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EDITORIAL.

THE PEACE OF THE CHURCH.

There is less excuse for the existence of strife in our Church than in any other Church organization in Christendom. This grows out of the fact that our doctrines are consistent, our polity is well-nigh perfect, and our connectionalism is a unit. There is no conflict in our system from its beginning to its end. It constitutes one harmonious whole. Our doctrinal teachings are so lucid that even the dullest mind among us is put to no sort of trouble in understanding them. They are founded upon no finely spun theories or nebulous distinctions, but upon the plain statements of Bible truths. Our Twenty-five Articles of Faith embody and present these doctrines in their simplicity, and there is no pretext for misunderstanding any portion of them. They have stood the test of criticism and their scriptural integrity is invulnerable. They contain the word of God, and around them our Church has grown into symmetry and evangelical efficiency.

It follows then that our polity is a divinely approved method for the proclamation of these doctrines to the children of men. Through it we have succeeded in giving the gospel to the great outlying multitudes of mankind. We do not wait for them to come to us, but armed with the Spirit of God and actuated by a desire to save the lost, we go in quest of them. Wherever men pitch their tents even upon the outskirts of civilization, our system furnishes a preacher to carry the truths of the Bible to their humble abodes. And the laws of the Church which support and protect this system are just and equitable to the polity itself and to the men upon whose fidelity it depends. If any of them are guilty of improper conduct or of worse offenses, this system calls its laws into service and their innocence or guilt is established and the matter is adjusted and the work goes right on as though nothing had transpired. This holds good with the laity and the ministry alike. Within one week any sort of trouble in the congregation or in the conference can be brought to permanent conclusion. Every offender has his specified tribunal, and the law is ample to take care of the interests of all issues and parties involved. When these tribunals deliver their decisions then the matter is at an end. And our connectionalism is so complete that it matters not where the trouble may locate itself, the results above indicated are sure to follow. Festering sores can not continue upon our body ecclesiastical. We stand prepared for all emergencies, and whenever they develop we have the remedy at hand. There is, therefore, no excuse for strife and contention in our form of Church government. The wisdom growing out of more than a hundred years of experience has fortified us against any trouble of this character. Our whole system is conducive to the maintenance of peace in the ministry and membership of our Church. He who wantonly disturbs the peace of the Church after her courts have passed upon the matters in dispute is not in harmony with her practical usages. He is a dis-

cordant element in the Church and a menace to her prosperity. He is not willing to abide by the very laws which he has vowed to keep and not to break. True that things may not have gone according to his judgment, but after the Church has delivered her decision through the constituted authorities, the question is at an end, and that ought to settle it once and for all. No branch of the Church can make progress if strife within her ranks is to be perpetuated. Men in high places and men in low places ought to learn the lesson of submission in the interest of the Church, whether their views prevail or not. No one man, and no set of men, in the Church embody all wisdom. Then let all strife come to an end. Give us peace, and all apparent differences will work out into harmonious agreement. This paper stands for the unity of our doctrinal system, the maintenance of our polity, and the integrity of our connectionalism. Give us these principles in their entirety, and peace will prevail in our organization and prosperity will follow our labors at home and abroad. Again, we repeat it with added emphasis, the Texas Advocate is for peace in the Church.

GOING UP TO THE CONFERENCE.

The fellowship and good cheer among preachers at an Annual Conference session are without a parallel in any other body of men. They are a band of brothers animated by the same motive, pressed down by the same burdens, accustomed to the same hardships, coming together at the close of the year to have a sort of reunion, and their communion is sweet and heavenly. From the time they adjourn at one session they begin to look forward to the next one with longing anticipations. As the time approaches for them to stand face to face and take each other by the hand again, their blood runs a little faster and the remaining days do not pass rapidly enough. They are scattered for hundreds of miles from one another, they are pressed with cares, and they want to hasten the moment when the fellowship of brotherly greeting will be again experienced. None but the true, self-sacrificing Methodist preacher can appreciate the cordial friendship and soulful inspiration of an Annual Conference. To miss such a gathering is a deprivation for which there is no compensation.

The very fact that there is this joyous experience in the fellowship of an Annual Conference session carries with it an element of danger. We become so enwrapped with the thought of meeting the brethren that we relax in spirit and become a little excessive in our social pleasures. Unless we are a little careful we become less attentive to Bible reading and private prayer. We surrender ourselves to the apparently innocent hilarities of the occasion and become boys again. We talk and laugh and tell anecdotes until we sometimes unconsciously backslide in our experiences. These points of possible weakness we have to watch lest we fall into social dissipation. We have known more than one preacher to backslide at the conference. But with proper watchfulness, the conference is a great means of grace. While there we hear fine sermons, inspiring songs, and soul-lifting prayers. These

come as benedictions to the waiting spirit. We gather new power from on high, and by the time the conference adjourns we are ready to start out upon another year of toil with greater enthusiasm in the Master's work. Such an experience as this gathered at an Annual Conference gives us an impetus that helps to carry us through the hardships of our itinerant career. May God give us all a great blessing at the approaching conferences.

INFIDELITY IS WITHOUT FORM AND VOID.

A few days ago a man who had for twenty-five years proclaimed himself an infidel took sick and died. When his will was probated it was discovered that he had left all of his fortune, excepting \$4,000, to religious and charitable organizations. The whole of it amounted to \$150,000, and not one dollar was donated to any infidel club, or to any infidel cause. As to why he chose these religious institutions and made them his beneficiaries, the will contained not one word. But the silence speaks more eloquently than words. There was no other disposition to make of his means. The only organizations whose work is strictly charitable and humane, are religious organizations. Infidelity does not build up institutions of this kind. It is destructive and not constructive. It tears down instead of building up the benevolence of the community. It has no asylums, no houses of refuge, no sheltering arms, no retreat for the desolate and the oppressed. When you want to find things of this character you have to go to the Church, and there they abound. So when this man, who had a kindly heart, wanted his fortune to do good after he was gone, he went to the institutions of the Church to find a medium through which to make it effective. Therefore, let the Church squander no time and opportunity in meeting infidelity with sermons and arguments, but go right ahead in caring for the poor, soothing the afflicted, lifting up the fallen, providing for the outcast and the unfortunate, and in these works there is an argument in defense of the divine claims of Christianity that no infidel will attack. The human heart and life need our holy religion, and when men see our good works they will glorify our Father who is in heaven. Holy living and works of benevolence make up the invulnerable bulwarks of the Gospel. When infidelity assaults us let us be able to point to some life that is irreproachable, and some place of shelter and comfort for the helpless and the unfortunate. There is no answer to logic like this. It scatters to the four winds the pretences of skeptics and scoffers. A life like that of Jesus Christ will close forever the open mouth of blatant infidelity.

THE DALLAS POLICE FORCE.

Under the Fire and Police Commission, the police force of this city has been thoroughly reorganized. In this organization slum politics has been eliminated and the whole thing placed upon a business basis. The result is that notwithstanding the shortness of time that has transpired since these changes were made, nevertheless we have already a police force in every way creditable to the city. When on duty they look like gentlemen, and

their manner is polite and courteous to all with whom they come in contact. There is no drinking among them, and none of them play the bully and swagger around spoiling for fight. They track the law and treat every man justly. They have broken up public gambling, and have made that class of men scarce about the old haunts where once they had the right of way. Second and third story windows, through which the lights shone all night long a few weeks ago, and which everybody knew were the favored places of these light-fingered gentry, are now dark and the quietude of the graveyard marks their present environment. We only have seven hours of Sunday, but the police force see to it that saloons, etc., are closed during these brief hours. Bad women who once upon a time strode the streets without let or hindrance, and made themselves an offense to public decency, have all at once taken a back seat, and they have ceased to be prominent. Had the former police management and the Sheriff of the County half way done their duty this disgraceful state of things never would have existed. The Police Commission simply let it be known that the laws would prevail in Dallas and that settled the matter. The county authorities could have accomplished the same thing without leaving their offices at the courthouse, and the Chief of Police could have done the same thing without leaving the city hall, but these functionaries did not do it. We had to get a charter which asked the Governor to appoint a Fire and Police Commission, composed of honest business men, and the work was done. What a commentary upon popular government! Now take a look at our police force and see what they are doing and one can hardly realize the change that has taken place. We commend the policemen of Dallas. They are bringing order out of confusion and giving us a city in which it is becoming possible for good society to have safeguards and protection. Let the good people stand by the policemen and the work of the Commission.

THE WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND THE BOERS.

Now that the war between England and the South African Republic is in full swing, many of our readers no doubt would like to know the causes which led up to this sanguinary trouble. In looking over many of our exchanges concerning this matter we note that the Interior gives about the best and most succinct statement of the causes of the war of any weekly coming under our observation. So we give that statement in full. It makes good reading for people who are interested in this great struggle:

Six principal points are involved in the arbitrament precipitated by the formal declaration of war by the Boer Government. They are:

1. Taxation without representation. The British Government demanded for British subjects that this should be rectified. This was what was meant by the diplomatic controversy over the "franchise." The Boers finally made the concession that five years of residence and the oath of allegiance to the Boer Republic should entitle an Outlander to vote. But this concession was placed under limitations which practically nullified it. It was not an honest offer. The Imperial Govern-

ment demanded a five-year limit to political incompetency, and that the ballot should not be subjected to any nullifying conditions. This the Boers refused, unless the Imperial Government should renounce suzerainty. The latter refused to discuss that question and the Boers then withdrew the offer.

2. Trial by jury. British subjects are not allowed a trial by a jury of their peers, as under the laws of all English-speaking peoples. A British subject under the Boer oligarchy must be tried by a jury of Boers.

3. Education. In the public schools the English language is not allowed. As the population of Johannesburg is twenty English to one Boer, this was a virtual exclusion of English children from the schools. The Imperial Government demanded on behalf of British subjects, that the two languages should stand on an equality—English speakers to have the same benefits as those exclusively given to the Dutch. This was refused.

4. Municipal Government. There are only about 1,000 Boers in Johannesburg to 23,000 Outlanders. The Boer Government clung to its exclusive right to govern the English city without the consent of the governed.

5. Extortionate taxation. Before the British discovered and developed the Kimberley and Witwatersrand mines the total income of the Boer Government was about six million dollars. It is now four times that amount, or a levy upon the Outlanders of \$19,000,000 per annum, in the expenditure of which the tax-payers are allowed no voice.

6. Slavery. Though this does not appear in the diplomatic discussion, it has affected the sentiments of British subjects toward the Boers. The natives are practically enslaved by them. They call it "apprenticeship," but native youth are held to work and labor without compensation during the most effective period of their lives, namely, till the age of twenty-eight. After that age they are held to service by terrorism in many. If not most, instances. This is highly repugnant to the British constitution, whose glory has long been that no slave can tread on British soil. The earth emancipates him the instant he stands upon it.

These are the issues upon which the Transvaal and the Orange Free State have thrown down the gauntlet of battle. The contention was not over the right of the Boers to self-government. That the Imperial Government has never questioned nor made any attempt to circumscribe. The demand of the English is that Englishmen within the limits of the British Empire shall have equal enjoyment of that right with all others. If that had been conceded the Imperial Government would have left the people of the Transvaal to settle all matters of domestic concern to suit themselves.

I never care to meddle with things that were controverted, and in dispute among the saints, especially things of the lowest nature; yet it pleased me much to contend with great earnestness for the word of faith, and the remission of sins by the death and sufferings of Jesus. But I say, as to other things, I would let them alone, because I saw they engendered strife, and because that they neither in doing nor in leaving undone, did commend us to God, to be his. Besides, I saw my work before me did run into another channel, even to carry an awakening word. To that, therefore, did I stick and adhere.—John Bunyan.

To one who was perplexed over the farawayness of heaven, and the difficulty of our getting there, the wise answer was given: "Heaven must first come down to you; heaven must come into your heart." That was just what Jesus said when he declared that except a man be born again, he can not enter the kingdom of heaven. Heaven must be in us or we can never get into heaven.

No man has ever gone past Christ down the road of suffering.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Hotel Accommodations Public Buildings Our Missionaries and Their Work—Return Trip—San Luis Potosi.

We reached the City of Mexico August 2 at 6:40 a. m. We took the street car and went to Hotel De Jardin, where we took breakfast, but not being able to make satisfactory arrangements for rooms we moved just across the corner of the street to Hotel Grand, an splendid house with English-speaking clerk, porters and waiters, and secured good rooms with double beds, electric lights and bell, and hot and cold water for \$1.50 per day in Mexican money, and good meals 21 for \$8, or a fraction over 28 cents a meal. Now when you remember this is all in Mexican money and that \$1 of ours is worth \$2.00 of theirs you will see that a room for a man and his wife would be less than 75 cents a day, or less than 25 cents a piece, and that our meals cost us about 18 cents a meal. That's cheap living at a first-class hotel.

The City of Mexico is the capital of the Republic. It is a magnificent city, built in the valley of Mexico, has a population of near 400,000, and lies at an altitude of 7,549 feet above the level of the sea. It is surrounded by hills. Thirty-five miles away old Popocatepetl rears his snow-crowned head 17,782 feet into the air, and when the fog lifts can be seen glistening like burnished silver in the sunlight, and to keep his royal highness company Ixtaccihuatl not far away stands 16,000 feet high.

The climate of the city is delightful. The average summer temperature for the past fifteen years has been 65 degrees in the shade. In August we slept in a room with no ventilation save the small transom over the door, and we had need for sheets, counterpane and heavy blankets; wraps and heavy coats were in demand mornings and evenings. The valley of Mexico is small and has seven lakes within its limits. The lakes are higher than the city, and hence it has often been in danger of inundation from them, but this has about been overcome by a canal which has cost about \$21,000,000. Twenty-one million dollars spent by one city to save 400,000 people from possible destruction by water—more money than our Church has spent in fifty years to save the whole heathen world from absolute destruction by fire.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Mexico has many of these. Our first visit in the city was to the Zocalo. This is a plaza or park in the very heart of the city. There are some of the most noted buildings in the city. The first one we visited was the great Cathedral built upon the site of the great Aztec Temple which was destroyed by the Spaniards when they conquered and took the city in 1521. The foundation was laid in 1524 and was dedicated in 1667. Time of building 83 years; cost, \$2,000,000; size, 187 feet from north to south, and 177 feet from east to west; interior height, 129 feet. Ninety quadruple pillars, each 25 feet in circumference, support the roof. Tower 218 feet. It is an immense and imposing structure. The inside is almost indescribable. Gold and silver glisten from dome to floor, rich and costly paintings and many other attractive things, but we were most attracted by the worshippers. It was Sunday morning, but hundreds were there. Spaniards, Mexican, Indian, old and young—all kneeling on the bare, hard marble floor. No seats. Yonder kneels a man whose dress and bearing show him to be a man of means and culture, and by his side kneels a man whose tight, soiled duck pants and shirt of some material, and red blanket, show him as a very poor man. His dark skin and prominent nose and high sloping forehead show he is an Indian full of superstition. Women dress in silk, satin and richest wools, whip in at the doors, dip their fingers in the great stone fountains that stand at all entrances, cross themselves, and fall on their knees facing some altar or saint, while he her side comes and kneels the peon in his tatters and rags. Not all are dressed in silk or wools or tatters and rags, but these represent the extremes, and turn or wander where you will those prostrate kneeling figures by the hundred meet your gaze, and there on that hard stone floors many of them kneel for hours, while no audible sound breaks the silence. When we came forth Bro. Downs voiced the feeling of our company, when he said: "Mexico needs a Luther."

THE SAN CARLOS ACADEMY.

This is an immense art building. Here we spent an hour. Here are many famous paintings. One impressed me deeply. It was our Lord's Temptation. There he is in the mountain alone with Satan, while a company of angels wait in the distance with deepest anxiety and an apparent wish to

help him in the issue; but he must conquer alone. So they wait, but when Satan is foiled and he triumphs they leap to his side bearing fruits and heavenly food.

THE NATIONAL PALACE.

stands just south of the Zocalo, and is one of the most interesting places in all Mexico. To it we went first without a guide, but being too late to be shown through we were told to come on another day, and wishing to have the fullest access to it we called on Gen. Clayton, our Ambassador, at the United States Embassy. The General showed us great courtesy and kindness, and gave us a letter of introduction to the Governor of the Palace, stating that we were citizens of the United States, and asking that kindness be shown us; but when we marched into the palace after 10 o'clock a. m. a dance of an officer of some kind took up our letter of introduction and no persuasion could induce him to return it. He told us through an interpreter that the Governor had not got up yet, but gave us a Mexican guide who could only jabber a few words of English, but he was polite and did his best. We were shown the President's rooms, Mansion of the Viceroys and of Maximilian, Embassadors Hall, President's state chair, with many others too numerous and fine to write about. No such splendor had ever greeted our eyes. The President's rooms were rich beyond description. For paper the walls were hung with the richest brocade satin. In the Ambassadors Hall are many paintings of noted men, among them our own George Washington; but these halls of departed royalty and present splendors must be left. Other places must be seen.

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

This is in the same block with the Palace. It must be seen with a good guide, such as we had, to be appreciated, and no two hours is sufficient. Its room after room, story after story, filled with every curious thing. The first room we entered was filled with relics, images and gods of the Aztecs. There is here what is called the sacrificial stone. It is round like a millstone, about three feet thick and eight or ten feet across the face of it. In the center is a basin chiseled out about the size of a wash bowl and from this basin to the edges grooves about three inches across and three inches deep are cut. On this stone the ancient Mexicans offered their human sacrifices. The body was stretched on the stone, the head cut off and dropped in the basin, where the blood also was caught and conducted off through these grooves. We do not look approvingly at Catholicism, but it's a thousand times better than that it supplanted in Mexico, but is useless to try without making this letter too long to try to write of what we saw here. Among other things we were shown Maximilian's gold coach. (It was large and looked to be made of pure gold.) I think we were told that its value was \$20,000. We saw and sat on his wife's (Carlota's) sofa, and saw their elaborate silver set. This and a thousand times more.

CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

This famous hill and castle are about two miles from the city. You approach it from the south. The castle stands on the very top of the hill. From our point of approach the hill or mountain is steep and rugged, almost perpendicular, with great cliffs and rocks forming much of its sides. It is covered with wild native trees, shrubs and vines, with roses and geraniums and various wild flowers growing and blooming from every crevice of the rocks. We passed through a great iron gate—kept by a cordon of soldiers—onto a winding carriage way that winds all round the mountain till it reaches the top, and the castle grounds are entered by a large iron gate from the north. As visitors are not allowed in the castle, we could not enter. It is now the White House of Mexico, the President living there in summer. Here are Montezuma's baths, now used by the city Waterworks Company. Standing on the heights of Chapultepec with the great castle to our backs, and facing towards the city, the scene is one of bewildering beauty that no words can describe. Stretching away in all directions from the foot of the hill is a beautiful park filled with great cypress and other native trees and richly set with a fine grass that is kept mowed short, with walks and drives in all directions. Not wishing to hurry away from a place of such rare beauty, we asked for a place to get dinner, and was directed by a soldier, who could not speak a word of English, to a restaurant on the out edge of the park. We found it a splendid place, kept by a jolly, fat Frenchman. He hunted for a bill of fare to show us what he had to eat, but when he found it was in French, so he had to read and interpret. He read something in French, and after several grunts and good-natured grimaces, he said: "Dots a vish?" Then he read again and said: "Dots an odder vish." Then again: "An' dots an odder vish;" but

now the supreme effort came. He read again in French and grunted and grimaced over and over again, and said: "I give it up. I don't know vot you call it." Then the frowns disappeared, and between roars of laughter he cried: "Dat vos a shicken, a shicken." That settled it. We got dinner. After dinner we rested and wandered till late in the afternoon, then returned to the city.

GUADALUPE.

This famous church—"the holiest shrine in Mexico"—is built on the brow of a hill about four miles east of the city. It is a handsome building and church of great wealth. The silver railing around the altar alone weighs twenty-six tons. Its site is the scene of the tradition of the apparition of the Virgin of Guadalupe (pronounced Wah-da-lu-pay) to the Juan Diego in 1531. The tradition goes that Juan Diego was a poor shepherd Indian, tending his flocks on the mountain. The Virgin—the most beautiful being his eyes ever rested on—appeared to him. He knew she was a supernatural being and told him she wanted him to have her a church built on that hill. He went to the Bishop and told him what had happened. The Bishop accused him of being crazy and sent him away, but spies to watch him and see if anything else happened. The next day she came again and repeated her request, and Juan Diego told her that the Bishop would not believe him and demanded a sign. Then she caused a beautiful spring of rich healing waters to break out at his feet. The spies saw it. Then he went in triumph to the Bishop; but this worthy was still skeptical. The next day she appeared again, and for the third time made her demand. This time the old shepherd replied that he was only a poor Indian and not able to do as she requested, and that the Bishop would not hear him. She ordered him gather an arm full of flowers and wrap them in his blanket and take them to the Bishop and that he would believe this time. He did as she said, gathered and carried the flowers, and when he unrolled them in the presence of the Bishop, lo! there was a wonderful life-size picture of the Virgin drawn in the very fiber of the blanket; and now here is the church and there hangs the wonderful painting on the blanket richly framed for all skeptics to see, and here in the very rear, and yes in a room of the church is the wonderful spring and wonderful it is. It is curbed with stone and comes boiling and bubbling up out of the earth like it was pressed up by steam pressure. Small zinc buckets are hung at the top of the curb on chairs. There are many buckets, and they are in constant use, as the devout Catholics believe fully in the story of Guadalupe. They think these waters are there by miracle and for the healing of all sorts of diseases. We drank freely of the water. It was cool and refreshing, tasting very like our common soured soda pop. Back of this church and higher on the mountain stands another church built in honor of some saint, who of late years has ceased to be popular, and back of this church still is a cemetery, where many notable people are buried. We stood at the grave of Santa Anna and his wife, but this letter must stop. I thought I could conclude this, but can't. Will finish next week.

J. T. SMITH.

SOUTH CAROLINA LETTER.

We are on the "home-stretch" in the South Carolina Conference, and the preachers are all on the go, winding up the year's work. We shall soon be assembling at Orangeburg for our annual review and to receive the appointments and disappointments for another year. In some respects we have had a successful year. In many places there have been gracious revivals and the evidences are that there will be a considerable increase in membership this year. So mote it be.

We are expecting a gracious time at our conference. There seems to be a growing disposition among the brethren to have more of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit and less of useless discussions. Many feel it a fortunate thing that we are to have with us this year Bishop Key, whose deep spirituality is known throughout the Church. He will surely receive a hearty welcome at the hands of the South Carolina Conference. We are earnestly praying that his coming may prove a benediction to every one of us. We understand, too, that the Bishop has some strong convictions as to the limitation of the terms of the presiding elders. We hear that he believes in having a change even among the "be- loveds" occasionally. So mote it be. Amen. Selah.

