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Editorial.

LET US ALL PRAY AND GIVE THANKS.

This is the day set apart by the President of the United States and the Governor of this State to desist from all secular pursuits and to turn our thoughts to the goodness of God toward us as a happy and a prosperous people. During the past year he has literally showered his benefits upon us, and our hearts and our storehouses have been made to overflow with his mercies and tender compassions. We have had peace throughout our land, our fields have been productive and our herds and flocks have multiplied. But into our lives He has poured His spiritual benedictions until our souls have been made to rejoice. His loving kindness has been vouchsafed unto us at every turn in our progress. The heavens above have smiled upon us, and the earth from beneath has responded to our calls. We have not lacked any good thing in spirit, in heart and in character. All things have worked together for our benefit, and we are reveling in the luxuries of a merciful Providence. Our souls ought to rejoice, and we ought to call upon all that is within us to praise and laud His great name. No people have been so greatly blessed. There is scarcely a hungry mouth in our land, and no industrious person is in rags. From the East to the West and from the North to the South we are a richly-provided-for people. Oh! that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and mercy to the children of men! Let them praise him from hamlet, from village, from the town and from the city as the source of all good. He is worthy of our gratitude. He has not dealt with us as one who is seated upon a throne which is high and lifted up, but like a tender father who lives among his children and who is familiar with their needs. Like a father he hath led us all this year through, and his smiles have fallen upon our pathway. Not for a moment has he withdrawn from us or been unmindful of our wants. His heart has been in sympathy with our infirmities, his ear has been open to our prayer, and his eye has marked our pathway all along our pilgrimage. He has not permitted us to want for any good thing. Like a father pities his children, so has the Lord pitied us and supplied all our demands. Let us take the cup of salvation and enter his house with praise and gratitude. He is our Father, and we are the children of his household. And then let us re-dedicate our lives upon the altar of his service. Out of this Thanksgiving occasion we ought to renew our diligence, be more self-forgetful and render him service by giving service to others. True service is unselfish service. When we help some one of God's needy children we give to him the best service of which we are capable. Therefore, the day ought not to pass without a contribution to some helpless son or daughter of our great Father. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," said the Savior. Let us then make God glad by making his unfortunate children glad. Such a service will make our hearts merry for a month. In this way we can render most acceptable praise unto God. Try it, brother, sister, and be happy. It will take the pessimism out of your heart and make your spirit hope and sing for days to come. Worship of the Father and helpfulness to his needy children go hand in hand in the life we now live. Prayer and brotherly kindness are becoming to the man who loves God. Then let us all pray and praise and give a glad hand and a lift to those whom He has put in our way. And this sort of conduct will make this the happiest Thanksgiving Day that has ever dawned upon our checkered career.

CHRIST THE REVELATION OF GOD.

The only way to know God is to know Jesus Christ. He is God's revelation of himself to the mind and heart. But some men of scholarly acquirements try to reverse this method of knowing God. They try to persuade themselves that to be a disciple of Christ they must first endeavor to believe in God. To this end they ransack philosophy and natural science to discover evidences of the Divine existence. They look into history, they examine nature, they study the processes of intuition, they exhaust the reasonableness of things in order to establish the fact that God has an existence in some form ascertainable to the mind. Then, making this their premise, they finally introduce Christ as his Son and thereby prove the relationship between them. Were it possible to accomplish this end, they would do away with all necessity for Christ. He would practically become a superfluous factor in the redemption of mankind.

Christ is the nexus between the knowable and the unknowable in the problem of God's relation to us. The finite mind can not, of itself, reach the altitude of the infinite. God is beyond sensuous perception, and his existence lies outside of the realm of mental processes. Man by searching can not find out the Almighty. Hence, Christ came to accommodate the infirmities of our finite limitations by bringing God out of the sphere of the infinite and by putting him within the range of the finite. In Christ God becomes a tangible and a visible entity. He takes on a concrete form, so that men can see him, hear him, touch him and appropriate him. "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." He alone knows the Divine heart, and out of that knowledge he declares him to mankind. "No man knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son shall reveal him." So that to know God we must first know the Son. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." The primary purpose in the life of the Son is to make known God, the Father; and then following this revelation comes the further fact of our redemption in Christ. First he is a Revealer, and second he is a Redeemer. He brings the Father to us, and then dies to place God in such relation to us as that he can remain just and yet be the justifier of the ungodly. In these two co-ordinate thoughts Christ becomes "the way, the truth and the life." He is God manifest in the flesh, the power and the wisdom of God among men. Thus we know God in the person of his Son.

As to what God may be in the absolute and eternal we do not know, neither have we any way of knowing. The polysyllabic terms we use to describe his attributes, such as Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent and Self-Existent, sound well; but when you reduce them to their last analysis they are only symbols to conceal our ignorance. They stand for something that we can't know. They are the algebraic expressions of our lack of knowledge. They represent to the finite mind an unknown quantity. We can only know so much of God as can be expressed in terms of humanity, and Christ is the embodiment of these human terms. As a result, our knowledge of God, even through Christ, is limited. Christ does not undertake to give his absoluteness to us. He does reveal his love. Hence, in dealing with God we labor under the law of limitation; but when we come to our adoration and affection toward God as our Father, our love for him is, or may be, without limit. We can love him with all the heart, with all the mind, with all the strength and with all the soul. "God is love, and he that loveth is born of God." In Christ, therefore, humanity discovers its Father in heaven, and this Father testifies to his interest in his children. Through the humanity of Christ we reach up and lay hold upon this Father. He comes down out of the eternities and holds intercourse with us. Thus it is that Christ is the fullness of the Godhead bodily, in one sense, while in the other he is our Brother, our Savior, revealing the hidden secrets of the Godhead to us.

MONEY AND THE CHURCH.

The past century was largely materialistic; the present should be Christian. The nineteenth century gave birth to many marvels; the twentieth will bring to light things undreamed of by our fathers. In the development of a nation there should be a parity of growth between the physical, intellectual and moral progress of its people. The material side of our nation has enjoyed wonderful prosperity. We have in the power of steam alone two and four-fifths mechanical slaves to every man, woman and child. Our population has increased during the past century more than twelve hundred per cent. In 1830 we had only twenty-three miles of railroad. In the past seventy years an average of three thousand miles per year has been built, while in the past twenty years more than one million dollars per day has been expended in building new lines. The transportation of merchandise in the United States is twice as much as all other nations of the earth. The wealth of the old world is the accumulation of centuries; yet ninety-four per cent of ours has been created since 1840. Our wealth is now increasing at the rate of seven million dollars per day.

The inheritance of wealth always results in one of three things: (1) Self-indulgence or wallowing in wealth. (2) Avarice or a life of mere money getting and money hoarding. (3) Self-mastery or a life which recognizes the power in wealth as a sacred trust to be used for the benefit of mankind. How many belong to this latter class?

Now we ask in all honesty and sincerity, has the Church of Jesus Christ kept pace with the marvelous material prosperity that has crowned our nation? We believe the world is growing better and more is being done today to uplift humanity and lead them by the way of the cross than ever before, yet we are not measuring up to that standard in carrying the gospel to the nations of the earth and isles of the sea that God expects of the Church of the twentieth century.

In the face of our increased prosperity many of the institutions of the Church are languishing for the lack of funds. Money can be easily secured for other things. A negro prize fighter can get $10,000 for standing in the ring for a few moments. Thousands of dollars will change hands in a single day at the race course. Joint stock companies can be organized within an incredibly short time with the hope of paying dividends, but it takes years of toil and pleading to raise funds for our Church institutions where boys and girls are prepared for living and souls are saved from sin. Surely the kingdoms of this world will not become the kingdom of our Lord until our money is Christianized. We believe the Church is waking up along these lines, and much thought is being directed to enlighten the masses regarding Christian stewardship.

It is the duty of some men to make money. God has endowed them with that talent. It is wrong to bury it. But let that man beware! He must master his money and not let his money master him! And let no man be deceived by saying I will give when I have amassed a fortune. That is the pit into which so many fall. If a man is growing in wealth, nothing but constant giving can save that man from growing small and lean in soul. There are three great laws in the kingdom of God: (1) Law of service. "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant;" and that means not how little but how much can I do. (2) Law of sacrifice. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." (3) Law of love. "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Love is not commercial; it calculates no return. It was Judas not Mary who calculated the cost of the alabaster box. It is the sacrifice and the love behind it, not the gift, which is the essential thing in God's eye. When we have the right conception of service, sacrifice and love our giving will be easy and the kingdom of God will soon come and over all prevail.

A man can afford to starve, but he can not afford to compromise his integrity. Yes, he can afford to die, but he can not afford to do violence to his conscience. The Savior uttered a deep principle when he said: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

Rome and the Catacombs.

By S. J. Thomas.

There is an air of religious dolefulness about everything in Rome; an atmosphere of sombre melancholy so dense and so all-pervading that one feels as if he were in a cemetery at the dead of night.

To laugh in such funereal surroundings is irreverent; humor is reproachful; and to add to the dismal prospect, when we were on the scene, the skies even wore their heaviest robes of grief and poured out their lamentations in floods for four days. Of one thing I had made up my mind after the first day and that was that I would never again look upon the painting of an old master nor go inside a lachrymose cathedral, a resolution I adhered to manfully, breaking it only thre times thereafter in Rome, and one time each in Florence, Venice and Milan. Life is too short to have its roadway haunted to the end with memories of Angelo's horrors or to have its pleasures eclipsed with recurring recollections of weird cathedral services and painful cathedral gloom.

I never heard but one hearty laugh from native or visitor, saint or sinner, old or young, fat, lean or medium, during the entire period of our sojourn in Rome, and that joyful outbreak, though at my own expense, was a welcome rift in the gloom, a red flag recklessly shaken at the bull of melancholy. So extraordinary was this bit of comedy in the midst of the all-prevailing tragedy that it seemed like a flower entangled in the weeds of grief and I plucked it and pressed and now give it to you

A Little Trouble.

I was standing in the door of my room with a map of Rome in my hand, a kodak over my shoulder, waiting for a South Dakota preacher and a Kansas City Judge to complete their toilet and join me on a tour of great expectations through the catacombs, when the chambermaid appeared with a bundle of laundry. Now this maid was of French extraction and Italian residence and was, of course, on speaking terms with those languages, but she was as much a stranger to English as she is butchered, as was French as she is slaughtered, to me and mine. Incidentally, it might be observed that this unfortunate maid had a navy-blue birthmark spread all over her countenance like a signal on the scary brink of danger. Of course this was a misfortune that was a source of infinite chagrin to the poor girl, but it cut such a prominent figure in this story that I cannot omit it even as a matter of consideration for her.

"How much?" I inquired in the only language I knew, desiring to learn the price of the laundry. The reply was a shake of the head and an embarrassed smile that flickered around the edge of the birthmark like a phosphorous ruffle on a quilt scrap.

"How much, this laundry?" I repeated at the top of my voice, hoping to crack the density of her understanding with the concussion, but the maid was still speechless and the embroidered smile became an agitated crazy quilt of laughter.

In desperation I finally abandoned speech and resorted to the rudimentary pantomime of the paleozoic age. Ah! that was the open sesame to her comprehension. The birthmark floated in a smiling sea, and out of a crevasse that opened in its midst came a volley of French that fell harmless on the armor of our ignorance. She pointed to a bit of a slip gathered in the cord of the bundle and I pounced upon it as the probable solution of a bad predicament. It was the coveted bill. But the total—surely there must be some mistake!—six dollars and ten cents for only a dozen garments or so! Had I been mistaken for a nabob of unlimited wealth and unlimited unconcern as to the disposition of it? It was robbery in approved banditti style I would not submit to it. I glanced again at the bill in the hope that I would find my first reading erroneous. There it was in plain hand that any American could read—6.10. I then took the trouble to glace at the itemized list to determine by what process of outrageous mathematics the laundry robbers arrived at such preposterous results, and in an instant there fell as it were a great light upon my understanding. It was the lingerie of some wealthy dame or damsel—wealthy because the alpine figures charged against each piece of apparel would indicate a lot of delicate and intricate lace and ruffling that taxed the care and ingenuity of the washery. I do not mind telling you, reader, as I am now far away from the jurisdiction of this offense, that I abstracted the price list of this bit of laundry, and now with infinite blushes present it to you for perusal in tenor and effect as follows, to-wit:

Linge d' Hommes One.

7 mouchoirs	70
4 Chemises, simples	2.00
4 Chemises, de nuit	1.60
2 Paires de chausettes ou bas	40
2 Chamisoles en flanelle	1.00
4 Faux cols	40
Total	6.10

How grateful that in a moment of exasperation I had not broken the wrapper and plunged into the unthinkable secrets of this feminine package! Here, maid, take this bundle, handle it tenderly and deliver it to the rightful owner with my respects.

But the maid hesitated as if again in trouble and I tried by every sign known to calisthenics to communicate to her my discovery that the bundle was not mine. I pointed to the list which was prima facie and positive; I pointed to her as representative of her sex, but she would not believe, her faith was weak. She retaliated by pointing a finger at me and then at the bundle and begged me in signs to open it, a request I emphatically declined to comply with upon any provocation or pretext.

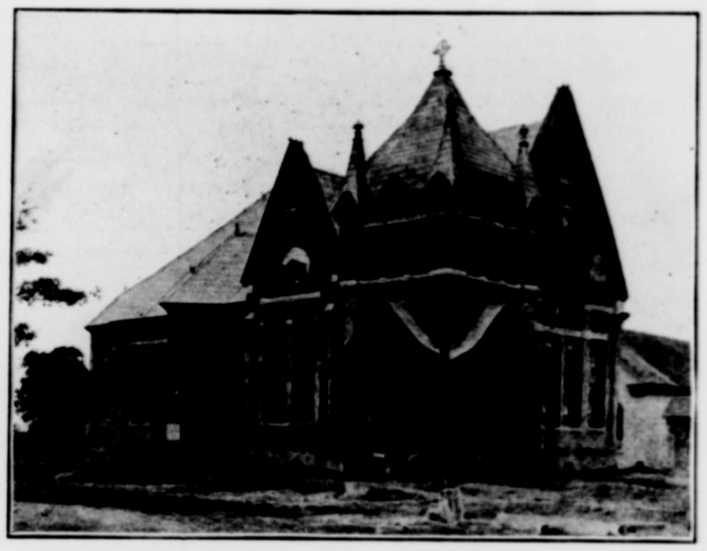
But the maid cut the gordian knot, and there in shining starch lay the familiar friends of my own meager wardrobe. The mistake was mine. The suspicious listed items were only French for shirts. Of course the prices charged were either a mistake or robbery and I went down via the "lift" to interview the "portier," the autocrat who presides over the destinies of the hotel. The mistake again was mine. The figures were Italian liras and centimes, a lira equal to twenty cents, American, and a centime to one-tenth of a cent My bill was, therefore, only equivalent to $1.22.

The Start.

This episode was a pleasing prelude to a day which was to be replete with gloom and melancholy, for we had arranged to visit the catacombs. These mysterious tombs had always interested me and I had looked forward to the visit to Rome with great expectations with reference to them. It is a fact that the suburbs and vicinity of Rome are honeycombed with these labyrinthian cells where the bones of millions lie who fluttered for a moment in the light of the world's early history and were snuffed into the long dark night of oblivion. Investigation carries but a dim candle through the solemn grottoes now and catches only the faintest glimpses of the ghostly figures and strange events of that period; the rest is mere speculation.

Musing upon those distant days we drove in a round-about course to inspect intervening places of interest toward the catacombs. Rattling along the damp gashes which the modern Romans still call "via" this and "via" that, we came after many a turn and dip, to the Ghetto, the Jewish quarter of the city where that exclusive race has had its reservation since the time when Titus drew the first throngs of Jews along the Appian Way as trophies of his triumph, following the seige of Jerusalem. Only a scant four or five years had elapsed since Paul had "finished his fight" and received his "crown of rejoicing." Peter's body, if tradition be true, was hardly yet cold in the damp of death when Titus brought to the great world city the ancestors of thse people. I am sorry to have to record, incidentally, the fact that their coming renewed in Rome those doctrinal differences which had brought about the crucifixion of Christ, and there is some basis for the claim that the contentions between the old-line Jews and the Christians on the Messiahship of Christ contributed in a small degree to their stigmatism in the eyes of Rome and to the cruel orgies of the Coloseum.

In the Jewish quarter several old buildings bear the distinction of having looked down upon the myrmidons of Nero and Caracalla and Constantine and, perhaps, too, of Augustus Caesar, and there are any number of walls and columns claiming to be relics of the first city that are built into modern structures and form a part of them. This, however, is not a feature peculiar to the Ghetto, but is noticeable in every part of the city. It is not important, the fact that the builders in a spell of frugality used these pickups of antiquity to supplement the work of modern hands, but there is something about the two styles of masonry that is little short of startling; the old, massive and weather-worn; the new, fragile and unstable like the tenants that burrow within them. A



M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH, ELGIN, TEXAS. REV. L. C. MATTHIS, PASTOR.
(Recently Dedicated by Bishop Seth Ward.)

nation's buildings are always expressive of its character; these in Rome are wanting in strength and decision, without the neatness of hope or the dash of ambition, hovering sheepily over the narrow streets, where in dampness and squalor the brown chicks of caprice and circumstance follow the clucks of Catholicism and little reek whether the great world moves on to the accomplishments of destiny or idles into inanition and decay. Now and then a column with ornamented top appears in the side of a blank wall like a flower that was frozen in the early gardens of art and is pressed now into ignoble service; and over doors and on the keystones of old arches are the names of shopkeepers in a language that is dead.

Within a few minutes after emerging from the crazy gulches of the Ghetto we stood at the point on the bank of the Tiber where the bridge that Horatius defended started in its course across the river, one of its broken piers remaining to keep the world constantly mindful of the heroic deed.

A Roman Pyramid.

From the left bank of the Tiber we took absent-minded notice of the boats that were loading for a trip to the Mediterranean, 18 miles down the muddy current. A street car track ran in kinks and curves upon a pavement of sun and shade made by overarching trees, which we followed until we came upon a pyramid in a corner of the city wall. A pyramid in Rome! And why not? Rome was a cosmopolitan city. There was actually a temple to Isis and Osiris in Pompeii, and there are now seventeen towering obelisks that were stolen from sleeping Egypt in the days when Christianity was yet in the womb of prophecy. Then why not a pyramid? This architectural freak is one-twentieth the size of Cheops, the largest of the Egyptian pyramids, is made of concrete, faced with brick, and was once covered with slabs of marble. The Latin inscription on its sides indicate that it was erected to one Caius Cestius, who departed this life twelve years before the birth of Christ, and that 230 days were required to complete the work of construction. History takes passing note of this man Cestius and informs us that he was a glutton of the most colossal and exaggerated type. It is stated that he had his table filled with the most delicious dishes that the empire of Rome and all her dependencies could furnish, and that he ate seven hearty meals in the twenty-four hours. It is further asserted gravely that when his appetite lagged under the load it carried he would stimulate this conscience of the stomach with a feather to induce desire and morbid pleasure in further feasting. There was no inscription on the monument telling of what the fellow died, but I am willing to risk my reputation for correct conjectures that it was o a disease that had its focus somewhere below the belt and above the bottom of his pockets.

An English cemetery adjacent to this mausoleum contains th humble tombs of Keats and Shelly, the former bearing the pathetic epitaph suggested by himself: "Here lies one whose name is writ in water." Shelley's resting place is marked by a simple slab that was laid in the presence of the poet Byron. His remains are not there, only his heart, which was his best part, the body having been cremated, according to his request.

Another Cathedral.

Five minutes beyond the cemetery stands the Church of "St. Paul's Beyond the Walls," the only feature of the interim of distance being the diversion afforded by a bunch of Italian urchins who turned handsprings in the road and ran along by our sides with extended hands for the quid pro quo. It was absolutely imperative, so the preacher said, that we visit this Church, but if it had not later developed that the place was really very interesting, I would have been confirmed in my first opinion that the divines had deliberately enticed me thither with a view to forcing a fracture of the resolution I had made the day before, never to see inside of another cathedral.

The annals of the Catholic Church have it that Paul was beheaded during the last year of Nero's reign, in the year 68 A. D., and that his body was buried in the small cemetery belonging to a Roman matron by the name of Lucina, that a simple chapel erected over his grave at the time remained intact until the reign of Constantine, when it was enlarged and embellished; that this chapel endured until the year 1813, when it was destroyed, and that the present structure was begun on a great scale immediately afterward.

It is well to remark here that all great Catholic cathedrals, and Episcopal ones, too, for that matter, are cruciform in design; that is, the interior open space is disposed in the form of a cross. The main floor represents the upright beam of the cross and is called the nave, the transverse section represents the cross-beam and is called the transept. Parallel with the nave and separated from it, usually by rows of columns, and below the transept, are open spaces that go by the technical term of aisles. The most sacred spot in a cruciform church is the head of the nave, because it was there that the head of Jesus lay. The sacred altar where prayers are said and the incense is swung is at the head of the nave. If there should be any extraordinary cause for the erection of the church at the particular spot it occupies, that feature has preferred position at the point where the nave and transept cross. In St. Paul's Beyond the Walls, the tomb of the Apostle has this special distinction. And not only the remains of Paul, but those of Timothy, his favorite pupil, lie here—side and side the great pioneer of Christianity and his trusting disciple. Thus saith the records of Catholicism. A most attractive, and, indeed, a grogeous pavilion of richest bronze and of elaborate ornamentation stands above the reputed tombs, supported by four pillars of alabaster from the quarries of Assouan in Egypt, the gift of the Khedive.

The walls of the church are adorned with oil paintings by the "masters," representing incidents in the career of the A ostles, and up against the ceiling and reaching almost around the expansive interior are mosaic portraits of all the 260 Popes, wondrous works that never knew the touch of a brush, and yet materialized into faultless and faithful pictures. The first on the list is Peter, with abundant brown whiskers. Number two is a likeness of Pope Linus who succeeded Peter in the year 67, according to Catholic lists of the succession. This dignitary, I noticed, had unusually brilliant eyes and wherever the visitor might turn, those eyes would follow him with leering flashes. "What is the trouble with Pope number two, Mr. Guide?"

"Ah yes, look this way, gentlemen, please; Pope Linus, yonder next to St. Peter, you will notice, has very bright eyes. They are of solid diamond and are worth many thousands of dollars; they were presented by the present Queen of Portugal, who is a lineal descendant of Linus. Each of these medallions of the Pope cost 5000 liras ($5000). The little chapel there—come in gentlemen—here is now the crucifix that spoke to St. Bridget"——

"Hold on there, Guide, what are you giving us?" interrupted McCurdy at this point. "We know Bridget and all her descendants and not one of them is or ever was a saint."

But the guide waved aside Mc's assault to commit a humorous observation and proceeded: "The picture of Christ on the arch is the oldest portrait of Mary's son in the world except some that we shall see in the catacombs. That beautiful altar yonder, so green and shining, is the gift of the Czar of Russia; it is malachite." I do not know what malachite is, except that it appears to be a very pretty stone, something on the order of marble, I should judge, but radiantly green in color.

The ceiling is a shining drapery of gold, the floor as clean as if it had just been swept, and glistening like a polished mirror. In a word and without further description, the Church of St. Paul's is in my opinion even more splendid and more beautiful, if it is not as colossal, than St. Peter's, and that is putting it strong. I shall never forget that faultless expanse of marble floor nor the rapturous ceiling, nor, prettier by far than all other structural decorations of Rome, or of Europe even, the forest of superb violet columns with pediments and capitals of glowing white and heliotrope, veritable flowers blooming on stems of rarest sculpture; nor, not least of all, the grateful absence of tombstones, excepting only those of Paul and Timothy, and if I had the least suspicion that ohse great men were really resting ther the church would be invested with an interest that would give it a place in the Westminster Abbey of memory forever.

"About three kilometers down that row of eucalyptus trees (he did not say eucalyptus, but that is what he meant) is the place where St. Paul was martyred," observed our guide, when we were once out in the open. "Want to see it? Close to pine tree where Anonymous Greek Acts say he was beheaded." While the preachers were hesitating, McCurdy broke in: "If pine tree there yet, we go see it; if not, we go catacombs, understand?"

It was hard to figure out just what thoughts slipped through the mind of the guide following McCurdy's interjection, but without replying a word he mounted to his seat beside the driver and as we drove off, the two natives engaged in a conversation which was evidently lurid and red hot, and now and then they would cast contemptuous glances at McCurdy.

The Catacombs.

In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes we arrived at a rock wall and alighted. Entering a gate, we found ourselves in an enclosure that looked like an old abandoned field; to the right nothing but a waste, its monotony broken by occasional ruins; to the left, ditto, except the city in the background; in front a little house in a grove of trees. We stopped at this house while the guide engaged a fat, brown-robed Franciscan monk in conversation. Presently that gentleman approached us with wax tapers, and as he handed them to us observed courteously in French and English brogue: "Zis ze way catacoomb, Zhendlemen," and we followed him into his back yard, expecting to see some great exterior architectural demonstration at the opening of the underground city of the dead. But there was nothing in sight except an upraised mound and an opening that looked like the entrance to a West Texas strom house more than anything else. Imagine our astonishment when the old priest wabbled straight to the storm house and stepped into the dark hole, remarking as he stopped and led the way, "Look for your heads, zhentlemen."

The steps leading down into the silent city were cut 1700 years ago into the solid rock. They were worn, and well they might be, for many a sad and grievous mission had called the living into its dismal haunts; a million souls —oh, no, no, no, not the souls, but a million bodies from which the spirits had flown were laid there in pockets where the chemistry of dissolution wrought their return to the dust from which they came—many headless from the executioner's axe; many more limbless and lacerated to their doom by enhungered animals in Rome's great slaughter house.

Twenty feet below the surface we struck bottom and the appalling prospect was made more severe from the fact that we were joined at that point by a covey of irreverent girls of our Arabic party who had just "done the catacombs," as they flippantly put it; so shocking and out-of-place their friv-

olity that I could see behind the skin of their smiling faces the grinning skeleton of their future when they should lie like these poor victims of man's infirmity and man's inhumanity to man, ghostly, canny, insensible, decomposing masses of phosphate and corruption, unhonored, unwept and "unhung." But it may have been that the sunlight, so welcome after a journey in this subterranean gloom sprang a leak in their long-contained frivolity, and their seeming irreverence may have been only a girl's way of expressing relief. At any rate they joined us for another ramble through the grottoes of the dead and, save for an occasional gasp of horror or expression of fear, were more quiet even than the preachers.

Like a procession of haunts with staggering will-o'-the-wisps, we groped along the passageways, halls so narrow that we could touch either side with either hand, and yet with ceiling high enough to admit the tallest head. The graves, rifled of their contents, yawned as we passed, as though they were animate things aroused from the stupor of ages by the intrusion of light and life. On and on we trudged, the flickering tapers so weak that they made little impression on the inky clouds of gloom—a darkness so intensely black that it has smutted the streets and every exposed particular of this burrowed necropolis. The priest sang a mechanical nasal song of explanation that we might have understood if we had been born in Paris. Sometimes we would proceed in a straight line for a couple of hundred yards and then would veer to one side or the other. There were cross streets and alleys by the score; there were occasional large open courts where it is said religious services had once been held. And always, everywhere, the walls were littered with open graves, cut to measure like suits of clothes, here a long thin one for a person six feet tall; there another two feet thick and short, the receptacle for a stout and dumpy man or a woman brief and obese; yonder between two adult slits, a miniature niche, oval in shape, that was cut by devoted hands, the curves intended as an extra expression of parental love.

Description of Graves.

Sometimes the graves are regular and systematic, at other times, cut at random and without reference to others. Occasionally we came upon a sepulcher that was sealed, and at each of these the friar would halt his column and chant an unintelligible explanation. We could not understand what he said, and so do not know who are buried there. They were closed with marble, stone or tile, cemented carefully, on which were carved sometimes, but often painted, short epitaphs in a poor Latin scrawl, showing that the hands that made them were not the hands of the elite of Rome, but of the semi-ignorant who had picked up a smattering of current knowledge

Below this first city of tombs is a second city almost as large as the first, to which we descended by a flight of steps, and there was the same seemingly unending scheme of empty, haunted cells and dark streets where echoes sprang at us from the corners at every turn and ghosts peeped over the billows of blackness and mocked every whisper that escaped our affrighted lips and every song of the friar and every shuffle of our feet. I managed to lag behind the procession once at a place where I saw in an open niche the bones of a Christian martyr—Christian, because on the broken slab that once sealed his resting place was the scrawl of a fish and a palm. I hope I may be forgiven this vandalism, for I am sure the spirit of the dead does not care, and if in the scheme of the Judgment it should become necessary to collect the scattered remains of the dead, I shall willingly give up the bit that I have in order that the arms of his glorified body may be complete in eternity.

The great majority of the graves have long ago been despoiled of their remains. Following the devastation of the catacombs by the Goths in the sixth and seventh centuries, Popes Paul and Paschal undertook the tremendous task of removing the bones of the Christians and deposited them in heaps under certain churches, or worked them up into ghastly decorations for chapels in order to impress upon novices in the ascetic orders of the Church the awful solemnities of religion.

Many of the tombs have inscriptions upon them—most of them, however, do not—but they are invariably simple tributes denoting in a single adjective the piety, the purity, the affection, and sometimes the beauty of the sleeper. All, or nearly all, that have epitaphs, however brief, close with the conventional "In Pace" (At Rest). Ah, how much more than we can conjecture that simple phrase meant to the persecuted Christians of that day! Often, in addition to the epitaphs, and oftener where there is no epitaph at all, there is an emblem—the dove of purity, the palm of martyrdom, the anchor of faith or the fish which represents Jesus—the Greek term for fish being "Icthis," the letters of which are the initials of the Greek for "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior." Very crude indeed are the drawings—like children's scrawls on a kindergarten blackboard.

In our meanderings we came upon a large room where in the flickering candle light we could dimly discern a painting of no mean order. Old Testament scenes were represented, such as Jonah cast up by the whale, Abraham preparing to sacrifice Isaac; Hebrew children in the fire, and different New Testament miracles. Further along McCurdy held his burning wax taper close to a sepulcher that was sealed with marble with extra care and neatness, and this is the inscription that appeared in a bold, cultured hand: "Diogenes Fossor In Pace Depositus." Diogenes was right; he is resting in peace while we will never cease from trouble till we, like he, are "in pace depositus."

Nowhere in the catacombs has there been found an inscription representing the crucifixion or resurrection, but there are numbers of rude etchings of Christ and he is invariably represented as a robust, round-cheeked, curly-haired youth in Roman toga, usually bearing a lamb in his arms—crude expression of the simple faith of the simple people who trusted him then. They did not live to see it, but these illiterate masses who disdained the revelry and worldliness of the time, and trusted the divine Exponent of the new religion, set an example that was copied by sovereigns in after years, and pagan Rome herself came to bow the knee in reverent acknowledgment and apology for all the cruel butcheries that stained her hands.

The catacombs were not the result of drafted plans, but of accident. A family needed a place of burial, and, according to the custom of the poor of the time, a tomb was carved in the rock. The rock was a composite of a volcanic nature, neither as hard as lava nor as soft as soil, easily cut and yet impervious to water, an ideal substance for the purpose. Other families followed the example of the first, and still others, until in the course of scores of years, these cemeteries became contiguous and connections were made. And then it became necessary because of the lack of sub-surface room, to dig deeper depths and lay other floors and galleries, and still deeper floors and cells and galleries, until in the catacombs of St. Calixtus, which were the ones we visited, there are seven cities of the dead, one on top of the other, like a mighty building of seven stories.

Extent of Catacombs.

The estimated length of the streets of the catacombs of Rome is absolutely startling in its enormity—the very lowest estimates of the various archaeologists who have explored them being 350 miles. Others vary in their estimates up to 900 miles. The Creator alone who noted the death of each has any definite idea of the number who have slept in these labyrinths of rooms, but no one will dare put the figures below the great total of three millions.

The air was dead and heavy underground, and whereas the whole length of this vast network of galleries and alleys and streets was of a monotonous sameness, and whereas, we took note that our tapers were burning dangerously low, and whereas we looked forward with very great apprehension to being lost, without a light, in the subterranean wilderness; therefore it was resolved that we should retrace our steps with all possible dispatch; and it was further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be communicated to the friar in some manner. The friar understood, to our infinite delight, and wabbled out toward the light, continually muttering as he wabbled. The only thing we ever understood of all the friar's chaptered discourse was when he stopped at a grave in the wall and we were directed to hold our searchlights inside the gruesome place. A skeleton lay there, of whom we were not informed, but attention was called to the cracked skull, and by a pantomime the friar indicated that it was done by an American with his cane, who rapped it to see if it was genuine.

