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EDITORIAL.

BISHOP MCCABE AS A PEACEMAKER.

The document providing for the division of American Methodism and the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is known as "The Plan of Separation." The Methodist preachers of the South availed themselves of the rights and privileges of this instrument and organized a separate and independent ecclesiastical body. When the Northern Annual Conferences and the Northern General Conference endeavored by means of a mere technicality to repudiate the "Plan of Separation" the Supreme Court of the United States intervened and declared it inviolably sacred and valid. Afterward the "Joint Commission," meeting in Cape May to consider the question of formal fraternity and to settle certain vexatious problems, declared in substance that the M. E. Church, South, is a legitimate branch of American Methodism, equal in absolutely every respect to the Methodist Episcopal Church. The validity of the plan of separation is therefore shown first, by the actual organization of the Southern Church; second, by the endorsement and ratification of the Supreme Court; and third, by the action of the "Joint Commission," which in declaring Southern Methodism to be a legitimate branch of Episcopal Methodism in the United States necessarily acknowledged the validity of the instrument which gave it separate and independent ecclesiastical life. And this venerable and historic document has never been repealed. If it has never been revoked, it is still binding and nothing can justify any breach of its various provisions by either side.

Among other things contained in the great instrument mentioned above, we find the following: "And the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church shall in no wise attempt to organize Churches or societies within the limits of the Church, South, nor shall they attempt to exercise any pastoral oversight therein." The Southern Church was similarly bound. Each Church had a clearly defined territory. Each Church was to cultivate its own field. The Northern Church has repeatedly violated this plan and, backed up by a powerful missionary society and Church Extension Society, is to this day violating it systematically and constantly. According to their own showing they have fifteen millions of Church property in the South, where they ought not to have one cent, and five hundred thousand members where they ought not to have one. This high-handed and deliberate violation of the plan began even during the war. Bishop McTear says: "After the Federal forces had occupied large sections of Southern territory, Bishop Ames, with preachers of the M. E. Church, followed the victorious army with an order procured from Secretary of War Stanton, and took forcible possession of Southern Methodist pulpits, even to the exclusion of ministers appointed by the Church authorities and desired by the congregation. These violent pastors held on after the war ceased and had to be ousted ungracefully and reluctantly." Ever since the war this Church has sought to occupy our own exclusive territory on the most colossal scale. Long prior to the Cape May meeting, a period of a quarter of a century, the occupation of Southern territory had been an accomplished fact and every effort made to broaden the work and to multiply the membership.

In view of all this we pronounce the widespread and persistent holding of our territory as an unwarrantable invasion and as an indefensible interference with the rights and property of others. If Bishop McCabe (to whose presence and labors in Dallas we alluded not long since) thinks he can come to Texas and by a few honeyed words reconcile us to such a situation, he is very much mistaken. We are too old a bird to be victimized by such flattering arts. If he wants to do the right thing and to please us, he will furnish us a little less taffy and a little more scrupulous observance of the contract of the fathers. Not long since Bishop McCabe was in Denison. The Northern Methodists tendered him a reception. The Grand Army was in high feather. Some thoughtless sympathizers of the Southern sort took part. The Bishop made a characteristic speech. Among other things he said: "I have come to Texas as a peace-maker." This we do not believe. The Bishop has deceived himself. He has come to Texas to build up Northern Methodism. Does he honestly think that his own Church pays him forty-five hundred dollars a year to act as a peace commissioner, to bill and coo with his Southern brethren and to produce concord among all denominations?

No. He is here for business. He has an axe to grind. He is strengthening the stakes and cords of Northern Methodism. No, Bishop, that soft talk will not fool anybody in Texas. We understand you and understand you thoroughly. At this writing a preacher expelled from the M. E. Church, South, is in Denton holding a so-called holiness meeting in the Northern Methodist Church, with the knowledge and consent of the Northern presiding elder and pastor, and against the protest of the Southern presiding elder and pastor. If the Bishop is so wonderfully intent on pacification let him go to Denton and expell H. C. Morrison from the pulpit of his own Church and prevent such a discourtesy and outrage to a sister denomination. We want practical fraternity and peace-making and here is the golden chance. We fear the Bishop will take it out in talking and will insist upon the continued presence here of a Church which can only provoke discord and serve as a receptacle for disaffected and disgruntled Methodists of the South.

We have written plainly. We insist upon a punctilious observance of the "Plan of Separation." We warn our brethren against smooth-spoken peace-makers from the North. We demand righteousness before sentiment and even-handed justice before fraternal gush. We want to be allowed to work our territory and to fulfill our mission without molestation from any interloper. No mere connivance at the violation of "the plan" can make it right. If it were ever binding, it is binding now. We insist upon the original bond. Bishop McCabe is rather too much of a war-horse to play the role of a peace commissioner. Not long since Bishop Mallieu was holding a conference in Kansas. The name of a supernumerary preacher was called. Somebody said: "He is a wounded Federal soldier. He was a Colonel in the war and led the charge at Missionary Ridge." The Bishop said: "Give me your hand." Chaplain McCabe struck up: "My country, 'tis of thee," and such another demonstration of sectional frenzy was never witnessed before. The Bishop is an adept at getting up such ecclesiastical-patriotic powwows. Such things may suit Kansas, but they will hardly build up the cause of peace in the Southwest. The Bishop was in Libby prison too long and knows too many war times to play the part of a peace-maker. He carries with him the odor of sectionalism and is destined to make the breach wider than ever. If we are to have a peace commissioner we prefer a lamb or a dove—the ancient symbols of gentleness and love. Bro. McCabe is a war-horse, notwithstanding all his buncombe.

In conclusion, the Northern Church has violated "The Plan of Separation" from the time it was adopted to the present hour, and we are free to say that we resent it. Nothing but fair play and even-handed justice can ever bring the Methodists closer together.

We know nothing more dangerous to the religious life than evil companionships and corrupt associations. Nothing but eagle-eyed vigilance and importunate prayer can prevent our ungodly friends from dragging us down to their level. Nothing but the abounding and almighty grace of God can neutralize the force of environment. Evil associations are the bane of life. We must avoid them as the pestilence. He who clings to the old friendship and fellowship imperils his soul. The art of true Christian living is not so much the resisting of temptations as the avoiding of them altogether. Abraham had to leave Ur of the Chaldees and get away from idols and idolatrous surroundings.

It ought not to be a hard task to preach the gospel. We should not be driven to our work. Preaching ought to be the spontaneous and irrepressible outflowing of a full mind and a happy heart. We ought to be so full and so happy that we cannot restrain ourselves. Our daily reading and study, our devotion to duty and our unfolding experience ought to keep us prepared, sympathetic and eager for the momentous hour. He who is scourged into the pulpit by the lash of conscience can accomplish nothing. The best preachers are always ready and love the work. Paul was "pressed in the spirit" to testify that Jesus was the Christ.

The Midway Plaisance at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago was not only demoralizing in itself, but it has bred a great variety of abominations which are still doing their corrupting and damning work. In New York, dinners are given at which disgusting vaudeville performances are exhibited to amuse the bachelors. There are songs and dances by women in appropriate costume. Indelicacy broods over all. Evil multiplies and propagates itself in-

definitely. The social gangrene spreads. So much for nude art. So much for even the smallest liberties with sacred things. The plausance features of public exhibitions should be suppressed.

The press announces the fact that Herbert Spencer has at last completed his great work, "The Synthetic Philosophy." He undertook to survey and systematize human knowledge and to furnish such luminous generalizations as might prove a guide to life and happiness. In many respects it is a daring and monumental work. But it is distinctly rationalistic. God and revealed religion are entirely ignored. In a purely intellectual point of view it may be pronounced a masterly achievement. As a comprehensive philosophy of life, as a substantial contribution to wholesome and helpful literature it is worthless. This man's life-work is vanity. Philosophy without God is a mockery and a snare.

Connectional News.

Rev. John Reeves, of Winchester, Ky., the presiding elder who tried the Morrison case, writes as follows to the Central Methodist concerning the same: In view of the charges made by Bro. Cockrell, counsel for Bro. Morrison, against the Lexington Quarterly Conference in last week's Methodist, and by the request of some of said body, I desire to make the following statement: Bro. Morrison held a meeting, assisted by one Lasly, evangelist, commencing September 4, 1896, in Dublin, Texas, about four hundred yards from the Church. This meeting was arranged for with Bro. Morrison by several members of our Church, in February or March, 1896.

The pastor, W. H. Matthews, protested in July. Bro. Morrison answered in July, saying he would surely hold the meeting. A second protest from the pastor was not answered.

The official Board protested in the latter part of July, and he answered in August with the same result.

After three protests a petition was gotten up, Bro. Morrison urging them to hurry up the petition, so he could act.

After his arrival the presiding elder, E. A. Smith, and preacher in charge, W. H. Matthews, waited upon him and tried to prevail upon him to desist, claiming paragraph 287, 289 and 290 of the Discipline as the ground of their proceeding. He refused, claiming he had a right to hold the meeting and was violating no law of his Church, but would, if necessary, violate his ordination vows to hold it.

On September 7 they visited him again, taking members of the Official Board as witnesses, with the same result.

The meeting continued ten days. The evidence further showed much division, some Church trials, expulsions and withdrawals, with more to come.

The case coming to Lexington on complaint of these brethren, and coming under paragraph 282, Dr. Bolling, Bro. Morrison's pastor, appointed three members of the Church, local preachers not being available in the district, who brought in a bill of charges and specifications, already published. This committee appointed Hon. G. W. Graves, of Waco, Texas, to prosecute. A. C. King, of Dublin, was appointed commissioner to take testimony, which he did in Dublin November 26-28, 1896, after due notice to the accused.

The trial was held in High Street Church, Lexington, December 29, 1896, ten members of the Quarterly Conference being present. Bro. Morrison was represented by Rev. H. B. Cockrell. The depositions from Dublin were the only evidence produced. None was offered by the accused nor were the facts alleged disputed.

The whole case rested upon the violation of the laws of our Church. As the Chairman of that meeting, I must protest against the charge by Bro. Cockrell, that Bro. Morrison was expelled for preaching the doctrine of sanctification. The purity of Bro. Morrison's character was not called in question. The prosecution conceded he was preaching the doctrines of his Church. To, therefore, say that the "violation of law was a pretext, holiness the cause," is simply nothing short of slander and a total perversion of the facts in the case; a reflection upon the honor of all who were officially, and so reluctantly, connected with it. To those who know the members of that Quarterly Conference, no word of defense is needed. They are responsible, intelligent Christian gentlemen; business men in Lexington of high standing, who love the Church and her welfare, the friends of Bro. Morrison and the associates of his people. Eight points, five specifications, and three charges, in all making eight ballots that were taken, and every ballot was unanimously, guilty.

The prosecutor impressed all by his

gentlemanly bearing and kind treatment. He claimed the charges true from the evidence.

Bro. Cockrell made a strong, earnest plea of two hours and five minutes for his friend. He denied a violation of law in fact or intent; that Bro. Morrison was law abiding and had a right to do as he did.

An appeal was taken. We all regret this very much, yet the issue was thrust upon this Quarterly Conference, of deciding an issue between the movements of an evangelist and the rights of the pastorate. The conference decided for the pastor.

All these questions are to be overhauled. The issue is now made. The College of Bishops and the next General Conference must meet it and finally settle it. As Chairman, I am responsible to my conference.

That God will bring good out of it all is not only my prayer but my abiding faith.

General Church News.

The Independent: The fifth Conference of Representatives of Foreign Mission Boards, in the United States and Canada, was held this past week in the Presbyterian building. Representatives of twenty-two different societies were present, and the topics discussed were very pertinent. Dr. Judson Smith gave a most encouraging paper with regard to the general subject of self-supporting native Churches, showing by numerous extracts from letters that the missionaries are not only heartily in sympathy with this line of action, but are pressing it upon the Churches with their cordial response, and only ask that the Boards join heartily and strongly with them. They also urge a definite course of action on the part of the different Boards. Among other topics that came up were "Gifts for Specific Objects," the "Economic Distribution of the Missionary Force," "Missionary Furloughs," an "Ecumenical Missionary Conference," "The Student Volunteer Movement," "Unmarried Missionaries," "Independent Missions," "Chinese Indemnities," etc.

With regard to gifts for specific objects the general tone, both of the paper by Dr. E. E. Strong, and of the discussion, was that so long as these are confined to objects recognized by the missions and the Boards in their regular appropriations they are not merely harmless but helpful. The discussion on furloughs, introduced by Dr. W. W. Barr, emphasized their absolute necessity as well as economy. The general verdict appeared to be that the first term of service on the field should be shorter than the second and third terms, and that as a rule from five to seven years is as long a time as a missionary can labor advantageously at the first without a return to this country. It was decided, on the strength of considerable correspondence with missionary societies not only in this country but on the Continent, to recommend the holding of an Ecumenical Missionary Conference in this city some time during the year 1900. The time of the year was left undetermined, to be arranged by further correspondence and consideration. The work of the Student Volunteer Movement was very thoroughly and cordially presented by Dr. Henry N. Cobb, and received the most hearty endorsement of the conference. It was shown that any possible dangers involved in its organization and methods are recognized fully by the leaders, and every effort is being made to avoid them. The topic of unmarried missionaries was fully discussed, and the general trend of opinion was that no definite rule can be laid down. That there are cases when unmarried men can accomplish a work for missions, especially in pioneering which they could not do with families, and at the same time the fundamental value and necessity of family influence were recognized. It was repeatedly said that there should be no distinction between unmarried men and unmarried women; that the rules applying to one sex should apply to the other. In general the discussions were thoroughly practical and interesting as showing a considerable unity, notwithstanding the diversity necessarily arising from some differing methods. The conference is to meet again in this city next year in connection with the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

THE PRESS.