Death has invaded our ranks recently. Bro. W. B. Verdin, a consecrated and promising young preacher, after battling with the dreadful disease of consumption for some time, passed to his reward. Bro. D. Z. Dantzer was another to fall. He was one of our purest and most lovable preachers. He was indeed a scholarly and sweet-spirited Christian.

Our camp-meetings are in full blast.

Most of them are in the Charleston and the Orangeburg Districts, there being four in the Charleston District alone. One of them was held last week. It was the famous "Indian Fields" meeting, which is situated only a few miles out of the town in which your scribe lives. The great trouble here is that the social feature overshadows everything else. Our zealous and consecrated presiding elder, Rev. A. J. Stokes, D. D., used every means to make the occasion one of great spiritual power. Unfortunately he was called away to the bedside of his sick wife right in the midst of the meeting. We believe he will do much in turning the tide in favor of more spirituality. Many of us are praying that he may be successful. By the way, the mention of Dr. Stokes reminds me of my promise to let you know how the new elders appointed at our last conference turned out. As to Dr. Stokes, let me say that he has made a very fine impression all over the district. I have never known a presiding elder more concerned about all the interests of the Church. He is a friend to both preachers and the people, always looking to the highest interest of each. The old Charleston District under his wise administration will make a splendid showing at conference. As to the other two, Rev. Marion Dargan and Rev. H. Gascon Browne, let me say that I hear the very best of reports. Not having been associated with either I can not speak from experience, but those who have been associated with them speak in high terms of their preaching and administration. Their districts will make fine showings at conference. Bro. Browne is the Secretary of the Twentieth Century Committee, and has been abundant in labors along that line.

Our colleges have all opened with increased attendance, and in fact everything points to better days for South Carolina Methodism in the near future. For this we devoutly pray. We have had some unfortunate occurrences in our conference in the past few years which have worked detriment to our Zion, but we are trusting the Great Head of the Church to lead us to harmony and victory.

WATSON B. DUNCAN.

St. George, S. C.

REV. MARTIN RUTER, D. D.

While we are agitating the Twentieth Century Movement we should not forget the pioneer educators of our great State. Dr. Martin Ruter, whose remains, after they had laid in the grave for sixty-one years, as we were told in a recent number of the Advocate, and were removed last spring from the old town of Washington to Navasota, was the pioneer of the pioneers. Many of our young people know very little of this man. As he has been called the apostle of Methodism to Texas, and as he certainly was an early martyr to Texas Methodism, it would not be out of place at this time to give a brief outline of his history.

He was born in Massachusetts in April, 1785. His parents were pious. Of his mother it has been written: "She lived in speaking distance of Paradise, and kept up constant communication." His early advantages were limited to the common school education of that period. In the autumn of 1799, one hundred years ago, he experienced the forgiveness of his sins and enjoyed peace with God. For some time prior to this he had labored under the

impression that he should preach the gospel, and very soon after his conversion he began the study of divinity as his life work. In the summer of 1803, when he was fifteen years old, he received license to exhort, and began to travel the circuit with his pastor that he might receive instruction from him. Here we see the elements that make up the successful man in the earnestness of the boy. He was determined to get the best education in reach, so that he might be equipped for his life work, and he was willing to brave difficulties and hardships to secure it. In the autumn following he was licensed to preach, and was immediately put in charge of a circuit in Vermont. Shortly after he was sixteen years old, in June, 1801, he was admitted on trial by the New York Conference, and began at once the life of an itinerant. During the next four years, the time of life when a young preacher should be in college, we find him going through the grades of an itinerant minister, and in 1805, instead of the graduating exercises of a commencement, he received his ordination as elder at the hands of Bishop Asbury. The three following years he was a circuit preacher, but nevertheless, in the face of great inconveniences and the fatiguing labors that belong to a circuit rider's life, he laid out and successfully pursued an elaborate course of study. His attainments and ability were recognized by his conference, for in 1808, when he was only twenty-three years old, we find him appointed to Boston, and the same year elected as a member to the first delegated General Conference. In May, 1818, Asbury College, Baltimore, conferred on him the degree Master of Arts, and four

years after Transylvania University of Kentucky, without his knowledge, made him a Doctor of Divinity, being the first Methodist preacher in America to receive that honor. At the General Conference of 1820 he was elected to take charge of the Western Book Agency that was established by this General Conference at Cincinnati, and at the close of the quadrennium he was re-elected to this work. Before his second term as Book Agent had expired he was elected President of Augusta College, Kentucky, which position he held for four years. Longing to be engaged in the more active duties of the ministry, he transferred to the Pittsburgh Conference, and in 1822 and 1823 he was stationed at Pittsburg. In June, 1824, at the earnest solicitation of his brethren, he removed to Meadville, Penn., to accept the Presidency of Allegheny College, which had recently been taken under the patronage of his conference. This office he filled with advantage to the college and acceptability to the Church for three years, when he resigned his chair to take charge as Superintendent of the projected missionary work of the Methodist Church in the Republic of Texas. He went into this work not as an adventurer or as an untried or unaccepted man, for he had spent thirty-seven of his fifty-three years as an itinerant minister. He had been a life-long student, following Paul's injunction to "walk in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time." He had been so diligent that his attainments were not only broad, but thorough. He was deeply versed in theology; his book on Ecclesiastical History was an authority in his day. He was familiar with the classics, and so cultured a linguist that he could read the scriptures in nine languages, having among other works prepared a Hebrew grammar for the use of students. This man, crowned with honors and successes, felt that all his culture and talents were not too great an offering to be placed upon the altar of Texas missions. He felt called to the new Republic of Texas, and in the full strength of his mature manhood he offered himself for the work. On July 25, 1837, he was appointed Superintendent of the First Methodist Mission to Texas, with Lytleton Fowler and Robt. Alexander as his assistants. He started soon upon his long, arduous and perilous journey. Dr. Abel Stevens says of him in this connection: "The Ohio being unusually low, Dr. Ruter put his family in a small boat and paddled it himself from Pittsburg to Marietta. As it was impracticable to bring his family to Texas until he had made some preparations, he determined to leave them at New Albany, Ind., among his relations." He crossed the Sabine on the 23d of November, and that night met Rev. Robt. Alexander, who had preceded him only a short while to this field of labor. That night was an epoch in Texas history, for upon the hither bank of the Sabine these two men of God held the first intelligent conference that looked to subduing this land for the Master, and how much of the progress and present prosperity and power that the Methodist Church in our State to-day owes to the strong and fervent appeals with which these two men assailed the throne of grace that night will never be known "until the mists have rolled away." From this point Dr. Ruter's labors were directed "to forming societies and circuits, establishing schools and making arrangements for a college or university."

The tide of emigration that was then setting westward was not bringing much of spirituality along with it. In one of his letters he says: "I went to the Colorado and was the first traveling preacher that ever reached its shores;" and again he wrote: "When we arrived here there was not a Protestant Church in the whole land." After laboring for a few weeks he was able to say: "We now reckon four circuits in Texas, namely: Houston, Washington, Trinity and San Augustine." During the brief five months that he was allowed to labor in this field his motto was, "The King's business requires haste." "He rode more than 2000 miles on horseback, swam or forded rivers, preached daily, shrunk from no hardship, danger, or fatigue. He lived upon the rough fare and slept in the still rougher lodgings of this wild and sparsely populated region. He formed societies, secured the building of churches, and made arrangements for founding a college." His enthusiasm and zeal were too great for his strength. The imprudent exposures to a strange climate had their effects. He was attacked by fever and died at Washington, May 16, 1838. Though cut short in his career of great usefulness, and at a time when it would seem that his death would paralyze the energies of the infant mission, yet his zeal and wisdom had given such impulse and direction to Methodism that the great work was not checked, and as we look upon the mighty army of Methodists in Texas to-day, strong in its organization and institutions, we can but echo the words of Bishop Morris uttered as he stood by Dr. Ruter's grave: "Whereunto will this mission grow? and what

cause of rejoicing must peritend forever!"

It has been said that erect a monument to a man would be a memorial window, or let placed in the building of Southwe as a tribute to his would be eminently patron of education, contribution to the T Movement be used as to this man who labored for Texas.

SOME ANTI-MORSE.

By Rev. Wm.

Did you ever stand and look into eyes again silently echo and recall that all you and tender appreciation loved one's helpful "dull, cold eye of d awaken on those li smile? And has you not been made heavy gush of soul keeper of so many times you your loved one how that life to you Mr spoke the words need lieve that the deepest ried on my heart we arrows of regret I m with the flint of selfi had been "winged to the bow of Remem my own fixing. Oh at times that I can some one to whom spoken words and sh ing appreciation, an of tender pity and that almost breaks there is suggestion of aro made up my mi helper, that I wou hyacinths, and violet the living hands that and inhale their frag in their beauty, and of perfume and rich God's object lesson flowers of sweet words, loving deeds; these to the living, make the world yet r and not wait until th place roses on the c on the catafalque, an aranth on the tom with Margaret Pres

"What are for the i flung Till the swimmer's has chug? What worth is E breath When whispered i hushed in deat No! No! If you ha cheer, Speak it while I am

And so years ever the Master and his of "spoiling" by e commending. More for lack of it than from sorrow at the of helplessness not needed, a word of c unspoken at the prop son-ery comes as a pentance:

"Oh, for the touch of And the sound of a v

Why do we so mise sweet, commending living? Why are we feel, and the gra and the appreciation to some friend or lov are gone? This ho very cold of the sou with us. I speak a talk kindly, or things about people. I speak of those dumb, as it were, wh call for gratitude to extended in "trump that would reverber ing corridors of hum the bugle blasts of field of Roncesvalles.

I remember that we could not have ment without Bro. He impressed himself first visit to the Sou city. His accuracy of gentle disposition, h mination to be "sare then go ahead"—pro injure some one else ness in being correct rather than hastily r late everything and characteristics, complian spirit that eman ner source rather than in ways that said "be likewise"—this was saw in him, and it is ideals, like our reli true and safe, are make-up; they repre

ylvania University out his knowledge, r of Divinity, being preacher in Ameri- nor. At the Gen- 1820 he was elected the Western Book established by this at Cincinnati, and quadrennium he was work. Before his ok Agent had ex- ed President of Au- rucky, which post- ur years. Longing he more active du- y, he transferred to erence, and in 1832 itioned at Pittsburg. he earnest sollicita- n, he removed to o accept the Presi- College, which had taken under the conference. This advantage to the ally to the Church en he resigned his ge as Superintendent missionary work urch in the Repub- ent into this work er or as an untried n, for he had spent fifty-three years as er. He had been a following Paul's in- n wisdom toward out, redeeming the en so diligent that ere not only broad, was deeply versed ok on Ecclesiastical uthority in his day, th the classics, and ust that he could n nine languages, r works prepared a for the use of stu- crowned with hon- felt that all his cul- ere not too great an d upon the altar of e felt called to the xas, and in the full ure manhood he the work. On July ointed Superintendent hristian Mission to n Fowler and Robt. assistants. He is long, arduous and Dr. Abel Stevens s connection: "The ily low, Dr. Ruter a small boat and from Pittsburg to as impracticable to Texas until he had tions, he determin- New Albany, Ind., " He crossed the of November, and v. Robt. Alexander, him only a short of labor. That h in Texas history, r bank of the Sa- n of God held the ference that looked nd for the Master, the progress and power that the in our State to-day and fervent appeals two men assailed e that night will ntil the mists have n this point Dr. directed "to form- circuits, establish- ing arrangements iversity."

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cause of rejoicing must it be to its Superintendent forever!"

It has been said that Texas should erect a monument to this man. It certainly would be fitting to have a memorial window, or a memorial tablet placed in the chapel of the new building of Southwestern University as a tribute to his work and worth. It would be eminently proper that some patron of education direct that his contribution to the Twentieth Century Movement be used as such a memorial to this man who labored, suffered and died for Texas. C. C. CODY.

SOME ANTE-MORTU WREATHS.

Number Two.

By Rev. Wm. A. Bowen.

Did you ever stand beside a coffin and look into eyes that would never again silently echo back your glance, and recall that all your words of love and tender appreciation of that still, loved one's helpfulness fell on the "dull, cold ear of death," and could awaken on those lips no answering smile? And has your heart's burden not been made heavier and your anguish of soul keener at the recollection of so many times you could have told your loved one how helpful had been that life to your life, and you never spoke the much-needed words? I believe that the deepest scars I ever carried on my heart were those made by arrows of regret I myself had pointed with the flint of selfishness, and which had been "winged to my heart" from the bow of Remembrance by plumes of my own fixing. Oh, it seems to me at times that I can see on the face of some one to whom I should have spoken words and shown deeds of loving appreciation, and did not, a look of tender pity and questioning love that almost breaks my heart, because there is suggestion of reproach. I long ago made up my mind, God being my helper, that I would give roses, and hyacinths, and violets, and lilies, into the living hands that could grasp them and inhale their fragrance and delight in their beauty, and in their opulence of perfume and richness of hue read God's object lesson of love to us—flowers of sweet appreciation, kind words, loving deeds; that I would give these to the living, that they might make the world yet richer and sweeter, and not wait until they were dead and place roses on the coffin and garlands on the catafalque, and wreaths of amaranth on the tombstone. I agree with Margaret Preston:

"What use for the rope, if it be not flung
Till the swimmer's grasp to the rock
has clung?
What worth is Eulogy's blindest breath
When whispered in ears that are
hushed in death?
No! No! If you have but a word of cheer,
Speak it while I am alive to hear."

And so yearns every heart that loves the Master and his work. No danger of "spoiling" by complimenting or commending. More lives are spoiled for lack of it than by excess. It is from sorrow at the thought of an act of helpfulness not put forth when needed, a word of comfort and cheer unspoken at the proper time, that the soul-cries come as a wall of vain repentance:

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

Why do we so miserly withhold kind sweet, commending words from the living? Why are we so saving of what we feel, and the gratitude we cherish, and the appreciation we have for and to some friend or loved one, until they are gone? This hoarding up of the very coin of the soul is too common with us. I speak not of those who talk unkindly, or say disparaging things about people. These are diabolical. I speak of those who stand dumb, as it were, where love and duty call for gratitude to proclaim a help extended in "trumpet-tongued" tones that would reverberate down the echoing corridors of human sympathy like the huge Masts of a Roland on the field of Roncesvalles.

I remember that we used to think we could not have any commencement without Bro. H. A. Bourland. He impressed himself on me at his very first visit to the Southwestern University. His accuracy of scholarship, his gentle disposition, his evident determination to be "sure he was right and then go ahead"—provided it did not injure some one else—and his carefulness in being correct, and deliberating rather than hastily rushing in to regulate everything and everybody; these characteristics, coupled with a Christian spirit that emanated from an inner source rather than expressed itself in ways that said "behold me, and live likewise"—this was the kind of man I saw in him, and it impressed me. Our ideals, like our religion, if they be true and safe, are manifold in their make-up; they represent diversity in

unity. Hence, in the sum of the whole—some, true, helpful lives of men we find the expressions, or manifestations, of the highest ideal; the total of the impressed individualities that inspire our own many-sided beings going to make up the one complete, perfect ideal life that is our Pattern and Guide. So with a life like that of Rev. H. A. Bourland, D. D. He has been a help to me for many, many years in steadiness, evenness, correctness of life. He is a man of the most perfect equipoise I ever knew.

Unless B. R. Bolton has changed very much in the past five years (since I was last with him), he is one of the most lovable men in Texas. I first became intimately acquainted with him while he was a student at Georgetown. I knew him in his home (or boarding house) life there, and, at the end of his term of school life there, extending over several years, he was as the title of Hester's work, and always the same. He boarded with a good, Christian woman, who set the standard of "Christian life" well up toward "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." And when Bolton finally bade her farewell, her verdict was that of his school fellows and all who knew him: "He was weighed in the balance and—'not found wanting.' He is kindness and love personified towards people. He literally tries to 'do good to all men' as much as they will let him. In this respect his fault, if he has any, is, like that of Goldsmith's village preacher, leaning 'to virtue's side.' I never heard of Bolton saying a harmful or an unkind word of any one. Nor does he do harm by going to the other extreme, and saying undeserved good things in order to gain the reputation of speaking good of all men. He preserves the silence of a Christian when to speak truly would be as evil as to speak harmfully of a good man. And in such 'silence is golden.' And Bolton's smile, and warm, firm grasp of the hand are no mere mechanical devices to catch popular approval. The dynamo that lights the smile that leaps from the depths of his eyes and illumines his genial face, and the pressure that is felt in the clasp of his hand, are one: Love. His is a living endeavor to interpret, by his life, the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians; and if he professes to be more than friendly, and is your friend, you may rest in it. He will be no shadow, seen near you only in sunshine; but the darker your skies the nearer he will be, so you can feel and lean on him. Too rare, even among Christians, are such products of our religion as is Rev. B. R. Bolton; for neither by nature, nor early surroundings, was he made what he is. He simply tried to live up to Philippians 2:1-5.

"I am native here and to the manner born." Therefore I know Rev. W. H. Vaughan and his ways. I heard him preach the first sermon and make his first talk at Georgetown. I am not positive that he took up a collection the first time I heard—but I feel sure he did. He took up one every time since, any way. If I were going to paraphrase a certain verse in Job to fit Vaughan, it would read: "Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Vaughan came amongst them, and he also took up a collection." The great work he has now is only the perfecting of the characteristics we saw in him from the beginning. He was always a veritable Brother Bagheart. I was never in his district except as a visitor, but I found he had impressed others as he had me from my first acquaintance with him about 1878 or 1877. He considered himself to be a full brother to all of God's children. Not in that unscriptural "Fatherhood of God" nonsense talked by those who would make latitudinous and unconditional boundlessness to a "brotherhood of man" in God's family which he has restricted to those who "come out from among" the children of the world and are taken into the "family of earth and heaven" through the spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba, Father! And his breadth and depth of love, his being busy "about his Father's business," his readiness to lend a helping hand to all who needed a friend, which drew us to him from the very start, was an early manifestation of God's call and preparation in him to and for the glorious work he is now doing. "For inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me," will be what Vaughan will hear "in that day" as the talismanic words ushering him into the "rest that remaineth to the people of God." I never met him when he was too busy or considered me not enough in his line to give me a cordial greeting and encouraging word. I count it a benediction that I knew such men early in my life, and who have kept me from swinging off from God at that tangent of skeptical pride, "no man careth for my soul."

To say you know John S. Gillett is to say you love him. More than any man I ever met, he knows how to counsel and make you feel that it is

from a love that is "without dissimulation." Few men can do this. I have known a few who could. But an admonition, or advice as to change of method or avoiding policies that might lead to friction, or even suggesting a mistake in judgment from J. S. Gillett appeals to your heart and head. You do not have to bring your will to force your mind to reason that he is doing it entirely for your own highest good, thus arriving, by a logical process, at the conclusion that the air of superiority is incidental to sinful man who is dominated by "the pride of life," and that really the counselor is not glad of a chance to impress you with his own impeccability as regards the matter in hand. Now most men advise you in this kind of way. You feel that they are taking advantage of some circumstance unforeseen (and generally unforeseeable) to give you to understand that they have never done thus, and therefore you should henceforth avoid, etc., etc. Men who feel this way ought to cultivate the spirit of meekness, so as never to impress on you a sense of their superiority. This destroys the force of personal influence. John S. Gillett has always impressed me, since I first knew him in 1878, as a man who "walked and talked with Jesus." He can claim all that is implied in that much mis-lived Gal. 6:1. The more I know him the more I lament that his was not the spirit that animated some to whom I looked and from whom I sought counsel in things I knew not many years ago. J. S. Gillett has the spirit that will prove "the making of a man" for any young man who will be under and be guided by him. He never swerves from the right, even to save the feelings of people. He is one of the best interpreters of a text I ever heard. His exegesis invariably tends to bring about that desirable and life-changing union—a wedding of head and heart. And he is bubbling over with humor—gentle, harmless, genuine. I have heard some people say he saw the ridiculous side too often—but these have mostly been those who scarcely ever enjoyed a heart-inspired laugh and never suggested such to others. A perfect man laughs. God intended he should. It is the line of demarcation between the mere animal and the differentiating intelligence of man. The least insanity there is in man the more can he see intellectually to inspire a hearty laugh. And the converse is true. Two infallible tests are used by specialists in nervous diseases to determine the degree of insanity in a person (for it is settled, I believe, that every one has a "streak" of insanity), to-wit: Their readiness to laugh at foolish and non-sensical things that do not come from an intellectual appreciation ("horse play"), and their inability to enjoy a laugh at their own expense. John S. Gillett has never suggested to me even a hint of insanity, judged by these latest tests. His was the kind of mind addressed by the late Bishop Simpson. That peerless pulpit orator, when lecturing to the divinity class at Yale, advised them to always pray with their eyes closed—and tightly closed, at that. He said a man could pray as devoutly and earnestly and acceptably with his eyes open as with them closed; but that the best balanced minds were able to see things that would disturb the prayerful spirit. Then he told of a great and popular preacher who always stood to pray, and mostly with open eyes and glance uplifted. One day he was conducting a funeral of a woman beloved by all. The house was packed, and most of the people were in tears. He stood above the coffin, and was making a prayer of touching appeal to the Father, when a man stepped on the sidewalk in front of the double doors, balancing a tub of whitewash on his head. Just then the bottom of the tub crashed upwards, the man's head shot up through the tub, the whitewash poured all over him and the tub balanced on his shoulders like a huge cypress collar, the man's eyes fairly bulging out with surprise and pain. The preacher burst into a loud "Ha, ha, ha! haw, haw, haw!" The congregation was scandalized, and he had to "accept a call elsewhere." I feel sure Brother Gillett prays with his eyes closed—most of the time. He has to, I know him, and love him. He has done much, very much, to soften me towards all men, to make me overlook the sham of egotistical assumption and pretense with which so many try to cover up their own glaring deficiencies while trying to point out faults in others, and to see the good there is in all men—and to try and bring this out. He made me understand that German poet who wrote:

"And tell me how love cometh"
"Tis here—unsought, unent,
"And tell me how love goeth"
That was not love which went."

"Love abideth." All else goes. And John S. Gillett impressed me with this by his own life. San Antonio, Texas.

MEXICAN MISSIONS AT HOME.

Geo. B. Winton.

