

TEXAS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

G. C. RANKIN, D. D., Editor.

Official Organ of all the Texas Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

L. BLAYLOCK, Publisher.

Vol. XLIX.

Dallas, Texas, Thursday, January 22, 1903.

No. 22.

Editorial.

THE DAILY NEWSPAPER.

The secular press is a public teacher and essays to expound questions of public interest. Its published matter is a powerful factor in the formation of public sentiment, and public sentiment is the source of law. The great city daily is especially the medium through which information is distributed and from which the facts of life are gathered. Great questions are discussed in its editorial department and its news columns are closely scanned by its large circle of readers. Its pages are read and digested by the masses of the people and they depend upon it for their knowledge of current happenings at home and abroad. It is there that they expect to find a faithful record of what is going on in the world. It tells them of politics, religion, finances, sociology, literature, science and the ordinary affairs of life. Furthermore it assumes to inform them of court proceedings, infractions of the law and the punishment of crimes. In these respects the great daily is a necessity and no home is hardly complete without it. Therefore, owing to these and other facts, the daily newspaper owes a duty to the community where it is read to give its unqualified support to the maintenance of law and order. When violations of the law are rampant and when it becomes a fact that public officials are either winking at these things, or grossly indifferent to them, then it clearly becomes its duty to let the people know something of the dangers threatening the peace and order of their community. To be silent on such questions is without excuse and unpardonable. Does the average daily paper discharge this duty? We are sorry to say that the contrary is true. Take the city of Dallas with its large per cent of cosmopolitan population, and, as we pointed out awhile back, gambling dens were running wide open and Sunday saloons were trampling the laws under their feet; and the city and county officers utterly indifferent to these infractions, not to say conniving at them, and the daily press never lifted a word of protest. It did not even let the people at large know what was going on, and never uttered one word of criticism on the negligence or connivance of the officers. And when the fact of these infractions of law and their menace to society were made known through another medium, then the daily press only called attention to what it regarded as the sensational exposure of them without giving the actual facts as they existed. And, furthermore, when the facts were collated and publicly given to a representative audience of at least one thousand people, not one of these facts and no adequate idea of the occasion which called them forth found record in the columns of the daily press. It was as silent as the grave as to that public deliverance, though hundreds of its readers in the city and out of it turned eagerly to its columns the following morning to see some account of it. Therefore we are forced to the conclusion that the people can not depend upon the great daily for information concerning these evils. It will

not publish the fact of these evils and the official neglect of them, neither will it permit any responsible writer with his signature to his communication to expose these violations of law in its columns. If the people get the facts, they obtain them from an entirely different source. And we do not hesitate to say that the average city daily does not do its duty to the people in the matters in question. By its silence it emboldens these law-breakers to defy public sentiment, and it encourages officers of the law in their utter indifference to their sworn duty. The result is that public morals are degraded and disrespect for laws increased. And our daily papers, with a few honorable exceptions, are in part responsible for this deplorable state of things.

MISAPPLIED MONEY IS A CURSE.

Money honestly gotten and properly used is one of the greatest of temporal blessings. With it we can build our families comfortable homes, furnish them elegantly, supply them with table comforts, educate our children, help the poor, build up the Church of Christ and benefit the communities in which we live. There are a thousand and one ways wherein money can be made a blessing to mankind. But if we get it at the expense of honesty, it does not matter to what use we put it we will reap the woes of ill-gotten gains. Or, if we get it honestly and then fail to use it as the stewards of God, it will not prove a blessing to us. What if we do leave thousands and thousands of dollars to our children, that very fact may prove their ruin. Do you remember the old fable of the eagle and the meat she took from the altar of sacrifices? She saw the altar and upon it the meat roasting. So she swooped down, seized it in her strong talons, bore it to the lofty rock and dropped it into her nest where her chirping young were waiting for their meal. But the live coals that adhered to the meat set the sticks of the nest on fire. The old mother eagle flapped her wings in distress and screamed with terror, but the flames devoured her eaglets. In her greed to provide for them she literally destroyed them. There are many altars of sacrifice demanding money for the uplift of humanity, but instead of our placing it thereon, we are hoarding it up for our children and through it building fires that will destroy them in the years to come. Better let it burn upon God's altars undisturbed until it is consumed in blessing the world about us, rather than drop it into some nest where its embers will consume those for whom it was stored away. Wesley's motto is still a good one for Methodists to adopt and follow: "Make all you can, save all you can, give all you can." Mr. Wesley made this the rule of his life and, as a result, he dispensed, up to the time of his death, \$250,000. True, he had no family to provide for, but he had relatives to take care of. Provision for these, however, did not interfere with his distribution of money to righteous causes. He laid none of it by for those who were to follow him. He made his money a blessing to the work he had in hand. How few Methodists to-day are systematically applying their money to help humanity

outside their own homes! But hundreds of our people are blessed with wealth, and the amount which they apply to the local work of the Church even does not approach the dignity of sacrifice. It is a mere pittance of their princely fortunes. But they are investing extensive means for their children in the years to come, and what assurance have they that it will not prove a curse to those whom they love? There may be adhering to it the embers of God that will consume them in this life and in the life to come. Fortunes never prove a blessing to all the posterity for whom intended, but almost invariably these inherited fortunes bring curses. If we could prevail upon our well-to-do people to think of these matters religiously and then proceed to apply some of their gains to the great work of the Church, there is scarcely any limit to be placed upon the good that would follow. Instead of heaping fire upon the heads of their children, it would make stalwart men and women out of them.

THE DOWNTOWN CHURCH A NECESSITY.

In the cities and larger towns the permanent resident population is drifting away from the centers to the suburbs. It is more pleasant to build and own a home and live away from the business section, and the street car systems are making this very convenient. Hence but comparatively few people in the city live very near the center, where the business and the trade are carried on. And as the people drift from the business centers, they are building their school edifices out where the most of them live, because it is more convenient for their children to attend them. And not only so, but they are also building their Church houses in the same localities and for the same reasons. As a result the downtown Church is being deserted in many places, and how to keep it up and support it is becoming one of the city problems on the hands of the religious people. In a number of our Northern cities they are adopting many new plans to meet this issue. One of the most popular is what they call the Institutional Church. And this means a Church with an association room, a gymnasium, a reading department, a kindergarten, an employment bureau, etc. But in our section we have not yet come to this, but we have come to the problem of the downtown Church. We recognize the fact that it is a necessity. As a matter of fact the Church that commands public sentiment and impresses itself upon public opinion is the strong central Church. It is so across the sea, and it is true in our large Northern cities. It is true in every city. No suburban Church controls and directs the moral sentiment of city life. It is the Church situated in the center with a strong man at the head of it. When he speaks on the burning questions of the day and on the great themes of the gospel, he has a hearing from all classes of people. This was the secret of Joseph Parker's ministry in London. He was a strong man right in the business center of that great metropolis. Then

too there are hundreds and often thousands of people who depend upon the central Church for the gospel. True, they are not all permanent. Rather the most of them are transient, but they need to hear the truth and they are not going to the suburban Church to hear it. We have to keep it within their reach. For these and many other reasons the downtown Church is a necessity. To support and maintain it some of the city people will have to sacrifice their convenience and comfort. Instead of all of them belonging to the Church in their suburban neighborhoods, where it is more convenient to attend it, they will have to continue their membership at the center and throw their influence where it is most needed. If they all drift to the suburban places of worship, the center will be deserted and neglected. We are not advocating congestion at the center, but such a distribution of the forces as to take care of the kingdom of Christ in the center as well as in the residence sections of our city population. While caring for the one we must not neglect to provide for and support the other.

If people say good and true things about you, try to remember them and feel grateful; but if they speak evil things about you, try to forget them unless they are true. In this event you will find it profitable to examine into your heart and see where you are rightfully spoken evil of and proceed to remove the cause. In this way our enemies sometimes render us a service that our friends can not do for us. Our friends are looking for our virtues, but our foes are looking for our faults and weaknesses.

Christ left no mechanical rules for the government of human life and conduct. He had one broad rule whose full meaning finds its expression in one word and that word is love. If this principle finds its way into the human heart then the heart will take in God and it will take in man. When we love God and love men the rest of the law will take care of itself. "God is love," and where love dominates no ill can come. To embody love in the life is to embody all that is good and noble in the universe.

A woman was the first person to offer her hospitality to St. Paul when he entered Europe with the gospel. Lydia opened her door to him and bade him welcome during his stay in Philippi. We are not surprised at this, for the gospel is the hope of woman-kind. Wherever it is not preached and practiced women are the slaves and burden-bearers of the race. The truth invests woman with the dignity and sanctity to which she is entitled by virtue—the place assigned her by her Creator. Sin and oppression have pulled her down from this lofty position, but the gospel comes and lifts her back to its possession. All countries under Christian civilization accord to women the advantages of culture, of social prestige, of courtesy from the opposite sex and freedom of mind and conscience. Not so in heathen countries. Of all the people who ought to stand by the gospel and those who proclaim it, it is the women of the world.

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UNANSWERED LETTERS.

—W. H. Head, sub. Mac M. Smith, C. Dickson, sub. J. S. Huckabee, C. Cameron, sub. H. B. Laney, L. L. Neime, sub. T. M. Kirk, sub. uncll, sub. R. F. Dunn, sub. J. Strong, sub. H. J. Hayes, sub. F. eber, sub. C. Williamson, change Nat. H. Road, sub. E. L. Shettles, J. T. H. Miller, sub.
—W. W. Graham, sub. J. M. Hubs, M. I. Brown, sub. J. P. Ar-orrection, made. A. G. Scruggs, I. A. Thomas, sub. W. B. Wilson.
—D. L. Dupuy, sub. J. E. Sher-trial, sub. J. W. Harmon, sub. Gardner, sub. S. P. Nevill, trial cards. W. J. Blodworth, trial Jno. A. Goodwin, sub. A. P. Lips-sub. J. S. Tunnell, sub. F. L. Mc-sub. G. L. Philer, sub. T. W. sub. R. B. Young, change made.
—W. T. Morrow, sub. G. H. Col-d, sub. Jas. A. Walker, sub. A. G. sub. Jno. W. Holt, sub. W. B. wn, sub.
—A. L. Sealer, sub. L. A. Han-th, M. S. Hotchkiss, sub. L. H. sub has attention.

Notice.

at the address of W. C. Porter T. Clary. Will some one please me with them at once? It will be appreciated. R. G. MOOD, Sec. North Texas Conference, e, Texas.

Illustration this week de from a photo-graph of well-sinking and peering machinery sent to South Africa the development



dr water and being prob- HE AMERI- C W E L L KS, Aurora, Ill., U. S. A., which are pioneers in the West of this of machinery. It is of the most e construction consistent with its range of work. The submerged flue is of ample capacity, the engine is vertical reversing type, especially for such work, belted to double walking beam, which makes them ptible of the highest rate of speed. s need of Compressed Air, Steam or r Pumps or Gasoline Engines, refer the Firm with your speed-

Edgar Allan Poe as a Poet No. 1

By the Late E. Clement Hunter, A. B.

Of all the authors who have figured in American literature, perhaps no one is the subject of so much dispute as Edgar Allan Poe. There have been circulated so many conflicting reports as to his life and character that it is difficult, and indeed sometimes seemingly impossible, to discover the real, unprejudiced truth. The common story of his life as a genius who had led a life of intemperance, and finally died of delirium tremens—for which respect his rival and unscrupulous enemy, Griswold, is responsible—probably contains as little truth as does the biographical sketch published by some over-zealous editor of his works, which represents him as all but a saint. The one would have us believe him as great a reprobate as Byron, while the other personifies us he is as pure-minded as Longfellow. As to his life and character, every one is left to his own individual investigation; but all must agree that, whatever else he may have been guilty of, he never, at any time, as did Byron, write anything which would have the slightest debasing effect upon the purest and most innocent character of earth. Great as are the discrepancies exhibited by his biographers, yet, if possible, the opinions expressed by the literary critics as to the merit of his poetical productions differ far more widely. Upon the one hand, we hear it stated by the scholarly professor that "The Raven" simply serves as an example of the adaptation of sound to sense; while, upon the other, we hear it proclaimed from the lecture platform that "it is the greatest literary production written on this side of the Atlantic."

Do you ask why all this conflict? Why so many opposing opinions? Do you ask why all agree that Longfellow was a great poet and that his "Evangeline" is a masterpiece? Well, none could the poetical inspiration of Tennessee, and that his "In Memoriam" is a classic, and yet the most eminent critics differ as to whether or not Poe possessed the highest poetical instinct, or whether his "The Raven" is simply an "example of the adaptation of sound to sense" or the greatest literary production written on this side of the Atlantic? Then, if the reader will bear with me, and not think it presumptuous in me, I will give what I believe to be the three reasons why Poe is not universally conceded to be one of the greatest poets of America, and why his "The Raven," "Annabel Lee," "The Bells," "Lenore" and "Ulalume" are not looked upon by every one as masterpieces.

