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EDITORIAL.

A Word to the Michigan Advocate.

The Michigan Advocate protests against our affirmation that the Northern Methodist Church has no mission among the white people of the South. It says substantially we will go where we please and we will build churches where we please; all objectors to the contrary notwithstanding. Exactly so. The Michigan Advocate has no regard whatever for the "Plan of Separation" or for the decision of the "Joint Commission" at Cape May. No treaty or any species of ecclesiastical covenant is sacred in the eyes of the Michigan Advocate. Whenever constitutional provisions or statutory regulations get in the way of the average Northern Methodist he simply pleads a "higher law" (a convenient fiction authorizing the unlimited indulgence of fanaticism) and goes forward.

His talks about Northern capital building up Southern towns is the veriest stuff. Whenever Northern people build up Southern towns on the scale assumed by the Michigan Advocate we will agree to a reconsideration of the o'd plan. It is all in the imagination. The Michigan Advocate thinks that we ought to "welcome the spirit and vim and sentiment and doctrine which have given capital to the North." Religion is a secondary consideration—capital is the point. That is about all the good the Northern Church does in the South—to turn loose vast sums among the people. That is about the only ground on which its continuance among the white people of the South can be justified--it is a business enterprise. It makes money plentiful, it stirs the lazy Southerners by a conspicuous example of pluck, industry and frugality. As an evangelizing agency it is a pre-eminent failure.

The Northern Methodist Church is not needed among the white people of the South. We are abundantly able to cultivate the ground. It is our providential and natural sphere and we have done as well with it as any other denomination with its field. This Church is neither needed nor wanted. Its presence is an unwarrantable intrusion and the missionary money which sustains it is a criminal waste. Its Churches are only kept up by large appropriations and if they were withdrawn they would vanish like a rope of sand. We have seven pastoral charges in the city of Dallas and to say that a Northern Methodist Church is needed is just simple blindness. The largest white annual conference of the Northern Church in Texas is smaller than one of our weakest District Conferences. The white work is only sustained by desperate efforts and ample appropriations of money. It is needless to argue the matter or to furnish statistics. The Michigan editor flings a defiance in our face and gives us flatly to understand that he and his brethren will do as they please regardless of public opinion or statistical results.

Northern people, as business men or visitors, are abundantly welcome in the South. We have no quarrel with them whatever. When we were pastor of the First Methodist Church, Dallas, we found perhaps a dozen members of the Northern Methodist Church therein. They were devout people, useful and happy. They could not and they did not complain of their treatment either socially or ecclesiastically. They did just right, to identify themselves with the Southern Church. The only point we emphasize is this, that the Northern Methodist Church as an evangelizing agency has no mission among the white population of this territory for the simple reason that our own Church covers the ground and meets the responsibilities and demands of the case. Even conceding, for the sake of argument, that Northern men have built up Southern towns, we raise the question, why? Just simply because it was a paying investment, yielding a good dividend—not for any philanthropic or missionary considerations whatever.

If our memory does not fail us some of their Bishops and leading men have seen the point and have advocated gradually diminishing appropriations and final withdrawal. God knows the Northern Methodists have enough on their hands without dividing their forces or wasting their funds. If the money squandered on the white work in the South were judiciously invested among the ignorant and heathenish foreigners of the North, we would see a glorious revolution and a mighty ingathering of the lost. The old policy of "disintegration and absorption" is still a dream of some of our Northern friends—a dream, however, destined to a complete and final dissipation. In speaking thus we represent more than nine-tenths of our preachers and people. This gratuitous and unwarrantable intermeddling with our legitimate territory is a source of constant irritation and does more than anything else to keep the two Methodisms far apart.

Fraternity, federation, organic union and all such projects of pacifications are impracticable and impossible so long as such unconscionable and shameless violations of solemn compacts are persistently and defiantly continued. Keeping at home and attending strictly to one's own business is a good policy for Churches as well as individuals. More than six thousand traveling and seven thousand local preachers, together with more than a million and a half of members, are abundantly able under God to look after the interests of Methodism in the South. When we need our Northern friends we will fly a distress signal. Ephraim has vexed Judah long enough. Let us have done with "higher laws" and convenient fanatical fictions and stick to the covenant of our fathers.

Zion's Herald: Usage prescribes an inaugural ball when President or Governor is inducted into office. If the official does not indulge in the terpischorean art, even if he is opposed to it, he is expected with his wife to head the introductory promenade, and thus give his sanction to the festivities. Governor-elect Mount, of Indiana, seems to have the Jacksonian spine. He is a Presbyterian elder, a godly man with strong convictions of Christian propriety. He can not conscientiously participate in an inaugural ball. Therefore he will not; and that feature drops out of the Indianapolis programme.

This action of Governor-elect Mount is heroic. The world needs men of just such moral stamina. Too long have our men and women in high places cowered before the gaze of public opinion and obediently listened to the dictates of a corrupted element. Governmental morals will never rise higher than governmental usage. As in days of yore, we need now the leadership of a Moses and the iron nerve of an Elijah. We must refer all moral acts to Christ, who is our law, and not to personal conscience as it crouches before public and popular applause.

Dr. Howard Henderson made the following beautiful expression in the Michigan Advocate. It is a happy comentary on the divine promise that these light afflictions, which are for but a moment, are to work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory:

We should be careful not to overestimate sorrow. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." When God's smile breaks on our grief, our tears are prisms that bend the bow of promise, as the iris spans the clearing-up shower. The brightest morns oft succeed the darkest night. After the shadow the aurora. We should learn the weaning work of sorrow. Heaven becomes real and magnetic when our treasures are there. "When the Alpine shepherd would woo his flock to higher, greener pastures, he bears a lamb in his bosom as he is leading ascends the steeps."

Said Father Stilling: "Our family is flourishing in heaven." The family completes itself through death. Here, it is sundered; there, it is reunited. The Good Shepherd carries the lambs in his bosom that the sheep may follow. We should refrain from morbid griefs and cynical moods. Affliction is seen in its objects. The diamond is crystallized in the sunless laboratories of the earth. The shell is polished and pencilled in the dark depths of the sea.

"Darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day."

Western Christian Advocate: In the apocryphal "Gospels" it is related that the boy Jesus disclosed to the temple doctors the secret of reading "the things that are in books." This is a deep secret, unknown to many who read books, but do not discern the things that are in them, and of which they are the expression. It is not always unfolded to critics; but true criticism aspires to its mastery, and is not content until, through the medium of books, it sees the inner meaning and mystery of life.

Much valuable time runs to waste in allowing ourselves to read books that deserve but a passing notice. Books require great care in selection, just as you search for the friend whom you would make a bosom companion. Henry Drummond, in his "Talk on Books," says that a gentleman in Scotland, who has an excellent library, has placed on one side of the room his heavy, somber tones, and over those shelves the form of an owl. On the other side of the room are arranged the lighter books, and over these is the figure of a bird known in Scotland as "the dipper." The "owl books" are to be mastered, and among such a man ought to live.

Connectional News.

Arkansas Methodist: The formal opening of the chapel of the First M. E. Church, South, Little Rock, took place on last Sunday. The day was fair and the congregation filled the house. The good people were happy to have once more a beautiful church home, without debt. There was always a debt upon the old church—about $1,300 unpaid at the time it burned. The new building will be more commodious and beautiful, and the congregation expect to pay for it when it is completed.

Dr. Andrew Hunter sent a letter of greeting to the congregation. He recited interesting facts in the history of the Church since its organization as a station in 1836, William Ratcliff pastor. The Doctor closes, saying: "I have passed the eighty-third mile-stone of my pilgrimage, and am now near the end of my journey, but I feel the same solicitude for the Church of my choice as in the earlier years of my ministry, and for Little Rock Methodism it amounts to a passion. If I knew I were speaking to this Church for the last time I would say to my Brother Patillo and his successors: Preach against the evil of sin, preach the necessity of a genuine repentance, and faith in Christ, as the only means of pardon. To the membership my advice would be: Obtain the witness of the Spirit, a sweet personal consciousness of the divine favor."

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Professor J. S. Austin, writing from Santa Rosa, Cal., to the Southern Christian Advocate, says: "While we have as many Church organizations, and perhaps as many houses of worship as the older States, the congregations are much smaller. Our Church, second in numerical strength among the Protestnat denominations in this city, has a membership of about 325. It, with three other charges in this County, constitutes about one-fourth of the Santa Rosa District, of the Pacific Conference. The Napa District, of the California Conference, M. E. Church, over-lapping ours with more than twice as many charges in Sonoma County, has scarcely double the number of members. The Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Episcopalians are each less numerous than either of the two branches of Methodists. Considering the difficulties under which the Churches labor, many of them peculiar to this field, there is nothing to discourage us. Our Church had added about 25 per cent to its membership within the last ten years. Its condition is favorable to a like increase in half as many more years."

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Dr. S. A. Steel in St. Louis Advocate: The prospect is favorable for a great attendance on the next International Epworth League Conference. There were 12,000 delegates at Chattanooga, and the inspiration of that meeting was felt in every part of the Church. Toronto is much nearer to the great Methodist centers of the North than Chattanooga was, and we may look for a great outpouring of the Leaguers next July. A conservative estimate places the attendance at 30,000 or 40,000. Shall the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, take a part in that great meeting corresponding to its strength and position in the family of American Methodism? That will depend largely on the intelligent appreciation of this opportunity by our preachers, and especially by our leading men. If they will enter heartily into the movement and encourage it, we may derive great benefits from the next International Conference.

General Church News.

The Independent: Among the many interesting lines of work in Europe few are more so than that among the students of the Latin Quarter, made all the more important by the recent removal of certain restrictions upon foreigners. It is said that already there are between 3,000 and 5,000 English-speaking students among them, devoting themselves to painting, sculpture, architecture, engineering and literature, all partaking of the general characteristics of American college students. The influences about them are certainly not of the best. The Parisians are "neither the most religious nor the most moral people in the world," and in Paris it is the general belief that a student must fight a little harder than anywhere else if he is to hold his own in spiritual life. The Rev. James D. Paxton, formerly of Philadelphia, has entered upon this work with enthusiasm. His whole time will be given to the students in their homes, apartments and studios; and every Sunday evening, in a large studio, seating about two hundred and fifty, he holds an informal service. He has the heartiest co-operation of Dr. Thurber, pastor of the American Church in the Rue de Berri, as well as of many students, and it is hoped and believed that he will accomplish much to help those who need help.

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Rev. J. H. Worley, in Zion's Herald, refers as follows to the Foochow Conference:

In one respect, at least, the year has been extraordinary—the unusually large number who have sought admission to the Church. Several causes have operated to produce this result. The Chino-Japanese war, so thoroughly demonstrating the imbecility of China, and the despatch with which the perpetrators of riots and massacres were, under pressure of Western governments, brought to justice, seemed to create a general impression that Christianity, or at least the influence of foreigners, would prove a panacea for all woes. But back of this, and more potent, stand nearly fifty years of praying, preaching and scattering broadcast the Word of Life, the leavening influence of which has permeated every grade of society." So the results are just what a living faith could claim upon the exceeding great and precious promises of God.

Many of the people have come with as pure motives as possible, considering their environment and spiritual blindness, and placed themselves under religious instruction. This is most encouraging and gives hope of larger ingatherings in the future. Together with this comes the heavy responsibility of leading these ignorant souls into the light and liberty of the gospel. But we are not blind to the fact that large numbers come for the loaves and fishes, or with the hope of temporal benefits in the way of immunity from extortion from greedy officials and their underlings, and other forms of oppression.

In the face of all these obstacles there are many encouragements. There is a marked advance in spiritual life and power with some of the preachers. They are coming as never before to see that the salvation of China depends upon them more than on the missionaries. There is also a growing conviction with some of our best men that the life of the Church depends upon the members and their willingness to support the gospel, and in order to insure this, regular, sympathetic giving must be maintained. This has been done with marvelous results in some places during the year, and we confidently expect greater advance next. The conviction that tithing, or at least setting apart a definite part of the income to the Lord's work, is the proper plan, is also increasing rapidly.

THE PRESS.

Photographing Natural Colors.

The reproduction of color now absorbs the attention of a large class of workers. No little sensation was caused by the announcement that M. Lippmann, of the Sorbonne, Paris, had succeeded in obtaining pictures in color directly from the objects. A sensitive plate, of practically grainless coating, is attached to a tank of mercury in such a manner that the film and mercury are in absolute contact. The exposure is then made and the plate developed and fixed. Under certain conditions an image in colors is produced. This, however, is only visible at certain angles, just as the image in a daguerreotype, and the results can not be said to give any encouragement to the idea that a practical process has been devised. Of more importance is the indirect method referred to above, by which a negative is made through a screen ruled in colors. From this negative a positive is made, which, when backed up with a ruled colored screen, yields a colored picture closely resembling the original.—Frederick J. Harrison, in the Cosmopolitan.

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Burns and Calvinism.

There is no more world-notorious fact in matters religious than the prevalence in Scotland of the sternest, most uncompromising species of the bluest Calvinism. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once passed a remark of which the purport was: He could never understand how Scotland, Calvinistic, straight-laced Scotland, could clasp her national poet to her bosom without bursting her laces. Her laces are bursting. The pen of Robert Burns wrote the death warrant of Scotia's Calvinistic God. The sentence may be slow in execution, but his utter extinction is as sure as is the immortality of Caledonia's national bard. "If the poet's arrows were barbed with wit," says Rev. David McRae, a popular Scottish minister, "they were also barbed with truth, and Calvinism could not shake them off. The dogma of election ever since Burn's day has been receding from the forefront of Scottish theology. The tone of preaching has been insensibly changing." It has been declared with tiresome iteration that there is no religion in Burn's poems, but merely ruthless iconoclasm. If a man was in the undesirable embrace of an octopus and you valiantly rescued him from its cruel arms, you would scarcely expect him to reprove you for ruthlessly destroying his companion and not providing a more congenial comrade on the spot!—Rev. A. W. Cross, in the Arena.

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Alaska and Reindeer.

Into this hapless situation has stepped a most remarkable man, the Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson. He began his work as missionary in Utah, and then extended it to Alaska, covering in each year of his peregrinations something like 25,00 miles. Dr. Jackson is intensely aware that it is necessary first to save the bodies of the heathens if he is to have a fair chance at their souls, and hence the remarkable project of his which inspires this paragraph. As the caribou could not be domesticated, and there seemed no chance to feed the number of dogs necessary to do the carrying work of the community, either for the miners or the natives. Dr. Jackson conceived the idea of introducing the reindeer into Alaska. He brought over several hundred head of reindeer from Siberia, in the face of prophecies that the scheme was impracticable from beginning to end. The United States Government appointed him its special agent after he had demonstrated the scheme was feasible, and he later added some native Siberian herders to his reindeer colony. The deer are doing wonderfully well; they have increased sixty per cent each year, and keep fat, sleek and healthy. Dr. Jackson has just returned from his last trip to Alaska, and is trying to secure appropriations for adding 1500 or 2000 more of the animals. This he considers will be sufficient to stock that section of the country. One difficulty he has had comes from the presence of the dogs used for sledding. They chase and kill the deer wherever they see them, and it is scarcely possible to maintain the reindeer in the region of the country where the dogs are still used. The latter are entirely inadequate to supply the necessary traction power of the future Alaska, or even of the present Alaska. It is already necessary to ship large quantities of dog-food from Chicago, made from the refuse of the great slaughter-houses, in order to provide food for the hungry canine population. In the half century which has seen the loss of the buffalo and of so many other valuable American animals, it is particularly notable to find this far-sighted clergyman laying what seems to be the sure foundations of an indispensably useful and very ornamental race of semi-domestic animals. There are now 1100 reindeer doing well in Dr. Sheldon's stations, and the entire cost to the United States was $20,000, or less than $20 per head.—Scribner's Magazine.

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Theology.

Theology now goes half-way toward putting itself into the hand of literature by confessing that its field is largely the same—namely, life and nature. This is not a new departure, nor is it strictly an outcome of progress, but it is rather a return to the beginning. The standpoint of Jesus was not in dogma, nor in ecclesiasticism, but in human life and its simple and evident relations to God and man. He found himself in life, and he made that the field of his action. Its natural and evident relations indicated his duties. The sources of the revelation of God which he made were in his own nature and in the world of human life about him. The fulfillment of his nature as the Son of the Father, and the life he lived in the world, constitute the gospel. The return to this conception is the chief characteristic of present-day theology. Hence the theologian of the new era need not be a metaphysician, nor of necessity a scholar; but he will be one who can interpret life at first hand, and follow it in all its ways; he will also have the discerning eye with which to see nature and penetrate to its meaning. We already have this order of theologians in the chief poets of the century: Browning, with his direct vision of God; Tennyson, interpreting the mystery of human life under the law of evolution; Whittier, the prophet of its hopes; Longfellow and Lowell, its teachers in every-day ethics. The writers of fiction have not done so well, having been ensnared by a theory of realism which holds them down to one-sided and external views of life, while the poets, by the necessity of their calling, treat humanity in an ideal way, which is the only real way. But even the novelists have often rendered good service to theology by giving the final blow to some out-worn dogma, or by by standing sponsor for some new truth.—T. T. Munger, in Century Magazine.

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Keats' Grave.

On the 14th of February, 1821, Severn wrote to Mrs. Brawne: "Little or no change has taken place in Keats since the commencement of this, except this beautiful one that his mind is growing to great quietness and peace; I find this change has its rise from the increasing weakness of his body, but it seems like a delightful sleep to me. * * * * Among the many things that he has requested of me to-night, this is the principal, that on his grave shall be this: 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.'"

"At times during his last days," said Severn elsewhere, "he made me go to see the place where he was to be buried, and he expressed pleasure at my description of the locality of the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, about the grass and the many flowers, particularly the innumerable violets; also about the flock of goats and sheep and a young shepherd—all these intensely interested him. Violets were his favorite flowers, and he joyed to hear how they overspread the graves. He assured me that 'he had already seemed to feel the flowers growing over him.'" "And there they do grow," added Lord Houghton many months afterwards, "even all the winter long—violets and daises mingling with the fresh herbage, and, in the words of Shelley, 'making one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.'"

Sixty-one years after the death of Keats, Severn himself was laid to rest by the side of the friend he had loved so well and had never forgotten.

Keats lies in the old portion of the Protestant Cemetery, very near the entrance. The monument, bearing a medallion portrait of him, has this inscription:

"This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet who, on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be engraved upon his tombstone:

'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.'"

—Lawrence Hutton, in Harper's.

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Imperial Stocktaking.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-six has been a year testing and trying the reputations of men, and although this process may be occasionally disagreeable to individuals, it is one of the most useful forms of national and imperial stocktaking. After all, the strength of nations lies, not merely in the character of their ordinary men, but also in the greatness of their great ones. A nation which has lost the capacity of begetting great men is a nation in its decadence. But to know the greatness of the truly great it is necessary to pass them time and again through the ordeal of adverse circumstance, to melt away their dross in the crucible of trial and temptation. It is only after a long continued series of these processes, which indeed never cease while life lasts, that mankind is able to ascertain beyond all doubt who are really worthy of supreme homage as the heroes of the race. Eighteen hundred and ninety-six has not been devoid of the tests supplied by trial and temptation to the great ones of the earth. Bismarck, for instance, who for many years towered like some magnificent column above the waste of European diplomacy has afforded only too painful demonstration of the faults and failings which assail the statesman in retreat. But despite the revelations, which seem to be prompted more by impatience of the dull obscurity of Friedrichsruh than by any consuming desire to promote the interests either of his country or of European peace, he remains one of those whose greatness has been best ascertained and best proved. On the fallen pillar the lichen may grow, and here and there its marble may be flawed and stained; but it is a pillar still. Not even Prince Bismarck himself, with the Hamburg newspaper as the Mephistopheles continually at his side, can destroy or even appreciably impair the reputation of the maker of modern Germany.—W. T. Stead, in Review of Reviews.

Southern Methodist Personals.

New Orleans Advocate: Rev. Henry Clay Morrison, D. D., our Missionary Secretary, spent last Sabbath in this city, preaching in the morning at Carondelet and at night at Dryades, to the delight and edification of the people. The Doctor is in vigorous health and as sunny-souled as ever.

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St. Louis Advocate: Our LaFayette Park Church, which was so terribly shattered by the cyclone, has been splendidly enlarged and beautified. Next Sunday it will be formally reopened at 3 p. m. Bishop E. R. Hendrix will preach. St. Louis Methodism should turn out and show their appreciation of this great work accomplished amid such hard times and discouragements.

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Col George Thornburg, writing in the Arkanasas Methodist, says: "The editor of this paper and his dear wife have the sympathy of many friends in the hour of their bereavement in the death of their son. More than a year ago consumption developed in Willie, and he has been slowly, but surely going down ever since. For a few weeks past he has greatly desired to depart and be at rest, but suffered the will of God with patience and Christian fortitude until relief came on January 2, at noon. The funeral was from the new chapel of First Church, conducted by Revs. Patillo, Thomas and Lewis. Willie was a faithful member of First Church and was the President of the Epworth League the year before his health began to fail. He was 28 years old. In life he was gentle, loving and true. His death was triumphant, not a cloud nor a doubt crossed his spiritual vision of the rest that remains for the people of God. Few young people in Missouri were ever more admired and better loved than Willie and Lizzie Godbey. And both are in heaven.

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Veritas in St. Louis Advocate: The Methodist Commission of the Centennial met at the Publishing House on Jackson Day and permanently organized with Dr. W. M. Baskerville as president; Dr. Hoss, secretary; W. M. Green, treasurer. They fixed the second Sunday in February as Centennial Day in Methodist Churches for the purpose of raising money for the Methodist Building. They call for a tax of 10 cents per capita, to be raised from Methodist people for the building. Dr. R. A. Young was appointed to travel over the State as financial agent for the Commission, and he raised on the spot $100.

General Personals.

The Interior: The medical faculty have expressed great gratification with the character of Dr. Watson's Weelum Maclure, as a tribute to their profession. The general public can testify that the character of the Scotch country doctor is no novelty. When first I read Dr. Watson's delineation of Maclure, the character of Dr. Lackey, lately deceased, was constantly suggested. I witnessed a similar fight with death, which he made and won. There was the same determination, the same contesting of evry inch, so to speak, and an animosity as if he were fighting a corporeal foe. It was a case of croup, the writer's grandson, then about ten or eleven years old. "He will die about one o'clock if the case goes against us. If we can take him past that hour he will live," he said. He stationed himself at one side of the bed, and the child's mother at the other, and required a pail of hot water constantly renewed for each, and for four hours the two applied hot wet cloths, the cooling cloth snatched away by the one and a fresh hot one instantly applied by the other. As the fateful hour drew on the case became more and more doubtful, but the doctor said it was no worse than he expected. The clock struck one. "Are you sure of it now?" I anxiously asked. "Not absolutely," he answered, "but we shall know very shortly." How intent and intense the doctor was. Not a breath nor a movement escaped his attention. Before two o'clock, though I could perceive no difference, the doctor said, "He is coming out of it handsomely." His face lighted up. The eager and intense expression was gone. He smiled and showed the highest satisfaction, and, after giving a few directions, congratulated us heartily and went away. Dr. Lackey was a man of temper and would talk with great vigor and plainness of speech to his patrons about their hygienic misbehavior. His solicitude was for the health of his people, not for their fees. Disease was his foe, and he hated and fought it in every way. Dr. Lackey was in appearance more a farmer than a physician. He was held in high regard as a physician by the medical faculty of the city. There are very many such. Weelum Maclure was no exceptional character.