In your reference to the death of Bro. John S. McKinnon, late of Tubey, Atascosa County, mention was made of his influence over the Mexicans and the help he rendered them. There are many reasons why a little special emphasis should be laid upon this. The supply of Mexican labor in Southwest Texas is increasing. The residence of these people here is becoming more permanent than it ever has been before. Many of them went to Mexico within the last few years, some led by inducements held out by the Mexican Government, some driven from Texas by white-raps. But they fell on evil times. The part of Mexico to which they emigrated has just passed through a period of drought and famine. Their crops were a total failure. It was also visited last summer by an epidemic of yellow fever. Many of the immigrants died. The rest were thoroughly frightened as well as disheartened. Now that the Legislature of Texas and the public sentiment of good people have made an end—let us hope forever—of the white-raps, and as there are crops to be harvested, and the cotton market is once more vigorous, bringing money for wages again into the country hereabout, the wanderers are returning. And I am glad to say that most of the land-owners and other American residents welcome them. Surely there are many who employ them as laborers who would gladly help them to better their condition, both materially and spiritually. In the latter regard it seems that in many sections no man careth for their soul. They are nominally Catholics; but the priests can not, or will not, preach to them in their own tongue. For such as feel the impulse to stretch out a helping hand to these wretched, naked, hungry, sick, foreigners, the very ones who stand to us in Christ's stead, the work of J. S. McKinnon ought to be a valuable object lesson. The Methodists of this section of Texas have special opportunities, denied to most of the Church. Here we are in actual daily contact with one of the great mission fields. Here the work of the missionaries may be supplemented by that of those who send the missionaries. And the field is especially recommended to the brother who is so prone to dwell upon "the heathen at your door."

The Mexicans are very poor, but I am not making an appeal for sympathy. Nothing is hastier or more foolish than the argument that the money spent on foreign missions would be better spent if given to the poor. The poor do not wish money given to them. It only makes them poorer. The Mexicans are not begging—for money. It is their spiritual poverty which should appeal to us, the nakedness of undeveloped souls, the sickness of sin. To help them we need hearts filled with the mind that was in Christ Jesus, lowly, loving hearts. If we can not use their speech and thus come near them in sympathy and brotherly advice, we can at least make free use of the language of smiles and kind deeds. A stammering word, out of such a heart weighs more than whole sermons of unloving eloquence. The benefactor of Tubey had a very limited Spanish vocabulary, but he was proficient in the language of heaven.

The hearts of his poor ventures warmed to him, and his few words of advice as to religious or practical matters weighed with them as the commands of a father. I was with them when they came together to honor his memory. In the little church which he had built, shared by Americans and Mexicans, where often he had bowed alongside his humblest renter to receive the broken bread of our Lord's body, they met to bewail their common loss. Grief and love made orators of farm hands, their inexperience timidity, illiteracy, availed not to stem the tide of passionate words. Could I transcribe what I there heard, the gibes at Mexican stolidity and ingratitude would be forever hushed. "Alas my father!" was their cry. In heaven that good and modest man will be astonished at the number of his children, feeling feebly for the lack of the seat that he might lean upon it, spoke burning words. It will not be long till he shall see him whom having not seen he loved. Even Catholics ventured to enter a place of Protestant worship to join in the voice of honor to the dead. They blessed him and he shall be blessed. And the missionary who in years of toil among them has come to know the heart and tongue of this poor, humble, diffident, reticent race, sat with warm tears on his cheeks, and whispered: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

The meeting passed the following resolutions:

Whereas, Death has removed from our midst our respected neighbor and faithful friend, Mr. J. S. McKinnon; therefore, we, the officers of Tubey, without distinction of race or creed, do hereby

Resolve, That we strive to recover the memory of one who lived an honorable and godly life among us, that we feel that his death is a personal loss to each one of

us, as well as to the community at large, and that we extend our profound sympathy to the afflicted family.

2. That a copy of these resolutions be printed and sent to Mr. McKinnon, and that they be published in local papers.

SAMUEL TAYLOR, Secy.
JAMES M. GIBBS, Secy.
W. F. L. HARRISON, Secy.
Committee on Resolutions.

A DEFINITE PURPOSE.

Definite purpose. A thought betrays itself here. A definite purpose is like the iron wedge that cleaves the adamant block, it is a thing to men, accomplishes something. As the rail-splitter without his iron wedge could accomplish nothing, however good and effective his other tools and appliances, so the man in life without a definite purpose must fail of results, however excellent may be his attainments and other qualifications. I heard Abilene Miller recently tell of his efforts to raise \$2500 for the gift on the Christiana church. He threw all the industry of his intense nature into the undertaking. It looked like the removal of the mountain, but he said it must be accomplished. He became absorbed in the one idea of raising that \$2500. He neglected his other work to the definite purpose. He sacrificed the scriptures, he put his life on the line. The town of Christiana was fired with his zeal, the mountains were, and into the sea by his sweat, and with his contribution box was opened, and the count reached \$1700. A definite purpose. Embodying the idea of intense desire and persistent effort, leading forth and forming into place the radical elements of one's nature. Anything worth accomplishing is radical. The fact is, every principle, whether right or wrong, is radical. It cannot be otherwise, and on this basis character stands.

Character? What a priceless jewel! In his hurried arguments the pastor, possessed of character, may stand and smothering a new world. The worldly nobleman without character, smiling and hushing his face at his own identity. There is no agency for the development of character of greater importance than that of Christian education. It gives potency, makes effective. Witness the characters of Peter and Paul. Both inspired the same, mediated, the other educated. Peter tells us of experience. Paul tells us of the basic doctrines upon which experience rests, the one dealing with the experimental, the other with that upon which it stands. Our Twentieth Century Offering to education has to do with the very foundation upon which is reared the fabric of our faith, a knowledge of truth. It deals with the question of our civilization. Education is not the currency of the perpetuity of our civilization, but Christian education is. To develop the brain and leave undeveloped the heart is but the incubation of the shrewd and relentless shrew. This thought has been oft repeated and is familiar to those who observe missionary events. If these be truths, how significant becomes the Twentieth Century Educational Movement. The preacher, therefore, who has a just conception of the responsibility of his office will not fail to exert all the earnestness born of a definite purpose in the performance of his part in the achievement of this great end. How can he do less and measure up to the dignity of his position? The preacher who reflects this work is himself lacking in the element of character, currency of the perpetuity of our civilization, but Christian education is.

But another thought. We talk of Christian education but in the actual work of educating do we stress as we should the Christian phase of it? As we make it as nearly as possible, Christ-like in character? Is there still danger at this point? May there not be lurking, unperceived, a dangerous temptation to acquiring knowledge for its own sake, as many people, money, and not in order to the glory of God? I think we need to exercise care at this point. The whatsoever is not of faith is sin. H. B. TRIMM, JR.

Hood's Pills

Do not strip our friends the stomachs, they are not really yet promptly, cleanse effectively, and

Give Comfort

Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

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SECULAR NEWS ITEMS.

It is reported upon what seems to be reasonably good authority that Gen. Otis has received a proposition from prominent leaders in the Philippine insurrection to sell out the insurgents' cause for about a half a million dollars. The proposition carries with it the promise to deliver up to the United States authorities Aguinaldo. But the proposition was spurned, as America is not in the habit of doing business in that way.

The Postmaster General has issued peremptory instructions to all men in that department of the government not to levy any political assessment upon employees in the postal service. He called attention to the law upon the subject, and informed the public that in case of its violation the law would be invoked against the guilty party. If the Postmaster General will stick to that line of conduct he will render the country a needed service.

The Phorty Phunny Phellows, an organization for purposes of fun and rollicking in this city, gave a parade with floats the other night. It had some very amusing features and a great crowd witnessed it. But there were some things in the affair too disgusting and vulgar to be countenanced by decent people. Ladies turned their heads away and felt a sense of shame. Fun is relished by all classes of people, and he is a very poor sort of man who is not willing to unbend occasionally and have a pleasant time. But when the thing is carried as far as it was in an instance or two in this parade it is time to ask the police to take a hand in the performance.

The Kallips repeated their great parade at the Fair grounds last week. It was witnessed by a large concourse of people. Unlike the indecent thing of the night before under the auspices of the Phorty Phunny Phellows, this was a credit to an intelligent and a decent community. It was a beautifully gotten up affair, and it gave an entertainment both amusing and instructive.

Dr. John A. Bowie, of Chicago, an alleged divine healer, lectured the other night in that city upon "Doctors, Drugs and the Devil." The lecture hall is near some medical colleges, and the students, several hundred in number, accepted an invitation to attend the lecture. We do not know what part the "Doctors and the Devil" played in the performance, but from all accounts "the Devil" got in his work. The whole thing went to pieces in a riot, and the healer needed to practice his art upon himself at the close of the racket.

Some time ago the Rev. R. T. Hanks, a Baptist minister at Abilene, was charged with the offense of tampering with the United States mail. It was alleged that he had opened a letter addressed to some one else and that he had done so with improper intent. His trial came off in the United States Court last week and he was vindicated of the charge.

The wife and four children, two of them grown girls, of J. H. Gambrell, some miles from Canton, Miss., were murdered on the night of the 18th inst. He was in Canton at the time disposing of his cotton, and the crime occurred in his absence. After the deed was committed the villains fled the house to conceal their butchery.

The post at Laredo is garrisoned by about one hundred negro soldiers, and from all accounts, they are an obstreperous gang. The other night they attacked a policeman without provocation, knocked him down, stamped upon him and stripped him of his badge. After this they fired their guns off promiscuously through the city and wounded a few people. The best thing that could be done for them would be to take them to the whipping post and then send them to the cotton patch.

A great yacht race between the Shamrock and the Columbia finally came off last Monday, and in the wind up, the Columbia came in about a mile and a half in advance of her big English cousin. America is forging to the front in seamanship, both in the speed of her vessels and in their efficiency in naval conflicts.

An unfortunate tragedy occurred at the Santa Fe depot in this city last Sunday night, in which a prominent young business man of Mount Pleasant found it necessary to shoot and kill a negro by the name of Lewis. The latter was evidently drinking and was very insulting in his boisterous and profane language toward the young wife of the slayer because he claimed she had taken his seat. J. J. Reeves is the name of the gentleman who did the

killing, and on examination he was found over and given bail at \$700. This is the only trouble of a serious kind which has occurred since the opening of the Fair.

Last Monday was colored people's day at the great Fair. It was a bad, rainy day, but there were about 10,000 of them present. They were orderly and law-abiding, and notwithstanding the crowd, there was not a disturbance. Several prominent men among them made speeches. They took high ground against the African colonizing project inaugurated some time ago by Bishop Turner.

Last Saturday a Santa Fe freight car backed on to a Rapid Transit electric street car near the Fair grounds, and injured a number of people. Fortunately none of the injuries so far have proved fatal, though it was a close call for a large number of people. Two suits for damage have been filed by injured parties against both railroad companies for amounts aggregating \$10,000. Other suits will doubtless be entered in due time. There was evidently some carelessness upon the part of somebody, as there seems to have been no necessity for the accident.

William H. Appleton, of the great Appleton Publishing Company, of New York, died on the 19th inst. at the advanced age of 85 years. He has done much for this country in the development of its literary taste and habit. Such has been his great success that he has left his publishing interests in such shape as that his enterprise will perpetuate itself.

Mrs. Steves, the wife of Rev. Leslie Steves, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Tabernacle Church in this city, was attacked early one morning last week by a negro, who choked and struck her violently. The shock prostrated her and she suffered severely. The purpose of the negro was robbery. He has not yet been apprehended.

A heavy battle occurred between the British and the Boers last week at Laing's Neck, in which the latter were beaten back after eight hours of struggle with heavy losses. The effect upon the English forces is fine and correspondingly depressing to the Transvaal army. The British General, Symons, was severely wounded in leading a charge. Results not yet known as to extent of fatalities.

Above we noticed the murder of the Gambrell family near Canton, Miss. Since that note was recorded a negro was arrested and confessed that he and others of his color were the criminals. He said they tied the members of the household to the floor, abused them and then saturated them with oil and fired the house. He was at once taken out, tied to a stake and burned to a crisp. When will these horrid lynchings cease? Not till the horrid crimes cease that lay the foundation for them. Both crimes are to be greatly deplored.

Gen. Funston, the brilliant young officer who distinguished himself in the Manila campaign, but who returned home some time back, has been offered a brigadier's command if he would return. He has accepted the offer of the War Department and will re-enter the campaign over there at an early day.

The State University team of foot ball players and the Dallas team had a hot game last Saturday at the Fair Grounds. It broke up in a row and several altercations were the result. The thing was a disgrace. If that is the best exhibition the boys are able to give to the public they had better disband.

The case of the State of Louisiana against the State of Texas to have our quarantine laws against the former dissolved, was argued last Monday before the United States Supreme Court at Washington. The case was taken under advisement by that high tribunal, and will be passed upon at an early date.

The daughter of M. Bannon, a Cotton Belt engineer, at Tyler, shot and killed herself last Monday. She was to have been married the Wednesday following. It is supposed that a pistol which was lying upon the bed was accidentally dropped to the floor and discharged with the above result. She was a popular young lady, and her death is greatly deplored.

Patrick O'Brien, a Parnellite member of the British House of Commons, from Kilkenny City, was expelled from that body the other day for remarks in a public speech unbecoming a British subject. He was asked to withdraw the offensive words, but refused, and his expulsion followed.

The remarks were: "The hands of Joseph Chamberlain are as much stained with blood as those of any other murderer who ever mounted the scaffold." Chamberlain is the British Secretary of State for the Colonies.

William Buchanan, United States Minister to the Argentine Republic, has tendered his resignation to take effect immediately. He has accepted the director generalship of the Pan-American Exposition. William P. Lord, of Oregon, has been appointed to succeed him, and has accepted the position.

The American cowboys and some Mexicans are making serious trouble along the Arizona border. Such is the threatening disturbance that the Mexican government is massing a force of troops near the scene. The trouble was caused by the arrest of two of the cowboys and their incarceration in a Mexican prison.

A Mrs. Stockwell, the widow of a wealthy New York Jeweler, has been spending the season in London. A few nights ago some burglars entered her room at the hotel and robbed her of \$75,000 in jewelry and bank notes. No clew to the criminals. That was too much money for one woman to be lug-ging around over the country.

Yellow fever still prevails in New Orleans, Florida and Mississippi. Eight cases were reported at Jackson at last account. Nothing but cold weather will check this dreaded disease. Until the health department of the United States takes hold of Havana and thoroughly overhauls the sanitary condition of the city, we will continue to have yellow fever in this country.

R. H. Hill made an assault upon Dr. S. A. Hayden last week, and the latter swore out a warrant against him. The case was tried in a justice court last Monday, but the jury failed to agree. It will come up again at an early day.

Sheriff Brookshire, of Williamson County, tried to play a little joke on his wife the other day, but she unwittingly turned the tables on him. He was on his ranch and found a buzzard nest with four eggs in it. He took them home and presented them to his wife as an extra quality of eggs from a fine specimen of poultry. He chuckled at the idea of his wife putting them under a hen, and after they hatched, to see her amazement. But that day she made a mistake and had the eggs for the sheriff's dinner. He dined upon them before he found out that he had feasted upon the eggs of the American buzzard.

The spectacle of a Methodist preacher being hung by the neck until he is dead will occur at Vernon Friday, October 27. His wife died very suddenly about a year ago. Morrison left the town immediately, and was soon married again in Kansas. Suspicion was aroused and the remains of his wife were disinterred and the stomach dissected. It was found impregnated with a deadly poison. Then other circumstances added to foul play. So he was arrested and brought back to Vernon and put upon trial on the charge of murder. He was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. The case was appealed, but confirmed by the higher courts. Next Friday, the day after this paper goes to press he will hang. Morrison was a pastor in the Northern branch of the Methodist Church, and we are thankful to say that he is not a native of Texas. That sort of a preacher does not grow in this State.

In the Transvaal country there have been three or four considerable battles in which the Boers have gotten the worst of it. These, however, have been upon a small scale, and though the English forces won the field, yet they did it at a larger sacrifice of life than their enemies. The great fighting will be on at any moment, and the British are at a disadvantage at present. They are far from home and the aid of reinforcements. They will be compelled to hold their ground for some time with great odds against them. The Boers are close to the base of supplies, and they know every inch of the territory, and they are massing in great numbers to strike a blow before their opponents can get help. A great battle is momentarily looked for, and London is in a state of great anxiety. True, the British soldiers over there are professionals, and they are under fine commanders. They are born fighters, and no equal number of Boers can stand before them very long. But the latter have largely superior numbers, and they are well officered also, and the outcome of the impending battle is watched with much solicitude.

If you have catarrh, rheumatism, or dyspepsia, take Hood's Sarsaparilla and be cured as thousands of others have been.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.

To write or not to write is a question with many young persons who are looking forward to a career of usefulness and happiness. It is very pleasant to speak through the press to multitudes of the present and succeeding ages, when one has the natural ability, together with certain needed acquirements. Success in literary work is usually attained only by close, careful and continuous application. A few words, therefore, concerning the essential conditions of success may be of interest to literary aspirants.

The first thing needful in a successful writer for the press is a thorough knowledge of his subject. This can be acquired only by diligent use of all available sources of information. Great writers have necessarily been extensive readers and close observers. Dr. Deems consulted two hundred and forty-three special volumes, aggregating 175,000 pages, in preparing "The Light of the Nations." George Eliot, it is said, read a thousand books before she wrote "Daniel Deronda." Allison, we are told, examined no less than two thousand different works ere he completed his "History of Europe." Each author is largely indebted to others for many of his best thoughts.

The next important qualification to be desired is a pleasing and forcible style. Some of the principal elements of a good style are strength, clearness, unity, harmony and variety. The works on rhetoric furnish helpful suggestions on these subjects. Young writers sometimes make the mistake of trying to make up for feebleness of thought by the use of big words and grandiloquent phrases. It is better, for example, to say that the pot boils than to speak of the "ebullition of the domestic caldron." The plainest and most direct forms of expression are generally to be preferred. Every superfluous word only obscures the meaning.

Neatness of chirography is of undoubted value in securing the acceptance of manuscripts. It pleases an editor, and prepares the way for a favorable consideration of what is offered. As a rule, he is not fond of deciphering hieroglyphics. Illegibility of handwriting is not a mark of genius. This fatal defect consigns many otherwise valuable productions to the waste basket. A plain hand, not too small, is best. Type-written manuscripts possess many advantages, and are generally preferred. In literature, as elsewhere, anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well. No writer should offer to an editor or publisher a poor, sloven, illegible manuscript.

Good materials and convenient arrangement are manifestly essential in the preparation of "copy." Write with black ink, on good white paper, using sheets not larger than 6x9 inches, and write, of course, on only one side of the paper. Punctuate carefully, paragraph correctly, number the pages consecutively, and use no abbreviations except such as you wish to appear in print. Be especially careful in writing proper names. Underscore one line for italics, two for small capitals, and three for capitals. To send manuscript flat is best; to fold it is inadvisable; to roll it is inexcusable. It will pay to look well to these details of arrangement.

After an article has been properly prepared it should be sent to the right market. Manuscripts, to be acceptable, must be adapted to the character and design of the publication to which they are offered. For example, an article describing a new process of tanning leather should be sent to some paper like the Shoe and Leather Reporter. Contributions on religious subjects would be better suited to the Christian Advocate or the Homiletic Review. Comic stories might find acceptance for the columns of the Arkansas Traveler or the Texas Sittings. An article which would be promptly rejected by one paper might be readily accepted by another. It requires some experience on the part of a writer to enable him to judge correctly as to the best market for his production.

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sectional editors, at sight of the owl
on our book mark, refused to be sup-
pressed longer, and some lines of po-
etic merit and rhythmic beauty is the
result. We do not know how much
poetry our owl can stand, but he still
sits stately and serene on his perch,
ready to be given away to any one
that will write us a postal card and
ask for one. The owl is a wise bird,
and knows many things—not the least
of which is the best place to buy books.
Follow his directions, and your orders
will reach the right place.

AN AUTUMN LANE

We have just received a shipment of
AN AUTUMN LANE
And other poems, by Will T. Hale. We
opened the book for an examination,
and our eyes fell first on "When the
Quails Called in the Wheat." We were
at once charmed with the beauty and
sentiment of the author's verse. The
beautiful lines carried us back to the
sweet, happy days of our barefooted
boyhood. School was out and books
laid aside, and outdoor duties and
pleasures beckoned to us once more.
The happy harvest time on the dear
old farm, with its fields of golden
grain billowing and rolling under the
touch of the balmy summer breeze,
was before us again. The cooing of the
doves break through the stillness of
their leafy retreat and float out on the
scented summer air. From some se-
cluded shelter, securely hidden from
prying boyish eyes, comes the shrill,
musical notes of the quail as he whis-
tles "Bob, Bob White." We tarry by
the lazy brook in the meadow that
used to float on its transparent bosom
the tiny ships of our boyish manufac-
ture and delight. The gleaming sides
of the shoaling suckers flash in the
morning sunlight and defy us as we
try to snatch them from their watery
home. In a few minutes' pause 'mid
the busy scenes of an active life,
through the inspiration of these de-
lightful verses, we have looked on
these familiar scenes again. With
moistened eyes, we lay the book aside
to write this notice of it, and do not
hesitate to say that to us this one little
poem is worth the whole price of the
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Northwest Ter

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J. L. White, Oct.
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COURTS

J. D. Hendrickson
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Old and Young

FRANK'S VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

Frank Cannon was a little boy who had always lived in the city. The four short years which had rolled away into the past over his curly head were years of perfect happiness, but no striking events had occurred to mark them. Now something had happened. Mamma went to the country and took Frank with her to visit grandma and grandpa.

How beautiful everything was! The dear old people's home was situated on a high, rolling prairie, surrounded by lovely grass and sweet, beautiful flowers.

Every day some new wonder presented itself to his vision and the questions he asked mamma would have filled quite a large book.

The grass seemed so much greener and nicer here than in town, and Frank liked to wade around in it with only the top of his head showing above it. And when he first saw the round sparkling dewdrops on the flowers he went to mamma with a very sad face and said: "Mamma, lend me your handkerchief, the poor little flowers have been crying and the big tears are there yet. We want to wipe them off."

When once grandpa held him up into the branches of a low tree and let him see into a bird's nest full of pretty little green speckled eggs his delight and astonishment were perfect; but boy like he begged for the nest and eggs, and thought it was just too bad that he did not get them. Grandpa said it was very wrong to break up the dear little birdies' homes. One day he asked to go to his Aunt Mary's who lived in sight of grandma's. Mamma often let him go and spend the day. This time she told him to go, but not to stay long, as his uncle was coming to see him.