Poe purposely avoided infusing into his poetry philosophical truths, and this, in connection with the fact that music is the predominant characteristic of all his versification, has given the cold, unemotional reasoning critic an opportunity to say that Poe's poetry is without meaning. I would call to the minds of such critics the fact that, although philosophy and practical truths pervade some of our best poetry, yet rhyme, metre and verse are not best adapted to the philosopher's purposes, but should be kept sacred for the expression of the inspired sentiments of the poet. But while Poe touched the emotional instead of the intellectual nature (as I believe all true poets do), yet the following expresses a thought which to me lies "too deep for tears":

"Take this kiss upon the brow,
And, in parting from you now,
Thus much let me avow:
You are not wrong who deem
That my days have been a dream;
Yet if hope has flown away
In a night, or in a day,
In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less gone?
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream."
"I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand,
How few, yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep, while I weep,
Oh, that I had not gripe
Them with a tighter clasp!
Oh, that I had not saved
One from the pitiless wave!
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?"

Again, what poet has expressed the power of mighty love in more harmonious and beautiful language that did Poe when he said:

"But our love it was stronger by far than
The love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
Nor the demure down under the sea,
Can ever discover my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
For the moon never beams without bring-
ing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I feel the
bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by
the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and
my bride
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea."

Poe advanced certain views and theories concerning poetry which were antagonistic to other and preconceived ideas held by the critics, and for this reason they were rashly pronounced nonsensical. Now I would not pretend

to say that Poe's "Philosophy of Composition" and his "Principles of Poetry" are either of them invaluable to the author and critic; yet I doubt not that they contain certain fundamental truths which have had an almost incalculable influence upon the productions of other men. His explanation as to how he wrote "The Raven" may be studied with profit, while his definition of poetry, the rhythmical creation of beauty with taste as its sole arbiter, will certainly hold good for the best if not for all true poetry. And it must be remembered that one of his poems, which best illustrates his definition, is one of the very best of his poetical productions. Let not his theories of composition detract from the valuation you would otherwise place upon his poetry.

J. Poe once said of Mr. Pinckney: "It was his misfortune to be born too

instead of being a sort of demi-god who "sings as the linnet sings and pipes because he must."

TWENTY YEARS IN HOLSTON.

The study of the Holston Conference roll for twenty years past is quite interesting to this writer. In 1866 he was called to act as Assistant Secretary, and in 1873 issued the "Holston Annual," which has continued to be the title of Holston's year-book.

In 1875, becoming interested in the official history of the conference for the fifty years of its existence, the names of the preachers who had been received into conference membership were printed in the "Annual" in the order of the years when admitted. The preachers admitted from 1824 to 1875 numbered 369. This list was styled the "Semi-Centennial Roll." Those who were transferred by the Bishops to Holston were not counted, nor were those who were re-admitted from year to year. This roll was continued in

preachers in our bounds. Such has been the expansion of the work since 1882, when there were 131 charges, including those in Western North Carolina, that now, after parting with that territory, we have 173 charges, so that we have need of a large number of the young locals for the pastorate. Holston in the twentieth century has a consecrated ministry.

In 1894 the present editor of our official record began to publish in the "Annual" a list of the deceased members of the conference. With considerable labor, information as to when each of these was admitted on trial, and several other items, were included in this historic feature. Studying this roll for the past twenty years, we find that fifty-two members of Holston Conference have been called to the reward in heaven. In this list are some who were prominent in conference work and gave the Church long and faithful service. To name John D. Baldwin, Timothy Sullins, George Stewart, Andrew J. Frazier, Geo. W. Miles, John



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WALL SCHOOL, HONEY GROVE, TEXAS.

far South." How much truth this statement with reference to Mr. Pinckney contains I know not; but it can not be denied that, although Poe was born in Boston, yet the fact that he was reared and educated in the South, and was truly a Southern poet, is at the same time a most whimsical and perhaps the chief reason for his cold reception in America. If this be not true, why is it that foreign lands place a higher estimation upon him than we do? To my mind the true solution is this: The North is prejudiced against him, and the South, puppet-like, depends upon the North for text-books and upon Northern critics to dictate to her as to whom we shall read and as to what she shall consider classic. Let the Southern youth blush no longer that his section has produced no great poet, but let him proudly hold in reverence the names of Lanier and Poe; for these poets, like "the Man of Galilee," are not without honor, save in their own country.

Now let not the impression be made that these three objections to Poe, and the answers given, are thought to cover the entire ground; but, far from it, there can be no doubt that numerous other circumstances have conspired to detract from his fame. But let us desist from this argumentation and for a short while disabuse our minds of any prejudices either for or against him, in order that we may the better study his characteristics as a poet and the distinguishing features of his poetry. Perhaps no poet ever had so many and so well-defined characteristics as did Poe, and consequently it would be practically impossible to give a thorough discussion of them within the narrow limits of the present paper, even if the still more narrow limits of the author's ability might be removed, but a few of his most prominent ones will be mentioned. To use a poetical expression, Poe in one sense of the word had a profound regard for the Muse, while in another respect he seems to have utterly disregarded her. By the first I have reference to the fact that Poe never wrote poetry to order, as have most poets, and especially the poets laureate of England, when they would compose in rhyme for some state occasion, upon perhaps a most prosaic subject, and call it poetry. Poe seldom ever wrote in verse unless he was in a poetical mood and had some poetical thought upon a poetical subject. But while this is true, yet he himself unveiled the poet and threw aside that shroud of mystery which other poets have so long delighted to draw about themselves, he thinking it no reflection upon the poet to count him a man as other men, and composed in the same scientific, methodical way as do writers of prose,

the "Annual" for two years succeeding, being arranged, after 1875, in alphabetical order for convenience in finding any name wanted. In the issue for 1883, being the year before the "centennial" of "American Methodism," this alphabetical and chronological roll was again revised and given to the ministers and members of Holston Methodism. The roll then contained 446 names. Since 1883, while the "Annual" has been very much improved and many important items have been added, this roll has not been republished. The additions to the membership by those admitted into full connection number 171, making the total of this list 617 since 1824.

This number, 171, admitted from 1883 to 1902, shows an average of eight members each year. The largest ingathering was in 1888, when sixteen were admitted. The smallest was in 1902, there being only two admitted.

These figures indicate a faithful and earnest pastorate in Holston territory, showing that the Churches in these hills measure up very well in power of spiritual work for the production of ministers. While it is not possible to separate the country-raised from those whose residence and school privileges were in the towns, yet a good many years of observation show that young ministers coming to the pastorate in Holston charges are largely from rural homes and schools. Indeed, Emory and Henry College, as well as some other schools in this country, has a country location. It would be well to still further encourage the country people to patronize the schools away from saloon influence.

The constant supply of ministers from year to year, as shown in our published record for twenty years, is very gratifying. To show that we have not kept all these accessions to our home workers, it may suffice to state the number of transfers to other conferences. Since 1883 the Bishops have taken out of Holston eighty transfers and have brought to Holston only forty-four members. Perhaps half of these were Holston men returned, after some years in other fields. Among the men of good talents given by Holston to other conferences we name the following: J. L. Kennedy, D. W. Carter, E. Tilley, J. R. Stewart, R. H. Parker, E. Atkins, G. C. Rankin, Jas. Atkins, C. M. Bishop, Frank Siler and W. W. Bays.

These all began work in Holston. We might add to this list quite a number of honored names of those who are useful in distant States.

In the matter of locations the annual minutes for twenty years show only thirty-five preachers located in Holston. This accounts in some measure for the apparent decrease of local

M. McTear, E. E. Wiley, R. W. S. Bishop, H. P. Waugh, W. G. E. Cunningham and John H. Keith is sufficient to stir the memories of all Holston itinerant workers. Others who served shorter periods or were assigned to less prominent places will not fall of being honored in the memory of our people.

Since the writer began work as an itinerant, in 1861, eighty-nine of Holston's preachers have died, and of the names on the roll in 1861 only eighteen now remain, showing very nearly a complete change of workers in forty years.

Many other items of our annual record might engage our attention, but these will suffice for the present. The increase of the workers for twenty years is not much in advance of the increase of laborers from 1824 to 1875, the average addition to the conference membership being seven for fifty years.

May the Lord add to the number of Holston ministers and bless their labor until the ingathering of souls to the Church shall be sevenfold more than in these last years of the nineteenth century. J. R. PAYNE, Limestone, Tenn.

FROM CHINA.

The late session of our conference was held in Shanghai from October 22 to the 27th. Bishop Galloway, after an absence of eight years, was with us again, and by his direction of the conference proceedings and pulpit ministrations, he greatly delighted and edified the members of the mission. During his first visit he won our hearts completely, as we then thought, but what shall I say of this visit—for Mrs. Galloway came with him this time, and in her own charming manner soon made a large place for herself in our hearts.

The pleasure of the conference was increased greatly by the presence of Bros. G. R. Loehr and E. Pilley, who had recently returned to the field after a vacation in America. You may be sure we gave them a hearty welcome back to our ranks. Bro. Loehr spent most of his vacation visiting the conferences and Churches in Georgia. Bro. Pilley, as you are aware, devoted his time to visiting the conferences and Churches in Texas. They both return in fine health and are now already engaged in the work.

I must not fail to mention the recruits who have been sent out to strengthen our ranks. These consist of Dr. A. G. Hearn, Mrs. Hearn and the two-year-old baby boy. Dr. Hearn is a younger brother of the Rev. T. A. Hearn, the presiding elder of the Huchow District. He comes to the field

after making thorough preparation to do medical work. He found the work waiting for him, and is now busily engaged in studying Chinese in the morning and holding a clinic in the evening. The prospects of success in this work are very encouraging.

In addition to the new missionaries above mentioned, the staff of this station was further strengthened by appointing Bro. E. Pilley to the West Huchow Circuit. We give him a warm welcome to our little circle, and the Bishop has given him one of the finest, and, I may add, one of the neediest fields in China. He is making his home with my family, and we shall endeavor to make him as comfortable and happy as a bachelor can be.

The work in this district is more encouraging than formerly. The reports at conference showed that more than one hundred members were received during the year. Also, there is a large number enrolled as probationers.

Last year there were sixty members received on the Huchow Circuit; and the present year promises most gracious results. Since conference I have visited San Joa Poo, in the southern part of this circuit, and received three members. To my mind the future prospects of the gospel were never so bright as at the present. The anti-foreign wave that swept over the country early this year, as a result of increased taxation to pay the indemnities to the Powers, seems to be subsiding, and the people are turning to us with greater friendship than ever.

You must permit me to say that you are making a paper that is doing a great service to the Church of God. Hurrah for the Texas Advocate!

J. L. HENDRY.

IT WAS A VALUABLE SERMON.

I have just read Bro. Harris' semi-centennial sermon with great interest. It is not simply a valuable historic production, but some of the facts he mentions ought to be very valuable to us in shaping the future work of the Church in our great State. Who that knows the history of Harrison's school in San Antonio and the great success that has attended it in that hotbed of Roman Catholicism doubts that such a work ought to be done in Houston? We know the general plan of education adopted by our General Board and sanctioned by the Church does not contemplate the establishing of training schools where they are not really needed, but who will say that a Methodist school for girls is not needed in Houston, where Catholicism is so alert and is pushing its work with such energy? The cost of Catholic schools in Galveston and Houston exceeds perhaps the value of all the Methodist schools in the State. It is the opinion of this writer that we will not be able to hold the position we now have in Houston without the inauguration of some educational work there. If we could plant a good training school for girls there it ought to be a success from the start.

B. H. GREATHOUSE, Jacksonville, Texas.

PASTORAL ENERGY.

Toil is a condition of success in any business. The pastor is the servant of God and the Church. His vocation demands every pound of strength, every moment of time at his command. He eats the bread of the Church, and by the sweat of his face it ought to be earned. Some men are physically energetic, but mentally lazy. In this case the pulpit suffers. Some are studious, but are poor hands at wearing out sole leather in pastoral visiting. It is often heard in the Bishop's cabinet, "Please send us a pastor."

The pastor is entitled to much discretion as to where he should spend his energy, but is honor bound to "never be unemployed, never be triflingly employed, never trifle away time."

When we think of the use that Paul, Wesley and Asbury made of their time, is there not occasion for much self-censure? When we see men toiling for the perishing things of earth—how they work early and late—shall not the shepherd of a flock employ his every hour in the discharge of his high calling?

Have the poor been cared for? Do we visit most where it is most pleasure to us and not where we are most needed?

"Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock I would disdain to feed?"

Is the complaint of Church pride and neglect of the poor wholly unfounded? "Especially visiting the sick." The sick room often furnishes an opportunity for the pastor to win his way to the heart. "I was sick and ye visited me." When the foot falls lightly—whether on the velvet carpet or dingy floor—the shepherd of the flock should be there.

Let us begin this new year by a determination to spend all our time for the glory of God and the good of immortal souls, and to neglect no part of the work expected of an all-round pastor.

S. J. VAUGHAN, Cisco, Texas.

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Devotional and Spiritual

HINDRANCES.

When the tide of spiritual religion is at a low ebb there is some hindrance. It may be something the members of the Church are doing or something they are not doing that hinders. By the mouth of His holy prophet the Lord said unto His ancient people: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

If the windows of heaven are not opened there is some hindrance. If children and young people are not brought into the Church in large numbers; if hardened sinners are not converted; if men and women, instead of going on to perfection, are going back to the world; if prayer does not prevail and preaching does not produce any visible effect; if the Church, instead of being built up every day, declines every day, and Zion languishes, there is some dreadful hindrance.

In the spring we look for leaves to unfold and flowers to bloom. If this should not occur we would be alarmed. Men would say to their neighbors, "It is May, and yet there is not a leaf to be seen, not a flower in the garden. There is some hindrance." Scientists would meet and discuss the strange condition. Perhaps the President would appoint a commission of scientists to make a thorough investigation. They might discover that an invisible insect was doing the mischief. Then no pains would be spared to find a remedy.

