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Editorial.

LAST WEEK'S EDITORIAL.

We have received several letters thanking us for last week's editorial. Albert L. Scales, of Paris, after expressing his appreciation of the article, says: "Can you not by some means get this article before the general public?"

Again, "Could you possibly get the Dallas Morning News to publish it without note or comment?"

We reply: Rev. E. L. Spragins, of First Church, took the communication to the editor of the News, and, on behalf of the preachers who had been so wantonly insulted by Adolphus Busch, requested the publication of it. The editor declined. Bro. Spragins remonstrated and argued. The editor reconsidered and promised him an answer later. The response came at last in the shape of an emphatic rejection.

The editor of the News was evidently confused. His sense of equity and fair play prompted him to publish it. His fear of the bar-room element prompted him to decline. The editor was between the devil and the deep, blue sea—the devil of the whisky traffic on the one hand, and the deep, blue sea of public opinion and even-handed justice on the other. His confusion and squirming were pitiable as well as amusing. We were not at all surprised at the rejection of the article, notwithstanding the News' protestation of perfect impartiality. The Dallas Morning News will never suffer the liquor traffic to be hurt or the liquor barons to be criticised in its columns.

This great sheet professes to hold the balance level between its contributors, but whenever its fetish is touched, or one of its tutelary divinities is pecked, it immediately draws the line. The News' objection to our editorial was that it was too personal. The News sits quietly and permits the ministers of Dallas to be branded as a lot of "fanatics and hypocrites" by a foreign-born Dutch brewer, and when the gratuitous slander is repeated and the author of it touched up and called to an account, why, the article is "too personal," and Dutch character is too sacred for impeachment. The News thinks that "there is a divinity which hedges in" a Dutch brewer and doesn't propose to perpetrate the sacrilege of meddling with it. If the prohibitionists of Dallas and Texas expect fair play from the Dallas Morning News, they are the worst fooled set of white men in the State.

This little incident, which we have just recounted, is a perfect illustration of its notorious unfairness, and an advertisement to the friends of prohibition that they need not expect any redress of their grievances in its columns.

We say, then, to Bro. Scales and others: No, the article can not by any means be gotten before the general public through the instrumentality of the News. The Dallas Morning News intends to permit the clergy of the State to be wantonly slandered by the champions of the liquor traffic, and to summarily shut out any reply whatsoever.

CONNECTIONAL NEWS.

The committee has selected Baltimore as the place for holding the next session of the General Conference of the M. E. Church, South.

Dr. Tigert, in the May-June issue of the Methodist Review reports the encouraging fact that this valuable periodical is self-sustaining. He says:

With this issue concludes the first year of our editorial control of the Methodist Review. In their report to the Book Committee the Book Agents announce the periodical as self-sustaining. A small balance appears for the first time on the right side of the ledger. During the year the list of bona fide subscribers has been nearly doubled. Three thousand copies

of each issue for 1894 have been published. We thank God and take courage. But until the season of Annual Conferences again rolls round, the editorial opportunities for increasing the subscription list are very limited. Will not all our preachers lend a helping hand as heretofore suggested?

Christian Advocate, Nashville:

Rev. Dr. B. M. Messick writes from St. Louis: "In a late Advocate there was an editorial paragraph to the effect that the preachers' meetings of the M. E. Church and M. E. Church, South, in St. Louis, had consolidated. This is a mistake. The proposition now pending is to hold a social and religious service, once a month, for such preachers of the two Churches as may be able to attend. Not a preachers' meeting, nothing official about it—only fraternal.

Arkansas Methodist:

The revival meeting under Jones and Stuart began here last Sunday. Stuart was alone the first two days. Bro. Jones came Tuesday. Services are held at 10 a. m., 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. The attendance has been large from the start, and so far as we can judge there is pretty general sympathy and co-operation on the part of the Churches. All our pastors in this city seem resolved to spare no effort to make the meetings profitable. A number of preachers from the adjoining country are in attendance. We have heard no unfavorable criticism. A good degree of religious interest is manifested. Two weeks is the time allowed for the meetings.

