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EDITORIAL.

The Ministry of Affliction.

IT is our habit to look upon afflictions as our real misfortunes. None of us take delight in suffering. We shrink from pain and sorrow. Yet some of the most important lessons that we learn come out of this sort of experience. Here is where we learn practical wisdom. It takes this kind of experience to teach us the very things that we need to know. As long as we have uniform health we rarely ever stop long enough to appreciate it. And we know, under such circumstances, very meagerly how to sympathize with those who are deprived of this great blessing. But when afflictions come to us and we feel the aches and pains of sickness, we not only place a higher estimate upon health as one of the greatest boons of life, but we also find ourselves in a position to be easily touched with the infirmities of suffering mankind. We are no longer indifferent to their woes. And not only this, but we learn to recognize more fully our dependence upon God as the giver of every good and perfect gift. Hence the Psalmist wisely says: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes." This is the only way that some of us can be taught these statutes. But when God, in his mercy, puts his hand upon us we turn our feet unto the testimonies of his law. It is in this sense that the apostle says: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." Therefore, under the guidance of an allwise Father, our afflictions are intended to be educative forces in the development of real Christian character. We become better and purer in this school of apparent adversity. And why not? Is not God our Father? Does he not say that he numbers the very hairs of our head? If we believe this, then we can rest assured that our afflictions will work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Mr. Spurgeon once said to his young divinity students: "Go often into the chamber of affliction and stand frequently by the deathbed of the saint. What beautiful flowers grow upon the banks of Jordan! What brilliant gems its turbid waves wash up!" Afflictions have their part in the perfecting of life and character. Christ was made perfect through suffering, and this sort of discipline is essential to our growth in grace and our increase in the knowledge of the deeper things of God.

Afflictions are often caused by our ignorance of the laws of health and not infrequently by our recklessness and folly; but even then it is the purpose of God to teach us, through suffering, lessons that we can not otherwise learn. In this way he corrects us more successfully and brings us to understand the connection between cause and effect more thoroughly than coud be done under any other circumstances. We are only overgrown children after all, and God deals with us accordingly.

If suffering comes to you, or if reverses overtake you, or if misfortune of any sort is your lot, do not waste your time in useless complaint. Some one else in your immediate community is in worse condition than yourself. Seek out that person and do him a kindness and you will find relief from your own misery. We think so much of our own afflictions that we unconsciously become selfish. The more we think of self, the less we think of others, and under such musings we grow morbid. What we need is to forget self and think of others. A sure remedy for many of our own woes is to find some one else in a worse condition than we are and lend him a helping hand. Give this remedy a trial and you will feel better.

To make yourself miserable by constant complaining is to impart your unhappiness to the circle in which you move. A long face and a whining voice make a bad impression upon one's own spirit and upon the spirit of others. No one loves to listen to murmurings and complaints. Speak of your troubles only to intimate friends, and do that only occasionally. When you have thus unbosomed yourself to one who sympathizes with you, then try to dismiss the matter and dwell upon something pleasant and cheerful. You have had many blessings and mercies and let the mind give thought to these instead of to the occasional afflictions that come to you. A cheerful spirit imparts good cheer to others. A gloomy friend is a monotonous guest, but a bright companion is always a desirable associate. Make it a point to overlook the little annoyances of life and the larger ones will become less numerous. Speak often of the good that comes to you, and evil will for the most part seek other quarters. Under that sort of spirit your health will improve and your companionship will be greatly enhanced.

Byron makes the illustrious Bonnivard dig foot holds in the walls of his dungeon, by which he climbs to the lofty window of his cell to get a look at the impressive mountains of his native Switzerland. For weary years he had been confined in the prison of Chillon below the level of the waters of Lake Geneva. He could hear the waters ripple day and night. They formed, as it were, a second prison wall. One day a bird sang at the prison window the sweetest song he had ever heard. It resurrected his heart of stone. It created a yearning for a look over the land which was free to the bird. So the prisoner dug footholds in the plaster of the wall and climbed to the window above. He looked out and he saw the mountains unchanged. He saw the snow of a thousand years, and learned patience. That look put new life into him and gave him a vision that lasted him to the end. From that sight he obtained rest, strength, solace. I mean to climb up to God that I may get God's vision of life, and be forever consoled by the sight of something grand and inviting beyond this life, in which I am now as in a prison, I mean to catch a glimpse of the towering peaks of immortality. I am cutting footholds for my faith in the promises of God, and I have no time for ease, and I want no ease. The joy of such work is far better than ease. I want not rich living, I want only a rich life.—David Gregg, D.D., in The Heaven Life.

There is a sunny side to life at large. School, home, business and social life, all have their disagreeable features and drawbacks, their burdens and difficulties. The clouds frequently gather over life's varied landscape. But, on the other hand, pleasures mingle with the pain, and mercies mark each stage of the journey. The sunbeams struggle through the clouds, and even sometimes drive them away altogether. All undiscouraged hope sings its cheery song, and gladness like an angel who has wandered from some other brighter sphere wings its willing and frequent way to earth. There is a sunny side to life. There is a sunny side even to downright sorrow. The sunshine is not in the sorrow itself, but in its meaning, its message, and its results. There is nothing sadder than the lot of those who through rebelliousness of spirit or thoughtless disregard of the purposes of trouble experience all the bitterness of grief without enjoying any of the spiritual fruits of it. But to those who are wise enough to wrest a blessing for themselves out of their own tribulations there comes in time a sweet consciousness that such trials are after all "mercies" in disguise, leading the comforted and chastened soul to sing:

"Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain:
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!"

Here, though we work never so hard, we have no assurance that our perplexing problems will be solved; there, we have the assurance that our work will bring the desired solution and make all things plain. The postponements of earth will all be overtaken, worked out to completion, and every dark thing made clear and satisfactory. This long and painful sickness, that sudden and distressing death, yonder trying loss, yonder broken plan, yonder cruel deception—these are to be thoroughly understood. All the black storm-clouds of life are going to be rainbowed, and shot through and through with transfiguring light, and made things of joy and rejoicing forever. You will know then why you failed and why you lost and why you suffered and why you were circumscribed; for you will find all the things which pertained to you and yours in their proper places in the glorious and all-wise plan of God.—David Gregg, D. D., in The Heaven Life."

Each New Year is a milestone showing we are nearer the end, a reminder that whatever is needed to be done or thought of for ourselves, or whatever kindness we would show our fellow-travelers, must be proffered promptly, for the opportunity is rapidly hasting away. But the thoughts of the New Year need not be sad or depressing. They surely should not be so for the Christian. All his best things lie before him, for "the path of the just .... shineth more and more unto the perfect day." St. Paul's courageous motto is good for us at the beginning of 1897: "Forgetting those things which are behind .... I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." In such a spirit let us begin another year—leaving what we cannot undo, sorry though we may be for our shortcomings and foolishness, with Him who, by divine alchemy passing human thought, is able to make "all things" work for good to them that love Him; taking up the new opportunities with a stronger purpose and more loving reliance upon the wisdom and strength which will be given liberally if we ask; remembering that the time grows short in which to be good and true, kind and loving to the friends who are around us in this earthly life. "Only once will we pass this way."—Christian Advocate.

It is a well-known fact that the fear of the Lord and the knowledge of God are not fruits which grow on every wayside bush, to be plucked by every idle passer-by, to be dropped carelessly and trodden under foot. Without seriousness and devotion, without protracted and unflagging toil, the things of God are not to be attained. You must be up betimes; you must be on your knees early; you must lay open the book Wisdom, pore over its pages, and diligently turn its leaves, meditating on its sayings day and night. The kingdom of God and His righteousness must be sought, yes, and sought first, sought exclusively, as the one important object of desire.—R. F. Horton, D. D.

The great problem is, after all, How shall one grow in sympathy and tenderness and generosity and consideration? How shall he feed on high thoughts and noble aims? How shall he be swift to discern and to avail himself of those opportunities for usefulness to others which are the best channels of his own growth? How shall he hold clear and close relation with the divine energy?

"Be one of the conquers!" said Balzac. "The universe belongs to him who wills and loves and prays; but he must will, he must love, he must pray!" In a word, he must possess wisdom, force, and faith!—Lillian Whiting.

Let us put out of our minds forever the thought that thirty years from now we are going to do something. You will not, unless you do it now. There is more time wasted, more sin committed, waiting for a more propitious opportunity than from any other one cause. "Behold, now"—not thirty minutes from now, not ten seconds ahead, but now; the "now" of Scripture has not the duration of a thousandth part of a second. "Now is the accepted time," not only to believe on Jesus Christ, but to serve him."—H. C. Mabie, D. D.

Joy is a prize unbought, and is freest, purest in its flow when it comes unsought. No getting into heaven as a place will compass it. You must carry it with you, else it is not there. You must have it in you, as the music of a well-ordered soul, the fire of a holy purpose, the welling up out of the central depths of eternal springs that hide their waters there.—Bushnell.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES

METHODISM IN THE PANHANDLE.

Some Incidents in Its History.

(NUMBER TWO.)

MOBEETIE AND WASHITA

Late Monday afternoon found us ready for our journey to the northeast corner of the Panhandle in search of Levi Harris, a distance of two hundred miles. Twelve miles put us on the banks of the Wichita River; and I will say now that all the streams throughout that country have quicksand and become very dangerous to cross during and for some time after a rise. Hosmer's hack was heavily loaded, and Shelton and Barcus got in with me in my buggy and we led the way across. In the midst of the river Hosmer's hack stuck in the sand, and, of course, the horses could not stand still in it, and no time is to be lost when you are in quicksand; so the men jumped into the water, and Shelton and Barcus threw off duds in a hurry and ran to the rescue; and now a man to each wheel and a strong pull, all in great hast for fear of a worse state. Out they came—wet and muddy, though in high glee. It was a damper—a scene. This was our first installment of experience.

Next night was spent at Vernon with Hosmer and family—a delightful night. Our route now lay across Greer County—"No Man's Land," as it was then called (being in dispute between Texas and Uncle Sam), and uninhabited except two or three squatters. Three days' travel passed with nothing special occurring, except a little fishing and killing curlew and plover. Saturday morning early we drove into Mobeetie and inquired for Harris and his Quarterly Meeting—that was the day appointed for it—but the townspeople were oblivious of such a thing. Soon, however, G. W. Palmer found us and said the meeting was to be on the Washita River, twenty miles north. He came down to meet us and to pilot to the place. A council of war was called and it was decided to leave Shelton, Barcus and Morris there to work up a meeting for Sunday and following few days. They drove out of town and struck camp. Hosmer and the elder followed Palmer, and the road lay along the foot of the plains, which was a mountain ridge abrupt and high. All went well over a lonely waste of sand hills, till at last rising the last one overlooking the valley of the Washita, far down the slope near the stream a bustling company of men, women and children could be seen hurrying to and fro round about a small fabric of some kind—like bees about a hive—some going with a wagon to and fro to a mot of brush near by. We drove down and found that the whole country had assembled and were putting up a brush arbor in front of a picket-pen, twelve feet square, with heavy thatched roof and dirt floor, the schoolhouse and preaching place of the neighborhood. Levi Harris looked happier than I ever saw him and everybody was rejoiced to see the elder, and he felt a deep sense of joy in his heart also. That picket thing adorned with that brush arbor in front was a sight—harmony serene.

But they had joy, and a good dinner was soon spread and heartily enjoyed by about twenty-five people, all anywhere near by.

Bro. Harris had not yet brought his family up and he was living alone in his gig, or schooner, as he called it, in which he carried tent, horse feed, provisions, cooking utensils, yet it had only two wheels, but boasted of springs and a top—drawn by two ponies. Well, this was not a campmeeting, and yet that was the style of living adopted by all, even at the places called home—could not be otherwise, so far from railroads.

The wind has a fair chance in that section, and blew a gale, and the sand played in it and with us freely. No preaching that morning—only getting ready. So dinner passed, a few songs and prayer and the session of the Quarterly Conference was organized—the first ever held in the Panhandle proper; the organic germ—the birth of Panhandle Methodism—June 4th, 1887.

The pastor reported about seven preaching places, with a few members at some. Tascosa, 150 miles westward, near the New Mexico line, was one; another 100 miles south; another 100 miles northwest; another sixty, etc. He went round—a circuit in reality—without returning, for he had no home place, except in his gig. To get around he must travel 500 miles, straight going. He and the coyotes and antelopes had a time of their own together. He sung and prayed and shouted and they listened—excepting now and then the coyotes, not willing to be outdone in noise-making, joined the chorus, and Levi said sometimes they did all the singing in their own way. The blizzards, sand-storms and lonesomeness were all portioned out to him freely, and he took them as they came.

The stewards reported eight dollars and seventy-five cents so far, and remember it was now June.

One Sunday-school in that picket-pen. Sunday came and all the people. So did the wind. But the Lord smiled his most gracious approving and great was the day. The beautiful, limpid Washita flowed peacefully by, the bold majestic front of the plains in full view. The primeval and rustic place of worship, the one-heartedness of all souls, conspired to the creation of an epoch, a sublime scene, a peculiar and prophetic morning.

Several claimed it as their birthday unto the Lord. O blessed day in memory's hall!

Monday Bro. Harris returned with us to Mobeetie. We found the brethren had things going. On Saturday they had posted in conspicuous places announcement of the meeting, and as they passed on some saloon men would follow and tear them down; but they repeated it and the persistence and opposition together aroused interest and a good crowd appeared at the school-house on Sunday and the Lord gave them liberty, and by Monday they had some invitations to dine not. We all put in and things improved rapidly. Old Ft. Elliot was a suburb of this frontier village and gave it its life and wickeness—a very hard place.

But Thursday was the limit of our time and we departed homeward, returning by another route, which led us by Quanah. Sunday morning we drove in to town and, but too late to have service in the forenoon. We went about circulating an afternoon and night service. Some friends procured a vacant store and we improvised some seats, and Bro. Shelton gave us a good sermon at 4 o'clock, and the writer preached at night to a large gathering. Quanah was the terminus of the Denver Railroad. This was the initiation of religious matters amongst them. It proved a good seed, and being left to that first-class workman—Hosmer—soon grew to an organization. Next day we continued homeward via Seymour, and a few more days found us at the end of a seven weeks' going, covering twelve hundred miles.

JEROME HARALSON.

A VISIT TO MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Passing within two or three miles of where once stood the —— camp-ground, instantly and instinctively had a desire to visit the spot. For there, in that rugged dell, all overgrown with forest trees and tangled undergrowth, has sweetly slumbered, now for forty long years, one for whom I entertain the fondest and most pleasing recollections. Ah! do you ask her name? Then call her Mary—the sweetest name to mortals given. For she who nurtured the smiling Babe of Bethlehem and sung a sweet, soft lullaby to the world's Redeemer, bore this same precious name—Mary! May the name never die out from amongst the children of men!

The place is much changed now—the ruthless hand of time has done its work. It was with no small difficulty that I found the spot. The clearing where once stood the gospel tent or arbor is intact; and only a little distance away from this is the spot where stood the preachers' tent (so-called); and who that ever sat inside this camp-ground "sanctum-sanctorum" can ever forget the anecdotes there heard—some laughable, others deeply pathetic.

Then only a little way from all this is the spot that marks the resting place of several actors, who have long since ceased to take a part in the world's great drama and have passed from off the stage of human action.

After careful searching I find a marble slab, prone upon the ground, overgrown with moss and dusty, which upon closer examination discloses the name of her I loved so well. While just over there a costly monument, its top or urn broken off by a limb that had fallen from a tree; and scattered around here and there lay the remains of some wooden structures, moldering back to dust. But little sign of animate things save about a bee-tree, which had been recently felled, and had its sweets extracted.

The busy little toilers (good exemplars for man) were industriously buzzing around. The vandals that bore off the store of sweets, thinking little perhaps of the sweets and rich treasures laid up in that storehouse not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Hard by the sand spring and little rivulet that lazily ripples on its way through the tangled wood—singing as it goes its ceaseless song. And as I knelt to take a farewell draught of the sparkling water, I thought of the many who drank of the sweeter waters from the wells of salvation; and I could almost imagine I heard the echoes of the glad triumphant shout of those who were made happy in a Savior's love.

O such victories as were gained (at the altar down in the straw) over the enemy of man's soul!

What a halo of glory seemed to rest over and about some of them—almost angelic!

The like I shall never see again nor hear such shouting till I hear it on the shores of eternal deliverance.

While seated on a stump the tears tricking down my cheeks the while, I could but offer up a silent prayer of gratitude to God for his unbounded mercies and prolonged life to me. May I be ready when the summons comes!

Somewhat loth to leave the place, yet my business calling, I again threw myself into the saddle, feeling as I rode off that I was a better man for having visited the place.

"Sweet memories of the good linger
with us yet,
Like the soft golden hues when the sun
is set."

Not many more years till I too shall take my lonely cot in the silent halls of the slumbering dead to await the glorious resurrection morn.

T. H. Y

A BIT OF HISTORY.

A recent number of the Advocate contains an interesting article by "H. G. H.," with the caption, "An Historic Spot." The writer refers to the session of the Texas Annual Conference, held in Seguin, December 6th to 11th, 1849, Bishop Paine presiding, and the dedication sermon preached by the Bishop on that occasion. I believe that "H. G. H." has been misinformed with regard to the preaching of that sermon by the Bishop. I am, perhaps, the only surviving member of that conference, which was one of special interest to me, because it brought me into intimate association, for nearly two weeks, with that consecrated and now sainted servant of God.

I copy a few brief memoranda from a noted book before me:

"November 27—Have now closed two years of service as preacher in charge of Galveston Station, and leave for Seguin, the seat of our conference.

"December 5—Reached Seguin and was placed at a hotel kept by a Mr. Johnson.

"December 6—Conference convened; Bishop Paine not having arrived, R. Alexander was elected President. The Bishop reached the conference late in the week, but was too unwell to preach.

"December 11—Conference adjourned. My appointment is presiding elder Galveston District. I will accompany the Bishop to Galveston. He is still in very feebie health."

It is probable that his ill health was largely due to severe travel and exposure. From Field's "Reminiscences," copied in Thrall's "History of Methodism in Texas," page 113, I quote:

"From the East Texas he went to the Texas Conference, which met at Seguin. In crosing the Trinity River, which was out of its banks, his horse becoming entangled in some brush while crossing a slough, he came near being drowned; indeed, probably would have been but for the assistance of Bro. Hobbs, an expert swimmer, who dashed into the water and saved the Bishop's life."

After such an experience of travel and peril, from Paris to Seguin, on horseback, in the month of November, it is no wonder that he reached our conference late and unable to preach.

I again quote from my note-book:

"December 12—Bishop Paine, Bro. Alexander and I left left Seguin. The Bishop is riding a very large mule, said to be very easy on his rider. We make short stages, for the Bishop can not bear hard travel.

"December 15—Reached Bro. Andrews', on the Navidad, and remained till Monday. Bro. Alexander preached Sunday morning, I in the afternoon. The Bishop rode along from day to day, apparently noticing but little; but when we reached the summit of the "Big Hill," in Gonzales County, he drew rein, and for several minutes looked around with intense interest; then exclaimed, 'What a world! What a world!' It took a God to make such a world as this!'

"December 21—Reached Houston and went to the home of Bro. Alexander McGowan, where so many weary itinerants have found most welcome rest. Surely, no one has ever needed it more nor enjoyed it more than our beloved Bishop. The friends in Houston expected and greatly desired to hear him preach, but are dissappointed.

"December 23—Sabbath. The newly-appointed presiding elder has to preach morning and night and explain to the large congregations why the Bishop could not serve them.

December 24—Went on the steamboat down Buffalo Bayou to Galveston, and became guests of Bro. Allen Lewis. Lewis.

"December 25—Accompanied the Bishop on board the New Orleans steamship and bade him farewell. I do devoutly thank God for the privilege of association with this devoted servant of his so long. 'Meek and lowly in heart,' like Jesus; no impatient expression; no murmuring word escaped his lips. By day and by night, I observed him and my prayer was, and is, that I may follow him even as he is following Christ."

J. M. WESSON.

THE BUSINESS MAN AS A RELIGIOUS AGENCY.