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Zion's Herald: The great and varied qualities in Dr. Cuyler have given him a marvelous success as preacher, pastor, organizer, lecturer and author along varied and diverse lines. The orator is seldom a model writer; the tongue and the pen often require different methods. Dr. Cuyler excels in the pulpit and in the press. The simple conversational style employed in the pulpit he is able to reproduce in the newspaper and printed volume. In his unaffected, tasteful, illustrative way he speaks to the heart, so putting things that they ever live in the memory and imagination of the reader. The abundance and excellence of his writings is a marvel. For the Evangelist he has written more than a thousand articles, and for the Independent over four hundred. The Christian Work, Congregationalist, Presbyterian, Zion's Herald, and other papers have profited in a less degree by his pen. He has made it a rule to write one or more articles ever week for the periodical press. In most instances the abundance a man writes cheapens his stock; he but dilutes the small quantity of valuable material in store. The writings of Dr. Cuyler maintain a high average, and many of them, treating of practical religion, possess a permanent value. As a writer on practical religion he occupies a foremost place among the authors of the nineteenth century. He is better than Baxter, Flavel and Doddridge, for he speaks to men of our time in a richer evangelical tone and a more jubilant spirit. Under many of his finished utterances we catch the exultant shout of early Methodism.

DEVOTIONAL.

THE IMMANENCE OF GOD.

The eye of God is at once the joy and terror of the universe. Angels rejoice in the light of his countenance, while wicked men tremble like Belshazzar under the consciousness of his presence. Even prophets, in the revelation of his presence, cry out: "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." If his face were not veiled in the heavens, how could flesh and blood endure? We should be utterly consumed.

Though we are unable to see him, God continually sees us. He is not a distant spectator; "in him we live and move and have our being." The Latin Church forgot this great truth and taught the transcendence of God; it was followed in this by the Deists. God made the world as a machinist makes an engine and runs it from outside by the laws of matter. In our day science has performed a valuable service in discrediting this error and restoring the only tenable doctrine of the immanence of God. God is in every particle of matter and in every movement of mind. God created the world and dwells in it; he made man and abides in this living temple. No law of nature could operate without him; his movements constitute the law or order of nature.

To good people this great truth ought to be a comfort. God is not far off; not only his word but he himself is in our heart and soul. We live in his presence—are never out of his sight or beyond his immediate care. We have not to ascend into heaven to find him; he is here in our thought and purpose, knowing what we need and ready to answer the faintest whisper of prayer. Again, the sense of accountability accompanies that of ready access. We are here on duty under the eye of the Master; our acts and neglects are alike known and photographed as it were in his great book of judgment. No fact is omitted in the record; from the cradle to the grave the account is complete and the evidence from day to day is perfect. "Now is the judgment of this world; now is the prince of this world judged." The final award will be but the opening of the books in which the record is now being stored up under the eye of the supreme Judge of men and angels.—Zion's Herald.

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READINESS FOR PRESENT SERVICE.

Growth in the knowledge of God may be slow or rapid. At the present day, events are so accelerated, consequences follow as immediately on causes, the condensations and complexities of life are such, that, in order to be in instant readiness for the service of God, the growth of our knowledge of him and of the things of his kingdom must be swift and deep. To prepare us for the needful activity of our age, to give us the insight necessary to the right reading of the events which now follow each other so quickly, there is the same teaching as before—the truth bound up in the Bible. The revelation needs no addition, but the rate of speed of the learner needs to be accelerated. It will no longer do for young Christians to take years to get the idea of service for Christ at home or in foreign lands before their consciousness as the principal aim of their lives.

For a true outlook on life and on the world's needs we must rise high enough to take these world kingdoms and their necessities into our view as a whole. We must go down deep enough into the heart of Jesus to be able to love men one by one and immediately, waiting for no change in their characters before we love them. Somewhere we must find that vast reservoir of spiritual supply which will keep us constant and persistent and steady in the determination to save and to serve men. Christians, young and old, must begin to see these things in a moment of time. Time is not necessary to the lightning flash. The vision of a world of sin and of its only Savior need not necessarily require the length of a lifetime. High noon reveals things at a glance. Noonday Christians may see the whole situation at once. Time is at a discount when the things of the spirit are in question. "Time," says Emerson, "is unnecessarily long. Moments of insight, of fine personal relation, a smile, a gleam—what ample borrowers of eternity they are!"

But how are these phenomenal scholars in the things of God to be made, and how is this rapid education to be carried forward? How, if it is to be so rapid, can we be sure that it is of the right kind—that we do not mistake one's superficial wish and desire for the actual knowledge of God? Can any one be prepared in so short a time for that which has often seemed to require the best part of a man's lifetime, even though we were a willing learner in the things of the kingdom? Is it possible to do the work of preparation of years and decades in such brief portions of time as the state of the world now allows its Christian workers? Now, as ever, foundations must be right and powers polished. Is the method to be changed, is all discipline to be omitted, and are unprepared instruments to be sent forth to do unskilled and heedless, and perhaps injurious, labor in the fields of needed world-service?

Not so. Greater preparation is demanded, more highly polished instruments are required than ever before. The spirit of man, for all that has been thought, written and experienced even, in regard to it, has never been truly estimated, nor its vast capacity in one particular apprehended. Only one of our race has ever grasped the tremendous potentiality of human nature. He who understood, experienced, and proclaimed this original power of man was Jesus. It is to this orignal, but, for the most part, unused, possibility of each Christian that we must turn in this day, when vision must be immediate, vivid, clear, and sustained—that is, when knowledge of God must be conveyed to the soul of the worker with perfect certainty and immediateness, and when the power to apply that knowledge to the benefit of others shall be as certain and immediate.

The power for swift, deep, all-comprehensive instruction in the things of God is and alone can be, the Spirit of God. And it is the capacity which Christians have to receive this Spirit which is so constantly underrated and so marvelously unused. The tuition of the Holy Spirit becomes intuition in the believer. God's Spirit has infinite power to mingle with the being of man.

If a man knows God, he is fitted to work for God. How swiftly and deeply may a man be taught by the Spirit! It is the glory of our nature restored in Christ that it may be entirely controlled by the Spirit, and enlightened past belief.

It is the power and the willingness of the Holy Spirit to possess the whole nature of a Christian which is our reliance in these latter days when the need is so imminent. This is the force for the needed rapidity of progress in the knowledge of God, and it is the only source of ability to apply the life in Christ which is ours to those around us.—Sunday School Times.

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THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Passing beneath my window I notice a dark wire extending either way beyond my view. I follow it in imagination out through the misty air to its source. It comes from a great building that is full of rapidly revolving, heavy machinery. I perceive that in those rough and massive walls has been concentrated the inventive genius of the world, and the thought of great minds for an hundred years I perceive also that it is an area of concentration—that coal has been mined from beneath the eastern mountains, copper from the far western hills, iron from the northern ranges, and all, with many other materials, concentrated here. This great manufactory produces nothing visible. Those huge engines apparently toil for naught. Those swiftly revolving masses of metal move freely, unhindered by belt or cog, accomplishing nothing. Nothing proceeds from this great building but this dark wire—no webs of cloth, no articles of iron, no furniture of wood—nothing that could be either useful or useless to man. All that there is of the hundred years of thought, of inventive genius, of labor and of mechanical supply is concentrated upon the narrow channel of this dark wire, which issues from a small opening in one of the walls. Follow it on its way over the valley, over the hill, over the river, and through the darkness in which it is for the most part invisible. But from the beginning of my journey I have noticed that there is a pillar of clouds of a rosy color hanging in the sky, and when at last I have reached the terminus of this dark line, I see that it bursts out into a great light, brilliant and blinding. I perceive that this light falls upon the highways and the paths of men like the beams of a noonday sun; that the whole city is illuminated, that the dark night is turned into day, and that the sky itself is white and ruddy with the earth-born beams.

A more striking example exists in another city. The rainfall and the melting snows of a vast region is gathered by rivulets and rivers into great inland seas. The geologists trace the history of these seas far back into the hoary and misty past; back into the chaos of the ice; back into the creative epoch of the earth. They point to the Laurentian rocks and say, Here is the oldest material known upon the earth. These rocks were built up before time began. These inland seas were planned before the morning stars were awakened by the beauty of the newly created earth into song. These retaining walls were laid in cement which was made plastic by the heat of the primeval fires. Now we see that all the forces of nature over a vast area, all these resultant seas, concentrate into a great river, and this river in its rushing course takes a plunge which fills the region with thunder and the air with spray. From all this diplay and expenditure of grandeur and force wires lead out and traverse the land east, west and south, and wherever they go they fill the earth with light and the cloudy sky of the night with glory.

If these descriptions had been written only a short decade and a half ago they would have been regarded as the fantastic visions of a dreamer. Now they are understood as referring to familiar and practical facts. But is there not a coincident line running through the history of the spiritual world?

If we trace back the history of the inland seas and of the great Niagara we lose it in the darkness of primeval chaos. There is a spiritual line, a channel of power which reaches the earth at the first dawn of human consciousness. To its existence the attention of the first man was called. We can trace it down along its narrow and often obscure way through the ages. Along its way the forward side of great elevations, and the tops of the forests, are illuminated by a light which does not have its source in the rising and setting sun, by beams which shine back from a distant future. It were a long and weary and often a hopeless journey to follow that narrow and obscure channel down the long stretches of the ages, did we not know the end from the beginning. At last it terminates in beams of ineffable glory—in the Light of the World, a light which shines so far beyond the limits of the world that it attracts the angels out of soundless space, to gather around it.

For whatever motive of the divine will, the channel of the Messiah was very narrow, and the current of the Spirit often obscure, often invisible, but here and there, in its course, kindling a spiritual splendor before it reached the appointed time when the Light of the World was to appear full-orbed. That was a small part of a small land which was divinely chosen for it. A thin line of successive prophets was planted along the way to sustain it. For ages it was materially marked only by a tent, then by a golden temple, which was dismantled and burnt, then by a heap of ruins, then by voices crying in the wilderness, almost as lonely and desolate as the owls. The land chosen for it was trampled by hostile hosts from the West, from the North, from the South. Many a time, and oft, the last vestige of the line which carried the energy of the Light of the World seemed to be destroyed.

But it moved down the ages concentratively, isolated, seemingly guarded against waste by diffusion, until it reached the appointed time, when in the form of spiritual light it manifested itself with such power that the world for all time to come should be illuminated, and men walk in the effulgence of the spiritual world.—Interior.

OLD AND YOUNG

A World Pilgrimage.

In St. Paul's Footsteps—Rome—Naples—Athens—The Acropolis—Mars Hill.

Our six days in the Eternal City gave us a great variety of profound and satisfactory enjoyments. Ancient Rome, with its colossal fragments, and Christian Rome, with its splendid achievements in art, and the Rome of to-day, rejoicing in the Prince's marriage, combined to render our sojourn almost an epoch in our lives. On Sunday I attended the Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Gray is the pastor, and there had the pleasure of meeting President Dwight, of Yale University, who is evidently enjoying a well-earned vacation. Dr. Gray, who will be remembered by many in Chicago, from his visit to our city ten years ago, presides over a girls' high school, in which daughters of some of the court families are educated. He gave me much trustworthy information in regard to present conditions in Italy, and is evidently very happy in the glorious freedom which Protestants now enjoy.

One of our interesting experiences was to visit the graves of Shelley and Keats, in the English Cemetery, near the Ostain Gate. Only the ashes of Shelley are buried here. After his death by shipwreck his body was burned, but his heart was taken to England. The alchemy by which the spirit of the true poet is immortalized is beautifully suggested by the lines on his tomb:

"Nothing of him doth fade,
But hath suffered a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

I had much deeper feelings at the tomb of John Keats, on whose gravestone the poet's name is not inscribed, but whereon we read the strange epitah, written at his own request, in the bitterness of his soul: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." That name, however, is carved in adamant. Keats' brain was the splendid workshop of beauty and "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." He who wrote the "Ode to the Nightingale," and the "Ode to a Grecian Urn," will outlast the Roman temples and tombs that are found so near to his sepulcher.

But after all every other interest in Rome is feeble, when matched with that which inheres in the story of the Apostles. As on the Appian Way I thought of the captive Paul journeying toward the imperial center of the world, limitless in power, steeped in cruelty, intrenched in idolatry, I asked myself, what had he in his possession wherewith to cope with all this proud and magnificent paganism? He had a vision, he had an experience, he had a divine certainty of the divine Christ, he had a history of the incarnation of the Son of God. Paul's truth and vision, things spiritual, were mightier than the Colosseum and the forces of the Palatine Hill. Of the hundreds of thousands assembled last week in Rome in front of the church where the Prince of Naples was married, a church constructed by Michael Angelo out of the Baths of Domitian, the cruel persecutor of the Christians—of those immense multitudes nearly all had been baptized in the name of Paul's Christ. I defy anyone of Christian spirit to read while in Rome the last chapter of the Acts of the Apostles and the passages in the Pauline letters which speak of his imprisonment without having his heart swell as if he were reading a sublime epic poem. It is natural that some of Paul's Epistles should stir our souls in Rome as perhaps nowhere else. Those of us who think him the chief hero of history are happy in remembering that the most beautiful of all Roman Churches is built in his honor. His superiority over Peter in the annals of the first Christian century is conspicuous. Christ's words to the fisherman of Galilee, which are written in gigantic characters around the mighty dome which bears the name of the hero of Pentecost, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock will I build my Church," etc., have been the foundation of the papal ecclesiasticism. Their misuse might be evident to all if Christ's other words to Peter had been placed in equal conspicuity: "Get thee behind me Satan, thou art an offense unto me." Still I was very much interested to learn that Dr. Gray, who has made a special study of the first Christian century, has, with Dr. Schaff, reached the conclusion that Peter was actually in Rome and suffered martyrdom there, probably after Paul's death. The early and universal Christian belief that Peter died in Rome, can not be summarily swept away. And this suggests to me a further fact—that fair-minded students of antiquity, both in Jerusalem and in Rome, are now putting a little more confidence in tradition, at least in some traditions, than was formerly common.

I will not keep my readers long in Naples, whence we sailed on October 26 for Athens, in whose harbor, the Piraeus, we now are. After drives through the city by the matchless bay, and a memorable half-day spent in the ruins of Pompeii, we came aboard the steam yacht "Midnight Sun," and are now members of Dr. Lunn's Mediterranean cruising party of one hundred and ten. After a pleasant voyage through the Straits of Messina, across the Adriatic and through the Gulfs of Patras and Corinth, we anchored late last evening near the entrance to the new Corinth Canal. In the early dawn most of the passengers were awake, and we found ourselves in the midst of a most beautiful and interesting scene. Far to the north and west were the peaks of Parnassus and Cithaeron. Near by, on the isthmus, was the little town of New Corinth, and back of it, and of the site of the old city, rose the lofty and very commanding height of Acro-Corinthus. The opulent and luxurious and corrupt Corinth of antiquity has been swept away. But a company of Christians of the first century, living in the midst of that splendid luxury, once received a letter from a Roman citizen of Jewish blood, who had formerly preached to them the gospel. It was they who first read from that Epistle these words: "And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love." In that letter they also read, "For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins, according to the scriptures; and that he was buried, and he rose again, the third day, according to the scriptures." My mind was busy building in imagination the vanished town, picturing the eager company of humble Disciples, not many mighty were called and trying to summon before me the scene, perhaps in the house of Aquila and Priscilla, when, in their hearing was read Paul's own account of his Corinthian ministry: "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." The letter, which these humble men and women held in their hands, has become a part of the world's sacred literature. If the original autograph could now be found it would be perhaps the choicest relic on the earth. But the written words, in one form or another, have outlasted the marts and temples of the proud commercial metropolis of Greece.

After we had passed through the canal, we caught a glimpse of the site of the old Isthmian games, and also of the port of Cenchrea. In that port once lived a friend and helper of the great apostle, and from it, about eighteen hundred and forty years ago, she set sail for Italy, having in her possession, what some of the most illustrious modern philosophers have deemed the grandest of human compositions. In her box, bundle, or traveling bag, or somewhere on her person, Phoebe carried Paul's letter to the Romans. If her ship had been lost at sea, it appears possible that the history of Christendom might have been changed. Think of Martin Luther without his most effective weapons! Think of the Christian Church never able to read: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." Only a few marble remnants of the ancient life of these Greek shores now remain, but that letter, which the good woman with the sun-bright name once carried across these sun-bright waters, abides a living force, a part of that Word of the Lord, that endureth forever.

At noon we arrived at the port Piraeus, now filled with ships of many sizes and many nations. In an hour we had been taken ashore in boats manned by Greek sailors, and transported by train three miles to Athens, where, after luncheon at the Hotel de Grande Bretagne, we soon made our way to the Acropolis. (We met several of the Greek soldiers of the Queen's guard, whose picturesque costumes made them favorite subjects for the deadly photographers.) I have spent many hours by daylight and in the night-time on the Acropolis, crowned by the Propylada, the Erectheum and the Parthenon, and the broken columns and shattered marble foundations of these gateways and temples grow not less but more beautiful with repeated visits. Such a sky as bent lovingly this afternoon and evening over the old hill, sacred to art and religion, one does not see outside of Greece. In the violet ether of Athens the shattered wonder of Pericles, Praxiteles and Phidias still shines like a resplendent jewel. I have never been surprised by the extravagance of Emerson's lines:

"Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone."

God gave to the Athenians, as to no others who have ever lived, the power to evoke deathless beauty out of stone. It was a delight to see that our companions, some of whom had not had any special preparation to appreciate classic art, were generally filled with an intoxicating sense that something matchlessly beautiful had once covered this hill-top. But most of us felt that something greater and more important to man's highest welfare had found expression on the lower neighboring summit of the Areopagus. We stood on Mars Hill, almost in awe. People became silent. We felt that Paul was near us, and we were glad to survey the sea and sky and rocks and temples which he looked upon as he stood there and spoke the wisest and greatest words which the city of Socrates and Plato had ever heard. Some one asked for a New Testament, that Paul's address might be again spoken. As no copy of the Acts of the Apostles was forthcoming, I was asked to repeat Paul's sermon, and this fortunately I was able to do. Heads were uncovered as I began with Paul's courteous introduction, "Ye men of Athens I perceive that in all things ye are very religious," and ended with, "whereof he hath given witness unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead." I ventured to say that Paul's address was largely shaped by what he saw before him and around him. To the left is the Theseium, the temple and tomb of Theseus, still in good preservation. Right above the preacher, as above us, was the glory of the Acropolis, from which, in Paul's time, rose the great statue of Pallas Athene, with her spear and graven shield. Paul preached a God whom Athens ignorantly worshiped, a God who is Maker and Lord of all things, and therefore does not confine himself to "temples made with hands" and is not "worshiped with men's hands." After proclaiming a God who had made of one blood all nations, a God in whom we live and move and have our being, and after quoting with approval from a Pagan poet, the apostle declares that since men are the offspring of God they should not think of the Godhead as "like unto gold or silver or stone graven by art and man's device." We had seen on the Acropolis where the gold and ivory statue of Pallas had stood, and we had seen a thousand marbles, from the quarries of Pentelicus, most beautifully graven by art and skilfully shaped by the devices of the master-sculptors of Greece.

Three years ago the noble Archbishop of Zante sat one evening in my house, in Chicago, and we invited him to pronounce in Greek Paul's oration on Mars Hill, which he did with great dignity and eloquence. He told us that some English people in Athens whom he met on the Areopagus, once made of him a similar request. The audience and the scenes and the recollection of the brave Apostle so inspired him that he gave the address with the deepest feeling, tears coming to his own eyes, and to the eyes of his hearers. As I told this story this afternoon, our dragoman and interpreter, Mr. Apostolis, was deeply interested and said:

"I knew the Archbishop of Zante. I have often seen him in Athens. He was a splendid and big-hearted man." He spoke of his death with much regret. I am persuaded that multitudes of Christians in America, both Catholic and Protestant, have come into more appreciative relations with the old Greek Church, on account of the actions and noble words of Archbishop Latas in America. It will be difficult to erase from our memories the deep impressions made by this day. Paul has been very near to us, and the old Greek life, into which he cast new and regenerating elements, has come freshly before our minds. This evening we returned to the ship. A thousand lights gleam about us. The eternal stars burn in the blue heavens above us. Much of "the glory that was Greece" has passed away. Her gifts to the world of beauty have, however, become a part of our civilization. The heroic battle on yonder waters of Salamis, by which Europe was saved from barbarian, Asiatic hordes, will never die from human recollection. But the solemn and truthful words of the great-hearted apostle, spoken long ago on that rocky hill which in this evening twilight is not visible from the Piraeus, come closer to me now than Athenean art and heroism. Those words are the explanation and justification of my most important activities in recent years, and but for them my face would not now be set towards India.—John Henry Barrows, D. D., in the Interior.

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My Conscience.

A long, long time ago, when I was a child, I went, with my sister, to a school about one mile from home.

My mother was very strict with us, and we were never allowed to loiter on the way. But one day, after school hours, I was persuaded by some of the girls to go behind the school-house to a little creek, and play.

It was in the fall of the year, and we gathered beautiful red and yellow maple leaves to take home and varnish for winter flower pots; and we made doll furniture out of strong twigs—little beds, tables, chairs and picture frames.

I suppose we must have stayed at least two hours playing by the creek, for it was very late, almost dark, when I reached home. My mother was standing by the gate, and quietly opened it for me as I approached.

I felt guilty, and wondered what would happen, as I had never been so late from school. Mother knew our teacher never kept us in after school hours, as most of the children lived a great distance from school, and all of the scholars were young.

Mother walked by my side up the long, winding path to the house, and asked me in gentle tones what made me so late. She said my sister could not find me after school was dismissed, so had come home without me.

I shall never forget my mother's sweet face when she spoke to me. I was afraid of punishment, and told a lie.

"I could not come home any sooner, mother, because the teacher sent me on an errand," I said.

"Where did she send you, Nelly?" my mother asked.

"To the minister's house," I answered promptly.

The minister lived about half a mile beyond the school-house, and I thought I could deceive mother; for it would have taken about as much time to go on the errand as we took to play by the creek.

Mother believed me, and I was happy—no, not really happy. I was glad I had not been punished, but my conscience made me miserable, and as soon as I had told the lie I was sorry.