Christian Advocate, Nashville:

As preannounced in the Advocate, this pleasant occurrence took place in the great Gospel Tabernacle, of this city, on the evening of the 26th ult. At least 2000 persons were present, including a great many ministers and prominent laymen of the different denominations. It had been expected that Col. E. W. Cole would preside; but, as he was kept away by sickness, Col. T. D. Fife did duty as Chairman. Prayer was offered by Rev. James L. Vance, pastor of the first Presbyterian Church. Brief addresses of welcome were made by Capt. A. J. Harris, President of the Chamber of Commerce; Dr. S. H. Chester, Secretary of the Southern Presbyterian Committee of Foreign Missions; Dr. J. M. Frost, pastor of the First Baptist Church, and Dr. I. D. Steele, pastor of the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The address of Bishop Galloway, which followed, was interesting and edifying to the last degree, and made a profound impression upon the audience. Time and again, as he went forward, there were enthusiastic cheers and hand-clappings. We shall not attempt to give even the briefest synopsis of the Bishop's address, which, we trust, will be repeated in every part of the Church, and which cannot fail to quicken the spirit of missions in the hearts of all Christian people. One of the oldest and ablest lawyers in the State, himself a master of assemblies, assured us that he regarded it as one of the ablest and most eloquent utterances to which he had listened in twenty-five years.

GENERAL CHURCH NEWS.

Bishop W. F. Mallahan, in Western Advocate:

Methodism educates. Methodism believes in schools. Methodists pay their full share to support the public schools and then give their money by the millions to build up institutions of learning all over this land and the world. It is a little more than one hundred and fourteen years since our Church was organized; and yet, besides caring for all current expenses, the value of our parsonages, churches and schools means that we have averaged more than a million and a half of dollars in what we have put into the permanent plant of our work. A million and a half a year for a hundred and fourteen years is a good record; but it must be beaten.

Christian Advocate, Nashville:

At his Sabbath-morning service in Music Hall, Boston, on April 7, Rev. Dr. Lorimer made special reference to the death of the late Rev. Dr. A. B. Earle, the evangelist, whose career was so wonderfully directed of God, and whose work was so wonderfully blessed in the salvation of souls. Dr. Lorimer had as his theme, "The Evangelist and his Work," and he said truly: "Death has sealed our walls, and three of our watchmen have fallen.

Dr. Gordon stood foremost as a pastor; Dr. Broadus, of the South, as a teacher, and Dr. Earle as an evangelist."

Western Advocate:

Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Ill., has acquired the most extensive and valuable Methodist library in the world. It contains three thousand volumes, and was secured through the efforts of the Rev. Charles H. Kelly, ex-President of the British Wesleyan Conference.

The Independent:

The Rev. Jno. McNeill has closed his series of meetings in Calcutta, and apparently has accomplished great good. For two weeks he drew from 11,000 to 13,000 persons to the tent on the open square. The Indian Witness, speaking of it, says that he has given the Christians of that city an opportunity of showing that "men and women who ordinarily worship in different Churches and bear names of different denominations are in truth so near each other that they can worship together in perfect harmony of feeling and spirit." The Churches appear to have been welded together in a very appreciable degree, and the results it is hoped will be seen in the greater prosperity of all. There has been no effort to ascertain the number of conversions. Especially powerful were the after meetings when not infrequently five or six hundred persons remained, and more than once nearly a hundred persons asked prayer for themselves. The pastors of the different Churches who invited Mr. McNeill stood loyally by him and are exceedingly gratified at the result of the work.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Peaceful Settlements.

Nienmaga has yielded to the inevitable. She will pay the indemnity within two weeks after the British warships are withdrawn. Two of them—the Wild Swan and the Satellite—have already weighed anchor. The Royal Arthur will leave in a few days. San Salvador guarantees the payment of the \$75,000, and England is satisfied. Japan has also replied to the note of Russia, France and Germany. She relinquishes her claim to the Liao Tung peninsula, agreeing to accept a money consideration therefor. As the European powers are content, and as the Emperor of China has signed the treaty, peace prevails in the Orient.

Cuban Affairs.