The work of God in nature may be hindered. The work of God's grace may be hindered also. It may be some invisible agency that is doing the mischief. How shall we discover the trouble? It is not the work of the scientist. This hindrance cannot be discovered by the microscope and the chemical laboratory. We cannot discover it by the unaided powers of the mind. If we were to make the investigation we should make great blunders. One might see a mote in his brother's eye and cry out, "I have found it. There is the hindrance." But lo, a beam is in his own eye.

There is One who can find the evil and show it to us. He is the Searcher of hearts. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." Pray to God to search out the evil, and it shall be found and dragged to the light. Let each for himself say, "O Lord, search me, and prove me, and see if there be any wicked way in me."—N. Y. Advocate.

THE SPIRIT OF FORGIVENESS.

There is as much need for daily prayer for forgiveness as for daily prayer for raily bread. It is true that we have bodies, and that being so there is as much need that we should pray for the spiritual cleansing as for the temporal sustenance. We are to be the manifestations of God in the world, and just as Jesus Christ represented God, so we, living the Christ-life, are to mirror forth God to man in the physical absence of our spiritual Master. Is the world better for our living in it? If not, our influence is counting upon the wrong side, for in this matter we cannot be neutral.

We need to cultivate the forgiving spirit. If I cannot forgive my brother who has wronged me, there may be something wrong with him, but there is a good deal more that is wrong with me. If the forgiving spirit is absent from my life, the less I say about the religion of Jesus Christ the better. "O," says some one, "I will forgive the man, but he does not need to say anything more. I wonder, if God

had acted like that, how it would have fared with some of us. It comes to this, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we also have forgiven them that trespass against us, but forget it we never will." It is blasphemy to thus pray.

We are so to incorporate the Spirit of Christ that we are to live His life, forgiving men their trespasses. This does not mean merely letting things go. That may be laziness. Forgiveness is something more; it is the heroism of self-conquest, it is the triumph of the spiritual, it is man mastering himself. This is the victory that overcometh the world, even the faith that forgives and is strong; for any faith must be strong that has in it the element of forgiveness.—The Consecrated Life.

THE REHABILITATION OF A WRECK.

One evening during our recent meeting, in which God so graciously manifested his favor and power in the conversion of many souls, I saw a man sitting in the last row of chairs against the wall. There was a furtive, half-frightened look about the man. I watched him closely during the opening exercises. He sat very quiet, and seemed to be the most interested person in the house in what the preacher said. When the invitation was given to all who desired salvation to come to the altar of prayer, I went back to where he was sitting. I have seen many living pictures of misery and sin, but the man before me was the embodiment of more apparent degradation and wretchedness than I remember ever to have seen expressed in one human being. His iron-gray hair was long and unkempt; his face and his hands were so black with grime that one could hardly be sure that they were the face and hands of a white man. His clothes were dirty and ragged; he was a pitiable and far from attractive object.

There have been times, I fear, in my ministry that I would have passed the miserable man by as too repulsive, too low, for a self-respecting person to come in close touch with, for fear of contamination. But since I have been in this great city, working among the multitudes gathered here by the employment offered in our great steel-mills, God has taught me the lesson he taught Peter upon the housetop at Joppa by the sheet let down from heaven. And no lesson of my life has been of so much value to me.

I sat down by the wretched man, and spoke kindly to him about his soul. He made respectful and intelligent replies to my questions, and I found him to be surprisingly intelligent. I could stay with him but a few moments, as my presence was needed at the altar to give further direction to the meeting. During the progress of the meeting one or two others sat down beside the poor fellow, and had some conversation with him. When the meeting was over, the question with us was: "What shall we do with this man?" He was unquestionably a veritable tramp. And we knew that it is one of the tricks of the professional tramp to visit Churches at the time of revival services, to secure from the pastor or some other sympathetic man a night's lodging. But while we all knew that our man was a tramp, some of us felt that there was still left in the wreck a fragment of manhood large enough for God's grace and human kindness to accomplish something in the way of restoration. He was too dirty for any of us to think of taking him home with us for the night. And there were other sufficient reasons why this could not be done safely. There was no public house in the part of the city where our Church is located, to which we could send him. We

would not send him to the police-station.

It was finally concluded to give him money, and send him down into the city to a suitable place of entertainment. When it was learned by some what we had done, there was much wagging of heads and whispered criticism of what had been done. And I confess that I was not altogether clear that we had acted wisely; but as we went home we comforted ourselves that whatever the man might do with the money we had given him, our motives were right. When Tuesday evening came and our man did not put in an appearance, then the wise ones, by their actions, if not by their words, said: "We told you so." And those of us who had tried to help the man looked at one another just a little bit crestfallen, and said nothing. There was nothing to say.

But our triumph came when we went to Church Wednesday night, for there sat our man. He had managed to remove the top layer of dirt from his face and hands, but he was still a very dirty and miserable looking mortal. He sat in his old place, on the last row up against the wall. During the singing of the first hymn after the sermon I noticed that he was very uneasy. He stepped from one foot to the other, and seemed almost imperceptibly to be moving toward the aisle. One of the men who had been most deeply interested in the case whispered to me: "Shall I go back and speak to him?" I replied, "Not now." We sang the hymn through, and knelt to pray. During the prayer I felt that something unusual had taken place. I lifted my head, and just where the aisle connects with the space before the altar rail was kneeling the tramp. I have seen a good many men kneeling before God in sorrow and sin, crying for mercy, but no man ever stirred my soul as a seeker after God as did that dirty, ragged tramp. The tragic and pathetic suggestions of that picture I shall never forget. I got up and went over to the man, took him by the arm, and led him to the altar. And, kneeling there, he poured out his penitent cry for mercy. It was the meeting and reconciliation between the Father and the returning prodigal.

At the close of the meeting I gave an opportunity for those who had been saved during the evening to speak. My tramp was among the first to rise. A dead silence fell on the congregation. He began with these words: "Wish I could make you understand the awful loneliness of a man who finds himself in the world without friends, without hope, without God, without faith in man or any good. That for years has been my condition." Then he continued to tell us in a quiet and humble manner just a little of his unfortunate and misguided life, closing by his gratitude that God in His mercy had at last enabled him to dimly and feebly lay hold on Jesus Christ for help. Those who were present that night will never forget the manner and testimony of the tramp. It seemed to me though I were looking on a soul who had been so near hell that the scorch of the flames was on his garments. The incident tremendously quickened and strengthened our faith. To that poor sinner God gave "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

We secured him a place to board, we found him employment, we furnished him an opportunity for a bath—the first, I fear, he had in many months—we provided him with warm underwear and a suit of clothes. When he came into Church last Sunday night we hardly knew him—he was about the best-looking man among us. At the close of the after service I gave an invitation to those who had been converted to join the Church. I saw the tramp coming; I wanted to run down the aisle, and meet him. I have re-

ceived hundreds of men into the Church, but I take God to witness that I never took the hand and name of any man at the altar of the Church when my heart was so happy and grateful as when I took the name and hand of this converted tramp.

I have told this story hoping that some of the joy it has brought to my soul might be felt by others, and with a desire to honor and magnify the name of Him who "came to seek and to save that which was lost."

"Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings he buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand, awakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

—Christian Advocate.

THE MORNING PRAYER.

There is a freshness about the early morning that belongs to no other period of the day. The sun has a more kindly brightness and the air a fresh crispness that are largely lost as the day grows older. Upon awaking we throw open the window and let in the buoyant atmosphere of the new-born day. It fills our lungs and brightens our eye and makes us feel how good it is to live.

What the new-born day is to our physical nature, the morning prayer is to the life of the soul. It is opening the windows of the heart that the clear air of heaven may flow in. It reinvigorates the life within us and turns our thoughts toward the One we love the most. It is a source of renewed strength, and gives a buoyancy to the spiritual step and a clearness to the inner vision. It floods the heart with the breath of life and bathes it in the sunshine of God's smile.

We could not live without the morning prayer. By it we take up again our proper position to eternal things. As the morning reminds us that we are members of a home, holding relationship to its inmates and duties toward those whom we love, so our morning prayer reminds us that we are members of God's family. We say, "Our Father," and by so naming him proclaim our relationship to all his other children. We thus remind ourselves of his love for and care over us, and of the precious relationship we sustain to him. The morning prayer puts us in the right place, opening our eyes to the clear shining of his countenance upon us.—Selected.

A PSALM OF NIGHT.

I lifted up my heart unto God in the watches of the night.

About me were the deep shadows, but above me were the everlasting stars.

The constellations were bright with thy presence. The far-off worlds were like mist upon the mountains at the coming of the day.

And I beheld a star falling from heaven through a burning fire; yet it passed not from my dominion, nor beyond the strength of the hand of the Almighty.

And I saw that there was no change because of thy wayward one. Of all thy heavenly host, not one turned aside from the track appointed.

Even as I beheld, I remembered my wrath against mine enemy; and it passed from me as a little thing, and was no more.

Beside me were shadows of great trees, but thou wast there. At my feet was the black river, and the chill of fear was upon it; yet thou wast there also. After I saw the night-lamp set in the shadow of death; yet even there thou wast present, and thy hands held safe the gift of Immortal Life.

From the meadows I heard the soft rustle of the winds of the night, and in the east I beheld the promise of the coming of dawn.

The birds of the wood murmured

Chimney with nobody's name on it.

Who's responsible for it?

Not MACBETH.

If you'll send your address, I'll send you the Index to Lamps and Show Glasses, to tell you what number to get for your lamp.

Mason's, Pittsburgh.

pen-fully to one another in the thickets, and the darkness became as a tent that covers the sleep of a friend.

I will say of thy Presence, "It is my comfort," of thy strength, "It is my protection and defense in many troubles." For the night and the shadows are thine, and thy great mercy has given to thy children the soothing touch of darkness and the light of quiet stars.

Lo, who shall comprehend thy glory or enter into the fullness of thy grace? Open, then, our eyes, and grant to us to know and trust thee, even amid the darkness of the watches of the night.—O. R. Washburn, in Christian Register.

"TAKE HEED HOW YE HEAR."

There is a grace of kind listening as well as a grace of kind speaking. Some men listen with an abstracted air, which shows that their thoughts are elsewhere. Or they seem to listen, but by wide answers and irrelevant questions show that they have been occupied with their own thoughts, as being more interesting, at least in their own estimation, than what you have been saying. Some interrupt, and will not hear you to the end. Some hear you to the end, and then forthwith begin to talk to you about a similar experience which has befallen themselves, making your case only an illustration of their own. Some mean to be kind, listen with such a determined, lively, violent attention that you are at once made uncomfortable, and the charm of conversation is at an end. Many persons, whose manners will stand the test of speaking, break down under the trial of listening. But all these things should be brought under the sweet influence of religion.—F. W. Faber.

DID YOU EVER KNOW

That Improper Food Often Causes the Liquor Habit?

It's a great proposition to get rid of a taste for liquor by changing food.

"About three years ago," writes a man from Lowry City, Mo., "my appetite failed me and my food disagreed with me. I got weak and nervous and felt dull and entirely unfit for business, then like a fool I went to taking liquor to stimulate an appetite. For a time that seemed to help and I congratulated myself on finding so simple a remedy. But alas! I had to take more and more all the time until I got so that I could not get along without the whisky, and I was in a pitiable condition."

I tried to quit but that seemed impossible as I needed nourishment and my stomach rejected food and the more whisky I drank the worse I got. I kept fighting this battle for more than two years and almost gave up all hope.

I noticed an advertisement of Grape-Nuts in the paper and concluded to try it. I found I could eat Grape-Nuts with a relish and it was the first food that I found nourished me in a long time. Soon my stomach trouble stopped, my appetite increased, the craving thirst relaxed until all desire for drink was gone. I have used Grape-Nuts constantly for over a year and I am now strong and robust, entirely cured from drink and able to work hard every day. My gratitude for Grape-Nuts is unspasmodic as it has saved my life and reputation."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

making thorough preparation to deal work. He found the work for him, and is now busily engaged in studying Chinese in the night and holding a clinic in the day. The prospects of success in work are very encouraging.

In addition to the new missionaries mentioned, the staff of this station further strengthened by adding Bro. E. Pilley to the West Circuit. We give him a warm welcome to our little circle, and the Lord has given him one of the need-eds in China. He is making his home with my family, and we shall endeavor to make him as comfortable as a bachelor can be.

Work in this district is more encouraging than formerly. The reports received showed that more than a hundred members were received the year. Also, there is a large number enrolled as probationers.

This year there were sixty members added on the Huchow Circuit; and the present year promises most gratifying results. Since conference I have had San Joa Poo, in the southern part of this circuit, and received three converts. To my mind the future prospects of the gospel were never so bright as at the present. The anti-taxation wave that swept over the country this year, as a result of the Powers, seems to be subsiding and the people are turning to a greater friendship than ever. I must permit me to say that you are doing a service to the Church of God in the Texas Advocate!

J. L. HENDRY.

WAS A VALUABLE SERMON.