And still every sight we see in Rome is environed with gloom; the whole city is a scheme of melancholy in all its various oppressive phases. Still we are always, everywhere, face to face with the dead and with the attendant harrowing recollections. It was plain to us that all the tragedies of Rome survived her fall and that the comedies all died when she fell, and were forgotten.

The Appian Way.

The Appian Way runs straight as a measured vista from the city yonder, by these catacombs and out across the Campagna desolation for a distance of 300 miles. Its pavement of lava flagstones may yet be seen in many places after a lapse of 2200 years (what road is there in America that would have any traces left after the elements had lashed it for twenty centuries?) The road was just fifteen feet wide—that is the paved portion—and for the first ten miles it was flanked on each side by paved sidewalks.

How those Roman emperors, having won the highest distinction in the world, dreaded the oblivion of death! How they sought to perpetuate themselves in monuments, and to make cock-sure that they would survive the calamity of death, obliterated one after another, all selfish traces left by former sovereigns! The Appian Way was the Champs Elysees of the empire and along its course all Rome and all the nations of the earth came and went in continuing throngs. 'Twas the most public of all public places and therefore fittest spot for monuments of vain monarchs and notables. For ten miles the road was lined with magnificent tombs in the old days, and of these there are still imposing remains. But, strange retribution of fate, not one, not a solitary one of the whole vainglorious roster that were laid to rest with pomp and ceremony is known to history or to the present.

We drove half way to Albane, fourteen miles along the course of this famed thoroughfare, alighting at random intervals to explore a ruined tomb, to chip a piece of marble from a prostrate column, or steal a fragment from a delicate frieze that had strayed from its first position. Everywhere there was ruin and desolation, as if time at the limit of its toleration had smashed all the marble greatness of Rome and then had neglected to clean up the wreck.

And now the return! The day is far spent and the sun hangs like a burnished disc above the Mediterranean, and the houseless, treeless plain with a great sweep of rippling undulations, rises to meet the blue of the bending sky. Among the ruins that speed by the whirling wheels, the grass has hunted out every fracture and bound it in softest green velvet. The tombs of the forgotten great resound with the crepidations of crickets, lullabies to their sleep of the ages. In the distance the great dome of St. Peter's rises against the hills and thrusts its spiry needles into the sky till it bleeds with a profusion of crimson that dyes the azure canopy and stains the idling clouds. What a monumental street of death, this road along which we are plunging now! What memories of the palmy days of the empire crowd for notice upon the shifting plates of memory!

The sun carries with him on his journey beyond the Mediterranean a cortege of golden chariots and a retinue of liveried attendants, the only monarch of all that rode in triumph in the great days of Roman ascendancy that has retained his pomp and prestige. It is night—yes, a long night at Rome, and day has never yet broken completely.



FOUR GENERATIONS OF METHODISTS.

In this issue of the Advocate will be found the obituary of James M. Laughlin, deceased. This picture represents his descendants to the fourth generation. By his side sits Mary G. Laughlin, his wife; in the second row are John T. Schrock and a daughter, Mrs. Mattie J. Schrock; in the third row are Robert Rountree and his wife, who is a granddaughter; and in the last row are the great-grandchildren, John and Mattie Rountree, the twin babies of Robert and Lucile Rountree. They are all Methodists, and have all occupied useful stations in the Church.

FROM NORTH TEXAS UNIVERSITY SCHOOL.

We have been quiet for a long time; the fact is we have been so busy doing that we've had no time for saying. Ever since the first day of this session we have seen that this is to be a prosperous year for the North Texas University School, and it behooves us therefore to be looking carefully after students already here rather than looking for others.

The total enrollment now reaches 207 and is still increasing. Both dormitories are full, giving forty-eight boys and twenty-two girls, seventy in all. It's a lively crowd that gather in the dining hall, and you may guess that it's a lively chase they give the biscuits, too.

Mid-term examinations are just over and the results show good work being done in every department. We have a fine body of students. One characteristic deserving special mention is that a large per cent are preparing for the university. We have forty-five in first year Latin. We have already sent seven students to Southwestern, and we expect to send several more next year.

Five children of ministers of the North Texas Conference are receiving free tuition and five young people are preparing for the regular work of the ministry. By the way, why might not the training school be the solution to the problem of the scarcity of preachers in our conferences? It is in the public school that most of our Methodist boys are trained for college, and in the public school they have neither the instruction nor environment conducive to making preachers. How many are called to the ministry in the public schools? Upon graduation from the public high school the usual thing is to go to the State University for the college course, and there again they hear no call to the work of the ministry. If our Texas Methodism had training schools all over the country, in every district, Southwestern would have to extend her borders and increase her capacity, and students would come flocking from Methodist schools and preachers would be the result. Moreover, if this were true, Southwestern could dispense with her preparatory department and do only college work, a thing she longs to do.

J. J. MORGAN.

A NOTE OF WARNING.

Since reading Bro. Graham's article in the Advocate of October 31, I am constrained to give this word of warning to all the brethren in the "open field:"

If any of you should be tempted to express your views on the marriage vows, especially if you are not in accord with the two pumpkins and one rock view of the matter, I beg you think seriously and desist, for the threatenings of Bro. Graham are like the low muttering thunder of the rising cloud in the distance that foretells coming disaster.

He let me off because I am a superannuate, but he says just let some fellow in the open field show his head and we will go after him like successive peals of thunder. This sounds dangerous to me. And not only that, but there is danger of your being bagged by Bishop Candler when he comes among you. So, brethren, be careful and save your scalps.

But Bro. Graham has settled that question, anyway, so that there is no need of any further discussion. Did he not settle it by quoting two passages of Scripture that prove that women should obey their husbands? Listen, first he quotes from St. Paul, "Husbands, love your wives." Second, "I delight to do thy will, O my God." Now, who is so dull that he can't see that these two passages prove that we should use the word obey in the marriage ceremony?

And then he uses an illustration that is to the point. Here it is: "Christ washed his disciples' feet." Now, if that does not prove that the woman should be asked to "serve" and "obey" her husband I can't see what would prove it. Selah!

So, brethren, the question is settled and we will all be good and ask the women to serve and obey.

J. M. HELPINSTILL.

Hot lemonade is one of the best remedies for a bad cold.

CLEARED AWAY

Proper Food Put the Troubles Away.

Our own troubles always seem more severe than any others. But when a man is unable to eat even a light breakfast, for years, without severe distress, he has trouble enough.

It is small wonder he likes to tell of food which cleared away the troubles.

"I am glad of the opportunity to tell of the good Grape-Nuts has done for me," writes a N. H. man. "For many years I was unable to eat even a light breakfast without great suffering.

"After eating I would suddenly be seized with a terrible attack of Colic and vomiting. This would be followed by headache and misery that would sometimes last a week or two, leaving me so weak I could hardly sit up or walk.

"Since I began to eat Grape-Nuts I have been free from the old troubles. I usually eat Grape-Nuts one or more times a day, taking it at the beginning of the meal. Now I can eat almost anything I want without trouble.

"When I began to use Grape-Nuts I was way under my usual weight, now I weigh 30 pounds more than I ever weighed in my life, and I am glad to speak of the food that has worked the change."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

A FEELING OF SECURITY.

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy.

The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

Swamp-Root is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything.

It is nature's great helper in relieving and curing kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE BY MAIL.

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle, free by mail—it will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys. When writing be sure and mention the Dallas Christian Advocate.

Advice to the Aged.

Age brings infirmities, such as sluggish bowels, weak kidneys and bladder and TORPID LIVER.

Tutt's Pills

have a specific effect on these organs, stimulating the bowels, causing them to perform their natural functions as in youth and

IMPARTING VIGOR

to the kidneys, bladder and LIVER. They are adapted to old and young.

DEARTH OF YOUNG PREACHERS.

By Rev. W. H. Hughes.

"Therefore, said he unto them, The harvest is truly great, but the laborers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth laborers into the harvest."

The shortage of young men applying for the work of the ministry has become a burning question in all the Churches. This question must be studied in the fear of God and in the light of his holy Word. The facts in the history of the Church might be studied with profit in its solution. In seeking for a reason and remedy for this meager ministerial supply, we would do well not only to look at the untoward worldly surroundings, but turn our eyes within and see if we are building according to the pattern shown us in the Mount. The pattern on this subject as to what a preacher should be, and what he is to expect, was shaped, painted and delineated in every minutiae by our Lord in his Sermon on the Mount. It is a perfect model upon which we can not improve. Our Lord summed up his instruction to the twelve who were just entering this ministry in these words: "Therefore, take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or what shall we drink? or wherewithal shall we be clothed? For after all these things the Gentiles seek, for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The first and initial qualification of a gospel preacher is to seek an experimental knowledge of the kingdom of God.

To say times have changed and the world has made advancement and that these old revelations will not meet the intellectual progress of the day is to surrender everything to infidelity. The Bible was not written for one age or generation, but for all time. If not, the Scriptures are a fiction and the God we worship a myth. A God of infinite wisdom, who knew the end from the beginning, could and did give us a transcript of the Divine mind, adapted to all times, ages and generations. "The law of the Lord is perfect," and can not be improved upon. Therefore, we may test the ministry by it, from its embryo to its ripe fruitage.

Now, with the above statements as a viewpoint, we propose to briefly discuss the Christian ministry:

1. The primary qualification for a New Testament preacher is a sound and genuine conversion. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness" is Christ's inexorable command. Unless a preacher is born of the Spirit he will inevitably be a blind leader of the blind, and both the leader and the led will fall into the ditch. He may be as zealous for his religion as was Saul of Tarsus, and yet, like Saul, "make havoc of the Church." The ministry is a live wire, with large possibilities for good or evil. An unconverted preacher is always an unmitigated evil.

2. There must be a Divine call to this work. Paul, after his conversion, tells us "No man taketh this honor unto himself but he that is called of God, as was Aaron." And there is not an instance in the Scriptures where any man preached or prophesied who was not called of God.

3. The motive which impells men to this work. A man who is truly born of the Spirit and feels a necessity is laid upon him and "woe is me if I preach not the gospel," always has a struggle. At this point the ways part, and if he yields to duty he must have something of the spirit of the martyr and be able to say, "Neither count I my life dear unto me so that I may win Christ." He must abandon a life of ease, worldly comforts and the emoluments of wealth—"Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt."

The young man who asks: "Will the ministry pay as much or more money than secular professions?" is totally unfit and unworthy. Our Lord, though he was rich, became poor that we, through his poverty, might be rich.

I confess my surprise when I saw all the religious journals, and especially our Methodist papers, trying to account for the meager supply of men seeking the ministry on the grounds of small salaries. When the ministry becomes a matter of dollars and cents, God pity the Church! Men who make money the sine qua non in entering the ministry would make the temple of God a house of merchandise, and Christ calls all such thieves and robbers.

Here let me say that I do not believe for a moment the meager supply of candidates for the ministry can be accounted for on the ground of small salaries. I venture the assertion, without fear of successful contradiction, that the preachers of this day, as a class, are paid as well, on the average, as in any profession in the land. As to this trouble in other denominations, I have nothing to say. The deficit in candidates for this great work in the Methodist Church must be accounted for by altogether different causes. As a Church, and especially as preachers, we are responsible for this dearth of preachers in our Church.

In our modern revivals we have relaxed our demand for deep and hearty repentance and a joyous experimental conversion. We have thrown wide open the doors and filled the Church largely with people who are willing to accept an easy religion, but who are total strangers to the new birth. Again we very properly train up our children in the Sunday-school, but then, unfortunately, the preacher appoints a day which he calls "Decision Day," and he persuades them to join the Church and carries them through the ceremonies of the ritual and records their names on the Church register, and very truthfully reports so many received by ritual, because ritual was all there was in it. Here the very serious question comes up: Is this all Jesus meant when he said to Nicodemus, who had perhaps gone through more elaborate ceremonies, "Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again?" or are we filling the Church with an unconverted membership? In the days of our fathers, when godly sorrow was deep and the agony of soul in repentance made men cry out, "What must I do to be saved?" and conversions were bright and joyous, and the maximum salary of a preacher was, for a single man, one hundred and fifty dollars, and a married man three hundred, then young men by the hundred applied for the work of the ministry, saying, "Here am I; send me." Some of these, like the apostles, were unlearned and ignorant. But as Talmage said in his eulogy upon early Methodist preachers, "These men, like the apprentice seeking to learn a trade, commenced using the tools of his profession until they learn to use them skillfully and most successfully." And as master workmen they have been rarely if ever equaled and never excelled.

The salary of a Methodist pastor is to-day from three to ten times as much as it was then, and why then the cry of shortage of young men applying for work in the ministry? Under the old regime, with small pay, our conferences were crowded, and local preachers, who expected and received no pay, were numbered by the hundreds. But, alas, now this arm of our ministry is reduced almost to a minimum, and certainly no sane man would attribute the shortage in the local ranks to small salaries. Therefore, our shortage in ministerial supply can not be accounted for on the ground of small salaries. But it may be accounted for by the fact that God does not call unconverted men to preach, and that unregenerate men are not apt to desire this holy office.

Now for the remedy for this deficit: If we would no more for the sake of numbers encourage unconverted people to join the Church and go back to sound and joyous conversion, the salary question would be eliminated. The conferences would again be crowded with young men willing to preach the gospel to the poor. "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" Neither can we expect to raise up an evangelical ministry from an unconverted Church membership. Let us "kiss the son lest he be angry and ye perish from the way when his wrath is kindled but a little." "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."—Prov. 14:12. The sainted Marvin said, "God raised up the Methodist Church to spread heartfelt, experimental religion in the world, and when it fails to do this work, God would raise up another people to take our place."

DEARTH IN THE MINISTRY.

This seems to be a condition too real to be controverted. It is a perplexing question before the Bishop and his cabinet at the session of every Annual Conference, and if it is true, as it is generally believed, it is a very grave issue and marks a new condition in the history of the Methodist Church, for her supply of ministers has nearly always been abundant.

I will assume that the Methodist Church does hold and has always held to the belief that no man should preach unless divinely called. If it is true that God supplies his Church with preachers he calls specially to that work, then one of two propositions is inevitable:

1. God does not call enough to supply actual needs; or

2. He calls some who disobey the call and enter other avocations.

I have heard four reasons assigned for the dearth in the ministry, either of which is serious, if true, but if all are true, it presents to my mind a deplorable condition.

1. I have heard it said the reason is that conversions under modern methods are so superficial that God will not call men of such religious experience to such important work. This view is entertained by one of the leading ministers of the State.

2. A second reason is that of retiring men from the active work before they are really superannuates.

3. That God sends men into the work in answer to the prayers of the Church, and it is not on the heart of the Church.

4. That better salaries are offered in other callings and businesses of life and young men follow the better pay.

If the first reason assigned is correct, then it arraigns the whole system and methods of modern revivals. It is well known to men whose memories run back from forty to sixty years and more that revivals at the present time do not look like former times. It may be as genuine as it was sixty years ago, but it does not look just like it did.

I dissent from the view above expressed, but my views, if correct, would lead to practically the same result. I do not believe in superficial conversions. I do not believe that a soul is half saved or nearly saved. I do not believe that God whitewashes any soul. It is either saved or it is not saved. A conversion is the same yesterday, today and forevermore. I think conviction and penitence may be mistaken for conversion, and the person be self-deceived and may go through life deceived.

If either of these views is correct, it matters not which, it would seem that God is limited in his calls for want of suitable material.

Two abstract questions might be discussed under this head:

1. Can a Church produce conversions deeper than its own experience, or may it not be that children may come to the birth and the mother has not strength to bring them forth?

2. Can one teach to another an experience he has not himself, or can a minister lead a penitent beyond his experience? Can a man teach anything he does not know? Talking a thing and talking about it are widely different. These questions are asked on the presumption that the experience of the Church is shallow. I do this to give this first reason for a dearth in the ministry the weight it is entitled to.

2. The second reason that old men are retired before they are actually inefficient from age. I do not assert this as a fact. I am not in position to know. The authorities of the Church are the only ones in position to judge of men's efficiency in the work. No one can deny that there comes a time when men are not so useful on account of age, but whether they are pushed out, as some say, before this period arrives, I do not undertake to say. In my own case I retired voluntarily and I think I have Scripture for my course. I think Solomon said, "The prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself." So I hid, or as the bottom man in the fight said, he hollowed like a man before he was hurt. I leave the reader to make the application. If the roll of preachers increases in right proportion at the first and decreases too rapidly at the second, a dearth is inevitable. The pension roll of the Church from Baltimore to the Rio Grande is frightfully large.

3. The supply of preachers for the work of the Church is not on the heart of the Church as it should be. Our Savior commanded the Church to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers into his harvest. The argument is, God means to identify the membership of the Church with every interest of the Church. So if the Church becomes derelict he limits his calls in order that the Church may face the issue and feel its responsibility.

4. God calls more than answer. That he calls young men and they are brought to face the life-work and they say, we will enter into some business where we can get a larger salary. I do not pretend to say that many young men are allured by first this or that temptation that are called to preach and do not preach, but I do say this: If God calls one to preach he must either preach or do worse. There are many Jonahs and there is a whale for every one.

But if a young man is not converted, it would seem a call could not deeply impress him. I suppose the class I am now to deal with has received no distinct and peremptory orders to "Go." I think a young man must be unquestionably pious to feel very deeply a divine call. Paul was certainly converted before God started him out to preach. Wesley may be excepted. There may be others, but I am treating a general question in its ordinary methods. I think every man that takes on himself the office of a minister of the gospel should feel "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." No discretion left! I doubt if any young man feeling this command would stop to stipulate terms either with God or with the Church. When God said to Paul, "You are a chosen vessel to bear the gospel to the Gentiles," it is said Paul immediately conferred not with flesh and blood. He could have said, "Lord, what will my salary be? I have much learning. I have been trained by the best master. I can get a large salary in the legal profession. The large commercial houses would pay me well and if you won't guarantee me an equivalent for what the world will do for me, you must get another man to go to the Gentiles." But, it is said, immediately he conferred not with flesh and blood or with secular matters.

Not long since a young man just from college was asked what he was going to do. He said he was debating between the Church and the law, but he thought the law paid the best and he had about decided to enter the law. I thought, what a favor he conferred on the Church! He conferred with flesh and blood.

There is an incident in the life of Bishop Pierce apropos to this question and I take the liberty to reproduce it. He had just returned from college, young, brilliant, handsome, a perfect specimen of manhood. His father was justly proud of such a son and very naturally wanted him to marry in some of the leading families of Georgia, and he could have done it. But young George said, "Father, I never expect to be anything but an itinerant Methodist preacher. I cannot afford by marriage to form a union that would by social position or wealth affect my usefulness." The wisdom of this decision was more apparent at every step of this great man through life. He conferred not with flesh and blood. He heard the summons to the battle and girded himself and left the issue with his great Captain.

It is said, and the belief of its truth is current, that many young men would enter the ministry and avoid the present lack if the Church would pay such salaries as are offered by other business avocations, assuming that they will get those large salaries. Well, they might and again they might not. But it certainly is a very kind Providence that turns such applicants away from the Church and into other and possibly more lucrative fields of labor. The Church has never promised a salary to anyone. It has promised a support and it has reasonably well kept its promise. It has kept it in peace and war, in dry and wet, soft times and hard times. It is true there are times when ministers have a hard life, but there are times when other good men have hard times. I believe if you compare the condition of the itinerant preachers of Texas today they will make a fair average with Methodist people generally to whom they preach and with whom their families associate.

The object of the itinerancy is to cut ministers loose from secular matters and leave them free to devote their whole time to the Church, and somehow I have an idea that suffering and cross-bearing are inseparable and that every true and God-called man, when he comes to the altar and promises to give himself wholly to the work of the Church, feels he is sacrificing all, so far as this world is concerned, and is willing to do it. He takes the Church for better or for worse, throws himself upon the promises of God to be with him alway and into the bosom of the Church and abides the future. I cannot conceive of a greater curse to the Church of God than to fill its ministerial ranks with applicants demanding larger pay, or any pay at all. It seems to me it would be goodness and mercy in our Master to continue this dearth even to the judgment day rather than fill it with men who enter it as they do other callings—for the pay.

I believe in an educated ministry and a well supported ministry, but nothing is a feather in the balance compared to the divine call. Let that be sure and all other matters will adjust themselves.

I think every proposition discussed in this paper is of great importance, and a free and full discussion of any or all of them would result in good.

WM. A. EDWARDS.

CIGARETTE SMOKING.

I have just read in the Advocate of October 24 the article of our field editor, Rev. John E. Green, describing the havoc wrought last year by the "blind tigers," the "boot-leggers" and their allies in the town of Groveton. I am not suprised that that class of men, in some places, resort to arson and murder in trying to put down opposition to their death-dealing and soul-destroying trade, for they care not for the corruption of morals nor for the ruin of souls if they can thereby realize money with which to satisfy their sinful desires; and, rather than be deprived of their wicked trade, are willing to commit the most horrid crimes.

But there is a class of men who are perpetrating more harm than those mentioned above, as their victims are mostly boys whose use of poison is generally stealthy. I mean men who deal in smoking tobacco and cigarettes which are impregnated with opiates. The smoker of opiates does not often become enraged like the drunkard, but his habit grows insidiously and generally more rapid than that of the drunkard. From the beginning he begins to fail mentally and morally, and in a short time he becomes oblivious to reason and moral suasion, and unless God arrests him miraculously he is lost. If I were young again I would devote my life to preaching or lecturing against this ruinous habit. But now I am old and can not shoulder such a task, being prevented by want of opportunity more than by failure of strength. All that I can do is to write on the subject in our dear Advocate. Those whom I would reform do not read the Advocate; but, by the blessing of our Father in heaven, my writing may cause some boys to abstain from falling into the ruinous habit. May he so direct it. But what can I do for those who have acquired the habit? I can only pray for them. O Lord, my God, do snatch them as brands from the fire of destruction!

Will not our dear preachers and others who have opportunity devote more of their attention to the suppression of this great evil?

Justice demands that all persons who make, sell or give away smoking tobacco, cigars, cigarettes which are saturated or impregnated with opiates shall be subjected to the severest judicial penalties. Can we not prevail with our next Legislature to enact an effective law on this subject?

I respectfully present this letter, hoping and praying that it may be of practical service to my fellow citizens, especially to the youth of our beloved State.

W. P. ZUBER.

Austin, Texas.

Mason & Hamlin ORGANS



STYLE 559

All good church goers rightly demand that everything connected with the service should be of the best. It is not fitting that the mind should be distracted from higher things by poor music, as is often the case. To have good music, you must have a good instrument, and there is none so good as a

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Organ. These organs are unequalled and world famed. Style 559, as shown in the cut, can be had either with or without a pipe top, and is an excellent model for churches and chapels, but we have many others suited to this purpose.

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BOSTON, MASS.

COTULLA CHURCH AND PARSONAGE.

The church at Cotulla, the engraving of which appeared in Advocate of November 14, is a brick veneer, beautifuly finished with stamped steel ceiling and furnished with circular pews and all furnished to correspond. The parsonage is a handsome cottage, elegantly finished with all modern appointments. The building if this church and parsonage illustrates what may be done by a small band when they are determined and religious.

Two years ago their church property was worth only a few hundred dollars and wholly inadequate.

To-day their property is easily worth $7000, and this has been almost entirely paid for by the membership of the Church. Yet they have less than seventy members, with the usual proportion of women and children.

Rev. T. G. Woolls is the pastor, and during his pastorate these improvements have been made. The success of the work is largely due to his wise leadership. He believes in his people. They believe in him and have come to believe in themselves. With its small membership, numerically, Cotulla is a three-fourth station.

A. J. WEEKS, P. E.

BUNCH OF MARRIAGES.

October 6, 1897, Mr. Drennard Caston and Miss May Julian, all of Pyron, Texas.

October 13, 1907, Mr. Joe F. Drennon and Miss Viola E. McQuaid, of Hermsleigh, Texas.

October 27, 1907, Mr. Charlie Hobmer and Miss Mollie E. Rickets, of Dunn, Texas.

November 2, 1907, Mr. Linza Hobson and Miss Etta Broxon, of Snyder, Texas.

November 10, 1907, Mr. W. C. Wood and Miss Katie Marshall, of Dunn, Texas

REV. I. N. ANDERSON Officiating.

A teaspoonful of sugar added to pancake batter will make the cakes a golden brown.

New Organs

Latest Styles
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$27.75 TO $175

New Upright Pianos

$85, $138.70 Up to $875

WRITE FOR 1908 CATALOG.

WILL A. WATKIN CO., Dallas Texas

Notes From the Field

Trinity, Denison.

We are closing out our second year at this place and they have been most pleasant and very prosperous years. A kinder, better people to their pastor and family can hardly be found. The pastor's and presiding elder's salaries will all be paid, and we expect a full report on conference collections. The people have just given the pastor a nice suit of clothes and pair of shoes for conference, making one nice suit each year they have given me. Many nice and useful things are constantly making their way to the parsonage. During these two years we had nearly doubled our memebership and the people pay to presiding elder and preacher in charge 75 per cent. more than two years ago. Our W. H. M. Society is in good condition; have done some recent improvements and others they will do soon. We have made advance on all lines and happy is he whom Bishop Candler reads out for Trinity, Denison.—W. J. Palmer.

Center.

During Bro. McGee's first year with us he received into the Church 52 members, and raised in cash for all purposes about $3000. The second year he received 51 members and raised about $2000, and this year has received 91 members and raised $5000 for all purposes; so you see the third year is by far the best, almost as much as the first and second years combined. In fact it is his best report, and the best in the history of this station. Besides the above figures the W. H. M. S. has more than doubled in membership and I believe their working zeal has increased proportionately. There has also been a W. F. M. Society organized since June of 1906, and it stands almost without a parallel as to its work and accomplishments. Connected with it also is the Foreign Juvenile Society, doing its part to spread the gospel in the heathen lands, and has assisted the W. F. M. Society in paying a scholarship for a native Mexican minister. Soon after Bro. McGee came to us our Sunday-school took up the missionary feature, and is carrying on that part of the work with much interest with our good, Christian lawyer, Dan Walker, as superintendent. I am glad to mention the fact that one of our worthy laymen, H. N. Runnels, joined the $100,000 club for Southwestern. Our town has a population of 3500 and is growing rapidly, and the Methodist Church is keeping in the front ranks of the procession. We are hoping and expecting to make another forward movement next year both in material and spiritual things. Bro. McGee and his good wife may leave us next year for other fields; we do not know, we cannot say; but if they go we can waft after them three years of unprecedented success and good wishes, and shall stand with open arms and loyal hearts ready to receive and "stay with" the new pastor, whoever he may be.—J. E. Armstrong, Nov. 13.

A Pleasant Surprise.

It took place at the parsonage in Midlothian, on Friday evening, November 15, at 7:30. While seated in the family room reading, a gentle rap came at the front door. Answering, we met a great company of our good people, who had come to welcome and pound their "new preacher." They filed into the dining room, bearing various and sundry kinds of good things for the inmates of the parsonage home. All kinds of canned goods and groceries that make glad the heart of man were brought and deposited till the smallest inmate said: "Mamma, where will we put all these things?" While looking after the inner man, the fact that winter is approaching was not forgotten, and one good mercantile firm that has several times before in the past year, remembered and helped us kindly, sent along a splendid pair of blankets for the outer man's comfort. God bless abundantly all these good people! After reading and prayer a joyous evening closed. Such kind and thoughtful expression makes us feel like we want to do our best for them another year, in spiritual things. Worldly methods of estimate cannot tell out their value to the recipients. We start our second year with high hopes and glad hearts. On every hand we have met kindliest greeting and heartiest welcome on our return. "The lines are fallen to us in pleasant places." We thank God and take courage.—S. W. Turner.

Rosston.

The conference year is almost gone, and as I do not get to report on the conference floor, I will send you a few items through the Advocate. We have had a very good year on this charge; have had 75 conversions and 35 additions to the Church. We had three good revivals on the charge. At Rosston we had 54 conversions; we are assisted by R. E. Porter, who did us some splendid work at Forrestburg. Bro. S. M. Black gave us a fine series of sermons in which he showed himself a workman that "needeth not to be ashamed," rightly divining the Word of God. Rev. Chas. P. Martin, our old schoolmate, came to us at Hardy and preached for us five days, and it was ably done; all were delighted with it. Here we had 15 conversions. At Glag's Bro. Minor Bounds came and held our third Quarterly Conference, and gave us two good sermons. We protracted the meeting and had 6 conversions and doubled the membership, making it 18 members. We are looking after all the claims of the Church, trying to make full reports and all. Our people have stood by their pastor nobly, for which we are thankful to them. To God be all the glory for the degree of success we have had.—C. B. Golson.

Park Charge.

In the year 1904 the Bishop read us out for this charge. The same conference formed this work by taking part of the Rose Hill and part of the Queen City charges. When we arrived on the ground we found a disorganized work without any parsonage for the pastor to live in. Not a Sunday-school at any of the Churches. We were not long in learning that these people were loyal Methodists by their works, for it was not long until they had a new parsonage for the preacher and his family to live in, and it free from debt. This work has grown each year. We have received 266 members into the Church, baptized 205 adults and 105 infants and married 58 couples. Park is a half station, and has one of the best Sunday-schools in the Texas Conference. We have a most excellent League at this place. Our young men and ladies lead the devotional services. Buchanan Church is only about three years old, yet its growth has been such that it will be a half station next year. They have a splendid Sunday-school and prayer-meeting. This work is one that believes in paying its conference collections, hence the collections are always up in full. This year we will report an excess on missions and Orphanage. No pastor ever served a more faithful or loyal people than the ones that compose this splendid charge; and if I were to take work another year, the Bishop could not please me better than send me back to this work. The Pittsburg presiding elder has not lost his power to do good; but to the contrary, for he is a live and active man. The Texas Christian Advocate gets better all the time. Its editor is one of the best in America.—J. N. McCain, Nov. 16.

Maypearl.

We were returned to the Maypearl charge for the second year by Bishop Candler. Reached home Wednesday, and a great storm struck us Thursday night about dark, when the people began pouring into our new parsonage home, and such a pounding as they did give us! They came till three of the rooms were well filled with people and the dining table was loaded, then sitting under and around it were all kinds of good things to eat; and would you think it, some of it already cooked! We sang till we were tired, then had instrumental music, then some more singing; a couple of prayers were offered in which we thanked God for the victories of the past and asked his divine guidance for the future, then said good-night to the happy crowd, then hastening to the dining room to invoice our stock of groceries. Well, we will not attempt to enumerate, but we will not be seen at the grocery stores much for the next month or six weeks. We enter our second year with great faith in God and in the good people of this charge, and expect this to be one of the greatest years of our lives thus far. We want to take care of the 125 converts of last year and see as many or more saved this year. To this end we earnestly ask the prayers and co-operation of all Christian people of this charge.—W. H. Harris.

LITTLE BABY CURED OF ECZEMA

Parents Applied to Hospitals and Doctors but Could Get No Relief—Grew Worse Under Doctor's Prescription—Friends Recommended Cuticura—Result

A SPEEDY AND PERMANENT CURE

"We express to you herewith our best thanks for the cure of our baby from eczema. The eczema appeared when the child was three months old. We applied to several doctors and hospitals, each of which gave us something different every time, but nothing brought relief. A physician recommended a salve which we threw into the fire after two days' use as the eczema became worse so that the baby scratched his face. At last, one of our friends recommended to us Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. A few days afterwards improvement could be noted. Since then we have used nothing but Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, and now the baby is six months old and is quite cured. All that we used was one cake of Cuticura Soap and two boxes Cuticura Ointment, costing in all $1.25. Even the poorest man can pay that instead of throwing it into the doctor's lap. I myself only make twelve dollars a week as a teamster, but I recommend the Cuticura Remedies strongly to all mothers whose children suffer from such diseases. They are cheap, harmless and good. C. F. Kara and Wife, 343 East 65th Street, New York, March 30, 1906."

FOR SORE HANDS

Soak the hands on retiring, in a hot, creamy lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, and in severe cases spread the Ointment on thin pieces of old linen or cotton. Wear during the night old, loose, kid gloves, with the finger ends cut off and holes cut in the palms, or a light bandage of old cotton.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor of Infants, Children, and Adults consists of Cuticura Soap (25c.) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c.) to Heal the Skin, and Cuticura Pills (Chocolate Coated, 25c. per vial of 60) to Purify the Blood.

Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass. Depots: London, Newbery, 27 Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, Roberts, 5 Rue de la Paix.

Mailed Free, "How to Cure Skin Tortures."

To Correct Constipation

If you think constipation is of trifling consequence, just ask your doctor. He will disabuse you of that notion in short order. "Correct it at once!" he will say. Then ask him about Ayer's Pills.