The insurgents were repulsed in the recent battle at Chipada. The latest dispatches from Havana indicate that the insurgents are becoming discouraged and demoralized. General Campos has telegraphed the Madrid Government that the end of the revolution is near at hand.

The Island of Formosa.

The cession of Formosa to Japan has brought about an alarming condition of affairs. The resident Governor has lost control, and says that foreigners must look out for themselves. British and German marines have been landed to protect the foreigners. Formosa prefers to pass under British rule rather than Japanese.

The Arrest of Huntington.

C. P. Huntington, President of the Southern Pacific Railway, has been arrested by the California authorities upon the charge of granting a free pass. The whole affair, like the requisition papers for H. M. Flagler, impresses us as a species of petty persecution. California must have its little sensation.

The Situation at Home.

The war upon the income tax law increases. The opinion prevails that if the Supreme Court, on the occasion of the rehearing, does not declare it unconstitutional, that an extra session of Congress will be necessary to relieve the strain.

A marked feature of American affairs at present is the general determination to get rid of rotten municipal governments. It looks as if a revolution was about to be inaugurated to sweep away such

notoriously incompetent organizations. The action in Chicago in adopting civil service regulations looks like the dawn of a new era.

The currency question is to the front. From now on we will have earnest and voluminous discussions of the silver question in all its bearings. We believe that it will take precedence over the tariff and affiliated subjects. Monometallism and bimetalism are in the ring for a fight to a finish. It is the burning question of the hour.

Hypnotism and the Gold-Cure.

Not long since a criminal in Kansas was released on the ground that he had been hypnotized and was not responsible. Now some one in Pennsylvania, taking the gold cure for drunkenness, claims to have gone crazy and pleads exemption from punishment for crime on that ground. At this rate personal accountability will soon be a thing of the past.

THE PRESS.

We copy this fine paragraph from a communication by Bishop Keener in the Christian Neighbor:

In the presence of a dead body there is an end to pride, or lust, or wrath; human passion is sobered at the sight of its victim; but in the appalling presence of this offering—"the just for the unjust"—the one whom God has provided—upon whom has been laid the iniquity of us all—who bears my sin and carries my sorrow—my soul sinks beneath the weight; the ineffable price of redemption—peace at such a cost!

This glory is above the heavens; deep as the Godhead's deepest sea. From it the waves of reconciliation reach to every coast and tribe of fallen man. By it the Prince of Peace stretches his sceptre over every kingdom, and will subdue to himself every nation, tongue and people.

The Western Advocate furnishes a timely recapitulation of John Wesley's views upon the money question, which we most cordially commend to our readers:

John Wesley's scheme of finance is definitely laid down in his three sermons on "The Uses of Money," "The Good Steward," and "The More Excellent Way." The latter would make startling reading matter for the worldly-minded, and yet it sets forth the habit of his own life. In the sermon on "The Good Steward," he states his high opinion of money in the following sentences: "In the present state of mankind it is an excellent gift of God, answering the noblest ends. In the hands of his children it is food for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, raiment for the naked; it gives to the traveler and the stranger where to lay his head. By it we may supply the place of a husband to the widow, and of a father to the fatherless. We may be a defense to the oppressed; a means of health to the sick; of ease to them that are in pain. It may be as eyes to the blind, as feet to the lame; yea, a lifer up from the gates of death." He evidently was out of sympathy with those who rail at money as the "corrupter of the world, the bane of virtue, the pest of society;" for in the sermon on "The Uses of Money" he writes: "Above all, He was committed to our charge that precious talent which contains all the rest—money. It is unspeakably precious, if we are wise and faithful stewards of it." That we who fear God may know how to employ this valuable talent, and that we may be instructed how it may best subserve these noble ends, he reduced his maxims to one terse, epigrammatic statement, as surprising as it is terse, as logical and Christian as it is practical. It is a perfect cube of financial conduct: "Earn all you can, save all you can, give all you can."