Now Frank had a very imperfect idea as to what the word "uncle" meant, as he had never seen one. Still he knew it was something mamma loved, so he promised to be on hand in two hours. Then putting on his broad-brimmed straw hat, which he called "his straw stack," he was soon trudging along the lovely flower-decked path to auntie's. He gathered so many of these wild fragrant beauties that one promised hour was nearly gone when he reached his destination.

He gave Aunt Mary the flowers and sat down in a little rocker to rest his short legs. But a few moments' rest when he was terribly startled by hearing the strangest, wildest cry he had ever listened to. The sound echoed and re-echoed through the house like some one being strangled: "Ker wanker! wanker! wanker! wanker!" Auntie did not seem to notice it. So Frank asked himself, "What was that?" All at once he jumped up and said:

"Oh! auntie, my uncle has tum, me hear him talking me. I must go, and not waiting for an explanation he just went scudding off down the path, hat in hand.

Auntie laughed until the tears came in her eyes, for it was only the little donkey in the lot braying for his dinner, and Frank, who had never in his short life seen or heard a donkey, thought it was his uncle calling him.

He ran in the room to his mother and shouted: "Mamma, where is my uncle? He has tum, me heard him talking me. He said: 'Franchy, Franchy, Franchy, tum home.'"

Mamma soon learned what it was Frank heard, and they all had a great joke on the little boy and uncle, too.

So you see city boys can learn a great deal by visiting in the country.

MRS. S. E. HEARTSILL.

HOW TO KEEP CHEERFUL.

In the very nature of things an intelligent, genuine Christian must be the happiest person in the world. Discouragement to a Christian must always mean a falling away of faith, in some way, for if we really believe that this is God's world and that all things work together for good to them that love him, and we are sure we love him, then we must carry around with us happy faces and hopeful hearts. We have given here by Paul, who was a great expert in hopefulness and happiness, three characteristics of a Christian: Righteousness, peace and joy. Two out of three of them indicate cheerfulness. Peace is the bottom of the ocean and joy of the white-caps which the breezes of life, sweeping over the sea, awake.

Above everybody else the Christian has a right to look on the bright side of things. The world should not only look beautiful to us because it is beautiful, but because it is an indication of the kindness and love of our Father. It is a failure of faith and a certain indication of practical infidelity when we give way to some temporary defeat, and say, with gloomy faces, that there is no use trying, as everything is against us.

On a very slippery day in winter a young negro was making his way home with a large market-basket on his arm, full to the brim with all those hard

and ball-like vegetables peculiar to winter. Treading unwarily on a bit of glare ice, he came down suddenly with a crash that emptied his basket out into the street. Surrounded by garden products, he lay at full length, his head supported on his hand, looking calmly about him. Seeing him still prostrate, a gentleman hurried to him anxiously. "Are you hurt?" "No." "Then, why don't you get up?" "Taint worth while." A good many of us, having spilled out the contents of our little basket of plans and purposes in the street, are as absurd as was that colored man when we say that it is not worth while to continue the struggle, because we have caught a fall and find ourselves momentarily confused. After all, this suggests one of the chief methods of keeping cheerful, and that is not to magnify trifling difficulties. It is a sure way to be always faced with misery to exaggerate in the lens of our own imagination, or in our conversation, the difficulties which we all have to meet and the troubles and sorrows with which we have to contend. Let trifles, take their places as trifles, and we will often find that we have nothing but trifles in the way, and that, compared to the mammoth mercies of God they are as nothing.

Another way to increase our cheerfulness is to keep the disagreeable things, which seem to be our particular cross, as much as possible to ourselves. It is not considered in good taste to take one's medicine in public. Why should we take our providential medicine that way? Dr. Scudder well says that there is no greater mistake, so far as the happiness of the world is concerned, than that which is made by those people who go about with their bitter cups and want everybody they meet to take a sip. Some people seem to take a morbid delight in making themselves and other people miserable. If they have no real troubles to worry about, they manufacture artificial ones and their mills never shut down. They grind out just about so much misery whether the market is brisk or dull. They are like old rusty planes that have not been tuned for years. They are so full of discordant elements that no harmony can be evoked in them. Tey on any key and you evoke nothing but a jangle. They whine and sigh, but they never sing. And yet a Christian, above all others, should be forever singing at the heart.

A surer receipt for cheerfulness is to be always on the alert for some pleasant thing that may happen to us. A washerwoman, in a miserable tenement house, was asked how she kept singing in her disheartening surroundings. "Oh, because there is always a breeze in the alley." She might have said it was because she had a singing heart within her. To every such soul God giveth songs in the night.—Preacher's Magazine.

TOLSTOI'S IDEAL.

Under the cold, dry earth grew a little root, but it was the root of a great tree, and round the tree all the plain was bare.

The root pushed up toward the light and heat while its fellows pushed down toward the water underneath.

When the root came to the light, it burst into a shoot, and put out a green top, and the shoot said: "All the plain is bare, and I am far from the tree; I can do nothing." Nevertheless it pushed upwards.

A drove of cattle passed by, and it trampled down the little top, and it said: "This is death and I have accomplished nothing."

Nevertheless, the root drew strength from the great tree, and while it grew thicker and stronger it fed the great tree, and the root blossomed again into a shoot.

At last it pushed high up, and then it saw many shoots peeping from the ground about the tree of love.

And some of them withered away and moldered on the earth, but some waxed strong and spread, and all the plain was covered by the branches of love.

The root is life, the light is truth, and we are the shoots, my brothers.—Bolton Hall.

"A LIGHT UNTO MY PATH."

A real Christian will be a true lover of the Bible. There is scarcely a better test. If the novel or the newspaper takes the place of the Bible on the table or in his mind, then it is clear that the world has taken the place of God in his heart. If a man's Bible be clean and bright and unsullied by use, undefiled by contact with daily life, his soul is not.

There is no better spiritual barometer to test the true condition of the soul's atmosphere. He to whom the Bible seems wearisome, monotonous, uninteresting, has good cause for alarm. The neglect of it springs from coldness of affection towards its Author, and dislike of his rebukes.

Whoever wants to grow in grace simply must study the Bible. It is the way to gain stability of doctrine, so as not to be carried about with every wind of opinion.—Christian Standard.

Devotional

MORE FAITH.

I hear men everywhere praying for more faith, but when I listen to them carefully and get at the real heart of their prayers, very often it is not more faith at all that they are wanting, but a change from faith to sight.

"What shall I do with sorrow that God has sent me?"

"Take it up and bear it, and get strength and blessing out of it."

"Ah, if I only knew what blessing there is in it, if I saw how it would help me then I could bear it. What shall I do with this hard, hateful duty which Christ has laid right in my way?"

"Do it, and grow by doing it."

"Ah, yes, if I could only see that it would make me grow."

In both of these cases you do not see that what you are begging for is not more faith, although you think it is out sight.

You want to see for yourself the blessing in the sorrow, the strength in the hard and hateful task.

Faith says not, "I see that it is good for me, and so God must have sent it," but "God sent it, and so it must be good for me."

Faith, walking in the dark with God, only prays him to clasp its hand more closely; does not even ask him for the lighting of the darkness so that the man may find the way himself.—Phillips Brooks.

TESTING THE CABLES.

While the great suspension bridge that unites New York and Brooklyn was being built, a young man, one day, said to the chief engineer, with whom he was acquainted: "How do you know that those cables you are stringing will stand the tremendous strain that will be put upon them?"

"Come with me and I will show you," said the engineer. He took the young man to a machine, in which every wire, before it was twisted into the cable, was subjected to a strain three times as great as could possibly be brought upon it when it formed a part of the network of the bridge.

"Now do understand?" he asked. "We have left nothing to chance. There is no more chance about it than there is in the multiplication table."

That is the only safe method for any kind of building, whether it be physical or spiritual, suspension bridges or character. Test everything before it goes into the great cables of habit and destiny. Leave nothing to chance. Are we in doubt about this practice, or that notion of life and duty? Test it. Subject it to the remorseless strain of the highest and noblest conception of righteousness. Test it by prayer. If it stands this initial test, be sure it will never prove a weak strand in the cable of character.

If there is any pleasure or indulgence that we are doubtful about, let us not make it a part of our life until we have God's sanction for it, until we have tested it in sincere meditation and prayer. Do not rest secure until every strand that goes into our bridge of life has proved beyond a peradventure, capable of sustaining the immortal issues that may depend upon it.—Forward.

TONIC FOR DOUBTERS.

A pastor was staying once in a country village, where he was to visit a dying woman. He went to her and found her a Christian, ready and willing to die, but for one thing. She was anxious about her little children, and she begged the minister to pray that they might be provided for when she was gone.

Together the mother and minister prayed for that one thing, though they knew not how their prayer could be answered in that little village, where none were rich enough to take upon themselves the expense of caring for three orphans. The woman died, and at her funeral the minister spoke of his visit and of her dying prayer.

Among those at the funeral were two strangers—a man and his wife, who were passing through the village; and by chance—as they supposed—they happened to enter the church at that hour. They were wealthy and childless, and their hearts were touched by the sight of the lonely little orphans. They took them to their hearts and home; and so that mother's prayer was answered.

A yet more striking instance of answered prayer was one that came to a poor woman in India. She had become a Christian, accepting God with simple and absolute faith.

Some time after her conversion her child fell sick—so sick that its recovery was very doubtful. Ice was needed for the little sufferer, but none was to be had.

"I'm going to ask God to send us ice," the mother said to the missionary. "Oh, but you can't expect that he will do that," was the quick reply of the missionary.

"Why not?" asked the woman. "He has all power, and he loves us. I shall

ask him, and I believe he will send it." She did ask him with a faith which never faltered, and God honored her faith. That very day there was a heavy thunder-storm, and the woman, running out with a glad heart gathered a great bowlful of hailstones. So was answered the prayer of this mother also.—Christian Endeavor World.

GOD'S PROVISION FOR HIS PEOPLE.

Overlook not the provision which God has made for his people. He has wagons for every spiritual Jacob. No Jacob need to go through life foot-sore and weary. Every Jacob who walks and plods until he is exhausted does so because he persistently refuses to ride. The wagons of God are running along every highway over which God calls us to travel. These are the golden-wheeled chariots of the promise. They run hither and thither all through human life. Does God call you to run along the pathway of orphan-wagons that run between heaven and earth.—David Greco, D. D., in "Our Best Moods."

father to the fatherless." Does God call you to run along the way of widowhood? There is a golden-wheeled chariot running that way—"I will be the husband of the widow." Does God call you to travel the via dolorosa? There is a golden-wheeled chariot running that way—"I will be with you in six troubles, and in seven troubles I will deliver thee." Does your faith require you to run back to the beginnings of Christianity, that you may assure yourselves of the first principles? There is a chariot which turns straight back to these first gospel things.—It is the Lord's Supper. Use this chariot. The wagons of God run all through human life. More than that, the wagons of God constantly run between earth and heaven. The promises and the warnings that run through human life, on every line of experience, and the ordinances of the church, the songs of the soul, and the earnest, believing prayers of the church, are to run along the pathway of orphan-wagons that run between heaven and earth.—David Greco, D. D., in "Our Best Moods."

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TEXAS ANNUAL CONFERENCES

Held by Bishop Hargrove.

West Texas, San Marcos, Tex., Nov. 1
Northwest Texas, Cleburne, Tex., Nov. 15
North Texas, Honey Grove, Tex., Nov. 23
Texas Marine, Tex., Dec. 6
East Texas, Timpson, Tex., Dec. 14

The paper this week is a hummer. Look at its size and the variety of its subject matter, and you will get some idea of its extent. Obituaries and communications have been accumulating and we want to work them all off so that we will have a clear deck for the conferences. Hence the big edition this week.

We again say that no communication sent here will be published unless the name of the writer is published with it. Nothing of an anonymous nature will be permitted to appear in these columns. Sending the name to the editor is not sufficient; it must be appended to the matter. This will explain to some writers why their communications have not been heard from. As soon as we open a letter and find a fictitious signature to the article with the request that the name be withheld, we read the thing no further. It goes into the waste basket. We have stopped even returning such matter to the writers.

We desire to make our conference editions very readable. Such notes will be taken as the sessions progress as will give the reader an idea of what is done in the way of business. The reports will show up the statistics, but the editorial department will throw much of the real matter into the form of concise paragraphs, and we will continue the pen-sketches of the brethren begun at the last conferences. Then, too, we will give the substance of the sermons and addresses of the Bishop and the connectional brethren.

There are only a few more weeks now till the conference sessions will be upon us. Whatever is done in bringing up the work of the year must be done quickly. The collections will have to be pressed with vigor, and the stewards will have to bestir themselves or the salaries of the preachers will come up with deficits. This ought not to be under any circumstances. This is a beautiful year, and our people have been greatly blessed. True, cotton is a little short, but the good price of it more than offsets the shortage in the crop. There is great plenty among the people. Therefore, there is not much excuse for not paying your preacher every dollar you owe him. He needs it, and by some persistent effort it can be paid. A long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together will bring matters out in full.

EDITORIAL BIRDSHOT.

If you go in a gang by yourself, your influence is reduced to a minimum.

Don't be too quick to give up a friend, lest you have trouble to get another one.

As a man grows old and starts on the down grade, it is not best for him to cultivate needless opposition.

A match is a very dull, dry-looking thing, but when you strike it a transformation takes place.

The man who is ashamed of his own calling ought to change his views or seek some other employment.

A flying kite is a source of amusement as long as the boy holds the string, but when he releases it the fun soars away.

A habitual fault-finder is so intent upon looking at other people that he unconsciously forgets to inspect himself.

A hobby-horse is all right for a boy, but when a grown man with whiskers upon his face jumps astride that wooden animal the sight is ridiculous.

The man who is always ready to take you to one side and whisper something into your off-ear is not the person in whom you want to confide secrets.

The boy whose cruel nature finds pleasure in sticking pins in flies is usually the bully in after years who sticks knives into the bodies of men.

"The hand that rocks the cradle moves the world. Is good poetry; but when the 'world' grows up and gets out of the cradle, the hand is impotent.

A speech on the Twentieth Century Thank Offering, made by L. H. Browne at Long Branch Church in Hays County on a recent Sabbath at the request of the pastor, Bro. Graham, closed with words appropriate for general reading just now. He said:

"When I look around over this interesting locality I am constrained to say this Church owes God a thank-offering. The slopes and hill-tops are adorned with your pleasant and tasty homes. Your surpassing fields of hay and corn lay around you on every hand. In the night your vast cotton fields whiten, and in the day the wheat and oats lock the sunshine in their bright sheaves. You harvest and gather; you sell and put into barns. The fragrance of the flowers that grow in your yards mingles with the aroma from your orchards and gardens, and fills your homes with perfume. The air you breathe is balmy and health-giving. Everywhere beauty greets your eyes. You rest and work and worship without let or hindrance, according to your own pleasure. All these blessings are from God. Do you not think you owe him a thank-offering? Pay it, brethren! Give liberally. When Bro. Graham appoints the meeting at which the offering is to be taken up, be sure to be there. Do not let the headache keep you away from church that day. Don't get sick. Don't hide away. Go, and go smiling, and give largely and give freely, and God will continue to bless you. I have tried paying my debts to the Lord, and my experience is it pays. My experience is one continuing miracle of God's goodness.

"Brethren and sisters, invite God into those tasty homes of yours, and keep him there, and they will be temples of refinement, and your daughters will grow up with grace and gentleness, and your sons will learn to love high, moral ideas, and develop into true men. Cling to the simple faith, you learned at your mother's knee, for science and human knowledge are powerless to afford you anything to take its place. Stand by the Bible, and look to it for guidance always. Take its plain teaching as you will never go wrong. As it holds the annals of your family, let it also hold the heart and conscience of your home. Love the old Book and venerate it; read it to your children; and when the fingers that now thumb it are still, and the eyes that now blur its sweet promises are closed forever, it will be an inspiration to those dear ones you leave behind, and help them on to join you in a blissful immortality."

A SUNDAY IN HUNT COUNTY.

Soon after I came into the Advocate office, I had a letter from Bro. Wiley Gaither, near Jacoby, in Hunt County, reminding me of the fact that some thirty years before I was his Sunday-school teacher at Center Valley Church, in Murray County, Ga. A little correspondence brought up the association of those boyhood days long gone by. I promised him a visit; but such were my engagements that the visit was postponed until last Saturday. I took the Katy for Greenville and was soon at the depot in that town. The Katy is a delightful road, and to travel over it is a pleasure. They have polite men in charge of their trains, and things move with the precision of clock work. This road, along with all others entering this city, except the Central, is exceedingly accommodating to ministers. Messrs. Crush and Daniels have shown many courtesies to me. And not only to me, but other clergymen traveling over their line.

At Greenville I was met by my old friend. Of course I did not recognize him on sight, but we soon found each other out, and the pleasure of meeting again was delightful indeed. We were soon seated in a good buggy, drawn by a well-kept nag, and we moved out over the highway some seven miles at a good rate of speed. In the afternoon we were seated in his beautiful cottage country home talking still over the happy experiences of the vanished years. We both remembered many of the old friends of those days, and we recalled them and traced up the whereabouts of a number of them. Many of them passed over the river long since, and we will not meet them until "some sweet day." Brother Gaither and his good wife live on a fine black land farm, and they are doing well. He raises cotton, corn, pigs, chickens and everything to make them comfortable. His crops are all good this year. His home has never been blessed with children, and as I have six, my stay with them was necessarily quiet. We talked into the night. The next morning we drove to the church, which is a fine wooden structure, built in good taste, well furnished, and commodious. The community is thickly populated, and they have a membership of about two hundred and seventy-five. They are as fine a set of well-to-do country folk as one could want to meet. The Sunday-school was in progress, and it is a good one. Our literature in all of its departments is patronized, and our Young People's Hymnal was in use. I felt at home. Bro. Bludworth, the pastor, soon put in his appearance. He is a big-hearted man, and his greeting is always cordial. He is doing a fine work on that circuit and his people love him. He has religion, ability and tact. His work is well in hand. At 11 o'clock there were acres of horses, buggies and wagons hitched all around the premises. It made me think of my happy circuit-riding days. The people from all over the country were on hand, and some five hundred of them were sitting before me. The men sat on one side of the house and the women on the other. They looked like educated and intelligent people. And so they are. They have good schools, and their children are well prepared for life. It was glorious to stand in the presence of such a congregation. They were there to worship and to hear the word of God proclaimed. They were attentive and devout. The singing was good. I preached to them, and the Spirit was in the service. We had an old-fashioned Methodist meeting. It closed with a hand-shaking time. We have many Advocates out there and the people seemed to know me. We took dinner and spent the evening with Bro. Waddle and drove back to Greenville. The two churches there had arranged for a joint service at Kavanagh. Bro. Hill and his people were there, and we had a large congregation. These two congregations are in perfect harmony. The pastors work together in the bonds of fellowship. Bro. Pierce was in Dallas with his family. We had an excellent service, upon a very much higher plain. In

Greenville Methodism is in fine shape. Both pastors are well up with their work. It was my pleasure to spend the night with the good family of Bro. W. T. Graham, but had to pull out at 4:40 the next morning. This trip is one of the most delightful that I have yet made. In fact, they are all pleasant.

THE CLOSE OF THE DALLAS FAIR.

The Dallas Fair came to a close last Saturday after having been in progress some twenty-five days. That it was a financial success cannot reasonably be doubted, for there were greater crowds of people in attendance than ever before, and the exhibits were in excess of any previous year. The admission fee was the same, but privileges upon the grounds were increased in price. Still the expenses of running the enterprise were also greater than usual. Nevertheless its income must have been very large, indeed. The railroads worked in harmony with the management of the Fair, and gave greatly reduced rates to the city. This swelled the attendance, for people will take advantage of low rates to come to the city to see the sights and do shopping. That the Fair has many great features of decided interest to the city and the State cannot be questioned. The agricultural, the mechanical, the mercantile, the industrial and commercial departments were of great value to the people, while the livestock exhibits were of extensive benefit to the country. People came here and saw these growing improvements and their impressions will be reproduced in all lines of business throughout the State. Farms will be better stocked with implements, with better horses, cattle, hogs and sheep. Diversified crops will be introduced in many places, and there will be a general toning up of sentiment upon these and other matters of importance to the farming sections. Then, too, the coming together of the people from all sections of the State will tend to enlarge their acquaintance and unify their social and moral relations. This is no mean advantage, for the State is so large that unless something of a general nature brings them into contact many of them will remain separate and distinct. The Fair was the occasion of doing away with this distinction and making all Texans a united people. Thousands of them met here who never would have known each other under any other circumstances. So, taking it all in all, the Fair had many most worthy and commendable features whose influence will result in permanent good to the entire State.

Of course, there were some things objectionable, but the most of these were reduced to a minimum, and their influence was very much restrained. These things we do not endorse, neither do we condone them. They ought not to exist as a part of this otherwise most helpful institution. But it seems impossible to have anything in this world free from all evil. It will creep in in spite of fate. This grows out of the fact that our civilization is not yet perfect. There are those among us who are not subject to wholesome sentiment and law. They introduce their practices into all public enterprise. They are a part and parcel of our body social and political. Their objectionable practices are scattered throughout all of our cities and towns, and villages. They will gamble, sell whiskey, and carry on places of disorder. The strictest enforcement of our laws seems unable to eradicate them. But we do not condemn and cry down our society, laws and government on account of these people and their doings. On the contrary, we try to elevate public sentiment and make our conditions better. Neither do we condemn the good features of the Fair because there are these excrescences upon the institution. It should be our effort to aid, as far as possible, in eliminating these things, and thereby improve it. We commend the good and condemn the evil. And this course upon the part of the better element of society has brought the moral tone of the Fair family. We had an excellent service, upon a very much higher plain. In

this respect there is no comparison between the Fair this year and the Fair some ten years ago. Every year marks some advance in favor of the good features of the institution and a curtailment of the evil. Then the attitude of good people toward the Fair ought to be such as to assist the management to constantly make improvements, and in course of time the objectionable parts of it will be so lessened as to become largely impotent.

THE PLACE OF CONFERENCE CHANGED.

We learn from a card from Rev. C. F. Roberts, presiding elder of the Ardmore District, that the seat of the approaching Indian Mission Conference has been changed from South McAlester to Ardmore. This was made necessary on account of the small-pox scare. This will be a disappointment to the South McAlester congregation, but there was no other alternative under the circumstances. So Bishop Key will open the conference session promptly in Ardmore on the first day of November. Were it not for the fact that our West Texas Conference will open upon the same date, we would visit the Indian Mission brethren and commune with them at their approaching session. But we will have to forego that pleasure.