We have no secrets. We publish the formulas of all our preparations. J. C. Ayer Co. Lowell, Mass.

THE CULTURE OF THE SOUL.

The searching eye of science discovers the laws of growth as applied to flora and fauna in so far as cause and effect may be determined, and, to the extent of the human understanding, of the physical universe. If science has not yet gone its length, there is a limit, we know not where, beyond which it cannot go. We may, then, analyze a plant and name the conditions for its growth and we assume that we have an actual understanding of the plant, though Tennyson says to the little flower, "If I could but understand thee I would know what God and man is."

We see the plant pushing aside the cover of its natal bed; we see the tender twig rising and strengthening and we wonder at the marvelous structure and beauty of the flower that eventually crowns the full grown stem. But do we know the force that builds the plant, that so arranges the elements of the soil, sunshine and air as to evolve a finished product sensible to man? No! nor will our minds ever become so penetrating as to pierce the hidden laws of nature. Our information has enabled us to believe that nature's laws are God's laws and that they are perfectly scientific; in fact, science is but an expression of God's law.

Even as we do not understand the power that animates the physical universe, so with the soul. We cannot make a physical analysis of the soul because we know it not in this respect. We cannot specify conditions for its growth as we do for the animal. It can be said to be susceptible to culture only in a spiritual sense, and, by analogy, to the physical world.

I care not to enter into a psychological discussion, yet in order to make plain my remarks, by way of preface, I offer a suggestion as to what I have reference to in speaking of the culture of the soul.

The soul is that within man which links him with things spiritual. It is that which after the dissolution of the body exists through eternity, bearing impress of the character that possessed it on earth. I may descend a step and say it is man's character expressed in action and made manifest by the excitation of the sensitve tendrils of his nature. It is the motive power that actuates the life of man, stimulating him to respond to inclinations of progress. Speaking of it from a religious standpoint, as I shall, it is the center of our moral and spiritual nature.

Our moral disposition or constituency is the soul in expression and it may be called the thermometer of the soul, registering the force and intensity of that inward power and denoting its character. Too, there are physical expressions that indicate the workings of the soul, and these expressions are rarely ever wanting. Look at the bright face of the little girl as she receives the kiss of maternal love. See the smile of joy that effuses the tender countenance and you will understand what I mean by the soul's expression. If, like me, you have watched the wrinkled face of a gray-haired saint as he sat attentive to a message hailing from the throne on high; if you have noticed the changes in his expression—from intense earnestness to that of perfect peace and joy—you have seen the workings of the soul.

One may feign joy, may pretend grief and may simulate interest, yet the lack of genuineness is apparent. Such expressions may be cultivated until the difference between the real and the feigned is hard to discover, but a just and holy impulse may be restrained until it appears no more, or may be unfettered until the soul seems to take wings. A tear may be withheld, yet if it flows, in its sparkle is mirrored the sincerity of the heart. Do not stifle, then, a noble impise; do not quench the inward fire, because you imperil the soul.

The silent calm of the starry night is broken by the rippling music rolling from the little throat of the mocking-bird as it pours forth its soul in rapturous notes. Oh, the joy of sentiment unloosed! A moment when feeling abounds! Let life be blessed with hours of holy passion, exulting, and, like Sir Walter Scott, we may sing:

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife;
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

In considering our worship and communion with God there is infinite room for the expansion of the soul. Admitted into the favor of God, it behooves us to grow in grace. God would not accept a soul that had preconceived notions that would hinder its own growth. The light of his kingdom would go out were it not for the growing of the soul in reaching after God. When we disregard our Maker, the source of our physical and spiritual life; when we turn our faces from the life-giving light of his glorious face, we begin to lose our spiritual power and to become more and more human until we are so exclusively human that we are like the beasts of the wilderness—our ambitions, our pleasures not a bit higher.

By continual growing in grace we draw nearer to the great heart of God. How our souls may best be incited and helped to rise on higher wing is a question for each one to settle for himself. Notwithstanding individual preferences, there are necessary and fundamental laws that we must observe to further the growth of the spiritual nature.

Secret meditation upon the sacred relations of God to man is a requisite that cannot be overlooked, even though its environment is one of quietude and rest as opposed to progress and exercise. Like the giant locomotive exhibiting its tremendous power in drawing the long train of human freight across the prairies, speeding with rapid and regular whirl of the drive wheel, the noise of the steam exhausts giving warning of its coming. It is a realization of power and energy. Whence comes the power? Back yonder in the sheds in their shady seclusion, the locomotive was groomed for action. There the fingers of industry prepared her parts for the test of the trip, there she was oiled, and there received her coal whose latent energy, when loosed, was to afford the initial power. So with the soul. It is groomed in silence for its demonstrations in the world of spiritual endeavor.

When the mind is at rest from the things of the world, when its thoughts cluster about the unfailing promises of God, the inner man is enlarged. Then it is that the heart robes itself in simple purity for acceptance into Divine favor. The mind is freer to act in solitude. It is at such a time inclined to center upon self. Self stands trembling before the unobstructed view of the mind. Self can not hide. If she has degraded herself she seeks to be avoided; but, no! No escape being possible, she devises a way of escape oftentimes by seeking to annihilate herself in death. Alas! even in death she does not escape, for there is no death for self—the soul. But suppose our meditations are not such as to influence remorse. The mind, as the director of the soul, is strengthened by assimilating such wholesome food as thoughts of man's responsibility to God and of man's responsibility to fellowman. Horace Bushnell is a notable example of the effect of such thinking. Not until he thought upon self was he brought into a proper relation to God. When asked what was the greatest thought he ever had, Daniel Webster replied, "My responsibility to God."

In secret we are able to weigh things upon our own mental scales. This develops self-control, and with this development of self-control comes the equipoise of character that harmonizes us with God's desires.

In line with secret meditation and in connection therewith should come secret prayer. This prayer is but a part of the communion, a meditation being the other part.

All rational men have impulses to look to some power higher than man for guidance, for redress for their wrongs, for safety and for the realization of their wants. Man gets satisfaction in addressing his petitions to these unseen powers, whether he be addressing a spirit represented by an idol, or by the soul of God, or whether he merely whispers a wish to some mysterious fate that overhangs him, to some unreal something, or cries aloud in burning earnestness to the Father of men.

We are inclined toward God by continual prayer. We are thus trained to keep in touch with him. Let a day slip without the Christian's prayer and his way becomes uneven. If this secret prayer be disregarded there is no exercise of the Church militant that will keep the soul alive.

Public devotion gives a wonderful impetus to man's spiritual power. By frequenting the house of God we become more firmly grounded in the principles of Divine wordship. Our dispositions and their manifestations are thereby kept in unison with the requirements and attendants of the Church. The environment of the soul influences its growth. The man of incessant affliction, deprived of his aforetime joy of attending the services of the Church, will tell you that he is the loser by not being able to attend now, that he fails to experience the raptures of the soul that come so readily to him who is prepared when accentuated by the company of Israel's hosts. We should honor God in his temple where worship is wont to be made. The social features of the Church should not be underestimated, for, indeed, they have an appreciable effect upon the growth of the soul.

We gather strength by listening to the experiences of others. When our cups are running over we meet those whose condition is not so fortunate. Contact with such tempers our enthusiasm, preventing our approaching an extreme. If, on the contrary, we have grown weary of trying to resist temptation, of living as a Christian, if the Satanic forces are about to enter the walls of our hearts, then, what a haven of refuge is the Church! There we see the time-worn saint whose struggles with temptations are over, who have no more battles to fight, for they are acknowledged victors and Satan has ceased to attack them. They rest in a heavenly calm. The mere contemplation of these holy characters inspires the drooping spirit with renewed life. Then it is that the choir may be silenced, that exhortation may be hushed, for we hear the whisperings of the Father's voice in the contemplation of the saint's beatific face. Angels seem to be hovering near wreathing his face in heavenly smiles.

Outside of public and private worship, there are other important duties that must be executed if the Christian grows in grace. These have to do with the more practical phases of our Christian life. We cannot long sustain the spirit unless we afford it exercise. I shall not dwell on the many ways that we may exercise and demonstrate our love for God, thus developing the soul, for these things are clearly, plainly and beautifully given us in Christ's own language.

He has said, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Again, "Ye are the light of the world." What a glorious exaltation should thrill our souls to have the Lord say that we are the light of the world! How needful, how serious the responsibility of suiting ourselves to this Divine compliment! Christian virtues shield us from temptation. If we are depressed and dispirited, if shadows fall about us, we are enabled by the exercise of Christian virtues to see in store bright rewards that comfort and console us. In performing our obligations to God we unfetter the soul and it measures up more fully to his expectations. Let your souls rise on wings of joy, for "great is your reward in heaven."

SETH R. STEELE.
1815 North Seventh, Waco, Texas.



The Home Circle

THE PILGRIM.

I'm tired now, and weary and worn;
I've made life's journey and all alone.
I've gone through the desert's scorching sands,
Nor questioned God's holy commands.
I've walked in the wilderness lone and drear,
Only stopping awhile for a prayer or a tear.
I've climbed the rough rocky mountain peak,
Alone with my God, a moment to speak.
Then down through the valley I would go,
My burden as heavy as ever before.
Sometimes my feet were so bruised and sore;
I felt I could carry the burden no more.
But shining before me was Bethlehem's star
Which told me the gates of heaven were ajar.
So I kept on the journey and at last I am here,
Kneeling at the feet of my Savior so dear.
My burden is gone as all burdens do,
When you reach the home of the faithful and true.
And tho' very tired when reached heaven above
I shall sit at His feet, and rest in His love.

ADA GILL.

Oakwood, Texas.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE IN ISSUE OF OCTOBER 24:

"Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? For riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven."—Proverbs 23:5.

SCOLDING A DAUGHTER.

"What will your mother say when she sees you, Louise?"

"It is what she will not say which troubles me most," was the frank rejoinder, as the girl glanced down at the pretty white dress, so fresh and dainty only an hour ago, but now limp and bedraggled from the shower which had been threatening ever since morning, and had at last caught both girls half a mile from home.

Marjory Evans looked at her friend with some curiosity. Louise was wont to make queer remarks occasionally, but this struck her as being rather more peculiar than usual.

"My mother never nags," Louise went on to say. "If I have done anything contrary to her wishes, she never says, 'I told you so!' or, 'It serves you right!' or any of those hateful reminders that make you feel as if you didn't care, and often goad you on to telling her so."

"You don't mean to say, Louise Moore, that your mother will not scold you when she sees that rain-soaked dress? I heard her advise you twice to take an umbrella. Why, my mother would talk about it for a week!" exclaimed Marjory, looking at her friend with astonishment.

"There is a difference in mothers," was the quiet reply. "Mine believes in making me 'work out my own salvation,' as she calls it, from the wholesome lesson I have learned. Do you think I shall be likely to wear a clean white dress again when it looks showery, without taking an umbrella?" Louise turned her face toward Marjory as she spoke, and shook out the limp folds of her skirt, smiling ruefully.

"I think I see what you mean," replied Marjory, eyeing Louise critically. "Your mother prefers to have you do the scolding, instead of her—silent scolding, of course. Come to think of it, it is more satisfactory. It saves lots of hard feelings, too. I wish my mother was that kind of a woman."

The girls had by this time reached the home of Louise, and Majory was very willing to stop and dry her wet skirts after being assured that Louise was in no danger of a reprimand. Besides, she was curious to see a mother who could so control her desire to bring the full force of her indiscretion home to the mind of her daughter as to view the ruined daintiness of her attire without a word of blame.

As Louise stepped inside the door her mother's eyes rested for a moment upon her clinging drapery, and then she quietly suggested that it would be wise for her to change her clothes as soon as possible.

"I have laid out some dry clothing on your bed," she said, cheerfully assisting Louise to remove her refractory hat-pins.

Meanwhile Majory had been given a seat beside the kitchen stove, with instructions to dry her wet feet until the shower should have passed over. Mrs. Moore talked to her pleasantly and cheerfully, without any embarrassing allusions to the unfortunate situation.

When Louise entered the room a few minutes later in clean, dry clothing, Marjory was puzzled by the expression upon her usually happy countenance. It was the grieved look of a child who has disobeyed and seeks forgiveness.

"I don't believe I should look like that if my mother were to receive me as cordially as Mrs. Moore has welcomed Louise, after I had got caught in a soaking rain, tricked out in finery which I had been advised not to wear, into the bargain. I guess Louise is right; mothers are not all alike," her thoughts ran on.

Her surprise was greater, however, when Louise went up to her mother and wound an arm around her neck, saying: "It wasn't your fault I got wet, was it, Mumsie dear?"

"No, daughter, our mistakes are generally our own fault; that is what makes their consequences often so hard to bear," was the loving response, as Mrs. Moore drew the encircling arm closer.

"She didn't even reprove Louise, mamma!" declared Marjory, an hour later, when she was relating the circumstances to her mother, after she had listened to the usual flow of words regarding her own carelessness.

"She must be a very indifferent mother, then," was the disapproving answer. "If I were to adopt the same course with you, land knows what you would come to!"

Yet as Mrs. Evans noted the rebellious look which instantly settled upon her daughter's face, she almost regretted that she had allowed her thoughts thus to express themselves.

"I've a mind to try Mrs. Moore's plan, some time, and see how it works. Marjory always was a child of strange ideas, and this strikes me as being about visionary enough to take her fancy," Mrs. Evans reasoned with herself as Majory passed out of the room, the cloud still upon her brow.

Several days went by before Mrs. Evans had a chance to try her experiment. Majory came home from school, one afternoon, with a long rent across the front of her dress—her best dress, too. Majory had been set upon wearing it, as there were to be exercises of a patriotic nature at school that afternoon, and all of the girls were going to "dress up," she said. "I'll be very careful of it, mamma," Marjory had urged. And her mother, remembering her resolve, had made no further opposition.

The clock upon the mantel ticked loudly, but its strokes could not deaden the steady thump, thump, thump of Marjory's heart as she stood waiting, with an expression of stoical indifference upon her face, for the tirade which she had every reason to expect would follow the first glance of her mother's eye at the unsightly rent.

But as the moments passed and her mother still continued to sew on, steadily, rapidly and silently, she began to think that she might not have noticed her dress. Wishing to have the scolding over with as soon as possible, and unable longer to endure the painful silence, Marjory suddenly stepped up in front of her mother and said, with an air of defiance:

"I caught my dress on one of the desks and tore it, mamma. What are you going to do to me?"

Mrs. Evans had been bracing herself for the moment, which she, too, had been dreading. She had been so used to expressing herself in sharp reproachful language that it was with a great effort she forced herself to say quietly, as she viewed the ugly rent:

"I don't see as I can do anything except mend it; but I am afraid I cannot do it very neatly."

A wave of color surged over Marjory's expressive face as she impulsively burst forth:

"You can't tell how sorry I am, mamma. I expected you would scold me, and I wasn't going to care, but now—now—mamma, I am sorrier than if you had scolded me."

Majory threw her arms around her mother and cried aloud.

"Is it possible that I have been the cause of all Majory's petulance and ill-temper?" thought Mrs. Evans, as she gathered the sobbing child into her arms and pressed kiss after kiss upon her tear-stained cheek.

"Mother has been all wrong, dear, but she has learned a lesson, and you have been her teacher," she said, in an unsteady voice.

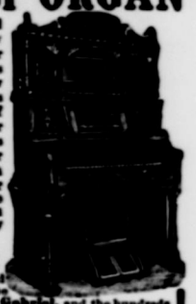
"What can I have taught you, mamma?" asked Majory, lifting her head from her mother's shoulder, with a puzzled expression upon her face.

"Patience and self-control, dear—two virtues which it is very difficult to acquire," was the mother's humble answer.—Helen M. Richardson.

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GETTING RID OF CARE.

A Christian woman whose husband was despondent, and almost in despair, so that he was ready to give up life itself, because everything was against him, came down stairs one morning with a gloomy countenance, and even her husband was surprised to find that the one that had always upheld him was in deeper despondency even than himself. He immediately began to try to console her, and asked what it was that had so distressed her. She refused all his encouragements and told him it was no use, she had given up all hope for she had just had a dream that God was dead, and all the angels were going to his funeral. Her husband tried for a while to talk her out of her foolish fears, telling her that God could not die, and that it was only a dream. She suddenly changed her countenance and her tone and said: "My dear husband, I will believe you, but why don't you believe your own gospel, and cease to act as if God were really dead." He was not slow to see the point of her sharp lesson, and immediately confessed the sin of his doubts and fears, and said: "I see that I have been believing in God without trusting him." Oh, how many there are who do believe in God, and would argue strenously against the idea that he could die or fail, but they are not really putting the weight of their troubles upon him. We shall surely have our troubles, but the time to trust is just when things are darkest.

DON'T SLOUCH.

Don't slouch along in your gait as though you were afraid to raise your feet. Show by your carriage that you are worth considering. Step lively, as though you had some business in hand, even if you have not. Never permit your physical standard to drop. Keep up your vigor. Walk as though you were going to do something. Don't shuffle like the failures we see sitting on the park benches with their hands in their pockets.

Don't give people the impression that you are discouraged. Hustle right along. The boy who thoroughly believes in himself walks with his head up, his chin in, his shoulders back and his chest out. Stand erect. Be a man. Don't slouch. You can not aspire to accomplish great and noble deeds if you assume the gait of a tramp. You were created to walk upright. Put character, energy, strength and rustle into your walk, and after a while you won't have to walk.—Selected.

UNCLE FIXIT.

"Baby broke his horse," piped a wee voice.

"Well, that's too bad," replied the mother. "You take it to Uncle Will and he'll fix it; but please try to be careful of your playthings, dear."

"All right," answered Russell, as he made his way out on the piazza, where his Uncle Will was reading.

"Hello, sonny; what's the trouble?"

"Please, uncle, fix it."

The little three-year-old, with his mother, was having a fine visit at the Maine Lodge. As fast as his toys needed repairing, Uncle Will came to the rescue and was the doctor for all their ills.

One sunny afternoon some friends came to see the little boy, and as a good lady was holding him in her lap she asked, "Now, little man, who is that lady?"

"Mother," quickly answered the little one.

"And who is that over there?"

"Dat's Uncle Fixit."—Marion C. Cutler.

WHAT TO DO WITH A BAD TEMPER.

Starve it. Give it nothing to feed on. When something tempts you to grow angry, do not yield to the temptation. It may for a minute or two be difficult to control yourself; but try it. Force yourself to do nothing, to say nothing, and the rising temper will be obliged to go down because it has nothing to hold it up. The person who can and does control tongue, hand, heart, in the face of great provocation, is a hero. The world may not hold him or her as such, but God does. The Bible says that he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.

What is gained by yielding to temper? For a moment there is a feeling of relief; but soon comes a sense of sorrow and shame, with a wish that the temper had been controlled. Friends are separated by a bad temper, trouble is caused by it, and the pain is given to others as well as self. That pain too often lasts for days, even years—sometimes for life. An outburst of temper is like the bursting of a steam boiler: it is impossible to tell beforehand what will be the result. The evil done may never be remedied. Starve your temper. It is not worth keeping alive. Let it die.—Unknown.

THE LOST KITTEN.

When Aunt Hitt began to ask questions she kept at least one person employed with little chance for any other than direct answers.

"What's become o' that likely kitten you had last time I was here?" she demanded of her small nephew. "I hope she wasn't poisoned like the other one you had two years ago, was she?"

"Oh, no'm, she—"

"Was she drowned, then?"

"No'm, she—"

"Stolen?"

"Oh, no'm, she—"

"Well, I would like to know what made you give away such a handsome kitten."

"We didn't; she—"

"Well, what's happened to her? Speak up, boy."

"S-s-she's growed into a cat!" gasped the small nephew, stammering in his haste.—Youth's Companion.

PLAYING ANIMALS.

The children were playing a game in which each chose to represent some animal and acted as much like it as they could. One boy kept very quiet, and the teacher said to him:

"Why don't you take part in the game, too?"

"Sh-h-h!" answered the boy; "I am a cat watching a mouse hole; don't scare the mouse."—Exchange.

SCHOOL TEACHERS

Also Have Things to Learn.

"For many years I have used coffee and refused to be convinced of its bad effects upon the human system," writes a veteran school teacher.

"Ten years ago I was obliged to give up my much loved work in the public schools after years of continuous labor. I had developed a well defined case of chronic coffee poisoning.

"The troubles were constipation, flutterings of the heart, a thumping in the top of my head and various parts of my body, twitching of my limbs, shaking of my head and, at times after exertion, a general "gone" feeling with a toper's desire for very strong coffee. I was a nervous wreck for years.

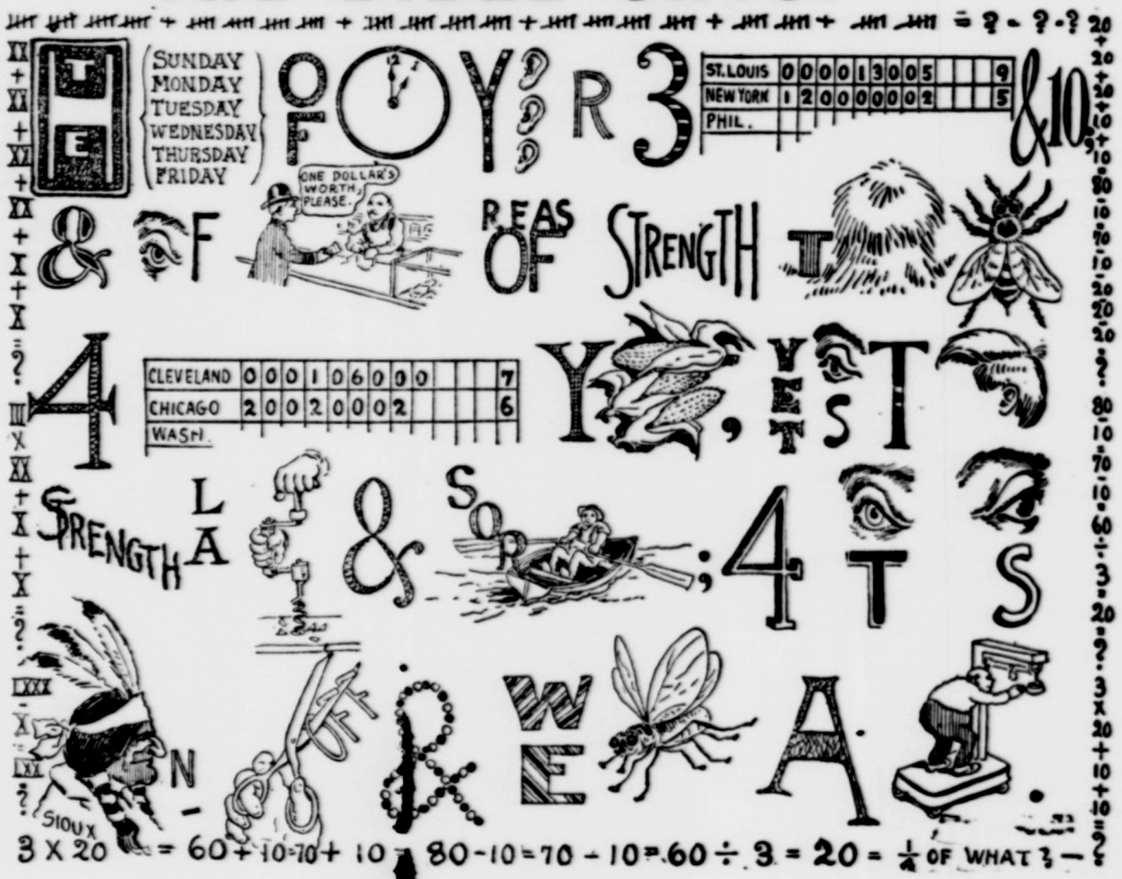
"A short time ago friends came to visit us and they brought a package of Postum with them, and urged me to try it. I was prejudiced because some years ago I had drunk a cup of weak, tasteless stuff called Postum which I did not like at all.

"This time, however, my friend made the Postum according to directions on the package, and it won me. Suddenly I found myself improving in a most decided fashion.

"The odor of boiling coffee no longer tempts me. I am so greatly benefited by Postum that if I continue to improve as I am now, I'll begin to think I have found the Fountain of Perpetual Youth. This is no fancy letter but stubborn facts which I am glad to make known."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

THE BIBLE SAYS:—



MY SAY ON ROMANS 6:4.

I will state what I believe and then give my reasons:

1. This baptism puts us into Christ and into his death. "So many of us were (or are) baptized into Jesus Christ were (or are) baptized into his death."

2. We are buried with him into death and not into water, nor earth nor cave.

3. The man that is buried is not the same man that is raised. The "old man" is buried and the "new man" is raised.

4. This burial and resurrection are by the Spirit. "For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body." We are, then, "members of his body, of his flesh and of his bones."—1 Cor. 12: 13; Eph. 5:30.

5. This baptism is our salvation.

Now let us see what Paul means by these terms. By the term, bury, nothing is meant but a separation of the dead from the living. All manner of burials are separations. The wicked king was dragged out like a dead beast, was exposed to the heat of the day and to the frost of the night, and this is called a burial. His "dead body" was separated from the living of the city. See Jer. 22:19; 36:30. In 1 Tim. 5:6 Paul says, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." Alive to the world, dead to God; connected with the world, separated from God. In Col. 3:3 he says, "For ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God." We see from these statements that every man is in a state of death and life at all times—dead to God, alive to the world; dead to the world, alive to God.

The use of these terms is peculiar to Paul, and for this reason, Paul must tell us what he means by them. No other author can define his terms or explain his meaning. Others speak of passing from death unto life and from life to death, but no other gives this idea of being in death and life at the same time.

According to our author there are two men, one of which we may or must have our being, never in both at the same time. The "old man" is the man of sin before conversion, and the "new man" is the man of righteousness after conversion. In Eph. 4:22 and Col. 3:9 he tells us that this "old man" had been "put off" and in these same places he says the "new man" has been "put on." In Romans 6:6 this same "old man" is "crucified." In three places this "old man" is called a "body." Now, this body is made up of so many members just as all other bodies are made up of members. The body of Christ is "many members, yet one body" (1 Cor. 12:20). The members of this "body of sin" are mentioned in Col. 3:5: "Mortify your members, * * * fornication, uncleanliness," etc. The members of this "body of sin" are at least twenty-three, as mentioned in Romans 1:29-31. They are mentioned in several other places. This "body of sin" is called the "body of death" in Romans 7:24. Now Paul says, "Our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed." After the crucifixion, the death of this body, comes the burial. So the "old man" is dead and buried, and is not to live any more. He must remain buried. "How shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?" The idea is, that sinning must as surely cease as our activity stops when we are physically dead.

"We that are dead to sin." How can we die to sin? Just as our Savior did. "For in that he died, he died unto sin once." How did he die unto sin? He was "made under the law," Gal. 4:4. Christ came into the sinner's place as a condemned sinner, and was thus under sin, and was connected with sinners, lived and walked among sinners, was tempted, persecuted and slain by sinners. Now, when he died, he died to all this and was, by his death, separated from all sin and all sinners. After the resurrection he did not appear to sinners and had no more to do with them. How did he live? "But in that he liveth, he liveth unto God." Now Paul is perfectly clear in using his types, figures of speech, or signs. He says: "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ, our Lord." V. 11. Here he makes the death and resurrection of Christ a type or sign of our passing from the death of sin to the life of righteousness. Now Peter uses this same illustration: "Who his ownself bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness, by whose stripes ye were healed." Peter 2:24. Who is it that is raised from the dead to "walk in newness of life?" It is not the "old man," but the "new man." This "new man" is our changed condition. Seeing ye have put on the "new man," which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him. Col. 3:9-10. "That ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." Eph. 4:24. We are not baptized into his death without being also into his resurrection. "Buried with him in (by) baptism, wherein (or whereby) also ye are risen with him." Col. 2:11. This ought to be "by" and "whereby" because burial and resurrection are the results of baptism; not the act of baptism, but the effect of it.

Why make this death, burial and resurrection an effect of baptism? Because Christ was baptized on the cross with his own blood. See Isa. 63:1-3, Lu. 12:50, Mark 10:38, Matt.20:22. In this baptism by his own blood he tasted death, and passed from under the dominion of sin. Now when we are baptized by one spirit into one body we taste the death of sin in our repentance, and in our newness of life we taste the "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," which is our witness that we are the children of God.

Christ's baptism on the cross was a baptism in which, according to Isa. 63:3, his own garments were stained by the sprinkling of blood upon them, and we are to have his blood sprinkled on us. "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit unto obedience, and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ." Peter 1:1-2. "How much more shall the blood of Christ . . .purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God." Heb. 9:14. Here Paul says just what it says in Rom. 6:4 and Col. 2:12. Here we are delivered from death or dead works by the sprinkling of blood, and there we are delivered from the death of sin by being baptized into Christ. The mode and effect of this baptism is unmistakable in Heb. 10: 22, "Let us draw near with a true heart with full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water." More light is thrown upon the mode of this double washing or cleansing by the witness of the prophet (see Acts 10:43) who speaks of this same double cleansing of heart and body, but not in the same order. "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean (washed) from all your filthiness, and from all idols will I cleanse (or wash) you. A new heart also will I give you." Ezk. 36:25-6.

Here are death to sin, idolatry, the old man crucified, and the new man or new heart that walks in newness of life after the Spirit, and not after the flesh.

Once more: Peter says that baptism save us by the resurrection of Christ, rather by the resurrection and ascension. He takes the pains to explain that it is not the baptism of the flesh, but the baptism that gives us a good conscience toward God. In making this statement I do not give the idea of many, but I am sustained in my position by Heb. 10:22, where the evil conscience is changed to a good conscience toward God by being baptized with the blood of Jesus Christ.

So baptism is our salvation and sprinkling is our salvation; they are therefore the same. We are crucified and buried to the world by having our hearts sprinkled from an evil or worldly conscience. A. C. BENSON.



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THE WORLD NEEDS MEN.

The imperative needs of the world are always apparent. This fact has never been more strikingly demonstrated than during the past two decades. International commerce has become more general, and the nations of the globe coming into constant contact enlarges the responsibilities of each. It takes men to promote and sustain equitable relations. We have had Wm. E. Gladstone, England's "grand old man," and Prince von Bismarck of Germany, and many others whose noble "oversoul" has purified and ennobled their ethics to the extent that the whole world has been benefited both politically and socially. These men have simply met the exigencies of the times as becomes men of mentality and moral stamina. While they have been lifted to pre-eminence in the world, we cannot but see that it was the logical sequence of things. They had talents, and opportunities were presented for the exercise of their gifts; they were men of integrity and, realizing the responsibilities involved, acted.

What is true in this great world of affairs is true also in even the most isolated community in Texas. Men are needed who will mold and shape sentiment to conform to the most noble ethical standards. There are men of parts in all communities, who, if they would only brush the cobwebs from the chambers of their hearts, and launch out into the depths, could stem the trend of the times and inaugurate a new regime that would have as its main purpose the ennobling of humanity, and the courting of higher ideals. Thousands are doing this very thing, while many thousands more are slighting natural opportunities.

It seems that men do not realize the obligations devolving upon them. If you have an opportunity you have a responsibility. "Opportunity makes responsibility." I have seen men of parts who lived groveling and degraded lives. They seemed to think that life was a farce or a comedy and it was theirs to play the part of the fool. They pandered to instinct to lead them on, and would not listen to the voice of reason, that would elevate them to the sphere of noble purpose. There are men who waste their substance in riotous living that could be as Gladstone, Bismarck or Franklin. The responsibility is not lessened because the opportunity is slighted.

The world needs men. It needs men who will promote principles. Judging from the recreations that men in general give their minds, it seems that the nonsensical and silly appeals to them more than the sensible and solid. Humanity in general devours the so-called funny supplement of the Sunday papers with insatiable greed. Society has literally imbibed the post-card craze, and it seems that the post-card that is vulgarest and silliest is the most popular.

The morning sunbeams kiss the nectared dews from the lips of the blushing rose; amid the tops of the tall pines the gentle zephyrs are chanting a sad requiem to departing time; the stars in heaven are singing songs of hope and gladness; a dove is calling to his mate in tones that are loving and true. Man, alone, is alien to the purpose for which he was made.

Let us be men!

J. HARTWELL MARABLE.

Wills Point, Texas.

FIRST INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY CONVENTION UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

The first International Missionary Convention under the direction of the Young People's Missionary Movement, will be held at Pittsburg, Pa., March 10, 11, 12, 1908. As the Young People's Missionary Movement is the organized agency for co-operative missionary education of the Home and Foreign Mission Boards of North America the success of the convention is assured.

