of the people to the problems of government. He held that no State or Nation, under a republican form of government, ought to permit the few to govern; that every individual is a sovereign

and ought to exercise his right to help rule the country where he lives. He expounded the operations of graft, pointed out how to prevent it, gave his views of the tariff, and expressed himself clearly on all the current issues in modern politics. But he indulged in no vituperation. He spoke earnestly and pointedly and pitched his address upon a high moral and intellectual plane. It was absolutely refreshing and inspiring to hear such a man. It has put Governor Wilson high up in the esteem of the political leaders of Texas, and the man who aspires to win from him the vote of Texas in the National Democratic Convention will know that he has been engaged in a stupendous contest. He is a truly great man, with great ideas of government and born to accomplish great results. He stands out upon the moral and political horizon of the country as a colossal figure whose increasing proportions mark him as a man of destiny. He has a mission and the eyes of thinking people are turning upon him.

## THE GREAT METHODIST RALLY.

Last Friday was Methodist rally day at the State Fair, according to the program announced. It fully came up to expectations. They poured in from every quarter of the State, ministers and laymen, men and women, old and young. Badges were handed out, and it seemed that Dallas was literally full of Methodists. The hotels, the boarding houses, the streets and public places looked like a great State tag day. The Bishops, with three exceptions, were all in the city holding their mid-year meeting, and they, too, joined the crowd of Methodist hosts and seemed to partake of the spirit of the day.

At 10:30 in the morning the First Methodist Church was crowded to its utmost capacity, standing room being at a premium, and hundreds were turned away for lack of room. Bishop James Atkins, President of the Educational Commission, presided and gave a brief but appropriate sketch of the Commission, how it originated and how appointed. He spoke also of the history of education in the State and then took up the proposition to found the great Southern Methodist University and the success with which the movement has met. He then introduced Bishop Hoss, who made one of the finest educational addresses ever heard in this city. While it seemed, in some measure impromptu, nevertheless it took in a wide range and covered the field with wonderful interest. It had flashes of humor, scintillations of wit, bits of history, sweeps of information, climaxes of argument, and a brilliant conclusion. No audience was ever more entertained, instructed and enthused.

After him came Rev. George R. Stuart, and his address was indescribable. It was only such an address as he alone can make. It struck a popular chord, and he held the audience at will. They laughed, they cried, and came very nearly shouting. After he had thus won his way to

the hearts of the throng he proceeded to take a collection to be paid in five annual installments and the result was an eye-opener. It showed to what extent Methodists can contribute when the facts are submitted and their sense of duty sprung.

In the afternoon the throng went by automobile and by train to the University grounds, viewed the campus and the lands donated by Dallas for the institution and inspected them. General satisfaction was expressed by the visitors as to what they saw. The site is a magnificent one, four miles from the center of the city, and on a level with the top of the sixteen-story Practorian Building, and the city reaches right out, in its residences, to the vicinity of the University grounds. In a short time street cars will also be running to the location. An artesian well has been sunk and the water is flowing from it freely and in quantities sufficient to meet the needs of a community of five thousand people. Short exercises were had, dirt broken for the Administration Building, and the throng returned to the city and repaired to the Fair Grounds for the afternoon exercises.

At 3:30 p. m. another great audience assembled, this time in the Coliseum, an immense auditorium. It was a brilliant assemblage and spoke well for Texas Methodism. It gave a bird's eye view of the Methodist population of Texas. Their intelligence, their social status, their material condition and their Church devotion were well represented. It was a mighty host, and it presented a magnificent spectacle. Bishop Menzon, Dr. George W. Truett and others spoke congratulatory words of a high order, and then George Stuart made another address and took a second collection for the Southern Methodist University. While in progress a telegram from New York was received from Dr. Wallace Butterick, announcing that the board he represents had just appropriated \$200,000 toward the endowment fund of the University on certain conditions, which the Commission readily accepted. The two collections amounted to more than \$100,000—a total from the two above sources of over \$300,000. Now add to this the \$300,000 bonus from Dallas and seven hundred acres of valuable land lying alongside of the city, and it will be seen what a wonderful stride the institution makes right in its inception. Great was the rally, and great is Texas Methodism!

## THE NORTHWEST TEXAS CONFERENCE.

The Northwest Texas Conference is closing the first year in its history. It started out one year ago in its infancy and its annual session now in progress at Plainview will reveal the extent of its vigor and aggressiveness. It covers the whole of the Panhandle and quite a strip of West Texas proper and much of it is still unpopulated in its territory. A very few years ago it was the native heath of the great ranch and its broad prairies were

covered with herds of cattle, and the voice of the cowboy and coyote was heard in all that region. In fact, it has not been such a great while since caravans of buffalo were in possession of much of the country. Even now in some sections the large ranch is still unbroken.