TEXAS PERSONALS.

Bro. D. P. Sink, of Vernon was a pleasant caller one day last week.

Rev. J. B. Adair, of Merit, was in to see us last week. He speaks well of his work.

Rev. E. H. Casey and Master Cecil Casey made us a pleasant visit since our last issue.

In a business note from Bro. J. D. Campbell, of Brenham, he adds a word of commendation for the Advocate.

Bro. T. H. Moore and his estimable wife did not overlook us while in the city last week. They live in Cameron.

Prof. J. D. Boone and Miss Bessie Hannaford, of Granbury College, made us a delightful little visit last week. We like those Granbury folks.

Rev. I. W. Clark, of Terrell, and Rev. J. J. Clark, of Paris, were in to see us the other day. They are both winding up matters for conference.

Mrs. Frank Kimble and little daughter, of Gorman, made us a delightful visit last Saturday. We met her at Brownwood at the conference last fall.

Rev. E. W. Alderson, of Sherman, brightened the office the other day while on a visit to the city. He is finishing up four years of useful service with his charge.

Misses Mamie Howren, Lucile Crites and Eva Duvall, of Granbury College, called to see us last week. Miss Howren is a teacher in the college and the other two are pupils.

Rev. Foster Pierce and family are rejoicing over the advent of a ten-pound boy in their home. He is a splendid fellow, and his papa is stepping upon the high places.

In a card from Dr. Lloyd, who recently transferred to Louisville, we learn that he reached his appointment on time and had a warm reception among his new people.

Rev. W. P. Pledger, of Beaumont, recently preached a special sermon on the subject of "Woman's Work." It was published in full in the Daily Journal and it made good reading.

Mrs. S. C. Parker, an aged and devout member of our Church at Grape-land, died last week after a long and severe illness. She had been a Methodist for more than half a century.

We have received an invitation to the marriage of Miss Willie Mai Belle McKeown to Mr. Edwin R. Smith, which event will take place at the Methodist Church in Hornhill, Texas. The young lady is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. J. T. McKeown.

We were mistaken in our last issue in saying the ex-Gov. Thayer, who recently died, was the Oregon man who threatened to wade through blood some years ago if things political did not go his way. It was ex-Gov.

Wade, of Colorado, was mark. He is still living now of Texas. He is a man of elegant and a mild-mannered man.

METHODIST NEWS.

Rev. T. B. White, of the 7th inst. He was in and had just in when the end came.

Bishop Fitzgerald being spell recently and entertained about his rallied and is some very feeble health.

Rev. M. Mazingo, of Ilin Conference, died dia at the advanced He was traveling the cult at the time of his

Seven thousand, six was the amount sub Twentieth Annual Fu session of the Holsto and nearly all of this

A Nashville correspon exchanges says: preached yesterday on Our National Life. Smith on Our Countr Mathews preached as and Him Crucified."

The volume of busi Publishing House at N first six months of th more than for the cor od last year. The Ho All it needs to make previous year by great operation of the Chur

Rev. C. T. Carroll, Conference, after thir service, asked to be superannuated list at of that body. We h for thirty of these yea faithful man ever trav hills than Charley Cai

Rev. George Stuart Tenn., is in Houston c ival service with R at Shearn Church. is one of the me preachers in the Chur to Methodism, her do polity. His services pass and they abide.

According to recent f pilled it is authoritat the average salary pai odist ministers of the 1 \$473.35. And yet they hardest worked men i Any of them could surr onal pursuits, but they on small pay and bless

Both of the editors o Advocate belong to the sourl Conference, and was brought in to adop the organ of the confe stood eighty-one to fif Missouri Conference th members who brought report against the paper that disturbs the peace abroad has no peace at folk.

Dr. Curtis, Treasurer man's Aid Society of Episcopal Church, has of an "official wrong." he received as "a gift" accepted as such, some ti fore anybody found out: it he wrote a confession and sent it with the mo retary of the board. I a meeting and deplored the Treasurer, but excu ground that he had volu up to the transaction a make the proper restit matter ended, but their great regret over the al

MEN AND MONEY WANT

Brother George N. Ma in a recent letter from

"I believe that we co \$30 a month each (pe three men as teachers, sent with at least two penses. I believe if the men are sent, Bro. Lela get classes that would t towards their expenses. I be careful in the selectio need men here whom th home will refuse perha and who will have to be over protest. Young met sible, disincumbered, at come to stay."

Later he wrote of a man whom I tried to se can provide him with penses, and two months

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immune with them at their
g session. But we will have
that pleasure.

TEXAS PERSONALS.

P. Sink, of Vernon was a
dler one day last week.

Adair, of Merit, was in to
week. He speaks well of

H. Casey and Master Cecil
us a pleasant visit since
ue.

Business note from Bro. J. D.
of Brenham, he adds a word
lation for the Advocate.

I. Moore and his estimable
et overlook us while in the
eck. They live in Cam-

D. Boone and Miss Bessie
Granbury College, made
ful little visit last week.
se Granbury folks.

T. Clark, of Terrell, and
Clark, of Paris, were in to
other day. They are both
matters for conference.

K Kimble and little daugh-
ter, made us a delightful
at Sunday. We met her at
at the conference last fall.

N. Alderson, of Sherman,
the office the other day
visit to the city. He is fin-
year of useful service
large.

mie Howren, Lucile Crites
vall, of Granbury College,
us last week. Miss How-
ren in the college and the
e pupils.

er Pierce and family are
ter the advent of a ten-
n their home. He is a
ow, and his papa is step-
e high places.

from Dr. Lloyd, who re-
ferred to Louisville, we
reached his appoint-
e and had a warm recep-
his new people.

Pledger, of Beaumont, re-
ed a special sermon on
f "Woman's Work." It
d in full in the Daily
it made good reading.

Parker, an aged and de-
of our Church at Grape-
it week after a long and
e. She had been a Meth-
e than half a century.

received an invitation to
of Miss Willie Mai Belle
Mr. Edwin R. Smith,
will take place at the
arch in Hornhill, Texas.
idy is the daughter of
J. T. McKewen.

istaken in our last issue
ex-Gov. Thayer, who re-
as the Oregon man who
wade through blood
o if things political did
ray. It was ex-Gov.

Wade, of Colorado, who made the re-
mark. He is still living, and a citizen
now of Texas. He resides near Rich-
mond, Texas, and is said to be an
elegant and a mild-mannered old gen-
tleman.

METHODIST NEWS IN GENERAL.

Rev. T. B. White, of Louisiana, died
the 7th inst. He was at a camp meet-
ing and had just finished a sermon
when the end came.

Bishop Fitzgerald had a severe faint-
ing spell recently and grave fears were
entertained about his recovery, but he
rallied and is some better. He is in
very feeble health.

Rev. M. Mazingo, of the South Caro-
lina Conference, died recently at Ly-
dia at the advanced age of 87 years.
He was traveling the Darlington Cir-
cuit at the time of his death.

Seven thousand, six hundred dollars
was the amount subscribed to the
Twentieth Century Fund at the recent
session of the Holston Conference—
and nearly all of this by the preachers.

A Nashville correspondent in one of
our exchanges says: "Dr. Chappell
preached yesterday on 'The Shadows of
Our National Life,' and Dr. J. W.
Smith on 'Our Country,' but Dr. John
Mathews preached as usual on 'Christ
and Him Crucified.'"

The volume of business done by the
Publishing House at Nashville for the
first six months of this year is \$16,500
more than for the corresponding pe-
riod last year. The House is all right.
All it needs to make it outstrip any
previous year by great odds is the co-
operation of the Church.

Rev. C. T. Carroll, of the Holston
Conference, after thirty-four years of
service, asked to be placed upon the
superannuated list at the late session
of that body. We have known him
for thirty of these years and no more
faithful man ever traveled over those
hills than Charley Carroll.

Rev. George Stuart, of Cleveland,
Tenn., is in Houston conducting a re-
vival service with Rev. Seth Ward
at Shearn Church. George Stuart
is one of the most evangelical
preachers in the Church, and he is true
to Methodism, her doctrines and her
polity. His services bring things to
pass and they abide.

According to recent figures just com-
piled it is authoritatively stated that
the average salary paid to the Meth-
odist ministers of the United States is
\$473.35. And yet they are among the
hardest worked men in the country.
Any of them could surpass this in se-
cular pursuits, but they prefer to labor
on small pay and bless the world.

Both of the editors of the St. Louis
Advocate belong to the Southwest Mis-
souri Conference, and when a report
was brought in to adopt that paper as
the organ of the conference the vote
stood eighty-one to fifty-six. In the
Missouri Conference there were forty
members who brought in a minority
report against the paper. So the paper
that disturbs the peace of the Church
abroad has no peace among its home-
folk.

Dr. Curtis, Treasurer of the Freed-
man's Aid Society of the Methodist
Episcopal Church, has been also guilty
of an "official wrong." It seems that
he received as "a gift" \$180, which he
accepted as such, some time ago, but be-
fore anybody found out anything about
it he wrote a confession of the matter
and sent it with the money to the Sec-
retary of the board. That body held
a meeting and deplored the action of
the Treasurer, but excused him on the
ground that he had voluntarily owned
up to the transaction and proffered to
make the proper restitution. So the
matter ended, but their papers express
great regret over the affair.

MEN AND MONEY WANTED AT ONCE.

Brother George N. MacDonell writes
in a recent letter from Havana:

"I believe that we could guarantee
\$30 a month each (possibly \$40) to
three men as teachers, if they were
sent with at least two months' ex-
penses. I believe if the right sort of
men are sent, Bro. Leland and I can
get classes that would pay \$30 or \$40
towards their expenses monthly. But
be careful in the selection of men. We
need men here whom the Churches at
home will refuse perhaps to give up,
and who will have to be ordered here
over protest. Young men as far as pos-
sible, disincumbered, and who will
come to stay."

Later he wrote of a certain young
man whom I tried to secure. "If you
can provide him with traveling ex-
penses, and two months' salary, I be-

lieve he can make \$50 a month there-
after teaching English classes."

Bro. Sewell, under date of October
3, writes from Cienfuegos:

"We want about three teachers from
the States." "Our English Classes for
October promise to pay about \$75
Spanish gold."

Now, I want the men to go to those
fields, and the money to get them there
and to sustain them until they get into
the work—say for two months. We
need five at least, and could use more.

Only men of heroic faith and unfat-
tering devotion will be of any use. A
new Cuba can be made in an incredibly
short time if the Church will supply
the means.

The Church at Antioch gave their
choicest men, Paul and Barnabas, glad-
ly, and they evangelized Cyprus (that
strategic island) from Salamis on one
end to Paphos on the other. Men of
like spirit are wanted for the conquest
of our American Cyprus. A Church
like that of Antioch would send them
at once.

The season is at hand when men
from the States can enter Cuba with
the least risks to health, and they will
be acclimated in a few months. Let
me have the men and the money within
the next thirty days.

W. A. CANDLER.
Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 17, 1899.

P. S.—This appeal is supplemental
to the appeal for money to secure mis-
sion property at Havana. On that I
have nearly \$4,000 of the \$30,000. Are
there no more men and women of
means in the Church who will give like
that noble layman in St. Louis, who
recently sent \$2,000 to the Mission
Rooms for this great work? Wealth
abounds in the Church. O, that a new
Pentecost might come like that which
the Jerusalem Church knew, when men
sold their land to give! Then would
hoarded treasure yield. Men would
touch even the corpus of an estate to
do good then. So they did at Jerusa-
lem, and the history reads well in the
Acts, though this commercial age may
deride such giving as impracticable and
visionary.

W. A. C.

"FOUR DOLLARS PER MEMBER FOR MISSIONS."

Although our American congregation
is in the heart of a foreign mission
field, we have endeavored to remind
them of their duty to the great world
outside of Cuba, so much of which lies
in darkness.

It is not necessary for us to call
their attention to the spiritual dark-
ness here. It is so dense as to be ap-
preciated by even godless Americans
whose sole purpose in coming here is
to make money.

Last Sunday I preached on missions
and took up a collection for the cause.
Now our membership is less than
twenty, not one of whom is rich, but
the call met a liberal response. By the
Church alone \$68 was given, an aver-
age of \$4 per member. Friends of the
work contributed enough to make the
total \$90.70, two-thirds of which is in
cash. Some of the offerings were un-
usual. A West Indian darker gave \$2,
and a converted Chinaman, who at-
tends regularly, gave \$5. One of our
members, a young man working on a
modest salary, gave \$50. In fact, I
have never taken a collection in which
there was more cheerfulness or liberal-
ity displayed. The service was a ben-
ediction to us all.

The fact that these Americans and
others took part in this collection is
significant. They are on the ground,
and they see the need. Their testimo-
ny should weigh for much. Oh, that
the Church at home could see it from
our standpoint! If they could only
visit this needy field and see the in-
comparable opportunity for spreading
the gospel, there would be more
Churches in Southern Methodism giv-
ing, in addition to running expenses,
\$4 per member for missions.

It was an all-round good day. In
the afternoon, at our service at Jesus
del Monte, we baptized five children
and enrolled seven adult candidates for
Church membership. The day school
there continues to grow. In our three
schools we now have 170 pupils. We
see signs of encouragement every-
where. Rejoice with us.

GEORGE N. MACDONELL.
Havana, Sept. 29, 1899.

IT CAN BE DONE.

Bishop Candler spent the first two
weeks of this month in Texas in the
interest of our Twentieth Century Ed-
ucational Work. He spoke to our peo-
ple in Georgetown, San Marcos, Hunts-
ville, Houston, Galveston, Corsicana,
Gatesville and Waco. The collections
at these places aggregate \$10,000. By
reference to the minutes of the sev-
eral Texas Conferences I find that the
total membership of the Churches to
which Bishop Candler spoke is about
4500. Thus it will be seen that the
contributions reached an average of
something more than \$2 per member.

In most places the collections taken
will be followed by a personal canvass
which will add considerably to the
amount already raised. Now it
seems to me that the result of Bishop
Candler's work in our State is a dem-
onstration of the fact that the
Twentieth Century movement can be
made to succeed in Texas if it is prop-
erly presented to the minds and press-
ed upon the consciences of our people.
True, the Churches to which the Bish-
op spoke are among the strongest in
the State. True, also, we had a
Bishop to do the speaking, and those
sermons that I heard were
eminently worthy of the great of-
fice of the speaker and the great
themes that were discussed. They were
great sermons. But the facts and argu-
ments used by Bishop Candler are ac-
cessible to any preacher who is willing
to work for them and then work with
them. They are not patented. Great
as were those sermons, the subject is
not exhausted, and will not be when
the twentieth century dawns. And cer-
tainly we of Texas ought to be as
deeply interested in this work as our
Bishop from Georgia. This is our State
and this is our work. We may count
ourselves fortunate in securing such
valuable assistance, but, after all, the
responsibility is ours and we must
meet it, or the failure will be ours.
There are more than six hundred pas-
toral charges in Texas. It is impossi-
ble to have our Bishops and leading
men reach them all. We pastors must
aid ourselves and go to work. Load
up with information. Study the facts
of our history in the hundred years
past. Think of the marvelous move-
ments of our own age and the untold
possibilities enwrapped in the rapidly
approaching years of the new century.
Drink in the inspiration of such an oc-
casion. Let us talk to God about our
duty, and then talk to the people about
theirs.

SETH WARD.

SOME SHORT NOTES.

What a profound exhibition of ten-
der love in the expression: "Behold,
I stand at the door and knock." What
infinite pathos in the beautiful analo-
gy! Christ declares that he is a good
shepherd who leaves the ninety and
nine within the fold to seek the one
lost amid the wilds of the mountain
vast and drear. How pathetic and
touching the thought! Christ becomes
a divine wanderer seeking to save the
helpless. Not long ago we heard an ex-
Catholic lady, now one of the truest
Methodists in North Texas, say:
"Christ stands at the door of the heart
and knocks. No latch-string hangs on
the outside. It must be opened from
within." In this practical utterance
there is a depth of meaning. Oh! the
intensity of the truth. The heavenly
wanderer knocks. Let him in ere he
passes on in his quest for a heart
welcome.

The story of "the four spiders" is
going the rounds. While a smart piece
of fiction, it is yet wonderfully near
the facts in the case. They journeyed
together to learn something of the
world. On their trip they stopped in a
metropolitan cathedral. Liking the
place so well, they decided to halt for
a while, and began to cast about for a
suitable place to spin their webs. Af-
ter some few days they collected them-
selves together in an experience cap-
acity.

"I fared badly," said the first spider.
"I wove my net in a corner of the
pulpit. Yesterday the sexton came
with a duster and swept it all away."
"I fared no better," said the second.
"I hung mine to a large book on the al-
tar, but the preacher came along and
spoiled my work."
"The same thing happened to me,"
said the third. "I spun my net over the
baptismal font. Yesterday a child was
baptized and my net was torn."
"I was wiser than all of you," said
the fourth. "I put mine over the mouth
of the contribution box. Many people
passed by, but none even looked at my
work. It is still intact and the outlook
is that it will remain so for a long time
to come."

Character is the outcome of the
soul's movement within the circum-
ference of certain and fixed laws. On
the one hand there is the inflexible law
of righteousness; on the other the un-
alterable law of sin. A character may
be good; it may be bad. We are good
when the soul unfolds within the radi-
us of a law of righteousness. We are
sinful when the soul expands within
the limits of a law of sin. In the abso-
lute sense he is an unwarranted para-
dox whose character is both good and
bad. Apparently, it may be true; in
reality the life is a parody on the
heart's condition. It is a divine man-
ifesto. We must serve God or mam-
mon. In the last analysis, relation to
law qualifies and interprets character.
In the voluntary choice of law lies the

determining factor. We are good if
our law be holy; we are evil if our law
be sinful.

The human soul is the prison
through which shines the Sun of
Righteousness. The glistening dew-
drop and a ray of light compose the
rain-bow. When the sun shines fall
upon the prism seven primary colors
are produced: no more, no less. All
else is but the blending of these ele-
mental results. When the Sun of
Righteousness shines full upon the hu-
man heart seven primary virtues are
produced: no more, no less. All else
in life is but the merging of these pri-
mal virtues. They are virtue, cour-
age, knowledge, temperance, patience,
godliness, brotherly kindness, charity.
Grace can produce no higher effect; it
is a perfect work. Back through these
seven primary virtues the world moves
to its discovery of the Sun of Righteous-
ness.

J. MARVIN NICHOLS.

"The Loss of Gold is Great:

The loss of health is more." Health is lost
by neglecting to keep the blood pure, but it
is regained by purifying, enriching and vi-
talizing the blood with the great health re-
storer, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands who
thought health had been permanently lost
have been made perfectly well by taking
this great medicine. Your experience may
be the same.

WHAT PREACHERS HAVE TO STUDY NOW

See Discipline of 1898, pages 287 to
294. Books in the head and religion in
the heart is the object. I will sell you
any book in the course (or reference
book) at a saving of one-fourth to
three-fourths. Will buy any of these,
or exchange them, that you don't want.
I am the largest second-hand book
dealer in the South. I buy any clean
book published. Write to Henry A.
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Antonio, Texas.

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a bath occasionally.

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cures the Chills, builds up the system,
and drives away all ills. It makes
strong the weak and fattens the lean.
It's the tonic of tonics, the best ever
seen. 50 cents.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

Bishop Hargrove will dedicate Den-
ton Chapel Church on Burleson Mission
Nov. 12, 11 a. m. Everybody invited.
B. R. BOLTON, P. E.
I. Z. T. MORRIS, P. C.

Some folks get into a little mystic
mudhole of their own notion, and
imagine that it is the best God can
do for them, while on out farther is
the clear, clean sea of salvation whose
bottom no man has ever stirred.

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sweet,
delicious
luxury
enjoyed
by all.

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you by their lowness.

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By A. R. BRANSON,
Of the White River Conference,
M. E. Church, South.

CONTENTS.

1. The Mystery of Divine Love.
2. Affection in Its Proper Setting.
3. The Perfect Law of Liberty.
4. Human Life and Confessional Warfare.
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6. As We Measure, We are Measured.
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20. Christ Drawing All Men.
21. Working the Night.
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PSALMS OF DELIVERANCE
Psalms 85 and 126

consecration of the pocket-book. Talking with an experienced Recording Steward some time ago we were lamenting the existence of Church debts, and the difficulty of raising the money necessary to meet the expenses of Church management. This layman stated as the leading cause of the state of things in question as follows: "The people don't give." He stated that out of a membership of 600 in the Church he represented, there were only 250 giving weekly through the envelope. If this is a sample case, and there is no reason to believe that it is exceptional, it is a lamentable condition to exist in the great Methodist Church.