A Woman's Ideal Man.

Like every other woman, I have my ideal of manhood. The difficulty is to describe it. First of all, he must be a gentleman; but that means something that, in its turn, requires explanation. Gentleness and moral strength combined must be the salient characteristics of the "gentleman," together with the polish that is seldom acquired but in one way—by constant association with those so happily placed that they have enjoyed the influences of education and

refinement all through their lives. He must be thoughtful for others, kind to women and children and all helpless things, tender-hearted to the old and the poor and the unhappy, but never foolishly weak in giving where gifts do harm instead of good. His brain must be as fine as his heart, in fact. There are few such men; but they do exist. I know one or two. Reliable as rocks, judicious in every action, dependable in trifles as well as the large affairs of life, full of mercy and kindness to others, affectionate and well-loved in their homes, their lives are pure and kindly.

It was once said by a clever man that no one could be a gentleman all around who had not knocked about the world and associated with all sorts and conditions of men, high and low, rich and poor, good and bad. Experiences like these are like the processes for refining gold. The man who emerges unharmed from the fire of poverty and its associations, and who retains his independent manliness in relations with those high-placed, must have within him a fiber of strength that is the true essence of manliness.—Mrs. Humphry, in The Young Man.

One Kind of Modern Preaching.

The Homiletic Review states that Dr. Jos. Parker, of London, caricatures some modern preaching as follows:

My text, this morning, dear friends, will be found in the "Epistles of Lord Beaconsfield" (No. 10, line 7), in these most beautiful words: "How are you to-day?" This pathetic inquiry, which can not be even read without profound emotion, brings before our minds, dear brethren, truths of transcendent import, yet truths which mingle easily and tenderly with the sanctities of domestic experience. My brethren, let us for a few moments dwell upon these precious truths, and endeavor to set them in profitable order.

First: See how humanity is united by the exercise of the spirit of solidarity. The illustrious author of this pungently affectionate inquiry can not rest (though rest is so characteristic of his life and so dear to his soul) until he knows exactly how his friends are. This is the spirit of solidarity. This is the spirit that can not be content with its own lucubrations, but must go out in earnest quest concerning the welfare of others. (Here cite an anecdote, or make one.)

Second: See, dear brethren, from this inquiry, how large minds originate large interrogations. The immortal statesman does not ask, How is one of you? How is the senior? How is the junior? but with characteristic and splendid magnanimity he asks, in one bold and thrilling inquiry, How are you all?

Third: Observe how possible it is to be at once comprehensive and precise. The statesman whose genius has dazzled the senates of the universe, asks, How are you all today? Mark the point of time. Mark the definiteness of the greatest minds. The writer is not content with asking, How were you all yesterday? or, How have you been during the last seven years? but with that definiteness which is characteristic of earnestness, he asks, How are you all to-day, this day, this very day, and no other day? thus drawing down the mind to a precise point of attention and interest.

Application: Take care of yourselves, because at any moment an inquiry may come from the very highest circles directing itself to your immediate condition; therefore be ready—be always ready—be all ready.

The Laws of the New Life.

Prof. W. D. Mackenzie, writing of the eminent scholar and mystical theologian, William Law, (1686-1761), to whom John Wesley confessed himself deeply indebted, says in the Advance: "William Law rigidly maintained certain fixed habits and kept for many years to certain rules and principles of the deeper life, the life of communion with God. He knew that God loves order; system, method, and that God will not continue to bless with his Spirit the man who is careless, haphazard, occasional, superficial in his pursuit of this life in and with God. It is no excuse for a man to have no method in his devotional life because he is waiting for the baptism of the Spirit, and there is no excuse for the man who remains careless about the laws of this life because he believes that he has received the Holy Spirit. Who was it that said, 'Pray as if all depended on God, and work as if all depended on yourself?' That applies to the whole round of Christian experience. In no part of it are we able to create anything, and yet in no part of it are we allowed to be inactive. Accordingly William Law had his fixed hours for praying—to pray privately three a day, besides my morning and evening prayers—his order of subjects

for meditation, his favorite spot for prayer, his rules about early rising, about reading the Scripture and spiritual books, about examining his conduct and rendering an account thereof, about the use of intercessory prayer and about fasting. These rules were not to him petty things, beneath the regard of a man who has the Spirit of God; they were the conditions for thorough enjoying of that Spirit; they were the methods by which a man could go steadily deeper into the life of the redeemed. Nor were they to him grievous burdens. He adapted them to suit his style of living and the daily round of his duties. Having adopted them, he kept to them, and found them to be the delightful and wonderful conditions of his living fellowship with the living God."

Farrar on Tennyson.

In the Temple Magazine Dean Farrar gives some delightful reminiscences of Lord Tennyson. Among them is this suggestive incident:

"The impression left by one conversation with him is still vivid in my memory. We were walking alone, up and down a long walk in the garden at Freshwater, and discussing on a theme respecting which we were entirely at one, namely, the very limited nature of our knowledge, and how easily we deceive ourselves into the notion that we know many things of which the reality is entirely hidden from us. 'What we know is little, what we are ignorant of is immense.' While we were thus talking he stopped down and plucked one of the garden flowers beside the path. 'How utterly ignorant we are of all the laws that underlie the life of even this single flower!' he said. This line of thought was exactly the same as that which he expressed in the striking poem—'Flower in the crannied wall, I pluck you out of the crannies, I hold you there, root and all, in my hand, Little flower; but if I could understand What you are, root and all, and all in all, I should know what God and man is. 'But yet,' he said, 'this one flower, taken by itself, is quite sufficient to tell us all that it is most essential for us to know. It proves to us the love of God.'"

Texas Personals.

Rev. D. H. Bounds made us a pleasant call.

Rev. O. S. Thomas was a welcome caller at the Advocate office.

W. L. Hancock, of Palmer, and J. J. Dickard, of Willis Point, called during the week.

A note from Rev. J. H. Trimble, whose illness the Advocate announced some time since, states that he is very much improved.

Rev. T. J. Beckham, who is in the city preaching a series of doctrinal sermons at the Ervay Street Church, dropped in to see us during the week.

Mrs. Emma Newberry, mother of Mrs. J. B. Nutter, died at the home of Rev. J. B. Nutter in Corpus, January 21. The Advocate tenders condolence.

Rev. W. D. Bradfield is doing finely at St. John's, Galveston. The congregations are improving and there are many indications of increasing prosperity.

Southern Methodist Personals.

Wesleyan Advocate: A telegram from Mrs. J. R. Thomas, Ukiah, California, January 15th, says: "My husband passed away yesterday in great peace." This announcement will be a sad one to a host of admiring friends in Georgia and elsewhere, but it will awaken many pleasant and grateful memories. Dr. J. R. Thomas was a great and good man, and in his mastery was he lived a life that will leave its elevating influence on the world.

We cannot give any details of his life, but we knew him as President of Emory College and there recognized in him a master mind and a large, warm heart. He had had a successful career as a teacher before assuming the control of Emory and no one could fail to see that he was trained to his business. He was a thinker, a teacher, a mind leader, one who knew what the mind was for, and how to develop it for its high end. He understood the boy nature as few men did, and knew what to do with it to bring out the best. He had, as every teacher has, a good deal of hard material to work, but it seemed that he was at his best when dealing with such material. He was greatly respected by all students, and loved and admired by those who had any desire to do right.

Dr. Thomas was a fine theologian and a strong preacher. His style was mas-

sive, but he moved with the ease of a mighty engine before a heavy train. He developed great thoughts, but he had a mind that could carry and handle them with ease. In his presence there was a constant invitation to the higher walks of intellectual and divine life, and his preaching and speaking always stimulated thought and aspiration. To us he seemed to be a divine magnet, ever drawing those who would respond at all toward better things. A princely soul has gone to the heavenly home, but he has left a rich life to bless the world. We shall have more to say of him in the near future.

New Orleans Advocate: Col. W. L. Nugent died at his home in Jackson, Miss., on Monday, the eighteenth. He was one of the ablest and most successful lawyers in the State. Such were his intellectual abilities, his literary and professional resources and his probity and dignity of character that he would have graced any official position. In the United States Senate or on the United States Supreme Bench he would have been, in our judgment, the peer of the great Lamar. He was a humble, devout, thoroughly consecrated Christian. When at all practicable he was always in his place in the sanctuary, not only on Sunday, but at the week-night prayer-meeting. He had been Superintendent of our Sunday-school in Jackson for twenty years. He was one of the most liberal men we have ever known. Having been his pastor for four years, we speak of him knowingly, and we do not hesitate to say that we regard him as one of the very best men it has ever been our privilege to know. We have room in this issue only for this brief notice. A suitable memoir will, of course, appear in due time.

General Personals.

Christian Advocate, New York: Dr. Asbury Lowrey, who is now a resident of Philadelphia, has sent \$1,000 to the Missionary Society to be applied to the liquidation of the debt upon the new building in Rome. The following letter to Dr. A. B. Leonard accompanied the gift:

My Dear Dr. Leonard: I have a few thousand dollars of God's money to appropriate; not to give, but to apply, for it has long been given in purpose.

I have delayed because I thought I might have to trench upon it for the support of my family. I have not even this small sum to contribute because I am affluent. It is the resultant of a conviction long entertained, that consecration means the putting of body, mind, soul, and substance absolutely at the disposal of God, which implies that all Christians, including ministers, should be industrious and self-denying, and therefore lay aside something every year, however limited their means, for the cause of God. I have said that the obligation to save and give rests upon ministers. In taking this position I do not forget that the average salary of our ministers is so small that they are not able to lay aside more than a mere modicum annually, after practicing severe economy. But as an example to our equally poor members, whom we urge to give without stint, we ought to do it. Under the persuasion that the very genius of Methodism, from Wesley down, is a religion of self-denial, I have heeded the command of the Savior, "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself," and consequently have laid aside a shaving every year. I have acted upon this principle of saving something every year for sixty years.

I now wish to use the little sum of my savings for the advancement of Christ's kingdom. I know that so small a sum as I have to give will appear quite insignificant in these days of magnificent giving; but the smallness of the gift does not release a Christian from the obligation of making his offering, nor will it fail to receive the approval of Jesus, who so heartily commended the poor widow for casting in her mite.

In living economically I have not lived meanly, nor deprived my children of the advantages of education, nor my family of the comforts of life. Indeed, I believe I have done more than is common in bestowing upon them superior opportunities, and perhaps have not retrenched sufficiently in order to contribute for benevolent objects as duty requires; for the grand truth is graven on my heart: "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. * * * Whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."

Believing as I do that every man ought to give what he does give, if practicable, while he lives, I have begun by giving \$1,000 to Ohio Wesleyan University. I now offer \$1,000 to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and as every intelligent donor has a preference as to the object to which his gift shall be applied, I request, with the consent of the board, that it be appropriated toward the liquidation of the debt on our Mission building in Rome, Italy.

DEVOTIONAL.

FRIENDS IN TIME OF SORROW.

If it is natural to wish to have dear friends near in an hour of triumph, it is still more an instinct of the heart to wish this in the season of sorrow. Jesus invited the three disciples to the mountain top that they might behold his glory. He invited them into the depths of the garden that they might support him in his hour of agony.

The soul of the Savior was exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death. The hour to which he had long been looking forward had arrived; but it proved to be intolerably bitter.

Grief has a double instinct; it seeks solitude; and Jesus removed himself a stone's cast even from the three into the depths of the grove; yet at the same time it seeks sympathy; it is a relief to it to pour itself out into willing ears; and, therefore, Jesus wished them to be near, that he might go to them when the state of his overcharged heart would allow him. The disciples had need, besides, to pray on their own account. They, too, had reached a crisis in their fortunes where they might suffer shipwreck, and again and again he urged them to watch and pray, lest they should enter into temptation.

It was a golden opportunity for the three, when they could have obtained insight into the heart of their Master, and might have rendered him service which would have been divinely recompensed, besides preparing themselves for playing the man in the scenes which were about to ensue. But it was a lost opportunity. They were near him in Gethsemane, yet they were not with him. Jesus had invited them to a degree of confidence and intimacy beyond what they had ever yet enjoyed; but they could not enter so far into his secret. We wonder especially at St. John. He at least might have kept awake, although the other two had slept. He should have filled the place of the angel who had to come from heaven to strengthen the Savior because there was not a man to do it. St. John's loving and sensitive heart you would have expected to be all alive and awake when he saw the state into which his beloved Master had fallen. But even he succumbed to the drowsiness of grief; and Jesus came seeking sympathy and comfort, and found none. "Sleep on now," he said, "and take your rest."

Christ still invites us into Gethsemane. When may he be said to do so? When his cause appears to be in desperation; when the world is all against him, and his truth requires to be maintained against the organs of public opinion and the dead weight of conventionalism; when to confess him associates us with the poor and despised, while those whose good opinion we have been accustomed to enjoy wonder at us. In circumstances of this description a rare opportunity is offered of getting near to Christ. Never do we understand him so well, never does his love shine so full upon us, as when we are sacrificing honor, comfort, pleasure for his sake. But too often the opportunity is lost. Self-indulgence in some form comes in. It may not be a gross form; the sleep of the disciples in Gethsemane was very pardonable, and our self-indulgence may be something equally innocent. It may be the reading of a book when we ought to be saving a soul; it may be sitting in the comfort of home when we ought to be on the track of the homeless; it may be acquiescence in the opinions and practices of the respectable set to which we belong when we ought to come out from them and, at the risk of being thought odd, or even mad, offer our protest. A thing in itself entirely innocent may act as a soporific—to dull the sense of duty and smother the call of Christ—so that the opportunity of being brought close to him through the fellowship of his sufferings is lost forever.—Rev. J. Stalker.



CHRISTIANITY AND SECULAR PURSUITS.