At this early date the program can not be announced in detail, but a few items may be published. The foremost speakers in America on missionary topics, leading missionaries and influential native Christians will appear on the program. The music will be furnished by a male chorus of 200 voices. For the first time in North America moving pictures representing foreign mission scenes will be presented. Every effort is being made by the leaders to make this the greatest missionary convention ever held on the American continent.

Attendance at the convention is limited to persons selected by the Home and Foreign Mission Boards of Canada and the United States. The delegates will be self-entertaining.

To those who are unfamiliar with the Young People's Missionary Movement, under whose leadership the convention is to be held, a few words of explanation are necessary. The Movement was organized July 19, 1902, in response to a definite need expressed by the Mission Boards for assistance in an educational campaign in the Churches. The Board of Managers is made up of twenty Secretaries of Home and Foreign Mission Boards and nineteen laymen from the various Churches. All the plans of the Movement must be approved by the Board of Managers before they can be executed by the officers.

The aim of the Movement may be briefly stated as follows: To arouse an intelligent interest in Home and Foreign Missions among the younger laymen, members of the young people's societies, and the 14,000,000 members of the Sunday-schools of North America. The agencies for the realization of this aim are, first, the publication of suitable mission study text-books for the younger laymen and the members of the young people's societies; second, the publication of graded text-books and other missionary literature for use in the Sunday-school. This literature is all distributed through the Mission Boards and Societies of Canada and the United States.

Another method of educational work is that of holding summer conferences of about ten days' duration for the training of leaders in missionary work in the Churches. Another agency for training leaders is the Metropolitan Missionary Institute, held for three days during the fall and winter months in the leading cities. ED. F. COOK.

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OUR CONFERENCES.

North Texas, Sherman, Texas, Bishop Candler..Nov. 20
Texas, Houston, Texas, Bishop Candler.....Nov. 27

Subscribers who desire the Advocate discontinued must notify us at expiration either by letter or postal card. Otherwise they will be responsible for continuance and debt incurred thereby. We adopted the plan of continuance at the request and for the accommodation of our subscribers and they must in turn protect us by observing the rule which stands at the head of the first column on the eighth page.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Much inconvenience to the Advocate office and confusion and loss of time will be saved all parties interested if our correspondents will observe a few requests, to-wit:

1. Do not send money or any business for Texas Christian Advocate to anyone but Blaylock Pub. Co. or Texas Christian Advocate, Dallas, Texas.

2. Address all business letters touching subscriptions, changes of address, advertising, or other business matters, to Blaylock Publishing Co.

3. Do not address matter for publication to any individual—either editor or publisher—but to the Texas Christian Advocate. An individual may be out of the city; hence serious delays occur.

4. Bear in mind that all communications should be written on different sheets of paer from that intended for the business office and should be written on one side only.

Cooke County held a local option election last Saturday and the antis won by about 200 majority. This is to be regretted, since Cooke County is the only county in that part of North Texas where liquor is sold. But the antis polled nearly a solid negro vote, and hence their temporary victory. But they have only been given a temporary lease on life. The fight has just begun. It will never stop until the saloons are extinct in Cooke County.

The people of Callahan County have had a hard time to get local option established. Three years ago an election was held and the antis won by three majority. Two years later another one was held and the pros won by more than 100 majority; but it developed that the two years intervening lacked two days of being the valid time necessary to an election. As a result the election was declared null and void. Another one was ordered and it came off in last July and the pros won by nearly fifty majority. The antis contested the election and the trial was called a few days ago at Baird, the county site. The antis demanded a recount of the vote. This was proceeding, but when the court reached the Clyde box in the list, which gave a pro majority, the box was nowhere to be found. It was gone! Some anti had evidently stolen it. A few hours later the missing box was found not far in the country, with its contents scattered and bullet holes in it. The court had sufficient evidence to show what the majority at that voting place was and that the election was regular, and the decision was rendered in favor of local option. There is no limit to the lawless spirit of the liquor business. It will resort to any crime or trick to carry its point. On with the battle!

A FEW DAYS AT THE OKLAHOMA CONFERENCE.

The Oklahoma Conference met at Durant last week. Bishop Key was in charge. Durant is a town of nearly five thousand population, situated at the intersection of the M., K. & T. and the Frisco Railways, some twenty miles beyond Denison. It is the shire town of Bryan County, named after the great Commoner. It has a good character of business houses, built of brick and stone, and they carry a large stock of all kinds of goods. It has three prosperous National banks, and they seem to be in a flourishing condition. It has a good system of public schools. The people are cosmopolitan, having gone there from all sections of our country. While they make a composite society, nevertheless they are a sturdy and homogeneous community. They are full of energy and thrift—just the sort of people to make a community great in its wealth, moral character and intellectual worth. The very spirit that prompted them to leave their old homes to seek better ones in a new country will make them progressive and successful. And these statements are applicable to the people generally who make up the citizenship of the new State.

Durant is situated in one of the most fertile sections of Oklahoma. Its soil is of a chocolate color and very productive. It produces cotton, corn, wheat, grasses, fruits and vegetables of every description. It is fairly well settled, and people are moving in from all directions. In the course of a very few years it will have a large population. On last Saturday the new State was ushered in, and the whole of Oklahoma was in one outburst of enthusiasm and delight. The people in all the county sites and celebrated the event. Prayers were offered, "America" was sung, and addresses delivered. In Durant a public meeting was held, presided over by Bishop Key. It met in the Court House. The Bishop opened the exercises with prayer, the old song, "How Firm a Foundation," was sung and speeches of congratulation were made by Dr. Ditzler, Dr. W. B. Palmore, and others. Then the county officers took the oath and were sworn in. It did not take but a few minutes for the new State to take on the obligation of self-government. At ten o'clock in Washington President Roosevelt issued the proclamation announcing Oklahoma a member of the federation of States, and in two hours all the officers elected by the people were in charge of the State government, from the Governor on down to the Precinct Constable. In a few weeks the Legislature will be in session, and then laws will be passed making the different sections of the Constitution effective and operative. Then the new State will enter upon a career of development and prosperity beyond anything dreamed of by its citizens. Oklahoma is the first State to come into the Union with absolute prohibition. By a vote of twenty thousand majority, the people decided, at the time they adopted their Constitution, that the new State should be forever free from the licensed liquor traffic. Therefore, as this bright star takes its place in the galaxy of States, it is untarnished by this curse of all curses. And such is the stringency of their prohibition amendment, and such are the drastic penalties annexed, that the man or the men who attempt to override the law will meet with severe treatment; for the new State has a Governor who is determined to see to it that all the laws shall be inflexibly enforced. He is said to be a man of stalwart convictions and persistent determination. At the time of his candidacy he made bold to espouse the cause of prohibition. The people who elected him thoroughly understood his position on this and all other issues entering into the campaign. He will make good every promise made to the people. Therefore, we congratulate the people of this our youngest State upon the fact that they have thrown off the swaddling clothes of Uncle Sam, taken on the garments of self-government, and that they have elected such a set of clean and correct officers to administer their affairs.

The Oklahoma Conference has more than two hundred clerical members, and their work covers the entire new State. It was organized about fifty years ago, but has made slow growth because of the fact that it was under territorial government, and land titles were of an unstable character. People, for a long time, were slow to move in and become permanent citizens. Hence the conference, for years, did its work among the Indians and the few scattered communities found in the country. Within the past ten or fifteen years, however, people have been moving into both Territories, particularly since the National Government opened up some of those vast sections for settlement. Now the new State has a little more than a million and a half people.

During these latter years the work of the conference has made good progress. But it will now enter upon a marvelous growth, and, within a few years, it will not only cease to be a Missionary Conference, but it will be one of the largest conferences in the connection. It has the preachers, the laymen and the country for this sort of growth. And their hopes are bright, their purposes strong and their inspiration is deep and far-reaching. They see great things just ahead of them.

Bishop Key, the grand old man of Southern Methodism, had the session in hand, and he guided its proceedings with dispatch and wisdom. He is one of the best Bishops in the chair. He never becomes nervous or restive. His self-poise is a marvel. He looks after all the details, never gets in a hurry, gives every man a chance, keeps the body in a good humar and never makes a mistake in his rulings. Those brethren respect and love him like a father, and he loves them like sons in the gospel. The reports of the preachers showed growth and fullness. Good meetings had been held, conversions and accessions had been many, and material improvements are on the move. The men are strong and vigorous, capable of hard service, and alive to the situation. Many of them had served very hard and difficult works, their pay had been meager; but there was no murmuring or complaining. They have in their make-up the elements of heroism. They are not afraid of work, and it will not be long until they will see the labor of their hands established. Many church enterprises are on foot. We can not even mention them all, but among them is the splendid edifice in process of erection in Oklahoma City under the pastorate of Rev. P. R. Knickerbocker, and the one nearly finished at Tulsa, under the pastorate of Rev. J. H. Ball. These two structures would do credit to any city in the Southwest. But there are others too numerous to record. Brother Parks and his people at Durant have just finished a splendid building, and the conference held its session within its walls. It will be seen from the appointments that many new works were organized and several new presiding elders appointed. Bishop Key has accepted the suggestion that all complaints against this offce can be reduced to a minimum by making quadrennial changes in the men who occupy it, and he is correct. Watch the Oklahoma Conference for the next few years and see if the statement is not true. It will be furthermore observed that the work among the Indian tribes of the new State is now reorganized. They have been set off into a district or districts of their own, and a special man or men placed over them. From this time on more of the money appropriated to this Mission Conference will go directly toward the development of the religious life of these tribes. They already have native preachers of their own, who will continue members of the conference, but who will be directed and aided by this new arrangement. At the same time, a larger number of the mission appointments of the conference among the new settlers will be found in the self-supporting column. The fact is, many radical changes were made in the work of this conference, and we believe them for the good of all concerned. A goodly number of native Indian preachers are in the conference, and they are a well-dressed and intelligent body of men. Christianity has done the same for them and for their people that it has done for the whites. They make good ministers and good members when converted and given proper attention.

A large per cent of the ministers are from Texas. We have sent a great many of them up there, and they are doing good service. Quite a number are from Arkansas, and not a few from Missouri, while scattering ones are from nearly all the conferences in the connection. Just as soon as they all coalesce and become homogeneous, which they are rapidly doing, it will be a magnificent body of men. The conference took high ground in their educational interests. They are joint owners with the Northern Church of the Epworth University at Oklahoma City, and the conference pledged itself to its earnest support. Some of the members are just a trifle doubtful as to the outcome of this double-header affair, but by a large majority they voted their allegiance to its fortunes. They also appointed a Commissioner of Education to solicit funds and students for it. We must confess that we are slightly dubious of the arrangement, but we trust it will work out to a successful and harmonious issue. Dr Brandford, a leading minister of the Northern Church, is Chancellor of the institution, and he was present and addressed the conference. He also remained through its proceedings. He is a scholarly and brotherly man.

The connectional brethren were present in force. In fact, they monopolized much of the attention of the conference. Drs. Alexander, Nelson, Winton, Moore, McMurry, Waterhouse and others made frequent and lengthy addresses. We had a fine time with our editorial confreres. Dr. Palmore, the tall and stalwart Missourian towered up like Saul among his brethren; Dr. Winton, modest, unobtrusive, affable, represented the Nashville Advocate, aided by Dr. Moore, with his anecdotes, quick wit and lovable spirit; Dr. Alexander, not unlike Vice-President Fairbanks in his appearance, and versatile and accurate in his scholarship, looked after the Review; Rev. James A. Anderson, LL.D., familiarly known as "Jack," kept an eye on the welfare of the Arkansas Methodist, which is the organ of the conference; while the writer gathered up the fragments for the Texas advocate It was good to meet these brethren, shake hands, extend brotherly greetings and mingle with the members of the conference. We often find it necessary to give each other a dig under the editorial ribs once in a while, but not one semblance of unkind feeling finds an abiding place in our hearts. We be brethren, though we do differ on some questions of doctrine and polity, or rather in our methods of interpreting these matters.

Texas was well represented in the person of Milton Hotchkiss, who did much of the preaching; Emmet Hightower, who made a special address on the Sunday-school Board work; M. L. Hamilton, J. P. Lowry, E. L. Egger, O. F. Sensabaugh, L. S. Barton, H. A. Boaz, W. C. Everett, and several others. The brethren were accorded a full welcome. It was good to be there. The religious spirit was fine, and the social element superb. For genuine enjoyment, there is no gathering that surpasses an Annual Conference session. The community entertained the conference and the visitors handsomely. We were fortunate to enjoy the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. White, formerly of Greenville, Texas. They opened their home to a dozen or more of the brethren. But they were only practicing the Texas habit up in Oklahoma. They were good Methodists down this way, and they are just as good up there in the new Commonwealth.

NORTHWEST TEXAS CONFERENCE NOTES.

The Bishop and his cabinet made quite a number of changes in the appointments, as the published list will show. But, in a conference as large as this one, frequent changes often follow.

Rev. W. E. Boggs D. D., formerly of the North Texas Conference, but more recently in the Louisiana Conference, comes to Fifth Street, Waco. For four years he served the First Church, Shreveport, then one year as Financial Agent of Centenary College, and in both places he did a fine work. He is a cultured Christian gentleman and a superb preacher. Dr. Boggs is a reader of good books, an earnest student, and a man of scholarly attainments. He is the peer of any preacher in Texas.

Rev. W. H. Matthews goes from Fifth Street, Waco, to Mulkey Memorial, Fort Worth. He did excellent service at his former charge, and the Mulkey people are to be congratulated upon their good fortune in securing Brother Matthews as their pastor. He is one of the best men in the conference.

Rev. C. W. Hearon takes a long jump from Fort Worth to Chillicothe, but he is young and vigorous and has lots of energy to expend. He is one of the promising young men of the conference, and the Panhandle will find him true and faithful.

Rev. T. B. Hilburn, one of the best field hands in the conference, goes from Chillicothe to Shamrock—not In Ireland, but in the Panhandle. He did good work last year, and his people will find in him a man who will do all the work of a Methodist preacher.

Rev. R. B. Bonner, after having done remarkably fine work at Quanah, goes to Memphis—not in Tennessee, but in the Panhandle. We had occasion to be with him on more than one occasion in Quanah, and he was master of that situation during his whole term of service. Memphis is fortunate to secure his services, since it was necessary to make those changes.

Rev. J. W. Fort goes to Quanah. This will be his first experience in that section, but the Quanah people will find him a man worthy of their support and co-operation. He makes a long move, but he goes to a delightful place.

Rev. S. J. Rucker takes a long leap from Mexia to Abilene, but he is equal to the task. He leaves one good place, but he will find another one just as good at Abilene. He is a good preacher, a successful pastor and a man of worth on all parts of the ground.

Rev. J. C. Mims goes from Weatherford to Mexia. Last year his work was a great success, and the Mexia people will find him wonderfully adapted to the pastorate. He is an educated man, a good preacher and a painstaking pastor.

Rev. T. S. Armstrong goes to Weatherford. He has long been one of the faithful members of the conference, and he is capable of unlimited work. He is robust in health, sunny in disposition, companionable in nature, a strong, earnest preacher and a royal friend. There is not a truer man in Texas Methodism than Tom Armstrong, as he is familiarly called. The Weatherford people will find him first-class in every particular.

Rev. C. S. Fields is continued in the Sunday-school field work. He has proved himself wonderfully adapted to that sort of service. During the past year he held thirty-six institutes, increased the collections from the Children's Day service largely, and in many other ways promoted the interest of this great cause. He and his good wife are helping the pastors and presiding elders to a marked extent

in the Sunday-school work of the conference. Their headquarters will continue at Fort Worth.

Not a presiding elder was changed, simply from the fact that the full four years consecutively on any given district had not expired. This fact left the men in this office intact for another year. But next year several of them will close their quadrennial service, and then there will be some shaking up in that position. There is a growing tendency throughout the Church not to impose the irksome duties of this office on any one man longer than four years, and it is best that the brethren and the laity are taking this view of the situation.

Rev. Emmet Hightower, after several years of faithful service at Belton, goes to Morrow Street, Waco. He is one of the most competent men in the conference. He is a student, a thoughtful preacher, a careful pastor and one of the manliest men. He will render excellent service to the people of his new charge, and they will find him worthy of their co-operation. In fact, he is capable of filling the most responsible charges in his conference.

Rev. S. J. Vaughan, after some good work at Mineral Wells, retraces his steps and returns to the far West. This time he stops at Merkel, one of the best charges in that section of the conference. They have a splendid church edifice and a good membership. Brother Vaughan will prove a wise leader and an instructive preacher.

The two new districts showed wonderful growth and development. They cover an immense territory, but they are well manned, and they have two strong and aggressive men to lead them. Brothers Griswold and Hardy are men of decided characters, and they are not afraid of work. And the men associated with them are of heroic type. That great western section will bring things to pass for our Zion.

Rev. C. G. Shutt, after doing heroic work for Sunday-schools and in revival meetings in the far West, is now at Hutto, in Williamson County. Brother Shutt is one of the field hands, and he works persistently. On all the old phases of Methodists he is as sound as a gold dollar, and he never makes any compromises with the world. Religion is religion without crimps with him, and he preaches it accordingly.

John M. Barcus is one of the best Secretaries in the Church, and the brethren keep him at that sort of work. He has associated with him a most capable set of assistants, and they keep all the records of the conference in first-class condition. He knows his business, and then he is courteous and considerate, and always ready to give information to those seeking it about any part of the proceedings. A good Conference Secretary is a great boon to the conference.

WE ARE NOT A CANDIDATE.

The St. Louis Advocate suggests the following:

The National Prohibition Convention has never been held west of the Mississippi. By all means let us have this convention in Kansas City in 1908. And let us nominate some such men as Governor Glenn, of North Carolina, and Doctor Rankin, of Texas. Think of carrying the Solid South, including Oklahoma, Kansas, the two Dakotas, Indiana and Ohio!

In the first place we are not out after office and in the second place we have no affiliation with the Prohibition party. Our political faith is of another type and we are now too old to change our politics. A San Antonio paper the other day made the announcement that Texas would have to reckon with our candidacy for Governor at no distant date. Well, hardly. We hold a higher commission than any State or any National Government can bestow. With that we are more than content. With politics, as such, we are not concerned, but we do feel an interest in the morals of politics and in the character of men who hold our high offices. But as for holding any political office, we have never dreamed of any such thing. But, as a matter of fact, we presume that our St. Louis confrere, as well as the San Antonio paper, is simply indulging in a bit of humor. That we stand for the extermination of the liquor traffic, there is none to question. But our fight for that result is a part of the ministry to which the Lord has called us.

Our Southern Methodist exchanges are giving special attention to the question of prohibition. In Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Missouri, Alabama, Kentucky, Mississippi and Louisiana our Methodist papers are giving forth no uncertain sound. Their columns are vibrating with the temperance movement. We often wonder of late if any of their readers will accuse them of stressing this issue too strongly. Once in awhile you find some one of the over-cautious temperament who is troubled with fears of this character. But all over the South the great masses of our preachers and of our laymen, led by their organs, are in the forefront of this battle royal. Texas is not one whit behind them in this conflict. On with the battle!

Bishop Candler, after his arduous work at Yoakum and Amarillo, dropped down to this city for a few days of rest before taking hold of the North Texas Conference proceedings. But a man of his vital interest in the Church can not rest long. So last Sunday morning he went to Trinity Church and preached a sermon, to the edification of a good congregation. The Daily News published a goodly portion of the discourse in its Monday edition, and it made good reading. The Bishop went to Sherman last Monday to take in the situation before the opening session of his next conference.

All the Dallas congregations have sent their pastors to the North Texas Conference at Sherman with full reports. The little money stringency made the home stretch a little strenuous, but they all made the landing successfully, and the preachers carried a clean balance sheet to Sherman. Dallas Methodism is a robust proposition, and it usually does things up in good style. These people are all well pleased with their pastors, and none of them expect any change in their preachers. Oak Lawn, of course, will get a new pastor, since Rev. C. C. Young was only temporary in his appointment to fill out an unexpired term. He was appointed to a charge in the West Texas Conference.

Rev. John E. Green, of the Texas Conference, and Field Editor of the Advocate, has been induced to publish in pamphlet form his "Railroad Sermon," and we have a copy of it before us. We have heard Brother Green preach the sermon several times, and it always takes with the railroad boys. Like Brother Green himself, the sermon is a unique production. Had it never been prepared, the reading public would be without it. There never has been another one. It stands out solitary and alone in the sermonic literature of Methodism, not to say the world. Brother Green has a style peculiarly his own, and this sermon bears the stamp of his own mind and heart. If you never heard him preach it, write to him for a copy. It will do you good.

It will be seen from the published appointments of the Oklahoma Conference that Rev. A. F. Scales is presiding elder of the Oklahoma District. He started out in the North Texas Conference, did excellent work for several years and then transferred to Oklahoma. While there he did the best spiritual wodk in Sherman for one year of almost any man who has ever served that Charge, but he was moved at the close of the year. In the Oklahoma Conference he has forged to the front and is one of its prominent leaders.

PERSONALS.

Rev W. J. Land, of Thornton, graced the Advocate sanctum the past week. He served Cotton Gin charge last year, made a good report and will enter with zest on his new work.

Rev. C. M. Cagle, of Beckville charge, visited Dallas the past week. He reports his work in good condition and he expects to carrry a good report to Houston. We enjoyed a season with him.

Rev. Horace Bishop, D. D., of the Corsicana District, has been visiting his daughters in this city—Mrs. Dr. Baird and Mrs. Henry Jackson—and while here made the Advocate a brotherly visit.

Rev. J. L. James, formerly of the Oklahoma Conference, but now of the Northwest Texas Conference, and appointed as teacher in the Blooming Grave Institute, passed through the city this week en route to his new work and called on the Advocate force.

ALLEN MEMORIAL CHAPEL, AT OXFORD, GA.

By Bishop Seth Ward.

That Young J. Allen was one of the greatest contributions that Southern Methodism has made to the world is a statement that will hardly be challenged. His life belongs to the human race. His faith, his character, his service enrich the world and honor the Church at whose altars he was reared and in whose name he went forth to serve. A gospel that can produce such type of manhood and inspire such measure of service needs not to search the records of the past to find the final credentials of its divinity. However, it is not my purpose now to pay tribute to that deceased Apostle to the East who is honored and mourned by at least three continents, but to commend most heartily the efforts that are being made to erect a suitable hall on the campus of Emory College as a memorial to Emory's distinguished son.

That we owe such action to the memory of Dr. Allen is perhaps the least of the reasons to be urged in support of this movement. We do not need to perpetuate his fame. The world will not forget him. No history of the awakening and regeneration of Asia will fail to tell of his work. When, in the years to come, the annals of this great missionary era are read, the story of Allen's endurance and achievements will stir the hearts of men and reflect luster on the age in which he lived.

But we do owe it to the young manhood of our Church to express in no uncertain way the esteem in which we hold the life and work of such a man. When we pay high honor to the name of Young J. Allen we say to every son of our Southland that it is worth while to live a life like that. Life given for Christ's sake and the world's sake is far greater than a life saved for one's own sake. Great service rendered to mankind is better than great possessions acquired for one's self. If ever we cease to stand for such ideals of life we shall cease to have a living message for the world. Let the chapel to be erected at Oxford worthily express our appreciation of that splendid life that scorned the allurements of ease and courted the privilege of sacrifice for the sake of Christ and his gospel.

And let it be clearly understood that our prime motive is to do honor to the memory of Dr. Allen. Emory College needs the chapel, but a chapel may be built at any time. It is not proposed to take advantage of this occasion merely for the purpose of raising needed funds. We are not attempting to make merchandise of the fame of that great Georgian and great Christian who sleeps yonder in China's soil, but in all sincerity we pay tribute to his worth and do honor to ourselves by expressing in permanent and useful form our gratitude for his life.

Of course every son of Emory will wish to have some part in this most worthy enterprise, and many besides, Methodists and others, will desire to join our Georgia brethren in doing honor to one who belonged to us all.

(Parties desiring to have a part in this memorial will send cash or subscription to James E. Dickey, Oxford, Ga.—Ed.)

A HOGSHEAD OF CIDER.

Daives Herkimer, the noted political economist, said of modern politics, in an address on reform:

"Modern politics are entirely too tricky. The average candidate, when he enters the political struggle, lets plain dealing go by the board. What, then, is the result? The result is something altogether worthless—something that reminds me of a western clergyman.

"This clergyman was fond of cider. His congregation, meeting secretly last autumn, decided that it would surprise him with a hogshead of the beverage he loved, and arranged to hold a surprise party at the manse, each guest to bring a demijohn of cider, and to empty it into a huge hogshead in the garden.

"The party duly came off. The guests brought their demijohns, emptied them into the hogshead, and feasted afterwards in the manse on apples, nuts and gingerbread.

"At the height of the feasting the clergyman host was told of the full hogshead that stood without the door, and, overjoyed, the good man said to his servant:

"'Jane, take a pitcher, fill it at the hogshead, and bring it in that we may sample it.'

"The maid withdrew into the darkness, and soon returned with a pitcher brimming with—clear water!

"For each tricky guest had filled his demijohn at the pump, thinking that amid so much cider his aqueous contribution would escape unnoticed.

But this trickery, like the trickery of modern politics, had been a little too unanimous.

ECHOES OF CONFERENCE.

H. G. H.

Nobody objected at conference to the special addresses or talks made by McMurry on church extension, Chappell on Sunday-schools, Carter on the Mexicans, Stuart on superannuates, Hammond on education, Fisher on Corsonal, Hyer on Southwestern, Gilbert on the negroes, Morris on his work, Vaughan on the orphans, Moore on the Advocate, and some others; no objection to these at all, but some of them were too long and too dry. No time—or hardly any time—was given the brethren to look into and probably discuss some important conference matters—some of which seemed to be hurriedly passed over. The members of the West Texas conference are not given to speech-making as this scribe can testify. When so much time was taken up with specials a naturally modest man would refrain from appearing on the floor—largely for lack of time. Far more attention might with good results have been given the Rescue Home, the problem of foreigners in our midst, the Woman's Home Mission Society, the large and growing Mexican population, methods of collections, the spread of our frontier work, the Epworth League, revivals, circulation of the Advocate and books, and many other things. Nobody wants to thrust himself forward—none to enter into acrimonious discussion. But it is in the interest of conference work that members need a little more time from listening to special talks to enter into some features of home conference work.

A BRITISH VOICE.

The October London Quarterly Review says of "The Symbol of Methodism:" "Considerable discussion has taken place of late, particularly in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, as to the desirability of preparing a world-wide Methodist creed....Dr. DuBose (in 'The Symbol of Methodism'), without taking any decided part in this discussion, furnishes a valuable contribution to it by giving a carefully prepared account of the Twenty-five Articles, as regards their origin, history, authority and uses. He has read widely, and uses his learning with judgment and skill. The work which he has undertaken needed to be done, and he has done it well. The book will, of course, be chiefly useful in America; but it is full of significance for British and other Methodists."

KIND WORDS FOR PASTOR.

I am sorry we will lose our dear pastor, Bro. C. F. McKenney. He has done the people much good by preaching the gospel. We regret very much to lose him. He seems very near and dear to us. He was reared in this country and was loved by all who knew him and we wish him well wherever he may go. May God's richest blessing ever rest on him and his dear family. IVA HILBURN.

Dike, Texas.

Catarrh

Whether it is of the nose, throat, stomach, bowels, or more delicate organs, catarrh is always debilitating and should have attention.

The discharge from the mucous membrane is because this is kept in a state of inflammation by an impure condition of the blood. Therefore, to cure, take the best blood purifier,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

In usual liquid form or chocolated tablets known as **Sarsatabs.** 100 doses $1.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

Whereas, After a short illness, our beloved teacher of the Bible class of the Wheatland Sunday-school, Mrs. Ellen B. Uhl, has been taken by the Allwise Providence from her home here among loving friends to live forever with Christ, the greatest of friends in that glorious home called heaven; whereas, Mrs. Uhl was a devoted mother and wife, a lovely type of true Christian womanhood, and one whose life had ever been an incentive to all that was pure and good; be it

Resolved, That her death will be a deeply felt loss to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of which she had long been an active member to the Wheatland Sunday-school in which she was an earnest and faithful worker and to the community where she was unanimously respected, honored and loved.

Resolved, That the Wheatland Sunday-school, joined by her many friends, extend to the bereaved family their sincerest sympathy.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the immediate relatives, to the Texas Christian Advocate and entered upon the minutes of the Sunday-school.

WHEATLAND M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH, SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

A NEWSY LETTER.

I reached Opelika, Lee County, Ala., October 6; began work at once and on October 14 she rolled up a majority for us of 1020. I then went to Birmingham, Jefferson County, and there we had a fight that will go down in history. On the day of the election 6000 women and children met at the Capitol Park with many carriages and automobiles decorated with white ribbon and banners and we moved down the street like a tidal wave to each voting place. Men stood and cheered and waved their hats as their children and loved ones moved on toward victory. All day the women worked and prayed and the children sang and marched, and when the snowstorm of purity had dropped each white flake upon the altar of government we had 1739 majority. Old Birmingham was lifted nearer the gates of heaven that night than she had ever been before, and a strange astral phenomenon hung over the city in the shape of a white hand that no one has attempted to explain, but hundreds stood gazing in awe. Mothers smiled and said, "The hand of peace over our poor rum-cursed city at last!" The others said it is the gaunt hand of want because the city is robbed of revenue.

Well, I wish I had the papers to send you. Mrs. Munger, formerly of Texas, proved a tower of strength to me and turned over her handsome car to me, from which I directed the movements of our workers all day.

I then went to Gadsden, in Etowah County, and closed their campaign where we secured a victory of 1500. Then to Newmarket, in Morgan County, and organized and started them off. They vote on the 9th. Then I came here. Will be here till Sunday, November 10th, at which time I shall go to the National W. C. T. U. Convention in Nashville.

I have letters from many other States. It seems the tidal wave is sweeping our entire country. My heart ever turns toward dear old Texas. For my own land I pray as I see these great victories. We think Alabama will pass a State Prohibition law when her extra session meets, as the Governor has declared in favor of it and Senator Carmichael has announced that he will introduce the bill immediately upon its opening.

I shall probably remain in Tennessee for some special work about two weeks after the convention. "On to Victory" is my slogan.

MRS. NANNIE CURTIS.

INSURE THE CHURCH

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NOT IN THE INSURANCE COMBINE.

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Epworth League Department

GUS. W. THOMASSON....EDITOR
Van Alstyne, Texas.

All communications intended for publication in this department and all papers with articles to be commented upon should be addressed to the League Editor.

The following rules should be observed in remitting money on account of the State Organization: Local Chapter dues should be sent to Frank L. McNeny, Dallas. Assembly funds should be sent to Theo. Bering, Jr., Houston.

✣

State League Cabinet.

President, Allan K. Ragsdale, Dallas.
First Vice-President, J. E. Blair, San Marcos.
Second Vice-President, Miss Mattie Harris, Dallas.
Third Vice-President, P. W. Horn, Houston.
Fourth Vice-President, Miss Sallie Hartigan, Waco.
Secretary-Treasurer, Frank L. McNeny, Dallas.
Junior Superintendent, Mrs. W. F. Robertson, Gonzales.
Chairman Board of Trustees, T. S. Armstrong, Waco.
Secretary Board of Trustees, A. J. Weeks, San Antonio.

✣

Fourth Annual Encampment, Epworth-by-the-Sea, August 5-15, 1908.

✣

NOTES.

The League Department of the Raleigh Christian Advocate comes out with a brand new heading, giving a full list of all State officers and District Secretaries. The name and address of the League Editor, Rev. Euclid McWhorter, Maxton, North Carolina, is given, and we note that the name of Miss Carrie Dosher, of Southport, North Carolina, is given as assistant editor. All this is a decided improvement and we congratulate our brother editor most heartily. Surely with two League editors the Old Norun State will be much heard from. So mote it be.

✣

Rev. E. C. McVoy, the pastor of Troost Avenue Church, Kansas City, has been made president of the General Pastors' Alliance of that city.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

Bro. McVoy was at one time a League leader in Texas, and he made a success here of his work as he is in Missouri.

✣

Just now when so much is being said in our several papers about district organization, the following paragraph from the Canadian Epworth Era, as reflecting the sentiment of our brethren in the Dominion, will be of interest. We quote:

"Some one remarked the other day, that it was an evidence of declining power that the Epworth League did not hold any great International Convention during the past summer. Well, that is a matter of opinion, but we do not believe that the big convention is by any means the thermometer of the League. The absence of a big singing, shouting, banner-waving crowd is no evidence that the young people's movement is not going ahead. The real work of the Epworth League is done at the small district conventions, and these were never better attended or more efficient than to-day."

✣

The Epworth Era is now giving much space to Texas League news from the pens of special correspondents in the several conferences, and from that of Bro. Stokey, the State Press Reporter. We are glad to see an awakening along this line. Texas Leaguedom owes much to the Era.