The entire deficit of \$8,767, reported two years ago, has been wiped out, ex-

good moves is acceptable. I would not be understood to put a premium upon the cultivation of intellect to the disparagement of true, pure, heartfelt religion, for I know that all may draw from the sparkling depths of the well of salvation and drink unto everlasting life, whether it be the learned and elegant, or the ignorant and destitute; but I think that God demands the best there is in us. He wants for his cause the adoration and reverent worship of our hearts, coupled with the broadening, ennobling and mellowing influence of mind seasoned and filled with the thoughts and principles gleaned from his holy Word. Christ needs for his vineyard intelligent workmen. The Church needs in this age of creeds and semi-creeds, of delusions and covered snares members familiar with its history and doctrine. The League needs a young people who can plant their feet on the solid foundation of Methodism, who, when assailed by unbelief and the many theories "harm's" and "no harm's" of the day may remain steadfast, giving intelligent reasons for their belief and

and they have taken in the Christian life. These needs of Church and League we neglect when we fail to take an earnest, hearty interest in our Literary Department, for it is designed to verse us in all Christian literature, the Discipline and the Bible, that grand old book, a knowledge of which will enable us to meet successfully all the issues of life. All honor and love to our League for what it has accomplished, but its members, collectively speaking, can never be true to the motto, "All for Christ," so long as they withhold the best use of their minds. Our League banner, which is to every true Leaguer what the stars and stripes were to the men of the navy, the heroes of the late war, can but flutter beneath a cloud so long as each department is not at its best. The success of the literary work depends, to a great extent, upon the Third Vice-President, who must necessarily be a person popular with the young people, thoroughly consecrated and zealous, yet possessing no small fund of common sense and discretion; but the Third Vice-President alone cannot successfully carry on the literary work; he must have the hearty co-operation of a good, live committee and at least a portion of the membership, upon whom rests quite a share of the responsibility of the literary, if they but recognized it, for the Third Vice-President is but a fellow-Leaguer awake to his duty. When we first stepped from sin and darkness out into the sunshine of God's presence he filled the cup of our understanding and feeling to the brim, and, drinking deep of its exhilarating fluid, we were glad and joyous; but this cup must be daily refilled, else it will shortly contain but a few dregs. God means for us to grow and advance in a Christian life, and there is no way by which we can keep our cup of salvation and joy so full or advance so rapidly outside of prayer as by study and thought. The benefit to the earnest student of Christian literature can scarcely be calculated, and its influence may be equally divided between the good; it is through him to others, and the good unto himself. Who is it that keeps alive the interest of the Sunday devotional service? Is it not that person who can connect with the lesson bits of sacred history, calling into its place here and there from the storehouse of a well-filled mind passages of scripture illustrating the different lesson points; in short, is it not he who comes to the temple of God with a thoroughly prepared lesson, who by secret prayer and earnest study has discovered therein a sparkling jewel all his own, a gem thought, which neither you nor I have found, and, while flashing its rays upon others, he realizes that it is more blessed to give than to receive, for he has retained the gem to become a factor for good in his own heart, and yet has experienced the blessedness of helping another? Education, study and thought enter, to a greater or less degree, into all the business avenues of life, each person studying how to make his occupation the most profitable. We who have taken upon ourselves the vows of the Church and Epworth League have selected our profession in life, and it is our duty to study to use every means to make it a success. Then, dear Leaguers, let us take up the literary work as another means by which our profession may be benefited. This is an age in which each day brings an increased demand for intelligent workmen. Satan, back of the breastworks of ignorance, formed by a part of the on-marching army of God, is making a strong fight for his kingdom, while from the hands of some of our most zealous workmen, but who lack knowledge, fly his sharpest darts. Let's have religion; let's have zeal, but also knowledge, minds cultivated, refined, far-seeing and sober, that we may make only good strokes in the Master's cause. Of course all knowledge necessary cannot be obtained in the Literary Department. We can and must get much outside. The stamp of ownership is placed on what we learn when we put it into actual, practical use, and thus test its value. No one can carry so sweet a message of consolation and love into the home of poverty and care as he who has felt its pangs and sorrows, or strewn tenderly with flowers the new-made grave as that one who has stood by the open tomb of his own beloved. Such education as this we need also, and other, but the League Literary should be the foundation school of our knowledge. It is the organized means whereby we are to study, and each Leaguer should give his hearty support. We may promise ourselves to study Church history, the Discipline, the Bible, etc., outside this department, and we are all honest in our intentions, and some will persevere, but there are so many things in the home to turn us aside that we are very apt to grow neglectful, while, if we are members of the Literary and must have our papers, talks and lessons ready at some certain period, we will do the necessary

\$22 GETS A FIRST-CLASS SEWING MACHINE AND THE ADVOCATE A N

—ON WITH THE

that he should
with our pleasures?
"Our pattering
rip-hammers that
and nails deeper
ring flesh; our mu-
drown his groans
mock his dying
? Was he not a ca-
st a homeless, per-
er? Was he not
? Why should
that we shall
gave him the right

FIRST-CLASS SEWING
THE ADVOCATE 1 Y

"On with the dance!" Who is Jesus Christ that he should dare to interfere with our pleasures? "On with the dance!" Our pattering feet shall be the trip-hammers that will drive the rugged nails deeper yet into his quivering flesh; our music and jollity shall drown his groans; our laughter shall mock his dying agonies! Who is he? Was he not a carpenter? Was he not a homeless, poverty-stricken wanderer? Was he not poor and obscure? Why should he presume to say what we shall or shall not do? Who gave him the right to dictate to

The Roman Catholic Church has expended enormous sums in this section, and has some fine buildings, decorated with all the images peculiar to their practices. They stand ready, with their doiled priests, who get drunk on our streets, to pray the sins of our drinking boys away. I have seen the priest of a prominent place in this section unable to control himself. To this beastly man, filled no doubt with all the affections and lusts of the flesh, mixed with intoxicating liquor, many of the fairest daughters of this section go to make what they call confession. The history of the confession room, as we have been able to get a glimpse of its workings from the pen of men like

\$22 GETS A FIRST-CLASS SEWING MACHINE AND THE ADVOCATE & CO.

Parlin & Orendorff Co., Dallas, Tex.

42. **HEMISPHOTIAL** Prospector, Taiwan

PSALMS OF DELIVERANCE
Psalms 85 and 126.

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FIRST-CLASS SEWING
THE ADVOCATE 1 YR

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\$22 GETS A FIRST-CLASS SEWING MACHINE AND THE ADVOCATE 139

Parlin & Orendorff Co., Dallas, Tex.

this is the right way, but
you, I think, do, so for the

Sprained Arm!

HOUSTON, TEXAS.
Y & CO.—Dear Sirs: August
a badly sprained arm. After
not what were called reme-
dies I used Radway's
which eased the pain at
me in two days. My father,
an old man, says: "Radway's
and Radway's Pills are the
best." We keep them in
our house. Respectfully,
BOROUGH, Special Police.

RR

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat,
Bronchitis, Pneumonia,
of the Joints, Lam-
inations.

ism, Neuralgia,

Obtains Headaches, Tooth-
Asthma, Difficult
Breathing.

FORST PAINS in from one to
NOT ONCE HOUR after read-
one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

55 Elm St., New York.

IS LEAD QUICK CONCLUSIONS

California and the
west. Investigate the
connections. Rates and
sent of

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Denver City Railway.)

it Through Trains,
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Scenery Unequaled.

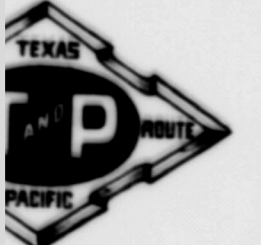
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literature, write to

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Worth, Texas.

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INT GATEWAYS 4



Trains - 2

DAILY
US, CHICAGO and
the EAST.

Iman Ventilated Buffet
Sleepers.

Landmark New
Hair Care (Hairs Free).

High Coaches and Sleepers
clean without charge.

SEUT LINE
to
Mexico and California.

B. P. TURNER,
Gen'l Passenger
and Tel. Agt
AS OMAHA.

FREE."

and General Narrator.

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lication, issued by the
railroad, with artistic
covers, descriptive of
resources of Texas.
subject matter of each
being as follows:
TEXAS; April, Hous-
May, Montgomery
Cherokee county;
county; August, An-
Palestine; Sep-
county.

undant interest, par-
the investor, tourist,
ome-seeker. Will be
dress for twenty-five
a year, or two
ple copy. Back issues
ver orders. Address
E. G. P. and T. A.
Palestine, Texas.

ALL A MISTAKE.

Out a Mighty Serious Fact Just the Same.

There is a story of a man who was put in
public pillory because he couldn't pay a
small debt. An anxious friend came to
inquire about the circumstances and then
exclaimed indignantly:
"Why, goodness gracious man, they can't
put you in the pillory, just for debt!"
"Perhaps not," replied the victim of
mistaken justice; "but here I am."



The seemingly impossible often comes
true. If a man should tell his friends that
he was dying of indigestion many of them
would exclaim: "Why, man, indigestion
isn't a killing complaint!" His all-suffi-
cient answer would be, "It is killing me."
The fact is, indigestion in the full sense
of the term is the most killing of all com-
plaints. The worst diseases that flesh is
heir to, have their beginnings in bad diges-
tion. People who die of wasting illnesses
and blood diseases are simply starved to
death because the stomach and blood-mak-
ing glands don't furnish sufficient nourish-
ment to feed the constitution. Most of the
people who die of consumption die because
their lungs can't get enough good blood
from the digestive organs.

When these fail to do their work and a
torpid liver allows the circulation to be-
come choked up with bilious poisons, the
whole system is laid wide open to every
form of malignant and fatal malady.
People by hundreds write every day to
Dr. Pierce, at Buffalo, N. Y., declaring that
his "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured
them of some dangerous illness that the
doctors could not master; yet all that this
"Discovery" does is to enable the diges-
tive and nutritive organism to make good
blood, and gives the liver power to keep it
pure. Nature does the rest.

An instance of how the digestive organ-
ism affects the whole body for good or evil
is shown in the case of a little girl living in
Chase (Chase Co.), Nebraska. Her father,
Mr. C. C. Rummell, in a grateful letter to
Dr. Pierce, writes:

"In February, 1898, our little girl had a severe
attack of grip. It settled in her stomach, caus-
ing inflammation of stomach and bowels. We
had two doctors who gave up the case. The third
relieved her, but she never found her helplessness.
In fact, mere skeleton. Our doctor being fifteen
miles away it was almost impossible to go to
him once a week, so concluded to try Dr.
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant
Pillars.' Nine bottles cured her. Our bill
to other doctors was one hundred dollars, and
to Dr. Pierce, only nine dollars."

A new lease of life is given by this mar-
velous "Discovery" to all who are victims of
mal nutrition. It creates a vital activity
of the entire system which promotes the
elimination of poisonous disease germs and
wastes tissue and the rapid building up of
solid, muscular flesh. I. S. Finney, Esq.,
of Amelia, Allegheny Co., N. C., writes:

"After recovering from a spell of typhoid
fever, I was taken with a terrible cough. After
trying several remedies and all to no avail, I
decided to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dis-
covery. After taking one bottle I felt greatly
relieved, and after using seven bottles I was
entirely cured. Dr. Pierce's medicine is all it
is claimed to be. It is worth its weight in gold to
suffering humanity."

For thirty years Dr. Pierce has been chief
consulting physician of the Invalid Hotel and
Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., where
he has had probably a more exten-
sive and practical experience in treating
obstinate chronic diseases than any other
physician in America. His remarkable
prescriptions have an unimpaired reputa-
tion throughout the English-speaking
world as the most marvellously efficacious
remedies ever devised.

They are the result of genius, experience
and scientific common sense. His famous
"Favorite Prescription" for women is
unquestionably the most perfect and suc-
cessful remedy ever invented for every
form of female complaint. Taken in con-
junction with the "Golden Medical Dis-
covery," the two constitute a complete and
effective course of treatment for weak, nerv-
ous, overworked women.

A copy of Dr. Pierce's great thousand-
page illustrated book the "Common Sense
Medical Adviser," will be sent free of
charge on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps, to
pay the cost of mailing only; or for 31
stamps a heavier cloth-bound copy. Ad-
dress, World's Dispensary Medical Asso-
ciation, Buffalo, N. Y.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE NOTICES.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

The Board of Education of the Northwest
Texas Conference is called to meet in Cle-
burne November 14 at 7:30 p. m. It is very
important that every member be present at
this meeting.
W. L. NIELMS,
President of Board.

To the preachers of the Northwest Texas
Conference:

It is very essential that we have uniformity
and accuracy in our statistics. In order to
do so please do three things: (1) Be sure
to secure the blank issued since the last
General Conference. (2) Include in the
item, "Total from all sources," as found
on the second leaf of the printed blanks,
everything raised in the charge from every
source and for every purpose, and not sim-
ply the total of items enumerated on the
second leaf. Some of you may not think
this is the right way, but the majority of
you, I think, do, so for the sake of uniform-

ity let us all do it the same way. (3) Let
each one make out his report very carefully
with ink before conference opens and be
sure to put a copy of it on the Secretary's
table before the close of the first morning's
session. Yours for the good of the order,
JNO. M. BARCLAY,
Secretary N. W. Texas Conference.

NORTHWEST TEXAS CONFER- ENCE.

The class of the second year will
meet the committee at the Methodist
Church, Cleburne, Texas, November
14, at 8 a. m., prepared for written ex-
aminations. W. H. MATTHEWS,
Taylor, Texas.

NORTHWEST TEXAS CONFER- ENCE.

The class for admission on trial into
the Northwest Texas Conference will
meet at the Methodist Church in
Cleburne on Tuesday, November 15, at
9 a. m. JOHN R. MORRIS,
Gordon, Texas.

NORTHWEST TEXAS CONFER- ENCE.

The class and committee of the third
year will meet in the Methodist
Church at Cleburne, Tuesday, Nov-
ember 14, at 9 a. m. J. W. STORV,
Chairman of the Committee.

The presiding elders of the North-
west Texas Conference will meet in the
M. E. Church, South, Cleburne, Texas,
Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 2 p. m.

E. A. BAILEY, P. E.
Corsicana, Texas.

TEXAS CONFERENCE.

Permit me to say in answer to many
inquiries that we cannot provide enter-
tainment for visitors to the conference
at Marlin. The means for entertain-
ment are not unlimited in Marlin.
Preachers and their wives and dele-
gates and connectional men having
business with the conference will re-
quire all our available room. Board
can be secured at from \$8 to \$10 per
week. All officers and delegates to the
Home Mission Society will please send
their names if they expect entertain-
ment.
W. WOOTON,
Marlin, Texas.

To the Presiding Elders of the North-
west Texas Conference:

Dear Beloved—I asked you as kindly
as I could to please send me the
names of your candidates for admis-
sion on trial; also those to be present
for ordination as local deacons and
elders. Very few of you have replied.
I would bless you out if it were not
so close to conference. But please, my
dears, let me hear from you. Also
from any brother who expects to bring
his wife. I would be delighted to hear.
Please let every preacher take
warning after the first of November I
will take no account of any one re-
questing me to provide for any person,
white or black, husband or wife, who
is not a member of the conference.
Everybody who expects to come who is
not a member of the conference, must
notify me—not someone else—if you
expect me to be responsible for your
entertainment.
G. S. WYATT,
Cleburne, Texas.

The class for admission on trial will
meet in the office of O. T. Plummer on
south side of public square.
Class of first year will meet in office
of S. C. Padelford, on west side of
public square.
Second year class will meet in the
Cumberland Presbyterian Church, on
North Anglin Street, one block north
of the square.
Third year will meet in the Meth-
odist Church, on South Main Street,
two blocks south of the square.
Fourth year will meet in the office
of W. R. Walker, south side of public
square.
G. S. WYATT.

TO THE NORTH TEXAS CONFER-
ENCE BROTHERHOOD.

Bro. W. C. Pryor is dead, but I learn
through a friend in Bowie, Texas, that
his family is in great need. A good
many have felt able to pay the assess-
ments for this year to date. Let every
one who has not paid send me the
money at once that we may relieve
their wants as far as possible.
J. A. WATT, Treasurer.
Roxton, Texas.

If you ask what is the quickest, best
and safest Chill Tonic, the answer will
invariably be, "My friend, use Cheat-
ham's; it is pleasant and guaranteed."
Put up in both the tasteless and bitter
styles. 50 cents.

Happiness is not in doing what you
like, but in liking what you do.

VITALITY low, debilitated or exhausted cured
by Dr. Kline's Invigorating Tonic. PRICE \$1. Trial
Bottle, Dr. Kline Institute, 801 Arch St., Philadel-
phia. Founded 1871.

Christ is the Christian's Canaan.

THE MODE OF BAPTISM.

In water baptism there must be at
least three things—the administrator,
the element and the subject. If any
of these are wanting it is not baptism.
God, in the early ages of the Church,
established the law governing the use
of liquid elements in religious ordi-
nances. That law may be stated as
follows: Where there are an officiating
minister, an element and a subject,
the element is always applied to the
subject, and not the subject to the ele-
ment. This is true whether the ele-
ment was water, oil, blood or a mix-
ture. There were preparatory wash-
ings in which unclean persons bathed
themselves, but in the cleansing act,
the act by which they were ceremoni-
ally purified, the element was applied to
them by the priest, or by some clean
person. Never were they applied to
the element, or put into it. This is
the law which the Great Head of the
Church ordained. Has it ever been re-
pealed or changed? It cannot be
shown that there is an exception to
this law in all the Bible. But, says
one, here is an exception: Jesus
Christ was dipped in the river by John
the Baptist, for when He was baptized
"He went out of the water." We re-
ply:

1. He went up out of, or from, the
water, after he was baptized. How
deep he was in the water no one can
tell. He may have stood or knelt in
the edge of the water, or he may have
been in it ankle, or knee, or waist
deep, or deeper. No one on earth can
tell.

2. The Greek word rendered "out
of" in Matthew is apo, which means
from, and in some of the Greek man-
uscripts it is apo in Mark; so that it
is almost certain that apo—from—is
the true reading. The probabilities
are about as ten to one in favor of
apo. If we adopt the most probable
reading we have, "He went up from
the water," not out of it; hence, the
probabilities are about as ten to one
that He was not in the water at all.
Now, as no living man knows whether
our Savior was in the water or not,
or, if in the water, how deep, the ques-
tion remains, how was He baptized?
He could have been in Jordan, or in
the river without being in the water,
for "all within the banks is the river."
John baptized Him in Jordan with
water. John baptized in four places—
in the wilderness, in Bethabara, in the
river of Jordan, and in Enon. The
phrases, "in the wilderness," "in Beth-
abara," etc., tell where he baptized,
but not how he baptized.

A killed B in Dallas; "in Dallas"
tells where A killed B, but not how
he killed him. If we add, "with a
stick," we know where and how the
killing was done. A killed B in Dal-
las with a stick; the stick was applied
to B, and not B to the stick. Jane
struck Ann in the garden with a book.
The book was applied to Ann, and not
Ann to the book. John baptized in the
wilderness, in Bethabara, in Jordan,
in Enon, with water. Now we know how
John baptized. He, according to the
law long before established, applied
the element to the subject, and not
the subject to the element. But, says
one, "The translation is wrong, for in
the original it is en budai, which
ought to be rendered in water." But
en here is used with the dative of in-
strumentality, and means with; as
when it is said, "If thou shalt confess
with (en) thy mouth;" also, when it is
said, "Overcome evil with (en) good."
You see that you are to make con-
fession with your mouth, not in your
mouth; and that evil is to be over-
come with good, not in good. Again,
if it is baptism in water, it is also bap-
tize in the Holy Ghost, for en is used
in both cases, and we know that the
disciples were not dipped in the Holy
Ghost. The Holy Spirit was poured
out on them, and filled their hearts.
That is, they were baptized with the
Holy Spirit. No dipping or immersion
here, nor anything resembling an im-
mersion in the slightest degree. Yet
it was a baptism. It was the baptism
of the Holy Ghost, of which John
spoke when he said: "I indeed baptize
with water, but He shall baptize you
with the Holy Ghost," and of which
Christ spoke when he said: "Ye shall
all be baptized with the Holy Ghost
not many days hence. This baptism
was a 'pouring out,' a 'falling on,'
a 'shedding forth' of the Spirit, and
it filled the hearts of the disciples—it
was with the Holy Ghost. John had
said that they should also be baptized
"with fire." Were they baptized in
fire, dipped or immersed in fire? Nay,
this baptism came as cloven tongues
of fire "and it sat on each of them."
Came and sat on them was applied to
them; they were not applied to the
fire, or dipped in it; they were bap-
tized with it. So the translations,
"with water," "with the Holy Ghost,"
and "with fire," stand and will stand
forever. The difference between with
water and in water may be illustrated
as follows: If I put my pocket knife
into a glass of water until it is cov-
ered with the water, and then take it
out, I baptize it in water; but if I
pour or sprinkle the water on the
knife I baptize it with water. There
is not a passage in all the Bible which

teaches that baptism shall be in water;
it is always with water. But, says one,
"John must have immersed, for he bap-
tized in Enon because there was much
water there."

Answer 1. It does not require "much
water" to immerse people in. A tank
six feet by ten, and four feet deep,
with a living stream running through
it, would contain enough water for
one man to immerse others in till
doomsday.

2. Quantity of water was not the
reason why John left the Jordan and
went to Enon, for there was more
water in the Jordan than at Enon,
hence, there must have been some
other reason for his removal. 3. The
truth is he went to Enon, not because
there was "much water," but because
there were "many waters" there. The
adjective and the noun in the original
are both in the plural number—many
waters. It may be, as travelers say,
that there were springs, rivulets,
brooks, of running water, which made
it a convenient place for the multi-
tudes of the Jews who attended his
ministry, and who had so many daily
obligations to perform. We close with
the remark that there are but two
modes of baptism in use: affusion, or
the application of the element to the
subject, and immersion, or the applica-
tion of the subject to the element.
We have seen that the great gospel
baptism which Christ administers to
the souls of men is by affusion—it is
with the Holy Ghost; and the baptism
which man administers to the bodies
of men is by affusion—it is with water.
JOHN ADAMS,
Tyler, Texas.

SILENT SORROW.

If she unclosed her lips and made her
moan,
She would not be so weary with her
woe—
A burden shared is lightened; even
so
The weight is heavier that we bear
alone,
And anguish pent within turns hearts to
stone.

The fellowship of sorrow to forego.
To suffer and be silent, is to know
The blackest blossom from the black
root grown.

And yet great joys and greatest woes
are dumb.
Small is the sum that reckoning can
compute—
The shallows bubble, but the depths
are mute—
The great misdeed our measure may
not plumb;
King Love, King Pain, King Death in
silence come,
And meeting them we silently sa-
lute. —Louise Chandler Moulton.

OUTWITTED MR. GLADSTONE.

Dorothy Drew refused to get up one
morning, and when all other means
had failed to coax her out of bed, Mr.
Gladstone was called.
"Why don't you get up, my child?"
he asked.
"Why, grandfather, didn't you tell
me to do what the Bible says?"
"Yes, certainly."
"Well, it disapproves of early rising;
says it's a waste of time."
Mr. Gladstone knew his Bible better
than most men, but he was not equal
to Dorothy. For once in his life he
was nonplussed.

"You listen, then," went on Dorothy,
in reply to his exclamation of aston-
ishment; and, turning up her Bible,
she read the second verse of the 127th
Psalm, laying great emphasis on the
first words, "It is vain for you to rise
up early."

GREEN SICKNESS

and a desire for solitude often attacks young
girls shortly after womanhood begins. A
short use of—
G. F. P.
GERSTLE'S FEMALE PANACEA.
will dispel the green, banish distresses and
restore the maidenly bloom and vitality.

YOUNG GIRLS DESTINED TO HEALTH.
My daughter was suffering with great loathing
downy pale and listless during her monthly
periods. She had violent nervous spells which pre-
vented a peaceful governing and peaceful recreation.
The use of G. F. P. and all troubles were removed, and
the budding was crowned. Now thank your Maker
for the best medicine in the world. I think it is the
best I ever saw for young girls.
Bessie, A. S. WARY ELIZA BENNER.

PRICE \$1.00 A BOTTLE.
Try G. F. P. at once.
It will make you
strong, vivacious,
regular and cure you
of any form of
female weakness.
If your druggist does not handle G. F. P., ask
him to send you a bottle, or write to your order
and \$1.00 and we will supply you direct.
L. GERSTLE & CO., Chattanooga, Tenn.