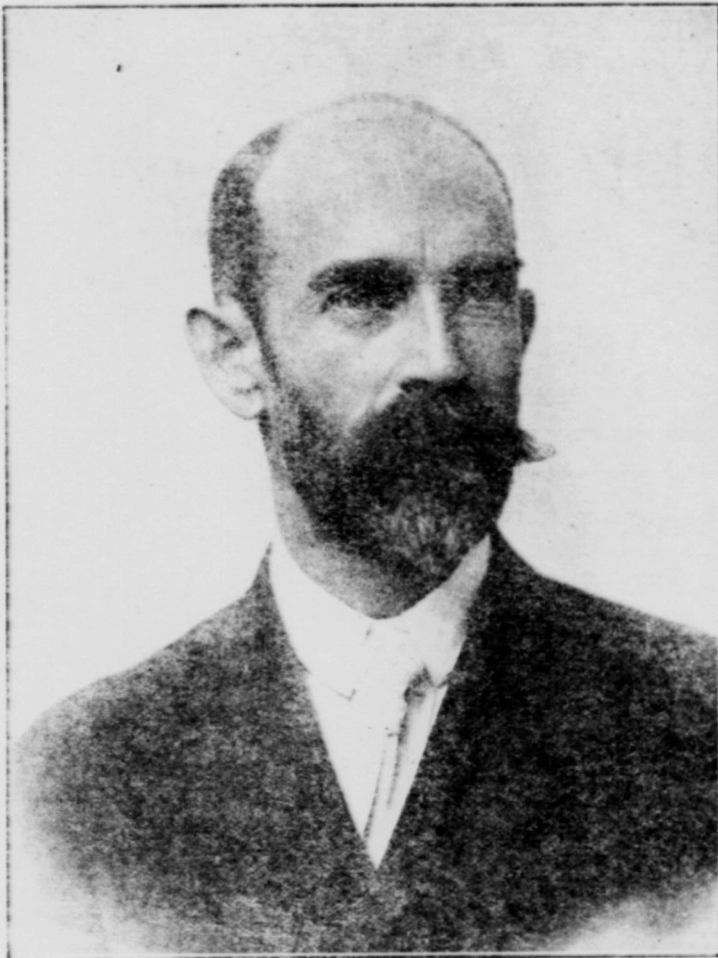
But a few years have made wonderful changes in that portion of the State. Railroads now traverse it east and west, north and south. Towns have sprung up and grown until some of them almost reach the dignity of cities. Many of the great ranches have been divided and subdivided into farms and people are occupying them as homes. Villages are numerous and the rural sections are becoming settled. Modern improvements are in evidence, and a more hardy, intelligent and thrifty people cannot be found than those who are developing the Panhandle country. They are educated people from all other States in the Union, and they are there to retrieve their fortunes and to begin life under circumstances where their boys and girls can have an opportunity to grow and develop into stalwart men and women. Good schools are everywhere flourishing.

Our Church is doing its part, and it is not a matter of wonder that a conference has been projected in such a country and among such people. Counting those who are active, the supernumeraries, the supernumerates, the undergraduates and the supplies, they have one hundred and eighty-seven ministers, thirty-five thousand and ninety-nine members, one hundred and eighty-nine houses of worship, valued at \$690,763, and three Church schools. They had these conditions to begin with, and doubtless the figures will be increased when the reports of the first year are tabulated.

They have an extended territory, and when thickly settled it will be one of the largest conferences in the connection. The lands are fertile and very productive, and barring a few seasons of late afflicting the country with drouth, the products of the territory have been abundant. There are some profitable farm products that do well even in dry weather. And it has the singular distinction of being a conference in which there is not an open saloon. One year ago Potter and Dalham Counties were wet, but they, too, have come into the dry column, leaving the entire territory covered by the conference a prohibition country. This gives to it a distinction more than worthy of passing notice.

Not only is the population made up of the best blood the country affords, but the preachers are a heroic and determined lot of men. They are consecrated in their purposes, enterprising in their plans and far-seeing in their visions. They are men born to lead and to conquer.

Bishop Atkins is presiding the second time over their deliberations, and he thoroughly understands the situation. May they have a delightful conference and plan large things for the kingdom of Christ in that young empire in the Northwest!