✣

President Ragsdale and Chairman Armstrong are making vigorous efforts to place at least one bond in each League Chapter just now, so that the needed funds for raising the deficit on the improvements at Epworth-by-the Sea may be speedily had. We wish we could say something to stimulate our Leagues to responsive action, for surely there never was a more worthy call. Let our Leaguers read Bro. Armstrong's recent appeal for a clear statement of the needs at this time. This appeal appeared in the League department two weeks back. Look it up; read it, and then act.

G. W. T.

✣

FROM MISS WYNN.

To the Texas Leaguers:

My Dear Friends—Ever since I got back from my trip to Epworth it has been in my heart to write to you, telling you what a great blessing my few days' stay among you in August was to me.

But my hands have been very busy during these weeks that have intervened. As you know, we had just moved into our new building, so that when I got back everything had to be gotten ready for the opening of school. On account of lack of funds we have not been able to do a great many things that we wanted to do, but we were reasonably fixed for the opening of school the first Monday in September.

Our house last year was too small for the school, so that we were crowded all year and had to constantly refuse to take boarding pupils. This year we have plenty of room and we are growing all the time. At present there are fifty-three boarding pupils in the house, ranging from four to twenty years of age. Besides Miss Jones, my associate missionary, there are six teachers in the house; two members of the school faculty live at home. A great many of our children belong in a very peculiar sense to the Texas Leaguers, because you are supporting them here, and I believe your prayers are ascending constantly in their behalf. Among our day pupils we count a number of Catholic children. Pray that we may be given the tact and wisdom to win these children for our Master.

I want to take advantage of the League page of the Advocate to speak to a great many League workers whom I cannot write to individually. There were a number at Epworth who said to me, "We want to help, but can't do much." Dear friends, I come to you now with something that you can help in. We have to have a music teacher in our mission school; our children are being educated to be useful in after life, especially in the school and church work, and there a great many of them who must learn music. Then, too, the music teacher has charge of special choruses and all such things in the school. But I haven't the appropriation to pay her salary, so I have come to the Leaguers, and I am confidently expecting you to take up this matter and put it through. The teacher is Miss Eula Thomas, from Bro. Simeon Shaw's Church at Temple, Texas. She is a Texas Leaguer, a fine teacher, and has a true missionary spirit. I want twenty Leaguers to pledge $2 each, monthly, for Miss Thomas' salary—or more money and less Leagues if you care to. But, friends, I must have this help if it is possible to get it. I know Mr. Thomasson will publish the list until the amount is completed, and you can send the money to me monthly. I wish I had time to tell you what possibilities there are for good in this small amount that you will be putting into missions. Don't forget. I am fully expecting Miss Thomas' salary for November and the succeeding months.

Although I have been very busy, still the memory of Epworth-by-the Sea lingers with me as a glad and sacred experience. I might almost wish for you that you had experienced the loneliness and longing to see the faces of friends such as I had experienced in order that you might know all the joy that was mine. I like to close my eyes and hear the sound of the grand, old waves dashing against the shore, and feel the sea breeze blow across mw brow, and at the same time hear Mr. Ramsay as he leads in those beautiful songs. Or, again, how good it seems to feel, as it were, the sympathetic hand-grasp of friends, new and old, and to see in the eyes of old and young the tears that speak to us of a common love for our Master and his cause. Yes; it was all "Just like his great love."

God bless Texas Leaguedom and Epworth and Mr. Ragsdale. Yours, saved to serve, NORWOOD E. WYNN.

Guadalajara, Jal., Nov. 7.

✣

FROM CORN HILL.

We have organized a League here with twenty-two members. The following officers were elected: Lon Woodward, president; R. N. O'Neal, first vice-president; Miss Cora Hampton, second vice-president; Miss Myrtle Woodward, third vice-president; Shaver Stevenson, secretary-treasurer; Miss Myhtis O'Neal, organist.

The last three meetings were at high water mark. I am expecting great things here of our young people. R. N. O'NEAL.

Corn Hill, Texas.

✣

THE JAPANESE BOOKMARKS.

When Bro. W. A. Wilson asked me to help him sell some of the beautiful little bookmarks for the purpose of enabling his congregation at Kitsuki, Japan, to build a parsonage and church, it gave me a very great deal of pleasure. I asked a number of our League workers to help me and it seems to have given many of them pleasure. I have recently sent out samples to many others and have heard, as yet, from only a few. I hope that each of those who received the two bookmarks from me will sell the two and remit me the 25 cents, and also send me an order for as many more of the fifteen-cent kind as they can. I hope they will do this without making it necessary for me to write them a letter. I don't mind the two-cent stamp, but it is quite a little tax upon Mrs. Swope to have to write unnecessary letters when I keep her so busy writing the necessary ones, and I am so situated that I cannot write them myself because of lack of time. So I would ask that those who are helping will let me hear from those right away with a nice order. Those who have ordered might improve their opportunities and order again. If any of you have not helped, send me 15 cents and get one of the marks, and then go out and get some orders. Bear in mind that every nickel of this money goes to Bro. J. D. Hamilton and is sent to the Church at Kitsuki, Japan, and our Japanese converts to Christianity are given a demonstration of how anxious we are to help them. They make the bookmarks because they have not money to give and we surely ought to buy them.

The following is a statement of the orders received up to October 31:

Previously reported	$77 50
Miss Eva Sanders, Center	1 60
Tabernacle League, Houston	1 60
Miss Mary Wolf, First Church, Dallas	75
T. B. Warwick, Texarkana	50
Miss Georgia Bowman, Mooreville	1 90
Mrs. L. P. Smith, Whitesboro	6 25
Total to October 31	$94 50

These bookmarks are pretty and they are useful. We ought to be glad to put 15 cents into this mission church. If we don't pass our blessings we won't get any new ones. When I was a child we used to play a game where we were told to "Hold fast to all I give you," and, do you know, I do believe that many of our Christians are trying to do that with their blessings. I have remarked before that the Leaguer who holds fast to all his blessings and doesn't pass them along, generally doesn't have much to hold fast to. So let everybody send me an order for at least one fifteen-cent mark. I am willing to pay the postage and write the letter (or rather Mrs. Swope is) if you send the order. Come, brother, sister; let's make a handsome Christmas gift to that little Church at Kitsuki. TOM C. SWOPE.

2306 Genessee St., Houston, Texas.

✣

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

We quote this week an article in the Texas Advocate on District Organization, written by Mr. Ralph A. Porter, of Dallas, Texas. Read it, Epworth Leaguer, every word, and meditate thereon, then get to work and see what you can do for our Missouri District work. We must have better district organization. No chain is stronger than its weakest link, and this is the most important link in the chain of the State League. We are more and more impressed with this need as time after time we fail in our effort to secure systematic and definite information of the condition and work of the League.—Miss Katherine Nave, League Editor in St. Louis Advocate.

✣

Springfield, Fla.

We found a large and flourishing League here on a recent visit to this charge. The devotional meeting was full of interest, a live leader and a number to assist in the service. Was glad to hear the voices of young men. The Boys' League and the Juniors, met in the afternoon. We were sorry not to be able to meet with them, but we heard good reports of their work. Bro. N. H. Williams is one of our League pastors, as all ought to be.—The President, in Florida Advocate.

✣

Our friends, the Texans, realizing that business methods bring the best results, and that lasting success comes not without them, are inaugurating, or possibly we should say, have already inaugurated, a Forward Movement, funds arising from which at present, we understand, pay the expenses of the State headquarters office recently opened by President Ragsdale, and also of the manager of the hotel down at Epworth-by-the-sea, leaving intact the proceeds from bond sales for the work of improvement. Later on, when the work has grown larger, a kind of field secretary is to be put out, a man who can work up district rallies, put new life into local organizations—and build up the League work generally. Such a movement appears to us as most decidedly "Forward" in its trend and also a solution of quite the problem of Epworth Leaguedom. So can't we South Carolina Leaguers start one? We surely want the best ideas and plans, don't we, fellow Palmetto Leaguers?—Miss Mabel Montgomery, League Editor, in Southern Christian Advocate.

✣

Rev. J. B. Airey, the hustling President of the Alabama League Conference, keeps his work well in hand. His postcards, letterheads, etc., show that the League gets all the thought possible from a busy pastor. He deserves honorable mention for his intelligent enthusiasm. We can but predict that the Alabama League Conference will show healthy growth by the time of its next meeting.—Rev. W. G. Henry, League Editor in Alabama Advocate.

✣

Growth of Mission Study Class Enrollment.

(Based on the sale of text books)

17,000 members for 1902-03; 22,000 members for 1903-4; 50,000 members for 1904-5; 61,000 members for 1905-6; 100,000 members for 1906-7.—Southern Christian Advocate.

✣

SOME CANADIAN NOTES.

From the Canadian Epworth Era, the official organ of the young people's movement in Canada Methodism, we quote the following notes:

The League at Keewatin.

The pastor of our Church at Keewatin writes: "We have a most interesting Epworth League and generally well attended. We work all the departments and the literary work is not relegated to the background. We have had an evening with Ralph Connor, taking up two of his books, and also an "Evening with Wesley." These were very interesting and profitable. We are now arranging for Bible study. Variety is necessary to keep up interest and attendance."

✣

Stanstead District League.

The following officers were elected at East Bolton, Sept. 4:

Honorary President, Rev. G. S. Clendinnen, Stanstead; President, Rev. L. H. Fisher, Barnston; First Vice-President, Rev. S. F. Newton, Magog; Second Vice-President, Mrs. J. I. Hughes, Hattly; Third Vice-President, Miss M. Flint, Stanstead; Fourth Vice-President, Mrs. J. A. Miller, Mansonville; Fifth Vice-President, Miss J. Snyder, Coaticook; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Annie Williamson, Magog; Representative to Conference Executive, Rev. R. G. Peever, Coaticook, Quebec.

✣

Toronto Conference.

The biennial convention to the Toronto Conference Epworth League will be held in the town of Orillia, Oct. 16 and 17. A fine program is in course of preparation, which will include two addresses by Rev. S. T. Bartlett, Associate General Secretary, and other prominent workers. The constitution states that "All Leagues of Methodist Young People's Societies whose aims and methods of religious work are similar to those set forth in the Epworth League Constitution shall be eligible for representation, and entitled to vote at the Conference Convention, the scale of representation being one official delegate for every twenty members or fraction thereof." It is hoped that every League in the conference will be represented.

✣

Walkerton District.

Walkerton District Epworth League always holds its annual convention on Labor Day, and it is always well attended and successful. This year was no exception to the rule when the workers assembled in Elmwood. Delegates came in wagon loads from Walkerton, Hanover, Cargill, Paisley, etc. The church was well filled in the afternoon and crowded in the evening. A letter from the District Missionary, Rev Mr. Holmes, was read, cantaining much valuable information. Round Table Conferences were conducted on Sunday-school and Epworth League work by Rev. Dr. Crews, who also spoke in the evening.

The following officers were elected. President, H. P. Grinyer, Cargill; First Vice-President, Miss Rose, Chesley; Second Vice-President, Miss McGillivray, Elmwood; Third Vice-President, Miss Sanderson, Walkerton, Fourth Vice-President, Miss A. Garner, Hanover; Fifth Vice-President, Miss A. Zinkan, Southampton; Secretary, H. J. Moffatt, Cargill; Treasurer, Miss E. Robertson, Southampton; Conference Representative, Mr. Willoughby, Elmwood.

✣

Goderich District.

The Goderich District Summer School, which was held at Goderich, was of a most interesting and profaaable character. The large pavilion where the meetings were held was nicely filled in the afternoon and crowded at night. Speakers from outside the district were Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Rev. C. E. Manning, Rev. W. W. Prudham, and Evangelist Russell, who took charge of the Bible studies. Rev. Kenneth Beaton looked after the literature and conducted several conferences. An Epworth League of Christian Endeavor has been formed at Bethel Appointment, Broadview Circuit, Sask. The sum of $70 has been already subscribed for the Forward Movement.

NEW MEXICO CONFERENCE.

Albuquerque District.—First Round.

Tucumcari, Nov. 16, 17.
Puerto, at Quay, Nov. 23, 24.
Roosevelt, Nov. 30.
Floyd, at Hawkins, Dec. 7, 8.
Melrose, Dec. 9.
Clovis, Dec. 10.
Texico, Dec. 12.
Portales, Dec. 14, 15.
Elida, Dec. 16, 17.
Elida Circuit, Dec. 19, 20.
Kenna, Dec. 21, 22.
Grady, Dec. 28, 29.
Taiban, Jan. 4, 5.

B. T. JAMES, P. E.

El Paso District—First Round.

Marfa, November 23, 24.
Clint and Lamesa, at Lamesa, Nov. 30, Dec. 1.
Carrazozo, December 7, 8.
Tularosa, December 11.
Alamogordo, December 14, 15.
El Paso, Trinity, Dec. 21, 22.

J. B. COCHRAN, P. E.
1107 Boulevard, El Paso, Texas.

The dullest scissors can be sharpened if you try to cut, as it were, a coarse sewing needle with them.

A WOMAN'S APPEAL.

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbago, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 197, South Bend, Ind.

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Bad Odor of Indigestion, Smoking, Drinking or Eating Can Be Instantly Stopped.

Sample Package Mailed Free.

Other people notice your bad breath where you would not notice it at all. It is nauseating to other people to stand before them and while you are talking, giving them a whiff or two of your bad breath. It usually comes from food fermenting on your stomach. Sometimes you have it in the morning, —that awful sour, bilious, bad breath. You can stop that at once by swallowing one or two Stuart Charcoal Lozenges, the most powerful gas and odor absorbers ever prepared.

Sometimes your meals will reveal themselves in your breath to those who talk with you. "You've had onions," or "You've been eating cabbage," and all of a sudden you belch in the face of your friend. Charcoal is a wonderful absorber of odors, as everyone knows. That is why Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges are so quick to stop all gases and odors of odorous foods, or gas from indigestion.

Don't use breath perfumes. They never conceal the odor, and never absorb the gas that causes the odor. Besides, the very fact of using them reveals the reason for their use. Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges in the first place stop for good all sour brash belching of gas, and make your breath pure, fresh and sweet, just after you've eaten. Then no one will turn his face away from you when you breathe or talk; your breath will be pure and fresh, and besides your food will taste so much better to you at your next meal. Just try it.

Charcoal does other wonderful things, too. It carries away from your stomach and intestines, all the impurities there massed together and which causes the bad breath. Charcoal is a purifier as well as an absorber.

Charcoal is now by far the best, most easy and mild laxative known. A whole boxful will do no harm; in fact, the more you take the better. Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges are made of pure willow charcoal and mixed with just a faint flavor of honey to make them palatable for you, but not too sweet. You just chew them like candy. They are absolutely harmless.

Get a new, pure, sweet breath, freshen your stomach for your next meal, and keep the intestines in good working order. These two things are the secret of good health and long life. You can get all the charcoal necessary to do these wonderful but simple things by getting Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges. We want you to test these little wonder workers yourself before you buy them. So send us your full name and address for a free sample of Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges. Then after you have tried the sample, and been convinced, go to your druggist and get a 25c box of them. You'll feel better all over, more comfortable, and "cleaner" inside.

Send us your name and address today and we will at once send you by mail a sample package, free. Address F. A. Stewart Co., 200 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other malarious, Bilious, and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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WONDERFUL CURE

Great Suffering and Wonderful Cure of a Religious Woman in Kansas.

HER HUSBAND'S LETTER

He Says It is Next to Work of Miracles.

Have you ever read of the case of Mrs. C. R. Stone, of Lawrence, Kas., given up by many doctors to die, over 14 years ago, yet today alive and well, as a result of taking Wine of Cardui?

If not, the following letter from her husband will give you the details of her case. You will find it absorbingly interesting to read about.

My wife, the Rev. Mrs. C. R. Stone, was raised from the grave the doctors had given her up for, and restored to health by the virtue of the Cardui Home Treatment. She has now been taking Wine of Cardui since January, 1897. The ten years prior to that, she was a bed-ridden invalid, as a result of female troubles, two years of the ten helpless as a new-born babe. Our physician, no doubt, exerted his utmost ability to cure her, but failing, he wrote her parents that she could not live. Every physician called to see her, from time to time, decided, each in his turn, that it was useless to expect a cure, as it was contrary to the nature of her case for her to live. So it was only a question of time, some setting her death to occur within a month. In spite of this, she yet lives and is now well, and regular in her place in the different departments of church work. This beats being a constant bed-ridden invalid, at an annual expense of $100. Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught (like the apostles who healed the damsel that brought her master much gain) healed my wife, and the M. D.'s lost this regular income. I will gladly personally distribute some of your books, at my own expense, amongst people that I know will be benefited by Wine of Cardui. It is a pleasure to recommend so good a medicine, the result of using which is next to the work of miracles.

J. F. STONE.

Wine of Cardui is a gentle, non-intoxicating, strengthening tonic for women. It relieves pain, regulates irregularities, restores the functions and gives new life and energy to the weary frame. All druggists sell it in $1 bottles.

Free Medical Advice, and a valuable 64-page Book on Female Diseases, will be sent in plain wrapper to any lady who will address: Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

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SOME HINTS TO THE CHURCH.

Much is being written for the Church and even secular papers in regard to the small number of young men entering the ministry of the Churches of recent years. From all I read on the subject, it seems to prevail in Protestant Churches throughout the land. The causes of this dearth of applicants for the ministry are almost as many as the number of writers. I shall confine myself in this paper to what I conceive to be the great trouble in our own Church.

In the outset I wish to assert that I do not believe the matter of salary alone, is, or ever was, a great deterrent to keep men from the ministration of the gospel of Jesus Christ who were or are called to the ministry after having sincerely and scripturally repented of their sins, and regenerated by the Spirit of the Lord or made a new creature in Christ Jesus. Nor do I believe that "the higher criticism," nor any other ism, is responsible for the shortage in the ministerial supply of this day; indirectly it may insofar as it has interfered with the right and faithful preaching of the true gospel by the ministry who instructed the present generation of young men.

Never in the history of the Church were the ministry so well paid as they are today. I hazard nothing in saying that the ministry of today receives two-thirds more now than they did in the early years of my ministry, while every article of food and personal equipment costs twenty-five per cent more then than now. The smallness of the ministers' salary now, so frequently alleged as an adequate explanation of a lack of candidates, will not answer, for it would eliminate every factor of self-denial and reduce the ministry to a mere speculating, money-making profession.

While this may be effective in keeping some out of the ministry, it is a blessing to the Church and people generally that all such parsimonious spirits be kept out of the pulpits. Thank God for the many bright, promising young men here, there and everywhere! We have a living, praying Church and a faithful ministry, where men are consecrating themselves to the work of preaching a pure, straight gospel of salvation by faith in the atoning blood of Jesus. The doubting, unregenerated hesitate and drop out, but those who believe in Christ and the Bible as it is, with its great storehouse of truth, covet the privilege of preaching the truth and walking in the paths our fathers trod, have always a "thus saith the Lord" and a "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Without discussing the opinions of others, I call attention to the advice of our Lord, who said, as he looked upon a world desecrated by sin: "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he send more laborers into the vineyard." What we need is more prayer and less ritualism and dead formality; more of the stirring scriptural songs of Zion, sung by the whole congregation, and fewer solos in an unheard or unknown language; more earnest preaching of the doctrines taught in the Bible, and less science, and no higher criticism. "Not in the enticing words of man's wisdom," but in demonstration of the Spirit and earnest, unceasing prayer for more Spirit-called men to fill our pulpits. If the Bible was ever true, it is true today. If the doctrines contained in our Twenty-five Articles were true in 1784, they are yet true. In fact, truth never dies and cannot die.

I hear much about the supreme, exalted excellence of this fast age, and I know the facilities for gaining knowledge are much better now than they were even fifty years ago, but I deny the assertion often made that we have more profound scholarship than in any past age. In our Methodism where will we find scholars equal to, or superior to, Dr. Adam Clarke or John Wesley? And yet these great men are now often spoken of by some of our so-called advanced thinkers as old fossils, whose labors and researches after truth are discounted. Human nature has never changed. It is now just what it was in all the past, and the same doctrines preached and believed a hundred years ago by the people called Methodists will accomplish the same results now as they did then, provided the same prayerful earnestness accompanies the proclamation.

In my humble opinion the cause of the lack of sufficient ministeral supply may be found in the fact that this is an age of pomp and show. Pride has crept into our Church to such an extent that every applicant for the ministy must pass through a rigid examination before he is accepted, and unless the applicant has been to a college, the chances for admission are quite uncertain. The fact that the applicant may feel, "Woe is me, etc.," and the call is from God, yet man interposes and says no.

I lately noticed the plan of a church —a Methodist Church at that—to cost when fully completed, $75,000. It is to contain thirty-two rooms, two or three of these are parlors, a kitchen, dining room and pantry, a gymnasium or play room—the remaining rooms I will not mention. To my mind this is simply a waste of money and a fruitful cause of much friction and vast expense for years to come. I asked this question: Why not put $25,000 in this church and take the other $50,000 and erect ten other churches so much needed elsewhere? I fear we are committing a great wrong in trying to meet the extravagant demands of the world in the erection of gorgeous, showy, costly churches and grand school buildings.

Another growing evil in our Church is the demand for young men in the pastorate and the retirement of those who are so unfortunate as to pass their three score years. People now want a pulpit essay of from twenty to thirty minutes in delivery, after nearly an hour in solos of theatrical cast, and the rehearsal of the Apostles' Creed and other dead ritualistic rites and then hurry away to dinner. I have never heard a great sermon from any man delivered in twenty-five or thirty minutes. The very idea of any man who has a message to dying men being restricted to thirty minutes by his congregation is preposterous and can only result in failure to arouse interest or bring conviction to the unsaved who are without Christ, "dead in sin and exposed to eternal death."

Another growing hurt to our Church is the desire of contraction and the neglect of waste places in the country. Our country charges are more or less neglected and are often contracted instead of expanded. The history of Methodism proves beyond cavil that our country charges supply, largely, with pastors our pulpits. I, therefore, advise that more mission money, better or stronger preachers be given to our rural charges, with strong instructions to go into the by-ways and dark corners and preach the word and save the people. Let them be saved and God will call men to the ministry. Let us return to the old paths; get the people deeply convicted and thoroughly converted and we will not see 117 supplies needed in seven conferences lately held.

This much I have wanted to say, but as I am now past my three score and ten, I fear my advice will be ignored, but console myself with the thought that it is gratuitous.

Let me say for the information of my many friends that I am still a great sufferer. Last week I thought, in passing under the rod, I would pass through the gates. I came near the end, but the good Lord bade me wait. Fifty years ago I began my ministry. I have labored from the Gulf to Midland; traveled by every contrivance; preached, or rather tried to preach, thousands of times; baptized and married hundreds, and I am now doing my most trying and difficult task—to wait and suffer day after day in lonely helplessness is a trying ordeal. My faith in God is strong and it grows brighter in the eventide, and though he slay me yet will I trust him.

E. L. ARMSTRONG.

Corsicana, Texas.



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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

Warfare of many kinds belongs to this life. Byron, the great poet, said the world was a bundle of hay, and men the asses pulling at it. Another great poet said, "Man' inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn." But the warfare of which we wish to speak is the Christian warfare. For three and a half years our Savior engaged in a fierce conflict in establishing the religion that has blessed the world, and no difference how wonderful and great his work might be his enemies never ceased their opposition. All of his followers possess this legacy of warfare, and must meet the enemy, both seen and unseen, all along the way. Not only the evil tendencies of the flesh, but Satan, with all his machinations, is ready to strike whenever and wherever he finds a weak or an unguarded point in the Christian's life or character. But the blessed Lord, the captain of our salvation, has made every provision necessary for the safety of his followers in this great warfare. They never need lose a single battle. The holy Spirit is ready to guide and to strengthen, and a short, earnest prayer brings help in every time of need.

We have, too, so many precious promises. Besides all this he has given every soldier an armor: The helmet, breastplate, girdle, his feet are shod and then he has the sword and shield. What more could he desire? View this great soldier as he stands ready for the conflict.

Neither does he serve without reward. He has peace, joy and sweet fellowship all along the way, and at last a crown of everlasting life.

But secret enemies are not all with which the Christian has to contend. The arch enemy, Satan, has brought to his aid many evils that curse the world, and men are doing his dirty work all around us. The greatest of these, perhaps, is the whisky traffic. These enemies to all that is pure and holy are fighting hard; however, these brave soldiers of the cross have broken many of their lines of battle. The glad shout of victory echoes all through Georgia, on down through brave Alabama, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the young giant Oklahoma, and our own beloved Texas will contest every inch of ground. Let every soldier of the blessed Lord remember that he is fighting for all life holds dear, and there can be no surrender on any part of the line.

Remember, too, that every battle begets strength, and prepares the soldier of the cross for greater achievements in the future. If faithful, victory in the end is sure.

And when we have driven the last of this great enemy from our borders, and wiped out every vestige of his diabolical work, we can sing paeans of praise to our great Captain, and crown him Lord of lords, and King of kings.

J. R. TAYLOR, M. D.

A WELL KNOWN AUTHOR COMMITS A GRIEVOUS ERROR.

The Ft. Worth Record of October 21 quotes Opie Read as saying in an interview that "liquor has prevented as much insanity as it has caused."

In view of the prominence of the author of this statement as a writer and as a lecturer before Y. M. C. A. and other audiences, and in view of the broad circulation given it by the Record and its readers, the truth of the statement demands authentication.

That Mr. Read was misinformed is possible, but that he was not informed at all is more probable, for the statement is without foundation in fact and unworthy of belief.

Quoting from Krafft-Ebing's "Text Book of Insanity," which Dr. Frederick Peterson, of New York City, says "has been pre-eminently the clinical text-book of insanity for many years among most of the Continental Universities," we have the following conclusive testimony:

"The number of cases of insanity due to drink varies between one-ninth and one-third of the admissions to asylums, in accordance with class, nationality, climate, etc. In these figures we do not reckon the physically and morally degenerate, habitual drunkard who wanders about in society with detriment to the family, public morality and safety.

"The ways in which alcohol exert an injurious influence on the nervous system are varied. Of first importance is the direct, partly by means of chemic irritation, which changes the tissues and partly vaso-motor, for alcohol exerts a paralyzing effect upon the brain."

If these statements from one world-wide authority on mental diseases were not sufficient to totally disprove the truth of Mr. Read's statement, many similar ones could be gathered from the writings of such well known authorities as Henry T. Berkley, F. Savary Pearce, Archibald Church, Frederick Peterson, and numerous others, none of whom, however, have been educated up to Mr. Read's point of view where liquor is a preventive of insanity. About the only way that liquor could prevent insanity would be for it to get a man killed before it could make him crazy.

The spirit of levity and careless (or studied) inaccuracy with which many newspapers treat items pertaining to the use of liquor is largely responsible for the slowness on the part of the public generally in apprehending the fact that the drink evil is as a malignant cancer even now attacking the very vitals of our physical and moral existence.

J. M. HENSHAW.

Making Good.

There is no way of making *lasting* friends like "Making Good;" and Doctor Pierce's medicines well exemplify this, and their friends, after more than two decades of popularity, are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. They have "made good" and they have *not* made drunkards.

A good, honest, square-deal medicine of known composition is **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.** It still enjoys an immense sale, while most of the preparations that have come into prominence in the earlier period of its popularity have "gone by the board" and are never more heard of. There must be some reason for this long-time popularity and that is to be found in its superior merits. When once given a fair trial for weak stomach, or for liver and blood affections, its superior curative qualities are soon manifest; hence it has survived and grown in popular favor, while scores of less meritorious articles have suddenly flashed into favor for a brief period and then been as soon forgotten.

For a torpid liver with its attendant indigestion, dyspepsia, headache, perhaps dizziness, foul breath, nasty coated tongue, with bitter taste, loss of appetite, with distress after eating, nervousness and debility, nothing is so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's an honest, square-deal medicine with all its ingredients printed on bottle-wrapper—no secret, no hocus-pocus humbug, therefore *don't accept a substitute* that the dealer may possibly make a little bigger profit. *Insist* on your right to have what you call for.

Don't buy Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription expecting it to prove a "cure-all." It is only advised for woman's *special* ailments. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Less advertised than some preparations sold for like purposes, its sterling curative virtues still maintain its position in the front ranks, where it stood over two decades ago. As an invigorating tonic and strengthening nervine it is unequaled. It won't satisfy those who want "booze," for there is not a drop of alcohol in it.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, the *original* Little Liver Pills, although the first pill of their kind in the market, still lead, and when once tried are ever afterwards in favor. Easy to take as candy—one to three a dose. Much *imitated* but *never equaled.*

The Woman's Department

Mrs. Florence E. Hotwell, Editor, 170 Masten St., Dallas, Texas.

All communications in the interest of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and the Woman's Home Mission Society should be sent to the address of the Editor of the Woman's Department.

PRAYER.

I know not by what methods rare,
But this I know—God answers prayer.
I know that he has given his word,
Which tells me prayer is always heard,
And will be answered, soon or late,
And so I pray, and calmly wait.
I know not if the blessing sought
Will come in just the way I thought;
But leave my prayers with him alone,
Whose will is wiser than my own,
Assured that he will grant my quest,
Or send some answer far more blest!

—Selected.

The hand that gives gathers.

Do not cast reflections; do something to dispel the shadows of life.

THE ELIZA BOWMAN SCHOOL, CIENFUEGOS, CUBA.

We have received the following information from Mrs. S. C. Trueheart, the General Secretary of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, which we are glad to give to our readers:

"The building for the Eliza Bowman School, in Cienfuegos, Cuba, was paid for several months ago. The Woman's Board of Foreign Missions advanced $27,500, the price of the properrty, when the purchase was made. Of this amount the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, of the South Georgia Conference, is to pay $20,000. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, of the North Texas Conference, has paid on the purchase something over $2,600 cash through their appointed financial agent, Mr. J. H. Bowman, of Plano, Texas, and the Woman's Board has furnished the balance, and I am sorry to say we still owe for it, and are paying 6 per cent interest. The society of South Georgia pledged the sum of $20,000, but as it was necessary to buy at once, as the first offer of $25,000 for the property ran up in two or three weeks to $27,000, and promised to go still higher, so it was necessary if we wanted to buy at all to buy at once. The desks, etc., for the necessary equipment cost $580, which amount has not been paid."

(Ed. Woman's Department.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S HOME MISSION SOCIETY. NORTH TEXAS CONFERENCE HELD IN PARIS. OCTOBER 28.

Just eleven years ago the North Texas Conference Parsonage and Home Mission Society (as it was then called) met in Paris, in connection with the Annual Conference. At that meeting, very much against the wishes of many who predicted dire failure as the result, it was decided that from that time on the woman's meeting be held at a different time and place. Under the wise and prudent administration of Mrs. F. B. Carroll, then President ably assisted by Mrs. L. P. Smith, Corresponding Secretary, the work moved on with increasing momentum and interest, until today we rank in number and character of work done with any of our sister conferences. It thus seemed eminently fitting that in proof of the wisdom of this step the society should hold its twenty-first annual meeting in Paris, and truly no city has responded more cordially to the demands made upon her hospitality. There was nothing left undone that might in any way contribute to the comfort and happines of delegates and visitors. The pastors of the city gave not only of their substance and time, but literally themselves, to the help of the women that labor with them in the gospel. Beautiful flowers, entrancing music, splendid readings and lovely girls who acted as pages, were the artistic features of the occasion, which made an exquisite setting for the more serious affairs of the conference. The ministrations of Dr. A. L. Andrews at the noon hour devotional service each day were as ointment poured forth and were attended by great spiritual power, proving indeed feasts to the hungry soul.

Monday evening the conference was most charmingly entertained at Centenary Church by the Methodist ladies of Paris. After the addresses of welcome by Rev. J. F. Alderson for the city (in the unavoidable absence of Mayor Ed. H. McCuistion) and Mesdames J. F. Hooks and B. P. Lewis for the Home and Foreign Mission Societies, a splendidly rendered program was given in the auditorium. Then repairing to the basement, while dainty refreshments were being served, a social hour of pure enjoyment was participated in by all present. Friends of other days and years, with glad hearts met again, and even the stranger within our gates caught the infection of hearty good-will and fellowship and mingled with the happy throng as one in their midst. It was to all a feast of reason and flow of soul. But one discordant note marred the harmonious whole—the absence of our much-loved President, Mrs. L. H. Potts. What the North Texas Conference owes to this godly woman who sacrificed not only substance, but self, for the up-building of God's kingdom, eternity alone will reveal.