The remark is sometimes made that if you wish any work to be done, find the busiest man to do it. There is true philosophy in the remark. The busy man is an active, methodical, clear-sighted man. Energy and will are constantly at his command. Time may be filled up; but a little shifting or a little crowding together may give the necessary room for the new demand. Manipulation of affairs, expedition, responsibility, are his accustomed and easy burdens.

What has thus been said about the busy man may be as aptly said about the business man; they are practically one. It is to be expected, therefore, that business men would be found largely intrusted with certain kinds of Church work. In the department of finance, and in every place where the material is involved, the business man is eminently at home. Especially where planning and scheming are to be done, where cool judgment and wide experience are needed, and, above all else, where sound and tried character is demanded, is the business man called in. A delegate or other commissioner; as trustee, deacon, or other officer; as member of very kind of board and committee, the business man is rendering fine service to the Church.

But what of the business man as a leader in distinctively religious work? Here, though it may be contrary to the general opinion, I regard him of all men the best fitted for leadership and service. That the lazy man should be a Christian is well-nigh a physical impossibility; that the idle man should be a Christian is a moral impossibility; that either should be a worker is simply beyond the power of thought. The business man—the really busy man—has the very qualifications necessary for such work. He is alert, astute, inventive, prudent, farseeing. He has the habit of using his mind. To do, to think, to express himself, to give direction to affairs, to make the most of an occasion, is of the essence of his life. The change from business to religious service is not a change from inaction to action, but a change from one form of activity to another.

By virtue of this very fact the change is for him a positive advantage, an actual recreation. Though fagged in body and mind by prolonged attention to business, his religious activities will be fresh and ready for the freest expenditure. His religious nature is, in fact, waiting for just such recognition and opportunity for expression. The busy merchant on his way to his dinner, turning aside to lead the noonday prayer-meeting is doing the happiest thing for himself, and is in thorough trim for the service. It is stepping into a new world, full of stimulus and inspiration. And unless the closet of prayer can furnish it it is doubtful that better preparation can be made for such service than the going direct, out of the crowded shop or busy counting-room, into the religious assembly.

Association with men, too, is another help on the side of the business man. If it be true, as Henry Drummond has said, that "no man can meet anotner on the street without making some mark upon him," how is the truth intensified when the one man becomes a multitude; the casual meeting, a business transaction with each; and the moment of time, months and years! The business man is the daily center of an almost unbroken circle of his fellows. From them a thousand influences pour in upon him. His views and feelings are not so much his own as those of the world around him. If not here, we have nowhere the representative of his race, the universal man. But not passively alone does the business man get his equipment. Vitally affected as his own personality is by this rare environment, he is, on his own account, a student of human nature. To such study he has every incentive and opportunity. In no relation between man and man does character so spontaneously come to light as where business is concerned. Before the business man humanity stands uncovered. The pastor may reach the deeper current, the physician may witness the more temporary outburst, the attorney may find the darker pool of a man's nature; but before him who deals with his fellowman in business there flows, full and flush, the strong, steady stream of undisguised human life. Surely, if the needs, the motives, the aims, the weaknesses, the passions of mortals can be apprehended by mortal, it must be by such a man as this If the business man does not understand this kind, no one does. If the devout business man does not display sympathy for his fellows, none will. If he can not direct and help and move towards the truer and the higher in effort and attainment, none can. In this class of men I see an agency for good that perhaps can not be matched within the Church. You men of business, recognize it; brethren of the ministry, use it.

ANDREW ANDERSON.

Chappell Hill, Texas.

THE TOOTH OF TIME.

Dilapidation is not always the result of violence, but the result of neglect. The world loves violence, both in the physical and moral world, and thinks it the mightiest force. We read of thunderstorms, cyclones, volcanoes and shipwrecks, the result of violent forces, and we are alarmed. Blatant infidelity stalks abroad in the land, and the Church becomes alarmed. They seem to think all ruin and destruction come this way. Not so; there is a silent force cutting and carving its way to stop the progress of human thought and action. It is subtle and treacherous and has worked more damage than any other force, sapping the vitals of life and property. It holds a high hand in the business of Church and State. It has sent more souls to the dark regions of despair than any other force. We have become self-complaisant. With our hands in our pockets we boast of our great Church. It is a great Church. Through her earnest, practical godliness she has reached her proportions. Our system will not work itself; we must work it. Neglect is what brings the sad intelligence from our Missionary Secretaries, "We can prune no further." Neglect has brought an annual shortage in our missionary funds and the necessity of borrowing money at interest. Hear them speak with uncertain expectations: "Delayed collections mean short collections, borrowed money, interest, and in the end reduction of appropriations and contraction of work." These expressions stir my inmost soul. How can we, as preachers, neglect this work?—a work so near the great heart of the Master. Are we going to neglect one of the vital points of our Christianity? Our Savior would arouse our sensibilities and have us look with alarm at this most destructive and crushing principle when he said: "Some seed fell by the wayside;" and the result, then, the pound laid away in the napkin, and God's time wasted.

Our possibilities are not to-morrow, but now. Two men on my work pay half of my foreign missionary assessment. I am bold to say there is not a preacher in the North Texas Conference but who can get his foreign missionary money by the 1st of March, if he will try. His people will think more of him for doing so. They want a moving pastor; it stimulates them to action. "To him that hath shall be given." We must commence at the first of the conference year; that is what we are sent there for. Who would dare wait to plant his crop in the fall of the year? Talk about revivals; here is where it begins; teach our people to love their dying neighbor; then you have a revival after God's order—one that takes up great principles, expands the soul, broadens the intellect and lifts man in touch with Divine things. God give us a revival as preachers; then there will be rejoicing, and not a wail in the camps of Israel. It is on us; we must face it. "Do or not do." The wise man learned a very important lesson as he went by the field of the slothful man. He saw the result of neglect. A. W. GIBSON.

Renner, Texas.

DISTRICT CONFERENCES.

SAN AUGUSTINE DISTRICT.

The San Augustine District Conference met at Nacogdoches, Texas, June 23, 1897, at 3 o'clock p. m.; J. T. Smith, presiding elder, in the chair. Every pastor save three and a goodly number of lay delegates were promptly on hand at roll-call, and under the wise hand of our young presiding elder the machinery of the conference was quickly set in motion.

Bro. J. W. Downs, of Timpson, preached the conference sermon. He set the tune of preaching at a high pitch, which was well maintained during the conference. Weeks, of Center, outpreached himself on the ever-interesting theme of missions. He outdid even our Baptist brethren in tracing the antiquity of their Church, carrying it back at least to the palmy days of Nineveh. He said Jonah ran away from his mission, not because he was afraid to go, but because he was a Hardshell. It was a fine sermon. Other good sermons were preached by others of the brethren, but for lack of space can not mention them specifically.

Bro. Timmons, Conference Secretary of Education, was with us, and in lecture and sermon delighted, instructed and entertained the conference.

Dr. Allen, of the Southwestern Unisity, and Bro. Williams, of Alexander Collegiate Institute, were with us representing their respective institutions. Their wise counsel concerning our educational interests was much appreciated.

The conference work was done almost entirely by committees.

Strong resolutions were adopted on the questions of temperance, Sabbath observance, religious literature and Christian education.

The Advocate was not forgotten. A resolution indorsing its course and urging its interests was unanimously adopted.

The services were spiritual. When the time came to sing a good old song and have a prayer and handshake, business was sidetracked, and with our beloved in the lead we "swung off" and had a good time.

W. W. Gollihugh was recommended for admission on trial; two young men licensed to preach—Martin Luther Richards and Jesse Lee. What names! What associations linger around their very sound! What recollections start up at their mention! Martin Luther! St. Peter, Wittenberg, the diet at worms, the stormy reformation and the unconquerable spirit of the intrepid monk who, under God, was its cause. Jesse Lee! The infant Church, the apostolic Asbury and his companions and the unflagging zeal of the tireless Methodist preacher who went in sunshine and in storm from bleak Nova Scotia to sunny Florida, telling the story of the cross. The reception of these two young men as preachers was a typical Methodist service. We sung a song and with hearty handshake bade them welcome in the name of our Lord; and while we did it the glory of God came down and filled our souls. These two young men will at once go to one of our schools to prepare for the work God has called them to.

After adopting suitable resolutions of thanks to the good people of Nacogdoches for their generous hospitality the conference adjourned to meet next year at Shelbyville.

J. B. TURRENTINE.

SAN ANGELO DISTRICT.

The District Conference held at Menardville, Texas, June 24 to 26, will never be forgotten by those who attended it. From the first roll-call to the final benediction it was one steady, sensible, spiritual uplifting on the part of the conference and the visitors. Much of this is due to our presiding elder, in whom the virtues of firmness and courtesy are happily blended and harmonized. He magnifies his office and leads his people toward a higher life. We did not forget that he was presiding elder, but he never loses sight of two facts: 1. We are not under men, but under law; 2. Church offices are not places of honor, but of trust and responsibility.

Our attendance was small; accounted for in the fact that the cotton crop is just in a condition that requires the farmers' constant attention.

The state of our finances shows that there was a drouth in this county last year, but the old hope is fully indulged—"that we will come out all right by conference."

Some meetings have been held with good results, though the revival campaign has not yet opened.

The Committee on Missions reported against any increase of missionary territory within our bounds. They also reported five W. P. and H. M. Societies as follows: Paint Rock and Menardville, 2; San Angelo, 1; Sonora and Ozona, 1, and Pontotoc, 1.

There are six Epworth Leagues in the district and the conference organized a District League, with W. J. Wilcox, of Sonora, President; C. H. Lewis, of Menardville, Vice-President; Miss Gertrude Noelke, of Sherwood, Secretary, and Miss Myrtle Latham, of Pontotoc, Treasurer.

The report of the Committee on Books and Periodicals shows a fearful want of appreciation on part of our people for the best religious literature, both standard and current, in the world.

The conference did this writer the honor to request him to have published in pamphlet form the sermon delivered by him at the opening of the conference, but he is afraid to risk it in the face of the registered indifference of Methodist people for Methodist literature. One member, in speaking to the report of the committee, took up the Advocate and answered the complaint against the paper on account of the price. He showed that about one-half of the paper was taken up with Church notices that in a secular paper would be a source of revenue instead of a dead expense, as they are to the publisher, and showed that the paper was cheaper than the great papers at half the money, and also cheaper than the unauthorized and irresponsible publications that insinuate themselves into Methodist homes to antagonize Methodists against Methodist institutions, and finally the speaker said: "If there is a member on this floor who thinks that any one of Dr. Pierce's editorials is not worth two dollars, let that member rise." No one rose; and from the responses that the speaker met as he proceeded, it was evident the conference was with him.

J. C. S. Baird, local elder, late a member of the Northwest Texas Confernce, and appointed by Bishop Keener as supply on the Pontotoc Circuit, was recommended to the West Texas Conference for re-admission into the traveling connection.

The delegates to Annual Conference are: Rev. D. H. Smith, W. T. Melton, W. A. Brown and D. C. Broiles; with W. J. Keyser and J. M. Latham as alternates.

Next session of the District Conference at Brady.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The conference announced itself in no uncertain tone on the matter of union Sunday-schools as a "miserable makeshift fraught with possibilities of great danger."

Rev. F. L. McGehee represented the Southwestern University. He is strong on that line. It would not surprise us if at no distant day McGehee should be officially connected with that institution. He led the discussion on Christian education and scored the Texas State Government for not allowing religious exercises in the public schools. He was followed by Baird, of Pontotoc, who said the case was worse than Bro. McGehee had represented; that the State not only would not, but could not allow and such thing in the public free school, and therefore we are forced to build and maintain Christian colleges.

The orthodox report always states that "the preaching was of a high order." Ours was better than that—it was deep—at least all I heard. It dug down into the heart and life of the hearer. I was never more edified and comforted by the preaching of my brethren.

Menardville met the responsibility of the occasion handsomely and received therefor the historic vote of thanks. JNO. C. S. BAIRD, Sec.

BEAUMONT DISTRICT.

Our District Conference is over and we had one of the most harmonious sessions that it was ever my pleasure to attend; had a good attendance; all the pastors were present and all seemed cheerful. Bro. A. J. Frick was with us and preached a fine sermon Sunday, and the Beaumont people think that he is almost as good a preacher as Bro. Watts, their pastor.

There is an effort being made to get up a loan fund to be used in connection with the Alexander Collegiate Institute for the benefit of young preachers who are not able to pay expenses of attending school; and it is the intention that each district raise enough to pay expenses of at least one student.

Prof. Williams was with us and left the impression that he is an educator of the truest type, and that the boy or girl who is so highly favored as to be educated under his direction will be started in life's work with a good foundation. Brethren, let us rally to the support of our school. You make no mistake when you send a child to the Alexander Collegiate Institute.

We also had that prince of men, Prof. Hyer, from Georgetown, who represented the Southwestern University; and we are pleased to hear the encouraging report that comes from that institution. We are glad to know that this school has no rival in the hearts of the Methodists on this district.

We had in connection with the District Conference the meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, which, we think, was a successful and profitable occasion. Mrs. Parks, of Galveston, made two addresses upon the woman's work in foreign fields. She manifested a familiarity with this work which declared in no unmistakable language that her whole soul is in this work.

Reports and papers read were beautiful and instructive.

Woman's Parsonage and Home Mission Society had their meeting with us also. The reports and papers were

also of a high order. They did not merely sparkle with rhetorical decorations, but a number of the papers in each society bristled with thoughts that were at once beautiful and profound.

While our Epworth League Conference was not well attended, we feel that it was a stimulus to those present, and we trust will incite greater efforts. We have a few Leagues that are well up and equal to the best in Texas, but in the greater number of charges the environments make it quite difficult to do a great deal in League work.

T. J. MILAM.

BROWNWOOD DISTRICT.

The Brownwood District Conference, which convened at Brownwood, July 2, 1897, was very interesting from the beginning to the end. There was not a discordant note in all the proceedings. I do not believe that it has ever been my privilege to attend a District Conference more elevating in a spiritual sense. The conference was well attended and the reports from the various charges were in the main very encouraging.

Bro. Sensabaugh, our beloved, filled the chair with ease, grace and much acceptability. He has a sympathetic heart and he is in great favor with his preachers. If all presiding elders were as considerate of the interests and feelings of the preachers under them as Bro. S. is, the presiding eldership would never be called a fifth wheel in our Methodism.

Bro. R. C. Armstrong, of Weatherford, was with us. He came over to represent Weatherford College. He also preached for us a telling sermon on the twenty-third Psalm. As good old Dr. Summers used to say, the sermon was full of spiritual pabulum and good to the use of edifying.

Bro. Lloyd lifted the light of his genial face upon us and was full of Polytechnic College, over which he presides so well. He delivered a most excellent address to the conference in the interest of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. His remarks about the "old new woman" were to the point.

Bro. Moore, the President of Granbury College, looked in upon us and held up the advantages of his school.

No one was present from Georgetown to represent the University, but the report of the faculty reached the conference in due time to be read. The report was full of encouragement. May God bless our Church schools and fire the hearts of our people to rally to their support.

Bro. E. A. Smith, the popular presiding elder of the Dublin District, was with us for a short time. The sermon he preached for the Epworth Leaguers was spoken of very highly.

Bro. Little, of Belton, came over to represent the Board of Missions, which he did in a very earnest way. Bro. Little is full of missions.

Sister Mussett added greatly to the interest of the occasion by her presence and charming talk, which she made on woman's work in missionary fields.

We forgot to mention that our young brother, Spence, was with us, looking just as optimistic as ever.

The preaching during the conference was of a high order. Bros. Moss and Moon seemed to be at their best in the pulpit.

Sunday was a high day in Brownwood. Sister Mussett and the writer addressed the Sunday-school children in the morning; Bro. Moss preached at 11 o'clock on the importance of seeking first the kingdom of God. The sermon was a good one and we felt that God was in the great congregation.

Bro. Gay led the love-feast Sunday-evening at 4 o'clock and the religious feeling ran high; men and women getting very happy. Bro. Gay's face seemed to shine with celestial light.

We had a good meeting Sunday night. The writer preached as best he could from the text, "God is Spirit." The results of the services at night were: One penitent, two resolving to keep their vows better and two accessions to the Church.

Thus ended the Brownwood District Conference.

Bro. Brown, the popular pastor of Brownwood Station, and Bro. Sensabaugh, the presiding elder, anticipated every want of the visitors. The entertainment given to the conference was royal. It was my good fortune to stop at the home of Hon. Charles Jenkins. Such a home is a type of heaven.

S. E. BURKHEAD.

WEATHERFORD DISTRICT.

The Weatherford District Conference convened in its twenty-eighth session at Mineral Wells, Texas, at 2:30 p. m. June 24th, Rev. E. A. Bailey, presiding elder, in the chair. There were present all of the seventeen pastors of the district—fifty-nine members answering to their names at the first roll-call. There were present during the session eighty-two members—the largest attendance in the history of the district. And right royally did the little city of Mineral Wells and our thoughtful brother, the Rev. J. S. Tunnell, pastor, entertain the body, for which the usual thanks were heartily voted. The presiding elder, the truly "beloved" of the district, presided with his usual urbanity, and guided the business of the conference successfully and satisfactorily, counseling, exhorting and preaching with great acceptability. All the services and the preaching were spiritual, reaching a grand climax on Sunday afternoon at the sacramental service and love-feast, conducted by Rev. R. C. Armstrong. Testimonies were prompt and ringing; the Spirit's presence was seen and felt; many were made to rojoice, and the shout of victory was heard, and it was indeed a Pentecost to our waiting souls. Some gracious revivals have taken place in the district, but most of the protracted and camp-meetings are yet to be held. Finances much behind, but with a bountiful harvest preachers and people are hopeful that all claims will be met.

The preachers have been faithful and God is graciously sustaining them and crowning their labors with success. There were reported forty-eight Methodist Sunday-schools, with 3130 pupils; nineteen Senior Leagues, with about 600 members, and seven Junior Leagues, with 160 members.

The spiritual state of the district, in the main, good; but it is noted by the committee, with regret, that many of our people have ceased to observe our quarterly fasts, and some are indifferent to the sanctity of the Sabbath, and that there have been some cases of harvesting reported. All forms of Sabbath desecration, and especially those common among our people, are condemned in the report of the committee and by the conference—such as traveling, getting mail, buying and selling cold drinks, buggy riding and pleasure excursions.

The Committee on Books and Periodicals and Education, R. C. Armtrong, chairman, presented a fine report, which was after several good talks unanimously adopted. It gave due prominence to the American Bible cause, our Texas and Nashville Christian Advocates, books of our own publication, and the institutions of learning belonging to our Church.

The Weatherford College, as the property and school of our district, and an institution worthy of confidence and support, received a hearty commendation. The Southwestern was well represented by Geo. S. Slover, an alumnus, and shared largely in favorable mention as our great central school.

The Committee on Temperance noted with commendable satisfaction that the district is almost entirely local option.

The Committee on Finance, with M. C. Cameron, a wide-awake and consecrated layman, as chairman, urges our people to adopt the assessment plan "as the most effective and satisfactory," and urges early collections upon the part of pastors for all conference claims.

Rev. R. W. Thompson was present and most effectively plead for our Orphanage at Waco, and a collection was taken, yielding $17.15 cash and a good subscription. God bless "Uncle Dick."

Rev. G. W. Owens made a ringing speech for our Advocate, and satisfactorily answered the cry for a cheaper paper. Bro. Owens also raised a great shout in the camp by his strong and courageous sermon on Friday night against "society sins." It will yield fruit.

Sister W. C. Young made a most able and eloquent appeal in behalf of the "Rescue Work." The result was a good collection, cheerfully given, although Mr. Hard Times says "there is no money." She represents a worthy cause, and it will touch a responsive chord.

Rev. G. S. Wyatt, the "beloved" of the Fort Worth District, was on hand, and being introduced to the conference made a strong speech in behalf of Polytechnic College.

Rev. M. S. Hotchkiss, of Corsicana Station, representative of the Board of Missions of the Northwest Texas Conference, was a welcome visitor, and on Thursday night, in his missionary sermon, showed himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. Hotchkiss believes in missions, and he thoroughly believes that the heathen will be given to Christ, and he imparts his faith, his zeal and enthusiasm to his hearers.