The Independent, commenting upon J. L. M. Curry's recent work on "The Southern States Considered in their Relation to the Constitution," makes the following candid admissions:

We have known, for example, that slavery was virtually extinguished in New England under the operation of economic influences before the moral uprising of New England conscience against it occurred. It does not, however, follow that when that conscience did at last rise against it, there was not moral force or rational validity in

the uprising. The Northern writers on constitutional law have not been altogether agreed on the point, but we can not be far from the mark in saying that the weight of their opinion has been that the strict construction of the Constitution gave the South, for example, a right to the Fugitive Slave Law and put the whole matter of slavery in an intricate position, where it would only be reached by an appeal to the reserved rights of the nation, which was essentially revolutionary in its character. This was John Quincy Adams' position in his famous declaration in the House of Representatives. It was their recognition of this which made the Garrisonians so largely disunionists. It is no new thing now proclaimed for the first time that disunion feeling was rife in New England, especially in the early years of this century.

The necessity for and the value of condensation is thus pointed out by the Outlook. The man who, to quote Shakespeare, draws out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument has no chance for a hearing these days. A voluminous, ill-digested communication intended for a newspaper nowadays is doomed before it leaves the author's hands:

Ian MacLaren, or, to give him his full title, the Rev. John MacLaren Watson, speaks as follows about the recrudescence of the short story:

The old three-volume writer sat down beside his reader, so to speak, and gave him ideas between the pulls of a pipe. But the time of the pulls themselves was filled up with padding. Now the spread of culture has made the general reader quite intolerant of padding or verbosity. Only the other day I was explaining something to one of my congregation. I went rather too carefully about it; for while I was setting out one point, he said, impatiently, "You can go on to the next point. I have grasped that, and got two ideas of my own into the bargain." That is the reader's position exactly. Mind, it is very much harder to write a good short story than a good novel. In the short story every word has to tell and carry you forward evenly to the climax. You can allow yourself no *loquaces*, no pauses to chat with your reader by the way.

PERSONAL.

TEXAS.

Rev. J. P. Rogers writes that his father died near Paris, Texas, May 5. The Advocate tenders the bereaved family sincere condolence.

We have received an invitation to the marriage of Miss Mary Word and Rev. J. W. Stovall, at Kyle, Texas, May 13, 1895. The Advocate sends congratulations in advance.

Rev. J. P. Calloway, of Troy, came very near losing his little son Charlie on May 1. A runaway horse inflicted the injury. We are very glad indeed to state that he is now entirely out of danger.

We have received a circular from Bro. H. H. Halsell, President, announcing that the North Texas League Conference will meet in the Broadway Church, Gainesville, June 6 and 7. Let the Leaguers remember the date.

We are indebted to Rev. J. W. Hill, of Gainesville, who spent last week in Louisville, Ky., attending the meeting of the Board of Missions, for a newsy letter and a copy of the plan of Episcopal visitation which we publish this week.

The faithful wife of Rev. W. P. Read, a supernumerary member of the North Texas Conference, passed peacefully away May 6. Bro. Read feels very keenly the stroke, and desires the prayers of his brethren and friends. The Advocate tenders its sympathy.

We have received a most cordial invitation from Rev. C. E. Edgington, presiding elder, to attend El Paso District Conference, to be held in Pecos, Reeves County, Texas, May 8-12. Accompanying the invitation was a neatly printed and tasteful programme of the occasion. We would be glad to be present.

We had a pleasant call from Rev. C. E. Brown, of the Brownwood Station, during the week. Bro. Brown and his wife were in Dallas on a visit to their daughter, Mrs. Royal A. Ferris. Bro. Brown reported favorably of things in his section, both temporal and spiritual. We enjoyed the brief visit and chat.

Dr. W. M. Hayes, Financial Agent of Southwestern University, spent the past two weeks in Dallas. A portion of the time he

was assisting Rev. E. L. Spragins in a meeting at First Church. He preached a series of fine sermons, which were much enjoyed by all who attended the meetings. On Sunday morning at 11 o'clock the Doctor gave the Church an able sermon on Christian Education, which will doubtless result in good to the great cause which he represents. His sojourn among the Methodists of Dallas will broaden the views of many on the importance of our educational institutions, and especially Southwestern University. The seed which he has sown will bear fruit.

SOUTHERN METHODIST.