822 GETS A FIRST-CLASS SEWING
MACHINE AND THE ADVOCATE 1 YR.

The household remedy is Hunt's
Lightning Oil. All aches and pains
quickly relieved. Satisfaction or mon-
ey refunded.

The greatest thing about Christ was
his ability to do little things and get
down so low.

A SPLENDID OFFER.

I will rent my house, with six rooms, and
bath, for a few weeks of good land, in-
cluding a fine, commodious orchard, all for
one mile from the public square of Tyler,
Texas. Suitable for fruit, vegetables and
truck raising. Write for terms.
D. H. CONNALLY, M. D.,
Tyler, Texas.

The Paris Exposition.

Entered parties, medicines, prizes. All expan-
ses included. Change of quarters, money, and
rates. All European countries visited. Leave
Tyler, Texas, Grand Cruise to the Holy
Land and The Orient, Portugal, etc. Send
for details. Free of charge. Write for terms.
THE EUROPEAN TOURIST CO.,
DEPT. A, NEW YORK.

FREE



If you have any
CHRONIC disease or
Longstanding ailment of
the HEAD, THROAT
or LUNGS, or Catarrh,
Bronchitis, Consump-
tion, Asthma or Deaf-
ness the SANA-CERA
CURE will cure you.

Dr. H. B. Deary, 1000 Broadway,
New York City, N. Y.

FREE HOME TREATMENT.

I will send you the Sana-Cera Cure for
free. The treatment is so simple that you
can do it at home, and it will cure you
of all chronic diseases of the head, throat
and lungs, and of all other chronic diseases.
All you need is a box of Sana-Cera Cure.
Send for details. Free of charge. Write for
details. Free of charge. Write for details.
Dr. H. B. Deary, 1000 Broadway,
New York City, N. Y.

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or SOUTHEAST

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your tickets via the



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nections are assured.

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PARLOR CAFÉ CARS
(meals à la carte).

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FREE Chair Cars.

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timore, and other cities of the North,
East and Southeast.

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formation, write your nearest Cotton-
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SOLID TRAINS OF

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—AND—
FREE RECLINING
KATY CHAIR CARS

—TO—
St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas City.

CLOSE CONNECTIONS TO
ALL PORTS
EAST, NORTH AND WEST.

FIRST-CLASS MEALS AT OUR OWN
DINING STATION, 80 CENT.

oving hearts or minister-
professed religion and
Methodist Church when
and was a happy Chris-
close of her life. She
of God, without a nar-
weary months, as pa-
enjoyed, reading her
of her friends, and
erently, which con-
give, she went down to
where loved ones, with
having done all they
destroyer, surrendered
This opening had gave
ous flower, but for the
nd death. Little Jennie
but her memory fingers
the morning. May her
er, "some sweet day,"
well of earth will never
of the soul with sor-
remains at Cemetery
restitution.

J. M. SWEETON.

Valie G. Melton, the
P. R. and J. L. Bar-
son County, Texas, and
died September 2,
three years, eleven
s. She professed re-
under the preaching of
ng, and joined the M. E.
which she remained a
both. Mrs. Melton was
constructive, but a quiet,
diable and kind to every
friends with a true de-
very patient in her last
s she suffered severely
for th Christian faithfulness,
she was married to Mr.
married life was brief,
one. She thus leaves a
hand, who is beloved,
near his wife in heaven;
d baby, who will never
and, and parents and
y sorrow not as those
We buried her Septem-
ber 2, 1899, at the
she would the resur-
God comfort the sor-
dark hour.

JAS. A. RUFFNER.

A. Phillips, son of W.
Phillips, was born in San
xas, September 27, 1880,
an County, Texas. Sep-
her had gone out there-
to the gin with a
on his way back home
f household by the road,
he was found, with his
d lived only three days,
tragedy. Robert was
in address, and fine
appearance, and made
brown, and was one of
men. Although he had
used the Savior, yet he
when he left home, as-
and changed life. Oh,
true that "death rid-
erence." We shall miss
Parents, we can only
led in this the greatest
He and his word can
We cannot. His friend,
DR. HALL.

the infant daughter of
Kinsler, departed this
899. After a brief stay
her sweet little spirit
gave it. She was ill
d though she had the
medical skill was not
s. She is not dead, but
s, though not without
ut do not despair. We
she cannot return to us
her. Oh, the ties that
The hope that en-
There will be no sor-
her little spirit be the
er father's home. May
with us be the beacon
lurque to the haven of
HER UNCLE.

ants was born in Craw-
February 27, 1875, and
d at Cale, I. F. Brother
d at the age of thirteen
the Methodist Church.
s his death a dark cloud
d obscured his hope,
clear and glorious. He
s that he would no an
when translated. This
led with a prayer and
the bereaved family by
J. A. OLD.

Ida Rugh was born in
I. and died in Bandera,
99. The early religious
Rugh was that of the
but she was converted
ral and lived about thir-
ty-nine years. Now, in
at Bandera. And in a
nd a vacant place in a
nde, and a recollection
of her, while he abides
d in a heavenly abode,
d the power of becom-

ith White Lead
n troubled with
alligatoreed sur-
of such trouble

ons were never
of zinc white,
ly-mixed paints,
of zinc, barytes,
if any.

"Painter's Magazine,"
er of the firm of Messrs.
Wardner, Birmingham, N. J.

White Lead Tinting Colors,
ed. Paintings giving val-
samples of colors free; also
designs or various styles, or
to those intending to paint.

New York.

tion, suffering and lonely, yet patient and
hopeful. Ever since the organization of a
Methodist society in this vicinity these
people have been its faithful supporters and
defenders. We have a set of Church records
covering some twenty years, and Bro.
Rugh's name appears as a steward from the
very first; and a few years ago, when un-
able to continue his active labors as an
official, the Quarterly Conference voted
him an honorary place on the official roll,
and till the struggle is over his name will be
kept there. They were here when the In-
dians dodged here and there among the
hills; they were here when the Civil War
sent terror to the very borders of the land.
Supplies were scarce in the frontier towns
then; their flower came from the interior
of Mexico, and cost fifty dollars per sack;
they were here when the mountain torrent
swept dangerously near to their dwelling,
desecrating far and wide the property in its
course; they were here when the long
months humbled the pride of men, bring-
ing a sharp sense of dependence and a mu-
tual sympathy to all. For several years Sis-
ter Rugh lived at Galena, Ill., and she loved
to tell of the great meetings they used to
have there. Some of her pastors in those
days, young men then, reached great emi-
nence in the ministry afterwards. The late
Dr. Kynett was one. Many evidences point
to the fact that S. R. Rugh, who died in
youth in the great Middle West during the
forties and fifties and in the wild South-
west since 1860, her life was an unbroken
story of great activity, fidelity to duty, and
devotion to God. Past three score and ten,
with home sickness of the gravest and most
exciting nature, she rarely missed a day of
meeting through the long, cold winter;
and few prayers have we ever heard that
seemed to equal hers in simple trust and a
readiness to yield to God's will. We did not
know her long, but we will remember her
as the preacher's friend, a frequent and
welcome comer to the parsonage, frank,
kind, sympathetic.

CHAS. F. ANNIS, Pastor.

HADEN—Richard Finley Haden, son of
John F. and Ophelia Haden, was born June
28, 1875, and peacefully passed away Octo-
ber 9, 1899, at the home of his parents in
Tyler, Texas. He was baptized by his
grandfather, Rev. R. S. Finley, D. D., when
an infant, and joined the M. E. Church, at
which, eleven years of age. At the age of
fifteen he began an apprenticeship in the
machinist trade. He served his apprenticeship
faithfully, and became a skillful ma-
chiner, holding important and remunerative
positions in different railroad shops. He
led an active, busy, useful life from boy-
hood, and a bright future seems to have
been cut off by his departure. He had a
fine physical organization and development,
well poised and bright mental faculties, and
was gentle, cheerful, true and affectionate
in spirit. He lived a clean, consistent, re-
ligious life, and when his noble spirit passed
away, no shadow of doubt as to the future
embittered the grief of his dear ones. It
was a noble, manly fellow, and left nothing
in his life for his relatives and friends to
look back upon with regret. His remains
rest in the Tyler Cemetery, by the side of
those of his sainted grandfather and grand-
mother Finley. Peace to his ashes. He
was my nephew, and I loved him and
honored him, and beg to pay this tribute
to his character. N. W. FINLEY.
Dallas, Texas.

COTHRAN. The subject of this sketch,
Little John Calvin, son of Jas. M. and
Sophronia Cotheran, was born October 4,
1896, and left this world of sorrow and
death September 12, 1899. Little Calvin
died a promising boy, the joy of the
house. He was an affectionate child and
obedient to his parents, and was loved by
all of the neighborhood. He had a natural
talent for singing, and could sing many songs.
His favorite song was "Glory be to God in
the highest," sung on earth, and will be
sung in heaven. He has gone home to live
with the angels. May the good Lord comfort
the bereaved family, and help them all to
prepare to meet him in the better world,
where there will be no more parting. The
family are good, people in every respect,
but are not religious. Let the people of
God our father pray for this family, that
they may soon give their hearts to the
Lord. We laid him to rest in the Perry-
man graveyard, September 12, 1899. The
friend of the family.

JNO. M. CULVER, L. E.

MURRAY—Sister Pearlle Murray was
born May 18th, 1873. She was the young-
est daughter of Rev. W. M. and Mrs. M. C.
Murray, was married to O. A. Murray Jan-
uary 7th, 1891; died October 12th, 1899. In
infancy her parents dedicated her to the Lord
in baptism. She was converted in early
childhood and joined the Methodist Church,
South, and spent the remainder of her life
in the service of her Master. She realized
some time before death that her pilgrimage
was nearing an end and said: "I will soon
be at home." Pearl was an obedient daugh-
ter, a loving sister, an affectionate wife, and
a devoted mother. She leaves a husband,
three little children, a father, a mother,
and several brothers and sisters to
mourn her departure. Weep not,
dear friends, we know where to
find her. We laid her to rest at South
Band Cemetery October 13 in the presence
of many weeping friends. Farewell, dear
mother, sister, daughter, we will join you
in the sweet by and by in the home of the
good, where tears and sorrows will be no
more. May the spirit of the Lord rest upon
the broken-hearted loved ones and friends.
Graham, Texas.

KING. Near Murchison, on Friday, Sep-
tember 15, 1899, little Nannie King closed
her bright brown eyes in sleep that knows
no awakening till the crowning day has come.
She was the daughter of Y. R. and W. E.
King, and was two years, three months
and twenty days old; was an intelligent,
promising child. All that loving, tender,
adoring hands could do was done to stay
the dread messenger and keep this sweet,
lovely babe with us, but to no avail. Our
Heavenly Father knows best. All the beau-
tiful flowers of earth are his, and he pluck-
eth a rosebud where he will. So, look up,
dear papa and mamma. Little Nannie has
joined the angel band, and with beaming
eyes and beeholding hands will be watching
and waiting for you at the pearly gate of
the celestial city, prepared for the finally
faithful.

NANNIE MORTON.

KERR. Miss Ellen D. Kerr was born
September 18, 1816, in Cooke County, Texas,
and died in Clay County, Texas, August 20,
1899. She was the eldest daughter of
Rev. R. M. and Maggie Kerr. Mrs. Kerr had
been a Christian and a devoted member of
the Methodist Church for many years, and
was willing and ready when the good Lord
called her to go up to the better land.
She was a girl of few words, plain habits,

firm character, pleasant manners and abun-
dant in household duties. She was so de-
voted to her mother that she would deny
herself pleasure in order to promote the
happiness of her. The things of this life
had no charms for her, for she dwelt in
purer, holier, nobler atmosphere. How dark,
how gloomy, but happy thought, for she
had the "testimony that she pleased God,"
and we feel perfectly satisfied as to where
she is. What a happy reunion in heaven
it must have been of father and two little
brothers (years ago gone) in that blissful
home on high; and it is so sweet to con-
template the final gathering of the whole
family—mother, sisters and brother—with
all those who have gone on to that eternal
life beyond. Rev. P. O. Miller, presiding
elder, preached her funeral in the presence
of a large congregation. Her uncle,

J. A. K.

Joy, Texas.

REV. JOHN E. KING.

I have just heard of the death of my special
old friend and true friend, Rev. John E.
King—known as Judge King of Corn
Hill, Texas. He died in Bolton, Texas, for
a number of years, and for many
years was Judge of the County Court. His
home, farm, etc., was at Corn Hill. I have
no date as to his birth or early life, but know
he has been in Texas among the first set-
tlers. He was a Texas veteran. He was
married to Miss Sylvia Denison in October,
1842. To them were born five children, Mrs.
Mary M. Giles, who died in Christ in 1885;
Rebecca, who died at two years old; Willie
J., who for years was a member of the
Northwest Conference; and three others. He
died in 1888. Last his previous wife
left him for the better world July 15, 1888.
I knew this dear old brother intimately for
more than twenty-one years. When he was
licensed to preach I am not informed, but
he was converted and joined the Church
at twelve years old, and was a local deacon
more than twenty years ago. A good old
soldier of the cross is gone. He leaves two
children and a number of grandchildren.
John T. King, who lives in New Mexico,
and Alice E. Morris, living in Georgetown.
Bro. King and family were the Methodist
Church at Corn Hill for a number of years.
They often rode twelve miles to night
preaching on horse back. He gave the land
and may say built the first church in Corn
Hill and the land and school property now
stands on upon condition no plays or dan-
cing should be allowed in the building. He
was a true Methodist and so were all his
children, but he is taken from the evil to
come. Old and ready, yet anxious, to go
to his long-sought home, he fell asleep in
Jesus at his home in Corn Hill, Sept. 25,
1899.

SAMUEL MORRIS.

SCHULTZ. Mrs. Nannie Schult, wife of Wm.
Schult, was born in Pulaski County, Illinois,
the 11th of March, 1828, and died in Hils-
boro, Texas, on the 24th of August,
1899. Sister Schult was married twice, the
last time in 1887, December 16, to Wm.
Schult, who survives her. By her first mar-
riage she was the mother of three children,
only one of whom is now living, Mr. Ernest
Anglin, of Dublin, Texas. She was brought
up in the Baptist Church, but in 1871 united
with the Methodist Church and remained
a faithful and devout member of that
Church until her death. Her devotion to
her Church and her pastor was exceeded only
by her devotion to her family. A good woman,
her health permitted she was a constant at-
tendant upon the services of the Church,
and her pastor was a welcome guest in her
home at all times. Many of our preachers
who knew Sister Schult will learn of her
death with genuine grief. A good woman,
after a useful life, has gone to her reward.
May God bless her bereaved loved ones.

C. R. WRIGHT.

NORTHOTT. Emmet Berry Northott,
the only son of T. E. and L. A. Northott,
was born May 18, 1894, and died Sept. 7, 1899.
He suffered a great deal the last sixteen
months of his life. All that medical skill
could do, and all that a loving father and
affectionate mother, sister, grandpa
and grandpa could do to relieve and cure him
was done. His sufferings are over and he is
at rest. Oh, how sad to see him sleep. For
such a struggle for life. He has paid a debt
we all must pay. May God bless and help us
all so to live that we may meet little Em-
mett on the shore of sweet deliverance when
our race is run. Jesus said: "Suffer the
little children to come unto me, I forbid
them not, for of such is the kingdom of
heaven." Remember, papa and mamma,
Emmett is waiting for you at the beautiful
gate.

W. O. SHUGART.

FIELDS. Mary Fields, daughter of J. L.
and Sarah Fields, was born Oct. 18, 1892,
was converted at the age of 15 and joined
the M. E. Church, South, with her parents
in August, 1897. She died October 13, 1899,
being seventeen years and five days old.
Mary was a great sufferer. Her father illness
kept her confined on her knees for more than
a year fixed for the purpose for over one
hundred days, in which time she could
neither sit nor stand nor lie down, but in
it all she was patient and resigned. She
died in peace. She leaves a father and two
sisters on this side. Her mother preceded
her a few months.

C. S. CAMERON.

THOMPSON. Mrs. Nevada L. Thompson
was born in Vernon County, Mo., September
17, 1855, and died September 12, 1899, at
her home in Logan, Mo. In 1871, since when
she has lived a consistent Christian life.
She died, as she had lived, in the triumph
of a living faith. She leaves a husband
and seven children to mourn her departure,
all of whom promised to meet her in heav-
en. We laid her to rest in the Sardinia Cem-
tery, four miles west of Jewett, there to
await the resurrection of the just.

W. H. BROOKS.

LLOYD—CHILDERS. Drowned near
Lampasas, June 22, 1899, five young ladies,
four Misses Lloyds and Miss Myrtle Child-
ers. Miss Bertie Lloyd, the oldest of the
girls, was converted August 25, 1896, dur-
ing Bro. Luchey's mission at McKeeverville,
at which time she joined the Methodist
Church, in which she lived a strict member
till her death. In the morning of her life,
all the influence, energy and power she pos-
sessed were consecrated to the service of
God. She faithfully discharged the duties
of daughter, sister and friend, and prayer-
fully sought to do her whole duty. Miss
Ethel, aged fourteen years, was converted
August 30, 1898, and joined the Methodist
Church. Her conversion was the brightest
I ever witnessed, and many remarked:
"How could even the hardest sinners doubt
Christ, after seeing this child so happily
converted?" The two little girls, Esther
and Jewel, were sweet, precious children,
aged eleven and eight. Ere sins could
blight or sorrows fade, death came with

friendly care; the opening buds to heaven
conveyed, and bids them bloom up there.
Miss Belle, the only sister left, is a noble,
conscientious Christian girl. Weep not, dear
friends. "They have only gone where their
forebears are started with the beauties
that dwell in their souls." Miss Childers
was a cousin of the Misses Lloyd. I was
not personally acquainted with her. Our
tenderest sympathy is offered to the
family.

MRS. IDA MOORE.

MUNSON. Stephen Olin, son of W. B.
and Addie Cotton Munson, was born Dec.
19, 1885, and died Sept. 20, 1899. His death
was doubly sad. He and his mother had
returned home from Boerne, where they
had spent the summer, fearing to remain
at home on account of the late flood. On
their way home he contracted scarlet fe-
ver and died on the sixth day after being
stricken, leaving his home desolate and his
parents crushed. Little Stephen was a
pious child—the sunshine and light of his
home. In him were centered the brightest
hopes and fondest aspirations. He en-
deavored himself to all by his winning ways.
Grieve not, dear ones, for Jesus has taken
him gently by the hand and led him into
the "pearly gates," where sickness and
sorrow never come. Look up and know
that your angel boy will be waiting there
for you.

ALICE LIZZIE.

WILKERSON. Sybil Mate Wilkerson was
born January 14, 1894, in Jackson County,
near Mochis, Texas. The death angel sum-
moned her away from this life on the
fourth day of October, 1899, where she
sweetly rests with that class of sainted ones
whom our Savior tells us of such is the
kingdom of heaven. Let us pray for the dear
parents, A. W. and F. L. Wilkerson, and all
the household. This is the first visitation
of the death angel to this household.
He has summoned it before, always taking
those that were prepared for heaven. What
impressive calls God your loving Savior is
making to you, parents, sisters and broth-
ers. God help us to turn to him and be
sure that you may meet the loved ones.

A. G. NOLES, P. C.

Hallettsville, Texas.

CLARK. Margaret Liddle Clark, the
daughter of Mrs. R. F. and Sister N. C.
Clark, departed this life the 6th of Septem-
ber, 1899 at the old home in Lavena County,
Texas, near Boaville church, where she was
born January 15, 1892. Liddle, as we at
ways called her, was a sweet, winsome, prom-
ising girl. With her kind disposition and
happy smiles she made ties which shall
never be entirely broken. How the dear
parents and other loved ones grieved who
miss her much. Dear parents and
mourning friends, be comforted. A happy
home of your dear girl and loved one, and
meet her there. The Lord bless, save and
comfort you all. A. G. NOLES, Pastor.
Hallettsville, Texas.

WHEELER. Miss Irene Wheeler, nee
Cochran, wife of Rev. W. D. Wheeler, nee
born near Holly Springs, Miss., September,
1899; lived there until grown, and moved
to Bryan, Texas; came to Texas, and was
married to Rev. W. D. Wheeler, July 4,
1896. She professed religion and joined the
M. E. Church, South, in her thirteenth
year; died in Sulphur Springs, Texas, Sep-
tember, 1899, leaving a husband, two chil-
dren, two brothers, one sister and a number
of friends to mourn her departure. They
do not mourn as those without hope. For
she left the record of a good name and the
bright example of a beautiful Christian
character. The writer of these lines was
greatly impressed with her faith and pa-
tience. After she suffered several years she
was a child of affliction, no longer darkened her
face, always bright, cheerful, hopeful, as
tailed by the grace of her Lord. She lived
for a while in Greenville, Texas. When
gathered around her a number of children
and taught them God's word. Her mem-
bers there, observing her earnestness
and zeal, built a chapel, where the school
continues a memorial to her life and char-
acter. The one of God's children and
faithful laborer has fallen on sleep. "For-
ever with the Lord." May he comfort
those who remain as they cherish the bless-
ed hope of a reunion in the beautiful city
of God.

F. A. ROSSER.

McCALL. Little Ida, infant daughter of
Bro. D. D. and Sister Josie McCall, after a
lingering illness of several months, has been
called into the land where there is no more
sickness nor death. The fourteen months
she was permitted to remain brought joy
to the home, unalloyed save by the pain
which she suffered. But now the shadows
which clustered around her brief day are
dispelled by the Sun of Righteousness, and
her valedictory journey, made into the
home and joy to the mother's heart, is at-
tuned to heavenly melodies. There remains
not the discordant note brought forth from
a body racked with pain, but the joys of
life eternal, where their angels behold the
face of the Father who is in heaven. Our
brother and sister have found their home,
upon the revealed Word of God, and laid
their loved ones upon his altar. And they
will bow to his will and await that which
is hereafter to be revealed. May this hour
afford to them the revelation that he binds
up the hearts that are broken, and leads
by the cry of his children when they are in
trouble. With the child all is well, for in
his presence is fullness of joy.