Rev. W. A. Edwards, of North Texas Conference, visiting Mineral Wells for health, was also a visitor to the conference, and filled the pulpit on Sunday night.

Sisters Wills and C. C. Armstrong addressed the conference in the interest of the causes represented respectively by them.

The sister Churches of Mineral Wells tendered their pulpits for the Sabbath and were supplied with preachers, and of their ministrations favorable reports were heard on all hands.

The licenses of the following local preachers were renewed, to-wit: M. D. Price, D. N. Baugh, W. P. Fox, F. M. Jackson, E. M. Woods, R. A. Shirley, E. H. Weyman, L. B. Tooley, M. G. McGowan, J. M. Pilgrim, J. S. Huckabee, John Fulfer and J. M. Wynne. Geo. S. Slover and L. B. Tooley were recommended for admission on trial into the Annual Conference. These two young men are well equipped, consecrated young men and promise great usefulness.

S. W. Turner was recommended for readmission.

L. B. Tooley and J. S. Huckabee were recommended for deacon's orders.

The delegates elected to the Annual Conference are: J. B. Foster, D. S. Switzer, A. N. Edwards and G. L. Clark; alternates, B. C. Davenport and J. D. Hutcheson.

Rev. — Jones, from Methodist Protestant Church, was recommended for recognition of orders as an elder.

Peaster was chosen for the next session of the conference.

The people of Mineral Wells for open-handed hospitality; the T. and P. Railroad and the Mineral Wells Railway for reduced rates, were heartily thanked.

Now what was on all sides declared the most delightful session of the District Conference had completed its labors and the Leaguers were arriving. After a song, exhortation and prayer by the presiding elder the conference adjourned sine die at 10 a. m. Monday, June 28.

S. W. TURNER, Sec'y.

ABILENE DISTRICT.

The fourteenth session of the Abilene District Conference, Northwest Texas Conference, M. E. Church, South, met at Big Springs, Texas, June 24, 1897. Our presiding elder, Dr. J. S. Chapman, was in the chair on time, full of zeal and faith. He spared no pains to look well into all the interests of the Church, and was exceeding kind and sympathetic to all the brethren. The conference was well attended by the preachers and from some of the charges by delegates. A deep spiritual atmosphere pervaded the conference throughout.

Only a few of the preachers have held revival services to date, and they have been reasonably successful.

The preaching was deeply spiritual and soul-inspiring, and we all feel that we go out from a rich feast of spiritual refreshing into the summer campaign so clothed and filled with the Spirit of our Lord that we will do successful battle for his cause. We are praying for and expecting the most real and wonderful revival of the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ that has ever been experienced. Oh, we feel so much the need of spiritual power! Will you pray for us?

Our visiting brethren constituted no small part of our pleasure and profit. I mention Dr. H. A. Bourland, of Cleburne Station, who addressed us on Christian education and represented the Southwestern University at Georgetown, Texas. We believe with Dr. Bourland that this is the most important school in Texas Methodism and second to none in Southern Methodism.

Rev. G. S. Wyatt, presiding elder of Fort Worth District, Northwest Texas Conference, was present in the interest of missions and the Polytechnic College at Fort Worth, Texas. Bro. Wyatt's work, both in the pulpit and in representing this estimable institution of learning and Christian education, was highly appreciated and helpful.

Prof. W. F. Cummins, of Dallas, Texas, was with us throughout the conference—standing up at every given opportunity for our Texas Christian Advocate, preaching and praying with great force and spiritual power.

Rev. C. C. Edington, presiding elder of the El Paso District, New Mexico Conference, was with us representing the work and need of his district. He talked and preached to the delight of all who heard him. We extend a cordial invitation to these godly men. Come again.

The Woman's Parsonage and Home Mission Society had its district meeting at same time and place, and we hear good reports. Sister Young, District Secretary, was present, doing all she could to stir up the women of the entire district.

These women are doing a wonderful work and their society is a mighty arm of our Church Extension Board. May God bless them.

We deeply regret that the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society is so poorly represented in the district and pray Almighty God that his great movement may be no longer neglected among us.

At the last session of the conference a resolution was adopted authorizing the appointment of a committee, which committee should undertake the location of a district high school, to be correlated with the higher institutions of learning of our Church in the State of Texas.

Sunday was a high day in Big Springs. We verily believe it was a day of gospel seed-sowing, which seed will grow and bring forth abundant fruit to the glory of God.

Bro. West and his people are about completing the most elegant church building in the district, and it is marvelous how they are succeeding, but the indomitable energy of the preacher and the big-heartedness of the people at Big Springs explain when you have their guests.

The Advocate finds a hearty welcome among us and is very helpful to us.

May the blessings of God abide with Big Springs and upon the Texas Christian Advocate.

G. H. HODGE, Sec.

North Texas Conference.

TERRELL CIRCUIT.

C. C. Davis, July 10: Our meeting at Locust Grove closed on Wednesday night. We had in all twenty-six conversions and fifteen additions to the Church, with others yet to join. We had twelve professions the night the meeting closed. We are to begin at Morrow's Chapel to-night. We hope to have a victory there also.

MAXEY.

J. P. Rodgers, July 10: We have held one meeting up to date, at Carthan Store. Bro. I. M. Woodward, of Emberson Circuit, did the preaching, which was well done. Had two conversions and one gave her name for Church membership. We did not have as good a meeting as we desired, but did the best we could. The preaching by Bro. Woodward was as good as I ever heard and was faithfully done, and we believe that the fruits will be seen later. I am just home from Round Prairie Chapel, where I preached five sermons on the doctrine of our Church. Bap-

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., N.Y.

tized nine children and got a challenge from the Baptists for a debate, which will be held in September. As a whole, we are getting along very well.

WHITESBORO.

W. H. Brown, July 12: We closed our meeting at Shady Grove last night. Had a great time; about sixty professions and many happy Christians on holy ground. We organized an Epworth League last night with twenty-odd members, with Mr. Jeff Walker as President, and Miss Joe McMahan, Secretary. Our Quarterly Conference was held Saturday. Financial report very, very far behind. We thank God and take courage, hoping for great victory at every point.

Texas Conference.

WATTERS.

Dr. E. H. Ayers, July 13: There was a protracted meeting held by Rev. D. W. Gardner, pastor at Pleasant Valley, in the last two weeks of June. Results: Twenty-one conversions and fifteen reclamations. A glorious, old fashioned Methodist meeting in the woods under an arbor. The Holy Spirit was with us in wonderful power to the conversion of souls and the upbuilding of the Church.

JEWETT.

W. F. Brinson, July 12: We began a meeting at Jewett June 27 and continued eleven days. Bro. G. H. Phair came on Monday and assisted until Friday night, doing the preaching, and did it well. This scribe did the rest of the preaching. Some were kept away on account of sickness. Those who attended regularly said the meeting did them good. Some resolved to do better. Some of the members did not attend, and we learn some were displeased because they were prayed for during their absence. God bless them anyhow; may they think and pray. We begin at Beargrass this week. We have other meetings to hold.

BUFFALO AND OAKWOODS.

C. B. Garrett, July 7: We closed the meeting at Oakwoods Sunday night. Six accessions to the Church and about ten conversions. The Church was greatly revived and strengthened. Bro. J. W. Harmon was with us the last week of the meeting and his plain, practical setting forth of duty and doctrine moved the Christian people generally. The proselyting Campbellite was on hand for the first time on a work of mine trying to filch the convicted sinners. His work was found out and exposed. We thank God for victory.

NAVASOTA.

G. H. Collins, July 8: I have been reading of "poundings" and "wheels" and "second blessings" until I am compelled to take a hand in this thing of letter-writing myself. I have had a most pleasant time since I have been in this city. The poundings I have received I could not count on both of my hands, and blessings without number from our Heavenly Father. My health began to fail about one year ago, and with the care and anxiety of sickness and then deaths in our little family, I broke completely down about the first of last May. Bro. Wootton, my presiding elder, insisted on my taking a rest of a few weeks, which I did—he filling my pulpit and kept things running in good shape until my return. I left Navasota with my family in a wagon and traveled overland to Scurry County and came back after seven weeks of outing with the ambition of my boyhood. I have just returned from our District Conference, which convened at Conroe. It was a feast of fat things to my soul. Among the many good things which Bro. Wootton can do as presiding elder there is one that he excels at—and that is, he can run a District Conference to the glory of God and salvation of souls. I have attended two conferences conducted by him in the Huntsville District, and at each there were souls converted to God in the old-time way. I never enjoyed a revival meeting more than I did these conferences. While Bro. Wootton held his hand tightly on the religious feature of the conference, he also looked well after all the other matters pertaining to the advance of the Church—faithfully and fearlessly inquiring into the plans of stewards and all the efforts of the preacher. I left the conference with a new impetus for consecration and work. I would like to give in detail the work of the conference, but I suppose the Secretary will do all this in due time. I am encouraged with the present outlook of our Church at Navasota. We are all out of debt and our church and parsonage are in very good shape. The Epworth League seems to be taking on new life. Last Sunday evening we had the largest number to attend and the most spiritual meeting that we have had in a year or more. "It was good to be here." I must close this letter or it will be too long to read this hot weather. Before I close I want to thank the brethren for their kind letters of sympathy during our deep affliction. I am praying for a great blessing on this good people and all the Israel of God.

Eternal Vigilance

Is the price of perfect health. Watch carefully the first symptoms of impure blood. Cure boils, pimples, humors and scrofula by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Drive away the pains and aches of rheumatism, malaria and stomach troubles, steady your nerves and overcome that tired feeling by taking the same great medicine.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure.

Northwest Texas Conference.

LITTLE RIVER.

W. M. Adams, July 6: We are having a glorious meeting at Wilson's Valley in our beautiful new church house with our new $100-organ presented to us by our good friend and brother, George DuBose. God grant that he may come to the meeting and get his heart tuned with this sweet-toned instrument to praise our God. Last night was the best service we have had; six mourners at the altar; a real weeping and praying time. Bro. Wright, our presiding elder, with his working Christian family, are camped on the ground. The tide is rising and we are expecting victory in the name of our King.

JONESBORO.

A. P. Smith, July 9: Our third Quarterly Conference has just been held; salary tolerably well up; outlook for a prosperous year very encouraging. The revival fire has already begun burning. Some $75 have been spent in fencing and furnishing the parsonage. Our new and young presiding elder is in high favor with our people. We expect to meet all our assessments. Will organize a number of Leagues and missionary societies during the summer campaign. Have five protracted meetings to hold; first one begins to-day.

BROOKHAVEN.

J. E. Stephens, July 12: We closed a meeting at Liberty Hill the 8th inst. We had a good meeting. The results were: Sixteen conversions and nine accessions to the Church, with more to follow. I did all of the preaching. We had some hindrances. The people were not through work, and the first half of the meeting was not well attended on that acccount. The Church is much revived in all her departments. Our third Quarterly Conference convened Saturday, the 10th at Brookhaven. Our presiding elder, Bro. Hardy, was absent on account of sickness in his family. We are protracting. Bro. J. L. Hollers, of Killeen, is with us.

SILVERTON AND TULIA.

R. O. Eustace: The revival season in this cattle country is whenever we can find a leisure time with these cattle men. This, however, is not often. This cattle business is a business peculiar to itself. At the round-ups and other calls connected with this business almost every available man in a community, and sometimes a whole county, is pressed into service. Our congregations at these times are almost exclusively women and children. These Western men, however, are very good to attend Church. It is no uncommon occurrence for a man to bring his family eighten and twenty miles to Church and return home the same day. We are greatly in need of more earnest preachers in this promising field. Some Church Extension money could be very profitably expended in building chapels at these central points and missionary aid for a few years to add to the ministerial force. This country would soon be developed and Church work established on a firmer basis and be self-supporting. I have held several meetings of great spiritual interest and power during the year. The cause of Christ has been greatly strengthened at several points. I am still praying and working for greater results. Rev. J. R. Henson, of Amarillo, assisted me in a very interesting meeting at Canyon City. He did all the preaching, and he did it well. Bro. Henson is a very consecrated Christian and is very spiritual in his preaching. He is one of our best preachers and will command a large hearing whenever he preaches. He does not fail to denounce sin in all of its forms and ways. We are very hopeful of closing the year with good spiritual results and with all the claims met in full.

GREENS CREEK CIRCUIT.

Jno. R. Steele: A move forward in that Green Creek society, from which the circuit takes its name, where the members have camped for twenty years; a community largely made up of three families of Georgia-Alabama bloods—the Mortons, Kikers and McCleskeys (all kin)—the safest neighborhood in general morals I have ever known. They are building an immense shingle-roof shed. A combination of things has precipitated this work this year. We are going to have as agreeable environments as our means will enable us. Dr. Horace Bishop, of Fort Worth, will be master of ceremonies along with the pastor. Dr. W. F. Lloyd, of Polytechnic, will be here to lend his influence in preaching, altar and social work, but especially to get our boys to a Christian college. Bros. E. A. Smith, our beloved; Matthews, of Dublin; Shutt, of Stephenville; maybe, Rev. John R. Morris, of Italy. We have several stately local preachers, resident members, who are equal to any emergency, who saw with me that the day had come to build and do more than ever before, and they, with some of the notable members, assumed the cost, and the tabernacle will go on and up. The special meeting will be held, commencing July 30 to August 8, 9 and 10; don't care if it runs until September. Friends from Dublin, Stephenville and surrounding country have gererally come heretofore, but this year, with the bettered conditions and the help (material) they have given, we expect them. We expect the best attention given to the wants of comers and the best preaching and most earnest endeavor put forth for a grand victory all along the line of Church work. Its polity and doctrines are superior to any and we want to see an illustration. We will be glad to have more campers. Fill your basket, brother, and come to see us.

West Texas Conference.

OAKVILLE.

M. T. Allen, July 12: We closed our protracted meeting at Lebanon last night. We were assisted by Rev. John Gillett, our beloved presiding elder, and Revs. J. T. Stanley and Theophilus Lee. Our local preacher did us good work. Results: Eight joined the Church, several conversions and the Church greatly benefited. We thank God for converts who are not ashamed to testify for Christ. We praise God for the meeting. Our meeting at Bethel will begin on Saturday night before first Sunday in August.

MORALES

Chas. M. Myers, July 6: We have held only two protracted meetings this year and have commenced on the third at Morales. Our first was held at Ganado, with about twenty-five or thirty conversions and twenty additions to the Church. We had a hard fight, but the Lord gave us the victory. Organized a Sunday-school with about sixty scholars. We began at Antioch on Wednesday before the fourth Sunday in June and continued over the first Sunday in July. I never saw greater opposition or a greater work to be done, but by prayer and fasting and hard work the Lord let down the power, and what a victory we had! About thirty conversions, but only ten additions to our Church; most of the others will go to the Baptist Church. We are in the midst of a hard fight here at Morales. I have been very ably assisted by the following brethren: At Ganado, Bros. A. C. Biggs, P. E.; E. K. Denton and W. Love Vaughan, who led the singing; at Antioch by Bros. A. G. Nolen, N. J. Stockton and W. A. Myers. Bro. Nolen is now with me at Morales. He is a faithful old soldier of the cross. Forty-four members have been added to the Church this year, and have had about sixty conversions. We want to see one hundred souls saved on Morales Circuit this year and seventy-five accessions to our Church. Praise the Lord for what he has already done!

BLANCONIA.

D. A. Gregg: This is a small place on the Skidmore Circuit, off of the railroad, but is populated with some of as good people as the "Lone Star State" has. It has been my good pleasure in the past few days to associate with, pray for and preach to these people. In all my travels I have not yet been treated with more kindness. In our meeting up to the time I left there had been twenty-one conversions. Several of the hardest sinners in the section were converted, backsliders reclaimed and Christians built up in the faith. In our children's service we had a good time, and some of the children who enjoyed it are crowding their three-score-and-ten years. During our three weeks' stay on this circuit fifty-seven souls have been brought home, and as the preachers are both boys in the ministry it suffices to say that Pierce, preacher in charge, and I, his fellow-laborer in this work, have said: "Bless the Lord, O my soul and all that in me is, praise his holy name." The present writing leaves us in another field of strangers, with Bro. B. H. Passmore, at Sunnyside, on the Stockdale Circuit. May the Lord stand by us and gather many souls to his arms of love while here.

Oh, may we every where and every day
The gospel truth unfurl;
Our great commission in haste obey,
And go into all the world.

East Texas Conference.

WOOSLEY.

H. F. Foy, July 11: Woosley is a community situated eight miles west of Emory, Rains County, thickly settled with enterprising farmers and good people. We have a membership of about forty. The Tyler District Conference convened at Grand Saline, Van Zandt County, the 8th of this month, which was well represented and it is hoped much good will result therefrom. The long-looked season is here for camp and protracted meetings. Rev. J. J. Armor, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, commenced a meeting last night, and I hope the results will be good. Our protracted meeting embraces August 1, and we are looking for a gracious outpouring of the Holy Ghost this season. Our preacher in charge is a good man in the right place. Bro. Willis is somewhat like Zacheus in stature—big in the Spirit; loud in the pulpit. We have many young people here who must be persuaded to love Jesus. Better behaved young men and young ladies are hard to find; but they lack the one thing needful. Our prayer is they may be saved. May God's blessing rest on us all. Success to the Advocate.

RED ROUGH HANDS

Itching, scaly, bleeding palms, shapeless nails, and painful finger ends, pimples, blackheads, oily, mothy skin, dry, thin, and falling hair, itching, scaly scalps, all yield quickly to warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure.

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OLD AND YOUNG

IN A HOSPITAL COT.

"Here she is," said the nurse, stopping beside one of the dainty white beds in the hospital ward, "the brave, heroic little woman of whom we are all so proud."

The visitor looked down on a girl whose eyes brightened as the nurse spoke, but whose bandages suggested pain and suffering. She stooped and kissed her, and then with tears in her eyes said: "I knew your mother, my dear; and I have traveled fifty miles to see the daughter that saved her little baby sister from a terrible death by taking the burns and bruises herself."

"Dear mamma!" said the girl, softly; "I'm glad that you knew her. Thank you so much for coming!"

"But the baby?" asked the visitor. "What became of her?"

"Here she is," said the nurse, lifting from a crib a laughing little one that held out her arms and tried to go to the sick girl. "There was no one to take care of her when the father was at work, and Dorothy begged so hard for her that the doctors thought it best to let her come. She deserves everything she wants, too, for I have never seen anyone bear such terrible suffering so patiently and cheerfully as she does. She is a wonder to us all, doctors included."

As she spoke the nurse laid the baby by Dorothy's side; and though she could not move her bandaged arms to touch her, she smiled and talked to her, and when they took her away said simply: "When the pain is very, very bad, I just think how much I love her, and how glad I am that I did it, and how glad mamma would be that she was not hurt; and I turn and look at her, and forget some of the pain; so I call it love-pain, and then it is easier to bear, don't you see?"

"Love-pain!" said Mrs. Carter, with tears in her eyes. "Yes, my dear; I see how you are helping to show how Christ was glad to suffer for us because he loved us. His suffering, too, was 'love-pain.'"

When Dorothy was better and Mrs. Carter took her and the baby to her own home there was sadness among the patients left behind, for they had learned to love the girl that bore her suffering so cheerfully for love's sake. —Annie Weston Whitney, in Classmate.

A CATERPILLAR STORY.

"Dear me! dear me!" said Mrs. Green Caterpillar to young Mrs. Brown Caterpillar, "what a strange noise. It is quite alarming!"

Mrs. Green Caterpillar was all of a tremble as she stood almost upright on the slender branch of a maple tree.

Mrs. Brown Caterpillar was far below on a milkweed stalk.

"Do not worry, my dear Mrs. Green Caterpillar, nothing can possibly harm you in that dress; you look so very like a leaf that I need to strain my eyes to find you. It is different with me. These bright red spots are so attractive," said Mrs. Brown Caterpillar.