Dr. J. D. Barber, it is stated, will have charge of the City Mission, made vacant by the death of Rev. George W. Winn, until the next session of the Tennessee Conference.

Dr. R. D. Smart, of First Church, Memphis, has received 104 members into that Church since conference. Dr. Smart preaches the commencement sermon for the Memphis Conference Female College at Jackson.

Christian Advocate, Nashville: A telegram announces that Rev. S. S. Sweet, of Macon, Ga., dropped dead, April 23, in his room at the St. Denis Hotel, New York. Mr. Sweet left Macon last Wednesday to go to Carlisle for the benefit of his health, and would have sailed for Europe tomorrow. His remains will reach Macon either tomorrow night or Thursday morning for interment. Mr. Sweet was well known to journalism and the Methodist ministry in Georgia. He was a member of the South Georgia Conference, but owing to ill health had not in recent years had a charge.

Wesleyan Advocate: A card from Rev. L. S. Lyle, dated April 25, brings us the sad news of the death of Rev. Richard Harwell, of the North Georgia Conference. He had gone to Jonesboro to visit his sick brother, Rev. T. S. L. Harwell, had preached for Bro. Lyle on Sunday before and preached an excellent sermon. We are not informed as to how long he was sick, but he died on Friday, April 26. He was anticipating a visit to North Georgia with his brother, but the summons came for him to go up higher, and "he was ready." His brother lingers, says Bro. Lyle, "not improving," but "Uncle Dick" is at home and well. Oh, how we miss these old men as they pass over the river! Richard Harwell was born in 1824, joined the conference in 1850, and for forty-four years and more has gone up and down the land preaching the gospel as he only could preach. The people loved him and cherished his unique words, and was impressed by his ministry. He has left a legacy that will bless the world for all time.

Lee Fitzgerald, son of Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, died in Nashville, Tenn., April 25. Dr. Hoss, the editor of the Christian Advocate, Nashville, who preached the funeral sermon, among other things said: "If I were even minded to exaggerate his virtues, I should be restrained by respect for his own way of thinking. He would not have me speak a word not strictly and accurately true. Bearing this in mind, let me say that he had as good a training in religion and morals as any boy ever enjoyed. At his mother's knees he learned those lessons of belief in God and reverence for his laws that can nowhere else be learned so well. The impression of this early education never faded from his mind. In all the after years of storm and temptation, the recollection of his mother's counsels was inextricably blended with the conviction that he owed an unflinching allegiance to God. It was natural that he should connect himself with the Church, a step which he actually took in 1875, under the ministry of his own father, at Santa Rosa, Cal.

GENERAL.

The Interior: Stanley's chief reading while in "darkest Africa" was in the Bible, and Tennyson, and Browning's "Asiander" furnished him a suitable thought for his epilogue. With such sources of inspiration to draw from and the wonders of an unknown continent to describe, the charm and fascination of the great explorer's narrative is easily explained.

From a secular paper we learn that Rev. W. E. Penn died in Eureka Springs, Ark., a few days ago. For many years he was a successful Baptist evangelist in Texas, holding meetings in all the principal cities of the State. His last meeting in Texas was held at

the Second Baptist Church in Dallas last year, the week preceding the assembling of the Baptist Convention.

Rev. John McNeill, who spent several months in Chicago during the World's Fair, and who was one of the most distinguished celebrities present, has recently celebrated a great meeting in Calcutta. His preaching was both attractive and profitable to the Orientals.

The Interior, moved by the determination of the British Parliament to build a statue to Oliver Cromwell, remarks: We, too, ought to build a statue to Oliver Cromwell—if the great paritan had never done anything else than to tell Italy that it should not stop murdering the Piedmontese, he would shake her out of her territorial boot. If old Oliver were Protector now, he would shell Constantinople inside of the next twenty-four hours.

Christian Advocate, Nashville: Apropos of the statement that it was a characteristic of Lord Coleridge to always have the right word for everything, a good story, once current in Oxford, appears now for the first time in print.