However, I was ashamed to let her know I had told a lie, so I tried to forget my sin, and when the supper-bell rang, I ran in the dining-room laughing and talking to my sister, and trying to appear natural.

I remember we had hot rolls and chocolate for supper, besides one or two tempting dishes mother had herself prepared. My mind was not on my supper. The rolls choked me, the chocolate burnt my tongue, and when mother asked me if I would have some apple custard, I said, "If you please," and handed her my tumbler.

At this every one smiled, and my father said, "What are dreaming about, my little girl?"

Somehow I did everything wrong that night, and was more and more confused. I kept on my face a smile to deceive my family, but I thought I noticed on my sister's face a look of thorough disapproval. I wondered if she knew I had not gone to the minister's.

At family prayers that night I was ashamed to look at father when he read out of God's holy book. My father read in course, and that night the chapter was the twenty-first of Revelation. When he came to the eighth verse—"all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone"—I looked up quickly, and my sister's eyes were upon me. She was thirteen years of age, and had joined the Church a few Sundays before.

Oh, how I longed to get away from those eyes—so pure, so sad! Father read on, describing the New Jerusalem with pearly gates and streets of gold. It was all I could do to keep the tears back. I felt as if I could never enter that holy land. And then the last verse of the chapter: "And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

We were in the habit of singing two hymns at prayers, my sister being allowed to select one, and I the other. When my time came, I was so confused I knew not what to select. As I opened my book, and turned the leaves, my eye fell on a hymn my grandmother had taught me—my good old grandmother, who had passed, the year before, through the pearly gates to the New Jerusalem. My eyes filled with tears, and I could not read the words. My sister tipped to my chair. I pointed to the place in my book, and she read the words of the sweet hymn:

"I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song."

After singing, we knelt for prayer. As soon as I rose, I slipped out of the room, and went upstairs, saying my head ached.

It was a lovely moonlight night, and I went to bed without lighting the lamp. My room was next to my mother's and sister's was on the other side of my room. After every one was asleep, as I thought, I tipped in my mother's room. Yes, they were asleep.

Should I wake them, and tell them of my sin, and ask forgiveness?

I did not have the courage, so I went to bed again, but not to sleep. There was a hair-mattress and a good set of springs on my bed, and feather pillows, but it seemed to me my bed was made of thorns. I twisted and turned until I could stay in bed no longer. I determined to go to my sister's room, and tell her I was sorry. She had always been kind to me, and had made a pet of me.

I stole in her room softly, and found her kneeling at her bed. She looked up at me, and I could see by the moonlight tears stealing down her cheeks. She held out her hand, drew me down beside her, whispered a prayer for God to forgive me, and I got in her bed, and slept with her arms around me.

Oh, how happy I was! As soon as I waked, I went in mother's room, and told her of my disobedience and lie, and she freely forgave me, and begged God to. That was my first and last lie to mother. She is in heaven now, and is waiting for me.

It will not be long before I shall meet her.

Little children, who read this story, let me beg of you to listen to your conscience. Your sin will find you out sooner or later. Little Sammy Brown passed by our house, and told my sister I was playing by the creek with some girls. Be honest.

Little children, do not encourage deceit. When your playmate confidentially whispers to you of some deceitful thing he is going to do, you whisper, "Oh, no! I wouldn't if I were you."

You are only a little child, but you can help people to be good.

Now I want to tell you something. I want every little boy and girl who reads this story to learn: "While the days are going by."

I have some little boys of my own, and last night at prayers their voices sounded very sweet singing:

"Oh, the good we all may do
As the days are going by."

Learn it, won't you?—Lily S. Rogers, in Sunday School Times.

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FIRST QUARTER—LESSON 4, JAN. 24.
SUBJECT: THE LAME MAN HEALED.
ACTS 3:1-16.

Golden text: His name, through faith in his name hath made this man strong.—Acts 3:16.

LESSON OUTLINE.

I. The Miracle of Healing.—See Acts 14:8; Matt. 11:4: Is. 35:6.

II. The Amazement of the People.—vv. 9-11.

III. The Power the Name of Jesus.—vv. 12-16.

Time.—Not long after Pentecost.—A. D. 30.

THE LESSON STORY.

Peter and John, two old-time friends, and former partners in business; men very unlike each other, but attracted to each other like opposite electricities; now Spirit-endued apostles, but still loyal Jews; were on their way in the afternoon to the Temple service of sacrifice and prayer. At the Beautiful Gate of the Temple—"probably the magnificent doors of Corinthian brass," opening from the Court of the Gentiles into the Court of the Women—a poor man, lame from his birth, and now past forty years og age, asked of the two apostles a gift of charity. St. Peter fastened his eyes on the beggar as if to peer into and call forth the faith faculty of the man's soul, and said: "Look on us." And he gave heed to them, but expecting only alms. Mark, the look of the Christian upon the needy and the helpless; the Christian's look upon the sinner, and the answering look of the sinner upon the Christian; both are here. St. Peter, having fastened the gaze of the beggar upon St. John and himself, then spoke to him those words of marvelous beauty and power: "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, walk." Infinitely more than gold and silver, and infinitely more than the poor cripple had asked for. Peter then took him by the right hand and lifted him up Ah! brotherly touch of a brother's hand. With that touch and uplifting came a new sense of faith, and the man at once felt his life-long weakness gone; his ankle bones received strength. Observe: we have had in this case both the look and the touch of the Christian; we say, Christian, not Christian religion; it is the eye and hand of a man, glowing with love, and strong in tenderness and power. Contact with suffering, sinning humanity. The effect was instantaneous upon the man; he leaped up and stood, and entered with them into the temple, walking and leaping and praising God. Just then he did more walking and praising than any one else. Health, freedom and religion all at once; it was enough to set the man wild with joy and thanksgiving. And how he clave to Peter and John; who ever forgets the man that first leads him to Jesus!

The effect was also powerful and instantaneous upon the people, for they all saw and knew the man, and felt that it was a notable miracle. The great crowd rushed into Solomon's Porch—a vast "cloister, built on an artificial embankment, the work of King Solomon;" a splendid roof of cedar, supported by marble columns; "extending nearly six hundred feet on the eastern side" of the Temple.

Here St. Peter becomes the great preacher again; ascribes the man's healing directly to Christ, and with burning, powerful words charges home the guilt of his hearers, for rejecting and killing the Prince of Life, whom God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses. On the day of Pentecost Peter had told them that Jesus "had shed forth this which ye see and hear"; now he tells them that this same Jesus had healed the lame man. Ah! He lives! This is the point that cuts to the soul. What a day it will be when every eye shall see him: Jesus the Nazarene, alive forevermore. Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish; nay rather, behold him now, and live.

* * *

HELPS IN LEARNING THE LESSON.

1. It is good to have and to keep always habits of prayer. Peter and John were apostles, yet they went daily, at the regular hours, to the place of prayer. No Christian ever gets past the need of praying daily. Especially should young people form the habit of praying at fixed times. If this habit is definitely learned then all through life it will be likely to stay with us.

II. We get more than we seek when we come to the Gate Beautiful. The lame man came hoping for alms—a few little coins, dropped grudgingly, perhaps in contempt, by passers by. He got a blessing that made him a new man and sent him forth able to do without alms after that day. We come to God with our requests for bread and clothes and earthly comforts; often we get far more than we seek.

III. There are better ways of doing good than with money. Peter and John had no money to give the lame man, but no coins he received were worth so much to him as what these apostles gave. Instead of a little money to keep him living on in his helplessness a little longer they sent him out strong, so that he would never need to beg any more. The world's greatest need is Christ and his salvation.

IV. We should learn how to be truly helpful to others. Peter teaches us how. He was interested at once in the lame man whom he saw lying at the gate. He did not wait to be asked to help him. He treated him as a brother. Most people paid no heed to beggars; Peter answered his request in a courteous way. Because he had no money to give he did not conclude that he had nothing to give. Instead of silver and gold he gave the man healing, sending him forth able to care for himself. He did not offer him any mere help of his own, but invoked Christ's help upon him. "In his name" is always a good motto. Then with the divine help Peter gave him also his own hand, helping him to rise.

V. We should be careful always to give to Christ the honor of the work we do in his name and through his strength. What could be meaner than trying to make people think that we ourselves do the beautiful things that Christ does through us? Peter was careful to let everybody know that it was Jesus who healed the lame man. We like to have people praise us when we do anything good and beautiful, but should we not wish to have them know that it is our Master to whom the praise is really due?—Westminster Teacher.

* * *

LIFE TEACHING FROM THIS LESSON.

1. Peter and John.—These two disciples are seen always together after Pentecost. The hour of prayer.—Three p. m. This was the time for the evening sacrifice.

2 A certain man.—He was now forty years old. See chap. 4:22. Was carried.—Being unable to walk his friends brought him to the temple. At the gate.—This was a good place to ask alms, as many people passed through going into the temple court. Which is called Beautiful.—No doubt this gate was very rich in its material and decoration. To ask alms.—No public provision was made for the poor in those days, and all such men as this could do was to ask alms of others.

3. Seeing Peter and John.—It is not likely that he knew who these men were.

4. Fastening his eyes upon him.—Looking at him very intently and earnestly. Look on us.—Peter desired to get the man's attention and to arouse in him expectation and faith.

5. Expecting to receive something.—He seems to have had no higher thought than that he was about to receive a gift.

6. Silver and gold have I none.—He had given up all to follow Christ and had no money to bestow in alms. Such as I have—money is not the only thing that people need; ofttimes they need sympathy and affection more. In the name.—By the authority of. Peter honored Christ. He had no power to cure the lame man, but Christ could do it through him.

7. He took him the by the right hand.—The giving of his hand was an assurance that healing was about to be wrought. Then while the healing was Christ's, it came through a human hand. Compare Mark 1:31; Matt. 9:25. His feet and ankle bones.—The weak points in his limbs. Received strength.—Overcoming the weakness.

8. Leaping up.—The cure was immediate and complete. Entered with them.—Walked with them into the temple. All his movements showed joy and gladness. Praising God.—Speaking his gratitude.

9. All the people saw him.—Many knew him, as he had been so long an habitual beggar at the gate.

10. They were filled with wonder.—When they saw this man who had been always lame walking and rejoicing.

11. Held Peter and John.—Clinging to them through gratitude and affection. The porch that is called Solomon's.—Not built by Solomon, as Solomon's temple had been destroyed, but resting upon a foundation which Solomon had put in. It was 600 feet long and 75 feet wide.

12. When Peter saw it, he answered.—He saw the wonder of the people and explained that the miracle had not been wrought merely by human skill and power.

13. Hath glorified his son.—He gives all the honor to Christ. God had now glorified him before the people.

14. Ye denied the Holy One and the Just.—They had put him to death as a malefactor, but he was really the Holy One and the Just. Desired a murderer.—Barabbas, whom they chose to be set free when Pilate wished to set Jesus free.

15. The Prince of life.—He was the Prince of life because he had come to give life, because he had risen from the dead, the first-fruits of the resurrection of all his people, and because in him and in him only is there life for sinners.

16. His name, through faith in his name.—"By faith in his name hath his name made." In the Bible name stands for the person. He had made this man whole, the apostle's part being faith in Christ.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

Bonham District Sunday-School Conference will be held in Honey Grove, beginning April 27, at 7:30 p. m. All Superintendents and teachers in our Sunday-schools of Bonham District, and all the pastors, are delegates to this conference. Programme will appear soon. ISAAC W. CLARK, P. E.

EPWORTH LEAGUE DEPARTMENT.

Address all communications for League Dept. to Rev. Sterling Fisher, San Antonio, Texas.

The Way of Holiness is both safer and pleasanter than the valley of indecision.

✠

The younger we enter upon the Way of Holiness, the less are we exposed to the allurements of our enemies.

✠

The way is pleasant and life is sweet, but getting home shall be inexpressibly glorious.

✠

He who is impure in thought or act is not in the Way of Holiness.

✠

Let us not be occupied wholly with songs and praise, but take time to help our fellow travelers and invite others into the way.

✠

We get into the Way of Holiness by the power of God, on condition of believing in and obeying him.

✠

The Christian must not be advised or influenced in matters of Christian duty by those who have no knowledge of Christ.

✠

The follower of Christ should be strong and his influence powerful. That he should allow those who are out of the way to entice him, is to his shame.

✠

TOPIC FOR JANUARY:

"THE GOSPEL IN ISAIAH."

Jan. 24: The Highway of Holiness.—Isa. 35:8-10.

"Dr. George Adams Smith well queries whether we of this Nineteenth Century, with our rapid means of passage, have not forgotten the poetry and benediction of the road; are we able to appreciate either the intrinsic usefulness or the gracious symbolism of the King's highway? How can we know it as the Bible writers or our forefathers knew it when they made the road the main line of their allegories and parables of life? Let us try to get in our mind's-eye the construction and use of one of the great government highways of antiquity, as it forced and maintained its route through forest and stream, over mountain and chasm, amid wild beasts, hostile tribes, and dangers innumerable, to the desired goal. Thus shall we faintly appreciate what it meant for our King to cleave forests of superstition, bridge rivers of guilt, tunnel mountains of difficulty, overcome cohorts of devils, conquer the enmity of the human heart itself, and finish the highway to home and heaven."—Epworth Herald.

The prophet looks forward to the flourishing of the kingdom of Christ and proclaims a message of comfort to the weak and fearful, and hope to the lame and blind. The entire chapter should be read; its vivid pictures of verdure and bloom and joy and song, where a little before was the gloom and silence of a desert waste, forms a fitting prelude to this striking description of the Highway of Holiness.

As the Israelites journeyed out of Egypt toward the land of promise, or from their long captivity in Babylon to their loved Jerusalem, so is our life a pilgrimage; from infancy to youth, from youth to maturity, and on to old age we journey, finally crossing over into the land beyond. To many the way is through a desert—cheerless, parched with drouth, full of terrors and dangers. Christ has prepared a way—broad and inviting and safe—and in it all are invited to travel. It is the Highway of Holiness.

The Way Described.

A Way of Purity—Vs. 8: "The unclean shall not pass over it." The company is good and the associations pure. All sins must be left behind. Cleanness of thought and speech and act are required of those who travel in it. Its atmosphere is pure.

Easy to Find: "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." Plain directions are given to every traveler, and the way is clearly marked. No man can get lost from it for lack of knowledge; those who turn aside from it, do so knowingly, and those who have never walked in it have purposely avoided it. To become a Christian it is not necessary that a person know a great deal, but that he believe and love the Lord Jesus Christ.

A Way of Safety—Vs. 9: "No lion shall be found there, nor any ravenous beast." Nothing can harm the Christian so long as he remains in the way. Dangers may be thick on every side, enemies may lurk near the road and seek to allure the traveler out of the way so that they may destroy him, but no enemy can come upon the way—it is a charmed spot. Those who are invited to join the company should not be fearful or afraid; let them enter this road confidently, for the King can and will protect those who are in it.

A Time of Rejoicing.—Verse 10.

At the end of the journey there is the joyful home-coming. The songs of praise, which have enlivened the way and made the burdens seem light, end in shouts of joy and songs of triumph that home is reached at last.

So at the end of life's journey, when we reach the Zion above, we shall celebrate with songs and everlasting joy the end of all sorrow and sighing.

✠

A telegram from E. D. Steger, President Texas State League, announces that the meeting of officers and committees at Tyler, January 22, has been postponed.

✠

THE LEAGUE IN THE REVIVAL.

Delightful reports come to us concerning the co-operation of many of the young people in revival work. If we had space we would gladly print what the grateful pastors say. It is safe to state that in hundreds of Churches our consecrated, eager hosts are at work. This is as it should be. It is just what the Church has a right to expect. The results of such devotion to the real work of soul-winning can not be expressed in words—can not even be measured in our thoughts.

Now let those who have not enlisted do so without delay. Time is passing. Opportunities are going. Doors now wide open will soon be closed—forever closed. Ask God to forgive your past worldliness and indifference. Seek the pentecostal anointing. Get your soul on fire. Tarry in the secret place till your solicitude for your unsaved friends becomes a passion. Then plan to win them for your Master. If every one of the more than a million members of the Epworth League will move out in a campaign of personal work during the next few weeks Methodism will be visited by such a revival of religion as we have not visited within a century. Up and at the work!—Epworth Herald.

✠

THE WESLEY GUILD.

A personal letter from Rev. W. B. Fitzgerald, editor of the Guild, brings cheering news about the new movement in England. It is already recognized as a great help to the young people of the Wesleyan Churches, and some ministers who were inclined to regard it with indifference are now heartily co-operating in its activities. Rev. Marshall Randles, D. D., president of the conference, is also president of the guild, and we note the names of Rev. Charles H. Kelly and Rev. Hugh Price Hughes among the vice-presidents. There are two secretaries, Rev. Simpson Johnson and Mr. Fitzgerald. The new guild magazine has been received with much favor, and its subscription list is growing nicely. We are glad to know that our English friends are to be represented at Toronto next summer. A personal representative will no doubt give us a glimpse of the new organization that could hardly be secured by a mere reading of its plans and work.—Epworth Herald.

A CONQUERING CAUSE.

It has been nineteen hundred years since Christ came, and a generation less since the Church of Christ was founded. The centuries have not dimmed the glory of the name, nor have the sands of the years covered the Church in oblivion. The little Church in Jerusalem has been scattered abroad, and the blood of the martyrs like good seed has sprung up everywhere. There is no continent where the word has not been preached, no country where the Church has not at least a name, no island of the sea which Christianity has not compassed.

The time has almost come when Isaiah's prophecy that "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea" is fulfilled. But the dominion of Christ is far from being universally acknowledged. It is one thing to know of him, it is another thing to accept him. We may be disappointed that the accomplishment comes not in our day, but we have no right to be discouraged. The gospel approves itself to us no less surely than it did to Paul as the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

In these days, as truly as in those of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, the Lord adds to the Church daily. There is no need to discredit the living power of his word, or to turn for the hope of its final success from the one method he gave us for its propagation to the prophecy of his second coming. Rightly understood the signs of the times give no cause for disheartenment. The progress of the gospel was never an uninterrupted progress. Many forces act upon it; and while it always overcomes, it overcomes often by processes which are long and involved. We are led sometimes in ways which we know not.

The work committed to the Church is a difficult one, and faith and patience are necessary to carry it on. If the sower sows good seed and is faithful to the end, he will reap, not always according to his anticipation; but he will reap. In any case, having done all he need feel no anxiety.

The Lord cares for his own. This is a good thing to remember. It is his gospel, his cause, his Church, his world. Will he let his word fail, his cause suffer defeat, his Church come to naught, the world be lost? Not so; he will save that which is committed to him. The power of increase is with him, and he will give it in as large measure as our faith will receive.—Independent.

THE ONLY SACRIFICE.

There is but one single sacrifice which God can receive at man's hand, and that is himself. All other gifts are insignificant beside that of the will and heart.

An incident is related of a missionary and a proud and powerful Indian Chief. The Chief was convicted of sin. Trembling under a sense of guilt, he approached the missionary, and proffered his belt of wampum, to be freed from his crushing fears.

"No," said the missionary, "Christ can not accept such a sacrifice."

The Indian departed, but soon returned, offering his rifle and the skins he had taken in hunting.

"No," was the reply," "Christ can not accept such a sacrifice.

Again the Indian went away, but soon returned once more with a troubled conscience, and offered his wigwam, wife, child and everything for peace and pardon.

"No," was still the reply, "Christ can not accept such a sacrifice."

The Chief seemed oppressed with surprise for a moment, then, lifting up tearful eyes to the face of the missionary, he feelingly cried out, "Here, Lord, take poor Indian, too."

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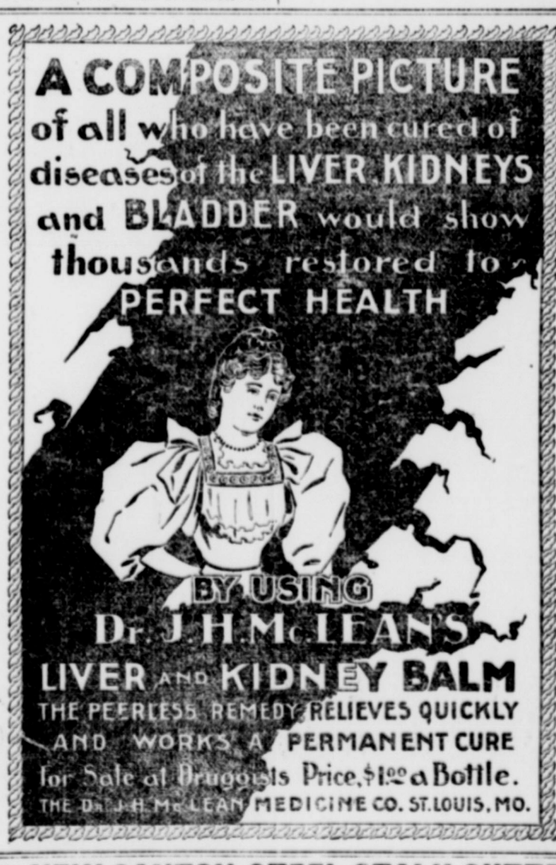
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Wynnewood, T. T.

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Unanswered Letters.

Jan. 14.—E. S. Williams, sub.; J. S. Huckabee, subs.; J. M. Perry, sub. for trial list; J. W. Fort, sub.; I. M. Woodward, subs.; J. P. Mussett, sub.; W. M. Lane, sub.; C. R. Wright, sub.; C E. Gallagher, sub.; N. B. Read, subs. have attention; S. B. Sawyers, sub.

Jan. 15.—Jno. H. Bass, sub.; W. A. Coppedge, sub; C. H. Maloy, subs.; T. O. Moore, has attention.

Jan. 16.—I. Alexander, sub.; O. S. Thomas, sub.; J. H. Wiseman, sub.

Jan 18.—J. P. Wheeler, sub.; J. W. Fort, sub; A. W. Wilson, sub.; Chas. A Corry, sub.; W. W. Dorman, has attention; R. B. Bonner, sub.; G. W. White, sub.; J. A. Kerr, sub.; F. A. Downs, sub. and trial sub.; W. W. Pinson, sub. for 2 years.

Jan. 19.—J. M. Mills, thanks; W. C. Bracewell, subs.; J. W. Clifton, sub.; C. L. Browning, sub.; J. M. Alexander, has attention; J. W. Harmon, sub.

Jan. 20.—J. B. Elder, sub.; C. S. McCerver, sub. and trial subs.; J. T. Bloodworth, sub.; W. K. Simpson, subs.; H. P. Shrader, subs.; E. R. Large, has attention; Bruce Meador, sub.; Fred L. Allen, sub.; W. J. Snow, sub.

POSTOFFICE ADDRESSES.