Mrs. L. P. Smith, who for so long stood shoulder to shoulder with her in home mission work, took up the reins laid down by her, and in the absence of Mrs. F. B. Carroll, First Vice-President, dispatched business with such ease, dignity, and in so systematic a manner that the conference was ready to adjourn at the close of the exercises Thursday evening.

Tuesday evening was given over to the anniversary service and city missions. Mrs. H. E. Jackson, Treasurer, in her report, showed a most gratifying increase over last year. Her recital of the wonderful manner in which God had led in the building of our Methodist Dormitory at Denton and the marvelous way in which the faith of his children had been honored in this enterprise to his glory and advancement of his cause, called forth from the audience present a note of triumph which voiced itself in "Praise God From Whom all Blessings Flow." Notwithstanding the report of the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. L. P. Smith, consisted principally of statistics, it was most interesting to home mission women, proving conclusively as it did that the leaven of our influence is permeating the hearts and homes of the women of Southern Methodism. The City Mission Board of Dallas was represented by Mrs. Henry Dorsey. Using the work done in that city as an illustration, she showed in a very concise manner the urgent necesity for such work in other cities. Her remarks were emphasized by Miss Adreansen, Head Resident of Dallas Wesley House, who spoke at length on City Missions. There was no heart present but was touched by the word-paintings, so true to life, of scenes incident to her daily life in the slum districts. With various interests to engage the thought, the Ann Browder Mission Home and Training School and its honored chief executive, Mrs. W. H. Johnson, continue to hold their own warm place in the affections of the people, and no report was so enthusiastically received as that from the auxiliary composed of the girls in the Home.

But, paramount to all else just now, must of necessity be the Dormitory, and Thursday evening, after a short business session, was devoted to its interests. Rev. T. H. Morris, who has been more or less identified with this institution since its inception, was given right of way, and for almost an hour he entertained an attentive audience with the history of the Dormitory, its connection with the College of Industrial Arts, and the great purpose and aim of the Home Mission Society in its construction. Mrs. Smith followed with a collection, and more than $1700 was secured in subscription and cash. Thus, indeed, notwithstanding the absence of several officers, which was a source of much regret, this was one of the most profitable, spiritually up-lifting and best attended sessions of the North Texas Conference Home Mission Society ever held.

MRS. P. C. ARCHER, Sec.

TO THE AUXILIARIES W. H. M. SOCIETY OF NORTH TEXAS CONFERENCE.

By the New President, Mrs. L. P. Smith.

We are now beginning another conference year, and we are all determined to make this the very best. The failure to report became such an old chestnut during our meeting in Paris that we determined that that should be cut out, and that we could relegate all such failures to the land of perpetual silence and have something new in the way of reporting. What do you say to a fine of one dollar every time an auxilary fails to report on time? You will all see the address in this issue of your District Secretary. Yours is the best one of all. I do not believe a finer band of ten can be found anywhere. They are earnest, intelligent and consecrated. If you will be true to them and give them hearty cooperation, we can break all former records. We have placed our standard in raising money for the Dormitory high, but not higher than by God's help, we can reach. There will be some individuals in each district that could give a hundred dollars, and others that would give smaller amounts, and then by earnest effort and an appeal to everyone—not only those in the auxiliary, but to all friends—we would see the goal of an average of $100 for each auxiliary in the district reached. The sooner this money can reach the Treasurer the better, because we can the sooner pay off debts and stop interest. You will all receive a prayer calendar card with the next quarter's literature. I hope all will use it. More things are wrought by prayer than this world wots of. The only change in Superintendents of departments is in the Second Vice-President, who is ex-officio the Superintendent of Tithing. Mrs. E. W. Harris has that position and must receive the reports for that. The report blanks will be sent out also this month. The Lord bless and keep us all. II Thess. 1:11, 12 and II Thess 2:16, 17.

TO AVOID PNEUMONIA.

The Chicago Tribune, after stating that pneumonia is becoming more prevalent, gives the following to avoid it.

Do not overheat the house. Most people habitually dwell in apartments the temperature of which is from three to ten degrees too high.

Wear light underwear and heavy overcoats, rather than heavy underwear and light overcoats.

Avoid mingling with crowds when extremely tired, or when food has not been taken for longer interval than usual. Avoid becoming chilled when overtired.

Admit into all rooms where you live and work plenty of sunlight and fresh air.

Keep warm when indoors, even if it is necessary to build fires in seasons when it is unusual to do so. Avoid indoor chill and dampness as much as possible. For this reason be care to remove the chill before moving into apartments freshly papered or calcimined.

If you have an attack of the grip, be unusually careful about your diet and about exposing yourself to the weather. Neglected colds develop into pneumonia with startling rapidity.

Take plenty of exercise in the fresh air. As good nursing is practically the only cure, so good living is practically the only preventive.

UNION MEETING.

The annual all-day meeting of the Woman's Foreign and Home Missionary Societies of the Methodists Churches of the Houston District was held at the Tabernacle Church, Houston, on Tuesday October 15, 1907. The weather was ideal and the attendance large. The morning session was devoted to the foreign society, Miss Henrietta DeChaumes, our faithful District Secretary, presiding.

The reports were creditable; St. Paul's and the Tabernacle societies deserve special mention. The latter has added sixteen members to the roll this year. We were proud to learrn that the Houston District was the banner district of the conference last year.

Mrs. J. E. Green, our Conference Corresponding Secretary, was present, and by her helpful advice added much to the interest of the meeting.

Owing to the absence of the District Secretary of the Home Mission Society, Mrs. Rockwell, President of the Tabernacle Society, presided at the afternoon session.

Four of the delegates gave brief talks on "Personal Work," which were good and were listened to with much interest.

Mrs. Baldwin, Press Superintendent, from St. Paul's, explained very clearly and satisfactorily the "duties of Press Superintendent" and "how to use the bulletins."

It was gratifying to learn from the delegates that "tithing" was increasing in popularity; and that ice cream suppers and bazaars were seldom resorted to for the purpose of raising money.

The ladies of the Tabernacle Church served a delightful lunch at noon, and did everything that could be done to make our meeting pleasant and profitable.

The following program was observed:

9:30 a. m.—Devotional services, Mrs. J. E. Green.

10 a. m.—Business session, Miss De Chaumes, presiding officer.

Hymn.

Paper, "The Supreme Business of the Church to Make Christ Known to All Men," Mrs. C. F. Smith.

Vocal duet, Mrs. E. P. Shannon and Miss Alexander.

Paper, "How to Interest the Secular Newspaper in Missions."

Discussion.

Paper, "Study and Prayer as Related to the Maintenance of Missionary Interest," Mrs. W. E. Ferguson.

Hymn.

14:30 a. m.—Devotional service, Mrs. D. Y. Howze.

12 m. to 1:30 p. m.—Luncheon.

1:30 p. m.—Devotional service, Miss Mattie Wright.

Brief talks—"Personal Work;" "The Home Mission," by members.

(a) "Duties of a Member;" (b) "Obligations of a Member," Mrs. Belle Blandin; (c) "Privileges and Pleasures," Mrs. J. B. Hank.

Quartette, Shearn Church.

"Work of Press Superintendent," Mrs. B. A. Baldwin.

Testimonials of what I have done for the work; what the work has done for me," delegates from all district auxiliaries.

(a) "As Benefits the Community," Miss Taylor.

(b) "As Benefits the Church, Mrs. John Charlton.

(c) "As Benefits the Auxiliary," Mrs. Sheldon.

(d) "As Benefits the Individual," Mrs. F. Williford.

Vocal solo, Mrs. I. L. Campbell.

"Work of Home Mission and Vice-President," Mrs Fonda.

MRS. P. W. HORN, Rec. Sec

MR. BRYAN'S ANSWER.

An Englishman told William Jennings Bryan that America is "wholy given over to commercialism." Mr. Bryan told him that to India, from which we never draw a dollar, we send annually almost as much money through missionary channels as does England, which annually draws from India $100,000,000. He could hardly credit the statement at first," said M. Bryan, "but I convinced him of its accuracy. I told my English friend that Grreat Britain spends ten times as much each year to maintain an army in India as she spends for education in that country. I told him that while we Americans can not boast that the sun never sets on our empire, we can boast that the sun never sets on our philanthropy."

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Missionary Creed.

We believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

We believe it is our duty to tell the heathen of the plan of salvation that God has promised through the death of His Son.

We therefore, engage to send them the Bread of Life by the hands of our missionaries.

We engage to pray for our missionaries.

We engage to do all in our power for the spread of the gospel on the earth, that Christ's kingdom may come.

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Covenant.

Grateful that "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Mindful that vast millions of women and girls never hear the "tidings of great joy," unless a Christian woman be sent to them.

Remembering that Jesus made loving obedience the supreme test of discipleship, and that his last most solemn command was, "Go teach all nations"—

I gladly enter into this covenant of obedience, that I will not cease to make offerings of prayer, time and money, to the end that the daughters of sorrow in heathen lands may know the love of Jesus.

One tablespoonful of pure sweet oil, taken three times a day after meals, will cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

Gatesville District—First Round.

Clifton Sta., Nov. 24, 25.
Meridian Sta., 7 p. m., Nov. 25.
Meridian and Womack, at W., 11 a. m., Nov. 26.
McGregor Sta., Nov. 30, Dec. 1.
Oglesby, at O., Dec. 7, 8.
Killeen Sta., 7 p. m., Dec. 11.
Nolanville, at N., 11 a. m., Dec. 12.
Jonesboro, at Levita, Dec. 14, 15.
Valley Mills, at V. M., Dec. 21, 22.
Gatesville Sta., Dec. 29, 30.
Hamilton Sta., Jan. 4, 5.
Evant, at Liberty, 11 a. m., Jan. 7.
Fairy and Cranfill's Gap, at Help, Jan. 11, 12.
Crawford, at C., Jan. 18, 19.
China Springs, C. S., 11 a. m., Jan. 21.
Gatesville Mis., Jan. 25, 26.
Turnersville, at Mt. Zion, Feb. 1, 2.
Pearl, at Pidcoke, Feb. 8, 9.
Copperas Cove, at Topsy, Feb. 15, 16.

J. M. SHERMAN, P. E.

Corsicana District—First Round.

The District Stewards will meet in First Church, Corsicana, December 4, at 1 o'clock. The stewards for the year will be installed at the 11 o'clock service, on this round.

Appointments.

Blooming Grove, at B. G., Dec. 1.
Mexia Circuit, at Shiloh, Dec. 7,8.
Mexia, at Mexia, Dec. 8, 9.
Richland, at R., 11 a. m., Dec. 10.
Wortham, at W., 7:30 p. m., Dec. 10.
Groesbeck, at G., 7:30 p. m., Dec 11.
Horn Hill, at H. H., 11 a. m., Dec. 12.
Thornton, at Steele's C., Dec. 14, 15.
Kirk at Kirk, 11 a. m., Dec. 17.
Munger, at Munger, 11 a. m., Dec. 19.
Coolidge, at C., 7:30 p. m., Dec. 19.
Corsicana, First C., 11 a.m., Dec. 22.
Eleventh Ave., 7.30 p. m., Dec. 22.
Alma, at Alma, Dec. 28, 29.
Rice and Chatfield, at R., Dec. 29, 30.
Kerens, at Kerens, 11 a. m., Jan. 2.
Corsicana Cir., Harrison's C., Jan 4, 5.
Irene at Salem, 11 a. m., Jan. 7.
Dawson, at Dawson, 11 a. m., Jan. 8.
Purdon, at Mt. Zion, Jan. 11, 12.
Brandon, at Mertens, Jan. 18, 19.
Frost, at Frost, Jan. 19, 20.
Barry, at Barry, Jan. 25, 26.

HORACE BISHOP, P. E.

Georgetown District—First Round.

Granger, at Granger, Nov. 23, 24.
Bartlett, Nov. 24, 25.
North Georgetown, at N. G., Nov. 30.
Georgetown, Dec. 1, 2.
Temple, 7th St., Dec. 7, 8.
Temple 1st Church, Dec. 8, 9.
Bruceville and Eddy, at E., Dec. 14, 15.
Troy, at Pendleton, Dec. 15, 16.
Belton Cir., at Cedar Creek, Dec. 21, 22.
Moody, Dec. 22, 23.
Salado, at Belle Plains, Dec. 28, 29.
Holland, at Wilson's V., Dec. 29, 30.
Rogers Mis., at Glorietta, Jan. 4, 5.
Rogers and Heidenheimer, R., Jan. 5, 6.
Taylor, Jan. 11, 12.
Hutto, at Hutto, Jan. 12, 13.
Belton, Jan. 18, 19.
Florence, at Gravis, Jan. 25, 26.

B. R. BOLTON, P. E.

Brownwood District—First Round.

Blanket Station, Nov. 30, Dec. 1.
Coleman Station, Dec. 7, 8.
Ballinger Station, Dec. 14, 15.
Bronte, at Bronte, Dec. 16.
Robert Lee, at Robert Lee, Dec. 17.
Blackwell, at Blackwell, Dec. 18.
Wingate, at Wingate, Dec. 19.
Winters, at Winters, Dec. 20.
Brownwood Station, Dec. 21, 22.
Indian Creek, at Zephyr, Dec. 28, 29.
Bangs, at Bangs, Jan. 4, 5.
May, at May, Jan. 11, 12.
Rising Star Station, Jan. 12, 13.
Sipe Springs, at Sipe Springs, Jan. 13.
Pioneer, at Pioneer, Jan. 14.
Burket, at Burket, Jan. 15.
Santa Anna, at Santa Anna, Jan. 18, 19.
Winchell, at Winchell, Jan. 22.
Talpa, at Talpa, Jan. 25, 26.
Valera, at Valera, Jan. 26, 27.
Gustine, at Gustine, Jan. 31.
Comanche Cir., at White Point, Feb. 1, 2.
Comanche Station, Feb. 1, 2.

District stewards will meet at church at Brownwood, Texas, Friday at 4:30 p. m., Nov. 29, 1907.

JAS. S. CHAPMAN, P. E.

IDENTIFIED.

Tommy made himself the hero of of a story—which the Boston Record prints—when he called for "that one about the boy who ate the ribbons and it made his sick."

Aunt Ethel was puzzled. "I know of no such story," she said, after searching her memory vainly.

Nothing she could suggest answered the description. Tommy can not read, but he thought he could find the book. He found it. They read one thing after another, until, in the midst of the "Night Before Christmas," Tommy gave a whoop of glee. Aunt Ethel was reading:

"'He rushed to the window and threw up the sash.'"

"That's it! That's it!" cried Tommy. "You see, it's just as I told you!"

—Youth's Companion.

Sunday School Banners $1.50 to $10. Forty new and novel ways to raise money for Church and School. Medals, Gleaners, Cradle Rolls. E. C. Romine, 728 W. Huntingdon, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW YORK.

The Purchase of Manhattan Island in 1626 From the Indians for $24—The Founding of the City by Dutch Traders—Its Position During the Revolution—Its Decline and Rapid Revival and Census Figures, Etc.

On May 4, 1626, Peter Minuit, commissioned as Director General of New Netherlands, arrived at Manhattan Island with a small bunch of Dutch traders on a sailing vessel called the Sea-Mew, and on the 27th of July of that year another vessel named Arms of Amsterdam also arrived, and it was on the swampy shore of the lower end of this island, now called Battery Park, that the venturesome Dutch traders first introduced themselves to the untutored Indians under the waving branches of a Western Wilderness. Then only a primeval forest stood solemn and silent for those hardy pioneers to gaze upon as they stood there 281 years ago, surrounded by savages, facing the Western world and with 3000 miles of water between them and friendly shores. The tides ebbed and flowed against the rocky, reedy shores then just as they do now, but the scene has changed and marvelous are the things that have taken place since that eventful day. Then a vast expanse of water, a waving wilderness, marshy shores and half-naked Indians with their bark canoes made up the panorama. Now, on that same broad bay, a forest of masts and smoke-stacks greet the eye, while to the East is seen the graceful arch and great cables of the Brooklyn bridge, and in front sky-scrapers and church steeples towering heavenward and making the spot where stands a city of more than 4,000,000 souls, and all this in so short a time. Those wandering traders had with them chests of all manner of glittering trinkets and goods in bright colors to dazzle the eager eyes of the bewildered savages, and by the practice of a little flamboyant generosity they were able to get the confidence of the Indians and drive trades with them that were more profitable than honorable, and before the end of the year they bought Manhattan Island for $24 and a few trinkets, and sailed away for their homes on a distant shore. Perhaps we owe a debt of lasting gratitude to the Dutch traders who founded a city on a spot so wisely chosen, and to their English successors who later carried on with such energy and wisdom the founding which the Dutch began. The bravery, hardships and trials of those little bands of colonists are illumined by what we see here to-day, and all the people of this land, if not the whole world, have been the beneficiaries of their foresight. Holland had her trials with Spain and fought them out to a glorious finish, and what she did in starting this country on its road to greatness could only have been done by brave, strong and keen-witted men. The work began by the Dutch was well continued by the English, and in time the two races became one race, not as Dutch or as English—but as Americans. The Dutch ruled over New York with a sort of a money-grabbing policy under the West India Company for 42 years, and then allowed it to pass into the hands of the English with a protest of grumbling words. The English took the colony from the Dutch because of grasping misrule, and the Americans took all the colonies from the English for the same reason.

New York, or New Amsterdam, 200 and 250 years ago was merely a little bristling, dashing town very like the mining towns out West to-day, and its people had a very limited idea of law and order; were very willful and hard to rule. In 1700 New York had a population of about 5000, the most of its inhabitants being about half Dutch and half English; mixed with these were a few French, Swedes and Jews and about 800 negroes, nearly all of whom were slaves. Slavery was considered necessary and no discredit attached to it. In 1709 a slave market was started at the foot of Wall Street where slaves were sold just as horses are sold now at the Horse Exchange. In 1741 a negro plot was discovered in New York and 31 blacks and 4 whites were executed, and for some time the whole city was in a state of alarm. The trouble, however, had the result of checking slavery in New York. At that time and almost to the end of the century there was much illegal sea trade and piracy, and much miscellaneous trading with pirates. Under Governor Bellomont, about 1800, legal traffic increased and he came down with a heavy hand on all wrong doing and succeeded in making New York far more respectable. Most of the foreign commerce was with England and the West Indies. Provisions were sent from New York to the West India Islands and there exchanged for products of that region; these products were sent to England and there exchanged for manufactured goods and wares, and then the ships returned and sold their cargoes in New York—a round-trip business transaction that left three profits in the hands of New York merchants for every voyage. A scheme like that would not last very long in this modern age, and if it was even attempted some one would get all kinds of trouble. Considerable trade was also carried on along the coast and with the interior of the country, and there was much ship building done—the ships being sent to England for sale. During 1730 over 200 ships entered and cleared from this port, though at that time the city had only 5000 population.

About this time the city became more prosperous and its growth more rapid. New houses were rapidly built and new streets laid out to build them on, but the building was entirely on the East side near the river and below Wall Street. All the harbors, shipping and warehouses were on the East River, and the principal shops and stores were on Great Queen Street, now Pearl Street. Broadway was of no importance in those days, and only open fields were to be seen North on Liberty Street—then known as Crown Street. There were a few fine houses down at Bowling Green—a small triangular park at the foot of Broadway. Bowling Green was laid out in 1722 to play bowls on. Trinity Church on Broadway, opposite Wall, was built in 1846. The city's expansion continued in a northeasterly direction until after 1755, and then it started northward up Broadway and the Boston Post Road, now the Bowery. Its progress up town was somewhat delayed by a large pond, called Fresh Water, where the Tombs Prison now stands, and by a large tract of marshy land called Lispenard's meadows, now noticeable for its low level as one passes along Canal Street. The street got its name from the fact that a canal was dug along its center to drain the marsh and Fresh Water Pond. Until about 1802 Broadway was only a country lane and was called "the Middle Road," and its ending was against a rail fence at Leonard Street. More progress had been made in building up the Boston Post Road and along it were many country seats as far up as Madison Square in 1767, but Hester Street was the farthest cross street north as late as 1782. Just north of Hester Street the British had a line of earthworks all the way across the island while they held the city against the Americans during the Revolutionary War.

New York's free school system was founded in 1805; the first steam ferry was opened in 1814; gas was introduced in 1825, and the Croton Water system in 1842; it was in 1807 that Robert Fulton first navigated the Hudson by steam.

The original charter was granted by James II, of England, in 1686, and another by George II, in 1730. In 1800 the population was 60,489; 1819, 96,373; 1830, 202,589; 1850, 515,394; 1860, 831,669, and in 1875 the population passed the million mark with 1,046,037 to its credit.

The first gathering of any importance worthy to be called a convention to protest against British oppression and as a forerunner to the Revolution occurred in this city on October 7, 1765, eleven year before the first Congress met in Philadelphia in the summer of 1776, and on January 17, 1770, a battle called the "Battle of Golden Hill," was fought on John Street, near William, between the "Sons of Liberty" and a considerable force of English soldiers, a conflict of as much importance, perhaps, as the "Boston Massacre" that occurred three months later. The convention was convened to take united action against the imposition of the Stamp Act passed by the English Parliament the previous March, and nine of the thirteen colonies were represented. Just after the Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia a company of enthusiastic patriots tumbled down the gilded leaden statue of King George III, which stood in Bowling Green, and sent it off to be melted into bullets which later on were fired at his own soldiers. That was New York's last act of open rebellion, for two months later, September 14, 1776, the city was occupied by the British and was not evacuated by them until November 25, 1783, a day that we still annually celebrate. Hence New York could not actively participate in the Revolution, but its sufferings because of the war were greater than those of any other city. It lost more than half its population and all of its commerce, while the great fires of 1776 and 1778 laid one-fourth of it in ashes. But it again showed great vitality after the war closed. Within three years it had gained its lost population, and in five years more its citizens numbered 30,000 and it had regained all its former commercial prosperity. Though smaller than Philadelphia at the beginning of the Revolution, it gained rapidly after the war ceased and soon passed the Quaker city in population and ever since has maintained its rapid pace, and is now nearly three times its size, being second only to London in the world's greatest cities as to population, and occupying first place as a money center with probabilities for the future beyond all comprehension. As late as 1685 streets were laid out only as far north as Maiden Lane, but there were but few houses north of the "wall" on Wall Street, and the Bowery Road branched off into the country at what is now the meeting of Broadway and Park Row just in front of the postoffice and the old Astor House. About this time the water front ceased to be at Pearl Street, for much of the marshy land from Pearl to water front and South Street had been filled in and many houses erected. There was some enterprise in New York in those days—as the filling in of low land, the widening of lower Broadway and all of Broad Street attest, as also the erection of a City Hall on Pearl Street and a fort at the lower end of the island on the site where the $7,000,000 new Custom House, just finished, now stands. The fort was a small block house with cedar palisades. In those days a little creek run from the present Exchange Place to Broad Street and down Broad to the East River, and another down Maiden Lane to the river, and in those little creeks the Dutch girls used to wash the household linen. In those days "Lo, the poor Indian," had a monopoly of the ferry business in transporting an occasional passenger across the broad, swift rivers in bark canoes, and when business was dull he whiled away the happy hours fishing, hunting and trapping, and there is some evidence that at last he was himself trapped by the cruel white man.

E. H. QUICK.

New York.

The special features of the American Review of Reviews for November are a comprehensive illustrated survey of the American lumber industry, with special reference to the recent enormous advance in prices, by Milton O. Nelson; a clear and detailed presentation of "The Milk Supply as a National Problem," by Charles Culver Johnson; a character sketch of Francis Joseph, the Austrian Emperor, by Wolf von Schierbrand; a suggestive article on retirement from business, by Marcus M. Marks, the retired clothing manufacturer, of New York City, with a brief sketch of Mr. Marks; an exposition of Boston's "sliding-scale" system as applied to the gas situation, by Louis D. Brandeis; an account of Dr. James Wilson Robertson's remarkable contributions to the training of Canadian farmers, by George Iles; a brief study of the lessons in colonial architecture impressed by the Jamestown Exposition, by Ernest Knaufft; and the story of Persia's political and social regeneration, by Herman Rosenthal.

REPORT OF THE JOINT BOARD OF FINANCE, NORTHWEST TEXAS CONFERENCE.

To the President and Members of the Northwest Texas Conference:

Dear Fathers and Brethren—We have collected for Bishops' fund during the year $315.80, and we have received from the Conference Teller $2742.15, making a total of $3057.95.

We have received from the Conference Teller $6 for delegates' expenses. The assessment made upon this conference for Bishops' fund the coming year is $3285.

We estimate the amount necessary for conference claimants the coming year at $14,000. The amount apportioned to this conference for delegates' expenses is $1250. We have apportioned $625 of this sum for this year, leaving the balance for next year.

We have apportioned all of these assessments to the several districts in the conference as per scale furnished us.

From the reserve fund left with our Treasurer last year we have paid to Revs. B. A. Smoddy, R. S. Heizer, J. P. Mussett, J. J. Canatax, W. K. Simpson, J. Haralson, R. M. Morris and E. A. Bailey the sum of $50 each. This left in our hands $827.51, which sum we have added to the general collection for conference claimants this year.

We acknowledge the receipt of $327.70 from Bro. L. Blaylock, publisher of our Texas Christian Advocate, as a supplement to this fund. We thank Bro. Blaylock for this donation.

More than the usual number of claimants have requested us to make no appropriation for them this year, while others make no claim whatever upon us. But in all these cases we have investigated the facts so as to see that no one of them suffers by this request.

We have received for conference claimants during the year $1429.05; the Blaylock donation of $327.70, balance of reserve fund from last year $827.51, and from the Teller at this session $11,663.62, making a grand total of $14,238.88. There has been referred to us a communication from the Board of Trustees of the Superannuate Endowment Fund, relative to the work committed to that board. We take pleasure in reporting that this fund now amounts to $36,879.80. We appeal to every preacher in this conference to present the claims of this fund to the people and solicit contributions for the same. An average collection of the small sum of $1 from each Church in the connection would give to this fund more than $15,000 annually.

We again urge attention to paragraph 137 of our book of Discipline touching written reports from pastors relative to superannuates living within their bounds. We respectfully request all claimants to keep our Secretary advised of their post-office addresses. We have received from the Colvin fund $16, and apportioned the same to the widows and orphans of the conference.

We recommend that the Board of Missions be assessed $185; the Board of Church Extension, $80; the Board of Education, $80; the Sunday-school Board, $50, and the Board of the American Bible Society $50 for the purpose of raising $400 with which to pay for the conference journal.

After due and careful consideration, we have disbursed to the conference claimants the amount of money in our hands as follows:

	Colvin Fund.	
Addison, Mrs. O. M.	$ 50 00	35
Aiken, Mrs. S. D.	100 00	35
Armstrong, Rev. E. L.	150 00	..
Armstrong, Mrs. C. C.	125 00	35
Annis, Rev. J. T. L.	.....	..
Adkission, Mrs. J. W.	100 00	35
Barcus, Mrs. E. R.	.....	..
Bennett, Mrs N B.	200 00	70
Boyd, Mrs. Jessie	125 00	35
Boad, Rev. J. M.	500 00	..
Bailey, Rev. E. A.	3 0 00	..
Bates, Rev. E. T.	.....	..
Collins, Rev. Levi F.	200 00	..
Compton, Mrs. W. F.	100 00	35
Connor, Mrs. W. G.	150 00	35
Crabb, Mrs. J. L.	.....	..
Crutchfield, Rev. J. A.	200 00	..
Cox, Mrs. J. Fred	.....	..
Canafax, Rev. J. J.	400 00	..
Davis, Rev. J. J.	250 00	35
Davis, Mrs. Chas.	500 00	35
Duncan, Mrs. T. J.	.....	..
Ellis, Mrs. S. B.	225 00	35
Fair, Rev. G. F.	200 00	..
Ford, Mrs. W. B.	200 00	70
Gaskill Miss Mittie	100 00	35
Glass, Rev. H. M.	200 00	..
Grant, Mrs. James	50 00	35
Graves, Rev. W. F.	200 00	..
Graves, Mrs. Geo. W.	50 00	1 00
Gibbens, Mrs. J. W.	550 00	1 00
Gassaway, Rev. B. F.	400 00	..
Graves, Miss Ellen	120 00	35
Harris, Mrs. J. J. (funeral expenses of)	100 00	..
Haralson, Rev. Jerome	200 00	..
Hyder, Rev. J. A.	100 00	..
Hiner, Mrs. James	100 00	35
Hines, Mrs. T. W.	50 00	35
Holmes, Mrs. D. T.	.....	..
Houk, Mrs. S. E.	200 00	70
Heizer, Rev. R. S.	200 00	..
Irvin, Rev. C. W.	100 00	..
Jones, Rev. W. V.	200 00	..
Jolley, Rev. H. C.	200 00	..
Jordan, Mrs. C. D.	240 00	35
Kiser, Mrs. W. W.	150 00	70
Keen, Mrs. N. A.	.....	..
Lampden, Mrs. W. M.	75 00	35
Lane, Mrs. J. S.	.....	..
Long, Rev. A.	200 00	..
Littlepage, Rev. S. C.	200 00	..
McLaughlin, Mrs. N. M.	250 00	2 00
Mackey, Mrs. James	125 00	35
Mood, Mrs. F. A.	50 00	35
Morgan, Rev. Daniel	400 00	..
Morriss, Rev. Samuel	200 00	..
Mills, Rev. M.	400 00	..
McCarver, Rev. C. S.	.....	..
Moss, Rev. W. H.	200 00	..
Mussett, Rev. J. P.	300 00	..
Morris, Rev. R. M.	200 00	..
McKeown, Rev. W. B.	100 00	..
Mood, Rev. J. R.	250 00	..
Parker, Mrs. Joseph	.....	..
Price, Mrs. William	150 00	35
Ray, Mrs. F. P.	50 00	70
Rascoe, Mrs. J. T.	150 00	70
Reeves, Rev. I. N.	100 00	..
Reynolds, Mrs. M. D.	100 00	35
Rogers, Mrs. T. W.	250 00	35
Rowland, Rev. C.	100 00	..
Steele, Rev. J. R.	200 00	..
Simmons, Mrs. E. W.	100 00	35
South, Rev. H. W.	125 00	..
Stockton, Mrs. W. R. D.	.....	..
Swofford, Mrs. G. W.	.....	..
Sweet, Rev. E. M.	150 00	..
Smoddy, Rev. B. A.	200 00	..
Simpson, Rev. W. K.	100 00	..
Trimble, Mrs. J. H.	250 00	35
Welborn, Rev. R. W.	.....	..
Walkup, Rev. J. A.	.....	..
Wallace, Mrs. J. A.	225 00	..
Walker, Rev. J. E.	250 00	..
Winburn, Rev. F. M.	250 00	..
Wright, Rev. Sam P.	.....	..
Reserve fund	658 88	..
Totals	$14,238 88	$16 00

District.	Scale.	Bishops' Fund.	Conf. Clmts.	Del. Exp.
Georgetown	8.5	$279	$1190	$32
Waco	9.5	312	1330	60
Corsicana	8.	263	1120	50
Waxahachie	10.	329	1430	62
Fort Worth	10.5	346	1470	66
Weatherford	7.	230	980	44
Dublin	8.	263	1120	50
Gatesville	6.	197	840	28
Brownwood	7.	230	980	44
Abilene	8.25	280	1155	50
Colorado	3.25	116	455	20
Plainview	3.	90	420	18
Vernon	6.	196	840	28
Clarendon	5.	164	700	22
Totals	100.	$3285	$14,000	$625

All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. M. ARMSTRONG, Chairman.

JAMES M. ROBERTSON, Sec.-Treas.

EFFECT OF PRAYER UPON MAN.

The effect of prayer upon man is not to be lightly considered, for whoever prays in faith derives from it a sweet confidence that no worldly man can enjoy. He feels ever near him a fountain of help. He realizes that the arms of his Father are about him. He can be cheerful in adversity, brave under calamity and serene in all the issues of life. A little child once taught a beautiful lesson to a large party on shipboard. A terrible storm had arisen and the vessel sprung a leak. The elements raged all around and the seamen at the pumps were almost exhausted with their toil. The boats could hold a very small number of the passengers and crew, and the captain knew that it was hopeless to launch them in the turbulent sea. Horror and gloom were apparent in every countenance except that of a little child. In the midst of all the din, while ladies were fainting and men trying to pray, the little one raised her voice and sang in sweet composure,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

Every heart was touched and the weeping passengers gathered around the calm child whose voice never trembled. Still she sang sweetly,

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

At last she reached the end of the hymn and looking at the anxious faces around her, said, "Don't cry, it is all right. I have prayed about it. The child's confidence touched the hearts of all who listened to her, and when at last the storm was over, the captain lifted her in his arms and kissing her fair, soft cheeks, said, "Dear little one, your prayer was worth a thousand pumps." Ah, could we all have the faith of this litte child! Prayer is almost the only comfort in some lives.