Christianity promotes prosperity to secular pursuits by opening channels of usefulness into which the profits of business may be poured. So long as men have no higher aim than mere money-making or accumulating wealth to spend on their lusts, their pursuits do not rise to a position of honor in their own eyes. Such men are disgusted with their own occupations when they consider the degraded channels into which the results are emptied. But our religion shows men nobler uses for their money. Among the first uses to which money may be devoted is the support of one's self and family. This is a Christian requirement.

"The poor ye have always with you." The spirit of benevolence which relieves the needy with the proceeds of one's own toil and effort is one of the exalted virtues of Christianity, and allies its possessor most intimately with the Savior of the world. This spirit of Christian benevolence and usefulness has laid many millions of dollars on the altar of Christ's Church for the aid of the afflicted and unfortunate, for the spread of the gospel in all lands, and for the cause of Christian education. With his money the Christian carries out the purpose of Jesus Christ to redeem the world from ignorance and sin

and relieve the suffering sons of men. When we consider what grand and holy enterprises money has carried forward it appears strange that sensible men should despise money, speak lightly of secular pursuits, or imagine that wealth in itself is an evil. Upon the accumulation and right use of money depends the progress of the kingdom of God in the earth. If the principles of Christianity should be adopted by all professing Christians in the world, such a tide of power would be turned into the channels of missionary and other Christian enterprises as would make the world tremble and the deserts sing for joy.

So much for the influence of Christianity on secular pursuits. Let us turn the subject around and look at the other side. Secular pursuits aid in the development of Christian character and in working out a Christian life. The active purpose of business is favorable to religious principle. One who spends his entire life about sacred offices may play the hypocrite much more successfully than the business man. He may, indeed, deceive himself with regard to his religious character and attainments more easily than the man whose daily life is spent in secular pursuits. No sooner does the professing Christian enter on a business career and come in contact with the world than his principles are tried as gold is tried in the fire. Why is it that we hear of so many humiliating falls of business men who profess to be Christians? The newspapers abound in stories of Sunday-school Superintendents, stewards, elders, deacons, prominent members of Churches, who held the position of bank president, cashier, or teller, who filled the office of treasurer of some building and loan association, detected in the crime of appropriating to their own use funds which belonged to others, or, engaging in reckless speculation, gambling in wheat or pork or oil, have lost large sums not their own. What is the explanation, if Christianity really makes men true and good and strong? It is because the religion of these men was an affair of Sunday, and not of every day in the week; it was a system of ceremonies, and not of principles; it was an affair of outward exercises, and not of inward life; it was a profession, but not a practice. Every Christian who engages in secular pursuits will be tested as thoroughly, if not so severely as the martyrs were tested. He will be sifted as wheat!

Secular pursuits also furnish opportunities for spiritual victories of the most sublime and heroic character. We are commanded to "fight the good fight of faith."—Lucien Clark, D. D.

OLD AND YOUNG

The Collector of Waste.

It was very warm, and Jamie was tired. He had been riding on his bicycle all the afternoon; and now he was sitting in the vine-covered arbor on the lawn waiting for the clock to strike half-past eight, which was his bedtime. But, presently, as he leaned back, with his eyes half shut, he heard steps coming nearer; and, when he opened his eyes, he saw a queer little old man standing before him.

The little old man had a large knapsack strapped on his back, and carried a bulky parcel in one hand. He nodded to Jamie, and said, "Good evening!" And then he sat down, took off his hat, and fanned himself with it, as if he felt quite at home.

"Are you a peddler?" asked Jamie, after waiting some moments for the old man to speak.

But the old fellow smiled at this question, and shook his head.

"I will tell you my business," he said briskly. "I'm a collector."

"And what do you collect?" inquired Jamie. "Postage stamps, or coins, or autographs? I've tried collecting all these things myself, and I would like to see your collections ever so much."

The old man smiled again. Then he said: "No, I don't collect things of that sort. I am a collector of waste."

"A collector of waste?" said Jamie, much puzzled. "Why, I never heard of such a collection before. I don't understand what you mean by waste. Where do you find it, and what is it like?"

"That is just what I am going to tell you," said the old man, as he unstrapped his heavy knapsack and laid it down.

"The world is full of waste-collectors like myself, only you have never been favored with a sight of one before. We go about collecting everything that human beings waste—time, opportunities, money, happiness. All these things we gather up from day to day; sometimes our loads are frightfully heavy, I can tell you. Look at this knapsack and this parcel—all collected to-day!"

"Dear me!" said Jamie. "I wish you would show me some of the things you have there. Couldn't you do it?"

"If I show you anything, I will show you your own waste; for you've given me lots of work to-day collecting it," replied the old man, severely.

"I'd like to know what I've wasted to-day!" exclaimed Jamie, indignantly. "Now that's nonsense!"

"It is, hey?" said the old man with a cross look. "Well, then, I'll prove that it's true; and I'll make you own it, too,

before I go. I have not time to open my knapsack now, but I will read the list of all you've wasted to-day from my memorandum-book." And he took out a small book, and turned over the leaves, saying:

"Jamie—J—yes, here is your account. Now, listen! In the first place, you wasted thirteen minutes this morning lying in bed after you were called and told to get up. Then, when you were only half dressed, you wasted eight minutes more looking out of the window at two dogs who were fighting. So much before breakfast. In school you lost ten minutes of the study-hour drawing pictures in your copy-book, and you wasted eleven minutes more over that newspaper you carried to school."

"When you came home, instead of going directly to your room to wash your face and hands and brush your hair, as your mother requested, you spent nine minutes grumbling on the stairs before you obeyed her. You stopped in the street to talk to Tommy Rose, and wasted twelve minutes of your music-lesson time, besides—"

"Oh, stop! Do stop!" cried Jamie, interrupting the old man. "Don't tell me any more about the time I've wasted, please."

"Well, I'll tell you about the other things, then—your wasted opportunities, for example. You saw a bird's nest robbed to-day, and never said a word, when you might have saved it. When you saw that little boy drop his marbles, you only laughed at him, when you might have helped to pick them up. You let your sister take that long, hot walk to the postoffice this afternoon, when you could have gone there so easily on your bicycle!"

"But I promised the boys to run races at four o'clock, and I had no time," Jamie protested.

"That is no excuse. They could have waited for you," said the old man. "Those opportunities to be kind all wasted in one day!"

"Well, I hope this is the end of your list," Jamie said, in a shamefaced way. "By no means! There was another opportunity when you were so inattentive to your history lesson in school. You flew into a passion, too, because your shoe-string was in a knot. Wasted opportunity for self-control! You forgot to rise and offer your mother a chair when she entered the room. Wasted opportunity to be polite! You bought chewing-gum, after resolving never to buy it again. Wasted money and wasted good resolution! But I have read enough to prove what I said, and I have no wish to be disagreeable."

The old man closed his book, and looked at Jamie with a serious, yet kindly, gaze.

"Take pains, my dear boy," he said, as he picked up his knapsack. "It is in your power to lighten my daily load very much. Whenever you are tempted to throw away anything as valuable as your time or your opportunities, remember the collector of waste. But, hark! Your mother is calling you. Don't waste a moment, I beg. Good night!"

Jamie sprang from his seat, and ran toward the house. As he went out of the arbor, he turned and looked back. The old man had vanished.—The Outlook.



The Charm of London.

There are certainly many eastern cities—Damascus, for instance, and Constantinople—whose gardens and groves present a far more picturesque appearance than London can ever present with its huge population. For let the streets become "living storehouses of history," as much as they may, the vast crowds which now swarm through the mighty city will effectually drive the palaces more and more into the distance. But if, instead of the beauty of London, we should speak of the charm of London, we should be inclined to say that London has never wielded so great a charm as it does at the present time in spite of its long stretches of storeyed streets. For charm depends on the sense of power even more than on the sense of beauty. Michael Angelo exerts even a greater charm than Raphael, and Alexander a greater charm than Hannibal. So London in the nineteenth century, with its crowds of ordered and orderly labor, its storehouses of wealth, its treasures of learning, its mighty avens of iron roads raying out to the ends of the kingdom, and with the great river which carries the ships of all nations to the sea, exerts a far mightier charm on the imagination at this end of the nineteenth century than it could ever have exerted before.

London has, indeed, a mental atmosphere which presses with a far greater force on the mind than that with which the physical atmosphere presses on the body. No one can live in it without being sensibly stirred by the consciousness of force, of which the evidence streams in on one at every pore. There is a kind of magnetism in the mere proximity of so much energy and vivacity. The man who enters London from the country is sensible of a new stimulus and a clearer consciousness of what life means, and what it may produce, than he had before. All this exerts a spell which cannot be wielded by groves of dates and gardens of roses, nor even by stately piles of marble architecture. London in the times of the Plantagenets and Tudors, London as Sir Walter Scott imagined it during the later Stuart, never possessed such a charm as

is put forth by the vast city of the present day, where genius and skill and knowledge and industry are all represented by hosts of minds acting in concert with each other to produce a result such as the world has not elsewhere to show. Even the thick air, which so sadly impairs the beauty of London has sometimes had an imaginative charm of its own. Mr. Lowell used to say that there was nothing more delightful than the foggy sunsets of London, and Wordsworth felt its attraction when he said to Crabbe:

"Our haughty life is crowned with darkness
Like London with its own black wreath.
On which with these O'Connell, forthlooking
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath."

Nor is that the only testimony which Wordsworth—a solitary-minded man who lived chiefly amongst mountains and lakes, and cared nothing for the world—gave to London, a testimony not called forth so much by its beauty as by its marvelous concentration of human force and life. In the famous sonnet on London seen from Westminster Bridge in the stillness of a summer dawn, he dwelt on the latent power of the vision even more than its mere beauty:

"Never saw I never felt a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will.
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

There is a charm of London, "that mighty heart" beating so close to one, whether wakeful and active or still in slumber. And everything adds to that charm which, like the river, brings the whole force of it before you—partly by the contrast of its comparative tranquillity, its ever-unhastening and un-resting current, partly by the great rush of commerce which it carries to and fro upon its bosom.

Wordsworth felt justly enough that the bridges of London, which mark the break between the two great masses of population, and from which in comparative tranquillity you can get a view of the whole, are the very centers of the charm which London exerts over the mind. From Westminster Bridge you command the very heart of the political life, not merely of a great city, but of a great nation, and feel as if you could lay your hand on the main historical scenes of centuries of strife and passion. From London Bridge you command the very center of mercantile London, see the masts of the shipping in the lower part of the river, and the great dome of St. Paul's towering over all that traffic as men's religion towers over their busy activities and eager hopes. And from Waterloo Bridge you command a view of both quarters of London, while the solid pile of Somerset House, which reminds you how great is even official London, though official London is but a drop in the ocean of London life, stands close at hand. There is nothing like the bridges of a great city for giving you just the breathing space—the offing, as it were—necessary to enable you to stand apart from the great throng of humanity, and yet realize vividly what it means. If you plunge into the flood, you can no more realize the charm it has for the imagination, than a drowning man can realize the charm of the sea in which he is struggling for life. But when the throng is broken even though it is always pouring its tide over the passage from one of the mighty fragments to the other, you can gaze upon the great tumult—or the great silence which was tumult a few hours ago, and will be tumult again in a few more hours—and yet possess your own soul.

After all, then, the chief spell of London is in the life and energy which it seems to add, and probably does really add, to the mind which feels that spell. We know that an electric current will develop a parallel current in a wire some mile or so distant from it, and that a message may even be involuntarily transmitted in this way from a wire between stations at sea to a wire on land at a moderate distance. In the same way, the mere rush of energy around you in London seems to transmit a certain portion of itself to any mind which is at work in the heart of London, and to brace it up as it were to a higher nervous tension. London is like an electric bath to those who need that sort of reinvigorating stimulus; not do the sordid streets impress you less in that respect—perhaps even more on account of the greater mass of life that flows through them—than the stately streets. Lord Rosebery is quite right that the sordid streets make one melancholy when one reflects on the meanness of the life which they contain, on the squallor of the advertisements with which the poorer inhabitants are regaled, the misery of their want, and the unmitigated pangs which might be mitigated if the poor were not so near the very brink of destitution. But all that is a matter of reflection. When one does not reflect, the great tide of life that flows ceaselessly through the streets, adds not less, perhaps, as we

have said, even more, to the impressiveness of London, than the richer and more comely life of the wealthier quarters.

The great charm of London is in the magnitude and variety of its life, and the singular order which regulates it. To see the great tide of labor and organizing thought flow into London day by day in waves as sure and steady as those of the advancing tide, and then ebb again in the evening, as the laborers and the organizers of labor rush back to their quiet homes, is even more impressive than to watch the flow and ebb of the sea on a line of beach. For we know how "the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon," but we do not know how it is that all these atoms of eager desire, and ingenious imagination, and restless self-will, are controlled so as to constitute the mighty wholes of a city in which there is as much constancy and order as there is fulness of life.—The Spectator.



A Self-Condensing Characterization.

"The Churchman" of this city in its number of Nov. 7, in an editorial department, says:

"In looking at the countenance of the late archbishop (Benson) we see two traits especially prominent: the one is that of benignity, the other astuteness. In both these characteristics he resembled John Wesley, but his face shows a strength, an intellectual illumination and vigor which poor Wesley very much lacked."

"Poor Wesley!" Benignity is a redeeming quality; many that have been astute have not been benign. Yet one might be benign and so stupid or otherwise disqualified as to be an object of pity, and thus be spoken of as "poor Wesley!" One both benign and astute should get on well in this world. Benjamin Franklin answered that description; but "poor Wesley" lacked strength! Not physical, as he lived to be nearly eighty-eight and performed such labors as were scarce ever equalled; but "intellectual illumination and vigor" is what he "very much lacked." Had he lacked intellectual vigor but a little it would not have been so disastrous, but to be very much lacking!