V. A. GODFREY.

McCOY. Mrs. Nancy McMichael McCoy
was born October 12, 1812; married to Hen-
ry McCoy in her sixteenth year, and was a
widow for thirty-five years; the mother of
three daughters, two of them still living;
moved to Texas in 1851; joined the M. E.
Church, South, in her thirty-fourth year,
and lived a faithful, consistent life. She
was blind, and fell from a doorstep and
sustained injuries, from which her death
ensued. But she was full of years,
and when told that the end was near, ex-
pressed herself as ready and looking out
into the future with a Christian's faith and
hope. Her two daughters and other loved
ones will be comforted by the thought that
she has best that could while she lingered be-
tween life and death. The separation is
painful, yet they know where she has gone
they may go. "The earthly home dis-
solved, but the building of God stands for-
ever." May God comfort and sustain those
who remain, and bring them all at last to
the "city of God."

F. A. ROSSER.

GRIFITH. Oscar G. Griffith, son of
John T. and V. A. Griffith, was born Feb-
ruary 25, 1881, died at his home, near Sal-
tillo, in Hopkins County, Texas, August 22,
1899. He was baptized when a child by
Rev. W. A. Stuckey, of the North Texas
conference. He professed religion and
joined the Methodist Church at Saltillo un-

Watches by Mail. x x

Our Illustrated Catalogue for 1899, showing Watches,
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der the ministry of Rev. J. W. Clifton, in
July, 1897. Oscar was an exceptional boy,
who possessed some very noble traits of
character. He was very exemplary in his
habits, always conducting himself in such
a way as to win the love and respect of
every one who was thrown in his com-
pany. He was a young man who loved his
mother and father very dearly. His was
such a love as induces one to respect the
parents' wishes. He was always very ob-
edient to his parents' commands. He was
always ready to cheer all we would
shall always cherish with pleasure the
most cordialties he has shown us. He will
be missed from the social and the home cir-
cle by his friends and loved ones. May it
be thought to rest again in the sunlit shores
of eternal deliverance, where will be no
sorrow and sad forebodings.

W. T. MORROW.

MILLS. Simon K. Mills was born No-
vember 27, 1873; died September 12, 1899,
aged twenty-five years, nine months and
eighteen days. On May 21st last he was
happily united in marriage with Miss Flora
Hays, the writer of this sad note perform-
ing the ceremony. Less than four months
passed by, and again I was called to act as
a minister of Jesus Christ in another chap-
ter of this brief drama. We buried him in
the beautiful grave-yard at Short, Texas,
surrounded by a large concourse of rela-
tives and friends. To them all we would
say, let us not rejoice, "God death all
things well." Let his fragile and unimpaired
death warn us of our own jeopardy, and
that we, too, must die, and when the sum-
mons comes, we must meet our loved ones,
who fell asleep in Jesus, where sin and
parturings will be no more forever.

J. B. TURBENTINE.

McGUIRE. Edna, daughter of W. G. and
E. W. McGuire, aged seven years, seven
months and two days, died at Riverside,
Walker County, Texas, July 4, 1899. Little
Edna was a bright, modest, sweet-spirited
girl. Every one loved her. She gave prom-
ises, even at the early age at which she
died, of unfolding into a beautiful Chris-
tian character. She loved the Church and
Sunday-school. She was getting ready to
start to Sunday-school when taken sick,
and could not go. She died the next Wed-
nesday with congregation. Edna was fond
of singing. Her favorite song was "Follow
On." She was like a ray of sunlight in her
father's home. In the presence of afflic-
tion, a golden link has been forged to bind
the heart of those who loved her more
tenderly to God and heaven. To the bereaved
parents, brothers and sisters, may God add
his blessings. Do not weep for Edna. She
is waiting at heaven's gate for you.

I. R. GORDON, P. C.

DARBY. On September 8, 1899, God gave
to Mrs. J. I. and Sister Emma Darby a
dormant little son. They named him Leslie
Sherwood. He was such a sweet and at-
tractive child, and more fond hopes were
clustered about him; but on June 26, 1899,
the reaper, whose name is Death, came, and
before the fond parents were hardly aware
of his presence, he with his sickle reared,
and down they fell—father, tenderest flower,
only a babe, and yet that sweet life had
twined itself about the lives of father and
mother, and to-day beautiful hopes in
blooming in sorrow. Dear friends, I realize
how shallow is human sympathy in such
an hour, but I would say your sweet babe,
Sherwood, is gone, but not dead. He lives
today—lives embathed in a mother's devotion
and a father's love; but, above all, he
lives in the angelic circle of heaven. And
may you be faithful and at last meet little
Sherwood, with other loved ones gone be-
fore, in the prayer of your friend.

MARTHA D. ARDIS.

RIE. For the third time the death angel
has entered the home of J. H. and M. L.
Ries. Eva Ruth Ries was the victim of the
dread disease, the 15th of June, 1899, who
had only lived in this world for three years,
1898, ten months and eleven days. Her
brief stay was just enough to fashion all
hearts upon her. But there was no appeal,
and the angel took the flower of the house,
the latest and brightest gem. We would
not call her back to behold her dear
mother, who had loved her dearly, for she
now rests free from all weary toils. We
would not expose her heart to the wounds
of sin, and her feet to the paths of sin-
ner, but we would her pure character to
the brightening efforts of the sinners
tongue. Now the pure heart which God gave
us, we would not have back to bloom in
this world of woe, but its sweetness be an-
nounced by the breath of angels. Fair
child of home, bloom and live on in heaven
land.

W. S. MAY.

WALKER. Jane Walker (nee Smith)
was born in South Carolina in 1849, and
died at Hilsboro, Texas, September 12,
1899. Sister Walker professed religion and
joined the M. E. Church, South, in 1867.
She was married to Henry Walker in 1869.
He preceded her to the sun-bright clime by
thirteen years. Sister Walker leaves seven
little children to be comforted by God, great
that they may be brought up in the way
they should go, so that they may meet
mother in heaven.

R. L. MCINTYRE, P. C.

NEAL. Sister L. C. Neal (nee Harring-
ton) was born November 13, 1853, in Chick-
asaw County, Miss. She was married to L.
F. Neal, in 1875. She was a member of the
M. E. Church, South, in the fall of 1871.
She was elected President of McCandys Mis-
sionary Society, Mississippi, in the year
1885, which society she served several years.
The family moved to Helena, Kansas, Cham-
berlain, Texas, in 1885. In the fall of 1898, L. C.
Neal and her husband were the first to en-
tered on Helena Cemetery. I was her pastor
from that time on until her death, which
occurred July 16, 1899. I knew whenever I
called on Sister Neal to lead in public
prayer, superintendent Sunday-school, or do

any other kind of Church work, she was
ready to do anything. She left her husband
and six children, leaving a dear and loving
and loved one, in which she has died. But
our loss is her gain, and a better one is
that they may become the happy family
in heaven.

M. W. FRANCIS.

WOODS. Sister Sarah Elizabeth Wood (nee
Hays) was born in Lamar County, Ala., May
12, 1861. She was converted and joined the
M. E. Church, South, at old Asbury Church,
in early life, was married to T. W. Richard
B. Wood, January 25, 1884, and came to
Texas in a few days after their wedding,
and settled near Edna, Van Zandt County,
where they lived until the day of her death,
which came to her at 11 A. M., October 7,
1899. Sister Woods was an affectionate com-
panion, a loving and true sister, and a
true Christian, always ready to let Christ
show her husband and four little daugh-
ters to whom their love, so much not, their
love, for she only died in death to live in
heaven, for heaven opened up the dead which
die in the land from hereafter, rest, with
the Spirit, that they may see their fathers,
and their works do follow them.

T. B. VINSOON, Pastor.

Edna Clifton. Mrs. Smith, wife of J. P. Smith,
was born October 15, 1817, and departed
this life at her home in Greenville, Texas,
September 22, 1899. Sister Clifton, nee
Smith, was a devoted wife, a faithful
and a true Christian, and joined the M. E.
Church, having remained a faithful member
ever since. True to the demands of
Christianity, she was a devoted mother, and
the joys and with her dear and loved ones,
and received abundant home, the joys, sorrows
and disappointments of a long married life.
And Sister Clifton was a true mother, and
followed her. She went to sleep in peace,
in the presence of God, and the dear and
loving ones who loved her, and was an old
to her. Her faithful, true, and the
mourning will be glorious. Oh, how sweet it
will be to see her beautiful face, so true from
all sorrow and pain, for many such other
sisters.

J. R. L. TATTLERSON.

BAUGH. Emma A. Baugh, daughter of
S. M. and M. D. Baugh, was born
January 27, 1879, was married December 3,
1897, died April 1, 1899. She was converted
and joined the M. E. Church, South, and
was baptized by J. I. Vinton in 1899, and
died a true Christian, and



Worth Reading.

"You will find enclosed thirty-one one-cent stamps for one of Dr. Pierce's Medical Advisers, cloth bound," writes James E. Crumpton, Esq., of Sharpsburg, Washington Co., Md. "This book is for a friend of mine who is using your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I cannot praise your medicine too highly. I was in business in Baltimore and had rheumatism for three months; couldn't walk at all. I tried the best doctors I could get, but they did me no good. I took three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it cured me sound. I came home to Sharpsburg, and there were three cases of different diseases. I advised the patients to use Dr. Pierce's medicines, which they did, and all were cured."

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THE NEW ORPHANAGE BUILDING.

We propose to furnish the building with new furniture from top to bottom by the following plan. Each ward is divided up in 72 apartments, which consist of

2 child's enamel beds.....	\$16 00
2 all cotton mattresses.....	2 00
4 sheets.....	1 50
2 pair sheets.....	3 00
2 three-pound feather pillows.....	2 00
4 pillow slips.....	1 00
2 chairs.....	1 50
1 window shade.....	65

Total.....\$28 65

Besides office, parlor, matron's room and guests' chamber. We want every one whom God has blessed to send me a draft or postoffice money order for \$28.65, which will furnish one apartment, and wish you each year to replenish the wear and tear. Send your full address, that we may engrave it on the wall of your apartment. We have engaged one firm to fit up the Orphanage throughout, that it may be symmetrical. This is an opportunity for families, Leagues and Sunday-schools to perpetuate their name, interest and good will in our Texas Methodist Orphanage.

Please respond at once, as the roof is now being put on the building, and the children need the room for winter quarters.

Please remit to me at Corsicana. Yours for the orphans.

ABE MULKEY.

Waco, Texas, October 16, 1899.

I enclose \$28.65 for Youth's Ward in the new Orphanage building. This is a glorious work you have asked us to engage in. May God's blessings rest upon your work.

W. H. VAUGHAN.

Dear Bro. Mulkey:
Bro. Mulkey, Bishop of Waxahatchie District, said: "Take me \$2 for my assessment on the furnishing of the Gospel Chamber, Yours,"

W. H. VAUGHAN.

Corsicana, Texas, October 19, 1899.

Dear Bro. Mulkey:
I read your appeal in the Advocate for help to furnish our Orphanage, and you don't know how and it made me feel to know I could not respond with the whole amount \$28.65, but I can give \$5. I brought the matter before our League, hoping they will complete the amount. Yours,

LANTY MILLER.

Henderson, Texas, Oct. 23, 1899.

Dear Bro. Mulkey: Enclosed please find \$28.65 to be used in fitting up one apartment in the new Orphan Home. This is from the Henderson Methodist Sunday School, Henderson, Texas. I wish you success in the undertaking. Your brother, etc.,

A. S. WHITTHURST, P. C.

T. F. SLAUGHTER, Sec. M. E. S. S.

Paris, Texas, Oct. 26, 1899.

Dear Bro. Mulkey: As presiding elder of Paris District, I send you \$2 to furnish guest chamber at Orphanage. Your brother,

W. D. MOUNTCASTLE.

Proctor, Texas, Oct. 24, 1899.

Bro. A. B. Mulkey: Please find enclosed \$28.65 for the furnishing of youth's apartment by the Proctor Methodist Sunday School. The little boys and girls worked hard to make this donation. We deposited \$28.65 in the safe in one of the stores until we got it all. Let's this broke in the store and blew up the safe and took the Lord's money. I am sure if he had known it was for the orphans he would not have taken it. Then we had to scamp, push and pull to get the friends of the school to replace

it. So don't you think our Sunday school has done well? May God's blessings ever rest on our Orphanage and those who labor for it so faithfully. Very respectfully,

MRS. J. B. SMITH.

Ladonia, Texas, Oct. 18, 1899.
Dear Bro. Mulkey: Enclosed please find \$28.65 to furnish one apartment in our Orphan Home. May God pour out his blessings on you. We are yours for Christ and the Church.

DR. AND MRS. S. R. NEILSON.

Arlene, Texas, Oct. 17, 1899.
Rev. A. B. Mulkey: My Dear Brother. Enclosed find postal note for \$2, amount asked for to furnish room at Orphanage. Regards to both. Yours fraternally,

J. S. CHAPMAN.

Corsicana, Texas, Oct. 18, 1899.
Mr. A. B. Mulkey: Dear Sir. As you have prayed for my old wells to be gushers it is nothing but right that you should have part of the revenue for your orphanage enterprise, so set me down for one apartment \$28.65. I will see you later. Respectfully yours,

JAS. GARTY.

Corsicana, Texas, Oct. 18, 1899.
Dear Sir: I am with you in your Orphanage enterprise. Call on me for \$28.65 for one of the youths' apartments. Yours truly,

R. E. PRINCE.

Gainesville, Texas, Oct. 9, 1899.
Rev. A. B. Mulkey: Dear Sir: I saw your yesterday your call for funds to furnish apartments in our new Orphan Home. Please accept the enclosed \$28.65 to be used for that purpose. With my best wishes for your success.

MRS. W. H. DOUGHERTY.

SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE METHODIST ORPHANAGE.

The Board of Directors met in annual session at the Orphanage, in Waco, on the 12th of October, and were much gratified at the marked advancement of the institution during the past year. The new building was a most attractive feature, presenting an imposing appearance—a three-story brick, of two hundred feet frontage and nice architectural proportions. The roof and floors were nearing completion, and with enclosure of the building the work must cease unless \$4000, necessary to its completion, can be procured, as the charter will not allow the Church to be involved in any financial obligation. It is to be sincerely hoped that the friends of the orphan will not allow the work to stop until the building is finished and furnished, and the growing wants of the institution fully met. About \$7000 have gone into the new building, as the result of the gratuitous service of the Rev. A. B. Mulkey, which labor of love must meet the favor of God and man. Rev. R. W. Thompson, though afflicted much of the time, has for the past two or three years rendered similar gratuitous service, and with gratifying results. He, too, has the commendation of the board, as he has of his brethren and the great Father of the fatherless. These brethren are requested by the board to continue in their good work, and are heartily commended to the favor and liberality of the people.

Too much cannot be said in commendation of the Business Manager in the satisfactory and successful administration of the affairs of the Orphanage. At the end of seven years of faithful service, he presents to the Church property wisely located, well adapted to its uses, free from all encumbrance and valued at \$40,000. In addition to this site of twenty-eight acres in the western suburb of Waco, upon which the buildings are located, there is a nice little farm of seventy acres, valued at \$2000, belonging to the Orphanage, and conveniently situated for giving profitable employment to the boys when not engaged in school; also two other small tracts in distant counties, and valued at \$600. The manager keeps a faithful record of all receipts and expenditures, and presents the same to the directors for inspection at their annual meetings.

There are one hundred and thirty-four orphans under the supervision of the Manager. Of these, ninety-five are in the Orphanage, and thirty-nine have been placed in carefully selected private homes. The children have the best of educational and religious advantages, having free access to the public schools and churches of the city as well as the religious instructions of the home and kindergarten taught in the home by Miss Annie Warlick, for the benefit of those who cannot attend the public schools. The physicians of the city have generously tendered their professional services to the Orphanage free of charge. There have been a number of cases of measles and whooping cough, but no fatality, under the careful nursing of Mrs. Vaughan and her faithful assistant, Miss Georgia Warlick. The Church can but feel tender sympathy for Brother and Sister Vaughan in the tragic death of their little adopted son, "B. B.," from the accidental discharge of a gun, found in the barn by the children while at play.

Upon formal application, and under the provision of the charter, the German Mission Conference was accepted as a patronizing conference, and Rev. P. H. Hensch recognized as a member of the Board of Directors.

Rev. W. H. Vaughan is continued as the Business Manager, subject to the appointment of the presiding Bishop.

The Board earnestly hopes that the care of the Orphanage may rest more and more upon the thought and con-

science of the people—that it be remembered on thanksgiving occasions and by the Sunday-schools on Christmas occasions. In the way of donations of money, boxes of clothing, bedding, food and other useful articles.

The following assessments are recommended for adoption by the respective patronizing conferences, respectfully requesting early collections and prompt remittance: Northwest Texas Conference, \$1800; North Texas, \$1300; East Texas, \$900; Texas, \$800; West Texas, \$700; German, \$100.

Respectfully submitted,
JNO. H. McLEAN,
In behalf of the Board of Directors.

THE METHODIST ORPHANAGE.

The Board of Directors of the Orphanage met in annual session the 12th inst. Dr. J. H. McLean will furnish report. I wish to say that in the ten days just past thirteen orphans have been reported to me needing our help.

We need money as never before to finish the new building to shelter the children. I am putting every available cent of my personal means, together with the nearly \$7,000 sent me by Bro. Mulkey, into this building as fast as the mechanics can use it. We don't ask for much, only about \$3,000 from all our people. Will each one who reads this send me a piece of money at once?

In addition to the above, I want to say to our pastors (God bless them, how they have to work!) that I am now paying interest on the assessments, unpaid, for the current expenses of the home. Pardon me as I write once more, please send me the collection from your charge. It would greatly aid me just now. Do not wait till conference. Report only my receipts to me teller at conference. If you have not got one I will gladly mail you one for the money. Report all that your people have done for the Orphanage to the conference, only my receipts to the teller.

W. H. VAUGHAN.

Waco, Texas.

For Sick Headache!

Take Horford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. H. J. Wells, Nashville, Tenn., says: "It acts like a charm in all cases of sick headache and nervous debility."

"NOTA BENE"

Brotherhood members, look out! Fifty-five have not sent in their money. I told you in your notice that if you waited till conference you would forfeit your membership. You cannot afford to deprive your loved ones of this protection, and in such a trying hour as bereavement is. If you have not yet sent your fee go do so at once.

M. S. HOTCHKISS, Sec'y.

Brownwood, Texas.

A TEXAS WONDER.

HALL'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

One small bottle of Hall's Great Discovery cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, seminal emission, weak and lame back, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. Regulates bladder trouble in children. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months' treatment, and will cure any case above mentioned. E. W. Hall, sole manufacturer, St. Louis, Mo. Send for Texas testimonials. Sold by all druggists.

READ THIS.

Tyler, Texas, Dec. 2, 1896.—This is to certify that I have used Hall's Great Discovery for kidney troubles in my family, and found it to give perfect satisfaction, and cheerfully recommend it.

A. M. DUKE.

Our readers in need of Pianos or Organs should write J. H. Truesdale, Manager the great Jesse French Piano and Organ Co., 231 Elm Street, Dallas, Texas, the only Texas piano firm owning their building or a factory, thus saving you dealers' and agents' profits. Special discount to ministers and on Pipe and Reed Church Organs.

MARRIAGE NOTICES.

At the Methodist Church, South, Alpine, Texas, September 23, 1899, B. J. Sharp to Miss Florence Kate Pown, Rev. E. F. Goodson officiating.

At the Methodist Church, South, Alpine, Texas, October 16, 1899, Coleman M. Dover and Miss Effie Butler, Rev. E. F. Goodson officiating.

In the Methodist Church in Ladonia, Texas, October 11, 1899, Dr. S. Martin Genger and Miss Ruth McFarland, Rev. S. C. Riddle officiating.

At the home of the bride's parents, six miles west of Ladonia, Texas, F. C. Crawford and Miss Florence McFarland, on October 4, 1900, Uncle Charley Carlton and Rev. S. C. Riddle officiating.



UNANSWERED LETTERS.

Oct. 19.—C. R. Wright, sub. has attention. R. F. Dunn, sub.

Oct. 20.—J. T. Graham, sub. M. L. Dick-son, sub. W. J. Owens, sub. H. T. Hart, sub. S. J. Bucker, thanks; it will be attended to. J. A. Stafford, sub.

Oct. 21.—J. I. Massey, sub. J. T. Graham, sub. G. H. Phair, sub. J. C. Weaver, sub. M. L. Lindsey, sub. E. A. Smith, sub. have attention.

Oct. 22.—G. W. Davis, sub. I. T. Stafford, sub. 2 cards. J. A. Wyatt, has attention. J. M. Holt, change made. Mae M. Smith, sub. R. A. Hall, sub.

Oct. 24.—W. R. Campbell, sub. J. M. Crutchfield, sub. Geo. H. Phair, sub. 2 cards. J. Sam. Barnes, sub. S. R. Hay, sub. J. M. Armstrong, sub. S. N. Allen, sub.

sub. Chas. A. Hooper, sub. D. Knox Porter, sub.

Oct. 25.—C. S. Cameron, sub. R. F. Dunn, sub. C. E. Brown, sub. L. G. Rogers, sub.

God Almighty is going to have a great round-up some of these days and cut back all the scrubs. You had better look out.

MORPHINE. Opium, Cocaine, Whiskey, etc. Cures all diseases. Endorsed by physicians, ministers, and others. Book of particulars, testimonials, etc. free. Tobacco, etc. Wilson Chemical Co., Dublin, Tex.

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Ivers & Pond Piano Company,
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Per Annum, \$2.00.

Vol. XLVI.

EDITOR.

RECEIVING THE AFF.

The Methodist Church in its plan of appointing the congregations, while the plan may have advantages, nevertheless, less friction than that other branch of the Church. In the arrangement the renders all of his right, and the congregations, their right to select the right is delegated to his advisers. They know the congregations and also to know the qualification for service is taken into the the cabinet, and after prayer and study the made. Occasionally in an appointment, but exception to the rule. The work is a sublime best results accrue both who is sent and to the edify him. This arrangement grow out of the surrender. Methodists called of God to the the Church and saving just so they have a where this can be of amount to much where cated. They are give people, and that is true Methodist preach the people want a pre is a good and true ma is about all they den motive in the heart of a similar one in the ple, the results of an a work out with won facility. The confer preacher go, and he a ple say to him, we are and his work begin There is something presence of a body of ly awaiting orders to work. They listen appointments of the the list is finished an his place assigned his off like a well-trained very rare that you ex mur or complaining, not have gotten the ability entitles him. to it, if he does his d out of his field just ed. And some con get the preacher the they give to him the will prove in the end them than the one (There is, therefore, tion in the case of preacher on account on account of the n If all the parties con ton and the spirit things will work s the furtherance of ti you do not get wha approaching confer which is committed out disturbance go t of the Master and pi of your life. And il gation, do not get are expecting, take t coming from the Lo your prayers and