By and by Mrs. Brown Caterpillar began to feel very sleepy. And she had a strange feeling that she ought to keep awake. Aside from their one great delight of trimming the leaves neatly and eating the soft parts so nicely, the lady caterpillars could spin.

They were wonderful spinners, indeed, but each in an entirely different way. Mrs. Brown Caterpillar made a dainty lining in a queer little basket, which looked like a log house.

It was slender and tapered at each end. When the basket was finished, Mrs. Brown Caterpillar went to sleep inside.

Mrs. Green Caterpillar wove about her plump little body the most delicate silken threads. She looked like a bride in a dainty bridal veil.

Within this pretty, silken network, called a cocoon, she, too, went to sleep.

Mrs. Brown Caterpilar's winter home was under the top board of the fence, while all winter long the branch rocked the craddle in the tree-top.

Mrs. Green Caterpillar was not troubled by the frosts and cold winds. She did not waken until the March winds had long ceased and the June days were at hand.

One rare June day a beautiful brown moth crept slowly out of the brown silken cocoon. On the same day a splendid black and gold butterfly came from the slender cradle.

The brown moth fluttered to the ground not far from the black and gold butterfly.

"Why, how do you do?" said the moth. Don't you remember me? I was Mrs. Green Caterpillar but yesterday. I have changed my dress. How sleepy I was!"

"Yesterday, yesterday," piped a shy little wren. "Why you silly things, you went to sleep last summer, and this is spring."

"Well, well, well!" said the moth and the butterfly in one breath.

"But see," said the butterfly with a flutter of her wings toward a milkweed leaf. "There were dozens of little round, white eggs on the leaf."

"Oh, I have some eggs, too, up there in the tree," said the moth. "How delightful it will be when the little baby moths and butterflies come out!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed the wren. "Do you suppose your eggs will hatch out into baby moths and butterflies? No, indeed, Mrs. Moth! No, indeed, Mrs. Butterfly!"

But the butterfly was dancing away across the fields of clover. Mrs. Moth, too, disappeared. She did not see that her round, white little eggs became hungry little caterpillars. They began to eat and grow as fast as Mrs. Brown Caterpillar and Mrs. Green Caterpillar. —The Teacher.

THE TRUE STORY OF BOSE.

Teddy was stretched out on the buggy seat half asleep. Bose sat on the sidewalk, near by, his ears going up and down, as he watched for something that might frighten his friend Dick, the horse, and that might result in harm to his dear Teddy, whom Bose had loved ever since he first saw him, a bit of a baby; and he had always taken good care of Teddy.

Teddy's father was talking with some men inside the store. "Is your Collie for sale?" asked one man, pointing towards Bose with his whip-handle.

Teddy's father thought a moment. Times were hard, and he needed money very much; but Bose—"Well," he said, after a little pause, "I might take twenty-five dollars for him."

The other man laughed, but the one who had first spoken said, "Well," that's a pretty steep price, but I need a collie like that for my sheep, so I'll give it to you."

An electric car was coming down the street, and Dick had never seen one before, and as it came nearer and nearer, he pulled at his hitching strap until it broke, and away up the street he dashed.

Teddy scrambled up and tried to find the lines, but they were over the dashboard, and then he saw the river just ahead, and he thought about his mother.

Then he saw Bose running by like a flash, and the brave dog jumped up and caught the broken strap in his teeth, and tugged at it until Dick stopped. When Teddy's father came through the crowd, he found Teddy sitting on the ground hugging Bose.

"O papa!" he said, looking up, with his eyes full of tears, "What could we do without Bose?"

"Teddy," said his father, "would you take twenty-five dollars for Bose?"

"Twenty-five dollars!" answered Ted, scornfully, there isn't money enough in the world to buy Bose. Why, papa, I would as soon sell one of the family."

"That's what I think myself," said his father, and they drove back until they met the farmer who wanted to buy a dog. "This dog ins't for sale," said Ted's father.—L. E. Chittenden, in the Churchman.

MADAME ROLAND, REPUBLICAN.

All true progress has liberty for its insignia, and any apparent forward movement of the race that is not based upon it is specious and self-destructive. "The nations lift their right hands up, and swear their oath of freedom."

Marie Phlipon, known to fame as Madame Roland, was born in Paris, France, March 17, 1754. She was about the same age as Louis XVI., the monarch whose luxurious and profligate court threw France into a ferment of strife from which it has not recovered after the passing of a century. Marie Antoinette, the wife of Louis, was a year younger than Marie Phlipon. No "boast of heraldry or pomp of power" informed the world of the entrance of this child. She was a proletaire in nativity and environment. But she was heiress of a great soul. The life that surcharged her spirit was an inspiration from the noble great of old. They had been her earliest companions. For from tender childhood Plutarch had been her favorite author, and the lives of his heroes had molded hers. She passionately loved books and flowers. This concretion of brains and beauty was indeed a sublime and refining companionship for her expanding childhood.

Her nature was intense—almost volcanic in its explosivenes and consuming in its fervency. The Bible afforded her great pleasure and profit, and while yet a child she imbibed its principles of intellectual and spiritual emancipation.

The thunders of great thinkers quickened her faculties to a prodigious energy, and the subsequent opportunities and necessities of her native land evoked from her splendid and well-stored mind politic plans that beneficently influenced France at that period and in succeeding generations. The universal acceptance of her ideas would have made the land of Lafayette a beacon light of nations for all time. She was an ideal Republican in deed and in truth. Representative goverment she demanded, and if her wise and patriotic tongue and pen had prevailed, the frequent disruptions that have since occurred in French history would not have existed.

This letter she penned to a friend when only twenty years of age: "Although the obscurity of my birth, name and position seem to preclude me from taking any interest in the government, yet I feel that the common weal touches me in spite of it. My country is something to me, and the love I bear it is most unquestionable. How could it be otherwise, since nothing in the world is indifferent to me? I am something of a cosmopolitan, and a love of humanity unites me to everything that breathes. A Caribbean interests me; the fate of a Kaffir goes to my heart. Alexander wished for more worlds to conquer; I could wish for others to love." These convictions issued from a fathomless nature. The plummet of self-interest could not sound its abysmal depths. She was indeed a true daughter of mankind, revealing the penetralia of the universal heart.

In 1775 her mother died, and the aspiring and talented Marie was thrown upon the charities of her father, whose life and ambitions were antipodal to hers. His tender mercies were cruel to this sensitive and refined young soul. She revolted at his delights. Her suitors were many, and frequent were the conflcts she had with her father relevant to the debonair but unworthy gallants who sought her hand. She scorned a union that did not promise a concord of mind and heart. February 4, 1780, she married M. Roland, the inspector of manufactures at Amiens. He was twenty years her senior. The bonds were a beautiful unity of thought and aspiration. M. Roland was called, March 13, 1792, to the ministry of the interior in the national cabinet.

The slumbering fires of discontent were beginning to blaze in the provinces of France. The hand of tyranny had long clutched the throat of the nation. The royal house of Louis had been adding insults to the injuries of past decades. The priesthood had identified itself with the empire of wrong and darkness. Temporal and spiritual sovereignty had combined against the rights of the people, and the patience of ages was soon to be swept away by a fire of wrath. The peasantry had been ruthlessly outraged to replenish the insolvent treasury of a corrupt court. These legalized wrongs could not continue. The love of justice was not dead in the French people, and no edict of king nor pious platitude of priest was able to convert wrong-doing into righteouness.

Established at the seat of state, Madame Roland shone with great brilliancy. Paris praised her glittering genius, and paid homage to the stability of her thought. Her salons were attended by the Gironde ministers and associates. It was the inauguration of a republican regime that boded well for the people. But alas! a frenzied fanaticism that would destroy all peace and prosperity was abroad in the land. The Girondists were the moderate party of France. Their ultimate design was republicanism without alloy, but their wisdom dictated to them that the transition from a monarchy to a representative form of government was not achieved in a day. Hence, they discreetly favored a curtailment of kingly prerogative until the opportune hour arrived for a complete renunciation of the throne. They sought to engraft their politic measures into the constitution of the country, but the Jacobins, led by Danton, Robespierre, and Marat, would listen to no voice of prudence. The demolition of throne and altar, confiscation of property, and the reduction of the entire nation to indigency was their ceasely cry. Their malignancy prevailed, and the hand of the assassin began its sanguinary work. Louis was condemned to death. Marie Antoinette soon followed him to the guillotine. Their blood-guiltiness was not confined to the Royalists, who openly espoused the monarchy, but the Girondists, the true patriots, also fell under their ban.

September 2, 1792, was the day of the great massacre. The death-carts rattled over the cobbie-stones incessantly. Hundreds, because of their opposition to anarchy and communism, within a few hours on that fateful day, paid the penalty with their lives. Within a few weeks thousands fell under the headman's axe. It was the triumph of carnage.

The revolutionary triumvirate gloated over this carnival of death; nor did it cease until the hand of the murderer grew limp in his work. The Girondists, because of their conservatism and patriotism, founded on a love of humanity, were relentlessly pursued by the thirsty bloodhounds of Jacobinism, but their principles were indestructible. May 31, 1793, M. Roland was arrested and on the evening of the same day Madame Roland was imprisoned in the Abbaye. No more dauntless or intrepid spirit ever breathed. While in prison she employed her time in study and in the composition of her political "Memoires." The guillitine ended her noble life November 9, 1793; but in less than a century France realized the dreams of Maddame Roland and her friends.—Rev. J. E. McGee, in Epworth Herald.



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...DEVOTIONAL...

Take It.

You who do know something of religion, but haven't yet learned what God can be to the soul, my heart goes out toward you. I can't think what is the matter with you. The only solution—the only possible solution of your position—at any rate, the kindest and most charitable explanation of it is this: either you think yourself too utterly broken to be able to receive anything, or you have not learned how to receive. The solution must lie in either of those two directions.

Well, I come to you and tell you that God our Father comes nearest those who are most broken. In the Bible it is not the strong, and the athletic, and the clever who get on best with God; but those who are most broken and beaten, and at the end of themselves. Have you ever thought of that? Have you ever thought about the lame people in the Bible, and how they always came off best? There was Jacob—when he was lame he became Isreal the Prince; there was Mephibosheth, lame on both of his feet who sat at David's table; there was the lame man at the pool of Bethesda, who after he had been there thirty-eight years was taken up by Christ and restored to health; there was the lame man at the Beautiful Gate whom Peter healed; and there was Paul, who was "lame" in his eyes, and yet had the vision of God. And if I am addressing, as I expect I am, men and women who are lame—broken and beaten and lame—these are the very ones who are nearest God; these are they to whom God is nearest. Is that not so in home life? To whom do the father and mother show their best strength and sweetness? Is it to that big boy who is now earning his own living? Is it to that girl who has fallen in love, and who dreams of a home of her own? The mother or father may be the companion of either of these; but you don't see them at their best with either. But go into the home and see where a little cripple child lies, who during the ten or a dozen years of its life has never walked, or spoken articulately, or been able to help itself to a meal, but lies always in that cot by the fireside. You will find that when the father comes back from his work he will make for that child's cot, and bend over it, and tell the little one all the little bits in the day that may interest it. And the mother hardly sleeps at night for fear she will miss its whisper or its call; and all day she is ever at hand to help it. That little child draws out all the strength of the father's manhood, and all the sweetness of the mother's womanhood. So, if you are just a cripple; if you have never been able to understand how to pray; if you have never been religious as some people are; if you seem to be out of the whole matter; if this is, as it were, a foreign country to you, I want to explain to you that you are the very person whom God is most interested in. He will leave the ninety and nine in the fold and follow after you. He likes to look after the queer people, the people who are crooked, the people who are crippled from their birth, the people with some peculiarity in their disposition.

I went some time ago through one of our great hospitals, where there are, I suppose, the finest models of disease in wax, that are to be found in the world. I refer to Guy's Hospital. As I went through those long corridors filled with those marvelous models, I didn't see one model of health; all those hundreds of models were of disease. And in all sorts of bottles, preserved in spirits of wine, there were malformations, etc. These are the things that attract doctors.

Now, I am speaking at this moment to queer people, people who have never come across a preacher who suited them, or a book that met their case; and I want those people to understand that they present an infinite fascination for God, and that he is just as close to them as the mother to the cripple. O brothers and sisters, do you understand that? It isn't my surmising. I will show you presently from the Bible that it is as I say.

I was once in a farmhouse when a great hamper of apples arrived. In that house there were a great number of boys and girls, lusty and healthy; but there was also one who was a cripple. And as the hamper was set down and opened, all those healthy boys and girls made a dive into it, and carried off some apples. But the father saw them, and he said: "Now, just put all those apples back." Then he brought forward little Jimmie, and let him take his pick. And Jimmie showed uncommon good perception, choosing the juiciest and nicest there was.

That is just what God does. If there is a man or a woman that is a cripple, that is out of it, that is the person that God takes up, and saying, "Stand aside" to the others, lets him or her come in and take all they want. I can't make it more clear; I really can't. I know that God is waiting now, with his great heart bending over us all; and I know his hands are just wanting to drop down to us all the life, the fullest life that can be lived. If you are fool enough to shut yourself against him, you will miss it.

But if you will open your being to him, I tell you from this minute you will have a life so blessed that there won't much to gain when you come to die....God is in Jesus, and Jesus is near—with forgiveness; with his infinite peace for troubled mothers, anxious fathers, and business men; with his strength for you young men to help you overcome impurity and passion; with sweetness for you women. Everything every man and woman wants is in Christ Jesus. And the more miserable and wretched you are, the nearer you are to get it. Will you take it? Will you take it now? Take eternal life. Take forgiveness. Take the Holy Spirit. Take whatever you want. Take God to be your river. He will be to you a place of broad rivers and streams. Don't pray any more about it. You have prayed long enough. Take!

Here is a little incident that may help you. A friend of mind went to tea with a lady who couldn't understand the difference between praying for a thing and taking it. As they sat at table she asked him if he would take another cup of tea. "Thank you," he said, and passed over his cup. She filled it, and passed it back. He didn't appear to notice it; but said, "Thank you; I will take a cup of tea!" "Excuse me," the lady said; "here it is." In a most plaintive way he asked again, "Would you kindly give me a cup of tea?" "Mr.——," she said, "what can you mean?" Here I am holding out the cup for you to take, and you keep asking"— There she stopped, as he put out his hand, and accepted the cup with a smile!

Take it! Take it now. And reckon you have got it. Believe you have it, whether you feel it or not—Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., in The Christian Leader.

❖

In Due Time.

Frederick W. Robertson used to say that never a prayer went up to God from a sincere heart but it was sure to come back some time, somewhere, purified by having passed through the heart of the Lord Jesus Christ.

A few years ago, in the sun-land of the Southwest, I stopped with a family from New England who had not been long in their new home in that frontier village. After tea the good lady asked me to look at the photograph of her brother. "Before that brother was born," said she, "my mother gave him to God to be a minister, moved thereto, she felt, by the Holy Spirit. After his birth she took and gave him to God, in the presence of all the people, and she always called him her boy-minister. But he grew up so strangely wild, so careless and wicked, that father and the rest of us often laughted at mother, for my brother was really the worst in the family. He grew to young manhood; the whirlwind of war swept him away from us; he came back bronzed and strong, untouched by harm of sword or bullet—but, O, so wicked, and, worst of all, an open scoffer at things sacred or holy. Then father and the rest looked sad, but mother never gave up. She said often, 'I gave him to God to be a minister. God has heard my prayer. He will answer.'

"Two years went on. Mother lay down on a sick bed to die. My brother, strangely enough, was unmoved. The last word mother said as we took her hand in parting, that summer afternoon when the angels were coming to her, was, 'Watch for God's answer. My boy will be converted. I gave him to God. God will give him back to me. He will be a minister.' Then she died, without seeing any answer to her prayer, but in the faith that has comforted and sustained so many. Within three months my brother was on his knees, crying to God for mercy. Less than a year after he was studing for the ministry. He is now preaching at the First Congregational Church in——," mentioning a certain city in Wisconsin. "Need I tell you brother believes in prayer, or that I do?"

As the little family gathered about their altar that evening for prayer we read together of Christ's promises in the seventh chapter of Matthew, and then sang with quickened faith:

"At some time or other
The Lord will provide;
It may not be my time,
It may not be thy time
And yet in His own time,
The Lord will provide."

—The Advance.

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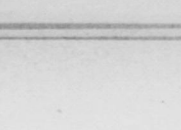
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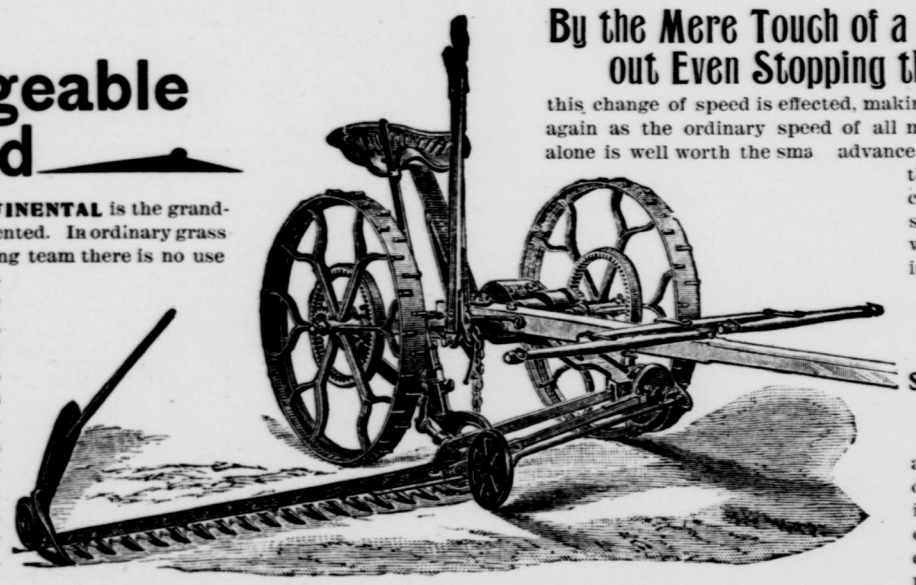
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Unanswered Letters.

July 8.—G. V. Ridley, sub. W. W. Nunn, has attention. J. B. Cochran, sub. A. B. Roberts, subs. J. D. Hendrickson, sub. has attention. R. T. Blackburn, sub.

July 9.—C. I. McWhirter, sub. W. W. Pinson, subs, have attention. W. B. Walker, sub. M. T. Allen, sub.

July 10.—G. J. Irvin, sub. W. E. Caperton, subs.

July 12.—J. Kilgore, sub. T. B. Vinson, yes, I do. Stuart Nelson, sub. John M. Barcus, sub. and change. W. H. Matthews, has attention. J. W. Bridges, has attention. F. B. Buchanan, has attention.

July 13.—S. W. Turner, sub. W. E. Caperton, sub.

The editor and publisher of the St. Louis Advocate is traveling in the Dakotas. He is taking notes and printing them. His newspaper experience has brought him into contact with a variety of people, the most notable of whom evidently engages much of his thought, as well as the serious consideration of all newspaper people. He writes about that class as follows:

"We were amused at the conversation of two patriotic ladies, one from South Dakota and the other from North Dakota. The former speaking of the fertility of her State, said that she had seen six beets grown in South Dakota which aggregated 100 pounds. The other replied: "We have them in North Dakota weighing 200 pounds each, but they are dead!" This last species seems to be a universal product in all countries, new and old. If the reader has any doubt of this statement, let him or her start to publish a newspaper. How the Church would take wings and fly on her missions of mercy if all her "dead beats" could be regenerated or born into a new life of service instead of being always served by others. How about the reader of these lines? Are you a weight or a wing to your Church? Are you a dead or a live beat?"

Do not be disconcerted by the fits of vexation and uneasiness which are sometimes produced by the multiplicity of your domestic worries. No, indeed, dearest child, all these are but opportunities of strengthening yourself in the loving, forbearing graces which our dear Lord sets before us.—**Francis de Sales.**

...BRIEF NOTES...

By H. G. H.