At college it was his duty as a Fellow to read the lessons in chapel, and one day he read, by mistake the second lesson, where he should have read the first. To conclude it in the orthodox way was hardly correct, as it was not the second lesson, but the first; nor could it be well described as the first lesson, as properly it was the second. A moment's hesitation supplied him with the appropriate word: "Here endeth the wrong lesson."

The Advance: Dr. Hillis preached on making all things new. But his sermon was to some extent an echo of the Swing sermons of the past. The great essayist's successor should remember that the Professor rung all the changes on a certain line of criticism, negation and observation; and that Dante's pictures of despair and Michael Angelo's "last judgment" and medieval theology, however obnoxious to some people, are not half so hurtful as municipal corruption, for instance. It would be well if the Central Music Hall pulpit could let up on the chase through the gloom of the past and go on a good live hunt for the sin-stalking through the haunts of vice or quietly resting under the gilded respectability of high places here in Chicago. Dr. Hillis is young enough and able enough and ambitious enough to be a more positive preacher.

Outlook: In a recent number of "Life," "Droch" gives us his memories of the late Prof. Blackie as he appeared at the Inverness Fair:

One duty evening, several years ago, the writer had the good fortune to arrive at Inverness on the very day of the great Wood Fair. By chance he heard of the concert of the Highland societies to be held that evening. The hall was draped with the tartans of all the clans, and killed Highlanders were plentiful throughout the audience. The stage was filled with Highland dignitaries, but the center of it and the focus of all eyes was the picturesque figure of John Stuart Blackie—then more than eighty years of age. There were songs of Gaelic and songs in Scotch, to which he kept time with his long staff. Then the pipes struck up, and four clansmen danced a Highland fling. The old man was all excitement, moving his feet and arms as though with difficulty keeping his seat.

By and by he rose to speak, and was greeted with a tremendous cheer of affection and appreciation. He impressed us by every word and movement, as though he were filled with the enthusiasm of a boy. He went right at them with short, explosive sentences—each one of which raised the dust as it struck.

"You'll no mark your religion so dear. The Bible tells you to sing before the Lord—aye, and dance, too." Then he took a step forward, and raised his foot and arm as though about to jump into a Highland fling. When the laughter died down he continued:

"I'm a very old man, and can say it without conceit: I know nine languages, and something of a good many more, but if I were to be shut up in a dungeon or on a desert island, I'd ask only for the Bible and the songs of Scotland, and be happy."

"Of late years you young men have been going to London for everything. It will swallow you up. It's a great maw. Don't look at London! Be yourself—be a Scotchman!"

Then he sat down, and when the storm subsided, there was cry after cry for a song from Blackie. He sat there shaking his head and pursing up his lips, but the great audience would not take his refusal. Finally he rose his gaunt length, advanced well to the front, shook his long staff in their faces, and yelled: "The man who can't say No is a coward!" That pleased their Scotch obstinacy better than a dozen songs.

Devotional.

God's Guidance.

One who carries a lantern on a country road at night sees only one step before him. If he takes that one step, he carries the lantern forward and thus makes another step plain. At length he reaches his destination in safety, without once going into darkness. The whole has been made light for him, though only a single step of it at a time.

This illustrates the usual method of God's guidance. His word is represented as a lamp unto the feet. It is a lamp—not a blazing sun, not even a lighthouse, but a plain common lamp or lantern which one can carry about in the hand. It is a lamp "unto the feet," not throwing its beams afar, but illuminating a hemisphere, but shining only on the one little bit of dusty road on which the pilgrim's feet are walking. The duty for the moment is always clear, and that is as far as we need concern ourselves: for when we do the little that is clear we will carry the light on, and it will shine upon the next moment's step.

—J. R. Miller, D. D.

Constant and Minute Life with God.

As many as are the shades in the evening sky between the crimson horizon and the blue zenith, so many are the possible degrees of nearness to God. As numberless as are the gradations from the white edge of the tinted corolla to the red heart of the flower, so countless are the degrees of intensity in living with God shown in the lives of different Christians.

Those who entrust to God their lives as a whole, say, or feel, that in a general way their lives are guided by him. But they do not feel and can not say of the daily and hourly occurrences of their outward life, and much less of the instant working of the soul within, that God is in all these clear or cloudy experiences. There is a mode of Christian life merely blocky out in the rough. The main design is apparent, but the fine chiseling, the minute touches, are wanting.