O how sad! Astuteness and benignity without "intellectual illumination and vigor" must imply elements of misery. Such a character would be likely to promise great things and be unable to perform them. His benignity would lead him to wish to be of service to humanity, but his very great lack of mental illumination would forever disqualify him. "Poor Wesley!" It sounds almost like a refrain. Wesley left no descendants to quell beneath this revelation, so that it is not so much on his account that we deplore it, but also for Johnson, Southey, Macaulay, Buckle, Lecky, Green, Dean Stanley, and many others.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, styled in his day the "Monarch of English Literature," hated lack of intellectual vigor as he hated nothing else. Can it be believed! Boswell says that Johnson said to him in the year 1778: "John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. . . . He can talk well on any subject." When he complained that Wesley had stayed so short a time, and was told that he had remained two hours: "Two hours!" said he; "I could talk with him all night!" Johnson wrote to Wesley in 1776: "To have gained such a mind as yours may justly confirm me in my own opinion." The lecturer was surely in the right, who, when he saw his audience shrinking away, refused to quit the chair while Plato stayed. What a simpleton Johnson must have been, for "poor Wesley very much lacked intellectual illumination and vigor."

Speaking about his countenance as compared with that of Archbishop Benson, an author of the time wrote of Wesley soon after his death: "His face is one of the finest we have seen; a clear, smooth forehead, an aquiline nose, an eye the brightest and most piercing that can be conceived, and a freshness of complexion scarcely ever to be found at his years, and expressive of the most perfect health, conspired to render him a venerable and most interesting figure." Alexander Knox, whose contributions were regarded by the publishers of Southey's "Life of Wesley" as of sufficient importance to be published with the notes of Coleridge on that much-discussed book, writes thus: "It will hardly be denied that even in this frail and corrupted world we sometimes meet persons who,

in their very mien and aspect, as well as in their whole habit of life, manifest such a stamp and signature of virtue as to make our judgement of them a matter of intuition, rather than a result of continued examination. I never met a human being who came more perfectly within this description than John Wesley. . . . His countenance, as well as his conversation, expressed an habitual gaiety of heart which nothing but conscious virtue and innocence could have bestowed." Wesley's great lack of intellectual vigor and illumination was noticed by Thomas Babington Macaulay in these words: "The Life of Wesley" (by Southey) will probably live. Defective as it is, it contains the only popular account of a most remarkable moral revolution, and of a man whose eloquence and logical acuteness might have made him eminent in literature, whose genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu, and who, whatever his errors may have been, devoted all his powers, in defiance of obloquy and derision, to what he sincerely considered as the highest good of his species."

Southey, the poet and critic, who was not inclined to exaggerate any of "poor Wesley's" virtues, and sometimes seemed disposed to exaggerate his defects, takes notice of his lack of "intellectual illumination and vigor" in these words: "The Emperor Charles V and his rival of France appear at this day infinitely insignificant, if we compare them with Luther and Loyola; and there may come a time when the name of Wesley will be more generally known, and in remoter regions of the globe, than that of Frederick or Catherine. For the works of such men survive them, and continue to operate when nothing remains of worldly ambition but the memory of its vanity and guilt."

Speaking of "poor Wesley" as a preacher, recalls Thackeray's reference to him in the "Four Georges": "No wonder that Whitefield cried out in the wilderness, that Wesley quitted the insulted temple to pray on the hillside. I look with reverence at these men at that time. Which is the sublimer spectacle—the good John Wesley surrounded by his congregation of miners at the pit's mouth, or the queen's chaplains mumbling their morning office in their anteroom, under the picture of the great Venus, with the door opening into the adjoining chamber, where the queen is dressing, talking scandal to Lord Herve, or uttering sneers at Lady Suffolk, who is kneeling with the basin at her mistress' side?"

"Of poor Wesley" Lecky says: "The evangelical movement which directly or indirectly originated with Wesley produced a general revival of religious feeling which has incalculably increased the efficiency of almost every religious body in the community, while at the same time it has materially affected party politics. . . . Many great philanthropic affairs which arose, or at least derived their importance from the evangelical movement soon became topics of parliamentary debate."

Henry Thomas Buckle in the "History of Civilization in England" says: "Under two of the most remarkable men of the eighteenth century—Whitefield, the first of theological orators, and Wesley, the first of theological statesmen—there was originated a great system of religion which bore the same relation to the Church of England that the Church of England bore to the Church of Rome." Lecky goes so far as to say: "If men may be measured by the work they have accomplished, John Wesley can hardly fail to be regarded as the greatest

figure that has appeared in the religious history of the world since the days of the Reformation."

All these men must have lacked common sense. They were unable to see the real trouble with Wesley was not that he was not benign nor astute, but that he very much lacked "intellectual illumination and vigor."

Green in his "History of the English People" makes a reference to "poor Wesley": "In power as a preacher he took rank next to Whitefield; as a hymn writer he stood second to his brother Charles. But, while combining, in some degree, the excellence of either, he possessed qualities in which both were utterly deficient—an indefatigable industry, a cool judgment, a command over others, a faculty of organization, and a union of patience and moderation with an imperious ambition which marked him as a ruler of men."

It pains us also to give up Dean Stanley, who made such an impression when he visited this country a number of years ago, upon all classes of Christians and upon almost every minister in this city, and whose writings before and since, notably his magnificent work on Sinai and Palestine, we have often read. He had the utter credulity and folly, in speaking at the opening of some Children's Homes in London, to say: "And when I ask whence it was that the spirit was derived which, in our later days, has given birth to this success, I answer, that it came from one man, who, with many failings and many weaknesses, is yet one of the finest examples of Christian culture that this country has produced—John Wesley."

About twenty-five years ago many persons, without respect to religious denominations, thought that Charles Wesley was deserving a place in Westminster Abbey. Stanley was then dean at Westminster, and when permission was asked of him for the erection of such a monument, Stanley, on the ground that Charles had been connected, in his earliest youth, with Westminster's school and was one of England's sweetest palmists and poets, said: "If Charles, why not John?" Dean Stanley, in unveiling the monument (which represents John Wesley speaking on his father's tomb, and above the heads of John and Charles—John in front), said: "I answered, 'If Charles, why not John?' and accordingly the two brothers were united together, and if the poet has been somewhat overhauled by the preacher, I trust that neither in Westminster Abbey nor elsewhere will any English Churchman or any Nonconformist have cause to complain. As you will presently see, when the monument is uncovered, John Wesley is represented as preaching upon his father's tomb, and I have always thought that that is, as it were, a parable which represents his relation to our own national institutions. . . . It is because in the past century John Wesley was the reviver of religious fervor among our churches, that we feel we owe to him a debt of gratitude, and that he deserves to have his monument placed among those of the benefactors of England."

Still let us hesitate before giving up these men. We can save their reputation by two assumptions that seem to have considerable probability: that Wesley was what these intellectual giants thought him to have been, and that the writer of the note in "The Churchman" very much lacks "intellectual illumination and vigor," and is not, perhaps, specially endowed either with "benignity" or "astuteness."—Christian Advocate, N. Y.

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FIRST QUARTER—LESSON 5, JAN. 31.
The Boldness of Peter and John.

ACTS 4:1-14.
Time: A. D. 30.
Place: Jerusalem.

Golden Text: There is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved, v. 12.

"This text," says Deuser, "is one of those passages that shine like the sun, shedding light on all parts of the Bible; our fathers, accordingly, gave it a most prominent position in the Small-Catechism, written by Luther," and the adoption of which, says J. T. Muller, completed the Reformation.

The great doctrine of the lesson is that of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ.

The great essential characteristic of the early preaching and teaching, was "boldness" or courage which gave freedom and power.

Grant unto thy servants that with all boldness they may speak thy word.—Acts 4:31.

Paul preached boldly at Damascus.—Ch. 9:27.

Paul and Barnabas waxed bold.—Ch. 13:46. Speaking boldly in the Lord.—Ch. 14:3.

They spoke boldly for the space of three months.—Ch. 19:8.

Paul spoke freely, that is boldly, before Agrippa.—Ch. 26:26.

In the last verse of the Acts it is said of Paul: Preaching the kingdom of God and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence—that is, courage, the same word so often rendered boldness—no man forbidding him.—Ch. 28:31.

All great religious movements involving opposition and persecution, as the planting of Christianity, the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century and the Wesleyan revival in the Eighteenth Century, demand this high quality of "boldness."

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON.

Vs. 1-3: Priests, Sadducees and captain of the temple guard suddenly appear upon the scene, as opposers of the Apostles. We can see the separate motives that prompted these men in their opposition to the work of the Apostles—the priests, lest their prerogatives should be interfered with as the officers of public worship, and Christianity take root, and their temple service decline; the captain of the temple, or Levitical guard, who watched the temple by night, was concerned for good order, and these Apostles were creating a great stir and the Sadducees, because the str of the apostolic teaching was

the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead.

Dean Alford takes it that the Sadducees were the chief movers in the opposition. They were mere formalists in religion; out and out materialists, denying the existence of angel or spirit, and the resurrection of the dead. Naturally, therefore, they were sore grieved because the Apostles preached through Jesus the resurrection.

Preaching the resurrection through Jesus means in the person or example of Jesus; alleging him as an example of what the Sadducees denied; and, by implication, his resurrection involved the resurrection of the human race. His single example forever overturned the gloomy structure of Sadduceism. Besides this, the Sadducees were the chief actors in the crucifixion of Jesus, and yet he will not down. To preach the resurrection at all was a great offense to these learned materialists, of rank and station; but to preach it by pointing to Jesus and saying: He rose from the dead—this was intolerable. Accordingly, they laid hands on the two offenders—took hold of them violently, and put them in "hold"—that is, in prison—until the next day. For it was evident. They delayed proceedings simply for lack of time; it was now about six o'clock in the evening and the "Jews were not allowed to give judgment by night."

Vs. 4-7: Howbeit many who heard the word believed. Wealth, learning, power, authority, cunning hatred of priest, Sadducee and temple rulers all combined against the two Apostles; yet many who heard believed. And the number of the men was about five thousand. It does not appear whether we are to take this as strictly masculine; critics differ. But in chapter 5:14 both men and women are mentioned as being added to the Lord. Nor is it certain whether these five thousand were added on this occasion or included the whole Church; most probably the latter. The Lord added to the Church daily; and on great crucial days, he added by the thousand. The work of believing went on while Peter and John were in the prison—praying and praising no doubt. Persecution was both water and soil to the seed they were sowing.

On the next day the Sanhedrin meets in full session. The term rulers was applied to the Sanhedrists generally: high priests, elders of the people and scribes were the three classes comprising that chief council. Several members are mentioned by name. Annas, who had been deposed from the high-priesthood by Valerius Gratius, was "an astute worldly Sadducee, a man of vast influence, who had procured for five of his sons the actual high-priesthood after his deposition; so that for nearly half a century he had practically wielded the sacerdotal power. Before this Annas the trial of Jesus began and John and Peter were present then.—Jns. 18:13-24.

And Calaphas, the son-in-law of Annas, officially high-priest, also an unscrupulous, tyrannous Sadducee. To him Annas sent Jesus for the second stage of his trial and Peter went into the high-priest's palace and sat with the servants to see the end.—Matt. 26:58.

And John and Alexander, unknown in history, but by their presence here forever associated with these men of crime and bloodshed. They fit before us like evil faces at a window, which look in and quickly pass out of sight, but haunt the memory like an evil vision. John and Alexander? Enough that they are named next to Annas and Calaphas.

The court sat in a semi-circle, the high priest as president at the head, and the two prisoners were placed in the midst—with the man who had been healed.—V. 14. Three to seventy-one: these latter the incarnation of religionism, authority, learning and social power, and murderers of the Nazarene, and the three—a beggar and two tales—learned men—disciples of the Crucified. Where stood the odds that day! But there was another unseen, actually in the midst, like unto the Son of Man, and on trial, in the person of his two witnesses. Yes, Jesus is before Annas and Calaphas again; and formally, for the first time, since that awful night, when the same Apostles, Peter and John, stood trembling like timid children before the gaze of these mighty foes. But Peter and John will stand now. What an opportunity! All depends upon them now, and what a mercy that the Christ, deserted by them, in the presence of Annas and Calaphas, should put himself on trial before these same wily, wicked foes in the person of this same Peter and John. Here is no accident. The scene comes up to Annas and Calaphas: "they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." They remembered these men at the former trial and they knew that it was indeed Jesus who was on trial again. And they asked—or kept asking—as the imperfect tense of the verb implies (Schaff cited by Peloubet) by what manner of power, and in what manner of name—spoken as a talismanic word—have ye done this; no effort to deny the fact of the miracle of healing; but they want to impale them on the How of it. If possible to convict the Apostles of sorcery, (Schaff cited as above) and bring them under the sentence of death pronounced in the law.—Deut. 18: Exo. 22:18.

PETER'S RESPONSE.

Vs. 8-14: Then Peter filled with the Holy Ghost: "for the occasion," says Dean Alford; "that moment," says John

Wesley. Peter had been filled with the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, and spoke with other tongues. Now he is filled again, at this moment, for this new occasion and now the Spirit gives him marvelous tact, superhuman courage, irresistible power and order of speech, and clear and mighty utterance of the great gospel truth of salvation only in the name of Christ. Jesus had exactly fulfilled his promise in giving him the Holy Spirit, telling him what to say.

—See Matt. 10:19, 20. This filling with the Holy Spirit is something that took place again and again in the lives of the Apostles, as their need required. And so now, with the Christian, the Spirit abiding with him always is given in full measure, as his personal need and work demand. "Be filled with the Spirit." "We shall know whether we have received the Holy Ghost," says Dr. Parker, "by the fire that is in us. There is no mistaking him! a man can mistake the sunlight from a meaner flame."