ROBERT STUART HYER, LL. D.  
President Southern Methodist University.

## Eastward Around the World

### OUR FIRST VISIT TO RUSSIA

By DR. W. B. PALMORE--Article Fourteen

When we made our first visit to Russia, many years ago, there was great excitement and terror in the Turkish Empire and the civilized world. Thousands of Armenians were bleeding and perishing under the hoof of the unspeakable Turk. Nearly \$200,000 were raised in our region of the world for Armenian relief, a small part of which was raised from the children of the West through the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

On our way to the scene of suffering we crossed the boundary line into the Turkish Empire, about 1 o'clock at night. The weather was warm and we were sound asleep in an ordinary day coach, with our window

wide open. We were suddenly aroused from our profound sleep by Turkish soldiers, armed to the teeth! Our train was running about forty miles an hour, and we were in great consternation! In searching our baggage the first thing they seized was our books. The one book of all, which would have endangered our liberty or life, was a new one, in very sensational style, on the cruel and bloody atrocities of the Turks. In the scramble we were fortunate in getting this book hid under our coat skirt before the soldiers saw what it was. While they were examining our other books we adroitly arose with our back to the open window and dropped it out without being detected. They took from us all our books which in any way touched or mentioned the Turkish Empire, promising to return them to

us at Constantinople. These books, however, were never returned.

#### Miss Clara Barton

of the Red Cross Society, through which most of the money had been raised, established her headquarters in Constantinople, from which she directed a great work in a masterful way. The great excitement in the empire was indicated in a commencement at Robert College, which we attended with Miss Barton. The great auditorium was packed with people of many tongues and nations. Six young men of the graduating class delivered their graduating orations in as many different languages—one in English, one in French, one in modern Greek, one in Russian, one in Bulgarian and one in the Armenian. Not a single sentence, prayer, or speech was uttered without having been carefully censored beforehand. This college sits on the spot where Xerxes sat watching his army cross out of Asia into Europe. It is the same point at which Mohammed II took his boats from the Bosphorus to the head of the Golden Horn, when he captured Constantinople. Miss Barton and myself were both very glad to be taken from this exciting scene and historic spot in a yacht bearing the Stars and Stripes.

Figuratively speaking, the climate became too warm for me in Constantinople. Miss Barton could safely stay where it would have been very hazardous for me. One Sunday morning before breakfast we slipped out with a little boat into the Bosphorus and climbed onto an Austrian Lloyd ship, passing through the Bosphorus into the Black Sea. A few days afterwards thousands were killed in the streets around the hotel from which we had escaped. Across the Black Sea we sailed into the harbor of Sebastopol on the evening of the third of July. With a three-horse white-canopied phaeton, and a university graduate for interpreter and guide, we celebrated the Fourth of July by driving over the great battlefields of the Crimea. At noon we took a swim in the

#### Bay of Balaclava.

While eating our lunch we listened to a song of the Huguenots in the Russian tongue, played on one of Edison's phonographs. After lunch we drove out into "the valley of death," immortalized by Tennyson in the "Charge of the Light Brigade." We halted exactly where the Earl of Cardigan sat in his saddle when Captain Nolan handed him the fatal order. We could see the spot on the mountain from which Lord Ragland and the French General saw the charge. Pointing to a marble monument on the spot where the Light Brigade broke through the Russian lines, with cannon to the right, cannon to the front and cannon to the left, we said to our interpreter and guide: "We know what that shaft means, but what does that one on the mountain mean?" His eyes sparkled and flashed with enthusiasm as he said: "Sir, that is in honor of the noblest woman the Lord ever made!" We asked: "Who is or was the noblest woman the Lord ever made?" He answered with emphasis:

#### "Florence Nightingale!"

From the Black Sea we went across overland to the City of Tiflis, seemingly one of the oldest cities in the world, lying between Mount Ararat and the Caucasus Mountains, and midway between the Black and Caspian Seas. In this city was a singular blending of the ancient and modern. Here was a colony of about ten thousand Persians, and another of Armenians, working in metals in about as primitive a way as doubtless the antediluvians did, while some of the streets were lighted with electricity. Here we had John Agopian for guide and interpreter. He was an aged Armenian, who spoke thirteen languages, but could neither read nor write. We did not converse with him in all of these languages!