Rev. J. A. Baker, Menardville, Texas.
Rev. R. M. Leaton, Brownwood, Tex.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From the American Book Company:

"The Mastery of Books," by H. L. Koopman; very suggestive and helpful to the student.

"Elementary Meteorology," by Frank Waldo.

"First Year in German," by I. Keller.

"Short Stories of Our Shy Neighbors," by M. A. B. Kelly; a capital introduction to the study of natural history, and beautifully illustrated.

* * *

From Kentucky Methodist Publishing Company:

"Pastoral Sketches," by B. Carradine, D. D.

* * *

From Dodd, Mead & Company:

"The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil," by Coulson Kernahan.

"When the Worst Comes to the Worst," by W. Robertson Nicoll; a brief treatise, truly helpful and consolatory.

"The Legends of the Virgin and Christ," by H. A. Guerber; replete with interesting knowledge and profusely illustrated with engravings of the finest masterpieces.

"Kate Carnegie," by Ian Maclaren; a novel in the best vein of the distinguished author.

"The Cure of Souls," by John Watson, D. D., the Yale Lectures on Preaching for 1896; thoughtful, inspiring and a capital book for preachers.

* * *

From D. Appleton & Company:

"Christine's Career: A Story for Girls," by Pauline King.

"The Beginners of a Nation," by Edward Eggleston; a series of historical sketches, emminently readable and instructive by an author of continental fame.

"The Wampum Belt," by Hezekiah Butterworth; a tale of Willam Penn's treaty with the Indians; full of entertainment and information and bright with charming pictures.

* * *

From Macmillan & Company:

"The Bible and the Child," a series of articles by eminent authors, showing how a child should be taught to read the Scriptures.

"Faith and Self-Surrender," four sermons by Rev. James Martineau; in the author's characteristic style; excellent devotional reading.

* * *

From Barbee Smith:

"Notes on the International Lessons for 1897," by Dr. E. E. Hoss.

"Life of Francis Asbury," by G. G. Smith, D. D.; a valuable biography and a charming volume, one that ought to be in the library of every Methodist and every Methodist preacher.

"No Missions: No Christ," by W. P. Lovejoy.

* * *

From Fleming H. Revel Company:

"The Bible; How, When, By Whom," by James Todd, D. D.

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From E. B. Treat:

"Makers of the American Republic," by David Gregg, D. D.

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From The Bible Institute Colportage Association:

"Whiter Than Snow and Little Dot," by Mrs. O. F. Walton.

"Parables from Nature," by Mrs. Alfred Gatty.

Judge Basham, in Our Homes: Jesus of Nazareth, through all the coming ages, must be acknowledged as the emancipator of women. It was he who set in motion those moral forces which have moved so carefully and certainly to woman's elevation and her honor. It was he who declared that in the kingdom of God there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female. No wonder that women everywhere, who came under the sound of his matchless voice, fell in love with his holy teachings. No wonder that so many women stood around the cross and wept that dark and mournful Friday when their blessed Lord was so cruelly crucified.

At the World's Fair there was a marble group illustrative of Christ's pathetic tenderness. The Christ was in life-like size; a woman crouches close by his side trying to hide herself in the folds of his loose robe. One hand on the head of the poor unfortunate woman, with the other the Son of Man was pushing back the infuriated mob wild with the cry of "Stone her! Stone her!" One almost imagined they could see the marble lips move and hear the compassionate voice of the Savior saying, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

Dr. E. E. Hoss, in his editorial in Nashville Advocate, says:

A man may live in a circle of small ideas until his whole mind becomes dwarfed and shriveled up to their dimensions. It is wonderful to notice how, under such circumstances, he can forget the relative values of things. In the course of time nothing seems to him to be important outside of his own narrow range. He forgets that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in his philosophy. The eager and sustained excitement that he manifests about the merest trifles often astonishes his acquaintances, as does also his indifference to really important matters. Some of the asteroids are so small that a human being living on them could jump seventy feet. The like efforts are occasionally put forth by men whose whole life is hedged in by a limited horizon.

There is a tendency among preachers to specialize. This is fatally dangerous. Some specialize on debates, some as pastors, some as pulpiteers, some as lecturers, and some as evangelists. The man who devotes all his attention to one specific feature will come to naught. God calls a man to the ministry of the gospel. Such a call is not divisible into parts, one of which we may choose to the neglect of the other.

Youth's Companion: Some idea of the frightful extent of Turkish cruelty may be gained from the report of the United States Consul at Erzeroum that the number of Armenian children who have been made orphans by the massacres is estimated at fifty thousand. British, German and American missionary and charitable societies are establishing orphanages for these unfortunates, and the British government, through its Ambassador at Constantinople, is trying to settle a number of widows and children on the Island of Cyprus. The Consul mentions one city in the province of Erzeroum where not a single adult male Armenian was left alive.

To the tragic sufferers of that inhuman government religion must respond. The Turks are not worthy of being called human; they are worse than the prowling beast. Turkey is a realm without a Bible, a Christ, a religion; in all such anarchy is a virtue. No government of its kind can long exist, for God's wrath is moved against their cruelties. Without his Christ Rome vanished, France crumbled. Nations rise and fall in proportion to their appreciation of Christ. The God of our salvation is the sworn husband of the widow, the father of the fatherless. The Armenian wail will yet sound the pending note of Turkey's doom. The tears and blood of thousands slain will God use for the handwirting on the palace walls of Abdul Hamid. The Crescent Kingdom is a land of bloody ghouls.

Geo. A. Gordon, D. D.: In the disastrous gale which occurred in the Samoan Islands some years ago, and where a German iron-clad and an American ship went down, the British officer saved his ship by putting on steam and heading out to sea. That is the law in navigation. When the storm becomes violent, steer for the open sea. As the ocean deepens the danger disappears.

This also suggests another very beautiful thought. Did you ever notice that very few disasters occur in mid-ocean. The great ships "hog" on a sand-bar or go down on some dangerous reef. The deeper seas float a vessel above these instruments of death. In religion, as the immortal soul moves out and beyond into the fathomless seas of heavenly love, the peril of shipwreck grows less. In fact, there are no wrecks on the deep, placid ocean of divine love.

The Advocate acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of a copy of the Minutes of West Texas Conference—Revs. Sterling Fisher and Jno. W. Stovall, editors. The work is creditable throughout.

Rev. Sam P. Wright, editor of the Minutes of Northwest Texas Conference, has complimented the Advocate with a copy. Concerning this edition, the editor in a private note says: "Although there are more errors in the book than all the three preceding issues combined, the preachers and members will find it the best by far edited by me. For the errors, neither the printers nor editor, are much to be censured. They are due mainly to the loss in the mails of the proof and copy, which made critical proof-reading next to impossible. The same misfortune delayed the issue twelve or fifteen days."

The burning of the boys' department of the Buckner's Orphan Home, so fully detailed in the Dallas Morning News, was a truly lamentable affair. The sympathies of the whole State go out to the manager and occupants of the institution. The matron's self-forgetfulness and exemplary zeal deserve the highest commendation. She merits special condolence in that while trying to save others she lost her own. We were glad to note that the large-hearted and enterprising agent of our own Home, Rev. W. H. Vaughan, offered to take charge of fifty of this sorely afflicted institution, and that the offer, though declined, was highly appreciated by Dr. Buckner, who tendered heart-felt thanks. The people of Dallas came most nobly to the aid of the ill-fated asylum, sending in contributions of various sorts, together with a handsome sum of money. It was most unquestionably an awful occurrence, the burning to death of some eighteen boys. We are glad to learn that no special blame is to be imputed to anyone. We trust that all concerned in the erection and maintenance of such institutions will see the great and urgent necessity of erecting fire-proof structures. Public buildings constructed of inflammable materials are nothing better than death-traps, and we trust that the day is soon coming when they will be a thing of the far distant past.

AN APPEAL.

Dear Brethren and Friends of the Orphanage:

Promptly at maturity I paid the last note against our Orphanage by advancing out of my own funds $1,181.35, without interest. I never charged the Church one cent of interest on any advance that I have had to make from the first and will not upon this. How easy we could pay this small difference if those would pay the amounts subscribed, now due, and others help but a little. I urge you to do this at once, not because I need the money to reimburse myself, but because the building now used as a cook-room is an old plank shell, which caught fire the past week and was discovered just in time to prevent what—just think of our Baptist brethren, the great sorrow that has come to them. When will we sleep soundly again?

W. H. VAUGHAN.
Waco, Texas.

AMONG THE TEXAS METHODISTS.

I always pack my grip with delight to go to Texas. What a country it is, and what possibilities are contained in its resources. Its territory is sufficient to make more States than one of great magnitude. The Tennessee boy who had gone to the Lone Star State to seek his fortune was not in excess of the facts when he wrote to his mother: "Texas is a yard wide and all wool." He might have stated the area to be much greater with no apprehension of being charged with an expansion of the truth; and if the State is not all wool it produces wool and all else to promote comfort and luxury. Its fertile soil could support the United States, and its own population should finally become not less than ten millions. "One Texas forever, undivided and indivisible" is its motto, and a mere hint of subdivision is promptly and firmly resented by its patriotic people. No wonder, for "nothing weds a man to a good cause like suffering for it," and Texas is the purchase of blood. Therefore while the traditions of the Alamo and other ensanguined fields continue incarnated in the current life of the Texans they will never consent to "divide a heritage of graves." But their patriotism is not limited and local; they love their country, their whole country, from sea to sea, and if a foreign power should invade our shores they stand prepared to baptize the stars and stripes afresh in the tide of their own veins.

The soil of Texas is not its only source of wealth, but in the eastern section of the State there is a large belt of valuable timber, and useful minerals abound in some parts. Its great capital was built of granite mined from its own inexhaustible quarries, and, in fact, it is not easy to name a desirable thing with which God has not endowed that vast domain. Its climate is a sanitarium. It is about as probable that a wild goose would take consumption in its migratory flight from the silvery lakes of the North to the golden Gulf of Mexico, as that the dreadful malady would develop in a man on the salubrious plains of Texas. "See Venice, and die," is the proverb; go to Texas, and live, is better; aye, Texas is good enough for any man, and too good for him who cannot appreciate what is good, and is not willing to fight the battle of life truly.

Christianity occupies an available position in that empire State, and that form of it known as Methodism is strong and aggressive. A very large proportion of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is represented there, and in spirit and practice it is truly loyal to the Connectional whole. The watchmen upon the walls of Zion are alert and faithful, and are prompt to serve notice on the alien writing whose conceit is equal to the production of an improved version of the Discipline at one sitting, and who is distressed because the College of Bishops do not avail themselves of the benefits of his sage counsel, that he will find no sympathy with his views there, and that he would better return home if he knows where that place can be found.

The Methodism of Texas is sound in doctrine, giving emphasis to justification by faith and regeneration, and all correlative doctrines. That sort of perfection known as "the second blessing" has made small headway among a people who think for themselves, and believe that on the plane of the highest attainments which have yet been made "it is better further on," and will ever and forever be better further on. That bold and manly utterance quoted from Bishop Key at the recent session of the Little Rock Conference will go far toward giving the second-blessing movement its quietus. The fact that he never uses the term "second blessing," and regrets that Mr. Wesley used it, suggests that the good Bishop believes in the sufficiency of regeneration for the purpose of cleansing, and that he does not regard any man as ultimate authority. Now if the opinion-makers of the Church will follow the example of Bishop Key in this direction, we shall soon have done with the affirmation and discussion of theories of holiness, and our people will then sanctify themselves and "spread scriptural holiness over these lands."

I have been visiting the conferences in Texas since 1887, and with nothing am I more impressed than the faithfulness and courage with which they administer discipline. For errors and infirmities they have great charity, and deal compassionately with all offenders of this sort; but they will not condone sin or insubordination. To such, after due form of trial, they say:

Address you to your shrift,
And be yourself; for you must die.

This is a most healthful sign. To be indifferent to crime or an offense against the order and discipline of the Church, is to compound with crime; and to compound with crime is to become yourself a criminal.

The German Mission Conference in the southern part of Texas is composed of a body of faithful, pious men, and they represent a constituency of great value to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Missionary money expended on that enterprise is wisely applied. A large harvest for the Master and for our Church will be reaped from our sowing there, and we should not consent to any undue economy in the appropriations in that direction.

I noted a praiseworthy custom among those sturdy Teutons at their conference, that of kneeling for silent prayer before taking their seats in the house of God, when they assemble to worship. In what painful contrast this appears, from the habit of some Methodist preachers whom I have observed entering the pulpit and seating themselves without bending their knees. There is value even in form, if it be an innocent form, and surely kneeling for silent prayer is innocent. Once all Methodists kneeled at their pews before taking their seats, and when the people ceased to observe this custom the preachers still continued to observe it. Why is there ever an exception to this rule now? Is it due to loss of reverence and deterioration of spiritual life? Such men trust in their own self-sufficiency, and irreverently defy the public sentiment of their Church. They would probably enter or leave the house of God with hat on head, which no man should ever feel at liberty to do.

At two of the conferences in Texas I met the Senior Bishop who displayed as much mental spring and sparkle in presiding, and as great swing and power in preaching, as at any time in the past. He is senior only in rank, and I sincerely pray that many years may yet be added to his life of great usefulness. We need him. He is the embodied personification of ideal episcopacy, as we received it from our great founder, which was developed and illustrated by Asbury and McKendree. The responsibility of the office is great, and that is necessarily the measure of its authority. No man can be justly held accountable for a work which he has not the authority to do, and it is only required that a Methodist Bishop in the discharge of his functions should have the tender sympathy of a mother, coupled with intelligent firmness, that he may know how to strike a hard blow, if need be, with a soft hand. Such an one is our most reverend senior.

Suffer me, Mr. Editor, in closing this already too long an article, to add that one of the great forces in the conservatism and propagation of the Methodism described above is the "Texas Christian Advocate." It is a true teacher, and I have seen editorials in its columns worth more than the annual subscription price of the paper. But this is not surprising, for if the editor should fail to make a good paper he would not be worthy of the distinguished name which he bears, and that great historic Methodist family from which he is descended. And the publisher, one of our most valuable laymen, seems to have been born for the place which he occupies. One of the pleasures which anticipate in going to Texas is that of meeting Blaylock, a most brotherly man, who "his friendly aid affords" in the work which I am doing.—Rev. J. D. Barbee, D. D., in Christian Advocate, Nashville.

CHINA.

Six weeks of a new conference year are past. The old year, with its labors, is gone forever until we meet the results in eternity. The work of the past year has been greatly blessed of God. While brought face to face with the stern realities of life and that in a heathen land, our confidence in God has been strengthened and our spiritual life deepened. The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad. It is true the work seems not to spread very rapidly and yet it spreads faster than the home Church is ready for it. Our borders we wish to extend, but cannot, for we have not the men. Some places already in hand we fear will have to be dropped, because there is no one to go in and possess the land after it has been opened. At such places throngs have heard the gospel as they listened to the faithful man of God, who dispensed to them the eternal word of life. These people have perishing souls, as well as thousands of others who have never heard the truth. Must these be shut out from the sacred Word, with its blessings, while every day, yea hour, some of them are passing into eternity? Let the Church answer, as she will in the last day before God.

Our Church is steadily growing and the stronghold of the enemy is giving away. While our members are not many, yet every one is found in his place. It is well said that when a Chinaman is converted, he is converted all over. The exceptions are few who will not, even to the man, do any religious service he is called on for. Wish we could say as much for our home Church. Last night was very cold, but nearly every member was at prayer-meeting. The Sunday-school is a joy to our heart. We have gathered in from the streets and elsewhere both young and old. Many of them are ragged, dirty and destitute of the necessities of life, which is not much for the Chinese; but they have learned to read God's Word and sing his praises, and some to know him as a personal Savior. My class is one of little boys and girls—only a few of them can read—but it seems to be the greatest blessing of the day, to my soul, to occupy the time talking to them of a loving Savior, see their eyes sparkle and hear the answers which they give to my questions.

Our work seems to be brightening. Much interest is being taken. No doubt the light is breaking upon this benighted people, and we are praying and looking for great things from the Lord this year.

Last Monday night we met and organized an Epworth League with thirteen members. The officers-elect are as follows: President, Dong-mah-san; First Vice President, Sz-binghung; Second Vice President, Paw-yeur-sing; Third Vice President, Ting-cer-zung; Secretary Li-tsz-yun; Treasurer, E. Pilley. Our President and First Vice President are extraordinarily bright young men and we hope for much good to be accomplished.

E. PILLEY.
Nanzing, China, Dec. 3.

THAT CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Let me express my pleasure in reading the Christmas Advocate. In its mechanical execution it is ahead of anything I have yet seen in Texas—of work done at home. And in the matter it was simply superb. The man who usually picks up a home paper thinking de gustibus non est disputandum would have to say that his cynicism was misplaced in this case. I have had somewhat to do with journalism, as you know, and no periodical in this country, in my opinion, surpassed the Advocate as a Christmas number.

W. A. BOWEN.
Rockport, Texas.

BRIEF NOTES.

R. H. H. Burnett seems in a peck of trouble about what to do—talks to us in Latin of these perplexities. That might be natural in a young, inexperienced man, but not for this brother. If his pathway is too well buttered at the rate of $180 for himself and singer at eight days' meetings, let him go and do as any other Methodist preacher. The "Book of Discipline" will explain the whole matter to him. But even $180 every eight days very nearly equals the income of the whole College of Bishops. If all the Methodist preachers were to get $180 every eight days the devil would get some of them sure. Let private prayer be made for Bro. Burnett.

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A brother up in the mountains of West Texas says he is "looking for a revival to be sent down from heaven." Why, brother, the Lord hasn't any revival to make you a present of from heaven. If there is nothing in your people to be revived, what can the Lord revive? You wouldn't want nothing revived. Tell your people to quit sinning, cheating, lying, defrauding, gambling, drinking, swearing, dancing, to pay their debts, to make restitution, and not look for these things to "come down out of heaven," and the revival is on hand. Tell your people to quit "star-gazing," but look the devil in the face and say, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

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W. P. Lovejoy, of Georgia, poses as an expert in formulating a plan for paying the $150,000 missionary debt: Let the preachers pay it out of their salaries. Why, one-third of all these Methodist preachers hardly know the meaning of the word "salary." Until our present and almost universal method of draining the Church for "specials" is abandoned, the payment of the present debt will not remedy the evil. Every preacher is burdened with "specials," and long before he can reach the "general collections" the stream is drained about dry. Let every "special" be dropped until the general collections are in hand. But won't some things go by the board? Yes, and let them go rather than the Mission Board. Get the general collections the first of the year—then due attention pay to the specials. Three-fourths of all these specials should go directly to the General Board. Large numbers of them are responsible to nothing and hang like a mill-stone around the collections for the General Board.

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Will the brethren of West Texas Conference keep in mind the fact that all applications to Central Committtee of Woman's Parsonage and Home Mission Society must first start with the local Church, pass to the Annual Conference W. P. and H. M. Society for endorsement and then finally be approved by the Conference Board of Church Extension? This latter board is only called on to approve what the women see proper to do. Look in the minutes and note the officers of the W. P. and H. M. Society and send your application for parsonage money to them. They know what to do with it. Here is the order: Trustees, preacher in charge, presiding elder, W. P. and H. M. Society, and then Conference Board of Church Extension and Central Committee—plenty of "red tape," but a wise provision all round.

H. G. H.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

To Bro. C.: Perhaps, after all, we had as well let the Discipline alone. Mere tinkers never amount to much—and men will never see eye to eye on the subject of holiness.

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Did B. H. H. B., in his recent deliverance, intend to vent his spleen or ventilate his Latin?

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The cuckoo drops its egg into a nest it did not build, and watches the development of its young fed by others—but it is only a cuckoo.

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In any preacher's life it is a sad day when "covet earnestly the best gifts" is changed into "covet earnestly the best places."

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"When thou art bidden to a feast, sit not down in the highest room"—for a move then means to come down; "but sit down in the lowest room," and have a chance to go up higher.

J. S. G.

THE LAST ISSUE.

The last issue of the Texas Christian Advocate is well worth the price of the paper for a whole year. Bro. Nichols' article on statistical "Texas Methodism" is superb. I wish that fifty thousand copies of that issue alone could be placed in the hands of as many Methodists. I believe that if all of us pastors would make an effort to extend the circulation of our paper by holding a Texas Christian Advocate service, bringing the question intelligently before our people, we could do much towards enlarging the subscription list. Why may we not have an "Advocate Sunday"? It would certainly give variety, intelligence and religious fervor to our sermons and without doubt secure a few subscribers to the paper.

D. F. C. TIMMONS.
Marshall, Texas.

WILL NOT SOME ONE HELP US?

The Polytechnic College library is growing very nicely. The Britannica, 25 volumes; the People's Cyclopaedia, 6 volumes, and Appleton's Scientific Library, 60 volumes, are recent additions that we highly prize. But just now we are greatly in need of certain English histories that we have not and are not able to buy. We need the following: "Hume's England," "Hallum's Constitutional History of England," "Hallum's Middle Ages," "Greene's History of the English People," "Martineau's History of England," "Froude's History of England," and "Geo. Bancroft's History of the United States." All these books are needed by our students now. Maybe some reader of these lines can spare one or more of the above authors, and thereby do us incalculable good. Let us hear from you. W. F. LLOYD.
Fort Worth, Texas.

NORTH TEXAS CONFERENCE.

HOLLIDAY.

Atticus Webb, Jan. 18: Our first Quarterly Conference has passed. Bro. Miller's visit was a benediction to us all. He has warm friends here. Quarterage up as well as could be expected, considering the extreme hard times. We have had as warm a welcome as any preacher could have. On our return after Christmas they gave us a nice pounding. The people of Dundee also presented the pastor with Thayer's Greek Lexicon of the New Testament for Christmas.

CUMBY.

W. T. Morrow, Jan. 18: Our first Quarterly Conference was held at Gafford's Chapel 9th and 10th inst. Our presiding elder, Bro. Rippey, was on hand and preached us three excellent sermons, to the delight of all. He presided with usual dignity and looked after the interests of the Church. Raised present quarter for all purposes, $93.90. Pastor's salary was assessed at $500. We are hopeful of a good year's work. Signs of great revival visible already. We are in the midst of a kind and generous people, whom we desire to serve faithfully.

TERRELL.

C. C. Davis, Jan. 16: The Methodists of the Terrell Circuit have given us a cordial reception—not omitting the "pounding." We are holding Church Conferences and having large, attentive congregations at every appointment. Our Quarterly Conference was held December 11, when we had been here only a little over two weeks, but the financial showing was good. The circuit paid to the presiding elder $14 and to the preacher in charge $87.45. All the services were spiritual. Bro. Fledger preached us two good sermons. We all love him. We did expect to protract at Eden next week, but it is raining now. Our prayer is that we may have a good year.

DENTON CIRCUIT.