We just read Bro. Harris' seminal sermon with great interest, not simply a valuable historic document, but some of the facts he has ought to be very valuable to shaping the future work of the Church in our great State. Who that knows the history of Harrison's school in Antonio and the great success as attended it in that hotbed of Catholicism doubts that such a school ought to be done in Houston? Now the general plan of education adopted by our General Board and used by the Church does not contemplate the establishing of train-schools where they are not really needed, but who will say that a Methodist school for girls is not needed in Houston, where Catholicism is so alert pushing its work with such energy? The cost of Catholic schools in Houston and Houston exceeds perhaps the value of all the Methodist schools in the State. It is the opinion of a writer that we will not be able to maintain the position we now have in Houston without the inauguration of educational work there. If we want a good training school for here it ought to be a success he start.

B. H. GREATHOUSE,
sonville, Texas.

PASTORAL ENERGY.

It is a condition of success in any work. The pastor is the servant of the Church. His vocation demands every pound of strength, every minute of time at his command. He is the bread of the Church, and by the sweat of his face it ought to be made. Some men are physically energetic but mentally lazy. In this case the pastor suffers. Some are studious, poor hands at wearing out sole in pastoral visiting. It is often in the Bishop's cabinet, "Please send a pastor."

A pastor is entitled to much dis-ress to where he should spend his energy, but is honor bound to be unemployed, never to trifle away

we think of the use that Paul and Asbury made of their strength? There is no occasion for much sure? When we see men tolling the perishing things of earth—ey work early and late—shall shepherd of a flock employ his own in the discharge of his high

the poor been cared for? Do not most where it is most plentiful and not where we are most

thou a lamb in all thy flock disdain to feed?"

The complaint of Church pride is a complaint of the poor wholly un-

cially visiting the sick." The man often furnishes an opportunity for the pastor to win his way to it. "I was sick and ye visited me when the foot falls lightly—on the velvet carpet or dingy sheep of the flock should be

begin this new year by a decision to spend all our time for the glory of God and the good of souls, and to neglect no part of the work expected of an all-round pas-

S. J. VAUGHAN.

Texas.

The Home & Circle

MR. NOBODY.

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done,
In everybody's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we crack was
Cracked
By Mr. Nobody.
The he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar;
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar.
That creaking door will always creak,
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.
The finger-marks upon the doors
By some of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying around you see,
Are not our boots. They all belong
To Mr. Nobody!

—The Christian Guardian.

THE STORY OF THE "LITTLE HOUSE."

But he must not let any of these things move him. He must be a man. He would offer his resignation promptly, and try to find work elsewhere. He just could not be a burden. And he must try, whatever happened, to shield his wife. He must try to hide his wounds from her; he would go away quickly and give no reasons save that "he thought it best."
With all his gentleness and gentility, there was a dignity and reserve about Dr. Poindexter that kept at bay even curious questioners like the Harringtons. And when he had told his wife and children that his mind was made up, that he could not preach for a Church who felt his support a burden, he set his face like flint, and refused to discuss his position with anybody—the deacons least of all. If he was poor, he was also proud. He could throw himself on God's mercy—not man's.

The idea of staying on with people who thought him "too old," who had wanted to be rid of him, yet pretended to love him, did not occur to him. His one thought was leaving. He must go away at once, must find another home—somewhere.

He could not rest after the conversation he had with Deacon Harrington. Sleep for a time seemed impossible, and the darkness a hideous night mare.
"Oh, if Dr. Jenkins had only kept his splendid workers for himself!" sobbed poor Mrs. Poindexter when her husband had gone to supply for a struggling little Church in the mountains with a forlorn hope of being called as pastor. "They brought all this trouble on us—every bit of it! But for them we might have stayed on, worked on, for years in our own home, among the people we love, and who loved us."

She looked at the cottage in its brave new attire through a bitter rain of tears. But it was not after all, the giving up of the only home she had ever known that smote her to the heart. It was the blow that had fallen on her husband, the iron that had entered his pure soul!

In her unselfish devotion to him she could forget her own troubles, what this change meant to her and the boys. But, oh, the return the Church he had served in sickness and health, whose sorrowing he had comforted, whose dead he had buried, whose joys he had shared, had made to him!

When he came home after two weeks' absence she knew that he had not been called to the Church in the mountain village.

A boy, who looked little more than 'sweet sixteen,' offered to come for two hundred a year the day before I left. We couldn't live on that I fear, Lorraine, though it maybe we—"

He stopped with a quivering sigh, and looked another way.

"Of course we couldn't," she declared cheerfully, hustling about to make a hot cup of chocolate for his refreshment. "The place doesn't suit you at all. I believe there's more room out West for—"

"Old preachers?" he prompted with a wan smile.

"Yes."
"My dearest love, I know of but one country where there is really room for us—that is in heaven. At God's right hand there is a welcome for his aged servants, but nowhere else."

He was silent a long time. And she could not speak for tears. How cruel it all seemed!

Two weeks later he received "a call," however, to a struggling Church out on the plains. It was partly a mission point, but hoped to be self-sustaining another year. The salary

for all a man's time would be four hundred dollars—just one-half he received at Martinsburg. But he accepted.

"He'll be happier away from here," said his wife, thinking of the Harringtons.

The hot little shanty built near the Church was a pitiful change from the brown cottage they had left behind. But the Poindexters tried not to complain.

"We'll buy another home after awhile," she said consolingly, "and this wide West is a great country for—poor people."

Dr. Poindexter was feverish that day and the next. On the third his wife sent for the nearest doctor—some twenty miles away.

He lived nearly three weeks in the horribly hot little hut exposed to the fierce mid-summer sun, without a tree in sight. He suffered much, so much his wife was almost glad when the moment came that gave his soul to God.

He was wildly delirious most of the time, fighting the air with his thin, hot hands and clamoring thickly "for rest" and "peace." Yet once or twice he babbled like a boy of the "little brown house," the roses and pinks—the trees and evergreens, calling piteously on the familiar names of the loved friends "at home." Once when a cool breath stole past the burning stillness of a midnight vigil, his poor wife kept alone, he smiled suddenly and happily, and talked in whispers of the clear, bright stream with its long feathery moss that wound through the old town they had left behind; of the breezy hill just back of their own house they so often climbed together in the summer twilight, and then, clasping her hand quietly in the old way she so loved, fell asleep.

But such moments were rare. Two deacons from the Martinsburg Church traveled day and night to get to his bedside when the news of his illness came.

But their old pastor did not know them. He was too near the Holy City and the Great White Throne for earthly recognitions.

When all was over—as we say when immortality begins—and he lay in the majestic sleep of death in the front room of the miserable shanty from which he had gone into the Palace of the King, the two friends begged the stricken wife to let them take her and the boys "back home." They offered the "little brown house" as a gift of love for him, and promised, with remorseful tears, "to provide for her as long as they lived."

"I never could understand just why he pulled up and came West," declared Deacon Miller, with a sob.

"There was some talk set agoing by those Kentville folks as to our Church wanting a young man," added Deacon Harrison, "but then everything seemed to go wrong after they came. The truth was, Mrs. Harrington had a nephew at the Seminary who was anxious to work in. She hadn't a thing against Dr. Poindexter personally, I know."

But the wife shook her head to all their entreaties, and glanced toward the marble face on which death's wonderful alchemy had wrought so strange a miracle of restored youth. She tried not to feel hard, but she knew at whose hand he had received his death blow.

The "little brown house" stood empty a long time, and then passed into the hands of two maiden ladies.

"I was afraid our Church meant to buy it for a parsonage," said Deacon Morgan, sighing heavily. "I don't believe I could stand to see that pretty boy who parts his hair in the middle we've got for a pastor now, coming in and out of dear Dr. Poindexter's old home."—Lucy Dayton Phillips.

THE DRESS-MAKER'S STORY.

She was a fair-haired, blue-eyed little Russian woman, and all we knew of her was that Sunday morning nearly always found her in a certain pew of the Protestant Church. She always seemed attentive, but slipped out quickly when the service ended, and we never saw her during the week.

We wondered sometimes what brought her to the Church, but our acquaintance was limited to a friendly greeting and the sharing with her of the hymn-book. But one day a special need of some sewing increased it.

Sewing was one of our bighears, but is now and then absolutely needed, and in our extremity, we sent for the little dress-maker and laid the work before her, telling her on what day it must be finished. She said she could finish it by the required day, at the same time counting over the days that intervened. Sunday was one of them, and we said we did not want her to take it if she would have to work on it on Sunday. She explained that she had other work in the house and to finish

all she must work on Sunday, but she added: "I will work on the other people's things; they do not care."

She was quite astonished when this failed to satisfy us, and explained that not always could she find work, and she needed it badly and could not refuse it now when it was offered. "It will do for you not to work on Sunday, but I must always work when work is to be had, or the children will want bread."

It seemed impossible to convince her, even when we finally said that if she would keep the Sabbath without sewing and bring her work here on Monday we would sew with her and so finish in time.

There was still a day intervening before Sunday, and many times during it I wondered if she would be at the Church on Sunday morning, and half expected to miss her from her accustomed place. But on Sunday morning she was there, and we told her to be on hand with the sewing on Monday.

It was a race with time that week to finish the work for the appointed day, but at least one person had been convinced that to the Protestants the keeping of the Sabbath was more than a mere form. And during that week of sewing we learned much of the little woman's life. She had known all the comforts of a well-provided life in her Russian girlhood home, and later with her Bulgarian husband. She had first been attracted to him through her admiration for the Bulgarian love of freedom and their readiness in brave sacrifice and courage in their terrible struggle against the Turkish yoke. He was a Bulgarian refugee and free from the drinking habits of the Russians.

So she had married and later came with her husband to Bulgaria. They had a happy home. Two little daughters and a homeless orphan adopted into their home kept her busily employed and pleasantly content.

Then came misfortune. The husband died. He had been in the employ of the railway, but his accidental death by drowning forbade the pension otherwise due, and the widow was left to provide for the little ones alone.

The husband's father, the children's grandfather, refused any aid, although well-to-do, unless she would turn away the adopted orphan. She had cared for it from its infancy, and it had none to provide for it now, and she refused to turn it out of doors to starve.

So she had bravely made her struggle for food and shelter. Rarely could she earn over twenty levs (four dollars) in a month, and of this five levs went for rent. She was fortunate if she had the equivalent of three dollars for a month's food, fuel and clothing for the hour.

Little by little the story came out during the week. Not once was there complaint at the hardship of her lot. All she asked was work and health. If she could get food sufficient for these children, she was content. But many a week black bread and salt was all she could provide. Her unaffected delight at having a steady week's work with prompt pay and a good dinner and supper every day was well seen.

Someway it seemed almost like a bit of real missionary work to try and find more sewing for her busy fingers. And once again came the ever-recurring thought, how lightly esteemed is the value of human life among these nations of the east, whose princes have so much and whose people have so little.—Dora Davis.

AUNT NAN'S GARDEN.

All the children that went to the Cherry Valley school firmly believed that, whatever other gardens there might be the wide world over, none could be half so beautiful as "Aunt Nan's." From the time when the first daffodils swung out their golden censers in the spring to the dull autumn days when the chrysanthemums lit their cheerful lamps along its walks, it was a lovely spot where children were as welcome as the flowers.

Aunt Nan had "a way with flowers," the Cherry Valley people said. They bloomed and flourished for her even in the hot days of the drought when those in other people's gardens drooped and dwindled.

Aunt Nan lived in a tiny little house just over the brook from the Cherry Valley school. The garden was behind it, sheltered by William Urquhart's big fir grove, and was rimmed around its four sides by stiff, soldierly Lombardies. All kinds of flowers bloomed there, and Aunt Nan was very generous with them. She loved children, too, and there was not a scholar in Cherry Valley school, not even ragged little Ned Inglis, who was a saucy, disobedient little scamp and the terror of all his teachers, who did not love Aunt Nan, and who had not reveled in her bounty of flowers and gingersnaps.

But now consternation had fallen on Cherry Valley school. All the scholars went down to the brook at recess to talk it over. Ned Inglis sat on a

To save the colors have your laundress use only Ivory Soap; furnish it yourself if necessary to make certain that she does use it. A quarter's worth of Ivory Soap will do a lot of washing and may save from ruination the coloring of more than one fine garment.

99% Per Cent. Pure.

stump, and dipped his bare feet up and down in the water, eyeing the others sullenly. He was more or less of an outcast among them, being generally disliked by his mates for the tricks he played on them. But he meant to hear what they had to say about Aunt Nan.

"It is really dreadful!" said Daisy Duxton, pathetically.

"It doesn't seem as if it could be true," said Fan Shattford, keeping a wary eye on Ned lest he tweak her long curls viciously.

"I don't see how we are going to get along without Aunt Nan for a whole summer anyhow," said Jacky Urquhart, pessimistically.

The cause of all these doleful speeches was the fact that Aunt Nan was going out West to spend the summer with her sister. She was to return in the fall, but to the small Cherry Valleyites that seemed a very long way off.

"I wish we could do something for her before she goes," said Katie Ray, who was the biggest girl in the class, and so was always listened to with great respect. "Give her something, or get up an address, like we do when teachers go away, or something."

The others thought Katie's "something" vague, although they would not say so. They doubted being able to manage an "address" by themselves, and as for a gift—well, the Back Valley children couldn't contribute any money, that was certain, and it would never do to leave them out.

Ned Inglis spoke up, giving Fan's curls a pull that made her cry out as he did so.

"I think," he said, scornfully, "if youuns are so mighty anxious to help Aunt Nan, there is one thing you kin do."