From Tiflis we had a memorable experience in going over the lofty Caucasus Mountains with horses. On the crest we suffered with cold in the middle of July! At the foot of the north side we were fortunate in finding a new railroad, on which we proceeded to the Caspian Sea. At Bak-er on the Caspian were more than 100 oil wells. All ships on the Caspian and all railway locomotives in Southern Russia burn coal oil. Here it was that Zoroaster of the Fire Worshipers once built a great temple over a gas well. From the top of the tall towers the fires never ceased to flame. A remnant of his people are now the Parsees of Bombay, the richest and in some respects the most remarkable people in all India.

We crossed the Caspian Sea to the City of Astracan, at the mouth of the Volga River. One evening we were somewhat embarrassed by the silent, steady gaze of the captain of our ship. When he discovered our embarrassment he broke his silence by



FRANK REEDY, Esq.

Who for a long time has been a live-wire in Texas Educational Circles.

saying: "I have been on this sea for many years, and you are the only and First American on the Caspian I have ever seen!"

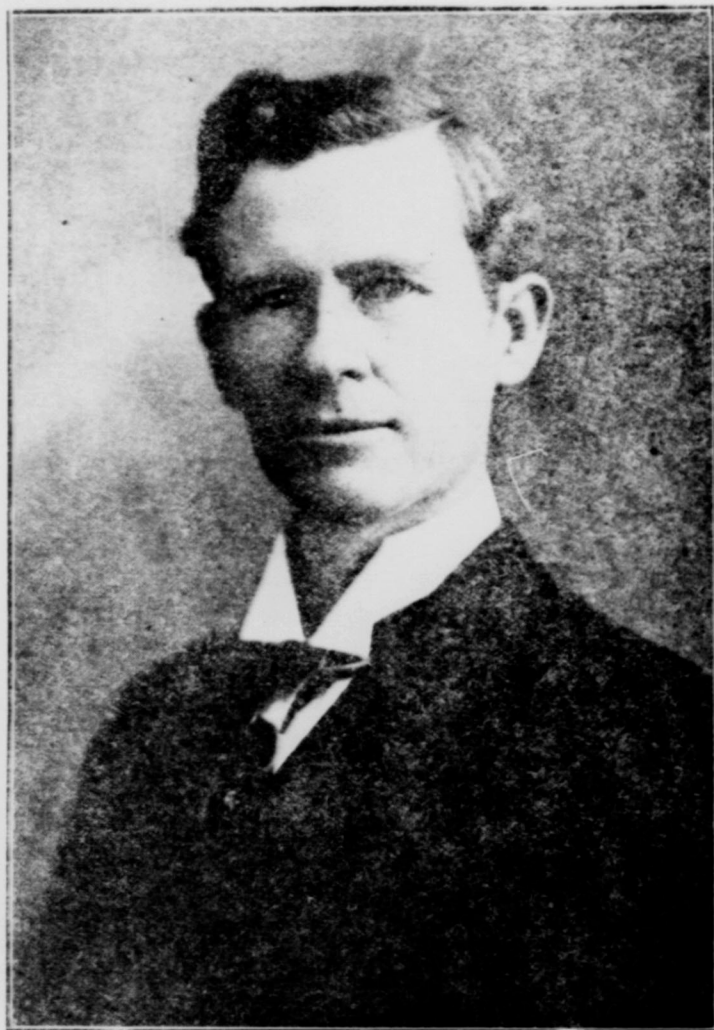
On the Volga are immense steamers patterned after the floating palaces of the lower Mississippi, on which we used to travel in the early morning of life. These Volga steamers, however, have three decks, and we were surprised to find a number of the steamers named after our Southern States, such as the Texas, Mississippi, Kentucky, etc. On one of these we had one of the most delightful trips of our life all the way to Nijni Novgorod, a distance of 2000 miles. It is one of the most delightful summer trips in the world. Many of the wealthy Russians go down and return without getting off the steamer, just for the scenery and pleasure of the trip.

The lower deck is generally crowded with peasants; the second deck with the merchants and middle classes. The third and upper deck is on the "European plan" and so expensive