The Houston Post reporter says West Texas Annual Conference League at its Beeville meeting seemed to think the Leagues of the State were in straits for want of a wide enough channel to let out proceedings of our numerous League meetings. I suggest that the Leagues are in want of Secretaries who know how to condense. Nearly half of all the proceedings published is what printers call "rot." Adjectives and "gush" take the place of facts. Much that is published is of no more interest to the public than last year's bird-nests to the singing bird in the tree top. Come down to bottom facts, some newspaper enterprise is looking out for No. 1.

A modern farce—addresses of welcome to District Conferences, League Conferences, women's meetings, etc. An instance: An Annual Conference League, boiling over with enthusiasm and talk, is forced to sit and listen for one hour on a hot summer night to a young person meandering through the flowery rhetoric of an address of welcome. A dressed chicken is a better welcome to a Methodist preacher than a hogshead of rhetoric; for while he is painfully listening to some one else's address his own speech is souring.

Dr. Evans, in last Advocate, in arraigning modern revivals, did not find space to "go" for the songs that are sung on such occasions—many songs with neither sense, poetry nor truth in them—only a little music, and gotten together by some little "upstart" somewhere to make money. An immortal soul can not be soundly and scripturally converted under such singing. I have laid it down as a law unto myself that the man who refuses to use the Methodist hymn-book can not help me in any of my meetings. Selah!

Strong doctrinal preaching is wanted at revival meetings—hell, heaven, responsibility, restitution, judgment, merits of the atonement of Christ, power and office of the Holy Ghost, nature and necessity of repentance, integrity and eternity of divine law, results of a life of sin, doom and destiny of lost souls, willingness and power of God to save now—a revival attempted where the pulpit deals but lightly in these will start in sensation and close in emotion, with no strong characters touched for eternity.

CONNECTIONAL NEWS.

Christian Neighbor: The issue of the Southern Christian Advocate dated June 24, 1897, marked the sixtieth anniversary of the first issue thereof—June 24, 1837. And right well has Editor John O. Willson marshaled his array of contributors in fittingly celebrating the birthday of the venerable paper. From one and another especially qualified writer the history of the Advocate is tersely set forth—and the records make interesting reading, valuable to all Church-loving Methodists. Aside from the historical and biographical sketches, numerous other excellent contributions are to be found in the anniversary number. Editor Willson modestly gives up most of his especial space to his worthy birthday visitors. Heartily do we wish for the old Southern continued and increased merited success. It is a power for good—so may it continue. We do not remember ever to have seen any "special edition" of any paper equal to this one—for which Bro. Willson deserves high credit.

❖

Rev. C. F. Reid, D. D., in Central Methodist: A week ago last Sunday was a red-letter day in our Korean Mission. On that day it was my privilege to baptize our first class of converts—twenty-four adults and three children. The adults were nearly all heads of families and belong to that substantial class of comfortable livers which is the back-bone of all countries. Including the baptisms, I held a service of over two hours' duration with them and at its conclusion was better satisfied with my attainments in the Korean tongue than I had ever been able to feel before.

The service was held in our own little house of worship which answers very nicely for the purpose. It is the first time that I used it and it was a delightful change from the crowded room in the inn where we had formerly met.

One feature of the service was quite a pleasant surprise to me. Just as I was about to begin preaching, it was intimated that there was something else to be done first, and one of the men arose and proceeded to take up a collection. For a few minutes there was quite a brisk rattling of cash and I learned afterwards that, considering the circumstances, it was quite a respectable contribution. It had not occurred to me to make the suggestion as yet, and I was especially pleased to see them take up this important part of worship on their own account.

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Baltimore Advocate: At a meeting of the Evangelical Pastors' Association of Atlanta, Ga., a discussion arose concerning the results of the union meeting recently held in that city under the leadership of Rev. Sam Jones. The Christian Index says:

"The discussion was quiet, good-humored, and thoroughly brotherly. The fact that the results had been practically nothing was brought out; but that was not a theory, but actual cold reality. The Atlanta Journal reported this discussion, and did it without sensationalism. Here is Mr. Jones' reply to their criticism: 'I see in last Saturday's Journal a half-dozen or more of the preachers, ex-preachers, and one presiding elder aired their views on Sam Jones and George Stuart and our work in Atlanta, and now I ask that your enterprising reporter wait on every saloon-keeper and beer-guzzler in Atlanta to get their views of us and our work; and if that gang, all things considered, are not as fair and brotherly as most of those preachers were in their deliverances, then we will work in Atlanta no more forever. If the pastors and evangelists do not get closer together and all get closer to God, the devil will get this country by a big majority.'"

It is very evident that he does not like to be criticised. He wants a monopoly of that business himself. The Index is of the opinion that "the future of the country does not depend on pastors and evangelists getting closer together, but on both being true to God's Word and humble in his service." And with this opinion we concur.

GENERAL CHURCH NEWS.

Zion's Herald: The Methodist New Connexion of Great Britain has just held its centennial celebration. According to the declaration of Dr. W. J. Townsend, connexional editor and ex-president, "the Methodist New Connexion sought to vindicate the position that Methodists were a true Church, and to establish both ministers and the laity in the exercise of their proper rights. Before its commencement Methodism was an appendage to the Established Church." The conference is constituted equally of ministers and laymen. The body has always been relatively small; it began in 1797 with 5000 members. In 1841 it had increased to 22,000, when it lost 5000 through an expulsion for alleged heresy of one Joseph Barker, who had been a preacher of great popularity in the denomination. In 1874 the membership had increased to 31,000 when a contribution of 8000 was made to form the Methodist Church of Canada. The present mebership is only 33,000. The senior General Booth was for many years a member of this denomination. Dr. Townsend, referring to him, says:

"We had several splendid evangelists in our ministry, and especially Rev. W. Booth, now General Booth, who conducted missions throughout the connection for eight or nine years with extraordinary success. His severe and trenchant criticisms of ordinary Church methods and his overbearing attitude towards our leading ministers roused towards him widespread dissatisfaction and led to a rejection by the conference of his proposed course of labor in the body. No denomination could have held Mr. Booth within its withes, but after his withdrawal from us there was a distinct diminution of the evangelistic spirit among us."

One fact stands out strikingly as we study the Methodism of other lands, and that is the lack of commensurate growth with our Episcopal Methodism.

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The Independent: Things look of a sudden darker than ever for the Southern Baptists. The resolution passed by the recent Kentucky Convention declares that Prof. Whitsitt reaffirms his belief that the English Baptists began immersing in 1641, that this puts him out of harmony with his denomination, and that the trustees of the Theological Seminary are requested to remove him from its presidency. It is clear that this action was taken late in the session, after many friends of the Professor had unsuspectingly gone home, and it was the result of the astute generalship of Dr. Eaton, editor of the Western Recorder, who was supposed to have gracefully accepted the decision of the Southern Baptist Convention. This action is directly contrary to the liberal Baptist principles which make the Bible the only rule of faith, and allow some liberty in its interpretation; but it is not far aside from the principles of the Landmarker Baptists who will have no fellowship with any one who does not trace his immersion succession back to John the Baptist. It actually looks as if these Landmarkers might make a schism; at any rate, the broader Baptists will give place to them in the way of subjection not for an hour, and they should not. We urge the followers of Dr. Eaton and Professors Christian and Jarrell to think twice before they withdraw to create another denomination.

TEXAS PERSONALS.

Dr. E. H. Ayers, of Watters, made the Advocate a pleasant call.

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Bishop Granbery has appointed Rev. J. H. McLean, D. D., presiding elder of the Dallas District. The Doctor will make his headquarters in Dallas, boarding with Rev. R. W. Thompson. He preached Sunday morning last for Dr. Rankin at First Church and received a cordial welcome. The Doctor assumes all the responsibilities lately borne by the editor. We wish him great success in his new work.

❖

Rev. F. B. Sinex, Financial Agent of the Southwestern University, made the Advocate a pleasant call. He is diligently at work and much encouraged. Within the last few weeks he has attended seven District Conferences, where he was cordially received and where he did fine service for the University. We wish him the most abundant success.

SOUTHERN METHODIST PERSONALS.

Rev. C. C. Cary, in American Outlook: Bro. Walker Lewis, pastor of First Church, Atlanta, recently preached a pointed and severe sermon against the Christian Scientists, which has created much favorable comment. The sermon, I judge, was well timed, from all signs, for these mistaken people have made some inroads upon the Churches of that famed city. It is all well enough, however, to preach with force against these people, who are few in number and are doing harm to the cause of religion; but there is other game inside the Methodist Church in Atlanta, in the shape of card-players, theater-goers, dancers and dram-drinkers, who are much more numerous than the Christian Scientists, and much more hurtful to the cause of vital godliness. These need much more pointed preaching and much severer dealing with. Some of them have high seats in the synagogue.

❖

Wesleyan Advocate: Mrs. M. B. Candler, one of the oldest and best members of the Methodist Church, died last Saturday morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Harris, in Cartersville, Ga. Mrs. Candler was in the seventy-eighth year of her age and nearly all her life was a devoted Christian and a member of the

Church. She was the mother of eleven children, of whom ten still live, namely, Hon. M. A. Candler, of Decatur; Col. E. S. Candler, of Mississippi; Messrs. W. B. and S. C. Candler; Mrs. Dobbs and Mrs. Willard, of Villa Rica; Mrs. Harris, of Cartersville; Mr. A. G. and Judge J. S. Candler, of Atlanta, and Dr. W. A. Candler, of Emory College. These children are all distinguished for strong intellect and integrity of character and they are largely the reproduction of the life of this godly mother. Being the mother of such a family, had she been nothing else, was enough to make her life a great success. She was never of robust health and several times in the last years she has been on the border line between earth and heaven. And yet when she finally passed over her going seemed all too sudden. But she was ready. Appropriate funeral services were conducted at Edgewood Church Sunday afternoon and the remains were carried to Villa Rica for interment.

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Alabama Advocate: We read with great interest Dr. Buckley's article in the last issue of the New York Advocate on Judge Longstreet. He stands out conspicuously as among the earliest and most vivid memories of childhood. He lived next door to us at Oxford, and was almost a daily visitor at our house. Too young to be impressed with his great intellect, his exhaustless fund of humor was a source of constant delight to us, and as a child we loved and admired him. He had an exhaustless fund of humorous anecdotes very often at his own expense, though he enjoyed telling them none the less on that account. We were never tired or sleepy enough to go to bed voluntarily while he was in the parlor. It was always a treat to the young people when he could be induced to read something to them from "Georgia Scenes."

Georgia, which has produced so many great men, has produced few who, in many-sidedness, intellectual and moral force, were the peers of Augustus B. Longstreet.

GENERAL PERSONALS.

Sir Andrew Clark was once on top of a tall building in London admiring the view of the surrounding country. While thus employed he was touched on the shoulder by a quiet-looking man, who slowly remarked, to the great astonishment of Sir Andrew: "Sir, I am going to throw you off." As the quiet-looking man was the larger, and there was no help at hand, the matter for the moment assumed a very serious aspect. Fortunately for Sir Andrew, he is possessed of rare presence of mind, and in a bantering way he exclaimed: 'Pooh! that's nothing; anybody could throw a man off here. Now, if you want to do something great, try and throw me up here from the ground."

"Well, I can do that," said the maniac, for such he proved to be, "and if you will kindly descend to the street I will prove it."

"With pleasure," Sir Andrew replied, and with great decorum the two descended to the street, where the maniac was quickly handed into the custody of the law.—Harper's Round Table.

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Central Methodist: Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., in his interesting reminiscences of Queen Victoria in a recent issue of the Evangelist, thus describes his first view of Her Majesty: "I recall most pleasantly my first view of the good Queen fifty-five years ago. In August, 1842, I stood with a dozen others, at the gate of Windsor Palace—waiting for a look at the young Queen and Prince Albert. Presently a plain, open phaeton came down the avenue from the palace door, driven by the Prince. He wore a gray overcoat buttoned to the chin, and was one of the fairest and handsomest young men I ever saw. Beside him sat a young lady as fair as he, with a fine rosy tint on her cheek, and a very sweet smile on her lips as she bowed gracefully to us who stood with uncovered heads at the gateway. Her only claims to beauty were perfect health, regular features, and a sunny expression of countenance. Behind the royal pair came another open carriage, containing a nurse and a baby; a little more than a year old. That 'wee bairnie' is now the Empress-dowager of Germany, the mother of the reigning Emperor, 'William the Sudden.' She is the eldest of an army of children and grandchildren."

A Minister's Son

Face was a Mass of Sores—Advice of an Old Physician Followed with Perfect Success.

"Our eldest child had scrofula trouble ever since he was two years old and the doctors pronounced it very serious. His face became a mass of sores. I was finally advised by an old physician to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and we did so. The child is now strong and healthy and his skin is clear and smooth." REV. R. A. GAMP, Valley, Iowa. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Insist upon HOOD'S; take no substitute.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

"Ay, sir, there are a crew of wretched souls that stay his cure."—*Macbeth, Act IV, scene 1*
This refers to the people who offer "something just as good" as Pond's Extract.

THE PRESS.

IS IT WASTE?

Susannah Wesley was once teaching a child his letters. Twenty times the patient mother repeated the name before the little pupil mastered it. "Why do you tell the child the letter twenty times?" asked a listener. "Because," said the wise woman, "nineteen times will not do." To make the twentieth avail, it had to be preceded by nineteen. If she had not given the last all the rest would have been wasted.

Is not this incident suggestive? Are we not all more or less blind to that form of waste which results from not giving the additional effort, that will make what has preceded it effective? Readers of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" will recognize the same principle in Bassanio's ingenious reasoning when he wished to borrow more money from Antonio:

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight,
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other, and by adventuring both
I oft found both. —Exchange.

UNFINISHED WORK.

You go into an artist's studio, and all about the walls are fragments of pictures, blotches of paint, suggestions of scenes, mere hints, and you say, "You call this man an artist?" But your friend replies, "You are only in his studio; these are only his sketches, these are his unfinished works; if you want to know what he means, you must go to the galleries where his finished pictures are gathered."

This world is God's studio. There are sketches, blotches of what is to be; but the finished work is gone, it is not here; when the picture is ready, it is taken to a higher gallery and a nobler service. The best saint on earth is like a potted plant; when the roots get too great for the pot, and the gardener sees that the pot, which was intended to preserve it, is dwarfing and killing it, he breaks the pot and takes the plant out and transplants it

"To those everlasting gardens
Where seraphs walk and angels are the wardens."

—Dr. Lyman Abbott.

"Little spells of fever, little chills so bland,
Makes the mighty graveyard and the angel band.
A little of Cheatham's Chill Tonic taken now and then
Makes the handsome women and the healthy men."

"And, Madame," said the professor, "how did you come to get into the new journalism?" "Well," she replied, "I poisoned my husband and five children and was acquitted on the insanity plea, after which I wrote up a three-page story about it, mostly exclusive. It was a great piece of work I assure you."—Cleveland Leader.

NORTH TEXAS FEMALE COLLEGE.

This school has just closed a very successful year in spite of the short crops and consequent scarcity of money. This is due to the more general appreciation of the importance of higher education for our girls, a better acquaintance with and recognition of the merits of this school and a growing loyalty to our own institutions.

The time never was when it could be truthfully said that Methodists did not emphasize the importance of education, and certainly this is not the time when it can be said that they need to go beyond their own Church, nor by us in Texas beyond our own State, to find every facility for acquiring a first-class education. I talked with quite a number of men who were in positions justifying them to speak, but not connected with the management of the school, and there was but one expression—"the school is first-class."

The changes in the faculty from time to time are made with sole reference to improvement, and not to economy; and this next year, at least, some of the departments will be much better equipped than ever before. No school in the South offers superior advantages in music. The fact that some students who have been there have not learned anything is not a strange one, but the school must not be held responsible for not giving what was not sought. If students only complete the studies in one department they can not be expected to know everything taught in the others.

That the school is a success is beyond question; but that it is all that it can be made is not claimed by its President or Board of Managers. There is no appeal for sympathy, but a just expectation of fidelity to our own enterprise. This is the Church's institution; let us support it.

Its President was God's contribution to Texas Mehodism in a time of need; its success, the token of his blessing on the earnest efforts of his Church to do her duty.

J. A. BLACK,
Of the Visiting Committee.
Paris, Texas.

OF SERVICE TO THE KING.

There is a sweet story told of two little girls and Emperor William I. of Germany, grandfather of the present Emperor, who, however, was then only King of Prussia. The old king had a daughter whom he loved very dearly. But she died when she was quite young and the king grieved very much. He had a flower called by her name. Two little girls who lived in a village near the palace heard of the king's sorrow and his love for this flower. So they went out into the fields and gathered their arms full of flowers of this kind and carried them to the palace. The way was long, and they came there hot and tired, and the flowers were all dusty and withered. A great big soldier, who was sentinel at the gate, tried to drive them away, but just then the king came out. They went to him and said that they had brought the flowers because they had heard that he loved them so well. The king very gently took the faded flowers from their arms, and the tears fell from his eyes as he thought of his daughter. He took the little girls into the palace and had them sit at his own table. They feasted there with all the grand ladies and gentlemen of the court. And they never forgot that to their dying day.—Helpful Thoughts.

A certain farmer, who is by no means noted for his resemblance to Apollo, has a son of seven who possesses more wit than pedigree. One day a stranger came to the farm, and seeing the lad, asked: "Sonny, where's your father?" "In the pigpen," was the reply. "In the pigpen? Thanks." And as the man moved in the direction indicated, the boy shouted: "I say! You'll know him, 'cause he's got a hat on!"—Tit Bits.

CATARRH
HEMORRHAGES
POND'S EXTRACT
FOR ALL PAIN
INFLAMMATIONS
PILES

MONTHLY SUFFERING.



Thousands of women are troubled at monthly intervals with pains in the head, back, breasts, shoulders, sides hips and limbs. But they need not suffer.

These pains are symptoms of dangerous derangements that can be corrected. The menstrual function should operate painlessly.

McELREE'S **Wine of Cardui**

makes menstruation painless, and regular. It puts the delicate menstrual organs in condition to do their work properly. And that stops all this pain. Why will any woman suffer month after month when Wine of Cardui will relieve her? It costs $1.00 at the drug store. Why don't you get a bottle to-day?

For advice, in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. ROZENA LEWIS, of Oenaville, Texas, says: "I was troubled at monthly intervals with terrible pains in my head and back, but have been entirely relieved by Wine of Cardui."

YOU WILL REALIZE THAT "THEY LIVE WELL WHO LIVE CLEANLY," IF YOU USE

SAPOLIO

Epworth League.

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

The "courage of your convictions" does not mean contempt for the convictions of others.

✠

Some people think they are candid and honest when they are only coarse and ill-mannered.

✠

A call to preach should be from God, and not from some good pastor or presiding elder.

✠

He who is deterred from duty by danger or opposition has no faith in the care of the Heavenly Father.

✠

The professed Christian who is not an ardent friend of the mission cause must brand Paul as a fanatic and reject the Acts of the Apostles.

✠

TOPIC FOR JULY:

ST. PAUL AND SOCIAL RELATIONS.

July 18: As a Preacher.—Gal. 1:1; II Cor. 11:23, 29; Acts 17:22; 20:27.

We study in this lesson the ministerial character of the greatest gospel preacher the world has ever had, and the man who, next to the Divine Author himself, is the most illustrious representative of Christianity. Our attention is called first to his—

Call to Preach.—Gal. 1:1.

He received his authority from Christ. He did not choose the ministry as a man chooses a profession; neither was he commissioned by any individual or organization to proclaim these truths; but in the very midst of a war of extermination which he waged against this cause, the Lord laid his hand upon him and arrested him and said of him to Ananias, "He is a chosen vessel unto me to bear my name before the Gentiles and Kings, and the children of Israel."—Acts 9:15.

Writing of this call, he says in I Cor. 9:16: "For necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel."

No man should seek to enter the ministry unless called of God. The call may be communicated in various ways—sometimes by an impression upon the mind, which will allow no rest nor peace until the call is heeded; or it may be indicated by a strong desire to tell to others the story of God's love. In some way the Holy Spirit, who knows the language of all hearts, will communicate with the Spirit of man, making known the will of God. The writer was once approached by a young man who stated that he wished to apply for license to preach; when asked upon what he based his call to preach he replied that as he had tried almost everything else with little or no success, he took it as an indication that the Lord wanted him to preach. Of course, his "call" came to nothing. A man who is called of God to preach may not have such a vision as Saul had, but he must have a clear and unmistakable conviction of duty.