St. Peter addresses the Sanhedrin, respectfully as rulers, and says: "If we be examined this day of the good deed"—yes the good deed, all could see this—"done to the impotent man, by what means he was made whole. Be it known unto you, and to all the people of Israel, that in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by him doth this man stand here before you whole." Where else before a human court shall we find such biting sarcasm and such a storm of mighty words—and this from Simon Peter. Mountain on mountain and wicked judges, Jesus—Jesus of Nazareth—whom ye—Annas and Calaphas and John and Alexander—crucified! Whom God raised from the dead

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It was not without effect; they saw the boldness of Peter and John—unlearned and untrained men of the laies—no disciplined, official teachers, and they marveled; they had strength left for this, and they took knowledge of them—that they had been with Jesus—when he stood a prisoner at the bar of Annas and Calaphas, and then they knew the secret of their courage and power. They had been with Jesus and now were like Jesus.

There also stood the man who had been healed—and they could say nothing against it. So now and always, Jesus produces his man, and this is his apology. Christianity justifies herself by her deeds.

Time is near when nations, as well as individuals, shall settle their differences by resort to legal proceedings and not by bloodshed.

God the Light.—Verse 19.

God is the glory of those whose God he is, and will be so eternally. It is their glory that they have him for their God, and they glory in it; it is to them instead of beauty. God's people are upon this account an honorable people, that they have an interest in God as theirs in covenant.—Henry.

Unchanging Prosperity.—Verse 20.

These blessed conditions being from God, "with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning," shall not be subject to change. Like a sun which never goes down and is never clouded, shall his favor be to those who trust in him. Sin and trouble, the sources of mourning, being banished, mourning shall be at an end.

Universal Righteousness.—Verse 21.

This is the condition of universal prosperity in the true sense, and those who are thus righteous shall enjoy a permanent inheritance, one from which nothing but sin can drive them.

Remarkable Growth.—Verse 22.

The Church at its beginning was small and weak; it was like a grain of mustard seed. Already it has grown to be a great tree. From the few who first constituted the Church, it has grown to a great multitude. What it shall become in the future shall far surpass the present. The Lord whose Church it is will "hasten it" and bring it to pass.

Dancing Leaguers.

A brother writes asking us to tell through these columns what to do with Leaguers who dance. The question is not an easy one, and where a League is so unfortunate as to be afflicted with such the pastor should exercise wisdom, kindness and firmness in dealing with them. If the offending one is a member of the Church, the offense is against the Church and must be dealt with as such. In the case of members not belonging to the Church, let the officers of the League, and especially the pastor, reiterate with the offending one and try to convince him of the wrong of engaging in that which is condemned by the Church, of which the League is a part. If the person has the right spirit, such proceeding will usually remedy the evil; but if he should be defiant, and despite reproof, then advise him to withdraw from the League.

As a last resort we think the League would be justified in dropping the names of any who persist in any practices condemned by the Church; but this will rarely be necessary. Let all be done in kindness, remembering that one purpose of the League is to save such. As we said before, a kind, brotherly request from the pastor and members of the League will usually cure the evil in the case of those who have come into the League with good purpose.

The best remedy, however, is in prevention. Let the League Council, con-

—your God; even by him—hath this man been healed. Then turning the words of their own prophets against them (Ps. 118:22; Matt. 21:42) he tells them that this is the stone—this crucified Jesus, set at naught of you builders, which has become the head of the corner—binding the foundation together and giving the whole structure its "strength and support." What a burning, overwhelming speech! Like the blast of a thunderbolt it crashed round that semi-circle of conscience-stricken men.

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We will do so when desired, if possible, but, as a rule, subscriptions must date from the current issue.

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Publisher's Department

REV. F. B. MINEX is a duly authorized Traveling Agent for the Texas Christian Advocate, and will receive and receipt for money due the paper.

AN EXCELLENT IDEA.

I am thinking of having an experience meeting on our Church literature, on this wise: Select, say, six men and four women, notify them a week before hand and let them give their experience as to the help they have received from the Advocate, Missionary Review, The World for Christ—these three especially. Let them call attention to the editorials and articles from which they have received help, briefly outlining the same. Then call for more subscribers. I believe this will work in all our Churches.

C. M. HARLESS, Dallas, Texas.

I wish to say that the Texas Christian Advocate is the peer of all Texas publications, and I do not see how any up-to-date Methodist can do without it.

STUART NELSON, Douglasville, Texas.

The machine came in all right. Wife is extra well pleased with it.

E. R. WALLACE, Wellington, Texas.

The Bible came all right. Am well pleased with it.

A. W. HUMPHREYS, Knob, Texas.

I like the dear old Advocate and can hardly wait when I read one number for the next one to come. I hope the day is not far distant when the Advocate will be a visitor in every Methodist home. Reading it is a blessing to any one. It arouses us to our Christian duty. I like to read the preachers' letters, as I know many of them. We were more than glad to have our pastor, Bro. P. G. Huffman, sent back to us for another year. He and his noble wife are a blessing to this charge. I wish the Advocate and all its readers a happy and prosperous year.

MRS. C. E. HUTCHISON, Lake Creek, Texas.

I received my machine some time ago and I think it very nice and thank you very much for your kindness.

MRS. S. A. OWENS, Waxahachie, Texas.

Do people as a rule speak well of a poor article they purchase? Never. But they purchase the Advocate machine, give it a fair trial, and after mature deliberation they nearly all voluntarily write us commending the machines as being the equal of any casting three times as much. Advocate one year and machine, \$22.

Unanswered Letters.

Jan. 21.—W. S. Easterling, sub. and trial sub. A. W. Wilson, sub. J. F. Webb, sub. J. R. Atchley, sub. Chas. W. Irvin, sub. L. G. Rogers, sub. S. L. Ball, O. K. J. W. Johnson, sub. C. N. N. Ferguson, sub. J. M. Bond, O. K. W. J. Bladworth, sub. E. J. Maxwell, sub. W. H. Carr, sub. W. L. Nelms, sub. H. M. Hayne, sub. has attention. W. J. Lemon, sub. at price named. W. D. Gaskins, sub.

Jan. 22.—J. H. Trimble, O. K. W. W. Nunn, trial sub. J. B. Guber, sub. J. M. Bond, sub. J. C. Weaver, sub. R. F. Bryant, sub. E. K. Denton, sub.

Jan. 23.—R. J. Smith, sub. J. B. Elder, sub. L. S. Barton, thanks for information. Jno. R. Steele, sub. A. T. Culbertson, sub. C. H. Smith, sub. S.

M. Thompson, subs. F. B. Buchanan, sub. J. L. Kennedy, sub. J. T. McClure, subs. J. H. Wiegman, sub.

Jan. 25.—J. R. B. Hall, has attention. Chas. F. Annis, sub. J. Haralson, sub. G. S. Clark, subs. Jas. E. Crutcheff, sub. Isaac L. Mills, sub. Jno. T. Bludworth, sub. S. A. Ashburn, has attention.

Jan. 26.—Sam'l Weaver, sub. C. A. Evans, O. K. M. L. Hallenbeck, sub. E. V. Cox, sub. E. W. Solomon, sub. G. H. Phair, sub. J. W. Dickinson, sub. and change.

Jan. 27.—R. T. Blackburn, has attention. E. K. Bransford, sub. I. J. Coppedge, sub. S. D. Burk, sub. B. F. McManama, sub.; trial subs.

POSTOFFICE ADDRESSES.

Rev. R. F. Bryant, Callisburg, Texas.

Rev. W. H. Wright, Madras, Texas.

Rev. John W. Goodwin, Nacogdoches, Texas.

Dr. McLean, writing to the business department, says incidentally: "The spring term of the University has opened most satisfactorily, and others propose entering in a few days. The Annex is filled to its utmost capacity. Health and deportment thus far most gratifying." This is certainly very gratifying intelligence.

In another column you will find a communication from Rev. R. W. Thompson, which speaks for itself. We beg leave to endorse it and to urge the friends of the orphans to respond thereto. The plan is entirely practicable and we trust the appeal will meet a hearty and generous response.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Central Advocate: The increase of crime in the United States, while not as great as some sensational writers would make it appear, is dreadful. There is, year by year, an addition to the criminal population in excess of the percentage of increased population. For one thing the delays of the law have much to do with the constantly lengthening criminal list.

An inference from the following might be drawn which contains a possible remedy:

One reason crime is on the increase in England is because the courts have little machinery for the obstruction of justice. Punishment there is usually swift and certain.

Outlook, in an observation on the eminent Dr. R. S. Storrs:

In his ministry Dr. Storrs has emphasized the pulpit; personal visitation and ecclesiastical reformation have taken a second place. He who neglects his pulpit to become a mere social factor in the community, whatever spiritual force he may carry into his social intercourse, or to become a mere administrator of the energies of his Church, however efficient he may be as a captain of spiritual industry, will be liable to find his pastorate short ones, and very probably himself at fifty years of age without a pastorate."

The year 1896 has passed into history. From the Review of Reviews' survey of the world's present condition, the following strifes are the most notable:

In the greater civilized States the sword has been sheathed. The Ottoman Empire is the scene of bloody strife. Abdul Hamid thrilled the world with horror in his Armenian massacres, thus revealing the real nature of Turkish rule. "The Shadow of God," haunted by perpetual fear, imagines, like all panic-stricken men, that to secure safety he must strike terror. Thus was requested a desire for the absolute extermination of the "infidel" because he established assassination for government, and massacres in reply to protests of conscience in Europe and America. Most of war has been waged on islands—Creta, Cuba, Madagascar, and Philippine Islands, where atrocities astounded the world. Madagascar becomes nominally a possession of France. Italy suffers defeat in Abyssinia resulting, first, in the abandonment of establishing Ethiopian rule in Erythraea; second, overthrow of Crispin's ministry and European estimation turned against Italy; third, the long-expected expedition launched for the recovery of the Sudan which terminated in Anglo-Egyptian forces under the Sirdar repelling the soldiers of the Mahdi out of the Dongolian provinces. Revolt and reconquest of Matabeleland. Transvaal conflict on the one hand bringing a collapse of Ashanti rule; on the other, opening up a dark corner to civilizing energies. In fact, excepting Africa and some islands, 1896 was a year of peace.

Richard Newton, in The Truth: A poverty-stricken Indian was wandering in a frontier settlement in search of food to keep from starving. A bright colored ribbon was seen around his neck, from which there hung a small, dirty pouch. On being asked what it was, he said it was a charm given him in his younger days. He opened it and took out a worn and crumpled paper, which he handed the person speaking. It proved to be a regular discharge from the Federal army, entitling him to a pension for life, and signed by General Washington. Here was a man with a promise duly signed, which, if presented in the right place, would have secured to him ample provision for the way; and yet he was wandering about hungry, helpless and forlorn.

Is not the promise rich? "And my God shall fulfill every need of yours according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus."

Why need we starve when this sight darts, signed by the blood of Christ, is good at the bank of heaven? Is it not conditioned on "if ye ask in my name?"

A man is apt to recommend to others his own strong point. We talk glibly about national sins and community

failings, but when the topic of personal faults arises we are profoundly silent. It takes God to help a man look at himself.

Theodore Roosevelt, famous in police circles in New York, relates a momentous truth in his article "How not to better social conditions." He defines himself thus: Something can be done by good laws; more, by honest administration; but most, by frowning resolutely upon the apostles of discontent and by upholding the doctrine of self-reliance, self-help and self-mastery. Of this he says:

A man can occasionally be helped when he stumbles, yet it is useless to try to carry him when he will not or cannot walk; and worse than useless to try to bring down the work and reward of the thrifty and intelligent to the level of the capacity of the weak, the shiftless and the idle. The worst lesson that can be taught a man is to rely upon others and to whine over his sufferings. If an American is to amount to anything he must rely upon himself, and not upon the State; he must take pride in his own work, instead of sitting idle to envy the luck of others; he must face life with resolute courage, win victory if he can, and accept defeat if he must, without seeking to place on his fellow-men a responsibility which is not theirs.

Rev. Andrew W. Cross, in a notable "Arena" article on "The Religion of Burn's Poems," has this strikingly poetic and pungent paragraph:

Much has been said about the poet's loose life—a large proportion of it is not true. It is the bitter prerogative of genius to be misunderstood. It is only in the deep furrows of sorrow, in the fields of isolation, that God plants immortal seeds. The beautiful blossoms upon the tree of eternal truth have been fertilized by crimson moisture wrung from bleeding hearts.

Strange how God gathers forces for mighty upheavals in places we would not search! An unskilled eye would step upon the rough exterior and there-by pass a diamond. We might have brought Pharaoh, but God saw the channel of Israel's liberty in the veins of an Hebrew surfer—and Moses led them out of Egypt. Human hands would have touched the crownheads to break the spell of polluted ecclesiasticism, but God saw a Scottish revolution in the heart of John Knox. Not among the archbishops, but in the cradle of Eyworth parsonage there was room to incarnate a world-wide tidal wave of scriptural holiness.

TO THE FRIENDS AND MEMBERS OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH, IN TEXAS.

Dear Brethren and Sisters: We must build a brick addition to our Orphan Home in Waco, Texas. We now have a frame dining room and kitchen, and as everybody knows it cannot be perfectly safe. The awful warning given at Buckner Orphan's Home must be heeded. We must not take any risks. This addition must be two stories high—the upper part used for the boys' sleeping apartments and the lower story for kitchen and dining hall—and it must be fire proof. This will cost about \$2000 finished ready for use. This is a very small sum for the Methodists of Texas to contribute. Times are close and money hard to get; but a little from many will be enough.