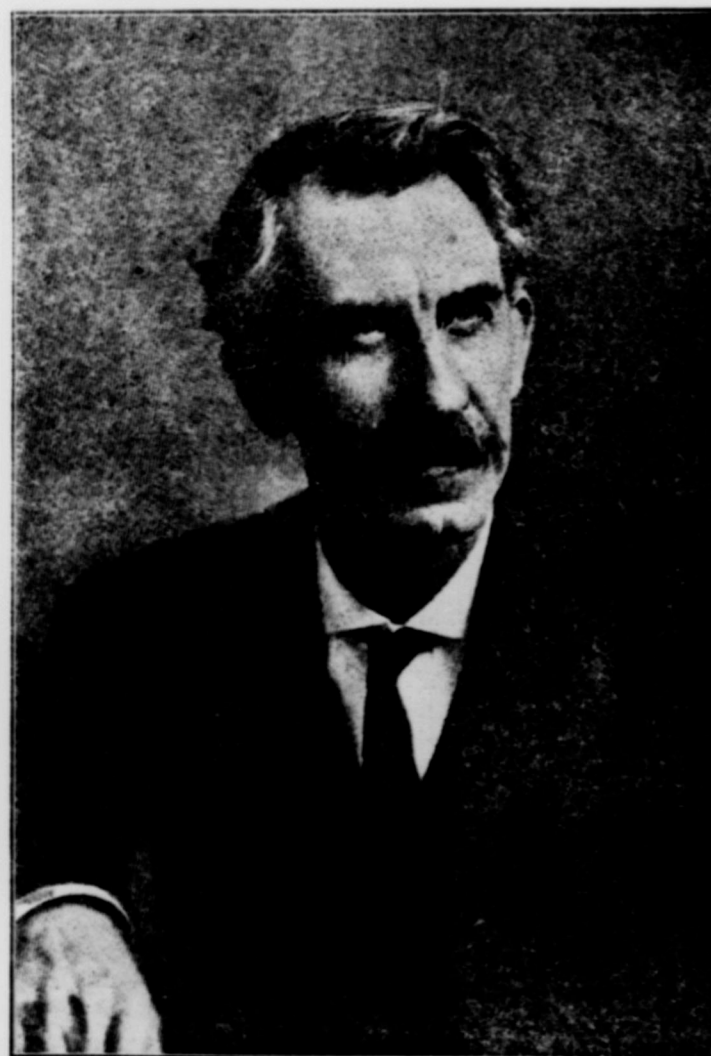
that few ever go that high but the aristocracy and the children of wealth. You pay for a very elegant and expensive room, and then order exactly what you wish. We generally, at home and abroad, live a very simple, plain and inexpensive life. This trip up the Volga was an exception to our general rule, when we somewhat realized what it was to live and move and have our being among "Big Bugs!" These people of wealth invited us to dine, lunch and take tea with them so often that we were somewhat bewildered, not knowing but what it was a case of mistaken identity. It was so unprecedented in our former experiences that we were touched with

#### "Swell-headedness"

until we found the explanation. When Peter the Great built Petersburg, which he called his "window into Europe," he issued a decree requiring all the children of the nobility to read and write at least one European language besides the Russian. The penalty for not doing so was the sacrifice of their birthright. Since that time



REV. H. A. BOAZ, D. D.  
Vice-President Southern Methodist University.



REV. GEORGE R. STUART, EVANGELIST.  
Principal Speaker on Rally Day.















sciences when we deploy thus upon ourselves, when we dress them in handsome clothes as if they were the very choice of the moral soul!

Now the interesting thing, however, that makes the conquest less unequal is this, that the bad passions always lead to confusion; that the bad passions, no matter how long they may triumph (and I think I am speaking out of the Bible), no matter how long they may triumph, sooner or later they will effect their own confusion. It is on the principle that you must have a very good memory if you are going to keep on lying because the lies are not consistent with themselves, and they are going to bother you, if you do not remember exactly what it was you said. I remember the singular advice of a very old politician to his son. He said, "John, don't bother your head about lies—they will take care of themselves. But if you ever hear me deny anything, you may make up your mind it is so." He had the instinct which every man has that it is only the truth that is dangerous, only the truth that is so compact, so self-sustaining that you do not break its power. And that is the good fortune of our race, that the bad passions will disclose themselves, even upon the countenances of those who entertain them, and they will be betrayed by the unsteadiness of the eye. They will be betrayed by the indirectness of their speech. They will fortunately bear the earmarks of those who are indirect and afraid. And so those things that so often worry the soul, that will sometimes worry a man in congenial company will be personally betrayed in their own company. They cannot keep secret. They cannot keep faith because there is no faith to keep.