Proofs of His Apostleship.—I Cor. 11:23-29.

1. His abundant labors. Take a map, such as may be found in almost any of our Bibles, and trace the missionary journeys of this pioneer preacher, who would not build upon another man's foundation. He visited on his first journey Cyprus, Perga, Antioch in Pisidia, Iconium, Derbe and Lystra. Starting the second time from Antioch he extended his tour much farther and crossed the Aegean Sea into Greece. This journey covered the space of about four years. After a while spent at Antioch he again set out upon his third and last missionary journey, which extended also into Greece.

These long journeys, with the difficulties of travel, the perils encountered and the arduous labors performed, justify Paul's estimate of his place as an apostle.

2. His sufferings. Read verses 24 to 27, in which Paul gives such a catalogue of trials as has been equaled in the life of no other man. Whipped, beaten, stoned, shipwrecked, imprisoned, robbed—in the city, in the wilderness, on the sea; tired, sick, in pain, hungry, cold, naked, he seems, like his Master, to have had never a selfish thought or care for his own comfort.

3. His sympathy (v. 29). As though he had not cares enough of his own, he bore also the sorrows of others. He gave his strength to the weak and espoused the cause of the offended. "In all their afflictions he was afflicted."

THE FEARLESS PREACHER.—Acts 17:22;20:27.

The Fearless Preacher.—Acts 17:22; 20: 27.

In cultured Athens, in the presence of philosophers, Epicureans and stoics, in the unfriendly atmosphere of paganism, he boldly proclaimed the one true God, and preached Jesus and the resurrection. In his last tender farewell to the elders of the Church at Ephesus he called them to witness that he had kept back nothing, but had declared to them "all the counsel of God." While he was plain and bold in declaring the truth, he was free from all coarseness and harshness. He did not mistake coarseness for candor. He was a gentle, modest, faithful man, who loved men and suffered for them and spoke the truth without abuse.

Not only is he a model for every preacher, but every Christian worker should aspire to be such as he was.

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A Mexican League.

The District Conference of the San Antonio District, Mexican Border Mission Conference, met recently in Tobey, Texas. From Bro. Carter, the presiding elder, we have an inspiring account of an Epworth League rally during the conference. Toby has a flourishing League of thirty-six members. They, with the visiting Leaguers, formed in procession and marched through town to the church, wearing the League colors, and carrying a banner of white and gold, on which was the cross, the League symbol, and the motto, "Todo para Christo." At the church they joined in singing three songs, which had been composed for the occasion by one of the Mexican preachers. There were recitations and addresses by boys and girls, and Bro. "Polly" Roderiguez, the oldest member of the conference, delivered an address directed especially to the youngest members. It was a delightful and significant occasion—a prophecy of widespread interest in the League on the part of our Mexican brethren. There are now six Leagues in Bro. Carter's district, and a number of others in the conference. Some of them are very active and doing fine work.

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Gatesville District.

We have received from the Secretary an excellent account of this League Conference, which met in Gatesville, June 24. Reports indicated that the work is growing in every department. Mrs. W. H. Purcell, of Gainesville; Rev. J. M. Barcus, of Temple; Rev. J. R. Nelson, of Corsicana, and Prof. C. C. Cody, of Georgetown, visited the conference and contributed to its success. Following are the officers: Rev. G. S. Hardy, P. E., President ex-officio; First Vice-President, Miss Nannie Homes, Hamilton; Second Vice-President, Mrs. W. H. Schlye, Gatesville; Third Vice-President, Prof. H. Y. Price, Bee House; Secretary, Miss Jimmie Lumpkin, Meridian; Treasurer, Mr. David Holney, Valley Mills; Superintendent of Junior Work, Mrs. C. S. Field, Gatesville. The next meeting will be held in Lampasas.

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To the Epworth Leaguers of the Texas Conference:

The annual Epworth League Conference of the Texas Conference will convene in Brenham, August 18. We have not seen the programme as yet, but presume that the opening sermon will be preached the evening of August 17. The Brenham Leaguers are preparing for this conference and we should endeavor to make it the best we will ever have held. Each League is entitled to three delegates. Please to elect the three representatives at once and send their names to either Dr. T. F. Cox, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, or to Mr. J. D. Campbell, Brenham, Texas.

The Texas Conference Epworth League was organized in Brenham three years ago. Let us return to this place with more love for our Heavenly Father and with greater zeal in this work than we have ever had. We attend our conferences not only to receive benefit, but in order to benefit the citizens in such places as the conferences are held. "It is our mission to get light and to give light."

We hope to have a large delegation of preachers and Leaguers at this our fourth conference. Yours, "All for Christ," ETTA TOOTHAKER,
Sec. Texas Conf. E. L.
Galveston, Texas.

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The Home Social.

The Pittsburg Christian Advocate recommends the "home social": "Let a series of social gatherings be held during the season at the houses of the members of the Chapter. It would be well to arrange for the entire series, fixing appropriate dates and settling the place of each social. A distinctive character could be given to each gathering, such as would make it unique and avoid the bugbear of sameness. By holding these socials at private residences many profitable features may be introduced into the exercises which would be out of place in a church.

"In arranging programmes for these socials the committee should see to it that there is variety, life, entertainment, sociability, and something which will be profitable. This will require thought and no small degree of care, but the results will amply repay the trouble.

"Membership in the Chapter is held too cheaply in many cases. The way in is too easy to impress the new member with a sense of personal responsibility and of the value of membership. As a slight contribution to the good end of raising the actual 'market-value' of League membership, we think that these home socials should be limited to the actual members of the chapter. When those who get so many good things, and give nothing by way of labor in return, once see that there are some doors which are open to members of the League only, they may begin to consider the matter in a new light."—Epworth Herald.

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THIRD QUARTER—LESSON 4, JULY 25.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

Paul Preaching at Athens.

Acts 17:22-34.

Golden Text: God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship in spirit and in truth.—John 4:24.

Time: A. D. 52. Lewin thinks it was in November from the fact that with the ancients navigation in those seas closed in November. Paul probably remained in Athens from four to eight weeks.—Peloubet.

Place: Athens, the capital of Attica in Greece, most famous for its art, literature, philosophy and zeal in religion. The city is situated "about five miles inland northeast of the Saronic Gulf, an arm of the Aegean Sea." Four famous hills lie within the city—the Acropolis, the loftiest summit of the city; Areopagus—or Mars Hill—the place of the Supreme Court; the Pnyx, the place for the assemblies of the people and the museum. Athens was founded by Cecrops 1556 B. C., and reached its greatest glory about four hundred years before the Christian era.

Between the Lessons.

At the close of our last lesson we left Paul, with Silas and Timothy, at Berea, enjoying the fellowship of the Church lately founded there (v. 12). St. Paul's work in founding these Churches was one succession of glorious triumphs over Jewish bigotry and heathen superstition, and of retreats from the scene of his victories, which indeed were forward movements to other and new places of like glorious achievement. Bitter and heated persecution—his enemies being exceedingly mad against him, as he of old had been against the Christians—was the instrument which constantly thrust him forward upon fields where the gospel had never before been preached. When the Jews of Thessalonica, some sixty miles away, knew that the word of the Lord was announced by Paul in Berea, they came also there stirring up the crowds. This was a token to St. Paul and to the Church that he should at once quit the field. So, leaving Silas and Timothy at Berea to support and strengthen the new Church in its time of trial and persecution, they sent Paul away, in company of certain of the brethren who attended him. At Dium, near the base of Mt. Olympus, on the Aegean coast, they most likely took ship and sailed for Athens, some two hundred miles away. It was a voyage in which mountain, sea and sky, and beautiful islands, enchanted the eye of the beholder, and places of heroic achievement, like Thermopylae and Marathon on the coasts near by, thrilled the memory with their deeds of valor and glory. The lights and shadows of poetry and history were on every side. Every rock was a monument, and every current animated by some recollection of the past. Arrived at Athens, by the brethren who had conducted him hither St. Paul sent word to Silas and Timothy to come to him with all speed, and the new converts, guard of honor and love, departed homeward, leaving the great missionary alone in Athens.

Paul's Spirit is Stirred Within Him.

While Paul is waiting for Silas and Timothy, St. Luke tells us, his spirit was stirred within him when he saw the city full of idols. As he passed up the Saronic Gulf toward the city he perhaps caught sight of the flaming shield and spear of the statue of Minerva, which flamed out in the sunlight from the summit of the Acropolis. Going up from the harbor, Peraeus, outside the gates of the city, he would see an image of Neptune, the rival of Minerva, and a temple of Ceres, with statues within, the work of Praxitiles. Once within the gates, the eye of the apostle would be arrested by the sculptured forms of Minerva, Apollos, Jupiter, Mercury and the Muses, standing near a temple of Bacchus. Within the Agora, or market place, these first impressions of the city's idolatry would be deepened on the apostle's mind; "for every god of Olympus found a place in the Agora." But not satisfied with deified heroes, such as Hercules and Theseus, and their more imperial divinities, the Athenians deified abstractions and publicly honored them. Thus Fame, Modesty, Energy, Persuasion and Pity each had its altar. And the platform of the Acropolis, looking down from the east upon the Agora, was a museum of art, of history and religion. The whole was one vast composition of architecture and sculpture devoted to the national glory and the worship of the gods. Seeing all this splendid array of temples, statues and altars, wrought by the hand of man and graven into beauty and splendor by man's device, St. Paul's spirit was painfully stirred by a sense of pity and indignation.

His First Work.

Therefore, says St. Luke, he discoursed to the Jews in the synagogue, and devout persons, and in the market place daily to those whom he met with. It was not the question now of ceremonial Judaism, as superceded by the gospel, that he reasoned upon in these addresses and conversations. It was Christianity—the religion of Christ—against the splendid and multitudinous array of Paganism which he saw on every hand. In the Agora, or market place, some of the Epicurean and Stoic philosophers encountered him. The Stoics were Pantheists; the Epicureans, Atheists. The Epicureans entirely denied a Providence and held the world to be the effect of mere chance, and asserted that sensual pleasure was the chief good of man. The Stoics held that matter was eternal—inseparable from the deity: that things are governed by irresistible fate; that virtue is its own sufficient reward, and vice its own sufficient punishment. When these philosophers heard St. Paul's discourse some mocked and others said: "What will this babbler say?" So they brought him to the Areopagus, saying: "May we hear thee further what this new doctrine of Jesus and the resurrection is?"

V. 22-34—Paul's Discourse.

St. Paul opens his address in the most conciliatory manner. He says: I perceive that in all things ye are very religious. As I passed by (in his wanderings around the city) I beheld your devotions—that is, the objects and places of your worship, such as altars, temples, statues and images. Among these, one inscribed to an unknown god. That no deity might be unpropitiated in their worship, they erected altars to unknown gods; thus all would be included. With a fine stroke of tact and courtesy St. Paul says: "Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship Him declare I unto you."

The 24th verse sweeps away to a great extent the philosophy of the Stoics and the Epicureans. God, he says, made the world; it is no product of chance, and it is no part of the Maker himself. He is Lord of both heaven and earth; therefore he governs the world and exercises a watchful providence over it. He dwelleth not in temples made with hands, as the false gods of their splendid Greek polytheism did. Neither is he worshiped with men's hands, as their divinities were, as though he needed anything. God has the source of life of himself and within himself, and he is the author of all life. He giveth to all life and breath and all things. Such a God as this can be worshiped only by the intelligent spirit of man. And God has made of one—one blood or ancestor—all the nations of the earth. Therefore all nations—Greeks and Jews—are brethren, the children of one Father. And all the nations are under the care and rule of this one God who made them. He determined the times before appointed, showing the hand of his providence in the history of the several nations—their rise, progress and downfall—and by natural boundaries—such as rivers, mountains and seas—fixed the bounds of their habitations.

If haply he might feel after him—The way is open. God is near at hand and ready to be found.

Then in the 28th verse St. Paul directly asserts that we are the children of God. In him we live and move and have our being; and therefore are utterly dependent upon him. Here he quotes a line from one of their own poets, Aratus: "For we, too, are his offspring." Then from the spirituality and intelligence of man, the child of God, he argues the spirituality and intelligence of God. It is impossible that man, a spirit, free and intelligent, should have an idol for its father. God therefore is not like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven into such forms of beauty and splendor as they beheld all around them, but God is Spirit, as man, his child, is spirit.

V. 30-32—Application of the Discourse.

The times of ignorance, in which men did not know of the true God, St. Paul tells them, God winked at or overlooked. He did charge home upon them their guilt and their sins. He made all due allowance for their intellectual blindness and spiritual darkness. And this to the Stoic and the Epicurean in their boasted philosophy and pride of intellect and love of pleasure. Only the times of ignorance—their ignorance—could palliate their wicked idolatries and blind unbelief before the just and holy God.

But now, says St. Paul, he commanded all men everywhere to repent. As much as to say: "The true light has now come; the day of excusable ignorance is passed by." Because, said St. Paul, he hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world by that man whom he hath ordained—the man Jesus Christ. In proof of his coming judgment, and of Christ the appointed judge, God hath raised him from the dead.

Thus St. Paul, standing on Mars Hill, where the most awful court of judicature had sat from time immemorial to pass sentence on the worst of criminals, and to decide the most solemn questions connected with religion, declares to his audience of judges and philosphers and proud, idolatrous Greeks the awful fact of a judgment to come; that Christ Jesus is the Judge ordained, and that now they should repent; that is, turn at once from all their splendid idols to the living God, the Maker and Father of all. And this address of St. Paul on the Areopagus "is an imperishable monument of the first victory of Christianity over Paganism." Certain men clave to him; among them Dionysius, a member of the court of Mars Hill, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them. Surely this was a mighty triumph for the gospel.

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For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effects a permanent cure.

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The faculty of this excellent school has been enlarged and strengthened by the following changes and additions:

Harold von Mickwitz, Director of the Conservatory of Music, was a pupil of Leschetizky, who is recognized as the greatest living teacher of piano. Mr. Mickwitz was a classmate of Paderewski, and is personally recommended by the above artists, Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler and Victor Herbert. Mr. Mickwitz is probably the only authorized exponent of the celebrated Leschetizky method in the South, and those who desire the best advantages will do well to take notice.

Herr A. J. Friedman, our new Vocal Teacher, comes highly recommended as an artist and as a gentleman. Mrs. Holt, in writing of him, assures us that he is a genuine artist and that we are fortunate in securing his services.

Miss Mary O. Norris, who takes charge of our Art Department, is a teacher of unusual ability. She was engaged by the Legislature of Arkansas to paint portraits of Washington and Bryan, which she did to their greatest satisfaction. Miss Norris is now in New York, getting the latest in her profession. Instruction will be given in the whole range of art, including the latest in China painting.

Prof. A. M. Merrill, a graduate of Dickinson College, will give instruction in Natural Sciences. He is now in the Harvard laboratory pursuing his studies. We are adding a splendid physical and chemical laboratory, and pupils in these branches will be required to do individual work.

Among other improvements furnaces are being put in "Annie Nugent Hall."

The public may feel assured that I will spare no care or means to keep this institution in the front ranks, and that I will give my patrons and pupils the benefit of the best culture and talent that can be commanded.

Respectfully,
MRS. L. KIDD KEY,
Sherman, Texas.

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WOMAN'S DEPT

The Rescue Home.

Mrs. W. H. Johnson, financial agent for the Rescue Home, visited the Palestine District Conference in the interest of this department of woman's work, and left impressions that will bring forth fruit in future years. Without ostentation, with the gentleness and yet with the force of a symmetrical womanhood baptized with love, she presents her statement of facts with reference to the home. She is not the "new woman" pushing herself into notice that she may "be seen of men" and gratify ambition and selfish desires. But she is one of that faithful number whose desire is to serve, and whose very service has placed her in such light as to make those who love God see in her one of the greatest of all. The work she represents is one of the most Christly in the history of the Church. Looking upon the thousands of those who have been driven in shame from the society of the world, we can but wonder that the Church, with such problems before it, should have been so slow to hear the sad cry for help at her own doors and to provide for such practical help as this class of women need. The Church has learned from the Christ to say to them: "Go and sin no more," but she has not yet learned to preface it with the statement—"neither do I condemn thee." Her social condemnation has not been less severe than that of the world. When she has said "Go and sin no more" she has been more anxious that the marching orders be obeyed than that the sin should cease. Of all the bitter execrations heaped upon her head, the most bitter have come from woman herself. It is music as sweet as heaven's melody therefore to hear the voices of Christian women inviting the wayward to a home under the care of a great Christian Church, and to see them with the daring courage of the manager of a life-saving station, plunge into the midst of a cess-pool filled with all of our civilization's greatest infamies, and bring out the wrecks of humanity to the shores of deliverance. How the angels must shout with unutterable joy to see a woman courageous enough to brave the sneer of the social butterflies; to meet the scorn of the saved, and the jeers of the damned, while she faithfully and unselfishly gives in her life an exhibition of the work and Spirit of her Lord. Let Methodists rejoice and sing praises that in this new-born babe in Methodist enterprise she can exhibit better to the world the Christ, and let them come from afar, in the spirit of wisdom, bringing precious gifts and the precious fragrance of Christian love and sympathy. At last we have a home to which we can send a woman who wants to reform. Man has had the privilege of reform in the midst of pure social life. The world has never driven him helpless away, but woman has been driven from the homes of the world and the business of the streets to disgrace and shame. I am glad woman has a home, and let all the people say amen. I hope the General Conference will provide for one to be erected under the Woman's Parsonage and Home Mission Society, within easy access of every part of the territory in which our Church is toiling. Let the Church undertake in these homes the work of elevation, by religon, by education in industrial departments, in the ordinary branches of an English education, and in business. Let an employment bureau be conducted in the interest of this class, and let such help be rendered as will prevent their downfall until they are safely beyond the danger which poverty and social ostracism bring. Let greater care be taken by the good women in all our communities who are connected with the Parsonage and Home Mission Society to teach mothers to guard against all social life and influence which endangers the feet of the sons and daughters in the home. Let employment be provided in our great cities for pure and honest young women, who depend on their own toil for bread, lest hunger make them fall. And if, with all our Christian gospel and Churches, with our boasted numbers of adherents, they slip through our fingers and are plunged into the gulf of iniquity, let us be faithful in our provisions and efforts for their recovery.

Sister Johnson came to Rusk after the District Conference and spent the Sabbath with us, explaining the work of the home and its condition to the congregation at the close of the morning service. Her work here will do the home much good, for this Parsonage and Home Missionary Society has a noble and plucky band of Christian women in it, who do not hesitate to undertake great things, and who know the meaning or self-denial. They will bear this work upon their hearts and present it at a throne of grace in their devotions. That this will be the case with many another society in the State I certainly believe, and that the service of love thus rendered will quicken the faith and life of the Church as other services for Christ quickens it, is to me beyond question. I hope this work will be undertaken by every Woman's Parsonage and Home Missionary Society in the State.

V. A. GODBEY.

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The Goal Reached.

With hearts full of thankfulness let us—

Praise God, from all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below.
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

The long "L" of the Dallas Rescue Home, owned by the Woman's Parsonage and Home Mission Society, is completed. Its doors of mercy swing open to receive the penitent.

On June 30, Mother Evenden (and Miss M. J. Owens a day later), with 23 girls, took possession in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, our Church and humanity.

This Home cost $5000. We owe $500 on the building and $300 on furnishing, etc. Too late for the press, a full report will appear next week.

Let every auxiliary and all who can help us lift this indebtedness, and then begin in earnest to rescue those for whom Christ died.

MRS. W. H. JOHNSON,
Financial Agent.

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District Meeting.

The W. P. and H. M. Society of the Sulphur Springs District held its meeting in connection with the District Conference at Mt. Vernon, June 18. In the afternoon the ladies held a business meeting in the Baptist Church. A great many of the Mt. Vernon ladies, representing the different Churches, encouraged them by their presence. Four delegates were present, representing as many auxiliaries. They all made good reports. Each preacher expressed an interest in the work and seemed anxious to have a society in his charge. The question is, "Why doesn't every preacher organize a W. P. and H. M. Society as soon as he reaches his charge?" Each one of the preachers in attendance upon the conference gave the District Secretary an urgent invitation to pay a visit to his charge and look after the interests of the society.