Poor men and women who are desolate on earth with no friends into whose ears they can pour their sorrows, find sweetest solace in talking with God. People who have loved ones passed upward to rest love to converse with the great Father who is keeping them in charge till they, too, go forth to meet them.

Without prayer the soul would die of hunger. As there is not much on earth to feed it, it must go heavenward for nourishment.

The little sparrows that chirp and flutter around our homes do not need much to sustain life, but if they had not wings they would die, as their little legs could not sustain them in the search for even their frugal diet. Their wings thus lift them above the earth and they are enabled to see where they may best obtain food.

Prayers are the wings of the soul. They bear us far from earth, out of its sickening, selfish atmosphere, out of its vice and its woe, out of its cares and its perplexities, into freedom, health, rest and glorious serenity. One may be in the midst of a crowded city, the clamor of trade on every side; another may be bound like a slave to his toil, yet in a moment he may be alone with God and be free.

We could better part with friends, with home and with hope, even, than with prayer, for it is the soul's pioneer on the tangled way, and keeps ever open the road to heaven.

(MISS) LUCY LEA MAYS.

Palestine, Texas.

WILL THE JEWS BECOME CHRISTIANS?

(The latest translation of the Old Testament.)

Theater-goers of the Jewish race are now offered the drama of today in their language, the Yiddish dialect. This is the only language that the Jews, en masse, in Russia and other countries are familiar with.

Christian people as well as worldly people are awakening to the fact that this Yiddish tongue is the language in which the great body of the Jews must be reached. God doth not slumber. When the time is at hand for the development of his plans the "Moses" is ready. The burning bush had been in evidence and the years of patient preparation and faithful prayer have made ready the workman.

It is a strange and perhaps a significant fact that the last translation of the Bible, the old Jewish Scriptures, is for the Jews and the translator himself a Jew.

The general opinion has prevailed that the Old Testament was read and thoroughly understood by the Jewish Nation from their point of view, because it was believed that they knew the Hebrew language and that the Hebrew translation was open to them. A converted Jew a few years ago discovered that this was not the case, and that his work as agent for London City Mission was greatly retarded thereby. He could not bring to the Jewish mind the proper interpretation of all the Messianic prophecies of the Hebrew Bible because they did not understand that language, although it is contended that their rabbis and learned men do, and it is still read in their synagogues.

Being a man of great faith, he set himself earnestly to pray to God to send the man to undertake this great work. For twenty long years his faith wavered not, and his prayers ceased not to importune the great Father to thus bring the light to his darkened children.

Convinced one morning while praying that the work fell to him, he set at it that very morning with an earnest zeal. He knew his people understood only the Yiddish language. As a Nation this is their language of the present day. Into this tongue the Bible must be translated to reach the great masses of Jews in the thronged cities of Eastern Europe.

A gigantic task for one to undertake while the spare moments obtained by early rising and late sitting up were the only ones that could be given to it. By persistent and faithful work it was at last completed. Every chapter, every verse, must correspond to the old Bible, otherwise the rabbis would not have accepted it.

In 1894 the Judeo-German Bible was issued from the press. In 1906 the second translation was published for the Jews of Russia and in every country where they may be found. Every copy of this Bible thus far has been given away. Ten thousand copies of the last translation have been sent out on their mission. Every Jewish rabbi has been presented with a copy. Of course, a great deal of money was required to do this great work, and the money was always forthcoming when needed.

A wonderful story, isn't it? A wonderful work it may accomplish among the Jewish hosts of today. Through its agency may we not hope that our Savior may be their Savior?

MARY R. LESESNE.

A LIFE DESTROYED BY THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

The Awful Effects and Results of the Alcohol Appetite When Fastened Upon a Child.

(A true story written by D. F. Sutherland for the Texas Advocate.).

When the Civil War was over and the soldiers returned home to no longer fight the battles of war, but to take up again once more the battles of peace, my father came home with those whose lives had been spared and he, my mother and myself, I being the only child, settled in Russell County, Kentucky, near my Grandfather Emerson's home. The United States Government had legalized and authorized the manufacture and the sale of whiskey and brandy to aid a depleted treasury, caused by the enormous expenses of the war. In the community where we lived there were many large apple and peach orchards. My father had an orchard, my grandfather had an orchard, as did the neighbors round about us.

I shall never forget so long as I live a conversation which took place between my father and my grandfather, for it was the fatal day of my whole after life. It was one bright, sunny afternoon that my grandfather came to our home. He remained there till after supper and when he had gone the agreement had been entered into between him and father to purchase a copper still for the purpose of manufacturing the apples and peaches of the neighborhood into brandy. I wish to say here that neither of them had the remotest idea that what they were about to do was either wrong or dangerous. The government of the United States had put its approval on the business of making and selling brandy and whiskey, alcohol, and it was made and sold for profits. The neighbors looked upon the coming of this first government still to their community as a blessing, as it would give them a market for all of their peaches and apples.

By the time the fruit began to ripen this year the still had been purchased and everything was ready for business. I remember, as it had been only yesterday, the day when the first gallon of brandy was made on this still. Everybody in the neighborhood was there—men, women and children—to see the real government brandy come from this still. I was there and this was the first still and the first brandy that I had ever seen in my life. I had heard them talk about making brandy, but I had no idea how it looked or tasted, whether it was a liquid or a solid, or whether it had to be cooked or eaten raw, or drank, for I was only a little boy eight years old at this time. Could my father and grandfather have foreseen what was to follow in the after years this still would never have been purchased and they would never have made one drop of brandy.

As I now look back over the lapse of nearly forty years and review the life of my dear father who has gone home to God, I can think of this, his only one mistake that he ever made. Little did he then know of what was to come into the life of his child which he loved as dearly as he loved his own life, as a result of this one still. Little did my own dear mother realize the sorrows that this still would bring, in the after years of her life, and I was too young to know or think anything about it whatever.

During the summer and fall barrel after barrel of brandy was made on this still and sold. Everybody had some of this brandy in their homes, for it was believed to be a good thing to have in the house and that it would make those who drank it stronger and healthier. We kept some of it in our own home and the rule was to drink some of it three times a day before each meal. At first I could not stand the taste of the fiery stuff and it was given to me in sweetened toddies, the most dangerous form in which it was ever given to a child. The result was, I soon began to like these toddies and would drink it raw when I could not get it sweetened. In less than six months I liked brandy above all things else and would slip to it and drink it and drink it unknown to my parents.

I shall not dwell here, for the thought is too sad and heart-rending for me. For four years this still was operated. Father and grandfather saw what they had done. The still was torn away and disposed of, but too late for me and too late for others. At the end of these four years the alcohol appetite was as much a part of me as was my eyeball or hand. During the last year especially, I had been limber drunk dozens of times, then being only in my twelfth year. The brandy was not given to me, but I would use all kinds of devices to get it, and steal it out of the barrels whenever I had a chance to do it.

Little did I know then of the pain and sorrows which this alcohol appetite would cause me in after years. I know now, and as I look back over nearly forty years, I see the havoc and ruin that it has brought to me. Surely no one has suffered as I have and yet suffer! I would give this whole world, were it set with diamonds, and were it mine to give, could I blot out the sad past, the awful, dark past, and be free from the coils of that appetite innocently fastened upon me when I was a child. I cannot undo the work that has been done, but, thank God, I can warn the fathers and mothers of this land and beg them not to give their own dear little ones this fire of hell. I never see a father or mother giving their children the toddy but my blood runs cold and it almost takes my breath away. I know that they, like my own dear father, mean no harm, but that they mean well. I know another thing which I have fully learned by careful study and investigation: That a very large majority of all the drunkards of this land, living and dead, were made out of boys while they were growing up. Many of them have had this appetite fastened upon them by their own parents before they could even walk or talk. Few boys who have lived a sober life till they reached the years of maturity ever became drunkards. The drunkards of this land are made out of the boys while they are yet boys. Some of them are made before they are born into the world, the redhot alcohol blood which rushes through the veins of the father, transmitted to the child before it is born. I have but one son, and for years I have been trembling for him and praying that he may escape from the alcohol appetite, or this weakness, which I so much fear was transmitted to him by his own father. You never can do me a greater favor in this life than by watching over and helping my boy, Carl Sutherland, who is now a young man.

The one thing that saved me from utter wreck and ruin many years ago was my school life and my love for books. While I was kept at school and away from alcohol and busy with my books I got along well enough. For six years I was in the academy and college in a Kentucky town where liquor was not sold, and I got a good education, graduating in 1881. During every vacation when I would be where liquor was sold or made, this awful appetite would assert itself and I would go down beneath its fury. I knew by this time that it had its strong hold upon me and I began the battle to resist its work of destruction. I began life for myself as a teacher and later on was admitted to the bar. I have often thought that this profession as a lawyer had much to do against me. I thought it so strongly that four years ago I made up my mind to quit it forever, which I have done, and have fared much better in the battle against alcohol ever since, winning most of the time, and some few times losing.

I never pass a saloon door or get the smell of whiskey but this same alcohol appetite asserts itself in all its fury, and I have actually found myself many a time standing in front of some bar pouring this fume of hell down my throat.

I have often heard it said that "any body could quit if they wanted to do it and that they drank just because they wanted to." Those who say this are honest in what they say, but they simply don't know what they say. They are those who have never been in the coils of this demon alcohol appetite, and for this reason they cannot know. Those only know who have been over the road; those who have gone "up the winding stair" and have entered the inner "parlor."

Another thing I want to say: I am willing now for you to think of me as you will, let what you think be good or bad, if you will only think of my wife and children in kindness and love. I have suffered as surely no other mortal has had to suffer and my wife and children have had to suffer with me. They have suffered enough. If more suffering must come, then let me bear it all. I want none of it to fall upon them, but let it all fall upon me. I have never thought that I was to blame for this alcohol appetite, for it was fastened upon me when I was too young to know or realize anything about its dangers whatever. I have never blamed anyone for what was done, for it was done with the best of intentions, and innocently done, but because it was done will all good intentions and innocently, has never helped me any and has never made my sufferings any less.

I have never told this sad story before and I never would have told it during the lifetime of my father, for I would not add one more troubled thought to his old age. Father knew of this, when it was done and how it was done and all about it. It has been the one great sorrow of his life for many long years. I would not give out this story even now for any money consideration, but I give it out to save the boys, the fathers, the mothers and the homes. The one thing which I want to burn into the hearts of fathers and mothers is that the most dangerous and deadly thing you can do unto your own child is to pour red liquor down its throat, and the most dangerous way in which you can do this is to give it to the child in the shape of a toddy, for the child will soon learn to like the toddy. It was the toddy which led to my undoing and which was begun to be given to me nearly forty years ago. The alcohol appetite which has haunted me like a hideous nightmare for many long years began its formation with the toddy.

There is another thing I want to say, and that is that the alcohol appetite is many times more easily fastened on a child than on a grown person, many times more dangerous and many times harder to break away from after it has been fastened on the child.

Grown men on whom this appetite has taken hold may break loose and be free again, but when fastened on children few of them escape. It requires the children to supply the grist for the gin mills. They must be made ready early in life for the future death grinding. Well do I know as well as I know I am living, that had I reached the age of full maturity free from any taint of the alcohol appetite that these gin mills could never have gotten me into one of them. Yes, fathers and mothers, your children must be made ready early in life for these gin mills, and their owners want you to have them ready for them—good ready—by the time they are old enough to be ground up. If these mills could get no material except what they could get from men who had lived sober lives to the age of maturity, they would have to stop, and they know it. But if they can have the help of you parents and a few influential men in each community, they know that they will continue to have plenty of fresh material all the time. If this fact can be burnt into the hearts of the fathers and the mothers of this land, thousands of these mills will be forced to stop their grinding. I am willing to bear all the suffering which I have borne for all these long years; yes, and lay down my life itself, to be the means of doing this. Don't say that I don't know, for I do know; and don't you take the risk of finding out whether I know or not, by experience, for this will be too late.

There is one thing which I have never been able to understand, and that is why any State Government or the National Government will authorize, legalize, license and tax a business like the liquor traffic is, which destroys annually over 100,000 of its citizens; which makes over 150,000 widows and orphan children; which forces over 3,000,000 of other citizens into poverty or pauperism; which fills the jails and penitentiaries with its criminals and the asylums with its insane; which covers the land with broken-hearted wives and mothers and fills many once happy homes with mourning and tears, and which takes from the useful pursuits of life ten times more money than is the revenue from this traffic, to say nothing of what society has to suffer from the crimes which it causes to be committed. I think it is a bad bargain and a dangerous bargain. I have always thought that the purpose of this Government is to protect the life, the liberty, the happiness and the property of its citizens. I cannot understand why it will sell permits to some of its citizens at so much a permit, which enable them, without molestation, to destroy the lives, the liberty, the happiness, and take the property of other of its citizens without giving them any valuable consideration in return, nothing in return but wreck and ruin, devastation and destruction. A monarch might do these things and continue to exist, but this Republic cannot do it. This Government must go out of the whiskey business, withdraw from it and declare its manufacture and sale to be an outlaw, or this Government must fall as surely as God rules in heaven.

It is said that you cannot legislate morality into men. I tell you what you can do: You can legislate the legalized liquor traffic out of existence just as it was legalized into existence. If the government had not authorized and legalized the liquor traffic my father and grandfather would never have made one drop of apple or peach brandy in Kentucky; it would never have been given to me, and I would never have had fastened on me in my childhood days the alcohol appetite which has made a great part of my life a living death. God Almighty is going to gather together all the tears, the sorrow and all the blood of the victims slain by this legalized liquor traffic and he will require these at the hands of the voters of this land who work and vote for the perpetuation of this curse.

What shall I say of the city whose very streets are paved with money stained with men's blood and wet with women's tears? Be sure that the day of reckoning is going to come, and "woe be unto that city." I say, and without any egotism whatever, for I have no egotism in me, that with my school and college training, together with my energy and ambition to be useful, that I could have risen to almost any heights or had almost any position within the gift of the people had I not been chained down and held in the grasp of this demon alcohol appetite. What I could write would fill a book, a book every leaf of which would be wet with sorrow and wet with tears. If I knew that this would be my last day in this world and that I had only a few more words to say, I would say them to the fathers and mothers of this land. I would beg of them and plead with them for God's sake, for their own sake and for the sake of their children not to pour red liquor down their throats in any shape whatever unless it is prescribed by your family physician, and this he will not be likely to do at all.

Last January I began writing a book, "The Black Plague of the American Continent." The manuscript has been finished and is now with the publishers and the book will soon be out. It is leveled against the liquor traffic and against the traffic in pure, innocent and unsuspecting girls. It is filled with information of great value to the home, to fathers, mothers, young people and children, and information which cannot be had from any other source. It will help and bless the life of anyone who reads it. I have not written or had it published for profits, but solely for the good that the book will do. You can get it by ordering it from me at Quitman, Texas, for 50 cents a copy or three copies for $1. As far as I am

FREE BOOK ABOUT CANCER

CANCEROL has proved its merits in the treatment of cancer. It is not in an experimental stage. Records of undisputed cures of cancer in nearly every part of the body are contained in Dr. Leach's new 100-page book. This book also tells the cause of cancer and instructs in the care of the patient; tells what to do in case of bleeding, pain, odor, etc. A valuable guide in the treatment of any case. A copy of this valuable book free to those interested. Address, Dr. L. T. LEACH, Box 147, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliance vanish like the bloom from a flower which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. Few young women appreciate the shock of the system through the change which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too often come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the cheek of its freshness and the form of its fairness.

As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate womanly organs, so surely when these organs are established in health the face and form at once witness to the fact in renewed comeliness. More than a million women have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label—contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. It is made wholly of those native, American, medicinal roots most highly recommended by leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments.

For nursing mothers, or for those broken-down in health by too frequent bearing of children, also for the expectant mothers, to prepare the system for the coming of baby and make its advent easy and almost painless, there is no medicine quite so good as "Favorite Prescription." It can do no harm *in any condition of the system.* It is a most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nervine, nicely adapted to woman's delicate system by a physician of large experience in the treatment of woman's peculiar ailments.

Bad Symptoms. The woman who has periodical headaches, backache, sees imaginary dark spots or specks floating or dancing before her eyes, has gnawing distress or heavy full feeling in stomach, faint spells, dragging-down feeling in lower abdominal or pelvic region, easily startled or excited, irregular or painful periods, with or without pelvic catarrh, is suffering from weaknesses and derangements that should have early attention. Not all of above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time.

Neglected or badly treated and such cases often run into maladies which demand the surgeon's knife if they do not result fatally.

No medicine extant has such a long and numerous record of cures in such cases as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. No medicine has such a strong *professional* indorsement of each of its several ingredients—worth more than any number of ordinary non-professional testimonials. The very best ingredients known to medical science for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments enter into its composition. No alcohol, harmful, or habit-forming drug is to be found in the list of its ingredients printed on each bottle-wrapper and attested under oath as complete and correct.

In any condition of the female system Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can do only good—never harm. Its whole effect is to strengthen, invigorate and regulate the whole female system and especially the pelvic organs. When these are deranged in function or affected by disease, the stomach and other organs of digestion become sympathetically deranged, the nerves are weakened, and a long list of bad, unpleasant symptoms follow. Too much must not be expected of the "Favorite Prescription." It will not perform miracles; will not cure tumors—no medicine will. It *will* often *prevent* them, if taken in time, and thus the operating table and the surgeon's knife may be avoided.

Doctor's All Agree. The most eminent writers on *Materia Medica*, whose works are consulted as authorities by physicians of all the different schools of practice, extol, in the most positive terms, the curative virtues of each and every ingredient entering into Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In fact it is the only medicine, put up for sale through druggists for the cure of all diseases of the mucous surfaces, as nasal catarrh, throat, laryngeal, and bronchial affections attended by lingering, or hang-on-coughs that has any such *professional* endorsement—worth more than any amount of lay or non-professional testimonials.

Do not expect too much from the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It will not work miracles. It will not cure consumption in its advanced stages. No medicine will. Nor is the "Discovery" so good for a sudden attack of acute cough, but for the lingering, obstinate, hang-on-coughs, accompanying catarrhal, throat, laryngeal and bronchial affections, it is a most efficacious remedy. In cases accompanied with wasting of flesh, night-sweats, weak stomach and poor digestion with faulty assimilation, and which, if neglected or badly treated are apt to lead to consumption, the "Discovery" has proven wonderfully successful in effecting cures.

The formula is printed on every wrapper of "Golden Medical Discovery," attested as to correctness under oath, and you can't afford to accept any substitute of *unknown composition* for this *non-secret remedy* no matter what selfish interests may prompt the dealer to urge such upon you. In fact it is *an insult to your intelligence* for him to do so. You know what you want and it is his place to supply that want.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the *original* "Little Liver Pills" first put up by old Dr. Pierce over 40 years ago. Much imitated, but never equaled. They cleanse, invigorate and regulate stomach, liver and bowels, curing biliousness and constipation. Little sugar-coated granules—easy to take as candy.

Dr. Pierce may be consulted by letter *free* of charge. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (1000 pages) is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

The Success Sulky Plow

Here's a plow you can buy at a reasonable price and it will last you your lifetime. And you will have an all-purpose plow, too—does the same work and does it just as well as the really high priced plows and it has none of their complications

It Is Beam Hitch

with no frame. There's lightness and light draft. Only a few parts, and they simple ones. Adjustable front axle, dust-proof, removable wheel boxes, adjustable rear wheel attachment. Widest latitude in the hitch, and you can set it to plow any depth, two to eight inches.

Just the kind of plow you'd expect to get long, satisfactory service out of. Write for catalog and let us tell you more about it.



The Parlin & Orendorff Imp. Co.
State Agents, Dallas, Texas.

Texas Germicide and Disinfecting Co., Dallas, Tex., offers a cheap but reliable plan that will enable Churches and schools to comply with the Texas law. After Oct. 1st, the law of Texas will require "all places for public gatherings" to be disinfected regularly. We do all the work for you, and OUR CARD tacked on the wall will be accepted by the authorities as PROOF that the law is being complied with. Write to-day for disinfecting plan.

concerned personally, I need but little here and I feel that I shall not need anything long. I just want to spend the rest of my days in comforting, as best I can, those in sorrow and in helping to keep the boys of this country from being caught in the coils of the alcohol appetite; to keep these boys pure and to save the mother and the home.

I doubt not that this is the first article of its kind, coming from the source from which it comes, that you have ever read in the world. I want you to take what it teaches and appropriate it to your own self for the good of your own children, and if you ever read a copy of my book I want you to do the same with what it contains. If you are not able to buy the book, send me your name and address and I will give you one.

There is just one more thing I want to say and I want to say it to Christian people: A great many who are now in the coils of the alcohol appetite could and would break these chains if they had help. Those engaged in the liquor traffic will take every cent they have and then kick them out like a dog, and too many others are ready to join in the kicking. The poor, unfortunate one feels that no one cares for him in the world. He wants to quit above all things else in this world, but to whom shall he turn, to whom can he turn? Four times in my life I have had a little fortune, four times I have seen it swept away as chaff by the winds. When I had money I seemed to have friends, drunk or sober. Without money, I have seen and felt the sneer and the cold look of those who had received me as a "hale fellow well met," when I would be perishing for sympathy, for one kind word or the touch of a friendly hand. These poor, unfortunate ones need your help, and they want it, you may be sure. If Christian people would only show a kind interest in them, help them up and help them to stand, and if they fall, keep on helping them up, thousands of them would be able to break the chains that bind them. I believe if Jesus was in this world in person as he once was that he would do this very thing and I believe that he wants those who profess his name to know to do this. Let the world kick these poor, unfortunate ones down and out if they will, but Christians, never!

I have walked the streets of my home town and have seen men and women turn their heads—some of them Church members at that—or with a stiff "howdy do," and pass on as though I had defiled the very atmosphere they breathed. I knew that I was the legitimate product of a business for which many of them had voted and the victim of an appetite which I had no more to do in forming than I had to do with my birth.

It is very painful to give to the world such a communication as is this, and nothing could have gotten it from me except the desire of my heart which makes me long to reach out and save some mother's boy, to snatch the fatal cup from the lips of childhood.

And now may the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, your God and my God, ever be with you and keep you and bless you and at last may you enter into that land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Till then, pray for me.

Quitman, Texas.

Convalescence.

Convalescence is sometimes merely apparent, not real, and especially is this true after such diseases as pneumonia, typhoid fever and the grip. To make it real and rapid, there is no other tonic so highly to be recommended as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

This great medicine cleanses and renews the blood, strengthens all the organs and functions, and restores health. Take Hood's.

Coarse brown wrapping paper, soaked in vinegar and placed on the forehead and eyes, is good for sick headache.

IF YOU KNEW

The merits of the Texas Wonder, you would never suffer from kidney, bladder or rheumatic trouble. $1 bottle two months treatment, sold by Druggist or by mail. Send for testimonials. Dr. E. W. Hall 2926 Olive Street, St. Louis.

A pince of salt will improve the flavor of apple sauce.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO. } ss
LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. GLEASON,
(Seal.) Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

BELLS.

BLYMYER CHURCH BELLS. Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

DROPSY Cured; quick relief; removes all swelling in 5 to 20 days; 25 to 60 days effects permanent cure. Trial treatment given free to sufferers; nothing fairer. For circulars testimonials and free trial treatment write Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box G, Atlanta, Ga.

Our Departed Dead

The space allowed obituaries is twenty to twenty-five lines, or about 170 or 180 words. The privilege is reserved of condensing all obituary notices. Parties desiring such notices to appear in full as written should remit money to cover excess of space, to-wit: At the rate of One Cent Per Word. Money should accompany all orders. Resolutions of respect will not be inserted in the Obituary Department under any circumstances, but if paid for will be inserted in another column.

Poetry Can in No Case be Inserted.

Extra copies of paper containing obituaries can be procured if ordered when manuscript is sent. Price, five cents per copy.

LAUGHLIN. — James McClellan Laughlin was born in Morgan County, Ala., Nov. 1, 1827, and departed this life in Bartlett, Texas, a little after noon August 11, 1907, aged 79 years, 9 months and 10 days. He was the second child of James and Susan Laughlin, and had one brother, five sisters and eleven half sisters. The name was originally McLaughlin, and the family has descended from good old Scotch-Irish stock. In 1839 or 1840 the parents moved to De Soto County, Miss. Here James grew up to manhood. In the early part of 1850 he was made a Mason by special dispensation and soon afterward left for California. Here, by his thrift and steady habits, he succeeded very well and returned in January, 1854. As he came back a peculiar feeling about his heart drew him aside from the direct path to his old home and he turned up in Milam County, Texas, where, on January 19, 1854, he took for a helpmate Miss Mary Green Ross, daughter of Rev. David Ross, one of the pioneer settlers of Milam County. With his lovely bride by his side James completed his journey home. During the year he made preparation for another trip to California, but when he reached the neighborhood of Fort Smith, high waters, sickness in his family and disease in his cattle turned him away from his purpose, and early in 1855 he landed in Milam County, Texas. Here he lived, labored, reared his family, educated his children and built up his estate. He was prominently connected with educational matters in his community, being the first President of the Davilla Institute Association. About 1882 he moved to a farm five miles west of Bartlett, and eight or ten years ago became a citizen of the town of Bartlett. About June, 1856, Bro. Laughlin professed religion and joined the M. E. Church, South, of which he made a useful, faithful and consistent member for more than fifty-one years. He filled important offices in the Church till the day of his death. He loved his preachers and was a man of pure mind and speech. Our brother was the father of a large family and lived to see his descendants of the fourth generation. He had seventeen children, sixty-one grandchildren and sixteen great-grandchildren, making a total of ninety-four descendants. Three children, ten grandchildren and one great-grandchild have died, leaving eighty living descendants. This great company the good man has left, and also his lonely companion, for the everlasting rewards and blessed fellowships of eternal life in heaven. On Monday afternoon, August 12, the Church and the Masons laid his body to rest in the Bartlett Cemetery, looking for the general resurrection in the last day and the life of the world to come through our Lord Jesus Christ. E. F. BOONE.

COX.—Little Johan Edward Cox, son of W. B. and Mrs. R. P. Cox, died August 5, 1905. He was about 21 months old, and all who knew him say he was a bright, sweet little boy. It looks hard to us to have to give up the little oneswho are so sweet, pure and bright, and with such great possibilities in front of them. God knows best, and does that which is best for us and the sweet little ones. This little boy is now with his Father in heaven. He is rich; we are poor. God took him out of this world of sorrow and pain and gave him a mansion of joy. God help us to so live that we may meet little Johan Edward in heaven. Comforter Divine, comfort the loved ones and friends, and help all of them to keep their eyes on the house in which he lives, and give the power to stay in the narrow way. THOS. I. BECK.

Wheelock, Texas, Nov. 14, 1907.

ARNOLD.—J. Valley Arnold, son of W. T. and Susan L. Arnold, was born February 14, 1886, and departed this life at the home of his parents, at Geneva, Texas, October 4, 1907. Valley professed religion and joined the M. E. Church, South, August 5, 1904, and lived a consistent Christian life till death, and then died in the full triumphs of a living faith. He was an obedient son and affectionate brother. He was an exceptionally bright and promising young man, but death loves a shining mark, and in early manhood he fell; but his influence still lives. He has gone home to heaven to join loved ones and friends. He never spoke an unkind word of anyone and was loved and respected by all. Weep not as those who have no hope; he is waiting in the paradise of God for you. W. S. EASTERLING.

LOWRANCE.—James Harvey Lowrance, son of John and Elenor Lowrance, was born in Tennessee, April 5, 1825, and died at San Angelo, Texas, November 6, 1907, being 82 years, 7 months and 1 day old. He was converted and joined the Church at the age of 22 years, thus giving 60 years of his life to God and the Church. He moved from his native State in 1853, settled on Red Oak Creek, in Ellis County, where he made his home until 1889. He was counted one of the best citizens of his country, always being on what he conceived to be the right side of all questions, and dared to stand for his convictions. He is survived by a loving wife, Mary W. Lowrance; a son, J. N., and wife, Derphia Lowrance; two daughters, Anna May, and her husband, Sydney Davis, and Myrtle and her husband, S. T. Tanner; a stepdaughter, Abbie Barton (who loved him as a father), also a brother, W. B. Lowrance, of Buckhorn, I. T., and several grandchildren, with a host of friends. Pa's home was always the home of the preacher, as many of the older preachers of the Northwest Texas Conference could testify. Holding his membership at Bell's Chapel, he was for many years one of the most prominent members, being trustee, steward and class leader; and one beauty about his life was, he was willing to work anywhere. His influence for good was as broad as his acquaintance, and eternity alone can reveal the good accomplished by him. Not being a public speaker, he never said much in public, but was always ready with a word of encouragement to a weak or lonely brother. He always bore his trials and troubles quietly, being always ready to trust all to the Lord. I have often heard him say, "I am not tired of the way," and in his last illness he said he was ready to go. May we all, whether we live long or die soon, live so as to meet pa, with all other loved ones who have gone on before, to live forever around God's bright throne. SYDNEY.

WEST.—Judge Robert West was born March 29, 1844, and died April 13, 1905. He was Judge of the Probate Court in Dallas County, Texas, a number of years. He lived in Ardmore about ten years previous to his death. The writer only knew him about one and a half years. In that time there was a strong tie of friendship formed between him and the writer of this sketch. Socially he was a strong man—always greeted people with a warm handshake and never seemed too busy to stop and exchange social courtesies. He possessed the old-time Southern warm heart. His friends miss him very much since his departure. In his profession (which was law) he stood high. He practiced law on an humble basis and commanded the respect of the court and the bar. At his funeral the bar turned out en masse and paid high tribute to their deceased brother. He was a faithful member of the Methodist Church and showed himself to be a real Christian. As his pastor I found him to be a sincere Christian gentleman and a warm supporter of the Church. I can truly say he was a good man. I take pleasure in paying this humble tribute to the memory of one I loved and one who returned my affections. His pastor,

S. F. GODDARD.

HARRIS.—Mrs. Fannie Bird Harris died November 8, 1907, at 7:30 p. m. She was the widow of the late J. J. Harris, of the Northwest Texas Conference. She lived with her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Terrell, of Graham, Texas. Had she lived until November 22 she would have been 80 years of age. She was conscious up to the time of death and talked freely about dying and meeting her husband and loved ones in heaven. Her death was serene. Her body will be laid to rest by the side of her husband in the city cemetery of Meridian, Texas.

B. A. SNODDY.

WILLIAMS.—Sister Ethel Williams (nee Briggs) was born June 29, 1878, and was married to C. A. Williams July 20, 1896. She was happily converted at the age of twelve years and joined the M. E. Church, South, in which she lived a consistent life until October 12, 1907, when the death angel came and bore her away to the Church triumphant. She was a friend to her pastor, true to her Church and faithful to God. All who knew her loved her and will ever remember her as a sweet-spirited Christian woman of the purest character, a true and faithful wife, a gentle and forbearing mother. She has left a father, mother, sisters and brothers, a husband and five little children and many friends with bleeding hearts to join the rejoicing hosts above, there to await the coming of loved ones left behind. Weeping husband and children, follow her Christian example, be faithful unto death and God will give you a crown of life that fadeth not away. J. B. PARR.

If the Baby Is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure to use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic, and is the remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

WEST TEXAS CONFERENCE

Liano District—First Round.

Kingsland Nov. 23, 24.
Goldthwaite, Nov. 29.
Mullin, at Duran, Nov. 30, Dec. 1.
Center City, at Center City, Dec. 3.
Lometa, at Lometa, Dec. 5.
San Saba, at Live Oak, Dec. 7, 8.
San Saba Sta., Dec. 7, 8.
Cherokee, at Cherokee, Dec. 8, 9.
Lampasas, Dec. 13.
Kempner, at Clayton, Dec 14, 15.
Johnson City, at R. V., Dec. 21, 22.
Marble Falls, Dec 22, 23.
Willow, at Willow, Jan. 4, 5.
Blanco, at Live Oak, Jan. 7.
Boerne, at Boerne, Jan. 9.
Bandera, at Bandera, Jan. 11, 12.
Center, Jan. 14, 15.
Kerrville, Jan. 18, 19.

THEOPHILUS LEE, P. E.

Cuero District—First Round.

Hallettsville, Nov. 23, 24.
Flatonia, Nov. 27.
Victoria, Nov. 30, Dec. 1.
Nixon, Dec. 3.
Leesville, Dec. 4.
Edna, Dec. 7, 8.
Lavernia, Dec. 11.
Ganado, at Louise, Dec. 14, 15.
Cuero, Dec. 16.
Yoakum, Dec. 21, 22.
Shiner, Dec. 23.
Smiley, at Rocky, Dec. 28, 29.
Stockdale, Dec. 30.
Buckeye, Jan. 4, 5.
Palacios, Jan. 6.
Port Lavaca, Jan. 11, 12.
Nursery, Jan. 13.
El Campo, Jan. 18, 19.
Hope, at Williamsburg, Jan. 25, 26.