J. W. Blackburn, Jan. 15: Our first Quarterly Conference for Denton Circuit convened at Sanger January 9 and 10. Rev. J. M. Binkley, our presiding elder, was on hand, preaching four excellent sermons in his unique style. As a presiding elder he has for years stood in the front. The Quarterly Conference located the parsonage at Sanger, and we will begin its erection at once. Our assessments are as follows: Conference claims, $260; presiding elder, $100, and preacher in charge, $700.

DYE MOUND.

W. C. Pryor: The first Quarterly Conference was held at Howell January 2 and 3. Bro. Binkley was on hand, notwithstanding the very inclement weather. He preached twice at Howell and once at Gladys. All were well pleased and will be glad to see him come again. Attendance was small at Quarterly Conference on account of the bad weather. The kind people here are looking after our temporal needs. We have been received kindly at all points, and received many good things. A well has been dug since conference at a cost of $35. My predecessor, Bro. J. C. Weaver, has many warm friends on this circuit. His work will abide and tell for good many years to come. We are expecting a good year.

CRAFTON.

H. E. Smith: Wife and I received a written invitation to appear at the hotel in Crafton on the night of the 2d of January, stating that our presence would be needed there on that evening at 7 o'clock. We could not imagine why we were so mysteriously called there, thinking perhaps we would be called on to solemnize the rite of matrimony for some one. Wife was unwell

at the time and could not attend, owing to the severe weather. I went and the people began to gather early in the night, and I observed that as each one came in they passed through the dining-room of the hotel before they entered the parlor. Presently the ladies came in and presented us with the most beautiful crazy quilt that I ever beheld. It was gotten up by the ladies of Crafton, each one piecing a square, and each seemed to have tried to excel the others; but when the whole pieces were thrown together it was such a marvel of beauty that it was hard to tell who had excelled. After the quilt was presented the door of the dining-room, leading into the parlor, was then thrown open and the table was covered with good things too numerous to mention. They had brought them in for the preacher and his family. May God bless the good ladies and people generally of Crafton who extended a helping hand in these good acts of kindness to their pastor and family.

NORTHWEST TEXAS CONFERENCE

HICO.

Robt. B. Bonner, Jan. 15: We came to our new appointment soon after conference. We found a live, energetic, generous people to serve. We are nicely housed in a comfortable parsonage. We have had a royal pounding. Our first Quarterly Conference was held January 12 by our presiding elder, Bro. E. A. Smith. He preached us two excellent sermons; attended to the business affairs of the Church with care. He is much loved by our people. We are always glad to see him coming. The stewards assessed a liberal salary for the preacher in charge and paid up well for first quarter. We were able to make a very good report this quarter. This charge is in very good condition.

WORTHAM.

F. M. Winburne, Jan. 18: Our first Quarterly Conference is just over. No stewards present except Wortham, prevented, we charitably hope, by inclement weather. Peace and good-will reigned; a pleasant, liberal discussion of all interests without friction. Bro. Nelson preached and presided with satisfaction. Made a ringing talk for our League, which, we trust, will infuse new life therein. We are happy and hopeful.

ELDORADO.

B. R. Wagner, Jan. 12: When we came to this mission we found the parsonage out of repair and no place where we could secure board. I called the stewards together and they agreed to repair and furnish the parsonage. Each place was assessed to raise funds. They all came up promptly and now the parsonage is right snug. We have been kindly received over the work and are expecting a good year. This is a big-hearted and good people.

MARYSTOWN CIRCUIT.

M. H. Major, Jan. 12: Having left a good home and people at Groesbeck, nothing short of a good home and people would have made us feel perfectly pleasant. But such we found on our arrival at our home on the Marystown charge. The donations presented at the reception were immense. All this kindness has brought us under special obligations to do what we are able for God in this part of his vineyard. We have been around our work once and a half and find everything in a fairly good condition. My predecessor was a painstaking pastor and it was not hard to see that he did a faithful year's work. I have found much more, however, to be done. The people have kindly received us into their homes in various parts of the work. All are cheerful, hopeful and are sanguine of great success in the salvation of souls this year. At our first Quarterly Conference the stewards made a fine report—went beyond last year's work for the first quarter. They agreed to pay us the same amount assessed last year. We are hopeful and happy in the Lord.

MT. PLEASANT.

John S. Mathis: On December 30 we bade an affectionate good-bye to our many kind friends at Crockett, where we had labored for three years, reaching Mt. Pleasant at about 5 o'clock p. m. the last day of the year 1896. We were met at the depot by a number of the brethren and sisters, who gave us a cordial greeting and had a carriage in readiness to convey us to the parsonage, at the door of which another group of kindly faces welcomed us to our new home; found everything in good order; a cheerful fire blazing on the hearth, inviting us to comfort and rest. A brother at the depot had said, "Give me your checks and I will send your goods immediately, so we had hardly entered the parsonage before all our goods were there. So much for thoughtful friends. God bless them. Now as to the pounding, it got there before we did. It was deposited on the tables, in the safe and on the floor. Wife says almost everything to eat from hams down to toothpicks. We are still enjoying them, and will for weeks to come. If such a reception does not call forth every energy of our being we do not know what would; and, by God's help, we will serve this people to the utmost of our ability. Our first Quarterly Conference convened last Sabbath. Our much-esteemed presiding elder, Thomas F. Smith, was with us on time and preached the gospel, much to our edification and comfort; had a precious communion service; a large, attentive audience. We felt it was good to be there. We are well pleased and have started off well. The outlook is encouraging.

Alum is properly a dye stuff. Lime is properly used in tanning. Neither should be used in bread. Yet it is positively true that most all the cheaply made baking powders contain these harmful ingredients used simply because they are cheap, and utterly regardless of their dangerous character. The cheap powders thereby become the infamous means whereby the unsuspecting are deluded and injured.

In all English countries and in some of our States it is unlawful to put alum in bread. The Royal Baking Powder is free from alum and lime—it is absolutely pure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW-YORK.

ROUND ROCK.

Jas. M. Sherman, Jan. 12: We have completed one round and begun a second in the new year. The people have received us kindly and we have met with many tokens of love and appreciation. About three weeks ago one brother offered us a ticket for a trip; and further asked if he might have the privilege of bearing my expenses. We took the trip, and an enjoyable time it was. This evening two of the Round Rock ladies (members of our Church) came to the parsonage with coffee, lard, flour, preserves, fruits, sugar, and things in the grocery line too numerous to mention, and a sum of cash worthy such people. We can still say, "The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. Ours is a goodly heritage." We held services at each appointment on the charge on Christmas day for the Orphan Home at Waco. Where the preacher could not be present the League took the work in hand, and up to date we have sent Bro. Vaughan $31.45. This is our fourth year on this charge, and it is useless to say this next fall means a move.

POWELL MISSION.

Bruce Meador: This is entirely a new work—formerly having only one society partially organized, with about forty members. We now have three organized societies with about one hundred and fifteen members. We have had a number of conversions on our work since conference; are setting it afire with cottage prayer-meetings and are going to have over the mission from three to four a week. At every one we hear the shouts of new-born souls. I have a vast territory in which to labor and no church houses on my charge. But we mean to build some before conference. I mean to give every one near my territory a chance this year to come to Christ, and to do this I must preach in the far-away and neglected homes, but I had just as soon preach in the humble cottage as in the fine church. We hope to lead many souls to Christ the coming year and everything points to this. Our first Quarterly Conference was held on January 13. It was a new departure to us all. This is Bro. Nelson's first year as presiding elder, the preacher in charge's first year as a pastor, and our society's first experience as an organization, but we elected officers and members to the Quarterly Conference and proceeded as though we were a reality. We are not full-grown on Powell Mission, and I will not tell the preachers in Corsicana District what the presiding elder said of our meeting—it would probably make them feel bad. There were present at the meeting four infants to be baptized. Bro. Nelson administered baptism, and afterwards preached us a stirring sermon on the relation of the people to the pastor. I think both people and pastor will receive much good from it. I hear many kind expressions about our presiding elder, and we all love him. My people have been very kind to me. Dr. J. W. Lowrey, who is one of my members and well known to the entire conference, has made me a present of a very fine young horse, which was much appreciated. He has been a great help to me in many ways; always stands ready to do the right thing for the Church. My members seem very loyal and in close touch with their pastor, and we are expecting great things of God the coming year.

SOME JOTTINGS.

Thomas G. Whitten: How subject we are in this life to new experiences. Especially is this true of a Methodist itinerant. In some good sense for many years I have enjoyed entering into the fairly-arranged labors of others. But this year I've inherited a new charge. Midlothian was made a station at last conference and I was appointed to the same for the current year. I made no tarrying, but hurrying home from conference we packed up and left Belton on Thursday and at once entered upon our labors for the year. As suggested by a wise, leading brother, whether the Lord made the appointment he believed he would bless it, to which we add a hearty amen. So we have gone to work expecting God's blessings along all the lines. We have an enrollment of about 335 members. Everything is shaping up fairly well. We have a good—and I take it loyal—membership. They seem ready and willing to do most everything the pastor suggests for developing the best interests of the Church. Our church building is poorly located, it having been built when the town was first laid off. But the spirit of building is in the thought of the people and ere long we shall see a large, beautiful church worthy of the progressive Methodism it will represent. We are located here in one of the most beautiful sections of our great State. Our Church is by far the strongest in wealth, numbers and influence. It is only a question of a few years when Midlothian Station will demand equal attention with the now stronger appointments of the conference. Among our holiday interests was an interesting service on Xmas day at the church, with a sermon by the pastor. Our W. P. and H. M. Society invited the Misses Ferguson, of Belton, to give them a concert. "The Three Sisters" certainly created a pleasant sensation in our town. The impersonation of Will Carleton's characters, at the introduction of the new organ into the church, and the Crucifixion, etc., by Miss Dora, and the piano and violin duets, solos and so on, by Misses Abbie and Nannie Bee were of the richest and most beautiful character. Last week, at the request of the pastor, the Board of Stewards gathered with a number of carpenters and laborers and changed the pulpit to the north side of the church, doubling the size of the platform and changing the seats into a most compact position. Everybody is delighted with the change. Prof. D. J. Evans, the finest class-instructor in the State, is here training a class in vocal music in our Church. Henceforward our Church music is to be greatly improved. Our "new beloved" has been here and held the first Quarterly Conference for the new station. Hear it! He said Midlothian made the second best report made on the entire round, and only three more to be held! To say that he is popular with everybody in this charge is putting it tamely. He literally captured the parsonage and its inmates without the firing of a gun. Of course, the Advocate is popular with our people. Our purpose is to try and put a copy in every Methodist home this year; 1897 is full of hope and promise for Midlothian. I neglected to say that the good women of our W. P. and H. M. Society have added some new furniture, a handsome carpet and splendid stove to parsonage comforts. A splendid band of women they are. May their number be multiplied.

TEXAS CONFERENCE.

BELLVILLE.

J. P. Skinner, Jan. 14: Our first Quarterly Conference is a thing of the past. Our presiding elder, Bro. Mickle, was on hand looking after the interests of the Church. From some unknown cause only two of the official board were present. We felt disappointed, as I had worked to have a full attendance present the first quarter. Bro. Mickle preached two fine sermons Sunday, which were appreciated by all present. This is our third year on the Bellville charge, and we have met a very warm reception since our return from conference. Pounded? Yes, in a very substantial way, which was received by us with many thanks. May God bless the good people of the Bellville charge. We are working and praying for a succthings in the grocery line too numerous cessful year again.

WEST POINT.

J. D. H., Jan. 16: Praise the Lord, we are alive and "therefore" trying to "teach" others. Our Church is warm in the work for the Master; and now that we have been well remembered by having a wide-awake pastor (Bro. Woolsey) sent us, we feel the "sweet assurance" that in due time there will be an "ingathering of many precious souls." Our Sabbath-school, with Bro. Charley Moore as Superintendent, Miss Annie Tolbirt as organist, is also alive and in fine working order. New life enthused by the co-operation of Bro. Tubbs, a Baptist, and his amiable little wife, Sister Ruth. Bro. Tubbs surely has "a talent" for Sunday-school work. Through the influence and assistance of Sister Tubbs, we will soon have a new carpet for our church. He being in the railroad work, they have been moved to Lott, where they will soon be as highly appreciated by the Christians when they know them "as they are known" here. Our prayer-meetings, thank the Lord, are well attended, and much interest manifested. Pray with and for us, brother, that ours shall be the realization of our hopes of soon seeing "Zion moving and new souls born unto Christ." The Advocate is a welcome visitor. May God bless the work it is doing.

LOTT.

C. E. Simpson, Jan. 19: We are snugly domiciled in our rented parsonage. Our people received us back kindly and have pounded us generously. So we are ready for another year's work. Bro. Cochran, our "beloved," held our first Quarterly Conference the 9th and 10th and preached us three good sermons. Owing to sickness, there were only three stewards present, but they made a very liberal assessment for the support of the ministry. We had a very good conference, all things considered. The outlook is hopeful.

MERRILLTOWN AND WALNUT.

W. D. Gaskins, Jan. 18: This work was made a half station at our first Quarterly Conference. When we came on this work we found no parsonage, but the brethren went to work immediately to build one. They succeeded in building a nice house. It is a credit to the work. They did not stop at building it, but furnished it very nicely; besides they gave their pastor and his family a good pounding. The outlook is encouraging. Our assessment for the Orphan Home at Waco is $5. We have succeeded in raising $6.20 for that grand and charitable institution. We trust that we will be able to make a report at our next Annual Conference that will show that both pastor and Church have not been standing all the day idle in the vineyard of the Lord. All Christians who read these lines please offer a prayer for us.

MADISONVILLE.

W. W. Horner, Jan. 18: Our first Quarterly Conference for this year was held at this place on the 16th and 17th of this month. On account of sickness our "beloved," Bro. Wootton, could not be with us, much to the regret of the pastor and people here, with whom he is so popular. Of course this scribe had to preside over the conference, but this was nothing new to him, as he has had to do so on many other similar occasions before. We had a very good attendance of the stewards, although it rained a good deal on Saturday and was very unpleasant weather out of doors. The stewards assessed our salary at $575 and reported $106.55 paid this quarter. Of this amount the three charges paid as follows: Madisonville, $66.35; Elwood, $21.50, and Midway, $18.70. Much of this was paid in "kind," which leaves the preacher very little money to live on for the next three months. But we are happy in our work and feel sure that the Lord will provide in some way for us. We have reorganized the W. P. and H. M. Society here, and hope our good women will soon be actively engaged in work for the church and parsonage, which is very much needed here. The following officers for the Junior League, organized here recently, were elected in the order in which their nams appear, viz: President, Virgie Robinson; Vice President, Tyler Randolph; Secretary, Bennie Utterbach; Treasurer, Tommie Viser. Miss Louise McHenry, a very competent young lady, was appointed Superintendent. We expect these new societies to do much good here, and that we will be able to report substantial progress in Church work ere long.

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WEST TEXAS CONFERENCE.

BRADY.

C. H. Maloy, Jan. 12: We are starting off very well at Brady. The people gave us a hearty welcome back among them and gave us quite a nice pounding Christmas Eve and Christmas day. We are endeavoring to make this the best year of our lives. Had a delightful "watch-night" service.

OZONA.

J. W. Gibbens, Jan. 7: Our first Quarterly Conference has been held. Bro. Baker, our beloved, was on hand; did some good preaching, which cheered our hearts and strengthened our purposes. He looked well into the work and assisted us in laying plans we hope to carry into effect. The stewards made a liberal assessment for the preacher in charge. We have been kindly received over the entire work, and liberally pounded at Ozona, and Madam Rumor has said, "Look out; you are to catch it at Sonora!" We took a thank-offering at Sonora for the Orphanage and received $5.30; also raised a collection to pay out and paint our Church to the amount of $35; received two members by ritual and one by letter; had one death; organized one Juvenile League with twenty-two members. There were two Senior Leagues; neither of them had a charter; hope soon to have four chartered Leagues. The people seem very well pleased with their preacher and he knows he is with them. The W. P. and H. M. Society is soon to have a barn built here. This is a big-hearted, generous people, but for most part they are irreligious.

ROCKPORT.

Wm. A. Bowen, Jan. 16: We are fairly under way for the new year—my second on this work. Since conference ten have joined the Church. The last Sunday in December, according to previous announcement, we held a Church Conference in order to have the members elect teachers, thus bringing the Church into closer relation with the Sunday-school. The following Wednesday evening, after prayer-meeting, the officers and new teachers met to arrange and classify the scholars on the roll. This involved a great deal of work and care, but we had one of our best graded school teachers (Miss Emma Waterwall) as one of our Sunday-school teachers, and the work was done. We made three grades of the infant department—those who cannot commit any of the lesson card, those who can commit the golden text and tell something of the picture, and those who can commit all of the card—and each department is taught by stories and illustrations bearing on the lesson, the Little Bible Lesson Pictures being used. The next grade above is the boys and the girls (separate) junior department, using Our Little People; then comes No. 2 intermediate (boys and girls separate), composed of those who can commit the text of the intermediate quarterly, the teacher to explain and stimulate original research; then No. 1 intermediate, in which the scholars use the Quarterly simply as a help, are to give the results of their readings of home-reading, original research and a general comprehension of the lesson and its practical application; then comes the No. 2 and No. 2 senior, with substantially the same methods for study and grade as in the intermediate department. No. 1 senior is a mixed Bible class, preparatory to entering the Bible class, where the Magazine and higher and deeper helps and study will be carried on and normal methods used. From the Bible class vacancies in the corps of teachers will be filled and temporary teachers will be appointed when regular teachers are absent. Strict marking of grades on the system set forth in the Model Teacher's Class Book will be insisted, and regular promotions be made every six months of those attaining to the required proficiency. Bibles will be offered by the school for the scholar making the best grade—proficiency, punctuality and regular attendance and conduct and Church attendance being the basis of marking. Bro. John S. Gillett was with us and held our first Quarterly Conference January 9, Bro. M. T. Allen, of Oakville, having kindly exchanged dates with us. I know of no man who surpasses Bro. Gillett in the possession of about the qualifications for an ideal junior Bishop. He is punctual, regular, systematic, kind, firm, knows the law and insists on its strict enforcement; has a ripe experience, which is always at the disposal of those who need good, safe counsel and advise (as I most certainly do), and he gives needed decisions and advice in a way to make almost glad the occasion arose so as to know how sweet it is to have one in authority with so much wisdom, experience, safe judgment and brotherly love willing to help you as a friend and not as one who has a right to direct. Our presiding elder preached us three sermons that were a delight to heads and hearts—and this is the kind of gospel that saves. Our work is not strong in finances, but we have "prospects." "Great expectations" is now the unwritten legend to which our eyes frequently turn.

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EAST TEXAS CONFERENCE.

TIMPSON.

Jas. W. Downs, Jan. 17: Our presiding elder, Rev. J. T. Smith, has been confined to his bed with an attack of la grippe for several days. We are happy to announce that he is up and improving and will be ready for work again in a few days. The outlook on the district is encouraging. The presiding elder is highly pleased with his preachers, and the preachers are jubilant over their "wide-awake-push-and-get-there" presiding elder. Timpson is all O. K.

ATLANTA STATION.

A. A. Wagnon, Jan. 15: We have been returned to this kind people for another year; have received kind greetings, poundings, etc., and have settled down to good, hard work. I have never felt more like giving my people the very best service possible in my life. Three things I have resolved to do: Pray more, visit more and study more than ever before in my life. In keeping these resolves I hope, by the grace of God, to make this the best year of my life.

MELROSE CIRCUIT.

W. W. Gollihugh, Jan. 11: We left Dallas on December 30 for our new field of labor; arrived in the bounds of our work December 31. We felt at first that we were a long ways from home and among strangers, but they treated us so kindly we soon felt that we were at home and among a noble people. There was no parsonage on this work, but the stewards secured a nice house, which is now tolerably well-furnished, and we hope it will be the property of the Church by the close of the year. We have a well-arranged circuit, though it is large; have seven appointments—six churches of our own and one union house. Religion seems to be at a low ebb, but we are praying and expecting a revival at all points on the circuit.

JACKSONVILLE.

G. V. Ridley, Jan. 13: We arrived here January 6 and though we looked into no familiar faces, friendly ones graciously greeted us on every hand. Bros. Black and Bird received us at the station and wheeled us to the home of Bro. and Sister C. S. Bolton, whose greetings and generous treatment made us quite forget all things else so completely were we absorbed with the enjoyment of their kindnesses. The parsonage, not having been occupied by the pastor, was soon put to rights—furniture restored, floors covered, and we found ourselves at home. For this expeditious work special credit is due Sisters C. S. and Viola Bolton, Sisters E. R. Williams, Francis and Knox, and while it was being accomplished, the pantry was literally filled with things to tempt as well as to appease an appetite. So quietly was each deposit made that we knew not from whence—but that they came we will continue to attest for many days yet. We are among an excellent people and we hope to do such a year's work as will be worthy to follow our honored predecessor.

A sculptor once showed a visitor his studio. It was full of gods. One was very curious. The face was concealed by being covered with hair, and there were wings on each foot.

"What is his name?" said the spectator.

"Opportunity," was the reply.

"Why is his face hidden?"

"Because men seldom know him when he comes to them."

"Why has he wings on his feet?"

"Because he is soon gone, and once gone can never be overtaken."—Anon.

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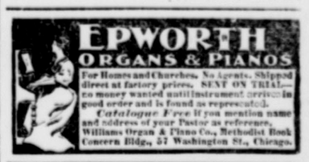
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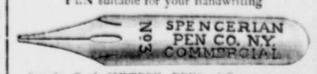
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★ WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT ★

All matter intended for the Woman's Department should be addressed to Mrs. Florence B. Howell, 28 Masten Street, Dallas, Texas.

A New Year's Meditation.

Let us walk softly, friend;
For strange paths lie before us, all untrod;
The new year, spotless from the hand of God,
Is thine and mine, O friend!

Let us walk straightly, friend;
Forget the crooked paths behind us now,
Press on with steadier purpose on our brow
To better deeds, O friend!

Let us walk gladly, friend;
Perchance some greater good than we have known
Is waiting for us, or some fair hope flown
Shall yet return, O friend!

Let us walk humbly, friend;
Slight not the heart's ease blooming round our feet;
The laurel blossoms are not half so sweet,
Or lightly gathered, friend.

Let us walk kindly, friend;
We can not tell how long this life shall last,
How soon these precious years be overpast;
Let love walk with us, friend.

Let us walk quickly, friend;
Work with our might, while lasts our little stay,
And help some halting comrade on the way;
And may God guide us, friend!

—Lillian Grey, in Golden Rule.

Report for November and December.