Now, on the other hand the handsome passions urge the triumphant passions, and yet they cannot be triumphant unless we lend them constant assistance. You can sit back and say truth will triumph. It won't if everybody sits back the way you are sitting and lets it alone. You have got to put it on as if it were war paint. You have got to draw it as if it were a sword. You have got to proclaim it as if man had broken it. You have everywhere to force the

fighting if truth is to triumph, for the handsome passions are going to make use of their majority if they have got it. And if they simmer, and if they sleep, the machine (of course the bad passions always have a machine) is going to get in its work—it is going to organize something that is going to disconcert them, and the next time you try to display your concern, the truth and you will be divided for the time being. But what I want to emphasize about the lesson of the Scripture is, that men are capable of embodying in themselves the truth, that imperfect men, sinful men, men who don't keep constantly to their own professions, are able, by the grace of God to more and more square themselves with the splendors they entertain, and more and more prevail among their fellowmen.

Not only that, but that the light of truth can proceed from imperfect men. Sometimes, when I think of the great bodies of literature, and wonder what makes some pieces of writing immortal and others not, I am told by the literary critic that it is the infinite perfection of the form that keeps the thing alive; that perfectly expressed thought is the imperial thought, and I grant you that no thought can soar upward with its own wings, but it has to have winged words to convey it into the imperial region. But beyond all thought, and above all thought is the necessity that it must be true, that it must truly interpret the spirit of man. All great literature shares with the Bible the distinction of interpreting the human spirit, and the only difference that I can discover between the greatest parts of their literature and the Bible is that the Bible completely interprets human nature and supplies for that interpretation a universal language. The extraordinary thing about the Bible is that it does not seem to us a Jewish document. It does not seem to have come out of another race. It does not seem to be a part of a National literature that is not our own. It is of the very warp and woof of our own experiences, personal and National. You could substitute other names out of our own National history, or out of the history of any other modern people for

the history of the Old Testament, and the story would be just as true. The same words of writers or readers and the same words of introduction and distinction, the same terms for the things that are wrong, the same battling of the tissues for the things that are right, the same vitality when man served God and the same temptation when they denied him and set his counsels at naught.

I remember a very singular old gentleman whom I once knew a long time ago, who once approached me on the grounds at Princeton and exclaimed, "I have discovered the microbe of Hyper-Calvinism!" And I said, "Gracious, Doctor, I hope you haven't got it about you!" "No," he said, "but I know where it is." "Well," I said, "where is it?" He then produced nothing more than the caption of a chapter in a certain work (which I will not mention) on systematic theology, and that caption, the wording of which I have forgotten, seemed to identify right with the law of God, and this old gentleman understood the letter to say that God could, in his all-powerful control of our life and of our spirits, have reversed the standards of right and wrong, and made what we now consider wrong right, and what we now consider right wrong, and that right was right by the fiat and determination of God.

Now, he said that was the microbe of Hyper-Calvinism because, he said, "It is inconceivable to me that there should not be an absolute standard of right and wrong, and the only way I can conceive of God is as of a Being as entirely perfect, squared with the immutable standard of right."

Now, there is something very striking in that criticism of my friend, because the Bible does not display men who did right simply by the standards of the Ten Commandments. It does not display men who find their justification in the law of God. But it defines men who are constantly approximating to those standards which God revealed rather than made, and they are justifications of the standard of right. Their lives are examples of how right works and how wrong works, and they display to us in their occasional dramas in all the vicissitudes of their various characters, they

illustrate to us what it is that men must live by or die for, when we may live or die. They died in their experiences on earth. There is a very deep significance in that part of Dante's Inferno in which he describes men still living as he wrote as already in hades. He does not hesitate to put gentlemen there who were still in the public life in his day. But with a very true insight, so far as their own consciences were concerned, they were already in torment. I have met gentlemen who were already in torment. I know they were. I know they were by the things they said to me. They did not have to wait to go to the place where it was arranged for. They had made the necessary arrangements themselves. And it is true that man discovers the standards of God in his conduct, because he knows that he experiences no lightness of heart, no release of spirit, and casts about like a man groping in the dark until he has, whether he has read the Revelation or not, conformed to the Revelation. The Bible did not have to be written to reveal this Revelation to us, we would have discovered it ourselves. We would not have discovered the means of salvation. We could not.

But we could have found out the standard to which we had to conform. Men in the ancient world had found that out. And the Golden Rule of conduct was treated by Socrates. He saw just what the conduct of life would be. What differentiated his thinking from ours was that he had not seen the Christ; he had not discovered that, though man had debauched himself, if he once saw and accepted the vision of love, of personal service, of service to the Master, he could release his spirit, even at the end, when the work of iniquity has been done, and right in him, and in his memory, he would find the door of hope and of salvation. That is the reason that the New Testament had to be added to the Old. The Old Testament displayed what we knew. The New Testament discovered to us what we could not have found out for ourselves. We could not have found such a person. We could not have invented such a person. We could not have put the words into the mouths of any living creature, and yet there was nothing, so far as I can see, that was original in the teachings of Christ. Christ merely put into exquisitely perfect form what our spirits had once recognized to be true. Here was something that no man could gainsay, and coming from those lips, no man could refrain from worshipping.