One feels that there is a crudeness and immaturity in the Christian life of such persons—a want of fine flavor and a lack of depth, and the need of a more sanctified disposition and purpose. Is not this defectiveness the result of living too much with general thoughts about God, or even with a general faith in God, without realizing God as a personality distinct and beautiful in one's consciousness? And is it not also because they themselves do not go sufficiently into particulars with God, either in their contemplations or their prayers, or in regard to their actions?

On the other hand, the refinement of spiritual perception, and the delicacy of discernment and the depth of some Christians whom we meet, is due to their living very closely with God in the minutest matters. There is also strength as well as beauty in those who bring the minutiae of their lives to God. While they are fine in fiber, they are also strong and courageous. The character of such is frank, faithful, and beautiful, and we feel it the moment we come into their presence.

The sweetness and depth of human intercourse depends on our real acquaintance with our friends. As a rule, the better we know a trustworthy person the better we like him. Often we feel that a true and minute relation with one we esteem is impossible, and we feel it a loss to be obliged to forego the growth and joy which would have come to us from such fellowship. But the Christian is invited to a detailed and hourly intimacy with God. He is encouraged to come close to the central power of love and strength in order not only to rest himself constantly for living by the support of his inner nature, but also to receive the courage for aggressive warfare. He is told that he can not speak too minutely to God of his experience, his needs, his desires, nor too openly lay them before them for his scrutiny and his help. It is thus that we become bound to him by a thousand tender affections, and our souls knit to the most loving One. If it is good to know God at all, it must be better as we know him better.

What have we that is dearer to our souls than a close intimacy with God? Yet many a half-day will pass, perhaps, without our drawing close to him. We should close the door of the heart quite often, that the soul may spring upward with the invisible leap of faith to its Father. We must live in his smile, suffering, obeying, doing all beneath his cheering, sustaining eye. We cherish the life of nearness to God by practicing it. We know those things which come into our experience. Unless God come into our experience we can not know him. Shall we take him into our confi-

dence only in the great things that happen to us? What are they? We do not know which of the events that come to us are the great ones. Let us not draw a line between great and small, but let us lift up the whole of our experience to him as the "mountain lifts the plain upon its shoulder," that all be struck through with the splendor of his glory. The slender warp of our lives may support the rich woof of his presence and fullness, and their whole texture become radiant with silver and gold threads of his guidance and his love. Let ours be an intensity of communion that brings everything, little or great, into the sunlight of his grace. The indescribable significance of the acts of life, hinging on the past, issuing in the future, makes us fear to do without God even in minutest things.

When all goes well with us, we naturally become careless in bringing things secular and indifferent to God. When sorrow or trouble visits us, every act and thought suddenly become vivid. Everything is seen and felt to be of God. The poignancy of grief sharpens our perceptions. God is on the scene, although invisible, just as really in ordinary times as he is in the hour of bereavement and trial. But the trial and bereavement are a hand which draws aside the curtain, and reveals God as acting in every smallest matter of our life. One day, if we can not now, we shall thank him for rousing our dormant spiritual apprehensions even by the stimulus of pungent pain. Of what avail is any experience which does not quicken into its highest activity the moral nature? Pain keeps us alive to the minute and fine work of Jesus on our souls. This brings us into immediate contact with him. Are we not immediately conscious of the chastened spirit of some who have borne long and severe discipline in suffering?

But some may say that this incessant intercourse and this constant interchange of thought with God over the small affairs of daily living is belittling to us, and not worthy of him. "He that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God." There are none of our deeds or works which we do not wish to have wrought in God. Then we must come to the light with them all, the great and the small. What a shining life is that whose every work is "wrought in God!"

So far from being belittled by constant and minute life with God, asking and receiving his help, guidance, blessing, in everything, such a life is the only one that has a truly enlarging, widening effect upon us. Living minutely with God is only another name for sounding new and continuously greater depths of trust, and that again means simply fathoming more deeply God's measureless love to us. Can we have too much of this?—Sunday School Times.