District Stewards will meet at Cuero Friday, Nov. 29, at 7:30 p. m.

R. A. ROWLAND, P. E.

Beeville District—First Round.

Kenedy, at Kenedy, Nov. 23, 24.
Karnes City, at K. C., Nov. 24, 25.
Oakville, at Mineral, Nov. 30, Dec. 1.
Pleasanton, at Pleasanton, Dec. 7, 8.
Floresville, Dec. 8, 9.
Aransas Pass, at A. P., Dec. 13.
Rockport and Ingleside, at R., Dec. 14, 15.
Runge, Dec. 21, 22.
Beeville, Dec. 28, 29.
Corpus Christi, Jan. 4, 5.
Kingsville and Falfurrias, at K., Jan. 5, 6.
Mathis, at Mathis, Jan. 11, 12.
Alice, Jan. 18, 19.
Brownsville, at B., Jan. 25, 26.

Brother Steward: An early start insures success. Your pastor needs money. He depends upon you.

Brother Preacher: The lay members of the Church tell me they wish you would get your conference collections early.

F. B. BUCHANAN, P. E.

San Antonio District—First Round.

(In Part.)

Laredo, Nov. 23, 24.
Devine, Nov. 30, Dec. 1.
Pearsall, Dec. 7, 8.
Travis Park, Dec. 10.
West End, Dec. 11.
Utopia and Sabinal, S., Dec. 14, 15.
Hondo, Dec. 15, 16.
Prospect Hill, Dec. 17.
Government Hill, Dec. 18.
Carrizo Springs and Batesville, B., Dec. 21, 22.
Uvalde, Dec. 22, 23.
Cotulla, Dec. 27.
Dilley Circuit, D., Dec. 28, 29.
South Heights, Jan. 1.

A. J. WEEKS, P. E.

Austin District—First Round.

Bastrop, Nov. 23, 24.
Elgin, 8 p. m., Nov. 25.
Manor, 10 a. m., Nov 27.
Liberty Hill and Leander, L., 2 p. m., Nov. 28.
Bertram, B., Nov. 30, Dec. 1.
Cedar Park Mission, Dec. 3.
Webberville, W., 2 p. m., Dec. 5.
McDade, M., Dec. 7, 8.
LaGrange, 8 p. m., Dec. 10.
West Point, W. P., 2 p. m., Dec. 11.
Smithville, 8 p. m., Dec. 12
Manchaca, M, Dec. 14, 15.
Weimar, M., 2 p. m., Dec. 19.
Eagle Lake, E. L., Dec. 21, 22.
Columbia, 8 p m., Dec. 23.
Tenth Street, 11 a. m., Dec. 29.
First Street, 8 p. m., Dec. 29.
Walnut, W., Jan 4. 5.
University Church, 11 a. m., Jan 12.
South Austin, 8 p. m., Jan. 12.

The District Stewards will meet at the Methodist Church, Elgin, 2 p. m., Nov. 26.

JOHN M. ALEXANDER, P. E.

San Marcos District—First Round.

Gonzales, at Gonzales, Nov. 17, 18.
Seguin and Mill Creek, at Seguin, Nov. 23, 24.
Luling Cir., at Luling, Nov. 30, Dec. 1.
Staples Cir., at Long Branch, Dec. 7, 8.
Kyle and Maxwell, at K., Dec. 14, 15.
Martindale Cir., at M., Dec. 21, 22.
Buda Cir., at Buda, Dec. 28, 29.
Lockhart, at Lockhart, Jan. 4, 5.
Dripping Springs Cir., at D. S., Jan. 11, 12.
Tilman Cir., at Harrison Chapel, Jan. 18, 19.
Waelder and Thompsonville, at T., Jan. 25, 26.
San Marcos, at San Marcos, Feb. 2, 3.
Belmont Cir., at Nixon, Feb. 8, 9.

The district stewards will meet at Lockhart Friday night, November 29, 7:30 o'clock. Please all be present. Will the preachers remind these brethren of the date?

D. K. PORTER, P. E.

NORTHWEST TEX. CONFERENCE

Waxahachie District—First Round.

Midlothian, Nov. 30, Dec. 1.
Bristol, at Crisp, 11 a. m., Dec. 3.
Ennis, 7:30 p. m., Dec. 3.
Ferris, Dec. 4.
Palmer and Boyce, at B., 11 a. m., Dec. 6.
Italy, 7:30 p. m., Dec. 6.
Milford, at Milford, 11 a. m., Dec. 7.
Hillsboro, First Church, Dec. 8, 9.
Hillsboro, Line Street, Dec. 7. 8.
Lovelace, at Union Valley, 11 a. m., Dec. 9.
Bethel, Dec. 11.
Ovilla, at Ovilla, Dec. 12.
Maypearl, at Maypearl, Dec. 14, 15.
Bardwell, at Avalon, Dec. 18.
Forreston, at Forreston, Dec. 21, 22.
Grandview, Dec. 28, 29.
Itasca, Dec. 29, 30.
Venus, Jan. 4, 5.
Alvarado, Jan. 5, 6.
Red Oak, Dec. 11, 12.
Waxahachie, Jan. 10, 12.

JAS. CAMPBELL, P. E.

Colorado District—First Round.

Sweetwater Sta., November 30, Dec. 1.
Sweetwater Mis., Longworth, Dec. 7, 8.
Roby, at Roby, Dec. 8, 9.
Rotan, at Rotan, Dec. 14, 15.
Aspermont Sta., Dec. 21, 22.
Aspermont Mis., Dec. 21, 22.
Dunn, at Dunn, Dec. 28, 29.
Westbrook, at Westbrook, Dec. 31.
Camp Springs, at C. S., Jan. 3.
Snyder Sta., Jan. 4. 5.
Clairemont, at Clair., Jan. 11, 12.
Snyder Mis., at Bethel, Jan. 14.
Hermleigh, at Hermleigh, Jan. 15.
Ro coe and Loraine, at R., Jan. 18, 19.
Gail, at Gail, Jan. 23.
Coahoma, at Coahoma, Jan. 25, 26.
Lamesa, at Lamesa, Feb. 1, 2.
Seminole, at Seminole, Feb. 8, 9.
Stanton Sta., Feb. 15. 16.
Big Springs Mis., Feb. 22.
Big Springs Sta., Feb. 22, 23.
Colorado Sta., Feb. 29, March 1.

District Stewards will meet in district parsonage, at Colorado, November 29, at 2:30 p. m.

J. T. GRISWOLD, P. E.

Plainiew District—First Round.

Wright, at W., Nov. 23, 24.
Tulia, Nov. 25.
Umbarger, at Hoffman's, Nov. 29.
Hereford, Nov. 30, Dec. 1.
Friona, at F., Dec. 2.
Dickens, at D., Dec. 7, 8.
Matador, Dec. 14. 15.
Floydada, at F., Dec. 16.
Plainview, Dec. 21, 22.
Hale Center, at H. C., Dec. 28, 29.
Silverton, at Vigo Park, Jan. 4, 5.
Lockney, at L., Jan. 9.
Turkey, at T., Jan. 11, 12.
Lubbock, Jan. 16.
Brownfield, at B., Jan. 18, 19.
Gomez, at G., Jan. 19 night, 20.
Hockley, Jan. 22.
Emma, at E., Jan. 25, 26.
Tahoka, at T., Feb. 1, 2.
Post City, at P., Feb. 4.
Friona, Feb. —

District Stewards' meeting at Plainview, December 19, at 8 o'clock p. m. All the pastors are invited. I trust the preachers will try to pay the missoa and Orphange assessments during the first quarter.

G. S. HARDY P. E.

TEXAS CONFERENCE.

Huntsville District—Fourth Round.

Fostoria, Fostoria, Nov. 23, 24.

H. C. WILLIS, P. E.

Pittsburg District—Fourth Round.

Naples, Nov. 22.
Quitman, Nov. 23, 24.
Leesburg, Nov. 24, 25.

R. A. BURROUGHS, P. E.

Calvert District—Fourth Round.

Millican, Millican, Nov. 23, 24.
Bryan Sta., Nov. 24, 25.

E. L. SHETTLES, P. E.

Tyler District—Fourth Round.

Tyler, Marvin, Nov. 22.
Whitehouse, Flint, Nov. 23, 24.

THOMAS H. MORRIS, P. E.

Beaumont District—Fourth Round.

Woodville Cir., W., Nov. 22.
Cartwright Ch., Nov. 23, 24.

V. A. GODBEY, P. E.

Houston District—Fourth Round.

Shearn, Nov. 22.

CHAS. F. SMITH, P. E.

Jacksonville District—Fourth Round.

LaRue, New York, Nov. 22, 23.
Troup and Overton, O., Nov. 24, 25.

ELLIS SMITH, P. E.

San Augustine District—Fourth Round.

Lufkin, Friday, Nov. 22.
Burke, at Burke, Nov. 23, 24.
Keltys, at Keltys, Nov. 23.

C. A. TOWER, P. E.

All-Lined Broadcloth and Half-Lined Kersey Coats Reduced

We are ready for the enormous Coat demand that will come to us this week. Never were we so prepared to supply every want. The variety is immense and the special values selected are exceptional.

At $12.65, regular prices $16.50, $17.50 and $18.50.
At $17.45, regular price $25.00.
At $21.85, regular prices $30.00 and $32.50

PRACTICAL TOURIST COAT SPECIALS.

$4.50 Value $7.50 — $6.75 Value $10.00 — $8.75 Value $15.00

Great Waist Sale for this Week

We cannot emphasize too strongly the money-saving possibilities that await you.

Ladies' Waists made of all-wool nunsveiling, tailored effect, plaited and embroidery fronts, regular price $2.50 at $1.50

Ladies' Shirts of fancy striped taffeta, plain, mannish styles, stiff collar and cuffs, regular price $5.00 at $3.50

Ladies' Waists, made of finest quality messaline, in black, white and colors, open back, short sleeves, with tucks and lace trimmings in most dainty effects, regular price $12.50, at $8.25

Mail Section **SANGER BROS** Dallas Texas

LETTER FROM ALABAMA.

The prohibition wave gathers force as the days go by. County after county is going "dry." The vote in one county was nearly twelve to one in favor of prohibition. In some counties the largest majorities were given by towns having saloons. Usual by the saloon influence can hinder such a vote. In several instances but few votes favored the liquor traffic. Meetings for thanksgiving are being held and are numerously attended.

The thirty-eighth session of the North Alabama Conference is to meet soon in the good old city of Tuscaloosa. Bishop Hendrix is to succeed himself as President. He has been much in this section, and had large opportunity to know the conditions. Ten presiding elders stand ready to give him aid in managing the conference and stationing the preachers. These same elders, having mixed and mingled with the preachers and people for the past twelve months, ought to be familiar with the demands of all parties concerned. Some changes are inevitable. Eight pastors will have finished a quadrennium; several will go from us by transfer, and some will have reached the physical limit and must go on the honor roll. These facts will compel changes and a readjustment. If the present arrangement could stand for another year, then a general shake-up would occur. Five presiding elders and fourteen pastors would then complete a term of four years in their respective charges. With the prospect of additions from different sources, we are likely to be short of men to supply the demand. Our territory is growing and expanding. Possible charges multiply. If true to the spirit and methods of our fathers, we must meet these demands and give the people the Word of life. And here, as elsewhere throughout our connection, there is a growing demand for better equipped preachers. I have great respect for zeal and piety, but am forced to recognize a need of added mental fitness in our pastors. Not a mission or circuit but makes this demand. When met, support will come.

There is the usual anxiety and nervousness among preachers and people as the time of the session draws near. From some cause there is a widespread spirit of unrest among our people. We are reminded of the old saying, "Where there is so much smoke there must be fire." There is a cause for every effect. What ails our Zion? Is the trouble with the machinery, or the men handling it? From the amount of attention given the matter, we might infer that the main cause of friction is located in the presiding eldership. This office has caused satisfaction and criticism for a hundred years. Some fifteen or twenty years ago much was said and written on the subject, and as the trouble seemed to be with the men in the office, our Bishops proposed to remedy the matter. As our people believe in steadfastly in office, it was given out that no man might expect to remain in that office longer than four years. This it was argued, was best for the men and the Church. The same is now being said. Seldom does anyone discount the value of the office or suggest any radical changes. But they do insist that the office is not having a fair chance. As indicating the interest felt on this subject, note the fact that in a recent issue of the Texas Christian Advocate, besides a long editorial (the leader), two full pages were devoted to correspondence discussing the merits and demerits of the presiding eldership. The editor and his correspondents are practically agreed (and so the Church generally) that the office can show its great value if our Bishops will give it a fair chance. Perhaps Bishop Morrison has a wise plan in placing the best-equipped and most effective men in the conference on the districts. If our presiding eldership is our mired wheel, then he is right. Let the First Churches and else be glad to get the services of men from the second class. Let's try and save a valued office to our Church.

M. H. WELLS.

A HEARTY ENDORSEMENT.

We, the members of the fourth Quarterly Conference of Livingston charge, Beaumont District, in view of the fact that Rev. V. A. Godbey, our presiding elder, is to go from us into another conference, and hence will sever his relations to us, we feel impelled by our tender regard for him to express, as far as our language can express, our high appreciation and our hearty endorsement of his official administration. With a firm hand he has discharged the duties of his office; not arbitrarily, but intelligently, exhibiting that true conservatism which characterizes a well-balanced manhood, so conserving forces that one interest of the Church will not antagonize any other interest. He has shown himself equal to any emergency. Personally he has endeared himself to us by his noble Christian spirit and his genial department among us. He will ever live in our hearts. As he goes from us we follow him with our prayers that the Lord may bless him in the new field to which he has been called.

We request that the Secretary furnish a copy of this testimonial to the Texas Christian Advocate, and that a copy be spread on the minutes of our Quarterly Conference.

J. W. ALLBRITTON, P. C.
T. MOORE.
J. S. YOUNG.
W. W. ARMITAGE.
R. L. GAYLORD.
J. T. LOW.
J. C. CHERRY.
J. R. JAMES.
OSCAR CHERRY.
D. S. CHANDLER.

Livingston, Texas.

FROM BRO. HOTCHKISS.

My wife and I destre in this way to express our very great appreciation of the tender messages and words of sympathy that have come to us in the time of great sorrow. We would like to write to each one who has remembered us, but do not feel that we can. The love and sympathy of our friends have helped us. God bless you all.

O. T. HOTCHKISS.

HYMENEAL.

October 30, 1907, by her pastor, Rev. J. M. Baker, Miss Edna May Allen, the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nath Allen, and Rev. W. Taylor Jones, of the Northwest Texas Conference. After the receipt of many beautiful bridal presents they left for a visit to the groom's parents and thence to Amarillo, the site of the Annual Conference.

INDIAN MISSION CONFERENCE APPOINTMENTS.

ADA DISTRICT.

S. F. Goddard, P. E.

Ada Station—T. L. Rippey.
North Side—To be supplied.
Wewoka Station—C. R. Campbell.
Earlsboro and Seminole—J. D. Canaday.
Kanawa Circuit—E. Hensley, supply.
Roff Station—J. E. Disch.
Sulphur, First Church—T. P. Turner.
Vinita Avenue, Moss Weaver.
Hickory Circuit—S. H. Berry, supply.
Mill Creek and Ravia—W. F. Jordan.
Byars Circuit—E. M. Lemming; W. W. Marrs, supernumerary.
Moral Circuit—A. G. White.
Wanette Circuit—J. W. Fulton.
Asher Station—D. A. Williams.
Maud Circuit—Vada Davis.
Colegate and Wapanucka—F. F. Shanks.
Stonewall Circuit—J. R. Brooks.
Pontotoc Circuit—C. A. Martin.
Tishomingo and Milburn—J. W. Head.
Twelve Mile Prairie Circuit—E. M. Garrett.

ARDMORE DISTRICT.

W. T. Freeman, P. E.

Ardmore, Broadway—J. W. Sims.
Carter Avenue and Mannsville—T. L. Darnell.
Berwyn and Springer—C. C. Cain.
Cornish Circuit—H. M. Vinson.
Grady Circuit—W. G. Jones, supply.
Cumberland Circuit—W. D. Sauls.
Lebanon Circuit—J. C. Morris.
Lone Grove Circuit—W. S. Lee.
Leon and Birneyville—To be supplied.
Kingston and Woodville—M. B. McKinney.
Madill Station—I. K. Waller; W. S. Derrick, supernumerary.
Marietta Station—J. G. Blackwood.
Overbrook Circuit—M. W. Whelan.
Thackerville Circuit—C. A. Morris.
Woodford Circuit—J. O. Summitt, supply.
Dougherty Circuit—B. F. Taylor, supply.
Davis Station—J. L. Gage.
Elmore Circuit—W. C. Fleetwood.
Tussy Circuit—W. L. Bean, supply.
Wynnewood Station—George C. French.
Providence Circuit—Ed. Brothers, supply.
Pauls Valley Station—L. L. Thurston.
Paoli Circuit—P. A. Smith, supply.
White Bead and Maysville—Gus M. Dilbeck.

CHOCTAW AND CHICKASAW INDIAN DISTRICT.

C. M. Coppedge, P. E.

Atoka Circuit—Lincoln N. Ishcomer.
Bethel Circuit—A. S. Williams.
Chickasaw and Washita—A. H. Homer and L. V. Colbert.
Idabel—To be supplied.
Impson Valley—W. D. Philpott, supply.
Kiamitia—J. J. McElroy, supply.
Long Creek—C. E. Wade, supply.
Kullituklo Circuit—Anderson Wilson, supply.
Owl Circuit—J. T. Hall; J. G. Frazier, supernumerary.
Rufe Circuit—W. L. Cobb.
Sansbois—Elum McCurtain.
Sugar Loaf Circuit—Griggs Durant.
District Interpreter—H. F. Nohio.

CREEK AND SEMINOLE INDIAN DISTRICT.

Orlando Shay, P. E.

Broken Arrow Circuit—John Davis.
Sapulpa Circuit—M. L. Checote.
Euchee Circuit—Noah Gregory and Maxey Sims.
Okmulgee Circuit—D. L. Berryhill.
Seminole Circuit—William Hill.
Wewoka Circuit—Johnson E. Tiger.
District Interpreter—J. E. Tiger.

KIOWA DISTRICT.

C. F. Mitchell, P. E.

Fort Sill—M. A. Clark, Kicking Bird and Clyde Cocoa, supernumeraries.
Mount Scott—T. M. Ward.
President Methvin Institute—C. F. Mitchell.

DUNCAN DISTRICT.

C. H. McGee, P. E.

Mince and Tuttle—J. J. Shaw.
Appeatone Circuit—J. M. Johnson, supply.
Bailey Circuit—J. J. Bailey, supply.
Carnegie and Fort Cobb—W. M. Burnham, supply.
Cement—M. C. Dobbs.
Chickasha—M. L. Butler.
Comanche—M. T. Allen.
Duncan Station—W. M. Wilson.
Duncan Circuit—F. C. Mayberry.
Eschit—Lewis McVeigh.
Hastings—J. E. Martin.
Waurika—B. F. Stegall.
Lawton—W. J. Moore.
Marlow Station—H. E. Snodgrass.
Randlett—George W. Hooper.
Rush Springs Circuit—W. C. Driskill.
Temple—W. J. Wilson.
Ryan and Terral—F. H. Driskill.
Verden and Anadarko—J. J. Methvin.
Walter Station—R. A. Baird.
Lindsay Station—W. T. Ready.
Alex Circuit—J. W. French, supply.

GUYMON DISTRICT.

J. F. Lawlis, P. E.

Beaver Circuit—W. A. Douthitt, supply.
Boyd Circuit—J. D. Munsey, supply.
Carthage Circuit—C. C. Williams.
Gresham Circuit—W. J. Clark, supply.
Grand Circuit—C. A. Long.
Grand Valley Circuit—R. C. Aubrey.
Guymon Station—A. N. Averyt.
Hooker Station—J. E. Levett.
Ioland Circuit—F. C. Soper, supply.
Midwell Circuit—W. P. Meador.
Lockwood Circuit—To be supplied.
Mutual Circuit—W. F. F. Munsey.
Postal Circuit—J. H. Rogers, supply.
Texhoma and Goodwell—J. O. Crook.
Tyrone Circuit—E. A. Sample.
Woodward Station—C. L. Canter.
Optima Circuit—H. D. Johnson, supply.

MANGUM DISTRICT.

L. L. Johnson, P. E.

Mangum Station—J. S. Lamar.
Mangum Circuit—J. C. Scivally.
Willow Circuit—W. H. Davis, supply.
Granite and Gotebo—W. D. Sasser.
Lone Wolf and Lugert—W. P. McMickin, supply.
Hobart Station—M. C. Hays.
Mountain View Station—J. J. Crowe.
Snyder Circuit—C. H. Armstrong.
Mountain Park Circuit—W. E. Lee, supply.
Frederick Station—J. T. Thornton.
Frederick Circuit—G. B. Carter, supply.
Davidson Circuit—To be supplied.
Headrick Circuit—W. W. Robinson.
Altus Station—Robert Hodgson.
Elmer Circuit—N. B. Taylor.
Olustee and Eldorado—O. W. Stewart.
Duke Circuit—W. O. Hyler, supply.
Hollis and Dryden—G. E. Holley.
Nelly Circuit—G. M. Moon, supply.
Reed Circuit—To be supplied.
Martha and Blair—R. P. Witt.
Vinson and Deer Creek—R. L. Reese.

McALESTER DISTRICT.

S. G. Thompson, P. E.

Atoka Station—W. W. Crymes; B. E. Scivally, supernumerary.
Albany Circuit—To be supplied.
Bennington and Boswell—G. A. Lovett.
Bokchito and Freeny—R. C. Alexander.
Canadian Circuit—J. D. Massey.
Caddo and Sterrett—H. B. Vaught.
Colbert Circuit—J. D. Edwards.
Durant Station—J. A. Parks.
Hartshorne and Haileyville—C. W. Clay.
Wilburton Station—John F. Roberts.
Kiowa Circuit—J. R. Smith, W. P. Donnell, supernumerary.
McAlester, Phillips Memorial—N. L. Linebaugh.
Stonewall Avenue—Era P. Eubanks.
Spiro and McCurtain—G. W. Damon.
Poteau and Cameron—W. L. Anderson.
Quinton Circuit—Joseph F. Russell.
Pocola—Miles Sturgeon.
Albion Circuit—J. F. Gates, supply.
Antlers Circuit—C. P. Cox.
Fort Towson Circuit—W. W. Williamson.
Grant Circuit—E. C. Wallace.
Hugo Station—W. P. Pipkin.
Talihina—T. F. Roberts.
Howe Circuit—James F. Hendrick.
Wetumka Station—J. E. Vick.
Holdenville Station—T. L. Mellen.
Holderville Circuit—To be supplied.
Calvin Circuit—S. M. Sartin.
Stuart Circuit—T. J. Minnis.

MUSKOGEE DISTRICT.

W. F. Duncle, P. E.

Brushy Mountain Circuit—W. M. Grose, supply.
Muskogee Circuit—Wiley Smith, supply.
Muskogee, First Church—O. E. Goddard.
St. Paul's—W. H. Roper.
Sallisaw Station—John H. Rogers.
Warner Circuit—T. R. Houghton.
Fort Gibson Circuit—W. M. Spain.
Muldrow Circuit—W. D. Neal.
Stilwell Circuit—J. W. Shoemaker.
Tahlequah Station—J. R. Murray.
Tahlequah Circuit—W. E. Potter.
Westville Circuit—A. M. Belcher.
Checotah Station—R. C. Taylor.
Checotah Circuit—To be supplied.
Eufaula Station—Wilmore Kendall.
Eufaula Circuit—To be supplied.
Boynton and Morris—J. D. Rogers.
Stigler Station—A. B. L. Hunkapillar.
Whitefield Circuit—To be supplied.
Okmulgee Station—W. M. Rippey.
Waggoner Station—J. D. Salter.
Waggoner Circuit—A. W. Culver.
Bearden Circuit—J. W. Martin, supply.
Henryetta and Dustin—G. W. Martin.
Welectka and Okemah—A. C. Pickens.
Cowlington Circuit—R. A. Cowan, supply.
Vian Circuit—P. C. Atkins.
President Spaulding College—O. B. Staples
Conference Missionary Secretary—O. E. Goddard.
Student Yale University—W. A. Shelton.

OKLAHOMA CITY DISTRICT.

A. L. Scales, P. E.

Arcada Circuit—J. E. Lane, supply.
El Reno Station—H. C. Garrett.
Franklin Circuit—To be supplied.
Guthrie Station—T. F. Brewer.
McLeod—D. A. Gregg.
Morrison and Perry—E. H. Creasey.
Norman Station—R. E. L. Morgan.
Oklahoma City, Capitol Hill—C. S. Walker.
Epworth—R. S. Satterfield.
Oak Park—To be supplied.
St. Luke's—P. R. Knickerbocker.
Piedmont Station—James Arvin.
Shawnee Circuit—J. N. Tinkle.
Shawnee, First Church—O. C. Fontaine.
Trinity—G. W. Brose, supply.
Sparks—J. B. McCance.
Stillwater and Pawnee—J. S. Riley.
Stroud and Davenport—George W. Lewis.
Tecumseh—Jesse Crumpton.
Noble and Shiloh—J. K. Florence.
Purcell—C. F. Roberts.
Blanchard—E. D. Farrish, supply.
Y. M. C. A. Secretary, Argenta, Ark.—M. A. Cassidy.
Conference Commissioner of Education—W. J. Sims.
Editor Christian Advocate—G. B. Winton.

WEATHERFORD DISTRICT.

W. D. Matthews, P. E.

Butler Circuit—H. K. Monroe, supply.
Berlin Circuit—J. W. Nigh.
Cheyenne Station—W. J. Hale.
Clinton and Arapaho—C. A. Burris.
Cloud Chief Circuit—R. J. McDaniel.
Custer City—G. R. Wright.
Cordell Station—M. L. Roberts.
Cowden Circuit—J. W. Armstrong.
Doxey Circuit—James Lambert.
Elk City Station—W. A. Randle.
Erick and Texola—Wm. Taylor.
Foss Circuit—L. H. Fullingim.
Geary Station—W. A. Nash.
Gip Circuit—To be supplied.
Hammon Circuit—R. J. Hodges.
Pioneer Circuit—J. M. Holt, supply.
Rocky and Stillwell—H. L. Maulden.
Roll Circuit—C. W. Hardon.
Sayre Station—W. H. Duncan.
Texmo Circuit—H. C. Gulledge.
Weatherford Station—J. C. Fowler.
Wood Circuit—B. F. Sharp.

TRANSFERRED—E. W. Crump, H. P. Lasley, to the Memphis Conference; H. G. Summers, to the Southwest Missouri Conference and appointed to Montrose Circuit; M. L. Moody, T. A. Lisamby, J. W. R. Bachman, W. S. P. McCullough, John L. James, to Northwest Texas Conference; I. M. Woodward, M. B. C. Dabnam, to North Texas Conference; G. W. Hall, to North Alabama Conference; John L. Bray, to Virginia Conference; J. D. Hunt, to Missouri Conference; W. C. Morris, W. R. Long, Edgar A. Rippey, to Texas Conference; J. W. Olliver, to St. Louis Conference; George O. Jewett, to Montana Conference; J. A. Trickey, W. J. Wright, J. M. Woolridge, to New Mexico Conference.

Mrs. Figgers (with newspapers): "Do you know, Henry, that every time you draw your breath somebody dies?"

Mr. Figgers: "Well, I'm sorry, but I can't help it. If I quit drawing my breath, I'll die too."—Boston Transcript.

PILES

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ANNUAL CONFERENCE NOTICES.

Texas.

To the Preachers of the Texas Conference:

The Board of Missions for the Texas Conference in mid-year meeting on October 10 requested that each pastor and presiding elder in the conference make special effort to pay all missionary assessments in full, and for those who can do so to pay as large an excess as possible. The expense account of the board has been large this year; if the assessments are paid in full and no excess, we will pay out more than we take in; hence the importance of full collections.

J. T. SMITH, President.
JOS. B. SEARS, Secretary.

To the Members of the Texas Annual Conference:

The pastors and members of the Methodist Churches of Houston are preparing to entertain the conference at its approaching session in this city, November 27, to the best of their ability. Rev. J. W. Moore, pastor of Shearn Church and host of the conference, is chairman of the Committee on Entertainment. All communications pertaining to conference business, addressed to him will receive proper attention.

J. M. PERRY.
President Pastors' Conference, Houston.

RAILROAD RATES.

Rates of one and one-third fare for the round trip have been granted by the railway lines traversing the territory of the Texas Annual Conference. Selling dates November 25, 26 and for trains arriving in Houston of the morning of the 27th, with final return limit December 3, 1907. Call on your local agent at once and see if he has received instructions; if not, have him write the General Passenger Agent of his line, and they will be sent him. Remember to buy a round trip ticket. Your local agent will take pleasure in giving you the nearest and best route.

JAMES W. DOWNS, Secretary.

Attention, Candidates for Admission on Trial.

The Committee of Examination will meet on Tuesday morning, November 26, 1907, at 9 o'clock. Every candidate expected to be present at the hour named. On your arrival inquire of Rev. J. W. Moore, the conference host, and he will give you direction as to the place of meeting.

JAMES W. DOWNS,
C. B. GARRETT,
S. W. THOMAS,
Committee.

The class of the first year will meet the committee at the Conference Hall, Tuesday morning, November 27, at 9 o'clock. Let every member of the class be on time. Bring your books. IRA M. BRYCE.
Douglassville, Texas.

The classes for admission on trial, and of the first, third and fourth years will meet at Tabernacle Church, corner Caroline and Polk, at such hours as different chairmen may designate.

J. W. MOORE.

The class of the third year will please meet the committee in Houston on Tuesday morning, November 26, 9 a. m. Those who have taken the Correspondence Course or who have attended the Institute at Georgetown will please be on hand to be sure you have your certificates. Do not forget your sermons.

GUS GARRISON.
L. B. ELROD.
G. E. CAMERON.
Committee.

The Committee on License to Preach for the Gatesville District as follows: A. C. Smith, G. F. Boyd, T. W. Sharp and Ben A. Evans.

J. M. SHERMAN,
P. E. Gatesville District.

Since the Board of Missions is to meet in St. Paul's Chapel, November 26, 3 p. m., the undersigned suggests that the presiding elders meet at 2 o'clock in the above named place and on the same day, to make their nominations.

CHAS. F. SMITH.

The class of the second year will meet in St. Paul's Chapel, November 26, 10 a. m.

CHAS. F. SMITH,
For the Committee.

The Committee on Admissions and Readmissions, for the Texas Conference, and all candidates who are to apply for admission or readmission to said conference will please meet at the Tabernacle Church, corner of Polk Avenue and Caroline Street, Tuesday night, November 26, 7:30 o'clock.

O. T. HOTCHKISS, Chairman.

To All Pastors, Texas Conference:

Please do not remit in personal checks. If you do they will have to be returned to you. Send bank exchange or P. O. order. Don't mail me any remittances here later than Saturday, November 23. Receipts after that date should be handed me at Houston, but don't bring any personal checks.

L. L. JESTER, Treas. Texas Conf.

The committee and class of the fourth year will met in the conference room (Alhambra Hall) at 9 o'clock a. m., Tuesday, November 26. Let every member of the class be present, whether he has done the year's work with the Correspondence School or not.

D. H. HOTCHKISS, Chairman.

MARRIED.

Ballard-Sweet.—At the Methodist parsonage at Geneva, Texas, October 9, 1907, at 3 p. m., Mr. Carroll Ballard and Miss Annie Sweet, both of Sexton, Texas, Rev. W. S. Easterling officiating.

Ray-Deyo.—At the home of the bride, in East Banard, Texas, on November 12, 1907, Mr. Robert Ray and Miss Anna Gertrude Deyo, Rev. J. W. Johnson officiating.

Ryan-Jones.—At the Howard hotel, in Goldthwaite, Mills County, Texas, November 13, 1907, Mr. R. D. Ryan and Miss Dora Jones, Rev. G. W. Templin officiating.

Hitt-Ellison.—At the home of the bride's mother, Prairie Hill, Texas, November 3, 1907, Mr. H. M. Hitt and Miss Dale Ellison, Rev. Howell officiating.

Crossley-Godwin.—At the residence of B. C. Hall, Mr. Grover Crossley and Miss Cora Godwin, B. C. Hall, J. P., officiating.