And so, the simple thing that I came to say to-day is this: That the Bible is not something to turn aside to; that the Bible is not something to which to resort for religious instruction and comfort; that the Bible is not something to associate merely with Churches and sermons. It stands right in the center, in the market place of our life and there bubbles with the waters of life. It is, itself, the fountain; it is, itself, the inexhaustible fountain, and only those who have learned from it, and only those who have drunk of those waters, can be refreshed for the longer journey.

THE GALVESTON IMMIGRANT HOME.

The annual round of the six Methodist conferences in Texas (including the German Conference), all of which are contributing to the support of the above-named institution, render advisable this annual statement. The fact that a report, issued a year ago, presented the enterprise somewhat in detail, makes a repetition of such details at this time unnecessary.

The Home is being conducted along the same general lines upon which it was projected, over four years ago. The object was to protect the immigrant from the many forms of mistreatment to which he is exposed at every port of entry, and to surround his first steps in American citizenship with Christian sympathy and practical assistance. The needs of the many thousands of seamen who annually visit this port were so apparent that a department for seamen was soon added, separate in administration, but one in management and spirit with the Immigrant Home, and now under the same roof.

During the present year another branch of service has been added. Those admitted aliens in the western part of the United States, who from any cause have become obnoxious to the immigration laws of the land, and are brought to Galveston for trial or deportation are now committed to us for safe-keeping. Here they are maintained in comfort, and are the recipients of such gospel sympathy and ministrations as may seem to suit the individual case.

An important addition to the working force of the Home has been made in the person of Rev. J. E. Reifschneider, as business manager. He has

Knees Became Stiff

Five Years of Severe Rheumatism

The cure of Henry J. Goldstein, 14 Barton Street, Boston, Mass., is another victory by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine has succeeded in many cases where others have utterly failed. Mr. Goldstein says: "I suffered from rheumatism five years; it kept me from business and caused excruciating pain. My knees would become as stiff as steel. I tried many medicines without relief, then took Hood's Sarsaparilla, soon felt much better, and now consider myself entirely cured. I recommend Hood's."

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

proved his adaptation by uniting thorough business methods with a truly missionary spirit. In the laboring department our three employes are imbued with the gospel spirit, and are helping to accomplish the real purpose of the Home.

The figures for the past year are in every way encouraging. Against the 1569 immigrants who were our guests the previous year, we report for the past twelve months 2750. Instead of 8413 daily visits of seamen to the reading room, the report for this year gives 9944. The sum of \$2346.87, realized from the board and lodging of immigrants and seamen, gives place this year to \$4734.78. During the past twelve months 416 seamen and immigrants have been assisted in securing employment.

These figures, however encouraging, do not represent the intangible blessings bestowed. Owing to the ever changing constituency, it is impossible to tabulate spiritual results. Much of the bread cast upon these waters can be gathered only after many days. These far-flung Christian influences are related to a National problem—the task of assimilating an unprecedented mass of alien elements into our political, social and religious life. The effort to discharge our part of the great obligation has been honestly made. All the methods which have been tested in such institutions have been employed. Gospel meetings are held, and Bibles and tracts distributed. Many have been warned of danger, many comforted in sorrow, and not a few have been led into a new religious life. The immigrants themselves being witnesses, the labor has not been in vain in the Lord.

Although the spiritual results cannot be set down in figures, is it not a safe investment for Him whose final praise shall be: "I was a stranger and ye took me in?" "There is that which scattereth and yet increaseth," applies in blessing here. Surely God will not forget the Church that maintains a mission so unselfish and Christlike.

Let the final word be one of good cheer. Our institution is deeply rooted in local sentiment in Galveston. It enjoys the confidence of and receives every courtesy from the United States Immigration Inspectors, the North German Lloyd immigrant steamship line and the various railway companies with which we have to do. It affords us pleasure to bear witness to the faithful efforts put forth at this port to discharge the important and delicate duties involved. Immigration is no menace to America as we see it in Galveston, unless the Christian forces of the land should fail in extending to the alien a brotherly, Christian welcome. It is a privilege to record a growing interest in this Home throughout our entire Church. Especially active has been the sympathy of our Woman's Missionary Auxiliaries. Many donations of clothing and household supplies have been made. The Home Missionary Society of the Texas Conference sent in \$153.15, which enabled us to add much to the comfort and appearance inside.