Bro. Vaughan, the financial agent, has requested me to raise this money as soon as possible. I can do this with your help. The people have never refused to respond to our calls for these helpless children that we are trying to save. But I cannot reach the people personally. My health will not permit this. I can visit some points and preach and take collections; but all the people can send to me the amount that they are able to lend to the Lord. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." If every traveling and local preacher in the State would send me one dollar each, and every official layman would send me a dollar each, we would have money enough to build the house. Brethren, won't you do this? Many good sisters who love the Lord and his work could make me a contribution to this noble cause. Any Sunday-school could send me a small contribution. The children would love to hear about the Home. Of course many can and will send more than one dollar, but I put it at one dollar each so that all could help. If we would all rise up and help, just as soon as we read this in the Advocate, Bro. Vaughan could let the contract in four weeks. I will visit as many places as possible, but don't wait for me. Send your money by postoffice order, bank checks or registered letter to me at 391 Ervay Street, Dallas, Texas. All amounts will be acknowledged in the Texas Advocate and the names recorded in a book. Brethren, one and all, help us in this work. Send your contributions just as soon as you read this. Don't wait for it to get cold. Help these poor children and God will help you. Send to me at 391 Ervay Street, Dallas, Texas.

R. W. THOMPSON.

PAINFUL AND PITIFUL.

BY R. J. BURGAS.

Corresponding Secretary General Board of Education.

Paine Institute was projected by the General Conference in 1882. In their quadrennial address to the Church, at this conference, the Bishops called attention to the necessity of providing suitable pastors and teachers for the

colored race, and urged the Church to supply them. The Committee on Education urged that the recommendation of the Bishops, in their quadrennial address, should be heeded and acted upon. Paine Institute was finally located at Augusta, Ga., and Rev. James E. Evans was appointed its first Commissioner. The Institute was opened in rented rooms, January, 1884. Mr. C. G. Goodrich, one of the foremost laymen of our Church, and the Treasurer of Paine Institute, in writing to me some time ago about the school, said that its struggle to maintain existence at the beginning was "painful and pitiful."

If that struggle has been anything else from its beginning to this present writing it does not so appear in its history. The next General Conference (1886), through its Committee on Education, declared that this enterprise deserved and needed the fostering care of the Church, and recommended that the Commissioner be kept in the field. The General Conference of 1890 kept an eye on the young school and adopted a paper which emphasized again the utterances of our Bishops in their quadrennial address of 1882, and declared the movement to be of great importance in the present aspect of social affairs, and to the future of our country. It further declared that Paine Institute represented our attitude upon the question of the relations between ourselves and the colored people; that our Church could not disregard the claims of the colored people upon us, or fail to aid in providing a sound ministry for them, and that we should undertake their elevation, by all Christian means, to a higher life in this world, and the fellowship of the kingdom of God. What has been the result of the General Conference action since 1882?

We raised for Paine Institute in

1882.....\$ 1,396 70

1885.....1,919 60

1886.....7,961 68

1887.....2,962 52

1888.....3,281 45

1889.....1,745 45

1890.....2,243 48

1891.....3,465 77

1892.....3,621 18

1893.....4,723 25

1894.....5,529 72

1895.....5,285 67

1896.....5,648 28

Add Commissioner's expenses, 1894-96.....10,630 61

Add also gift of Rev. Moses C. Paine.....25,000 00

\$85,966 66

This is not the best we could have done for Paine Institute since 1882. The negro will never get into a "higher life," nor into the "fellowship of the kingdom of God," at this poor dying rate. It would seem that there was but one of two things to do—either to go into this business seriously, or to go out of it; to put our hands to it, or to wash our hands of it. But we have not the advantage of a dilemma in this matter. We are not going out of it without being chargeable in the sight of God and man. The high and binding obligations imposed of God upon us have been acknowledged and accepted by us, and in the light of what we have said about Paine Institute, our own consciences must need condemn us if we undertake to desert from the work. We ought to redeem the pledges we have made. It is the only safe, as it is the only open course for us to take. Our fundamental obligation is a religious one, and grows out of our opportunity and ability to help the negro. We are face to face with him, and meet of us have come to see and agree that our ways will never part. It is useless, on religious grounds, to talk about the taxes we have paid, and which have gone into his education (one estimate is \$37,000,000, another is \$50,000,000). The taxes we have paid have been, in their last analysis, our social and political necessity, and not our Christian philanthropy. The figures which I have given above are the figures with which we have, as a Church, to deal. I believe that no fair-minded and intelligent Southern Methodist will say that these figures represent the full measure of our ability; \$85,966.66 is not the best we could have done for Paine Institute since 1882.

The above amount is as small as it is because we have never given it a hearty, serious attention as a Church to Paine Institute. Our attitude has been, as to the majority of our ministry and membership, rather one of indifference and neglect than opposition; but this indifference, if continued, will result in the death of an institution which we set up, and which we promised to support; to which we have sent our brethren, whom we have promised to stand by. It is to be doubted whether, throughout the entire Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a half-dozen sermons were delivered last year in the single interest of Paine Institute. I do not believe that six hours were devoted to it last year in the pulpit by our 6000 traveling preachers. I will not affirm this awful thing. I may be mistaken. I hope I am. I believe I am not. If God's Church keep not faith, will not faith perish from off the face of the earth? We shall not be guiltless, my brethren, if we keep not faith with Paine Institute and the noble men who have stood for us in the poor halls of our poor college for the education of preachers and teachers for the colored people. We have paid so little attention to the negro that he is coming to believe that we do not intend to do anything for him.

The last General Conference commit-

ted this work to the General Board of Education. So far as money goes, only a little more has been raised the past year for this institution than was ever contributed by our Church before, except in 1886. But the General Board of Education has not been unmindful of this part of its work, and trusts that it has projected some things which are better than money, and which will raise enough money for the present needs of Paine Institute. At the last annual session of the board steps were taken looking to the raising of \$25,000 for this institution, the following resolution being passed:

"Resolved, That we call for \$25,000, to be raised for Paine Institute, same to be used for buildings, equipment, and endowment; and that we recognize our duty as a Church in this matter, and call on our people to contribute this amount, and urge our pastors to lend their efforts by public appeals and private solicitation to its collection."

Now will not some of these men in our Church who watch her destinies and duties, and are anxious that she shall keep her promises and shall prosper in everything she undertakes for God and man, assist me in raising this money? If the presiding elders throughout our connection will find time to emphasize our obligation to support Paine Institute, which stands for the obligation we feel as a Church to do our duty by our negro neighbor, the institution will be immediately benefited. If a half-dozen men in each Annual Conference will take only an hour, and will make one honest, earnest effort to focus before the eyes of their congregations the importance of the work for which Paine Institute stands, our promises to Paine Institute, and the needs of Paine Institute, there will be immediate and happy results. Are there not these half-dozen men in at least a majority of our Annual Conferences who, for love of God and for the poor, needy and black children of God, will heartily and seriously undertake at once to do something which shall be measurably the discharge of duty? Will not the pastors of our largest and ablest Churches in Baltimore, Richmond, Lynchburg, Roanoke, Wilmington, Charleston, Augusta, Atlanta, Montgomery, New Orleans, St. Louis, Louisville, Nashville, Chattanooga, Little Rock, Kansas City, Fort Worth, Dallas, Tyler, San Francisco, and elsewhere, preach a sermon outlining the history of Paine Institute, and urging upon the conscience and liberality of their people the claims of this institution? My dear brethren, let me beseech you to preach at once such a sermon, and to follow it with a collection, so that we may have in hand at once at least a part of the \$25,000 called for in the above resolution. Stand this call on its own feet; take the collection on its own merits, and report your success to me, that I may move others by your interest and example.

A COMPARISON OF THE NORTH TEXAS AND NORTHWEST TEXAS CONFERENCES.

When the North Texas Conference adjourned and I had learned my "Fate," for the next conference year, Mrs. Edwards and myself decided we would go to the session of the Northwest Texas Conference at Waxahachie, visit our son in Waxahachie, and thus kill two birds with one stone.

I did not get to the conference room until Friday. Much of the business had already been transacted and the mill was still grinding—slowly it may have been, but surely. The personnel of the conference reminded me very much of the North Texas men—of all ages, all sizes, and all shapes, from the class for admission to the supernumerary attending perhaps his last conference and expecting next to meet his brethren in heaven. The personnel of such conferences as the above reminds one of an orange grove in the tropics—some blossoms, some young fruit, some maturing, and yet some ready for the market.

I met quite a number of the brethren I knew, some of whom once belonged to this conference. I was very glad indeed to see them—more so, I think, than they were to see me; but that is often the case at one's own home.

Some things I saw and heard put me to thinking and comparing. One thing that deeply impressed me was the tender affection and admiration the preachers had for the presiding elders of their respective districts. It seemed every district had the best presiding elder in the world, and nearly all hands wanted to let the Bishop know it. But I thought we had learned the way of the Lord more perfectly on this side. It reminded me very much of twenty-five years ago.

It seemed to be quite easy to locate. When an application was made it went to a vote without a speech, and nearly without an explanation. But when a located brother wishes to re-enter, "then comes the rub" and the tug of war. The way out is broad, but it is a "narrow way and strait gate" that leads back.

Nearly all men fight against retirement from age. I guess it is because they can not "see themselves as others see them." There seems to be a growing veneration for age. I think perhaps that most excellent editorial of Dr. Hoss, in his paper, coming from it high official and conservative source it

did, has done good in that line. But the question is, will it give them better places or retire them earlier to keep them from hurting themselves?

I am impressed that all conferences sooner or later settle down on some high or low financial basis and become in this stereotyped. If high, they endeavor to maintain it; if low, it is hard to raise it. It is with special reference to this thought I wish now to institute a comparison between these two great-est of Texas conferences.

There is a wonderful significance in statistics. When they speak, the rest must be silent. It is no use to try to contradict. In this comparison I have before me the minutes of the two conferences for 1895. I will further state I have used round numbers—sometimes approximate, but only always near enough to produce no material effect in results. Let us see:

N. W. T. Conf. N. T. Conf. In favor N. W.

Membership.....67,000 61,000 10,000

Parsonages.....171 181 35

Churches.....304 323 44

Ave val. par's, \$750 00 \$810 00 \$60 00

Ave val. chur's, 1850 00 1900 00 50 00

Salary, per capita, 2 00 1 50 48

For. mis., per cap. 13 13

In the above statement it is necessary to consider in two items the number of appointments in order to reach a fair conclusion—I mean the number of parsonages and churches. This considered, the North Texas has the advantage.

I have thought, as the Northwest has two districts that are really missionary work in a large degree, it would be fair to leave out those two and run the comparison between the ten best districts of the Northwest and the nine of the North Texas Conference.

PAID PRESIDING ELDERS.

Northwest. North.

2 paid over.....\$1800 00 1 paid over.....\$1700 00

2 paid over.....1700 00 All the other districts

1 paid over.....1600 00 2 paid less than \$1000 00

Gen. average of the 10 districts of the Northwest Texas Conference, \$1822; of the 9 districts of the North Texas Conference, \$1523. Difference in favor of the Northwest, \$1609.

It is obvious that the Church in the Northwest either thinks more of presiding elders than the North does, or they have more money to pay.

PASTORS' SALARY.

Northwest. North.

Paid 1.....\$2100 00 1 paid.....\$2000 00

Paid 2.....1800 00 1 paid.....1600 00

Paid 3.....1500 00 2 paid.....1500 00

Paid 4.....1200 00 2 paid.....1200 00

Paid 5.....1000 00 1 paid.....1000 00

Paid 6.....800 00 3 paid.....800 00

Paid 7.....700 00 7 paid.....700 00

Paid 8.....600 00 3 paid.....600 00

Paid 9.....500 00 15 paid.....500 00

It will be seen from these figures that there are in the ten best presiding elders' districts of the Northwest Texas Conference 85 charges that pay from \$500 up to \$2000; while in the North there are but 46.

When we take into the account the 165 pastoral charges in the ten districts of the Northwest and the 150 that make up the nine districts of the North, the average salary for each pastor is, for the Northwest \$740, and for the North Texas Conference \$525, making a difference of \$215 in favor of the Northwest—enough to buy a good many nicknacks; that is to say, that the salaries of 165 preachers of the Northwest Texas Conference exceed by about 46 per cent the salaries of the 150 preachers of the North Texas Conference.

Now why is this? Do they get too much or we too little? Let us assume that our people pay their pastors too little, and how can this wonderful and, to me, surprising difference be accounted for?

Is it because their territory is richer and more productive than ours? It would be an insult to our people to make any disparaging comparison between their lands and any lands.

Is it because they have a higher and more cultivated class of pastors than we have? I asked that question of one of their ablest men and he said, if anything, the North Texas has the advantage there.

Have they a better people?—love the Church more and its preachers better than our people?

I can't see why. Our population is as much cosmopolitan as theirs, and I suppose as well-to-do. Yet in cold type the fact is before us, and who can answer it?

I have written the foregoing article because it is now time of year for assessments to be made, and thereby hope to call attention to this very important subject of ministerial support. It is rather humiliating to me to show my own conference in so unfavorable light as I have done; but it is well to know the worst and provide for it. I suppose the figures will surprise many North Texas people. They surprise me. I can not account for them, unless we are becoming stereotyped on a low financial basis, while they are in a flux state or are stereotyping on a high financial basis.

WM. A. EDWARDS.

EDUCATIONAL.

Under the Direction of U. S. Board of Education of the Northwest Texas Conference.

(Prepared this week by Rev. H. A. Bourland.)