	CASH.
Mrs. L. M. Fowler, Palestine	$ 5 00
Mrs. D. Doppemuyer	10 00
Mrs. J. D. Crawford	5 00
Miss Josie Mayes	1 00
Mrs. Mary Key	1 00
Mrs. W. H. Pope	1 00
Mrs. M. A. Dial	1 00
Mrs. W. W. Parker	1 00
E. F. Richardson	1 00
J. H. Van Hook	1 00
P. G. Whaley	1 00
Miss L. P. Lane	1 00
E. J. Fry	1 00
B. F. Eades	1 00
Joe Lake	1 00
A. D. Sears	1 00
Mr. Young Berger	29 00
Mr. Louis Jacoby	10 00
Mr. E. K. Bransford	1 00
Mrs. M. S. Beckley, Lancaster	10 50
W. F. Fitzpatrick	5 00
W. H. Summers	5 00
W. H. Bean, Sherman	5 00
Wm. Schine, Hillsboro	1 00
Miss Kittie Harrison, Dallas	1 00
Mrs. J. W. Adkisson, Waxah'e	3 00
Mrs. Lewis, Moffat	1 00
J. S. Griffith, Terrell	50 00
J. W. Peyton, Garland District	5 00
M. J. Taylor, Jefferson	1 00
Mrs. P. S. Pfouts	1 00
Mrs. E. W. Chapel	1 00
Mrs. F. R. Rowley	10 00
Total	$163 50

	SUBSCRIP'S.
Mrs. S. J. Adams	$100 00
W. C. Padgitt	100 00
C. C. Slaughter	100 00
Royal Ferris	10 00
Miss F. Dysart, Marshall	10 00
Mrs. W. G. Rudd	2 50
Mrs. W. C. Field	1 00
Mrs. C. F. Chevaille	1 00
E. G. Knight, Dallas	10 00
Nathan Godbold	5 00
Mrs. S. B. Hopkins, Dallas	5 00
Mrs. G. G. Wright, Dallas	3 00
Mrs. S. A. Mahon, Dallas	2 00
Miss Cherry May, Dallas	1 00
Miss Mamie Pondrom, Dallas	1 00
Waxahachie	13 00
Paris	325 00
Mrs. J. Cook, Jr., Marshall	10 00
Miss Maggie J. Yates, for Fannie Heartsill Junior Society	25 00
Marshall Auxiliary	25 00
East Dallas Circle of King's Daughters	10 00
Mrs. G. W. Jalonick, Dallas	5 00
East Dallas Circle of King's Daughters	10 00
Total	$974 50

MRS. W. H. JOHNSON,
Financial Agent Rescue Home.
Dallas, Texas.

From District Secretary W. F. M. Society, Greenville District, North Texas Conference.

I desire through the columns of the "Woman's Department" to make a request of the pastors of Greenville District in regard to the Woman's Foreign Missionary work, as I can reach them more easily through the Advocate than by writing to each of them personally, since I don't know and possibly will not be able to learn until late in the year the addresses of them all. If I can get the consent and aid of our different pastors I want to hold a missionary-meeting and organize a society at every charge in the district that has no society. Without their encouragement my hands are tied; but I do most sincerely hope and believe that they will all be willing to preach one stirring missionary sermon some time during the conference year and inform me what time it would suit them and would be best for me to organize, and I will make my arrangements accordingly. Brethren, my heart is in this work, and I meekly insist that you do not pass this by lightly.

Since the great but glorious responsibility of District Secretary has been laid on my shoulders I mean, with the help of the Lord, to try in my weak way to arouse the people on this grand work of "Woman for Woman" that has been the means of bringing so many to Christ who perhaps to-day would be in utter darkness if women had not taken hold of this work—the crowning work of our lives.

There are two-thirds of our women who take no part in this noble work, and we believe it is principally because they know so little about it; and now since I know, God deeply impresses it upon me, that it is our duty to make this effort to get the people to see the need of this work and let them know that the doors of the foreign fields are all thrown open and benighted souls are crying for light.

If preachers in charge desire, or are willing for me to undertake an organization on their work, they will please write me when, and I will gladly come. Address MRS. M. B. MOCK.
Alliance, Texas.

The decision of the local Salvation Army to send two Chinese to London to assist in work in the slums has called attention to the results of Christian missionary work among Chinese in California. While many of these Orientals attend Sunday-school in order to learn English, there are numerous cases of genuine conversion. Perhaps the best fruits of patient Christian teaching and example may be found in the homes of converted Chinese, with their new and high ideals of conduct, which present so great a contrast to those of a heathen household, and in the girls' missions, which provide shelter for many bright children who have been save from a slavery worse than death. In the smaller cities of California Christianity has had a marked effect on the Chinese, and many instances could be given of its genuine transformation of life and character.—G. H. L., in Harper's Weekly.

There are two classes in the Church that make the dolorous cry of "nothing to do." One is the lazy class, which really desires to do nothing. If a hundred inviting fields of usefulness were spread before them, it would be the same. They have no sense of personal responsibility for the salvation of souls, the love of Christ has lost its constraining power over their lives (if it ever had any), and so they ease their too easily satisfied consciences with the reflection: "There is nothing for me to do."

The other class would really do something, but they wait for some great achievement. Since their environments are such that they can not become evangelists, or go on a foreign mission, or do some great thing for Christ, they fold their hands in disgraceful sloth, and cry: "There is nothing to do."

"Nothing to do?" Are all in your family saved? Are there none, not one, in the immediate range of your influence that might be brought to Christ through your loving ministries? Is there no troubled heart that you might cheer, no orphan child that you might bless, no widow that you might comfort? Are there no erring ones near you that you might instruct and guide into the truth? "Nothing to do?" Why, the fields everywhere are white unto the harvest, and God's holy angels would rejoice over your opportunities for saving souls and winning stars in the eternal crown of rejoicing.

"Nothing to do?" It is the suggestion of the devil. There is always something for each of us to do, and we are doing it. We are either working for Christ or against him. Our very idleness is a sin against God and a crime against souls. Never are we more efficient allies of the powers of darkness than when we neglect to do the good that God in his providence allows us to do and requires at our hands. The "nothing to do Christian" is such only in name.

God's children have much to do; and, according to their several abilities, they are striving to do all that they can for his glory and the salvation of souls. Some work in lowly places. Their deeds of faith and works of love are known only to the Father's eye, perhaps; but they shine none the less brightly on this account, nor shall the reward be any the less. Others are called to work in more conspicuous places and to meet larger responsibilities; but everywhere, whether on the mountain top or in the lowly valley, whether in the glare of the world's gaze or some obscure corner, God's true children all find something to do. O may their number be greatly multiplied until there shall be one earnest, consecrated Christian worker for every member of the Church of Christ! And may God give our pastors wisdom and grace so to direct and train their flocks that nevermore shall be heard the plaintive wail coming from any child of God: "There is nothing that I can do."—Sunday School Magazine.

Report of Treasurer of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, East Texas Conference, for the year ending June 30, 1896:

Total dues	$296 55
Outgoing missionaries	179 18
Incidentals	46 26
Little Workers, special	16 55
For scholarship in Anglo-Chinese School in Shanghai	30 00
Life membership fund	10 00
Scarritt Bible and Training S.	8 50
Memorial fund	5 00
Total	$593 04
Estimates of boxes of clothing sent to pupils at Laredo	$128 40

DISBURSEMENTS.

Rem'd Mrs. H. M. McTyeire, Treas. of W. B. of M., Nashville	$483 10
Exchange	1 70
Rem'd Miss Barnes and exch'ge	19 09
Rem'd Miss N. E. Holding	40 00
Rem'd by local Treas. of Palestine Auxiliary direct to Miss Billingsley	5 00
By same direct to Treas. W. B. of M.	10 00
Rem'd by Miss L. P. Lane direct to Treas. W. B. of M.	20 00
Delegates expenses to annual meeting	5 75
Express on box to Laredo	1 35
Paid for record	25
Rem'd Miss V. Cloud	5 00
Total paid over	$593 04

Other moneys have been reported at annual meeting, but as I do not hold receipts I do not report them.
MRS. R. T. DOROUGH,
Tyler, Texas. Treasurer.

Every impure thought lowers the soul which entertains it.

Other have found health, vigor and vitality in Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it surely has power to help you also. Why not try it?

Don't expect God to help you do wrong.

Quarterly Conferences

EAST TEXAS CONFERENCE.

Tyler District—First Round.

Wills Point, at Independence	Jan 23, 24
Wills Point sta	Jan 24, 25
Emory, at Emory	Jan 30, 31
Walton, at Mallard Prairie	Fri, Feb 5
Malakoff sta	Sat, Feb 6
Athens sta	Feb 7, 8
Tyler, at Center	Feb 13, 14
Grand Saline, at Antioch	Fri, Feb 19
Edom, at Ben Wheeler	Feb 20, 21
Canton, at Canton	Feb 27, 28
Whitehouse, at Flint	Mar 6, 7
Tyler, Marvin	Mar 7, 8
New York, at New York	Mar 13, 14
Lindale, at Mt. Sylvan	Mar 20, 21
Troupe and Overton, at Overton	Mar 27, 28
Tyler City mis, at Sneed's Chapel	At will

John Adams, P. E.

Beaumont District—First Round

Liberty cir, at Devers	Jan 23, 24
Kountze cir, at Kountze	Jan 30, 31
Woodville and Colmesneil, at W	Feb 6, 7
Pinckney mis, at Midway	Feb 7, 8
Livingston cir, at Livingston	Feb 13, 14
Moscow cir, at Moscow	Feb 14, 15

Will complete list in a few days.
T. J. Milam, P. E.

San Augustine District—First Round.

Minden, at Minden	Jan 23, 24
Tenaha, at Woods	Jan 30, 31
Melrose, at Fairview	Feb 6, 7
Nacogdoches sta	Feb 13, 14
Center cir, at Shady Grove	Feb 20, 21
Timpson sta	Feb 22
Shelbyville, at Shelbyville	Feb 27, 28
Appleby, at Appleby	Mar 6, 7
Douglass, at Pine Grove	Mar 13, 14
San Augustine and Chireno, at S. A	Mar 20, 21
Sharpsville, at Hebron	Mar 27, 28
Sexton, at Sexton	April 3, 4
Hemphill, at Pine Grove	April 10, 11

J. T. Smith, P. E.

Palestine District—First Round.

Wells mis, at Wells	Jan 22
Lufkin sta	Jan 23, 24
Homer cir, at Center	Jan 30, 31
Crockett cir, at Pleasant Grove	Feb 6, 7
Holcomb cir, at Glovers	Feb 10
Grapeland cir, at Hays Springs	Feb 13, 14
Brushy Creek cir, at Brushy	Feb 20, 21
Jacksonville cir, at Providence	Feb 27, 28
Alto cir, at Mt. Zion	Mar 6, 7
Rusk sta	Mar 13, 14
Jacksonville sta	Mar 18
Elkhart cir, at Holmes	Mar 20, 21
Saron mis, at Prairieview	Mar 25
Trinity L. and G., at Trinity	Mar 27, 28

L. M. Fowler, P. E.

Pittsburg District—First Round.

Dalby cir, at Pleasant Grove	Jan 23, 24
Quitman cir, at Forest Home	Jan 30, 31
Gilmer cir, at Gilmer	Feb 6, 7
Park mis, at Redwater	Fri, Feb 12
Fairview and Rose Hill, at Fairview	Feb 13, 14
Texarkana, State Line, at State Line	Feb 14, 15
Daingerfield cir, at Hughes Springs	Feb 20, 21
Musgrove cir, at Soule's Chapel	Feb 27, 28
Naples cir, at Omaha	Mar 6, 7
Linden cir, at Douglassville	Mar 13, 14
Leesburg cir, at Reeves' Chapel	Mar 20, 21
Winfield cir, at Bridges' Chapel	Mar 27, 28

T. P. Smith, P. E.

Marshall District—First Round.

Henderson sta	4th Sab in Jan
Henderson cir, at Oak Grove	5th Sab in Jan
Marshall	1st Sab in Feb
Hallville cir, at Hallville	2d Sab in Feb
Beckville cir, at Beckville	3d Sab in Feb
Harrison cir, at Rock Spring	4th Sab in Feb
Jefferson	1st Sab in Mar
Churchhill, at Churchhill	2d Sab in Mar
Arleston cir, at Mt. Zion	3d Sab in Mar
Kilgore, at Danville	4th Sab in Mar
Coffeeville, at League	

O. P. Thomas, P. E.

TEXAS CONFERENCE.

Calvert District—First Round.

Bremond and Reagan, at Reagan	Jan 23, 24
Buffalo and Oakwoods, at Oakwoods	Jan 30, 31
Fairfield, at Sunshine	Feb 6, 7
Personville	Feb 13, 14
Jewett, at Jewett	Feb 20, 21
Centerville, at Red Land	Feb 27, 28
Roger's Prairie, at Oxford	Mar 6, 7
Mt. Vernon, at Owensville	Mar 13, 14
Franklin	Mar 14, 15
Petteway, at Roans Prairie	Mar 20, 21

J. B. Cochran, P. E.

Austin District—First Round.

McDade cir, at McDade	Jan 23, 24
Bastrop sta	Jan 30, 31
Cedar Creek cir, at Cedar Creek	Feb 6, 7
Smithville sta	Feb 13, 14
Winchester cir, at West Point	Feb 20, 21
LaGrange sta	Feb 27, 28
Columbus sta	Mar 6, 7
Eagle Lake cir, at Eagle Lake	Mar 13, 14
Weimar and Osage, at Weimar	Mar 20, 21
Flatonia sta	Mar 27, 28

H. M. Sears, P. E.

Brenham District—First Round.

Rockdale	Jan 23, 24
Cameron	Jan 27
Cameron cir	Jan 30, 31
Ben Arnold mis, at Ben Arnold	Feb 6, 7
Lexington, at Lexington	Feb 13, 14
Giddings cir, at Giddings	Feb 20, 21
Deanville mis, at Shady Grove	Feb 27, 28
Davilla cir, at Friendship	Mar 6, 7
Pleasant Hill, at Pleasant Retreat	Mar 13, 14
Maysfield, at Maysfield	Mar 20, 21
Caldwell	Mar 21
Milano	Mar 27, 28

J. C. Mickle, P. E.

Houston District—First Round.

Wharton	Jan 23, 24
Alvin	Jan 30, 31
Columbia and Brazoria	Feb 6, 7
Dickinson, at League City	Feb 13, 14
Pattison	Feb 20, 21
Matagorda	Feb 27, 28

O. T. Hotchkiss, P. E.

Huntsville District—First Round.

Courtney and Plant, at Lynn Grove	Jan 23, 24
Navasota sta	Jan 27
Hockley, at Pine Grove	Jan 30, 31
Hempstead and Waller, at Hempstead	Feb 3
Prairie Plains, at Mary Chapel	Feb 6, 7
Willis sta	Feb 13, 14
Conroe and Montgomery, at Montgo'y	Feb 20, 21
Cold Springs, at Cold Springs	Feb 27, 28
Dodge, at Black Jack	Mar 6, 7
Huntsville sta	Mar 13, 14

W. Wootton, P. E.

NORTHWEST TEXAS CONFERENCE.

Fort Worth District—Second Round.

First Church	Feb 6, 7
Polytechnic sta	Feb 8
Mulkey Memorial	Feb 13, 14
Peach Street	Feb 14, 15
Riverside, at Fossil	Feb 20, 21
Glenwood	Feb 21, 22
Azle, at Harwell's Chapel	Feb 27, 28
Missouri Avenue	Feb 28, Mar 1
Arlington sta	Mar 3
Arlington cir, at Forest Hill	Mar 6, 7
Cleburne cir, at Price's Chapel	Mar 13, 14
Mansfield, at St. Paul	Mar 20, 21
Marystown, at Cahill	Mar 27, 28
Cleburne sta	Mar 30
George's Creek	April 3, 4
Covington, at Philadelphia	April 10, 11
Cresson, at Long Creek	April 17, 18
Blum, at Riovista	April 24, 25
Grapevine, at Enless	May 1, 2
Smithfield	May 8, 9

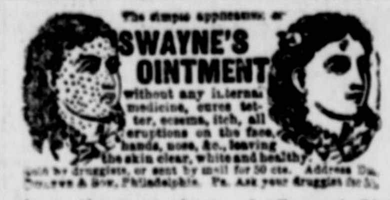
Let all the preachers preach some time during this quarter on the subject of "Christian Education," according to the requirement of the Discipline. The District Conference will convene at Mulkey Memorial Church May 14-17, 9:30 a. m. The preachers will please arrange appointments accordingly, so that they can remain over Sunday. The District Epworth League Conference will convene on 12th and 13th of May, at same place, at 9 a. m. A suitable programme will be published in due time. Let all the stewards be active in their work. That times are hard makes it the more necessary that they be wideawake.

G. S. Wyatt, P. E.

Corsicana District—Second Round.

Groesbeck sta	1st Sat and Sun in Feb
Frost and Salem, at F	2d Sat and Sun in Feb
Mexia sta	3d Sat and Sun in Feb
Corsicana sta	4th Sat and Sun in Feb

Jno. R. Nelson, P. E.



As to the great virtues of "Swayne's Ointment," we are permitted to refer to the Publisher of the Texas Christian Advocate.



Dublin District—Second Round.

Dublin sta	Feb 6, 7
Proctor mis, at Bynum	Feb 13, 14
Stephenville cir, at Stephenville	Feb 20, 21
Carlton cir, at Friendship	Feb 27, 28

E. A. Smith, P. E.

Georgetown District—First Round.

Salado, at Salado	Jan 23, 24
Belton	Jan 24, 25
Round Rock, at Round Rock	Jan 30, 31
Georgetown	Jan 31, Feb 1
Bertram, at Bertram	Feb 6, 7
Liberty Hill, at Leander	Feb 7, 8
Moffat, at Cedar Creek	Feb 13, 14
South Temple	Feb 14, 15
Rodgers, at Rodgers	Feb 20, 21
Bartlett, at Hackberry	Feb 27, 28
Temple	Mar 6, 7
Taylor	7:30 o'clock, Mar 8
Burnet, at Marble Falls	Mar 13, 14

Sam'l P. Wright, P. E.

Clarendon District—First Round.

Amarillo sta	Jan 23, 24
Channing, at Channing	Jan 30, 31
Floyd, at Floydada	Feb 6, 7
Wellington, at Wellington	Feb 13, 14
Canadian and Mobeetie, at C	Feb 20, 21
Higgins mis	Feb 27, 28

R. A. Hall, P. E.

Abilene District—First Round.

Baird and Putman	Jan 23, 24
Buffalo Gap cir	Jan 27
Merkel cir	Jan 30, 31

Jas. S. Chapman, P. E.

Brownwood District—First Round.

Robert Lee mis	Jan 23, 24
Comanche cir	Jan 30, 31
Fleming	Feb 2, 3

O. F. Sensabaugh, P. E.

Weatherford District—First Round.

Huckabay mis, at Hannibal	4th Sun in Jan
Gordon and Strawn, at Gordon	5th of Jan
Eliasville cir	5th Sun in Jan
Breckenridge cir, at Breckenridge	2d of Feb
Ranger mis, at Ranger	4th of Feb

E. A. Bailey, P. E.

Waxahachie District—First Round.

Red Oak cir, at Long Branch	Jan 23, 24
Osceola cir	Jan 30, 31

B. R. Bolton, P. E.

Gatesville District—First Round.

Oglesby cir, at Oglesby	Jan 23, 24
Crawford and McGregor, at Crawford	Jan 25
Valley Mills, at Valley Mills	Jan 28
Meridian sta	Jan 30, 31
Coryell City, at Osage	Feb 6, 7
Harmony, at Harmony	Feb 13, 14
Jonesboro, at Sardis	Feb 20, 21
Hamilton, at Hamilton	Feb 27, 28

G. S. Hardy, P. E.

Waco District—First Round.

Bosqueville cir, at Evergreen	Jan 23, 24
Mt. Calm, at Mt. Calm	Jan 30, 31

Jas. Campbell, P. E.

Vernon District—First Round.

Crowell, at Crowell	Jan 23, 24
Seymour, at Seymour	Jan 30, 31
Benjamin, at Benjamin	Feb 2
Eldorado, at Eldorado	Feb 13, 14
Altus, at Altus	Feb 17
Mangum, at Mangum	Feb 20, 21
Quanah and Childress, at Quanah	Feb 27, 28

C. W. Daniel, P. E.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

GOLD MEDAL, Paris Exposition, 1889 and the Chicago Exposition Award.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

YOUR NAME IN GOLD, or any name you desire, printed on the cover of our Advocate Bible for 25 cents additional.



To persons who desire to avail themselves of our superior facilities for fitting Spectacles or Eye-glasses, we will send our printed instructions for testing the eyes. Spectacles and Eye-glasses repaired. New lenses fitted in old frames.
C. P. Barnes & Bro., 540 W. Market, Louisville, Ky.
This firm is reliable.—Publishers Texas Advocate.

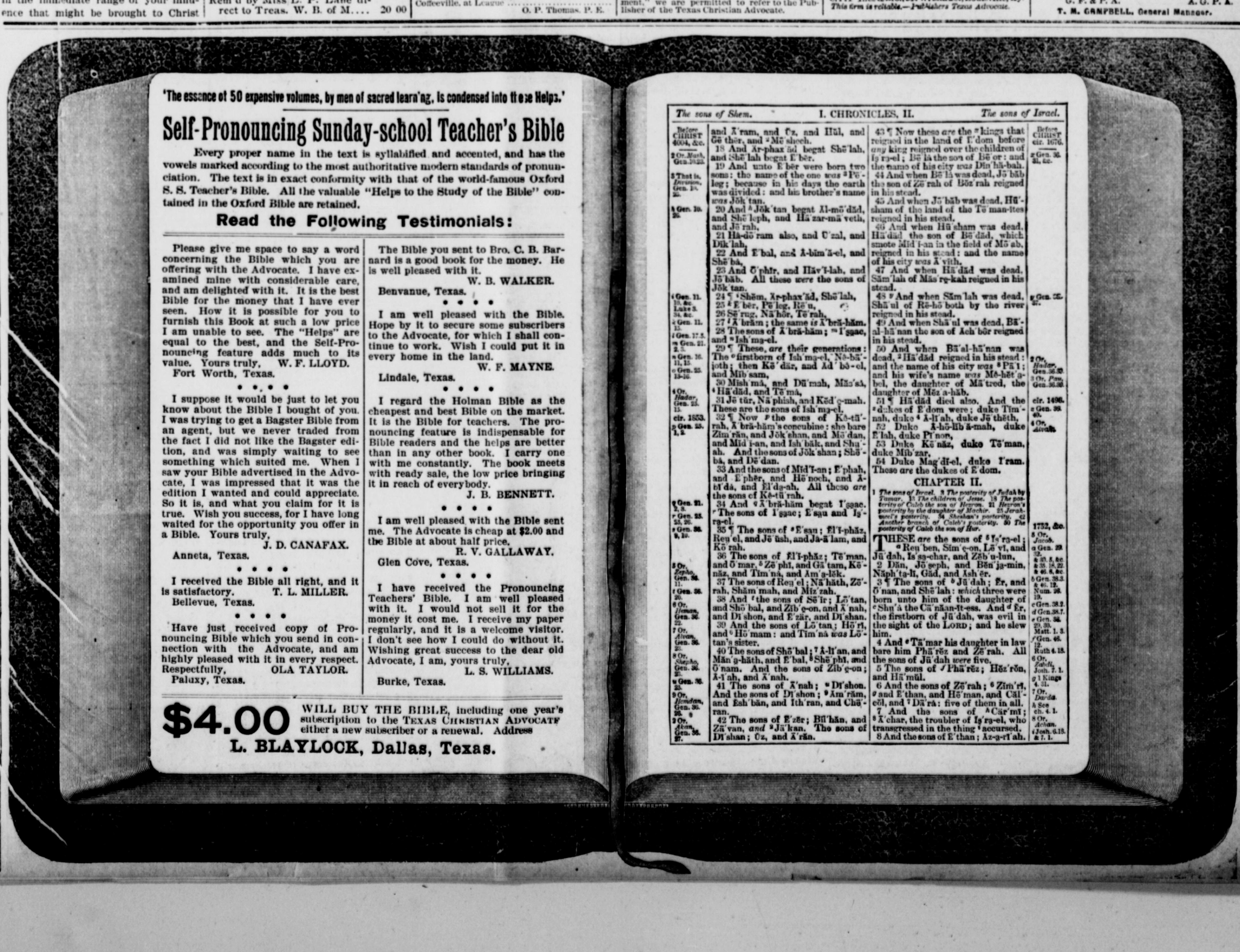
"The International Route"
(International & Great Northern Railroad Co.)
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Points in Mexico, Texas, and Principal Cities North, East and Southeast.