Ned stopped. He meant to make them ask "What?" After a minute their curiosity mastered them, and Minnie Worth asked it.

"Tend to her garden while she is gone," said Ned. "She's feeling awful bad about it. I heard her telling Mrs. Urquhart. She's got all the seeds planted, but there won't be any one to weed 'em and fix 'em up, and when she comes home she won't have a flower."

The children looked at one another. At that moment much was forgiven Ned Inglis.

Aunt Nan went away sadly enough. She hated to leave her garden to the mercy, weeds and bugs and drought—and, although she would not let herself say it, the Back Valley children. Even Aunt Nan could not altogether trust the Back Valley children.

All through June the Cherry Valley teacher was thankful for her merces. The children never got into scrapes at recesses. There were no fights to settle. Ned Inglis, who had been the prime offender in this respect, was too busy looking after Aunt Nan's garden and the workers therein.

Somewhat, much to their surprise, the Cherry Valley children found themselves deferring to Ned in all matters connected with weeding and trimming and watering the flowers. He developed a sudden and unsuspected gift for gardening. Moreover, he was harmless and happy while he hoed and weeded and pruned. He had not even pulled Fan's curls since they began. He and Fan were quite good friends, being interested in the sweet-pea trellis they were getting up as a surprise for Aunt Nan, who had never grown many sweet peas.

Aunt Nan's garden flourished that summer as well as it had always done. The flowers bloomed luxuriantly. Not one of the Back Valley children ever took a blossom unbidden. They felt that they were on their honor. But they were given plenty, for the flowers would only fade if not gathered, and

all who had enjoyed them in previous summers did so on this one. The sick folks in and about the valley were cheered by bouquets, the teacher's desk had its fresh posy every morning, and each Saturday a lavish basket of blossoms went over to Carlton to the children's hospital.

Letters went to Aunt Nan all summer, but never a word of her garden was in them. When she was coming home in early September she thought of it sorrowfully. She knew how she would find it—overgrown with weeds, and neglected.

William Urquhart met her at the station, and drove her home. It was at noon recess, and every Cherry Valley scholar, from the oldest to the youngest, was in Aunt Nan's yard agog with excitement. Aunt Nan got down from the wagon at the garden gate, and looked over it.

The trellis of sweet peas which Ned and Fan had put up and tended ran from one end of the garden to the other, and was afire with blossoms. The ribbon of asters which Jacky Urquhart had watered so faithfully every day of the August drought was ablaze with color. Katie Ray's poppy-bed was gorgeous beyond words, and every other plot and curve of blossom was a credit to the little gardeners. Aunt Nan's garden had never looked nicer.

A lovely pink flush came over her sweet-face, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Why—why?" she cried.
"The children did it," said Mr. Urquhart. "It was Ned Inglis's idea in the first place, but they've all worked faithfully at it all summer. They thought it would please you."

"How can I ever repay you, dears?" said Aunt Nan.

But children had all the reward they wanted in her delight.

As for Ned Inglis, he was no longer a social outcast among the Cherry Valley children. They had found that he could be a jolly companion, with a brain fertile in devising sports and games, and a knack of carrying them out. He didn't develop into a model all at once—boys never do in real life, you know—but a germ of good had been planted in his tough little heart, and it was to grow and blossom as did the flowers he loved and tended in Aunt Nan's garden.—Zion's Herald.

IT PAYS

To Know Facts About Coffee.

When man takes properly selected food and drink Nature will most always assert herself and rebuild the structure properly.

"From my earliest remembrance I was a confirmed coffee drinker," writes a gentleman from Marshallville, Ga., "taking two cups at nearly every meal. While at college I became very nervous, dyspeptic, irritable and unfit for study and attributed it largely to coffee, but did not stop its use."

"When I was married I found my wife was troubled the same way, and we decided to try Postum Food Coffee. My wife made the Postum according to directions and we found it superb. We used it exclusively for the morning beverage, and the taste of ordinary coffee became distasteful to both of us."

"We have found a distinct gain in health. Any amount of Postum does not cause a feeling of either dyspepsia or nervousness, while the return to coffee even for one meal has disastrous effects upon my nerves. My dyspepsia has entirely left me, and both my wife and self are well and strong and feel that it is all due to the Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

It is easy to replace coffee with Postum which has, when properly made, a rich flavor and the color of coffee with none of its injurious after-effects.

FOREKNOWLEDGE NATI

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FOREKNOWLEDGE AND PREDESTINATION.

I highly appreciate your kindness to me, or rather your charity, for my article on the subject of the above heading in Advocate of January 1. I desire to follow it up with one more—only one more—letter upon the same subject.

I, however, expected that the other letter, on account of its length, would probably be divided up into two or three chapters.

To prove that my apprehensions are not ungrounded in regard to the subject in hand being a source of perplexity to others as well as to myself, I make a few quotations from a Primitive Baptist paper that has recently fallen into my hands, in which these subjects have been heatedly discussed, as the extracts will show. The paper referred to is the Messenger of Peace, published at Marcelline, Mo. The editor of that paper, whose name is Elder Walter Cash, frankly admits that the discussion had become excited and hurtful and that he had refused to publish some of the letters on account of their rancor. He published and republished some of the letters of his brethren, "because of their true Christian spirit," and adds:

"Had all our brethren but write with the same humility, love and clearness, the unhappy words which have been going on would cease."

Again he says:

"It seems deplorable that brethren should fall out by the way, and instead of loving and helping each other should be endeavoring to destroy each other."

The same paper contains this language, written by another editor of the same Church:

"It has seemed to me that if predestination can not be reconciled with man's accountability, neither can God's foreknowledge be reconciled with it."

One more quotation from the same paper and its editor. He says:

"I once asked the most extreme predestinarian Primitive Baptist minister I ever saw the following question: 'If there is but one God and he is unchangeable and permits sin in time, did he not in eternity predestinate to permit it?' He at once answered: 'Certainly, and I can not see how any rational mind can answer otherwise.'"

The number or date I take these quotations from is May 15, 1902.

While I am far from accepting the predestinarian view, I candidly think the before-time all-eternity foreknowledge view is really no improvement, and to my reason and to my Master I "stand or fall," unless some one better illuminated will shed light upon the subject. And believing it "a live question" and a perplexing question to many others as well, I still seek for "light."

I have read the Scriptures through several times, "old and new," and it seems to me that they do not anywhere declare or teach that God did from all eternity ordain, predestinate or foreknow all things to take place just as they do, but on the contrary that change and mutation would be constantly taking place, as all nature, experience and observation show is going on.

I know one of the prophets says from the mouth of God himself that "there is no other being like him, declaring the end from the beginning," but this passage seems to me to contemplate not things eternal, but things with both "beginning and ending," and so with multitudes of other passages.

The Scriptures, it seems to me, hold out the idea very prominently that God can by his supreme veto, so to speak, after abolishing or amend anything in his jurisdiction, which is infinite, that does not work according to his mind, and the Scriptures show all through their history that he has done so, though it may be ages in its accomplishment.

In the first era of the world the law governing them—the people—was their own consciences—their natural sense of right and wrong.

Next era was the law of Moses, for some men's hearts and consciences were so hard they would not tote fair without being compelled to do so by law, and they are that way till yet, as for that matter.

Then the next and present era is the law of Jesus Christ, and things are still improving and not completed yet, but it seems we are living in the last days, and we are still beholding new wonders every day, and it is impossible to conjecture what may transpire before the end of time comes, which is known to the Father only, as well as the time and the seasons, thus furnishing us with the idea that God seemingly jealously preserves to himself the supreme volition or right, as we know it belongs to him, to do as it may please him to do, and none can gainsay or question it.

I once more recur to the scriptural evidences in the New Testament, wherein the idea was conveyed by Christ himself, or in connection with him—be he equal with the Father—in which he did not seem to recognize events until transpiring, such as the disciples came and told Jesus, etc. The

apostles told him all they had done. When he perceived virtue had gone out of him he said, "Who touched me?" etc., and similar expressions, many in number.

Do these incidents convey the idea that they were recognized as they took place, or do they run back in knowledge to anterior eternity?

Now we go to the book of Revelation, first chapter and last, that seem to convey the view that all things were not held in iron grasp from all eternity. The first language is "The revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to show unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass, signified by his angel and John," etc. Jesus said, in the eighth verse, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending," thus using a figure connected with time instead of eternity, having both a beginning and ending.

The last chapter of Revelation, where "the Spirit and the Bride say come, and let him that heareth say come, and let him that thirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." And all dependent upon the exercise of volition seemingly, and not upon foreknowledge, foreordination, predestination or decrees.

Then if that idea is the true one that both God and Christ absolutely knew all things would take place as they do, why any need for Christ to pray, "If it be possible, let this cup pass?" or why any use in prayer at all? But we learn from Ezekiel, thirty-sixth chapter and from twenty-fifth verse to end of chapter, that God has in mind the richest of mercies and blessings to bestow upon his Israel, but conditions them thus in the thirty-seventh verse: "Thus saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be enquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them." And the Scriptures abound all through and through with the power and efficacy of prayer.

Some one has said or written—I don't who he was, but have heard it quoted or read it—that "prayer is the lever that moves the hand that moves the universe," which seems to be borne out by the history of Abraham, Moses, Lot, Elijah, David, Solomon, the King of Nineveh, and his people—all human—and, best of all, Christ adds and acts the weight of his testimony to the efficacy of prayer.

I now propose to close this chapter with this home-made illustration:

There was a mighty Queen, of vast wealth, power and influence, who reigned in great magnificence. She and a young neighboring Queen of not much wealth or power, but of a high order of intelligence and of many graces and an excellent heart. The old Queen conceived the purpose of making the young Queen a magnificent present, and so elaborately informed her, but unfortunately inserted this unique clause: "I know your pride of heart will not allow you to accept it, yet I much desire to bestow it." Of course it was refused.

Now this seems to me to be the attitude we place our gracious King in when we say he invites us to accept heaven, and then say he knows we will not do it. F. C. McMILLAN, Haltsboro, Texas.

THE CONTRIBUTION OF METHODISM TO THE WORLD.

By Rev. J. L. Williams

There is no written creed in our blessed Methodism, but a kind of a common consensus of fundamental doctrine, so well understood and cherished by the great majority of our constituency that no minister nor layman can make any considerable departure. There is to be found in the fifty-two sermons of Mr. John Wesley and his Notes on the New Testament a summary of Methodist belief. These constitute the theological standards which are recognized in the Doed of Declaration. These have been accepted for more than one hundred years as containing the doctrine of universal Methodism.

POLITY.

Methodism has about twenty-six organizations. The old-time class meeting is the primordial cell of organic Methodism. After this comes the society, then the Church Conference, and the most important one—the Quarterly Conference. The Annual Conference and the General Conference are also important organizations necessary to our existence as a Church.

OUR PECULIARITIES.

These may be classified (1) as the class-meeting, (2) local preachers, (3) itinerancy, (4) general superintendency, (5) our connectionalism.

THE WOMEN AT WORK.

This is the odds and the ends of the organization of our Christian women in behalf of Christian effort, to assist in the forward movement of the Church. The parsonage or church was bought or built or furnished, and they have bothered their motherly heads over broken dishes, leaky tubs and crippled chairs. I: cushioned the church pews and has done everything else that nobody else wished to do and

for which nobody gets any thanks—work that is never toasted, feted or exploited.

METHODISM AND SOCIAL LIFE.

Methodism preaches a gospel for individual man. It shares with all other evangelistic bodies an intense belief in the value of the human soul.

Southern Methodism shares, with the great body of patriotic Americans, the intense belief that all rights are individual rights; that it is the business of government to safeguard individual rights. As citizens, we believe in common rights just as we believe in common redemption. The old-fashioned mourner's bench is the bridge over which each soul must pass from sin, whether from the masses or the classes.

OUR STATUS.

The Methodist body in the United States became an independent body in 1784. The common people heard the Methodist circuit rider gladly, and Methodist altars were crowded, and Methodist class-books were soon filled and her churches multiplied. It is the glory of Methodism that it won its membership, not from other Churches, but from the unconverted multitude. All branches of Methodism foot up a total of 51,489 Churches. No other Protestant body has a membership equaling one-fourth, except the Presbyterians, whose totality is perhaps 13,476 Churches. The Methodists, Presbyterians and Roman Catholics foot up 165,177 Churches. It would therefore appear that those accredited to the Methodists constitute nearly one-third of all Churches in the United States. The Methodists are somewhat less than 42 per cent of all Protestants in the United States. In other words, nearly every fourth communicant is a Methodist, and among Protestants nearly half—every other one.

REVIVAL POWER.

Methodism has been a wonderful factor in Great Britain and North America the past one hundred years. Perhaps at least 75 per cent of those converted in the past one hundred years are the fruits of Methodist toil and result of the revival movement set on foot and continued by the Methodists to the present time. Our contributions to other ecclesiastical bodies is 59 per cent of their increase.

EDUCATION.

Prior to 1768 there was not a Methodist Church in America. In 1783 the first Methodist college was opened. Please note that Methodism in England was born in a college in 1729. To-day there are over five hundred colleges and universities under the control of the Methodists, while our annual enrollment of students of all kinds is over two hundred thousand.

THE CHURCH PRESS.