Advanced education is a luxury. It is altogether a mistake that Christianity is opposed to this luxury—this feast of reason. It provides for the best things for man—physically, socially, intellectually, spiritually. There is an idea among some good Christians that the highest virtue consists in learning to put up with the smallest amount of even essential good. It is considered

the highest attainment of grace to diminish our wants, but it is a very dishonoring view of the nature and effects of true religion. Christianity creates wants and supplies them wherever it goes. The savage does not care for any clothing, and is satisfied with raw or sodden food. As soon as the gospel enters heathen life it creates wants—better food, warmer clothing, a sheltering roof. As civilization advances it calls for literature, music and art; and the very highest forms of life luxuriate in the abundant supply of complex and manifold desires. Luxuries are costly. To supply the varied demands of body, mind and spirit an equivalent must be rendered. It applies to education. The most advanced forms of education are not necessary. It is true, for the supply of physical wants. Existence may be maintained on a very low plane. If life consists in eating, drinking and wearing rough clothing, then life is not far removed from the beast. But if life consists in establishing correspondence with the best things, then it calls for treasure. Elementary education is not very costly—the State provides it out of the public funds—but technical education costs money and schools of the highest grade have to be supported by endowments. In a common school, or in an academy, one or two teachers can give instruction in all the branches of an ordinary education, but in the college or university each department needs a teacher and a master in the special branch taught.

The State recognizes this necessity for advanced learning, and, whether wisely or not, is

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

FIRST CLASS MEALS
AT OUR OWN
DINING STATIONS
50 CENTS.

50 CENTS. BIBLE one year for \$4

WOUNDED IN THE WAR.

SHOT IN THE ABDOMEN AT CUMBERLAND GAP.

Blind, Rheumatic and Dropsical. A Union Colonel is Given Over to Die. How the Old Soldier Gave Azeal the Slip.

From the News, Barbourville, Ky.

In the year 1863, while in command of a Union regiment at Cumberland Gap, Colonel Messer, now of Flat Licks, Kentucky, received a severe gunshot wound in his abdomen. In a few months he was again in the saddle, but soon was obliged to undergo further medical treatment, and his condition became so serious that in the winter of 1863 he returned to his home, and was never again fit for active service. During the years that have since passed, Colonel Messer has been a confirmed invalid from the effect of his wound, and has been under the constant care of the local physicians, not improving, but growing worse as the years rolled on. His condition eventually became deplorable. Almost blind, legs swollen, so that he was unable to walk, the doctors who could do nothing to arrest the progress of the disease, diagnosed it as dropsy, and said recovery was impossible.

The old soldier did not half believe his physicians, but said that since he could do nothing for him, he would, upon an old friend's strong recommendation, try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The first box was taken by Col. Messer according to directions, and by the time that was gone, he felt so much easier and more comfortable that several other boxes were procured, and he continued to take them faithfully. Soon the swelling in his legs disappeared, and with it the fierce rheumatic pains with which he had long suffered. Strangest of all, his eyesight, which for so many years had been useless, was restored.

In all, Colonel Messer took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills six months, and then was thoroughly cured. He now is a healthy looking man, rides on horseback, and stands as much fatigue as any man of his age.

The Colonel, since his recovery, is never tired of recounting the virtues of these pills, and every advertisement that he finds he carefully clips, and sends to some sick friend or neighbor, with the assurance that they will cure him.

The high standing of Colonel Messer, and his remarkable recovery, makes this report more than usually interesting, and when it was received at the office of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., it was referred to Messrs. Phipps & Herndon, the well known druggists of Barbourville, Ky., for verification. We append the reply:

BARBOURVILLE, KY., Aug. 18, 1896. DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO., Schenectady, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Yours of August 14th to hand, enquiring about testimonial written by Mr. Sampson concerning Colonel Messer, of Flat Licks, Ky., will say that the cure of Colonel Messer was considered almost miraculous, and he claims Pink Pills did it.

Yours truly, PHIPPS & HERNDON.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and yellow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

MARRIAGE NOTICES.

Sniveley—Neeley.—At the residence of the bride's mother, January 20, 1897, by Rev. Fred L. Allen, Mr. E. L. Sniveley and Miss E. E. Neeley; all of Rockdale, Texas.

Edwards—King.—On January 14, 1897, near Polytechnic College, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Porter King, Mr. W. W. Edwards, of Strawn, Texas, and Miss Mollie King, of Tarrant, Rev. S. W. Turner officiating.

Armstrong—Goodman.—At the residence of the bride's mother, in Milford, January 21, 1897, Mr. Jas. S. Armstrong and Miss Minnie Goodman, Rev. W. J. Snow officiating.

Daniels—Beeman.—At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. A. E. Daniels and Miss Lizzie Beeman, on January 13, 1897, Rev. T. M. Kirk officiating.

Evell—Buford.—At the residence of the bride's parents, October 1, 1896, Mr. R. E. Evell and Miss Suse Buford, Rev. J. C. Moore officiating.

Geisenlough—Shelburne.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Nelsonville, Texas, December 29, 1896, Mr. R. R. Geisenlough, of Murrell, Texas, and Miss Mollie Shelburne, Rev. J. C. Moore, of Davilla, Texas, officiating.

Harris—Howard.—By Rev. H. A. Bourland, L. L. Harris and Miss Dona Howard, December 24, 1896.

Royal—Plummer.—By Rev. H. A. Bourland, Mr. Oscar Royal, of Wolf City, Texas, and Miss Mattie Plummer, of Cleburne, Texas, January 6, 1897.

McKion—Bowdoin.—In Webberville, Tex., December 27, 1896, Mr. John McKion to Miss Kate Bowdoin, S. H. Morgan officiating.

Allen—Berger.—At the residence of the bride's mother, in McKinney, Tex., January 24, 1897, Mr. R. R. Allen and Miss Mirtle Berger, Rev. D. J. Martin officiating.

Davis—Carroll.—At the residence of the bride's father, in Delta county, January 25, 1897, Mr. W. E. Davis and Miss Callie Carroll, Rev. John E. Roach officiating.

Clark—Gibson.—By Rev. John E. Roach, at the residence of the bride's father, in Delta county, Mr. E. L. Clark of Noble, Lamar county, and Miss Salie Gibson, January 24, 1897.

McElroy—Williams.—At the home of the bride's brother, John Williams, at Williamsburg, Lavaca County, Texas, January 13, 1897, Mr. Charles McElroy and Miss Lillie Williams, Rev. A. G. Nolen officiating.

Tompkins—Raymer.—At the residence of the bride's father, in Rusk, Texas, January 17, 1897, Mr. J. C. Tompkins and Miss Cora Raymer, Rev. V. A. Godbey officiating.

Buman—Jones.—At the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Jones, in Comanche County, Texas, Mr. H. C. Buman and Miss Lula Jones, by Rev. Geo. F. Fair.

Somersmidt—Heber.—On January 17, 1897, at Taylor, Texas, by Rev. T. J. Duncan, Mr. August Somersmidt and Mrs. Margaret Heber; all of Williamson County, Texas.

Bell—Menefee.—By Rev. H. A. Bourland, John W. Bell and Miss Bettie Menefee, December 25, 1896.

Ryans—Rhodes.—At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Tom Ryans, of Runge, Texas, and Miss Jennie Rhodes, of Helena, Texas, on the 20th of January, 1897, by Rev. M. W. Francis.

Jones—Stewart.—On January 6, 1897, at Farrisville School-house, by Rev. B. W. Powell, Mr. James Jones, Jr., and Miss Maudie Stewart; all of Newton County, Texas.

Stone—Minton.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Nelsonville, Texas, November 11, 1896, Mr. W. B. Stone, of Cochran, Texas, and Miss Janie Minton, Rev. J. C. Moore, of Davilla, officiating.

OBITUARIES.

The space allowed obituaries is twenty to twenty-five lines, or about 170 or 180 words. The privilege is reserved of condensing all obituaries notices. Parties desiring such notices to appear in full as written should remit money to cover excess of space, to wit: at the rate of ONE CENT PER WORD. Money should accompany all orders.

Resolutions of respect will not be inserted in the Obituary Department under any circumstances, but if paid for will be inserted in another column.

POETRY CAN IN NO CASE BE INSERTED. Extra copies of paper containing obituaries can be procured if ordered when manuscript is sent. Price, 5 cents per copy.

NORWOOD.—About 8 o'clock on the morning of December 29, 1896, there died an aged patriarch of God. In his last moment, around him were gathered his children and kindred. A. A. Norwood had been a member of the Methodist Church since about 1824. He had lived in this world seventy-five years, two months and twenty days; was born in Lincoln County, N. C.; was married to Miss Harriet Proctor in Mississippi, November 30, 1847; was buried at the Bluff Cemetery December 30, 1896. I can bear testimony that since I knew him he has lived an exemplary and godly life. Peace to his ashes.

E. G. ROBERTS, P. C.

AVANT.—On the 29th of December, 1896, the quiet little village of New Salem, Rusk County, Texas, was made sad by the death of Miss Mary C. Avant. She was sick a little over two weeks when death claimed her as its shining mark. She was first taken with influenza and pneumonia, from that to typhoid fever. She was conscious of dying. She was born in Henderson County, Texas, the 2d day of March, 1875. She leaves a mother, four sisters, two little brothers, a step-father and a host of relatives and friends to mourn her departure. Hard, indeed, it seems to give her up. We hope she has gone to a better world. She was a member of the M. E. Church, South, at Forest Hill, in Wood County, Texas. The Church has lost one of its faithful workers. She was here on a visit; had only been here three weeks and three days when God called her away.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

ADAMS.—On the last day of 1896 the death angel visited the home of Bro. Adams and took his precious wife, Sister R. M. Adams. Sister Adams was born May 2, 1856, in Graves County, Ky., and died at her home, in Wise County, Texas, December 31, 1896. She embraced religion at the age of eleven years and joined the M. E. Church and lived a consistent member to the time of her death. Some ten days before her death she told her husband that her way was clear. Later she became very happy and requested all the family to meet her in heaven. The writer became acquainted with her in 1891 while we, with Rev. P. W. Byrd, were her pastors, and on her deathbed she requested that he and I attend her funeral; so on the 1st of January, 1897, we preached her funeral and laid her remains away to rest until the morning of the resurrection. May God bless and sustain our deeply afflicted brother and family and her aged father, and bring them all together at home in heaven.

F. C. PEARSON.

LIVELY.—The earthly life of a true and devout Christian ceased at her home, Abner, Texas, November 20, 1896. For months the weary wheels of life had moved heavily. Affliction's hand had been laid upon her. The form once comely and active, halted and limped under the touch of pain and disease, and the hand once so deft and busy, the step once so light and willing, the face once so bright and cheerful, were all subdued and chastened under the hand of affliction. As a true hand-maiden of the Lord, she patiently waited the will of God, but longed to go.

Her weary soul thirsted, aye panted, for the bending arches and green headlands of the city of our God. The death angel found her ready and waiting. Joyfully the pilgrim saint crossed the dark stream with him and entered the sun-bright clime. Mrs. Amanda E. Lively (nee Erwin) was born in Maury County, Tenn., October, 1820; was married to the Rev. Lewis P. Lively October, 1847, at Helena, Ark. For nearly fifty years she shared the fortunes, bore the burdens and endured the toils and privations of the Methodist itinerancy. In all these years she was the friend of the poor, the widow, the comfort of the sick and afflicted, the stay of her husband and children, the light of her home. Fairer than the plinth, more enduring than the marble, were the words monumental that were uttered at her grave by the poor and the orphan. "She was a friend, a mother to us."

C. B. FLADGER.

BEALE.—Henrietta Beale (nee Hawkins), wife of W. M. Beale and daughter of G. W. and Mary Hawkins, was born in Ellis County, Texas, near the present site of the town of Midlothian, Texas, April 1, 1869; born to God in childhood; married to W. M. Beale February 5, 1885; died in Nolan County, Texas, November 20, 1896. The above data reveals a brief but consecrated Christian life from childhood to the grave. She will be missed by the people of the Dora community. The afflicted ones will miss her kind, inexpressible, painstaking sympathy; the Sabbath-school children have suffered the loss of one of the most treasured, apt, patient and prayerfully anxious teachers. Sister Beale's name was the synonym for patience toward the children and tireless devotion to the sick. The writer of this meager but humble little tribute has taken special note of her Christian devotion along these lines and received an inspiration to work on and pray on; rest will come in the sweet by-and-by. Sister Beale in all the relations and connections of life was a typical woman. As a daughter, sweet-spirited and obedient; as a neighbor, untainted with selfishness; as a Christian, positive and decided and useful; as a companion, deigning obedience to the smallest courtesies, revealing a sacredness of attachment that nothing else but Christianity can give; as a mother, about as good as religion can make. With universal regret we bore her remains to Mulberry Canyon graveyard to await the trump of the resurrection morn. May the God of all grace sanctify this sad bereavement to the salvation of the broken-hearted husband and two little ones left to mourn their loss. May the writer and all the neighbors meet her where no stormcloud will ever arise.

GEORGE L. HINDS.

JUHAN.—I. B. Juhan was born in Barnwell County, S. C., June 7, 1839; died in Gaudapale County, Texas, January 12, 1897. Grandfather was a member of the Methodist Church at Pleasant Ridge, San Marcos Circuit. For several years he has been deprived of Church privileges on account of feebleness of body. He was nearly blind and deaf a long while before his death. He loved, honored and respected his pastors. Before his death he expressed himself as being ready for the summons; said he had peace with the Lord. We are comforted in the belief that he rests in peace at home. Blessed be God, in that home he is free from blindness, deafness and death. He had gone on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Powell. He was sick only two days. Grandfather spent forty years of his life in the school-room as teacher. He was twice married—first to Miss Susan Johnston; next to Miss Elmina Mills, of Georgia. God gave them eight children. Four are yet here to mourn for him. His grandson, W. A. SCOTT.

Staples, Texas.