THROUGH SLEEPERS DAILY
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Laredo, San Antonio, Austin and St. Louis

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Call on nearest Ticket Agent for full information as to rates, time of trains, etc.

J. E. GALBRAITH, G. F. & P. A. D. J. PRICE, A. G. P. A.
T. M. CAMPBELL, General Manager.



NORTH TEXAS CONFERENCE.

Greenville District—First Round.

Anna	4th Sun in Jan
Nevada	5th Sun in Jan
Neola	1st Sun in Feb
Floyd	2d Sun in Feb
Lone Oak	3d Sun in Feb
Weston	4th Sun in Feb
Blue Ridge	1st Sun in Mar
Bethel	2d Sun in Mar

I. S. Ashburn, P. E.

Sulphur Springs District—First Round.

Fairlie, at Wesley Chapel	Jan 23, 24
Como, at Harmony	Jan 30, 31
Cooper, at Cooper	Feb 6, 7
Winnsboro sta	Feb 13, 14
Celeste, at Celeste	Feb 20, 21
Leonard, at Leonard	Feb 27, 28
Bailey, at Pleasant View	Mar 6, 7
Mt. Vernon, at Saltillo	Mar 13, 14

W. M. P. Rippey, P. E.

Gainesville District—First Round.

Bonita and Illinois, at Corinth	Jan 23, 24
Spanish Fort, at Prairie Mound	Jan 25
Marysville cir, at Marysville	Jan 30, 31

J. M. Binkley, P. E.

Bonham District—First Round.

South Bonham	Jan 23, 24
Gober	Jan 30, 31
White Rock	Feb 6, 7
Ladonia sta	Feb 13, 14
Randolph	Feb 20, 21
Trenton and Marvin	Feb 27, 28
Lannius	Mar 6, 7
Fannin	Mar 13, 14

Isaac W. Clark, P. E.

Bowie District—First Round

Crafton cir, at Crafton	Jan 23, 24
Sunset cir, at Sunset	Jan 30, 31
Jacksboro and Gibtown	Feb 6, 7
Bryson and Salt Hill	Feb 7, 8
Blue Grove	Feb 13, 14
Bellevue, at Bellevue	Feb 14, 15
Archer City	Feb 20, 21

F. O. Miller, P. E.

Sherman District—First Round.

Collinsville cir	Jan 23, 24
Denison mis	Jan 30, 31
Pottsboro sta	Feb 6, 7
Gordonsville cir	Feb 13, 14
Howe cir	Feb 20, 21
Pilot Grove cir	Feb 27, 28

J. R. Wages, P. E.

Paris District—First Round.

Woodland	Jan 23, 24
Detroit	Jan 30, 31
Annona	Feb 6, 7
Emberson cir	Feb 13, 14
Maxey mis	Feb 20, 21
Powderly mis	Feb 27, 28
Lake Creek	March 6, 7

W. D. Mountcastle, P. E.

Dallas District—First Round.

Lewisville	4th Sun in Jan
Lancaster	5th Sun in Jan

R. M. Powers, P. E.

Terrell District—First Round.

Garland sta	4th Sun in Jan
Pleasant Mound, at M. Chapel	5th Sun in Jan
Kemp, at Wilson's Chapel	1st Sun in Feb
Wylie	2d Sun in Feb
Mesquite, at Mesquite	3d Sun in Feb
Crandall, at Crandall	4th Sun in Feb
Kaufman sta	1st Sun in Mar
Cochran and Caruth, at Cochr's	2d Sun in Mar

C. B. Fladger, P. E.

WEST TEXAS CONFERENCE.

San Marcos District—Second Round.

Seguin	Feb 13, 14
Lockhart	Feb 20, 21
Kyle	Feb 27, 28
Luling	March 6, 7
Belmont	March 13, 14
San Marcos	March 20, 21
Gonzales	March 27, 28
Buda	April 3, 4
San Marcos cir	April 10, 11
Lockhart cir	April 17, 18
Dripping Springs	April 24, 25
Harwood	May 1, 2

I. T. Morris, P. E.

Llano District—Second Round.

Boerne cir, at Selma	3d Sun in Feb
Bandera and Medina City and Bandera cir, at Medina City	Thur after 3d Sun in Feb
Center Point sta, at Brownsboro	4th Sun in Feb
Rocksprings cir, at Rocksprings	1st Sun in Mar
Kerrville sta	2d Sun in Mar
Cherokee cir, at Colony	3d Sun in Mar
Round Moun'n cir, at Johnson C'y	4th Sun in Mar
Blanco cir	1st Sun in Apr
Willow City cir	2d Sun in Apr
San Saba sta	3d Sun in Apr
Kingsland cir	4th Sun in Apr
Llano sta	Mon night after 4th Sun in Apr

Delegates to District Conference elected this round. M. A. Black, P. E.

Cuero District—Second Round.

Nursery cir	Feb 13
Hallettsville cir	Feb 21
Sweet Home cir	Feb 27
Waelder cir	Mar 6
Rancho cir	Mar 13
Yoakum sta	Mar 20
Leesville cir	Mar 27
Cuero sta	Mar 31
Edna sta	April 3
Morales cir	April 10
Victoria sta	April 17
Port Lavaca cir	April 24
Clear Creek cir	May 1

A. C. Biggs, P. E.

San Antonio District—First Round.

Uvalde	4th Sun in Jan
Utopia	1st Sun in Feb
Pleasanton	2d Sun in Feb
Amphion	3d Sun in Feb

J. D. Scott, P. E.

Beeville District—First Round.

Floresville cir, at Floresville	4th Sab in Jan
Lavernia cir, at Wesley Chapel	5th Sab in Jan
Karnes City cir, at Kenedy	1st Sab in Feb
Helena cir, at H. Sat & Sun at 11,	2d Sab in Feb
Runge cir, at R	Sun at night, 2d Sab in Feb and Mon 10 a m
Skidmore cir, at Berclair	3d Sab in Feb

John S. Gillett, P. E.

San Angelo District—First Round.

Millburn, at Richland Springs	Jan 23, 24
Brady, at Brady	Jan 30, 31
Pontotoc, at Fredonia	Feb 6, 7
Mason, at Mason	Feb 13, 14

J. A. Baker, P. E.

NEW MEXICO CONFERENCE.

El Paso District—Second Round.

White Oaks, at Bonita	Jan 24
Tulurosa, at LaLuz	Jan 31
Penasco, at Hope	Feb 7
Roswell	Feb 14
Eddy	Feb 21
Pecos	Feb 28
Alpine	Mar 7
El Paso	Mar 14

C. C. Edington, P. E.

Smith—Is young Flyingwedge practicing law? Williams—I think not. He was called to the bar, but I think he's practicing economy.

You Can Be Well

When your blood is pure, rich and nourishing for nerves and muscles. The blood is the vital fluid, and when it is poor, thin and impure you must either suffer from some distressing disease or you will easily fall a victim to sudden changes, exposure, or overwork. Keep your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla and be well.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pill; assist digestion, cure headache. 25 cents.

She—"I see they have now a 'Woman's Dictionary.' Do you suppose that differs from any other?" He—"Probably has more words in it."

A cough is an easy thing to cure if taken in time. It is dangerous to neglect one for any length of time. Dr. Simmons' Cough Syrup is guaranteed. Fifty cents a bottle.

"TEXAS."

A handsomely illustrated 200-page book in interest of immigration to Texas will be mailed by me to any address furnished, accompanied by seven cents in stamps to cover postage.

D. J. PRICE,
A. G. P. A., I. & G. N. Ry.,
Palestine, Texas.

A Young Girl With a Waxy and Sallow Complexion.

SHE IS THE DAUGHTER OF THE EDITOR OF THE REFORM PRESS.

A Straightforward Statement in That Paper in Regard to It.

From the Reform Press, Centreville, Texas.

CENTREVILLE, LEON CO., TEXAS, September 28th, 1896.

My little girl, six years of age, has always been of pale, waxy complexion, and health delicate, until the early spring of this year, when her color became paler, her health worse, stomach hard and somewhat swollen, sleep restless and disturbed, often fretting and crying in sleep. We treated her for worms and various suposed disorders with different medicines, but nothing we tried did her any permanent good. In fact, her health became more uncertain and threatening, until both her mother and myself became considerably alarmed about her, and were more persevering in giving her medicines and tonics.

Finally, reading of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the wonderful results effected by them in restoring weak, sickly and prostrated persons to good health, I determined to try them, but really had but little faith. I procured some of the pills from J. C. Steel, the druggist here, and was careful to give them regularly, according to directions, and before half the pills were taken, we noted a decided change for the better in our little girl, and when all of them were used up, she was well, hearty, and posessed a rosy, healthy appearance. It has now been about four months since we discontinued the use of the pills, and so far she has remained in perfect health. We have every reason to feel thankful that we discovered and tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and feel that we can safely recommend them to all.

(Signed) H. H. SWINDLER, Editor Reform Press.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this, 30th day of Sept., 1896.

S. J. COX, Justice of the Peace, and Ex-officio Notary Public.

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

"Hello, Bluffy, you didn't get around last night to hear your wife's excellent lecture on the faith cure." "No, I was laid up at home with the sick headache."

Dr. Simmons' Cough Syrup is sold for only fifty cents a bottle. It will cure a cough that might prove serious or perhaps fatal. Ask your druggist for a sample bottle. Manufactured by A. C. Simmons, Jr., Medicine Company, Sherman, Texas.

MARRIAGE NOTICES.

Dean—Womack.—At woods, Texas, December 27, 1896, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. Geo. S. Dean and Miss Sallie May Womack, Rev. G. A Johnson officiating.

Morgan—Dorsett.—At the residence of the bride's mother, in Detroit, Texas, December 16, 1896, Mr. R. T. Morgan and Miss Eva May Dorsett, Rev. E. G. Roberts officiating.

Womble—Craven.—By Rev. E. Hightower, December 29, 1896, at Eulogy, Texas, Mr. O. M. Womble and Miss Lellie B. Craven.

Pierce—Johnston.—At the home of the bride's mother, San Antonio, Texas, on the evening of January 6, 1897, Mr. T. F. Pierce and Miss Mattie H. Johnston, by Rev. A. L. Scarborough.

Grace—Bettis.—At the Methodist Church in Walnut Springs, Thursday, January 14, 1897, at 1 o'clock, Mr. J. Emory Grace and Miss Texas Marguerite Bettis, Rev. J. R. B. Hall officiating.

Chapman—Morgan.—At the residence of the bride's parents, near Weatherford, Texas, on January 14, 1897, Mr. F. N. Chapman and Miss Della Lee Morgan, Rev. C. E. Lindsey officiating.

Campbell—Owens.—At the Methodist Church, San Saba, Texas, on January 12, 1897, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., Mr. John F. Campbell and Miss Ida Owens, Rev. M. S. Gardner officiating.

Goodman—Covey.—In the Methodist Church, Rockwall, Texas, December 17, 1896, by Rev. J. Marvin Nichols, Mr. W. L. Goodman and Miss Julia Covey; both of Rockwall, Texas.

Toleson—Beard.—At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. J. E. McGowin, January 4, 1897, Tom Toleson and Mrs. Rissie Beard, Rev. G. W. Templin officiating.

Strawn—Smith.—At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Ed Smith, January 5, 1897, Lloyd Strawn and Miss Annie Smith, Rev. G. W. Templin officiating.

Gray—Head.—At the residence of the bride's father, J. M. Head, December 6, 1896, James Gray and Miss Clarra Head, Rev. G. W. Templin officiating.

Francis—Fossett.—January 15, 1897, at the residence of Mr. E. Francis, Meridian, Texas, by Rev. J. H. Braswell, Rev. Henry Francis and Miss Bettie Fossett.

Pippin—Fluner.—At the residence of the bride's father, W. J. Fluner, near Greenville, Texas, December 28, 1896, by Rev. S. W. Miller, Mr. O. H. Pippin and Miss Emma Fluner.

Craig—Hayes.—At the residence of Mr. Sallins, near Kingston, Texas, Mr. J. H. Craig, of Lone Oak, Texas, and Miss Emma Hayes, January 10, 1897, Rev. S. W. Miller officiating.

Comer—Hancock.—At the residence of the bride's grandfather, K. H. Barbee, in McDade, Texas, January 12, 1897, Mr. J. A. Comer and Miss Adelia Hancock, by Rev. T. R. Cain.

Ragsdale—Martin.—At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. J. M. Martin, of Murray League, Marion County, Rev. J. F. Ragsdale, of Coffeeville, and Miss Amorilla Martin, on December 24, 1896, by Rev. W. R. Manning.

Pardue—Pearson.—At the Methodist Church, in Jewett, Texas, January 17, 1897, at 9:30 o'clock, by Rev. W. F. Brinson, Mr. W. C. Pardue, of Itasca, Texas, and Miss Lilly Pearson, of Jewett, Texas.

Yarbrough—Bowman.—On the evening of January 13, 1897, Mr. J. N. Yarbrough and Miss Ida Bowman, at the residence of the bride's father; all of Smith County, Texas; by Rev. J. M. McCarter.

OBITUARIES.

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

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POETRY CAN IN NO CASE BE INSERTED.

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CLARK.—Mrs. Ella Clark was born April 13, 1864, and died near Chandler December 27, 1896. Another good woman is gone, for she was a true Christian, a true Methodist, a true friend, a devoted wife and loving mother. Her house was the preachers' home. They always found a hearty welcome there. Her place at Church was never vacant. She went sometimes when she should have been in bed. The sound of her voice comes back to us as we write, and we hear her glad testimony in the love-feast and class-meeting. She was sick only a few days, unconscious at the last, but she has left us a living testimony. A short while before she was stricken down she had a talk with her husband about death—told him what to do and how to raise her children. She leaves two little girls, also two step-daughters almost grown. May the Lord comfort her bereaved husband and guard her orphan children. We buried her beside her little Henry, who died about a year ago. They are together in the home of the soul. God help us that we may meet them there.

B. C. ANSLEY.

MOORE.—Ebon-footed sorrow has just planted her tracks and shown her sullen visage in the home of one of our local preachers; and the aspect of her face will long be recalled whenever the outlines of another face—a sweet, little child-face—are remembered, and the echo of her tread will be heard when the pattering foot-fall of the idol of a home will be listened for in vain. Nettie Jane, a tender child of two and a half years, relaxed her tenure on physical life December 23, 1896, and on Christmas morning, most hallowed of all the mornings in the year, sad friends interred her remains. The grace of God supported her parents, Bro. Wm. F. and Sister Josie A. Moore, in that dreary hour in which the last "good-bye" was whispered; for, while they felt their hearts crushed with pain, their spirits humbly said, "Thy will be done," and they knew their Master's beautiful mansion had been made more ornate by the addition of another comely gem. "But Jesus called them to him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."

CHAS. F. ANNIS.

Rocksprings, Texas

CUNNINGHAM.—Judge L. C. Cunningham went to heaven from Seguin, Texas on December 24, 1895. He was born in East Tennessee in July, 1810—more than eighty-six years ago; came to Texas in 1833, settling in Bastrop, where he resided twenty-six years. He was a youthful soldier in Captain Billingsly's company in 1836 and participated in the battle of San Jacinto. In 1837 he was married to Miss Ann Sloan of Kentucky, who preceded him to the better world last June. Five children survive him. Deceased served three terms as County Judge of Bastrop County. In 1874 he located in Waelder, Gonzales County, where he resided until the death of his wife last June, when he moved to Seguin and lived with his daughter, Mrs. Carrie Walker, until his summons came. He was a life-long Methodist, and, what's better, a consistent Christian. No one who knew Judge Cunninghan doubts that he went to heaven. It had been his objective point all the years. His influence for good will live as long as God lives.

JAS. C. WILSON.

Waelder, Texas.

BLACKBURN.—Louisa Blackburn (nee Long) was born in Hawkins County, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1817. Four years later she moved with her father's family to McMinn County, Tenn., where she grew to womanhood. She professed religion at the age of nine years and joined the M. E. Church, South, in which she remained a consistent and faithful member till the day of her death, July 25, 1896. She was happily married to Maise Blackburn August 30, 1836. To them were born nine children. Three of those and the husband passed away before her death. Two sons died in Northern prisons during the late war in 1864. The husband died March 9, 1867, and a daughter May 28, 1892. Sister Blackburn was indeed a noble Christian woman. She was a constant and earnest student of God's word and a fly-leaf of her Bible she used as a tally-sheet for recording the number of times she had read it through. Religion was her favorite daily theme. Her presence and radiant face in the congregation was an inspiration to the preacher.

LAURENCE REYNOLDS.

Howe, Texas.

LOCKRIDGE.—Mrs. Eliza J. Lockridge (nee Kirkpatrick) was born in Newton County, Ga., December 29, 1825, and died at Rhome, Wise County, Texas, November 25, 1896. She was married to Samuel Lockridge in her twentieth year. To them were born ten children, six of whom still live. Her husband preceded her to the spirit land four years. Sister Lockridge embraced religion when but a girl, and some while after her marriage joined the M. E Church, South, and lived faithfully to her vows till death. She was a Christian after the old style of Georgia Methodism. She came to Texas two years ago with her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Reeves, and became a member of the M. E. Church, South, at Rhome, together with her son-in-law and daughter Reeves, at whose home she died. She went to a neighbor's house and spun on an old-fashioned wheel several hanks of thread. On her way home she was caught in a shower of rain, and while changing apparel felt and expired in a few minutes without speaking. Thus another mother in Israel has passed to her reward on high. Her children know where to find her.

W. S. MAY.

Rhome, Texas.

WISE.—Mrs. Essie Wise (nee Medford), daughter of Ed and Emma Medford, was born May 3, 1877; joined the M. E. Church, South, at the age of thirteen, in which Church she lived faithfully till God called her immortality to the Church triumphant. She was married to Ed Wise April 2, 1896; passed through the valley of the shadow of death December 31, 1896. She leaves father, mother, sister, husband and a little babe in sad bereavement. But while we mingle our tears for a season, her ransomed spirit is commingling with angels and the mighty, innumerable host that have "come up through tribulations and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." How she will be missed! She was an obedient, amiable daughter, affectionate sister and faithful wife.

Her pastor, JNO. L. SULLIVAN,

Annona, Texas.

RUTHERFORD.—Miss Jennie Rutherford was born in Alabama, June 15, 1874; died in Morgan, Texas, January 7, 1897. She was converted and joined the Methodist Church when she was eleven years of age, and lived a faithful member till the day of her death. Miss Jennie was loved by all who knew her—for her gentleness of manner and sweetness of disposition won all hearts. Faithfulness in Church work was the rule of her life. She was a member of the League and of the W. P. and H. M. Society; was Vice-President of the Juvenile Missionary Society, and was faithful in her attendance at all the meetings of these organizations. Her place in the choir, at Sunday-school and all Church services was never vacant except for good cause. Her sympathy for others abounded. She was happiest when helping someone else. "She was a woman full of good works and alms-deeds which she did. She suffered a great deal, but her end was peaceful.

JNO. A. WALLACE.

WHITESCARVER. — Lavernia F. Whitescarver, wife of Rev. John L. Whitescarver, a local elder in Grapeland Circuit, was born in Monroe County, Ga., 1831; died at the age of sixty-five years at her home in Houston County (near Grapeland), Texas, December 31, 1896. She came to Texas in 1877 and was married to John L. Whitescarver in September, 1878, with and to whom "she was faithful unto death." She was a devoted Christian, a loyal member of the M. E. Church, South, a cheerful and self-denying wife and a true and tried neighbor. And she hath gone to her reward. To her bereaved husband and friends we would refer you to Him who saith: "I am the resurrection, and the life." "Be of good courage and He shall strengthen your heart all ye that hope in the Lord."

J. M. PERRY.

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ANDERSON.—Edward Americus Anderson was born in the State of Tennessee, February 1, 1820; died at Willis, Texas, December 1, 1896. Bro. Anderson was a good man, with the full meaning of the term "good." It could be said of him as of one of old, "He was a good man and just." He had the respect and confidence of all who knew him. He was for a long time in public office; was an officer at the time of his death. I think he was one of the most popular men I ever knew. He was a warm-hearted, sympathetic Christian. He was a blessing to his family, a blessing to his Church and a blessing to his country. Bro. Anderson died while I was away at conference. His friends who watched by his bedside say that he was conscious to the last and that he left every assurance that all was well. He had lived a life of prayer and devotion to God and when death came it had lost its sting. He leaves a wife and several children to mourn their loss. May the God of their father and husband keep them safe from all harm.

R. W. ADAMS.

Willis, Texas.

KERR.—Bemis, son of Dr. G. W. and Mrs. M. J. Kerr, fell asleep in Waelder, Texas, on January 11, 1897. Consumption was the agent of his release. He was born in Waelder on October 13, 1878, and was just entering into young manhood when the fell destroyer stifled his life-breath. He was a member of the Methodist Church. He bore his long suffering patiently. He said his spirit was ready to meet its God. We expect to find him again in the company of the blood-washed hosts.

JAS. C. WILSON.