Mr. Wesley began to print Meth-

odism when he was in his seventy-fifth year, and the first American Methodist periodical was the Western Christian Monitor, published in Ohio in 1816. Methodism has always felt that the ink-pot is more to be feared than the powder-horn, steel pens than Damascus blades, revolving presses than machine guns. No other Church in the world has so many papers according to membership. In the United States we have about one hundred and fifty, which is about one-fourth of the total religious journals in the United States. The circulation of our papers has reached a point where we have one paper for every six and two-thirds members of the Church. The modern spirit of our press is strictly spiritual. If the spirit of Methodist journalism was summed up it would be expressed in these beautiful lines:

"If Jesus Christ is a man, And only a man, I say, Of all mankind I cleave to him, And to him will cleave always." "If Jesus Christ is God, And the only God, I swear, Will follow him through heaven and hell, The earth, the sea, the air."

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE AS A FACTOR.

This represents an all-around Christian life. It has sought and is seeking for more Bible knowledge, more literary culture, more personal purity, as taught in the Holy Scriptures. It was the desire to transform out young people from a mob to a well-drilled army marching on to victory. Its combined motto, "Look Up, Lift Up, and All for Christ," defines the object of the organization—the promotion of piety and loyalty to the Church.

CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.

Methodism has furnished a literature of substantial and permanent growth and of great value. (1) A symmetrical and well-balanced literature. (2) A literature for the people. (3) A literature of power. (4) A catholic literature. (5) Has advocated moral reforms. (6) It has concentrated at the cross. (7) It has antedated all pernicious literature. Methodism has the largest religious Publishing Houses in the world, and these are established in the largest commercial centers of the world. They have already a capital and patronage and income that enable them to command the ablest pens and to issue books and periodicals at prices that will render them accessible to all.

"By all bold's hosts withstood, We all bold's hosts overthrow, And conquering them, through Jesus' blood, We on to conquer go." "Our Captain leads us on, He beckons from the skies, And teaches out a starry crown, And bids us take the prize." G. W. T.

AN OBJECT LESSON

In a Restaurant.

A physician puts the query: "Have you never noticed in any large restaurant at lunch or dinner time the large number of hearty, vigorous old men at the tables; men whose ages run from 60 to 80 years; many of them bald and all perhaps gray, but none of them feeble or senile?"

Perhaps the spectacle is so common as to have escaped your observation or comment, but nevertheless it is an object lesson which merits attention.

If you will notice what these hearty old fellows are eating you will observe that they are not munching bran crackers nor gingerly picking their way through a menu card of new fangled health foods; on the contrary they seem to prefer a juicy roast of beef, a properly turned bit of mutton, and even the deadly broiled lobster is not altogether ignored.

The point of all this is that a vigorous old age depends upon good digestion and plenty of wholesome food and not upon dieting and an endeavor to live upon bran crackers.

There is a certain class of food cranks who seem to believe that meat, coffee and many other good things are rank poisons but these endeavoring, sickly looking individuals are a walking condemnation of their own theories.

The matter in a nutshell is that if the stomach secretes the natural digestive juices in sufficient quantity any wholesome food will be promptly digested; if the stomach does not do so, and certain foods cause distress, one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal will remove all difficulty because they supply just what every weak stomach needs, pepsin, hydrochloric acid, diastase and oxal.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do not act upon the bowels and in fact are not strictly a medicine as they act almost entirely upon the food eaten, digesting it thoroughly and thus giving a much needed rest and giving an appetite for the next meal.

Of people who travel nine out of ten use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Knowing them to be perfectly safe to use at any time, and also having found out by experience that they are a safeguard against indigestion in any form, and eating as they live to, at all hours and all kinds of food, the traveling public for years have pinned their faith to Stuart's Tablets.

All druggists sell them at 25 cents for full-sized packages and any druggist from Maine to California, if his opinion were asked, will say that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the most popular and successful remedy for any stomach trouble.

LADIES: Buy Stuart's Tablets, 25 CENTS PER PACKAGE. DR. F. M. W. B. 12, Birmingham, Ill.

The Ins and Outs of Soda Crackers. Soda crackers fresh from the oven are good—delicious—if exposed to the air they quickly lose that goodness—much of it in a few minutes—most of it in an hour—all of it in a day. That's why the common kind, the paper-bag kind, have lost their flavor before you get them. In Uneeda Biscuit there's a difference—a big difference because they are packed at the oven door in the famous In-er-seal Package—the package with red and white seal—an invention for preserving the goodness of biscuit; an airtight and germ proof covering which holds within the oven-fresh flavor of Uneeda Biscuit—and keeps without the undesirable flavors of all other things—that's one reason why millions buy Uneeda Biscuit. Another reason is the price—5c NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

IT PAYS (Know Facts About Coffee.) man takes properly selected drink Nature will most alert herself and rebuild the properly. my earliest remembrance I affirmed coffee drinker," writes man from Marshallville, Ga., two cups at nearly every meal. college I became very nervous, irritable and unfit for attributed it largely to coffee did not stop its use. I was married I found my troubled the same way, and led to try Postum Food Coffee. made the Postum according to directions and we found it superb. It exclusively for the morning, and the taste of ordinary same distasteful to both of us, have found a distinct gain in. Any amount of Postum does a feeling of either dyspepsia or indigestion, while the return to ven for one meal has disassembled upon my nerves. My dyspepsia entirely left me, and both I and self are well and strong that it is all due to the Postum given by Postum Co., Meek, Mich. easy to replace coffee with Postum, when properly made, flavor and the color of coffee none of its injurious after-effects.



L. BLAYLOCK Publisher.

Office of Publication—Corner Ervay and Jackson Streets.

Published Every Thursday at Dallas, Texas

Entered at the Postoffice at Dallas, Texas, as Second-Class Mail Matter.

G. C. RANKIN, D. D. Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION—IN ADVANCE.

Table with subscription rates: ONE YEAR \$2.00, SIX MONTHS \$1.00, THREE MONTHS \$0.50, TO PREACHERS (Half Price) \$1.00

For advertising rates address the Publisher.

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L. BLAYLOCK, Dallas, Texas.

The prayer-meeting ought to be the most helpful service in the entire list of Church services.

The presiding elders ought to press the missionary collections early in the year and urge the preachers in their respective charges to attend to this duty without delay.

We hope the preachers will keep on their minds and hearts the movement to erect that Episcopal residence.

The trouble with the most of our civic and moral reform movements is that men sometimes get into their leadership whom the people will not follow.

Inclosed find three new subscribers. The Advocate is in high favor with my people.

A SUNDAY IN CLARKSVILLE.

Last Saturday I boarded the Central for Sherman and thence the Trans-Continental for Clarksville to spend the Sabbath with Rev. L. S. Barton and his good people.

The town is one of the oldest in the State. Its foundation was started not far from the time the battle at San Jacinto was fought.

On Saturday night Bro. Barton and myself attended a public lecture, given by the renowned Eli Perkins.

On returning from Clarksville last Monday we had two hours in Sherman, and, as is our custom, we walked over to the College.

Inclosed find three new subscribers. The Advocate is in high favor with my people.

had fine congregations, and the services were spiritual and helpful.

On Saturday morning I had them adieu, took the train and reached home that night at 8 o'clock.

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on Live Oak Street, and despite the inclement weather there was a large attendance of the members of the congregation.

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH.

General William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army movement and its director-in-chief throughout the world to-day, will visit Dallas January 21 and February 1.

THE PASSING OF MAYOR RIGGINS

Mayor Riggins, of Waco, some months ago, assumed a large place in his own imagination, and branched out as the champion of the liquor interests in Texas.

TEXAS PERSONALS.

W. J. Loving, of Roysse, called to see us last week. He is on business in the city.

him as far as Paris. He reports his work very promising despite the bad weather.

We met Rev. J. M. Langston in Clarksville last Sunday. He has charge of that circuit.

Rev. B. H. Webster, of Wheatland, called last week to see us, and his brother, A. P. Webster, of Kerens, who is here on the Federal Grand Jury, was with him.

We had the pleasure of a ride with Rev. J. H. McLean, D. D., of the Bonham District, last Monday from Dodd City to Bonham.

CHURCH NEWS.

Mrs. Bishop W. X. Ninde died suddenly January 5 at her home in Detroit.

Dr. Lambuth is now in Mexico with Bishop Candler, attending the Mexican Conferences.

Bishop Hendrix will meet with the Home Mission Board in Atlanta in April, to set apart for their work the first deaconesses.

Bishop Charles B. Galloway is probably on his route home from the round of conferences in the Orient.

The collections for foreign missions from the conferences of 1902, exceed those of former years by about \$15,000.

Rev. W. G. Fletcher, our missionary to Santiago, Cuba, has been visiting in Gainesville, Fla., where he made an interesting address on the situation in Cuba.

Dr. J. H. Stevenson, Professor of Hebrew in Vanderbilt University, has had the offer of a chair in the Theological Faculty of his alma mater, McGill University, Montreal.

The First Methodist Church, of Texarkana, Ark., has bought a couple of lots on Sixth and Laurel Streets, as a site for a new church, and they will proceed at once to build.

The Chicago Federation of Churches has resolved to unite the Protestant Churches in groups all over the city to hold religious services for two weeks, just before Easter.

Rev. C. H. Greer, of the Kentucky Conference, has been appointed to mission work in Cuba by Bishop Candler.

The report of Mrs. E. J. Field, Treasurer of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society for the quarter ending December 1, 1902, shows the work organized in every district and gives an aggregate of collections of \$205.62.

The Wesleyan Methodist Church will take formal possession of the Royal Aquarium in London on the last day of January, and on the second day of February will be held a vast evangelical meeting in the great hall, under the Presidency of Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P.

Rev. Nancy McGee Waters, D.D., pastor for four years of the Congregational Church of Binghamton, N. Y., has been called, at a salary of \$8,000, to succeed Rev. R. R. Merdith, D.D., in the pastorate of Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn.

The movement under Bishop Aglipay, to establish a National Filipino Church independent of the Vatican, catches the fancy of the natives and gathers strength.

Rev. C. F. Reid, D.D., Superintendent of our Korean Mission, was, on January 7, quietly married at Mt. Sterling, Ky., to Mrs. Blanche Miller.

Dr. J. S. Chapman, of the Georgetown District, sends us a copy of his printed program for his Missionary Institute and Pastors' Conference to be held in Bartlett, February 10-12.

Cleanings fr

A PERI

An exchange of son's picture of lows:

The most perfect saw was a little incense of whole things. A thou a year's living three children, the creator of th with the childre tiful I have eve of the house inv her face for thi and it always ra has been and al of a mother, w It to her quick b exquisite face h pliances of weal wide culture, he; solutely the ide it was the best

THE STOR

The following the Lutheran O

We often fall oughly the face ter. Children i whom they can

The life we li the features, P telligence or ig cynicism, trace characters whie The artist or / read more of tl which lines and the world can which bears th vice, of Christi and sin.

An exchange artist who was studying the fa band of Christi sioned to make tion Army mee land. "He wen and scanned th he—with his h sea that could and driven by t tormented by i by sin—looked shippers, and s their faces, and from their cou convinced him saw that those not, and what faces were the Christ and th alone can give.

The face of shine as that came from Sin set upon it an lives Christ, it love and peace help and inspir

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We met Rev. E. H. Casey, of the Paris District, last Monday on the train at Blossom and traveled with

Youn Songs

After examining ber of other book keep: upon new book and have a fr 150 copies to b C. J. Cloth Bound, 30 + Returnable co; THE BIGLOW & I

as Paris. He reports his promising despite the bad...

Rev. J. M. Langston in last Sunday. He has charge...

H. Webster, of Wheatland, week to see us, and his...

the pleasure of a ride with McLean, D. D., of the Bon...

CHURCH NEWS. hop W. X. Nindé died sud...

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F. Reid, D.D., Superinten Korean Mission, was, on...

Gleanings from the Exchanges

A PERFECT HOME.

An exchange gives Helen Hunt Jack- son's picture of a perfect home as fol-

The most perfect little home I ever saw was a little house into the sweet...

THE STORY OF THE FACE.

The following clipping is taken from the Lutheran Observer:

We often fail to realize how thor- oughly the face is an index of charac-

The life we live writes its story on the features. Purity or sensuality, in-

An exchange tells of an infidel Swiss artist who was converted merely by...

The face of the Christian may not shine as that of Moses did when he...

A TERSE STATEMENT.

Congregationalist: "God help the rich, the poor can...

WE CAN BE FAITHFUL.

The far-reaching wisdom of God is seen in providing the rewards of life...

USE THE BIBLE.

We hesitate to exhort our minist- erial brethren in this regard, yet we...

Young People's Songs of Praise

After examining and comparing it with a num- ber of other books, our Sunday School...

newly paraphrased and printed, newly expounded, and surrounded with mod-

THE GOOD PREACHER.

Maryland Churchman:

He is not a good preacher if he is always fighting somebody when he is...

But he is a good preacher when love constrains him to show his good feel-

MARYLAND'S FAMOUS DOLL.

Reformed Church Messenger:

In 1699 when William Penn sailed from England in the good ship Canter-

On Monday morning the list was taken up and each hymn called, but...

It is the desire of the Commissioners that a thoroughly satisfactory hymn...

THE JOINT HYMNAL COMMISSION.

Rev. John M. Moore, Ph. D.

The Joint Hymnal Commission had its first sitting in Nashville, Tenn.,...

Rev. Paul Whitehead, D. D., presiding elder of the Norfolk District in Vir-

The first session was held Saturday afternoon at the Maxwell House. Dur-

There was not a clear understand- ing among the Bishops and leaders of...