FUTRELL.—Mrs. Lena Futrell (nee Russell) was born August, 1869, and died at her home near Haught's Store, Dallas County, Texas, December 31, 1896; converted and joined the Presbyterian Church when quite a girl. In 1886 she married William Futrell and joined the Methodist Church with him last summer. To them were born five children, four of whom preceded her to a heavenly home. She leaves a little boy nine years old, a mother and father broken-hearted because of the loss sustained. Prior to her death, she at all times expressed a readiness to die whenever her Master saw fit to call her from earth to glory. She was a model mother, devoted wife, zealous Christian. She has left the bereaved ones a legacy which the world can neither give nor take away. God bless the motherless boy and sorrow-stricken husband. Your grief is too deep for earth's consolation to comfort. The Lord, who wept with those who weep, hide you 'neath the shadow of his wings until the storms of life are over and you all meet again.

J. MARVIN NICHOLS.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury, as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. J. C. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by J. C. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Corn

is a vigorous feeder and responds well to liberal fertilization. On corn lands the yield increases and the soil improves if properly treated with fertilizers containing not under 7% actual

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A trial of this plan costs but little and is sure to lead to profitable culture.

All about Potash—the results of its use by actual experiment on the best farms in the United States—is told in a little book which we publish and will gladly mail free to any farmer in America who will write for it. GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.

SLOAN.—David B. Sloan was born in Lowndes County, Ala., and died in Brandon, Hill County, Texas, November 13, 1896. He was fifty years old. He was married to Miss Mary L. Ransom December 23, 1877. He was a kind father and husband and benevolent neighbor. He patiently suffered for six long months his father's will. He was a member of the Methodist Church and Masonic order. After the funeral services in the church his body was delivered to the Masons, who buried it with Masonic honors. Peace to his memory. He leaves a wife and two daughters to mourn their loss. God bless them.

N. A. KEEN.

FARIS.—Elton Faris, schoolboy, son of H. L. and Eliza Faris, after an illness of thirty-six days, died near West Point, Texas, December 19, 1896, aged nine years, ten months and one day. Thus the youngest—the bud—has gone to meet his brother Willie—the full blown flower—in the home of the just at the right hand of the Father in glory. Elton was a good, brave boy; strove manfully for life and usefulness in the world; but he had to yield to the inevitable and has gone home to rest, where parents, brothers, sisters, schoolmates and other dear ones can meet him again. Then, stricken ones, be faithful; make the gospel of Christ your chart; go forward or stand still, when the Holy Ghost shall command; then all will be well with you, as it is this day with little Elton. So testifies a sincere

FRIEND.

HOUSE.—Mrs. Sarah E. House was born in Henry County, Ky., December 3, 1838; married to Fred House January 11, 1855. Mrs. House died on her wedding anniversary, January 11, 1897—forty-two years. She joined the Methodist Church in early life at Yorktown, Texas, and lived a consistent member till her death. She loved the home of God and was always at her place in Church, prayer-meeting and Sunday-school. She leaves a devoted husband and ten children to mourn their loss. She spent much of her time during her sickness in praying for her children. May her prayers be answered for those of her children not yet converted. May her husband take comfort in the knowledge that when he is called he will meet her in the paradise of God.

PASTOR.

YORKTOWN, TEXAS.

BALL.—Miss Nannie A. Ball, daughter of B. F. and Mollie W. Ball, died at their home, near Farmer's Branch, Texas, January 14, 1897, after an illness of more than fifteen months, caused by a severe burn received October 11, 1895. She was born near where she died October 15, 1874; was converted and joined the M. E. Church, South, in August, 1890. She was a devoted Christian and her resignation and fortitude under excruciating pain preached sermons that will tell on human character and destiny in the judgment day. It was a benediction to visit her bedside and talk with her of God and his dealings with men. Her concern for the welfare and happiness of others was a marked feature of her character, and for this reason her friends were numerous and attentive, thus palliating her sufferings as much as could be done by human sympathy. She talked much of death and of heaven, and her departure was among the most triumphant ever witnessed. We all know where to find Nannie.

J. A. WYATT.

DAVIDSON.—We buried yesterday in the Hutto Cemetery all that was mortal of Sister Sarah F. Davidson (nee Randall). She had suffered long and much. Sister Davidson had been slowly dying for the past two years, but she bore her sufferings as one that daily communed with her Lord and had been taught of him. She was born in Buchanan, Tenn., April 10, 1850. She died at her home, at Hutto, Texas, January 17, 1897, at 11:40 a. m. Sister Davidson was soundly converted in her eleventh year and joined the M. E. Church, South, in which she lived a consistent member until the day of her death. She was married to Bro. H. D. Davidson on the 27th of December, 1877. The fruits of this union were six children—three of whom preceded her to the heavenly Canaan. There are three that remain with the father to mourn the loss of their mother. May God abundantly bless and comfort the bereaved as the earnest prayer of her pastor.

JAS. M. SHERMAN.

KIZZIAH.—Thos. Jefferson Kizziah was born in Jackson County, Ala., August 19, 1819, and died near Mansfield, Tarrant County, Texas, January 11, 1897. He professed religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1840 and lived an acceptable member of the same until his death. Bro. Kizziah was a good man, full of faith and good works; a close reader of the Bible—read the New Testament through three times the year in which he died. He suffered intensely, but patiently over a week with la grippe. The grace of God was sufficient; and just a few days before his spirit went up to glory he expressed his willingness to go, if 'twas God's will. He made his last days on earth his best and died in the full triumphs of a living faith. Leaves eight children, a host of relatives and friends to mourn their loss. His last request was: "Children, live right and meet me in heaven." May it be so. His body was laid away in Wyatt's chapel graveyard to await the resurrection morning. Loved ones, thank God, it is your privilege to see him again.

L. W. CAIN.

CAMP.—Mrs. Laura E. Camp died, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. W. Harris, in Greenville, Texas, January 7, 1897. Mrs. Camp, in thought and sentiment, belonged to a day that has just—an era that is not understood or appreciated by the younger generation. She was essentially a representative of the "Old South." She cherished its institutions, honored its heroes and statesmen, exalted its history, defended its achievements, revered its traditions and loved its sentiments and its memory. Born and reared in the very midst of and surrounded by the wealth, the refinement and the culture of the "Old South," how natural that she should cherish the memory of all that was best of those golden days of the South's greatest achievements and glory.

Mrs. Camp's father, Willis Jones, was a South Carolina planter of large means, wide influence and sterling character. Her mother was a Virginia lady of social prominence and refinement.

Mrs. Camp was born at Talladega, Ala., in 1834, where she was educated and grew to womanhood. During the 56's her father settled in Rusk County, and in 1859 she was united in marriage to Thompson Camp, who afterward served with distinction through the war of secession, rising to the rank of Colonel, and who was, during the greater part of his life, one of the leading men in social and commercial life in Henderson.

For thirty years Col. and Mrs. Camp lived in a beautiful home in Henderson, surrounded by these conditions and influences that tend to happiness and comfort. Their abode was the center of social life where old-time Southern hospitality was dispensed unsparingly. For over thirty years Mrs. Camp was a member of the Methodist congregation at Henderson and took an active interest in all Church and charitable work. Her Christian graces and kindly deeds are well known and appreciated at her old home.

The death of her husband and her only son, a noble young boy, together with other afflictions, clouded the closing years of her useful and eventful life with an inexpressible sadness, leaving an inevitable impress upon a nature naturally cheerful and buoyant.

Mrs. Camp was in no respect an ordinary woman. She possessed a marked individuality. She was strong in intellectuality and kind and noble in heart. Unemotional, broad and charitable in her views, she was deep in her religious convictions and preserved her faith and trust in God. She was wholly unselfish, and her life was one of devotion to her children, and to the duties of life as she understood them. But her life is ended. She passed away in peace, and is now at rest. No more afflictions; no more sorrows; no more pain. She is now with those she loved who were waiting for her "over there," and those who loved her here will cherish the memory of her devoted life, her wise counsel and kindly aid and sympathy as one of life's priceless treasures, hoping to some day join her upon the shining shores of that land of cloudless days.

E. W. HARRIS.

TORRANS.—Mrs. Catherine Torrann (nee McCann) was born in Mississippi, February 19, 1828; was married to Wm. P. Torrann at Mobile, Ala., April 9, 1851; moved the same year to Houston, Texas, where she lived till she came to Jefferson in 1853. It was here she died in the faith of Christ January 12, 1897, being almost sixty-nine years of age. Her husband and four children have

preceded her to the spirit land. One son lives in Texarkana, two in Indian Territory, and the other children reside in Jefferson. She was a most tender and affectionate mother, a good neighbor and a most lovable character. A paper of Mobile, in recording her marriage, refers to her as "an amiable lady, perfect in the nobler attributes of her sex;" and of her thus speak her neighbors who have known her longest and best. She was the oldest member of the Methodist Church in Jefferson, having been received by letter in 1861. She was a great sufferer the last few years of her life, but now her suffering is all over, and she is at peace forever. She was laid to rest in the cemetery with the ritual of the Church she loved so well, while a large number of sorrowing relatives and friends stood by. She rests in peace and awaits her loved ones in a better land. May they all meet her. Her pastor,

ELLIS SMITH.

BAKER.—Mrs. Elizabeth Baker was born in Middle Tennessee December 19, 1828; moved with her parents to Lamar County, Texas, in 1837; was converted at thirteen years of age and joined the Methodist Church; was married to W. O. Baker in Lamar County, Texas, in 1852; moved to Paluxy, in Erath County, Texas, in 1858, where she lived till seven years ago when she broke up housekeeping and went to live with her youngest son, Briant, at whose house she peacefully breathed her last at 11:40 p. m. September 30, 1896. To her were born six children—three boys and three girls. Two of her boys preceded her to the better world. Her girls are all living. Sister Baker was a Christian in the truest sense of the word. She lived at home and taught her children early to give their hearts and lives to God; and many times has the writer seen her shout the praises of God in the great congregation. Well does he remember, when a barfooted boy, at her camp at the Old Rock Church Camp-ground, how she talked to him about Jesus and admonished him to become a Christian. The writer held a camp-meeting at Rock Church in August, which proved to be her last. On Tuesday morning, while discussing the subject of faith, her countenance became lit up, and she seemed to stand where Moses stood and got a glimpse of the promised land. Next day her son took her home sick, which proved to be her last illness. On October 1, 1896, we laid her to rest in the Rock Church Cemetery. The writer talked to a large congregation. They sang, cried and shouted. Truly, this was a beautiful ending to a useful Christian life. She has fought the fight, kept the faith and henceforth there is a crown of rejoicing laid up for her—and not only her, but all those who love His appearing.

R. M. BALLENTINE.

Bluffdale, Texas.

HUNT.—Jesse Duward Hunt was born at Macy, in Brazos County, Texas, February 6, 1878, and died near Zeevee, Hill County, Texas, January 3, 1897. He was baptized by Bro. W. J. Lemmons when small and professed conversion and joined the M. E. Church, South, under the ministry of Bro. E. F. Boone when eleven years old. Bro. Duward Hunt was a manly boy. His disposition was quiet and his conduct upright. He read much and possessed quite a store of information for one of his age. The memory of his sainted mother was always precious to him. He loved his father and brothers and little sister and loved to be at home with them. His illness was of short duration, his suffering intense and his end peace. A short time before the end he expressed his full confidence in the Savior. A few minutes before death he requested to be buried beside his mother; told them all good-bye, requesting them all to meet him in heaven. He then asked for a drink of water and soon passed into the land of rest where they thirst no more, for the Lamb shall lead them beside fountains of living water forever.

C. N. N. FERGUSON.

Abbott, Texas.

WILLIAMS.—Lucinda Williams (nee Coates) was born June 15, 1812, and died near Vaughan, Hill County, Texas, December 28, 1896. She married Richard Williams, with whom she lived for many years. She was the mother of ten children. All of them are professors of the Christian religion. She had numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren. She lived to a good old age and saw her children's children. She was converted in youth and joined the M. E. Church. She was kind and gentle to all, a good mother and a true Christian. She died after a short illness, leaving no death-

bed testimony but the evidence of a godly life, which is far better. Her good influence will abide with her descendants for many years.

C. N. N. FERGUSON.

Abbott, Texas.

HOLMES.—Bro. Walter Holmes, the subject of this sketch, was born in Talbot County, Ga., January 25, 1861; moved with his parents to Arkansas in 1872, where he lived until 1886, when he moved to Texas and settled in Coleman County, near Santa Anna. Bro. Holmes was a successful farmer, a good citizen, and stood very high in the estimation of his many friends. He was converted and joined the M. E. Church, South, in 1876, and lived a faithful and consistent member to the hour of his death. He was married to Miss Carrie Standee in Arkansas, December 24, 1879, who with her five children survive him to mourn their irreparable loss. He also leaves a father, Rev. D. T. Holmes, superannuated preacher of the Northwest Texas Conference, and several brothers, with a large circle of friends both in Arkansas and Texas who feel that the place of Walter Holmes will be hard to fill.

It was the privilege of this writer to visit him often during his short illness of only eight days. He felt that his time had come; he said he heard a voice saying, "Come up higher." He called his family and friends around his bed, arranged all of his financial and temporal affairs and died in great peace at 10 o'clock p. m., December 8, 1896. The funeral service was conducted by his pastor at the Methodist Church in Santa Anna, December 10 at 10:20 a. m. A large congregation assembled at the church at the appointed hour and every face had an expression of sorrow at the loss of this good man.

Bro. Holmes was not only recognized as a leader, but one of the strong pillars of the Church. He filled the office of Steward, Recording Steward, District Steward, Trustee, Church Conference Secretary and Secretary of the Quarterly Conference. In all these relations he was faithful and efficient. He loved his Church and was well posted in its doctrine and polity. No one, save his immediate family, will miss this faithful man more than his pastor. His faithful Christian life and loyalty to the Church made him the preacher's warmest friend; one in whom he could confide and upon whom he could lean and trust at all times.

May God, the Father, who doeth all things well, comfort the wife and mother and those sweet fatherless children, and all the sorrowing relatives, is the prayer of their pastor.

C. E. STATHAM.

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