DUBLIN.—Myrtle O., daughter of Y. O. and Alice Dublin, was born March 23, 1893, and after only a few days of sickness with that dread disease, membranous croup, she passed peacefully and quietly into the arms of Him who said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me," on October 24, 1896. Myrtie was an unusually bright child—of such amiable disposition—just the kind of child to entwine herself about our hearts—but now she is gone. The prattling voice is hushed, the pattering feet are stilled. She is so much missed! To the weeping, sorrowing father and mother I say, you have greater inducements to go to heaven than ever before. The Master said: "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye can not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Let us all be sure to meet her.

Her uncle, C. B. SMITH.

SISTRUNK.—Bro. W. L. Sistrunk was born in Lawrence County, Miss., May 5, 1832, and moved to Texas in 1878 and settled at Hope, in Lavaca County. He was married to Miss Elizabeth Cooper when a young man. She died August 10, 1874. Their union was blessed with three sons—all of whom still live near Hope—and two daughters—one of whom died in 1879. Bro. Sistrunk was married the second time. The grief-stricken widow still survives. He had a partial stroke of paralysis in October, 1895, which affected his brain and finally, on December 24, 1896, went to his heart, and at his home near Victoria he quietly passed away, but not before leaving the evidence of his peace with God, saying, "I will soon be at rest from all my troubles." JOHN W. SIMS.

FUTRELL.—Mrs. Lent Futrell (nee Russell) was born in Calloway County, Ky., August 27, 1863; was converted and joined the Presbyterian Church at the age of fourteen; was married to W. B Futrell September 22, 1886; joined the Methodist Church, South, in July, 1896; died December 30, 1896. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. Marvin Nichols, the pastor being sick. Sister Futrell was gentle, loving and kind. She was a consistent Christian and her life was sunshine to her home and a benediction to those who knew her. She bore the trials of life as only the redeemed in Christ can do—and they were many, this writer having buried two of her children only a short while before her death; but the grace of God sustained her all the way through and enabled her to meet death bravely and "I'm not afraid to die," she exclaimed as she was about to leave us. She has gone to meet the host of loved ones who preceded her to the better land; and there she will watch and wait for the broken-hearted husband and little Joe, the only remaining child. Now to the bereaved ones we would say, let us learn, as did she, to lean upon the Everlasting Arms, and soon there will be a union of father, mother and children where sorrow and death never come.

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BURNETT.—Mrs. Mary Burnett was born June 10, 1810; was married to Moses Burnett in 1827, and came with her husband to Jackson County, Texas, in 1854; was converted and joined the Methodist Church in 1856. In this Church she lived a very consistent Christian till her death, which event occurred January 7, 1897. Sister Burnett was full of good works, kind to the needy, ready to help the suffering. She lived well and was ready when the end came. So another old landmark has been removed, but she has gone to a better land. J. A. BIGGS.

BRANCH.—E. G. Branch was born April 15, 1819; was married to Miss Augusta Nolte in 1853. Their marriage was blessed with ten children—four of whom preceded their father to the grave. His wife, four sons and two daughters live to mourn their loss. Bro. Branch was converted and joined the Methodist Church in the year 1879, under the ministry of Rev. M. A. Black. In this Church he lived a faithful, true Christian till his death, which occurred January 7, 1897. He was a steward in the Church and faithfully and well did he do his work. He was well known in this (Jackson) county, and was loved and honored by all who knew him. He was one of the kindest and best of men I have ever known. He was full of faith and good works. He loved his home and family; he loved his Church and seemed to love all humanity. A good man has gone. J. A. BIGGS.

MILLER.—Mrs. Martha Miller (nee Boyd) was born in Perry County, Pa., 1819, and died near Angleton, Brazoria County, Texas, January 2, 1897. Sister Miller was converted and joined the M. E. Church, at the age of sixteen years and lived a consistent member of the same until her death. She was married to Adam R. Miller in Franklin County, Pa., July 18, 1839; moved to Kansas in 1881 and to Brazoria County, Texas, in 1894. Her husband and six children preceded her to the glory world. Sister Miller was a woman of strong Christian character and was loved by all who knew her. Sister Miller was a model wife and mother. She gave a great deal of care and attention to the religious training of her children, and their lives prove that it was not in vain. She was a true and loyal Methodist and her life adorned her profession.

C. M. THOMPSON.

SPILLERS.—Miss Maggie Spillers was born in Montgomery County, Texas, April 16, 1850, and died at her home, near Mexia, September 10, 1896. She was converted and joined the M. E. Church, South, in 1881, and was a consistent member of the same to the day of her death. Miss Maggie was a sweet-spirited Christian. She loved her Church and was a true friend to her pastor. The writer first visited her in the winter of 1895. She was gradually wasting away with consumption, but was cheerful, with hopes of recovery, which, alas, only bloomed to fade. She was resigned to the will of our Heavenly Father. She loved to talk of the home in heaven, to hear the songs that told her of the sweet bye-and-bye. The writer was privileged to be at her bedside often. Only a few days before her departure, after singing and prayer, she said: "It is all well. I am ready to go to the Savior." May the good Lord comfort the loved ones left behind.

CHAS. DAVIS.

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BRO. COLLARD AND "THE QUESTIONS."

He says American Methodism did not pin its faith to infallibility of "standards"; and that the questions should be "changed." Now let's see whether we cannot move their unchangeableness. In 1808 the General Conference as one of the Restrictive Rules adopted the following: 1. "The General Conference shall not revoke, alter or change our Articles of Religion nor establish any new standards or rules of doctrine contrary to our present and established standards of doctrine." This is to-day a rule in our Discipline, and it "pins" our faith to two things—the Articles of Religion and standards of doctrine. What were the standards of doctrine referred to in this rule? The answer can be found by referring to a former conference at Baltimore in 1781, in which is found this minute: Ques. 1. What preachers are now determined, after mature consideration, close observation and earnest prayer, to preach the old Methodist doctrine and strictly enforce the Discipline as contained in the notes, sermons and minutes published by Mr. Wesley so far as they respect the preachers and people, according to the knowledge we have of them, and the ability God shall give, and firmly resolved to discountenance a separation among either preachers or people?" Later, in 1784, the conference adopted the following minute: Ques. 21. "How shall we conduct ourselves toward European preachers? Answer. If they are recommended by Mr. Wesley, will be subject to the American Conference, preach the doctrines taught in the four volumes of sermons and notes on the New Testament, keep the circuits they are appointed to, follow the directions of the London and American minutes and be subject to Francis Asbury as general assistant while he stands approved by Mr. Wesley and the conference, we will receive them; but if they walk contrary to the above directions, no ancient right or appointment shall prevent their being excluded from our connection." The same is historically true of Canadian Methodism. For the benefit of some of the younger Methodists I will say that these two "questions" which are assailed by Bro. Collard (paragraph 146, Discipline) by an oversight failed to appear in the Discipline of 1870 and were reinserted on motion of the venerable Dr. Lovick Pierce, in 1878, without a solitary negative vote. Thus we are pinned and repinned to our standards that seem to vex Bro. Collard's righteous soul. He certainly makes a fearful indictment against the Methodist ministry when he says, "They have all been guilty of gross deceit in giving an affirmative answer to these questions." I regret that he made such a sweeping statement as that. Strictly defined, deceit implies device, with a view of deceiving. I can see neither deceit nor inconsistency in such an answer. I have associated with Methodist preachers from a boy, married a daughter of one, and will say that Bro. Collard is the only one I ever heard seriously regret that these questions were in the Discipline. I love the great doctrine of Christian perfection, and a majority of all my pastors have preached it and neither they nor I ever believed in the "second blessing" theory as taught by some specialists. I once thought it would have been better if we had in a confession of faith everything set down in dogmatic phrases, but I have long ago changed my opinion and rejoice that we have the standards as they are. The apostles made no dogmatic creed. The few dogmas we have in our twenty-five articles are far from a system of doctrine—there is only enough in them to entitle us to fellowship in the great Protestant reform of the Sixteenth Century. Eight articles (just one-third of the twenty-four, leaving out the one recognizing the Government of the United States) are directed against Popish absurdities. We have in the articles nothing on future retribution (I quote from memory) nor about heaven except as it is incidentally taught in the third articles on the Resurrection of Christ, and nothing concerning the "horrible decrees" of Calvinism. Oh, no; let us hold on to all the questions in paragraph 146, no matter if the Bishops do have to explain them occasionally. If we dispense with everything that needs to be explained we will dispense with the moral law, for Christ explained that in the Sermon on the Mount, and with Christ himself and the atonement. Paul said it was a great mystery, and his expressions, "Know the love that passes knowledge" and "filled with all the fullness of Godd' are more difficult of explanation than "perfect love," which Mr. Wesley defines to be to love God with all the heart, soul, mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.

But I did not think of writing so much. It would have sufficed if I had only written:

1. That we were restricted by action of our fathers in their conference from ever changing our Articles of Religion, or adopting any new standards of doctrine.

2. That our preachers and delegates did not desire the change made, as shown by the fact of it once having been made by oversight and afterward restored by unanimous vote.

Abilene, Texas. ASA HOLT.

THEN AND NOW.

As to which was best, I hardly know. It was in the State of Mississippi in the early fifties I first begun to notice "things." The church was of good size, built of large, hewn pine logs; the pulpit was large and high, encased all round, except where the preacher entered by the ascent of one step. He entered and knelt in secret prayer. The brethren were generally singing when he came in; if not, he began himself. Then a hymn, led usually by Bro. K. or B. one or two Scripture lessons and frequently a voluntary led by the preacher, now the text; no "sermon paper;" not much thirdly, fourthly, nor fifthly; but, law me! how he preached—at least I thought so. Aunt Willie G. most generally shouted; soon as there was a sort of calm, Uncle Abe began class-meeting by going to each separately, inquiring after their religious state. It seems now like most of them said they were "growing in grace." One brother had been a little off and his case was deferred till night. I went back and sat between Dick F. and my grown brother. Finally, they put the matter to a vote. By this time I was nodding. Dick got up. I got up, too, supposing of course they were going home, but down they sat, and the boys around had much laugh at the expense of me and poor Dick, for Dick was nearly grown. Our camp-ground had a large shed, covered with boards, all around. There was a row of tents, generally full. As the time came near, four loads of pine-knots were hauled and a scaffold built on either side of the arbor, with dirt thereon. Four men usually volunteered to keep lights on the scaffold. These, with the great number of tallow candles under the shed, made a brilliant light. We generally moved in Thursday evening. Oh! such singing, preaching, shouting, crying, etc. My little heart fluttered. I thought everybody had religion but me.

Pompey, the negro man, said, "Mos Billy could outpreach all of um." I rather believed it was so, but for all that Arthur Davis, Bob Martin, Bob Williams, H. D. Howell, and others, were "mighty big preachers," and I still believe it. Ned Ables came on one occasion—a colored man. They put him up on Saturday night. He brought down the house. Pompey admitted he was a great preacher, but "Mos Billy could beat him." Uncle C. always blew the "big horn." As he walked, with his long, brown jeans coat on, and began to blow, it sent a thrill through my little heart and made me think of Gabriel and the last day. In fact, Pompey sometimes preached a little in the cotton patch, and it was nearly always on the subject of the last day; and anything that reminded me of that day stirred me up. The colored people generally had seats right back of the pulpit at camp-meeting, and they were there in great numbers. When mourners were called all hands, white and black, sang. Law! law! how they sang! An organ would never have been heard. No! no! We usually closed about Wednesday morning with "service at the stand." The last scene was the "parting hand," led by Uncle Christopher, all passing around shaking hands. Oh, me! Such shouting! Now we strike tents and homeward bound. For several days and nights thereafter it seemed to me I could hear the people shouting and singing.

Nearly all the old preachers and people who participated in those scenes have "crossed over"—many of whom, I trust, are swelling the chorus of that "nobler, sweeter song" with the blood-washed up yonder. We, their children, are in the battle. As the years roll by we constantly need new supplies of grace to enable us to adjust ourselves to these "new phases" in Church and State. In all material lines since then the Church has made great progress. Am I looking backward when I wonder if we are keeping step with the "fathers" spiritually? Let us ponder well this vital question.

F. M. WINBURNE.

Wortham, Texas.

Five minutes spent in the companionship of Christ every morning—ay, two minutes, if it is face to face and heart to heart—will change the whole day, will make every thought and feeling different, will enable you to do things for his sake that you would not have done for your own sake or for any one's sake.—Drummond.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

MOTHER.

(Written by Lollie Milam, pupil of the North Texas Female College, Sherman, Texas.)

Alone to-night I lift the veil
That all my past reveals,
And for my childhood days again
A longing o'er me steals.
Still pictured in my memory,
Where light can ne'er it dim,
Is darling mother's own sweet face—
Soft singing some old hymn.

I think of little deeds of love
That she alone would do;
Of her pleasant face and fond smile,
When her day's work is through.
Recalling sorrows, then the joys,
It has been ours to share.
It seems the joys were wholly mine,
The sorrows hers to bear.

Afar from all the loving ones,
Sailing o'er life's rough sea,
I have one friend in this cold world
Whoe'er will faithful be.
We never know a mother's worth
Till we from home have gone
To battle with the cares of life
And bear our griefs alone.

For when we leave that dearest place
Where youthful days were spent,
We leave behind the truest friend
That God has ever sent.
Could we but read that mother's heart
Through all these lonely years,
A world of unspent sighs we'd see—
An ocean of sad tears.

Assurance sweet it is to me
That comforts day by day:
Though failure or success be mine,
My mother's love will stay.
Her love is as a beacon light
That guides o'er troubled ways
And makes ambition's flame to burn
And brighten coming days.

My tenderest heart-strings all are touched
By her voice pure and grand:
More sacred far is her dear name
Than any in the land.
There's not a flower in Eden blooms
As beautiful to see,
Or e'en a dewdrop half so pure
As is her face to me."

"THE MIND OF THE MASTER."

I have just finished reading in last week's Advocate (Nashville) that most appreciative and delightful article, "Some Impressions of Ian Maclaren," by Prof. Edwin Mims. I was just going to write about the book whose title heads this paper when my eye fell on the article of Prof. Mims. Those who have read that may skip this and read that once more.

One can hardly pick up a paper without finding some space devoted to this remarkable man, who has so suddenly and so completely caught the ear and won the heart of the English-speaking world. The people seem to have recognized in him a prophet and, whether the critics will or not, have taken him to their hearts. Now and then a man arises who speaks with authority, whose message laughs at the hair-splitting quibbles of Scribe and Pharisee and goes straight to the hearts of men. They recognize the voice and stop to listen. Ian Maclaren is one of those men.

Who has not wept and laughed over the simple records of the Drumtochty neighborhood as portrayed in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush?" How many while listening to the last conversation of Grordis with his old schoolmaster and joining in that prayer of the dying boy, or watched through that last night with dear old Dr. McClure, ever paused amid his tears to ask if this work was done according to the canons of art; whether it belonged to the school of Realism or of Idealism? If there be one such, let him never again profane the pages of that book with his moon-lit gaze. It was written for people who have hearts and live in the sunshine. Suppose there are no such people as those Drumtochty folks, suppose there never were, suppose, for that matter, there never shall be; still we say God bless the man who can make us feel there ought to be—that we ourselves ought to be such. When this little book fell into my hands last winter, I tried to read it aloud to my wife, but failed utterly. She laughed a little at my weakness and bravely set in to read to me. Soon she became hoarse, her eye-sight grew dim. We had to read it alone. According to Prof. Mims there are passages even the author dare not trust himself to read in public.

But I must change the current of my thought or the heading of this article. The latter I am determined not to do. I set out to write about the "Mind of the Master," and I am going to have my way. This is a book of sermons or lectures. There is not a dull page in it. It sparkles with thought; it is athrob with the energy of the Spirit; it is shot through and through with the light of hope, and the glow of a strong, brave, reverent faith.

The author is not a theologian of the dogmatic type. He belongs rather to the liberal school. His creed is a simple one. It is based on the Sermon on the Mount. It is here that he finds the charter—the constitution of the Christian Church. In this he resembles Count Tolstoi. This is it: "I believe in the Fatherhood of God; I believe in the words of Jesus; I believe in the clean heart; I believe in the unworldly life; I believe in the beatitudes; I promise to trust God and follow Christ, to forgive my enemies and to seek after the righteousness of God." This from a Scotchman!

In the Outlook of last week we learn that this simple formula so pleases the Brotherhood of Christian Unity that they have made it the basis of an address to the author, and through him to the Brotherhood of the English-speaking people of the world. That he is no rash iconoclast, carried away by the charm of novelty, is indicated in utterances like the following: "The spirit of our day is so resentful of traditionalism as to be even impatient of theology, which is foolish; and to threaten faith, which would be ruin." He takes a hopeful view of the trend of modern thoughts. He says: "When workmen come with pick-axe and shovel, it is either to destroy or to discover, and the aim of present thought is to discover." But I must not quote. The book abounds in quotable sentences. Scarcely a page that does not contain sentences one would like to remember—compact, striking, thought-provoking. Over these one is tempted to linger while his own thought makes a circuit through new fields, and his nerves tingle with delight.

If the theology be a trifle lax in the the eye of the rigid theologian, it has ripened in a soil so devout and fervent, and is flavored with a faith so reverent, so brave, so intense, and delivered in a tone and spirit so generous, so loving, so evangelical, that it can not minister to unbelief. A more stimulating, thought-provoking, hope-inspiring book I have not read in a long while. It not only quickens the mind, but feeds and strengthens the spiritual life and kindles a desire for a better, nobler life. The pulse-beat of a genuine earnestness is in every paragraph, and this earnestness is contagious. It is pre-eminently a book for preachers to read and re-read.

W. W. PINSON.

Gonzales, Texas, Jan. 5.

HONEST CURE FOR TOBACCO HABIT.

One can't tell the truth too often. Tobacco is injurious to health, disturbs the heart, causes nervousness. SURE-QUIT, an antidote chewing gum, destroys craving, restores the system to its normal condition. 25c. a box, nearly all druggists. Booklet free. Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich

A REVERIE.

Another year, with all its joys and sorrows, its hopes and ambitions, its dreams realized and unrealized, is sinking into the grave of the past.

Spring, with its gently murmuring zephyrs, its myriad of singing birds and many buds of promise; the summer breezes, heavily laden with the perfume of masses of flowers of every hue and kind, which peeped from hill and valley; fall, with its glowing autumn colors and brilliant sunsets, have been garnered in the harvest of Time; and now winter, with its bare, rustling trees, drifting clouds, feathery snow and howling winds, is upon us.

To-night, when the clock chimes the hour of midnight, the year of eighteen hundred and ninety-six will, amid the cries and groans of earth's unfortunates, mingled with shouts of laughter and sounds of revelry borne upon the chill night air, breathe its last.

To some it will be remembered as some horrible nightmare, which they will strive in vain to erase from the tablet of memory; to some it has been the happiest year of their life, which they will lingeringly dream of in time to come; while, to most of us, it has come bearing its days of joy, mingled with sorrow and sadness, closely interwoven with gladness.

But how many of us can look back upon it as well spent?

We all know how much genuine good a few cheering words, a sunny smile, or a gentle clasp of some friendly hand does us, and how have we scattered these jewels which God has given to the rich and poor alike? How many of us, if we were to-night called before the great Judge to render an account for this and all other years, would hear Him say in loving tones, "Well done thou good and faithful servant?" And how many, oh! how many would stretch forth our empty hands and cry in dismay and anguish, "Nothing—nothing, but leaves!"

Many a heart bleeds anew to-night, as in the secret of our own chambers we rudely tear open the graves of our past and gaze shudderingly and with tear-dimmed eyes upon the dead hopes which lie buried there! And with a sigh for the remembered "dreamland," and its "might-have-beens," and a half-breathed prayer for strength and guidance in the future, we strew our buried treasures once more with our tears and gently leave them. And when the morning dawns, we shoulder our burdens again, and though the wounds which we thought time had healed bleed and hurt from our rough reopening, we will start on our journey through life with renewed resolutions, courage and strength.

On this the last day of another year our thoughts turn naturally to our loved ones from whom we are separated.

How we scatter! Mother and father here, one sister there, another yonder, a tiny grave in yon quiet church-yard, and soon the relentless hand of Time will scatter the remaining little ones still under the parental roof to meet—God only knows where and when.

Somehow, as the years roll by, bearing us further and further apart, I grow to love the idea, school-girlish and romantic as it may seem, that when I gaze up into the deep, mysterious blue sky, studded with its many diamonds, and look upon the beautiful moon, maybe some of those I love are looking, too; and the same moon, with its soft, silvery light, and the same twinkling stars are shining upon them. It makes me feel that I am not so far from them after all, and that some day we shall meet again. And I know that the same dear Father is watching us and that amid our darkest hours we may, if we will, hear his gentle "Lo, I am with you alway," and should we never meet our loved ones again in our earth-homes, let us put our hands in His, to go where He leads us and finally

"Safe in the home to earth's wanderer's given,
May we all meet in the some time of Heaven—
Of heaven—sweet heaven!"

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Lord, what a change within us
One short hour spent in Thy presence will avail to make!
What burdens lighten, what temptations shake,
What parched grounds refresh as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower.
We rise, and all the distant and the near
Shines forth in sunny outline brave and clear.
We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!
—Archbishop Trench.

Many a man has overlooked a serious fault in himself while on the hunt for a defect in somebody else.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

be sure and use that old and well tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Mary E. Wilkins is engaged in writing a series of striking sketches of New England neighborhood life for The Ladies' Home Journal. They will portray a small community's social indulgences, sketching the old-fashioned quilting-party, the time-worn singing-school and an apple-paring bee.

A THERMOMETER FREE.

Warner's Safe Cure Company, of Rochester, N. Y., are sending out a limited number of accurate spirit thermometers, graduated from 20 degrees below zero to 120 degrees above, and mounted on heavy 4x6-inch cardboard, in red and green, by mail, free to any address on receipt of 2 cents in stamps to pay postage. To be sure, this free distribution is intended to advertise the celebrated Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure (see advertising columns), but nevertheless the thermometer will be found to be a useful as well as ornamental article for the home or office, and well worth the little trouble and expense of sending for it.

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One small bottle of Hall's Great Discovery cures all kidney and bladder troubles in male or female; removes gravel. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of $1, by addressing E. W. Hall, Box 218, Waco, Texas. Read this:

Runge, Texas, Jan. 24, 1896.

This is to certify that I have used Hall's Great Discovery in a case of kidney trouble on my little boy—who was pronounced incurable—with great benefit. I can recommend it to others, believing it will also benefit anyone with kidney troubles.

JAS. A. WORLEY.

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Lady: "But it seems to me you ask very high wages, when you acknowledge that you haven't had much experience." Bridget: "Shure marm, ain't it harder for one when I don't know how?"

Shortly before he died, Sir Walter Scott said: "I have been, perhaps, the most voluminous author of my day, and it is a great comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I should wish blotted out."

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TO THE EDITOR: I have an absolute Cure for CONSUMPTION and all Bronchial, Throat and Lung Troubles, and all conditions of Wasting Away. By its timely use thousands of apparently hopeless cases have been *permanently cured.*

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