At the home of the bride's father, Judge Dickinson, of Rusk, Texas, at 5:30 a. m.,...

METHODIST WEDDINGS.

At the home of the bride's father, Judge Dickinson, of Rusk, Texas, at 5:30 a. m.,...

A CORRECTION.

The Northwest Texas Conference Minutes fail to credit Bolton Station...

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poetry? We have two Bishops, three presiding elders, five pastors, three...

The next sitting will take place July 9, 2 p. m., at Boston, Mass. Be-

A BUSY LOCAL PREACHER.

We are now in a fight against the saloon demon in Grayson County. It...

As I have not given any report yet of my last year's work, I will say...

In the two years we have been a local itinerant, we have traveled...

I am now engaged for nearly half of the present year and have had...

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The Small of the Back

That is where some people feel weak all the time.

They are likely to be despondent and it is not unusual to find them...

The fact is their kidneys are weak, either naturally or because...

"I am thankful to say," writes J. L. Campbell, of Sycamore, Ill., "that Hood's Sarsaparilla...

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Promises to cure and keeps the promise. Begin treatment with Hood's today.



FLORAL BUTTERFLY PLANT

No plant possesses so many good points as this. It has...

FREE OUR GREAT CATALOGUE

Free. Profusely Illustrated. Large. Complete. Free. No...

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N.Y.

Advertisement for Ferry's Seeds, featuring a logo and text: "For nearly half a century Ferry's Seeds"



Riding on Velvet

you will feel yourself to be seated in one of our superb surreys, comfort...

When you see the P. & O. Co. name plate on buggies on the floor of your...

PARLIN & ORENDORFF CO., Dallas, Texas.

Advertisement for Pond's Extract, featuring a logo and text: "AVOID SUBSTITUTES You can get Pond's Extract"

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Conducted in the interest of the W. F. M. Society and the W. H. M. Society. Address all communications to Mrs. Florence E. Howell, 170 Masten Street, Dallas, Texas.

HOW OUR JUVENILES SPENT THANKSGIVING AND CHRISTMAS.

At the appointed hour on Thanksgiving Day the dear little "Willing Workers" promptly assembled at the Church in praise and thanksgiving, and as these little glimmers in the home mission field. After praise service the President announced that her Bible lesson was on "parsonage work." II Kings 4:8-12. After reading which, we enjoyed a few minutes' talk about the lesson, of the limited privileges of this great woman, as compared to the wonderful opportunities and privileges of even the poorest of to-day. This discussion was followed by questions about our home mission work, but the bright little President, (who is only fourteen, by the way,) was ready for us.

"Can you tell us how long the W. H. M. S. has been organized?" was the first question. "Fifteen years," she answered, "and only 29,034 members reported." "Tell us how many parsonages have been built and aided, and amount of money expended on this work." "Twelve hundred and sixty-five parsonages have been built and aided; \$117,284.23 has been donated to parsonages and \$27,100 loaned to parsonages."

After discussion of this work, an interesting paper was read by a sweet little girl; then the roll was called, each child responding with a verse from the Bible. Recording Secretary read minutes of last meeting and reports from each little officer were simply splendid. When all the reports were in, the President addressed the Society as follows:

"Dear Willing Workers—Since last we met, one of our dear little members has gone from our midst; the good angel of God came down and took the precious soul of Forest Carnegie on the morning of October 24, 1902. Let me recall to your minds some events of our last meeting. As you know, our Bible lesson is always presented in the most interesting way, and always something new. On this occasion I speak of we each represented a flower; each flower read a precious message and told what even the least could do for God—and Forest represented the pure and spotless lily. The earth represented our garden, the little song birds our "choir," the heavens above our "temple" and the world our "vineyard," where each flower might lead the influence of its sweetness and beauty, the sweetness of God's love and the beauties of his religion. Ah! little did we dream then that the Reaper would gather "our lily" so soon. Two of our little members are now waiting for us in heaven, and I suggest that we have a fund set aside, in memory of them, to be used to help the poor or brighten the lives of any little children the society may learn of, as being in need, crippled or sick, and any member of the society, or its friends, be allowed the privilege of contributing to this fund, which we will call the "Forest Carnegie Fund." I also suggest that we vote for a society flower, or number of flowers, that we may use to decorate the Church on special occasions—to decorate for our entertainments and to plant on the graves of our beloved, departed members.

The little President's suggestions were immediately taken up; the fund in honor of the departed members was unanimously voted for, and the flowers chosen were lilies and violets, typical of our two little members in heaven—purity and innocence.

After the meeting closed the busy little "Willing Workers" visited the cemetery to decorate the little mounds so dear to them all. But while the precious workers care so tenderly and lovingly for the little graves, they have not forgotten that the living ones need their care. So old "Santa Claus" was their "Special Messenger" to the Orphanage on Christmas eve. Christmas was a happy time, and the New Year seems bright with promise. They have a staunch friend and co-worker in our kind pastor, who is loved by all the children. May their efforts be crowned with great results and their plans for the new year materialize in such manner that many a heart will be the happier, and lives be brighter, for the influence of these "sweet flowers in the garden of life."

MRS. F. E. KORTHAUER. (The foregoing article will be read with interest, we know, telling as it does of the band of dear little workers—the sweet little "flowers of humanity"—and of their mission of love. We are truly sorry not to be able from the written article, nor even from the post-mark on the envelope, to locate the home of these "Willing Workers," for we would be glad to know what place is so fortunate as to claim them for its own.—Ed. Woman's Dept.)

W. F. M. SOCIETY.

The W. F. M. Society of Calvert has just finished raising and sent off their first sixty dollars (\$60) for a Bible woman in China, and have some of her next year's support already paid in, although our fiscal year is not up (as you know) until March 1st. God has surely helped us in this work, for our town has passed through the hardest year it has ever known, and if the "Bull Bug" stays with us and we do not "diversify," 1903 promises to be still harder. But, thank God, we are honoring him with our substance. Pray for us that this year we may be able to say from our hearts, "Here are our sons and daughters, Lord; send them. We believe we have the best F. M. Advocate agent in the State. If you met her you would not shoot her for an agent, but if you were not a subscriber she would point her weapon at the dollar in your pocket and the bullet of conviction would hit so true to its aim that when you left her you would find that fifty cents of it only was going with you—the other half having gone with our dear, indefatigable agent, "little" Sister Johnson. We have twenty members and nineteen of them take the Woman's Foreign Missionary Advocate. It is a splendid paper and we all enjoy it very much. May the time soon come when it shall not be foreign or home missions, but missions, and our battle cry the "World for Christ," is the prayer of yours truly.

A CALVERT SISTER.

(The following editorial from the Dallas Morning News, a secular paper, is significant, and we trust will be given a careful reading by those of our members who may have felt at all discouraged as to visible results of efforts expended for the spread of the gospel of Christ during the year just closed.—Ed. Women's Dept.)

The Work of the Churches During the Year 1902.

Actions speak louder than words, and contributions to the various charities and Churches prove that many of the people are devoted to their religion. One hears now and then that true religion and undefiled is thing of the past, that the people are much more vicious to-day than they were a hundred years ago, etc.; that vanity is much greater in these modern times than it was in the days of Solomon. Perhaps the truth is that we are morally weaker at some points than our ancestors were, but at other points we are probably much stronger. The religion of the world has undoubtedly been liberalized. Whether it has been liberalized too much is a question about which men and women differ in their opinions; but the general judgment of this age at least condemns intolerance, self-righteousness and bigotry, and practical evidences of a religion which does something are not lacking.

The news presented recently some encouraging figures relating to donations to educational institutions and to charities. There is further encouragement to be found in Church work accomplished by the various denominations during the past year.

We are shown, for example, that the maintenance of the thousands of Churches in the United States cost last year \$260,000,000. Of this amount the Baptist paid \$113,138,000, the Episcopal Churches \$15,184,000, the Congregationalists \$10,276,000. The Presbyterians of the North expended in the maintenance of Churches and for Church activities \$17,080,000, the Methodists North and South, \$24,552,000. All this was in addition to the completion of the Twentieth Century funds, aggregating in American and England \$40,000,000. The American Methodists secured \$21,000,000 of this amount, of which \$9,000,000 goes to pay Church debts, \$7,000,000 to Church colleges and seminaries, and the balance to aged ministers and philanthropists. The Presbyterians of the North raised \$7,500,000, the Canadian Methodists \$1,250,000, the Canadian Presbyterians \$1,500,000, the British Wesleyans \$4,500,000, the British Congregationalists \$2,550,000 and the British Baptists \$1,250,000.

Whatever one's views of religion may be, whether he accepts or rejects it as a means of salvation, and of attaining to immortal life, he must confess that millions have found it the only lasting consolation and that millions adhere to it to-day. Not only so. Questioning or even discrediting all the witnesses, one must see and confess that religion is the conservative force upon which the world depends for a saving quality of untold and untellable benefit and blessing. Of course no one can tell just where

or what the human race would have been without some trying appeal to the consciences of mortals, some fear of future punishment, some hope of future reward. But there are few, if any, who will assert even in this age of free and loose thinking, that the race would have been better without the golden rule or other Scriptural lessons inculcating peace on earth and good will to men.

BAKE-OVEN FUND.

Thinking I may secure a few donations for this much-needed cause, I present my plea in the Advocate, hoping thereby to reach some who may not have learned of this work through the King's Messenger. Below I give my report to date. Now, my dear sisters, we have many calls, but let us give something, even if it means a little self-denial on our part. Some few have given of a very scanty store, and I trust God will bless them. May I not in the next few days be able to report cash on hand sufficient to order this necessity for our Home?

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Cammack, A friend, Cash on hand.

MRS. E. W. ROSE, 335 S. Ervay St., Dallas, Texas.

Hard Colds.

People whose blood is pure are not nearly so likely to take hard colds as are others. Physiology goes into the reason. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure, causing healthy action of the mucous membrane and giving strength and tone to all the organs and functions. This great medicine recovers the system after a cold, as no other does. As a preventive as well as curative medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla is pre-eminent—its great merit is fully established.

San Angelo District—Second Round. Table with 2 columns: Name, Date. Includes Paint Rock, Sherwood, San Angelo, Goldswaiter, Center City, Lometa, Lampasas, Water Valley.

Beville District—Second Round. Table with 2 columns: Name, Date. Includes Floresville, Alice, Goliad, Stockdale, Beville, Sutherland Springs, Laveria, Oakville, Pleasanton, Corpus Christi, Rockport, Bland, Blanco.

Austin District—Second Round. Table with 2 columns: Name, Date. Includes Welmar and Osage, Columbus sta., Eagle Lake cir., LaGrange sta., West Point cir., Cedar Creek cir., Smithville sta., Bastrop station, Elgin sta., Manor sta., Manchaca cir., South Austin sta., Webberville cir., McDade cir., Tenth Street sta., Walnut cir., Hatchkiss Memorial sta.

Georgetown District—Second Round. Table with 2 columns: Name, Date. Includes Missionary Institute and Pastors' Conference, Georgetown, Moody, Pendletonville, Seventh Street Church, Bartlett, Cramer, Taylor, Salado, Maxdale, Holland, First Church, Troy, Rogers, Hutto.

Ahlens District—Second Round. Table with 2 columns: Name, Date. Includes Stamford, Aspermont, Fairmont, Haskell Mission, Haskell Station, Anson, Eula, Big Springs, Latta, Gall, Midland, Colorado Mission, Snyder, Putnam, Albany, Sunday-school and League Conference.

All mothers of daughters should write to Mrs. M. Summers, Notre Dame, Ind., for a free copy of her "Advice to Mothers." See ad. in this paper. You cannot preach Christ to others unless you possess Him yourself.

MARRIAGE NOTICES.