Bro. Rippey kindly gave us Friday evening to present our work to the preachers and laymen present. We had expected to have Mrs. W. H. Johnson, of Dallas, Texas, with us to present the claims of the Rescue Home, but she didn't come; so it fell to Bro. Rippey's lot to do most of the talking.

Mrs. Vaughan, of Sulphur Springs, and Mrs. Kennedy, of Celeste, each gave an interesting account of the work in their respective towns. Bro. Rippey talked the audience out of $20 to be used in furnishing a room in the Home, as well as giving the preachers many points about our work. If every preacher in Southern Methodism was as much interested in our work as Bro. Rippey is, we should soon have a society in every charge.

The preachers on the Sulphur Springs District are as fine a set of men as one could wish to see, and I feel fully persuaded that each one of them went home with the determination to do more work for the W. P. and H. M. Society than he has ever done before. God bless them in their efforts, is the prayer of

MRS. HARRY A. EVANS,
District Secretary.

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The district meeting of the Woman's Parsonage and Home Mission Society will be held in connection with the District Conference at Salado, August 18th to 24th. Each auxiliary will please send a delegate.

MRS. W. E. GOODMAN,
District Secretary.
District Secretary, Georgetown Dist.

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Summary of Treasurer's report of the W. P. and H. M. Society, Northwest Texas Conference, for quarter ending June 20, 1897:

Receipts for connectional work—	
Dues	$264 85
General work	3 00
Week of prayer	34 00
Contingent fund	14 10
Special donations	114 80
Preachers' Wives' Loan Fund.	6 00
Mite-box collections	2 24
Total	$438 99
To General Treasurer	$168 66
Rescue Home	114 55
Conference expense	9 51
Total	$292 72
Cash on hand March, 1897	$147 66
Receipts for quarter	438 99
Total	$586 65
Disbursements	292 72
Cash on hand	$293 93
Expended on local work by vouchers—	
Station parsonage	$378 28
Circuit parsonage	27 85
Local mission work	150 90
Local Church work	361 69
Supplies and cash sent off	158 15
Supplies given locally	40 90
Miscellaneous	10 05
Total	$1027 82

Many of our auxiliaries have sent their donations for Rescue Home direct to Dallas; hence must report it as local work. Hope that all of our auxiliaries are full of faith and zeal for the summer work, as much depends on our systematic efforts during this time.

MRS. W. F. BARNUM,
Conference Treasurer.
Fort Worth, Texas.

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Treaurer's report of the North Texas Conference:

Balance from last quarter	$143 65
Dues received	194 85
Week of prayer	1 60
Baby roll	50
Contingent	8 20
Lucinda B. Helm Loan Fund (by voucher)	50 00
Total	$398 80
Remitted General Treasurer	$149 05
Remitted Mrs. J. J. Tigert	50
Donated parsonage at Cumby, Texas	100 00
Balance on hand June 20, 1897.	149 25
Total	$398 85
Local work by vouchers	$490 85
Local work without vouchers.	609 22
Total	$1,100 07

MRS. IRA O. WYSE, Treasurer.

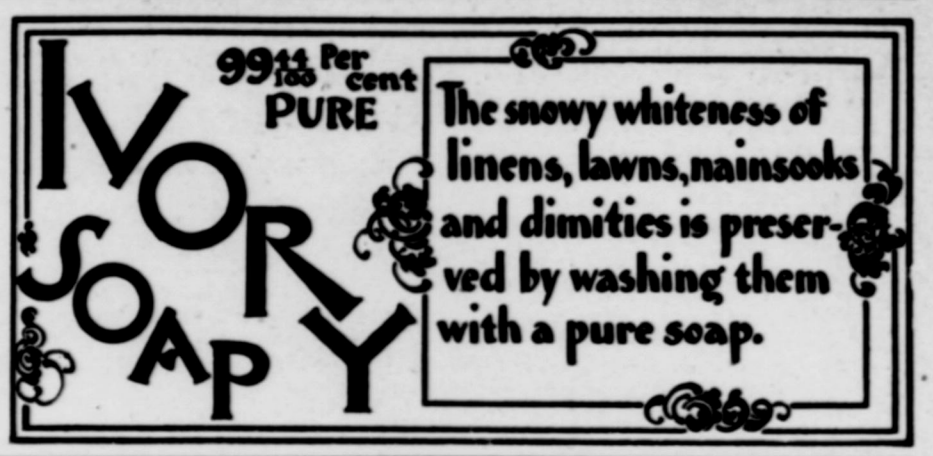
MARRIAGE NOTICES.

Needham—Ellis.—At the parsonage in Jewett, Texas, July 6, 1897, by Rev. W. F. Brinson, Mr. R. Y. Needham and Miss Cora Ellis—all of Leon County, Texas.

Maloy—Richard.—At the home of the bride, near Edom, Van Zandt County, Texas, July 8, 1897, at 4:30 p. m., Mr. George Maloy and Miss Ada Richard, Rev. Frank Everitt officiating.

Nelson—Hall.—At the Methodist Church, DeLeon, Texas, on June 30, 1897, Mr. Z. C. Nelson and Miss Ida Hall, Rev. A. E. Carraway officiating.

Some are active, because they fear to be thought idle.



Beaumont District—Third Round.

Orange, third Sunday in July and Saturday before.
Liberty, at Waltonville, fourth Sunday in July and Saturday before.
Woodville, at Wolf Creek, first Sunday in August and Saturday before.
Kountze, at Nona, second Sunday in August and Saturday before.
Moscow, third Sunday in August and Saturday before.
Pinkney mission, at Mt. Hope, fourth Sunday in August and Saturday before.
Beaumont and Sabine, at Sabine, fifth Sunday in August and Saturday before.
Jasper mission, Magnolia Springs, first Sunday in Sept. and Saturday before.
Livingston, at Livingston, second Sunday in Sept. and Saturday before.
Burkeville, at Pharr's Chapel, third Sunday in Sept. and Saturday before.
Jasper and Kirbyville, at Call, fourth Sunday in Sept. and Saturday before.
Newton circuit, at Adams' Tram, fourth Sunday night in Sept. and Monday.
China, at Sahara, first Sunday in October and Saturday before.
Port Bolivar, at Paton, second Sunday in October and Saturday before.

T. J. Milam, P. E.

Marshall District—Third Round.

Lonview.....3d Sab July
Northside.....Tues after 3d Sab July
Henderson sta.....4th Sab July
Hallville, at Maple Spring.....1st Sab Aug
Kelleyville, at Shiloh.....2d Sab Aug
Beckville, at Beckville...Tues after 2d Sab Aug
Arleston, at Bethel.....Tues after 3d Sab Aug
Harrison cir, at Crossroads.....5th Sab in Aug
Henderson cir, at Union Chapel Wed after 5th Sab Aug
Marshall sta.....1st Sab Sept
Churchhill, at Pleasant Hill.....2d Sab Sept
Jefferson sta.....3d Sab Sept
Coffeeville, at Asbury.....4th Sab Sept
Kilgore, at Hickory Grove.....Wed. 29th Sept

O. P. Thomas, P. E.

San Augustine District—Third Round.

Garrison cir, at Union Springs..July 24, 25
Teneha cir, at Joaquin.....July 31, Aug. 1
Shelbyv'e cir, Carroll's Chap. July 31, Aug 1
Minden cir, at Lockland.....Aug 7, 8
Carthage cir, at Clayton.....Aug 10
Center sta, at campground.....Aug 14, 15
Timpson sta, at campground....Aug 14, 15
Center cir, at campground.....Aug. 14, 15
Melrose cir, at Melrose.....Aug 21, 22
Douglass mis, at Pine Grove....Aug 21, 22
Nacogdoches sta.....Aug 28, 29
Sexton cir, at Patroon.....Sept 4, 5
Hemphill.....Sept 11, 12
Sharpesville.....Sept 18, 19
San Augustine and Chireno.....Sept 22, 23
Appleby, at Red Oak.....Sept 25, 26

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—Cincinnati Tribune.

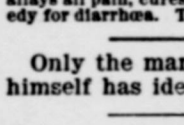
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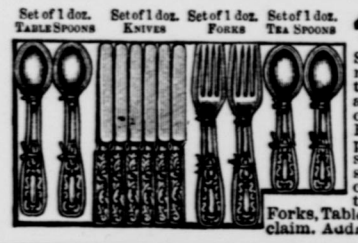
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ROWE.—Wilbur Edwards Rowe was born October 7, 1885; departed this life in peace June 19, 1897, aged eleven years, three months and twelve days He was the eldest child of A. L. and Mary Rowe, near Heidenheimer, Bell county, Texas. He was sick about one week. He bore his affliction patiently. Wilber was loved by all of the relatives and friends and is missed by all of us so much. He is now gone home to live with the angels. He sang and talked before he died. Parents, just look up to that heavenly home where we will all meet in the sweet by-and-by. His pastor, G. W. HARRIS.

BROWN.—Mrs. M. H. Brown was born in McNary County, Tennessee, March 31, 1835, where she lived most of the time until 1873, when she moved to Kerr County, Texas. She was married when quite young to Anthony Tatum. She was married the second time to J. J. Simpson, and was married the third time to R. U. Brown. Sister Brown was converted when young and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. After coming to Texas she united with the M. E. Church, South. After nine weeks' sickness she died at Lytle, Texas, June 11, 1897. She leaves a husband and four daughters to weep over her departure. They are all members of the M. E. Church, South. The world is better because she lived. She was a friend to every one, and to know her was to love her. She lived a beautiful life and died a happy death. She will be greatly missed, but her beautiful character will continue to make the world better. S. J. DRAKE, P. C.

BOWERS.—Mrs. Rebecca J. Bowers, whose maiden name was Minnick, was born in Washington County, Va., March 13, 1842, and died May 25, 1897. She was married to Philip R. Bowers February 22, 1866. They both united with the Methodist Protestant Church in the summer of that year; moved to Texas in November, 1875; united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in the summer of 1891. She was a consistant member till she was called from her labor to reward. Sister Bowers was the mother of ten children—three of whom are dead, seven, with her husband mourn their loss. She was sick several months, but did not murmur. Her pastor visited her and found her suffering a great deal, but remarkably cheerful and resigned. A little while before she crossed over the river of death she called her husband and children to her and said she had but a short time to stay here, but was prepared to die, and requested them to meet her in a better world. May the God of all grace comfort the bereaved ones and bring them at last to meet her at the feet of Him she loved so much to serve.

D. T. BROWN.
Chisholm, Texas.

McLEAN.—Sister Rachel A. McLean (nee Smith) was born in Bradley County, Ky., October 25, 1819, and died on Cedar Bayou, Texas, May 24, 1897. She was married to Harrison B. McLean January 28, 1841. To this twain ten children were born—six of them are still living. On November 19, 1862, her husband died, leaving her the care and responsibility of raising their children alone. At a very early day, in the history of our State, they came to Texas and settled in this community, and when the Methodist Church was organized here, April 10, 1845, Bro. and Sister McLean both joined it and both remained faithful members of the same as long as they lived. Their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren number more than fifty. All of their children are members of the Church, and some of our very best people are found among the number. Almost all of their grandchildren who have come to the years of accountability are also Christians. Surely the life of Sister McLean was a beautiful one—full in years and full of good deeds. The love and esteem in which she was held in this community, where she has lived so long, was shown by the large procession that followed her remains to their last resting place. We weep not as those who have no hope; for we know that while earth is the poorer, heaven is the richer, and that if we follow in the way that she has led we shall meet again.

J. R. MURRAY, P. C.
Cedar Bayou, Texas.

GREEN.—Little Mary Green, aged eighteen months, was laid away to rest and await the resurrection morn, on July 5, 1897. God bless the babes. Jesus said, suffer them to come to him, for of such was the kingdom of heaven. Fond parents, don't grieve for little Mary; she is waiting for you on the bright shores, where that great enemy can never come. We will meet again. Bless God. S. N. ALLEN.

REYNOLDS.—Willie Reynolds was born June 9, 1893, and departed this life January 18, 1897. Little Willie lived in this world three years, seven months and nine days. He was much loved by his Christian parents, brothers and sisters. His death was a sad one. While out in the fields his clothes caught fire and the burn he received was unto death. His suffering was intense for quite a while, but he bore it well. He called on none but Jesus to help him. Jesus came to his relief and took him to the mansion prepared. Little Willie is in heaven. Parents, brothers and sisters, look up; keep on your way to heaven, and some sweet day you will see Willie again.

D. L. CAIN.

BELCHER.—Little Rosey, daughter and infant child of B. A. and Susan H. Belcher, was born February 5, 1897, and departed this life June 5, 1897, to enter into life eternal and meet again with her dear, sainted mother, whom the Lord saw fit to take out of this world May 11, 1897. Little Rosey was a bright, loving child. She has gone to Jesus, who said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Her little body was laid beside her mother beneath the clods, but her spirit has gone into another world to meet loved ones and live with God. May the Lord bless the family and help them all to meet in heaven to part no more.

G. M. FLETCHER.

BLAKEMAN. — William Morton Blakeman was born December 5, 1830, in Jessamine County, Ky. When a child the family moved to Missouri. He entered the late Civil War from that State and was discharged near Shreveport, La. A disease which he thought originated during the war culminated in his death. His marriage to Miss Elizabeth W. Newton occurred in Ashly County, Ark., February 28, 1867, and his death December 31, 1896, near Royse, Texas. His companion and three of his four children survive him. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity since about 1869 and stood on a high eminence in the esteem of his brethren. Before the war he joined the Church, and was a member of our Church at Nevada, Texas, at the time of his death. Those who knew him well speak of him as a man who was perfectly honest, intensely industrious, possessed of a high-toned spirit, of gentlemanly manner and of high moral courage. His purposes were high in all the relations of life. He met death calmly, with no dismay. He left a good name and good record and has gone to his reward. The Lord bless and save his companion and children.

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EVERITTE.—Joshua Madison Everitte was born in Georgia February 17, 1823, and died in VanZandt County, Texas, May 9, 1897. He lived in this world seventy-four years, two months and twenty-two days. When he was two years old his parents moved to Alabama. In 1869 he moved to VanZandt County, Texas, where he remained until death. He has now gone to the city of God, to the mansions prepared, where he will live forever. December 22, 1842, he was happily married to Alvina Bruner. Thirteen children were born to them, five of whom are on this side of the river and eight have crossed over. Bro. Everitte was a member of the M. E. Church, South. He served God and loved his Church. His good wife is old, but her hopes are bright and she is homeward bound.

D. L. CAIN.

ELLIOTT.—N. F. Elliott was born February 23, 1863; departed this life July 4, 1897. Bro. Elliott was converted and joined the M. E. Church, South, in July, 1881, and a great part of that time he served the Church as Chucrh Secretary. He was a good man—faithful to his Church. He had been a great sufferer for a long time. That awful disease called consumption was what preyed upon his vitals. We miss him, but our loss is his gain. We will meet him again, thank God. Bro. Elliott leaves a broken-hearted wife, with three little boys, and an aged father and one brother and siter and a host of friends to mourn for him. Look up, dear wife and loved ones; we will soon see Bro. Forest on the bright shores of eternal glory, where death never can come. S. N. ALLEN.

THOMPSON.—Lorena, little daughter of W. A. and M. A. Thompson, was born February 1, 1896, and departed this life June 20, 1897. Little Lorena's stay on earth was short, but long enough to claim our love and affection. God saw fit to cease her sufferings by taking her to the place he has prepared for his angels. Let not those of the saddened home forget ever that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round-about them that fear him to deliver them," and so live as finally to make an unbroken family in the "place" which Jesus said, "I go to prepare for you."

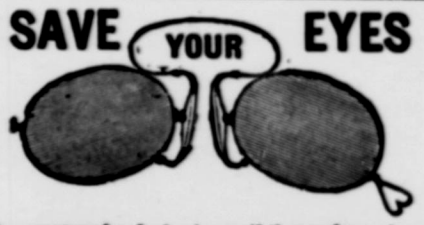
LAURA THOMPSON.
Gum, Texas.

STAR.—Lewis F. Star was born in Carroll County, Va., November 7, 1852, and departed this life June 15, 1897. He was married to Miss Emma L. Walker, September 24, 1877. He professed religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Bro. Wells' meeting in 1885. Bro. Star became cold in his religious experience, but when his last sickness came, he with his great soul regained the lost ground and was exceedingly joyful and met the last hour like a true soldier, saying, "I am ready." He was conscious to the last, and if we could have laid aside the veil of humanity we would have seen the old ship of Zion at the water's edge, awaiting the entering of Bro. Star. Vain world, adieu! Now, while Bro. Star is waiting and watching at the beautiful gate, the kindred below are pressing their way and will soon reach that home and greet their loved ones again.

B. M. STEPHENS.
Weatherford, Texas.

DECKER.—Little Edgar Decker, aged six years and six months, the son of Bro. and Sister James Decker, was drowned in a tank on Wednesday, June 30, 1897, near Benarnold. He and another little boy had gone in the tank bathing. The little boy who had been with Edgar saw him go under and not come up, so he came out, dressed and went to the house. When asked where Edgar was, said he was in the tank. Bro. and Sister Decker ran to the tank,

SAVE YOUR EYES



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., 840 W. Market, Louisville, Ky.
This firm is reliable.—Publishers Texas Advocate.

AUSTIN WHITE LIME CO.,
Manufacturers of the Celebrated **White Lime**
And dealers in PORTLAND and ROSDALE CEMENTS, PLASTER, HAIR, SEWER PIPE, FIRE BRICK, etc. **AUSTIN, TEXAS.**

Vane-Calvert Paint Co.
ST. LOUIS, MO.,
Manufacturers Of **Mixed Paints.**
This firm needs no indorsement—their goods speak for themselves.
Sold by C. W. OWENS & CO. at
ENNIS, WACO, PLANO, McKINNEY, CEDAR HILL and OAK CLIFF, TEXAS.
JACK FROST, State Agent, Dallas, Texas.

DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU CAN GET A FIRST-CLASS SEWING MACHINE AND THE TEXAS ADVOCATE ONE YEAR FOR $22.00.



TESTIMONIALS.

The Machine arrived in good shape on the 28th. We are delighted with its appearance and make-up. My better half is well pleased with its working qualities so far. Can not see but that it is in all respects equal to the high-priced machines. The Advocate and the Machine ought to have a great run. So mote it be.

S. W. TURNER.
907 Crawford Street, Ft. Worth, Texas, April 30, 1897.

The Advocate Sewing Machine is above criticism. We are surprised at its beauty and completeness. G. J. IRVIN.
Bardwell, Texas.

Mr. L. Blaylock, Dallas, Texas:

Dear Sir—The Machine I ordered of you has come, and I am so well pleased with it I would not exchange it for any of the high-priced Machines I ever saw and would advise all needing a first-class Machine to take the Texas Advocate Machine. Yours truly,

MRS. C. A. JONES.
Pittsburg, Tex., March 24, 1897.

We received the Machine the 27th of March. My wife is well pleased with it.

JAS. L. HALL.
Frank, Texas.

Our Machines are made by one of the largest Sewing Machine Manufactories in America, are fully guaranteed, and are shipped direct from the factory.

ADDRESS
Texas .. Christian .. Advocate,
DALLAS, TEXAS.

only about two hundred yards from the house. They rushed into the water, but were unable to find the body. They summoned help, and quite a number of men came to their aid. They searched in the tank for about forty-five minutes before the body was found. Little Edgar was a noble little boy; was loved by every one who knew him. We miss him, of course, but we are like the Psalmist who said, "But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." To the bereaved parents and friends, may they lean upon the strong arm of Him who alone is able to wipe all tears away and heal the broken-hearted. His pastor,

GEO. R. RAY.

Benarnold, Texas.