Let it be understood that this is an enterprise of Christian missionary benevolence, and can never become self-supporting. The experience of years in New York and other immigrant ports has demonstrated that fact sufficiently. Nevertheless, the need of such institutions is having the widest recognition, and the work being done finds a growing appreciation.

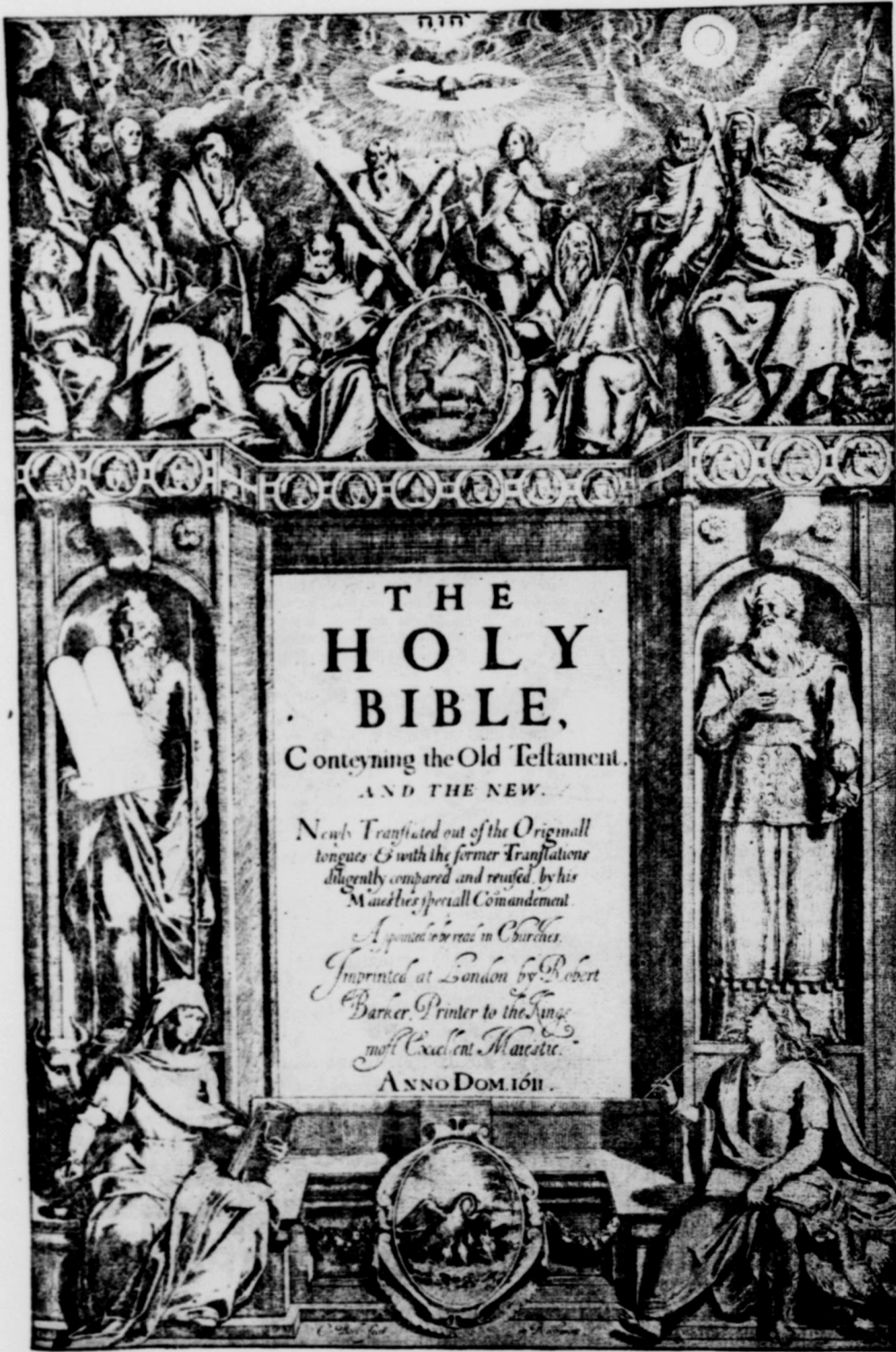
A. E. RECTOR, Superintendent. Galveston, Tex., Oct. 20, 1911.

BELLS

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Title page reduced fac simile of first issue of the King James' Version, 1611.