Olden-Westmoreland.—January 4, 1903. John E. Olden, of Bethany, La., and Miss Nettie Westmoreland, of Panola County, Texas. Rev. W. W. Graham officiating. Land-Cooper.—In the First M. E. Church, South, in Beaumont, Texas, December 25, 1902, at 9 a. m. Mr. A. W. Land and Miss Mar. M. Cooper. Rev. V. A. Godbey officiating. Clifford-Capell.—In the parsonage in Beaumont, Texas, January 7, 1903, at 6:30 p. m. by Rev. V. A. Godbey, Mr. James William Clifford and Miss Iva May Capell. Moncrief-Pope.—In front of the Methodist Church at Harmony, Texas, December 28, 1902, by Rev. J. E. Adair, Mr. Andrew Moncrief and Miss Della Pope, all of Hopkins County, Texas. Harrell-Patrick.—At the home of the bride, near Cold Springs, Texas, Mr. R. F. Harrell and Miss Annie Patrick. Rev. E. S. Hurrey officiating. Granbery-Robison.—At the parsonage gate in Douglasville, Cass County, Texas, December 21, 1902, Mr. Jesse B. Granbery and Miss Virgie Robison. Rev. S. N. Allen officiating. Berry-Chamell.—At the parsonage gate in Douglasville, Texas, January 5, 1903, Mr. A. J. Berry and Miss Jennie Chamell. Rev. S. N. Allen officiating. Brock-Shankle.—At the parsonage in Bristol, Texas, January 2, 1903, Mr. 151 Brock and Miss Carrie Shankle. Rev. M. S. Lockridge officiating. Wesson-Hornby.—At the Methodist parsonage, Marine, Texas, December 25, 1902, Mr. E. L. Wesson and Miss Lily Hornby. Rev. J. J. Creed officiating. Kerr-Gillespie.—At the home of the bride's father, 1217 Main Avenue, San Antonio, Texas, Wednesday, January 7, 1903, Mr. Alfred F. Kerr and Miss Stella E. Gillespie. Rev. J. E. Harrison officiating. Gross-Andrews.—At the residence of the bride's parents, eight miles east of Dallas, Texas, Sunday, December 21, 1902, Mr. J. H. Gross and Miss Mattie Andrews. Rev. D. G. Stokely officiating. Hawkins-Brown.—At the residence of the bride's father, S. C. Brown, near Crawford, Texas, December 21, 1902, Mr. M. Hawkins and Miss Annie S. Brown. Rev. T. B. Hibburn officiating. Ricker-Cooper.—At the Methodist parsonage in Crawford, Texas, December 21, 1902, Mr. Chas. C. Ricker and Miss Sue M. Cooper. Rev. T. B. Hibburn officiating. Cagle-Richardson.—Near Crawford, Texas, December 25, 1902, Mr. J. N. Cagle and Miss Richardson. Rev. T. B. Hibburn officiating. Price-Wall.—At the residence of the bride's parents, near Crawford, Texas, Mr. W. H. Price and Miss Lou Ella Wall. Rev. T. B. Hibburn officiating. Stafford-Widener.—In Prairie Hill, Texas, January 12, 1903, Mr. L. G. Stafford and Miss A. A. Widener. Rev. F. M. Winburne officiating. Hubbert-Flood.—At the residence of the bride's parents, in San Saba, January 14, 1903, Mr. Edgar Hubbert and Miss Bessie Flood. Rev. M. A. Black officiating. Carson-Wells.—At the residence of the groom's brother, in San Saba, Texas, Mr. J. Ernest Carson and Miss Katie V. Wells, of Sobolia, Mo. Rev. M. A. Black officiating. Gardner-Johnson.—At the residence of the bride's father, about six miles west of Liberty Hill, Williamson County, Texas, December 17, 1902, by Rev. J. D. Crockett, Mr. D. K. Gardner and Miss Daisy Ethel Johnson. Gleaton-Nabors.—At the residence of the bride's father, near Comanche, Texas, January 1903, by Rev. Geo. W. Kinchloe, Mr. L. A. Gleaton and Miss Lucy J. Nabors. Davis-McGinnis.—At the residence of the bride's father, in Belton, Texas, January 11, 1903, Mr. Joe H. Davis, of Hill County, Texas, and Miss Alice McGinnis. Rev. Geo. W. Kinchloe officiating. Dead-Morgan.—On the evening of January 14, 1903, at the Baptist Church, in Deport, Texas, Mr. James H. Dead and Miss Jennie Morgan, all of Deport, Texas. Rev. W. H. McCarter officiating. Norman-Anderson.—By Rev. Stuart Nelson, in New Boston, Texas, January 15, 1903, Mr. Arthur C. Norman and Miss Stella S. Anderson. Santa Fe Excursion Rates. Dallas—Account I. O. O. F. Grand Encampment, convention rates, February 1 and 2, limited February 7. Austin—Account Meeting Order of Practitioners, convention rates, February 8, limited February 20. Further information see any agent or write W. S. KEENAN, G. P. A., Galveston.

Spare the Birds.

There is not a child in this broad land who is not familiar with the well-worn lines, "Woodman, spare that tree," and the tender sentiment evoked is because the quotation touches the love we all have for nature and the spring of youth at the same time. How much nearer the heart of man and child should be the cry which is now going up of "Spare the birds!" Leaving the broad question of sentiment entirely out of the discussion and the situation suggested includes some points which closely affect the economic features of our daily life, and prove that the life of the insect means a death to the hopes of the farmer, and a source of expense and inconvenience to the world at large. The Almighty put both birds and bugs upon earth. The bugs eat everything in sight, but the birds eat the bugs, and it frequently takes a great variety of birds to disturb the serenity of a varying quantity and degree of bugs. Whether it be fashion, folly or a natural crudity, man slays the little feathered whirlwind of color, and hat and appetite are alike satiated and the crimson drops from a myriad of tiny warblers, and the soft down of a million rounded breasts is rumpled and crushed in death. Now comes the David of science and investigation, who thunders the propaganda that the birds must be spared if the crops are to be saved. The birds eat the cotton squares and destroyed other vegetation to the value of over \$75,000,000 in Texas alone. What about the birds? Their job was very much in evidence. Where were they? Ask the pot hunter, the trapper, and don't forget the small boy—all deadly enemies. The most common field birds are becoming scarce, and the time was when they nested in your fence corners and sang in your gardens. They do not now. Why?—Literary Bureau, H. & T. C. Southern Pacific.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN PIANOS. Write the Great Jesse French Piano & Organ Co., Jesse French Building, Dallas, Texas.

A Golden Rule of Agriculture: Be good to your land and your crop will be good. Plenty of Potash in the fertilizer spells quality and quantity in the harvest. Write us and we will send you, free, by next mail, our money winning books. GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau Street, New York.

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January 22, 1903. "WHY HAVE YOU... THE A... We did not bring I... quest. We know not why... And from offic... Nor of ourselves... For words like His... man. His eye that on us... to say. Seemed holding in... More searching th... moon-day. Though gentle an... stream Of sparkling water... side. Nor seemed that a... that gaze. Nor from that eye... hide; But as nocturnal v... So thousands follo... That eye that shon... man. His voice was like a... As if the winds of... Across some hidden... A string of wh... Or like the cadence... song. That echoes in son... Whose sweetest not... And with aromatic... swell. This problem solve... can. Why speech like Hi... man. Countless multitudes... Were crying close... behind. His speech, so muc... and wise. As if it doomed all... And ages gone and... For in His tomes... held. A balance poised, to... Of all who lived or... Who lived a thous... span. Why, no man ever s... No man was there v... trace. His person to o... To show the contour... His flowing locks, H... hair. Curious thoughts... mind. Some power had se... merous through... And to one bound... blind. Could we a pr... antoined one? Our hearts within u... Sun. The rich had homes... grand. And treasures tith... left. Auriferous tales w... sand. And gaudy temple... cleft. But he whose wor... this day. In thrilling tones... Had not a place on... A face which the... sweat. What was it, then, t... its ran. Listening to His w... man? Then our official... naught. Our shame had th... fire. That we would crav... who thought. That it was He, b... Foretold, should yet... love. Jerusalem the gov... Should reign in rich... remove. Till our triumph... should sing. Our good right ha... long then. Ere they were ran... man. The Forum echoes... speech. The polished shaft... tongue. Enchant the minds... reach. With prose, and... Sappho sung. And plaudits long... given. Of poets, and p... worldly fame. He spoke of righteo... heaven. Release from sin a... own name. The world swept o... ran. For words like His... man. They say He never... That no one ever... laugh. For those who follo... the land. One say or note a... That tells of levity... Through all the... strange sojourn... Along the paths t... men. Seems moving on... bourne. Is this the Christ?... In counsel wonderfu... They said He came... and cold; The lame and mat... and blind. Were there, like st... the fold. With gladdened... heard His nam... Seeking to catch o... When all their l... cords. Were gone on sudd... while. He raised His eye... sweet words."

THE RELATION OF CHILDREN TO THE CHURCH.

The opposition we find in the world, and even in the Church, to the practice and teaching of Methodism relative to childhood exists, as we think, because the doctrine is not understood, and this lack of understanding arises, in part at least, from the fact that those who believe and teach said doctrine are not well agreed as to what is the spiritual status of human life at this age.

Can it be true that there can be a right relation with God, and yet a wrong spiritual state in any one at the same time? To say so is to assume a remissness on the part of the Divine Spirit because of the failure to impart to a soul that is justified and accepted his gracious work of renewal and giving life.

Let others answer as they will, our answer is that an absence of faith is an absence of God, and hence the presence of death.

We will defer to some other time farther Bible proof that a state of childhood is a state of faith.

Missions in West Texas Conference. Lindale.

I wish to say a word about missions in West Texas Conference. The Treasurer, J. E. Pritchett, writes me, January 12, that he has only \$20.28, 82¢ of which was sent from Floresville Station.

A mid-year meeting of the new board has been suggested. I hope that Uncle Buck will call it. Certainly we have long needed such a meeting.

Correction in Address.

WE WANT TO SEND Free and prepaid, to any reader of the Texas Christian Advocate a small bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine.

The Christian faith is a grand cathedral with dimly-lighted windows. Standing without, one sees no glory, nor can ever imagine any possible.

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and acts of the soul in infancy lie largely beyond the ken of human observation, and are to be determined only from general principles sustained by the "written word."

There is a knowledge of God that is anterior to, or rather accompanied by, faith. But this knowledge is of divine impartation. As it is written, "I will put my laws into their mind and write them in their hearts."

Peter gives us the divine order when he writes: "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, etc. This class or kind of knowledge is like the mariner's compass to the floating ship—not essential to its motion or sailing, or even absolutely essential to its guidance, but yet amid the storms and tempests that attend its voyage, highly needful in the efforts to reach the desired port.

Mohette, Texas.

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My New Year's resolution is to place the Advocate in every Methodist home, if possible. If this can be accomplished, I feel sure of good revivals and good collections.

LABBOCK, TEXAS.

STRANGE AND AWFUL.

On Wednesday evening, December 10, George Leonard Lose, a special student at Drew Theological Seminary, was sitting in his room in Hoyt-Bowne Hall. He had come in from skating, with his feet wet, and after removing his shoes drew up a chair, got a book, sat down with his damp feet against the radiator, and then reached around to adjust the electric lamp.

The incandescent lights about the seminary grounds are supplied directly by a wire carrying a current of 164 volts. This current comes from a transformer into which a current of 1,040 volts is led directly from the town electric light works.

Further inspection showed that the storm on Monday tore loose the galvanized iron guy wire which supported a pole near the seminary gate. On this pole was the main feed wire known as a primary, and the reduced current wire for electric lights, known as the secondary. The guy wire crossed both of them, and was charged with the currents in both. It also charged the secondary wire with the current on the primary.

As a result of the accident careful tests were made of the wires all over the seminary grounds and elsewhere in Madison. The clearing away of the broken guy wire removed all possibility of danger.

The Advocate in every Methodist home is my motto for this year. FRANK HUGHEN, Thelma, Texas.

Notice.

I have just read Mr. G. W. Cain's explanation concerning the delay of the Missionary Review and Go Forward. Please let me say that it was impossible for me to know the preachers' postoffice addresses before conference adjourned.

The faithful worker does not fear the footsteps of the Master.

STATE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

The Executive Committee of the State Epworth League, consisting of Gus W. Thomason, of Van Alstyne, President; J. T. Ellis, of Elgin, Secretary; Miss Lula Hearstall, of Marshall, Second Vice-President; Prof. C. C. Cady, of Georgetown, Third Vice-President; and H. H. Halsey, of Decatur, Superintendent of Junior Department, met at the First Methodist Church, Dallas, at 2:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon.

The date for the next annual meeting of the State Epworth League was fixed for April 21 to 26, to be held in San Antonio. A program for the meeting was arranged, and will be ready for announcement in a short time.

The committee endeavored to arrange one of the strongest programs ever made for a like occasion. Topics of vital interest to the League were selected and assigned to persons of State and National reputation.

Some of the features of the program are as follows: Address, "What John Wesley Did for the World," literary address, "Religion of a Child," "The Junior League as a Factor in Methodism," address, "The Hovel and the Palace," "The Mission of Flowers."

Information Wanted.

About the year 1882 my brother left Virginia for Texas in company with a family by the name of Morris. When last heard from was in Western Collin County, about fifteen years ago, and we have never heard from him since.

Salem, Va.

A Matriarch Gone.

After C. A. Cook, widow of Rev. J. F. Cook, who was a member of this (West Texas) conference at the time of his death, died after an illness of only a few hours, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. B. Smith, of this place, Sunday, January 11, 1903.

Allee, Texas.

Mid-Year Meeting Board of Missions.

The mid-year meeting of the Board of Missions of the West Texas Conference will meet in Travis Park Church, San Antonio, Tuesday, February 13, 1903.

Postoffice Addresses.

Rev. C. F. Smith, Cameron, Texas.

If I do my best He will do the rest.

Advice to the Aged.

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G. C. RANKIN, D. C. Vol. XLIX. Edit

From time immemorial the Church has had its share of superstition, and superstition, in fact, teaches us that the circumstances which strain by the healthful competition of the Roman Church. For years and years under the power of the colossal religious or when they passed United States Government of intelligence, no ideas of little sense of right were the devotees, no other form of we have introduced put trained teachers down with Bibles preached gospel. ning to open their ranks of Rome. A influence is far-reaching. Agilpay, has lifted and the people are. In many places the large majority, a Church property independent movement, spread and general Rome have become ceded to appeal to authority to dispose gain the property Church. This is, on the ground, involved was one that have to settle, inaspartment had no this decision an apington, and the d was sustained, and of the Government importance of this fact that the Filip yoke of Rome and act for these hopeful sign yet islands. It shows in its work and its hold upon those more shows that R authority, can not ho vile fear and obediate the fact that Roman Church, in to foster and nouris to oppress and deg patience has been longer fear the c friars who have hi minds and consci able and awful to