SULLIVAN.—Agnes Pearl Sullivan, daughter of D. A. and M. C. Sullivan, of Smiley, Texas, was born July 18, 1894, and died March 4, 1897. Little Agnes' stay here was hort, but long enough to entwine about the hearts of her loved ones. She suffered intensely for three days, when our Father in his mercy released her spirit and called her home to watch and wait the coming of her loved ones.

W. M. FRANCIS.

STARK.—W. H. Stark was born in Indiana, 1806; was baptized in infancy by Lorenzo Dow; was converted and joined the M. E. Church, South, in which communion he died October 11, 1896. He leaves twelve children, eighty-two grandchildren and ninety-three great-grandchildren. May all these follow him to that better land. By his nephew, J. L STARK.

TINKLE.—The subject of this sketch, Miss Emma Lizzie Tinkle, was born October 8, 1872, and died June 23, 1897, aged twenty-five years, eight months and fifteen days. She was converted and joined the M. E. Church, South, when about fifteen years old, and from that day until the day of her death she lived a consistent Christian life. She was of a cheerful disposition, and wherever she went she scattered "smiles and sunshine." She exhibited the true type of a noble Christian womanhood. She lived right and of course died right. Her body was buried at old Caladonia Church, in the presence of a large weeping concourse of people. Her pastor,

J. W. BRIDGES.

Garrison, Texas.

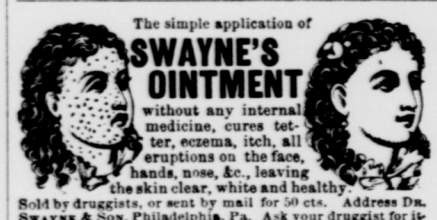
ROBERTSON.—At the age of two years, ten months and one day little Addie Price, son of Richard C. and Addie Robertson, passed away at the home of his grandparents, John and Rebecca Lloyd, Taylor, Texas, July 1, 1897. In his death there is something more than usual to anguish the hearts of those who loved him. In giving him life his sainted mother gave up her own. In giving their darling daughter up, Bro. and Sister Lloyd received this precious charge instead. The cord was twofold. Bright, sweet and brainy he shed rays of sunshine in the home of the grandparents, who had cared for and loved him from his birth. He was my little friend and my ofttimes companion, and I shall miss him much. But our Heavenly Father knew well how sweet the call would be to the home below—how sweet the greeting on the other shore. Heaven bless the sorrowing ones. T. J. DUNCAN.

SHUFORD.—Dr. J. W. Shuford was born in Catawba County, N. C., June 8, 1847, and departed this life June 11, 1897, at his home, two miles south of Tyler, Smith County, Texas. He graduated in medicine in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1868, and came to Smith County, Texas. He was married to Miss M. J. Smith on June 15, 1869. He professed religion in North Carolina and united with the M. E. Church, South. He united with the same Church by letter, soon after coming to Texas, under the ministry of Rev. J. S. Mathis. It may be fruthfully said that in all the relations of life, Dr. Shuford was true, noble and generous. He ranked among the very best citizens of his community and county. He was a man of honor and integrity, and enjoyed the esteem and confidence of a large circle of friends. I have known him intimately for twenty-eight years and never knew him to condescend to an ungentlemanly or to an un-Christian act. He was the very embodiment of honor and veracity under all existing conditions. Dr. Shuford was a provident man and always provided well for his family. He loved them with a perfect devotion and endeavored to provide for all of their necessities. He leaves a devoted wife, six children and a large number of relatives and friends to mourn his departure. He said during his last illness, which continued for over two months, that his peace was made with God and that he believed the Lord would take care of his family. He suffered a great deal during his sickness and yet endured it all without a murmur. He had filled continuously the offices of steward and recording steward for more than eighteen years with great efficiency and acceptability. He was held in high esteem by his brethren and was repeatedly elected a delegate to our Annual Conference. He was a man of earnest piety and thorough consecration, without ostentatious parade and self-pronounced encomiums. His life was a constant declaration of his devotion and love to God. He loved the Lord, he loved and honored the Church. He was the friend of his pastor—always advocated liberal provision for his support and was willing to pay his part. A noble Christian man has fallen and passed into the beyond to meet two of his little boys and other loved ones who preceded him to heaven. He heard the call of the Master and we believe was ready to go; his house was in order. His wife and children will sadly miss him. The Church and Quarterly Conference of which he was a member for years will miss him, but we feel that our loss is his gain, and while we are made poorer, heaven is richer. May the Lord bless his sorrowing wife and children, sustain them by his grace and bring them all into that state of reunion with husband and father in heaven. Farewell, husband, father, friend and brother, but not forever. We hope to meet thee again.

T. P. SMITH.

Pittsburg, Texas.

DEATHERAGE.—The death of this sweet child, James Cole Deatherage, caused many tears to flow. He was the son of Dr. Wm. Deatherage and Mrs. May Cole Deatherage, of Dallas, and died at 7:30 p. m., May 22, 1897. He was only thirteen months old, but his face was bright with intelligence, his eye sparkled with joy and life, his voice was music to all who heard it. He loved and trusted everyone—held out his arms to the stranger as well as to those whom he knew; his heart was so pure, his life so happy, his disposition so joyous that he looked upon all as friends. When his grandfather, the writer, would come in sight, the child would throw up his hands, give a joyous cry and was perfectly happy in his arms. Instead of being a care to his parents, he was "a joy forever." Just a week before his death he was with his mother and father at a Sunday-school picnic and attracted attention by his beauty, liveliness, bright looks, sparkling eye and laughter. The next day he was seriously ill, and medical skill could not master the raging fever and complicated disease. During the long week of suffering and distress day and night he never complained, never uttered a cry, never refused the medicine given him. He had the same steady, beautiful look out of his eyes as if to say, "What is the matter?" As if to say, "I know I am with those who love me and are trying to help me." But the happy smile was gone and a calm, earnest gaze straight into our eye told us that he knew us and how he suffered. And when the doctor said, "There is no chance," there were never sadder hearts than beat around that beautiful child. His mother gathered him into her arms, his father knelt at his feet, his grandfather held his soft hand, and his grandmother wept at his side, and the child quietly closed his eyes and breathed out his life. Covered with flowers, surrounded by weeping friends we bowed in prayer around the little coffin, as soft, sweet music melted every heart, and we listened to the tender supplications of the preacher as he said, "You weep to-day over the death of this pure child, but if you could draw aside the curtain that separates us from heaven you would see a sight that would somewhat modify your sorrow." And then through streaming eyes we looked above and, through faith, could see our darling little boy across the river and entering among the angels, and the one beautiful, glorious boy who went before him a few years, running with outstretched arms to meet him; and how they looked into each other's eyes, and were surrounded by loved ones who "have a home over there," and we heard a great, sweet voice say, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," and he took little James in his arms, and we know he nestled in those loving arms. And on that calm Sabbath evening we buried his little body in Greenwood Cemetery by the side of that other angel—our little boy Bob. His grandfather, J. R. COLE.



Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 50 cts. Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for it.

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

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YOU CAN GO TO THE

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TEXAS EL PASO T AND P ROUTE PACIFIC

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

San Antonio, Austin, Taylor, Fort Worth, Dallas and Kansas City, Galveston, Houston, Palestine and St. Louis
WITHOUT CHANGE.

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L. TRICE, General Superintendent.
PALESTINE, TEXAS.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS 25 CTS

Chew "KIS-ME" Gum
FOR SALE BY
ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.
SIX FLAVORS.

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MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILWAY.

SOLID TRAINS OF
WAGNER BUFFET SLEEPERS
AND
FREE RECLINING
KATY CHAIR CARS
TO
St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas City.

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FIRST-CLASS MEALS AT OUR OWN DINING STATIONS 50 CENTS.

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ST. LOUIS TO
NEW YORK AND BOSTON
THE
KNICKERBOCKER SPECIAL

A. J. WHITEHEAD, T. P. A., DALLAS, TEXAS.
WILLIAM P. DEPPE, A. G. P. A., ST. LOUIS.

SANTA FE
to
SAN ANTONIO
A NEW WAY TO GET THERE.

Beginning January 16th, 1897.
AND EVERY DAY THEREAFTER A
THROUGH
PULLMAN SLEEPER
will leave

PARIS AT - - - - 5:20 P. M.
DALLAS AT - - - 8:50 P. M.
CLEBURNE AT - - 10:50 P. M.
FORT WORTH AT - - 9:40 P. M.

(Passengers from Fort Worth will connect with sleeper at Cleburne.)

ARRIVING AT SAN ANTONIO AT 8:45 A. M.

Via....G. C. and S. F. to Cameron,
S. A. and A. P. to Flatonia,
So. Pacific to San Antonio.

One change only, with direct connections for coach passengers at CAMERON.

ABSOLUTELY THE QUICKEST TIME
Between NORTH TEXAS
and SAN ANTONIO.

W. S. KEENAN, G. P. A. G. C. & S. F. R'Y.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1898.

Entertainment and Traveling Expenses of Delegates, Assessments, Collections, Etc.

The Committee of Arrangements for the General Conference, to be held in the city of Baltimore, Md., May, 1898, beg the attention of the Church, and especially of the Joint Boards of Finance in the several Annual Conferences, and of our presiding elders and pastors, to the important facts and figures following:

The sum of $29,784 was assessed May, 1895, for the General Conference Expense Fund, and the apportionments to the Annual Conferences were made, as required by the General Conference plan, on the basis of the assessments for foreign missions. The Joint Boards of Finance were duly notified of the amounts the conferences were expected severally to raise, and they were requested to reapportion the same to the presiding elders' districts for collection. The progress of this work, thus early begun in the quadrennium, is shown in the subjoined table:

	Assessed.	Collected.
Alabama	$ 1,160 40	$ 560 55
Arkansas	393 40	16 30
Baltimore	1,464 00	
Columbia	38 40	7 55
Denver	88 60	
E. Columbia	49 20	1 45
E. Texas	549 60	
Florida	748 00	215 69
German Mission	49 00	
Holston	967 12	222 12
Illinois	144 00	25 93
Indian Mission	279 00	90 05
Kentucky	817 20	170 74
Little Rock	564 00	161 25
Los Angeles	120 00	40 50
Louisiana	708 00	213 31
Louisville	843 00	222 81
Memphis	924 00	25 00
Mississippi	860 70	
Mexican Border Mis.	15 80	
Missouri	1,144 80	19 65
New Mexico	54 00	
N. Alabama	904 20	465 39
N. Carolina	1,144 20	612 51
N. Georgia	1,573 40	
N. Mississippi	817 80	459 15
N. Texas	1,026 00	488 75
Pacific	477 60	
S. Carolina	1,323 20	
S. Georgia	1,174 80	
S. W. Missouri	912 00	318 34
St. Louis	746 10	
Tennessee	1,106 10	
Texas	658 80	200 75
Virginia	2,248 20	1,003 41
W. Texas	458 40	211 85
Western	98 40	
Western N. Carolina	921 60	484 30
W. Virginia	391 20	68 12
White River	373 20	119 32
Montana	63 00	
Northwest Texas	1,434 00	823 80
Totals	$29,784 42	87,347 59

Thus it appears that while the quadrennium is more than three- fourths gone, only about one-fourth has been realized on the assessments made to defray the necessary expenses of the approaching session of the General Conference. But that fact, though much to be regretted, should not discourage us. No; the handsome sums contributed by our Churches in these hard times to collections, not more worthy, furnish pleasing proof both of their ability and willingness to raise every dollar of this money. Has there been neglect anywhere? Did the Joint Boards of Finance act promptly? Have the presiding elders and pastors given the matter the attention it demands?

Allow us, dear brethren, to remind you of an important provision of the law—viz.: "That if there be any deficiency in the amounts raised and transmitted by any Annual Conference, the amount of such deficiency shall be deducted from the sum estimated for the delegates from said conference." (General Conference Journal, 1890.)

This matter is of vital importance to Southern Methodism. Let us all, therefore, with a glad heart and willing mind, awake to our duty and press forward this work in our several conferences, districts, and pastoral charges until the assessments shall be raised in full.

ALEX. G. BROWN, Chairman.
B. M. Burgher, Secretary.

N. B.—If collections made for the fund in any of the conferences have not been transmitted to the Treasurers, Messrs. Barbee & Smith, Nashville, Tenn., it should be done at once, or at least they should be notified of the amount in hand and subject to their order.

Have you Smoked too Much?

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It will relieve the depression caused thereby, quiet the nerves and induce refreshing sleep.

SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LABOR AMONG THE COMANCHES.

March 19 I drove south to the Little Washita to visit the Indians who get their beef, flour and other provisions at a sub-agency near one of our churches. March 20, before going to the commissary and stockpens I visited a sick Indian, finding him approaching death. Then kneeling by his bed for a word of prayer. I tried to point him to Jesus and influence him to "look and live," after which I hastened to the stockpens, so I could notify the Indians and captives of services next day at the church; so when the Indians were around the commissary waiting for the sub-agent to get through apportioning the flour, soap, bacon, etc., I selected a religious captive as interpreter and moved about among the people, endeavoring to impart instruction to as many as possible before the agent could get ready to let the Indinas slaughter the six head of beef cattle in the stockpen. I soon learned that the Indians were much interested in the sick Indian I had visited, as mentioned above, and so I tried to show them the folly of trusting in the medicine men (Indian doctors). I also endeavored to prepare them to bow in submission to the providence of God when he should die and to leave off the old Indian custom of burning his blankets, tepee and other belongings or else bury them with the dead, killing his ponies near his grave and chopping his vehicles to pieces and piling them on the grave. The dying Indian's friends promised to leave off their old ways and give the Indian a decent burial after the custom of the white man.

When the slaughter an issue were ended, then the Indians returned home and soon heard that the Indian was dead and would be buried at the cemetery on Sunday. Usually the Indians avoid the touch of the dead and sometimes none of the relatives go near the grave, but the influences of missionaries and government workers is working a change in the red man. A man who had been among the Indians ever since they were located here said that our recent burials were better attended and showed more of the good effects of civilization than any of former years. In fact, I can testify that the Indians were quite like civilized persons at the burial of Pieta. The greater number took some part in the burial. The ex-chief, Big Looking-glass, came near the open coffin and related in Comanche the last words of the deceased. Sister Medrano interpreted to me in Spanish, while I repeated the substance of her remarks in English. I will not attempt to quote here the last words of the poor departed Indian. However, I'm glad to say that the Indians were satisfied with his experience and exhortations, as well as his life, that his soul was borne to the place of rest and peace. To me it is a pleasant thought that this red man of the forest will be there "at the beautiful gate" to greet me and mingle his voice with mine in ascribing praises to Him who said, "Ge ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." I am trying to obey the Master's command, "Go and preach." I can "go," but frequently a great deal of the going is lost to the cause for want of an interpreter. There are so many captive Mexicans among the Comanches that I get along pretty well, using them as interpreters; but not so with the Kiowas. Not long ago I used an old Mexican captive as interpreter, and afterwards learned that he had peculiar idolatrous ideas, which he probably substituted for my words, thus increasing the force of his own influence for bad. There are available persons if I had the salary for them, but I can not pay them out of my own support; so the bi-linguists engage in farming, freighting and other secular pursuits while I "go" muzzled, as it were, for want of greater liberality in the provisions for the mission work. The board would gladly have employed and provided for an interpreter had there been sufficiency of funds.

J. C. CAVENER.

Cheatham's Tasteless Chill Tonic, the best ever made. It's been in the battle and through it stayed. It hoisted the banner, "No Cure, No Pay," and that's the motto it works under to-day.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 Years the Standard.

FREE TREATMENT

for all persons afflicted with
Hay Fever, Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Deafness,
AND ALL DISEASES OF THE
THROAT, LUNGS, NOSE AND EARS.

I will guarantee a positive and permanent cure for any of these diseases, to those who will follow my directions and use the

SANA-CERA CURE

To introduce this cure in every community, I will, for a limited time, send medicine for a 3 months' treatment *free of charge*. Send me your name and address, and symptoms at once. These diseases are more easily cured now than at any other season of the year.

DR. M. BEATY, 125 W. 12th St., Cincinnati, O.

NOTE.—Dr. Beaty stands high in Cincinnati as a specialist physician and Christian gentleman, and we believe him to be worthy of patronage.

God can make the grief a grace, the burden a blessing, and light up the disappointment so that it becomes the torch of hope. The rod itself shall bud and blossom and bring forth almonds, so that the very thing that chastens us shall present beauty and fruit.—Anon.

The Mead Cycle Company, Chicago, is the original house to sell reliable bicycles at low prices direct to the rider. They have built up a large business by their honorable dealings and have won the entire confidence of their customers. As is usually the case, they have many imitators who seek to share in the reflected light of the house which won its prestige by conceiving this popular idea and then carrying it out. The Mead Cycle Co., Chicago., simply ask the public to believe that the house which leads and controls the best sources of supply is the best house to do business with.

We have heard of "dainty dinner" in which one of the courses was strawberries at $5.00 a quart, and another was candied violets at $2.00 a pound. With the edibles violets we are not acquainted. But strawberries are good at any price. The late Eugene Field is said to have declined them at a midwinter banquet in the house of a friend on the ground that they spoiled his taste for prunes. What we set out to say is that feasting on dainty food does not necessarily make dainty people. No coarser brutes ever wore the human guise than those gluttonous Romans who affected nigtingale tongues as a special delicacy. On the other hand, there are folks "as fine as silk" who contentedly subsist on the plainest fare from day to day. It is better to be the abstemious saint who satisfies the demands of his body with herbs and fruits than the overfed worldling who counts himself to be starving unless he sits down to a groaning table.—Nashville Advocate.

L. Blaylock, Dallas, Texas:
Dear Sir—I have used the Machine since October, 1896. I am prepared to say it is equal to the best. All the attachments work like a charm.
MRS. R. H. BRAMLETT.
Ladonia, Texas.

Sewing Machine and Advocate $22

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

Another cutting of prices that are originally lowest always. An offering of values this week without a parallel.....

Black Brocaded Mohairs, in small figures, value 45c, Clearance Sale price **25c**

Black Brocaded Serges, satin figures, Black Brocaded Mohairs, Black Brocaded Armures, Black Lizards, Black Crepons, Black Etamines, in an immense assortment of styles, values 65c, 75c, 85c and $1.00 per yard, Clearance Sale price, choice for **45c**

Plain Black and Satin Striped Grenadine, Black Figured Tissue, Black Wool and Mohair Fancies, Black Crepons, Black Brocaded Grenadines, values $1.25 and $1.50, Clearance Sale price **75c**

Black Silk and Mohair and Wool Mohair and Fancies, Striped Cheviot, Plain Black Poplin, value $1.50 and $1.75, Clearance Sale price **95c**

BLACK SILK.

The exceptional values we offer can best be verified by an inspection of the goods and prices.

Black Silk Grenadines, in the new plaid effects, very handsome, 24 inches wide, value $1.00 a yard, Clearance Sale price **75c**

Black Brocaded Silk Grenadines, 46 inches wide, excellent value at $1.75, Clearance Sale price **$1.10**

Black Satin Duchess, 19 inches wide, value 85c, Clearance Sale price **62½c**

Black Satin Duchess, superior quality, 22 inches wide, value $1.00, Clearance Sale price **75c**

Black Armure Royal, extra fine quality, lustrous finish, 23 inches wide, value $1.50, Clearance Sale price **$1 00**

Black Moire Velours, fine finish, 22 inches wide, value $1.25, Clearance Sale price **85c**

Black Moire Faconne, extra fine quality, 22 inches wide, value $1.85, Clearance Sale price **$1 25**

Black Brocaded Satin Damasse, in very choice designs, extra heavy quality, 22 inches wide, value $3.00 and $3.50, Clearance Sale price **$1 90**

SANGER BROS Dallas, Tex. Kindly mention Advocate.

MAIL ORDERS
All orders for goods, amounting to $5 or over shipped free to any express office in Texas or neighboring States and Territories.
Heavy goods, such as Domestics, Prints, Carpets, Shades, Poles, Oil Cloths and Mattings, are excluded from this offer.

SANGER BROS Dallas, Tex. Kindly mention Advocate.

A FINE SELF-PRONOUNCING BIBLE AND THIS ADVOCATE $4.00.