A Good Spring Tonic.

This bit of wholesome counsel to one of her own sex from Dr. Grace Peckham Murray, of New York, is a better "spring tonic" than any of the quack nostrums recommended under that name. "My advice to women is to live enthusiastically in the present, forget the past and hope in the future." The victims of nervous depression and irritable unreasonableness come more frequently from the ranks of idlers than of workers. In reply to a business man who was deploring his recent losses, a certain physician said: "You have suffered from bad investments, but you have saved your wife from chronic invalidism. All she needed was something to do."

Besides the advantages accruing to the physical system from adopting Doctor Murray's philosophy of living, the woman who has interests outside of herself becomes more fair-minded and tolerant in spirit. Narrowness and bitterness seldom characterize the busy mother, the earnest teacher, the self-appointed philanthropist, or the brave wage earner. As one of the latter class said the other day, "We have no time to sit in judgment on other people."—Selected.

How to be Happy.

There is an ancient legend which tells in a beautiful manner the secret of joy on earth:

Once there was a wealthy and powerful King, full of care and very unhappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and found him in a cave on the border of a wilderness.

"Holy man," said the King, "I came to learn how to be happy." Without making a reply, the wise man led the King over a rough path till he brought him in front of a high rock, on the top of which an eagle had built her nest.

"Why has the eagle built her nest yonder?"

"Doubtless," answered the King, "that it may be out of danger."

"Then imitate the bird," said the wise man; "build thy home in heaven, and thou shalt have peace and happiness."—Ran's Horn.

Old and Young.

BABY'S AMUSEMENTS.

The mother who thinks with a sigh of her utter inability to purchase a quarter of the pretty playthings which will keep her little one supplied with the requisite novelties, need not despair while she has a perfect mine of treasure in her kitchen yet to be enjoyed, if she will only avail herself of them.

Does everyone know the virtues of a dozen clothespins or a bright tin can? Is it a commonly accepted fact that a tin dipper with a very few drops clinging to the bottom of it is one of the most desirable toys to be found from the baby's point of view? One can scarcely go amiss in selecting any of the common articles with which every kitchen is supplied, providing the articles have no sharp edges, for a cut made by a tin is a sufficiently serious matter. Do not be troubled about finding something that the baby can handle easily. The larger and more clumsy the article the more enjoyment it seems to furnish. A spint market basket is a treasure to most little children.—Babyhood.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.

A young man out of employment went recently to an old man asking advice. "I have," said the junior, "commanded a certain salary. If I accept the place which offers itself at one-third my previous remuneration, will I not let myself down, practically say that my value has decreased? Is it not better to do nothing than to do what is poorly paid?"

"John," said the old man, "my advice to a man needing work and out of it always is, to take the first honest thing that comes along. Hard or easy, obscure or conspicuous, ill-paid or well-paid, take hold of the work that offers itself to your hand, and do it with your might. You are more likely to find work, if at work somewhere, than if sitting at home doing nothing. In my own day, I once could get no employment except to help the porter in a factory at a dollar a day. I took hold of that, it was all I could find; today I control the factory and am owner of the business."

"That," said the youth, "was nearly forty years ago. Things in the business world were different then." "Things are never different," was the reply. "An energetic man will gain nothing by sitting still and waiting for the large place. Let him take hold at once of the small place, and till that till he overflows it."—Northwestern Advocate.

A GIRL'S COMPOSITION.

Boys are men that have not got as big as their fathers, and girls are women that will be ladies by-and-by. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam he said to himself, "Well, I think I can do better if I try again."

And then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there have been more women than men ever since.

Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way, half of the boys in the world would be girls, and the rest would be dolls.

My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy.—Watchtower.

BURT'S INVESTMENT.

Burt's father owned an orchard in which were a number of pear trees, a Buffalo paper says. There was not a demand for pears in that region, and these pears were allowed to rot on the ground. Burt's father decided that he would try Burt for picking up the pears, and then they could be fed to the hogs. Burt asked his father if, when the day's work was done, he might have two cents to spend in town just as he thought best. His father said yes. The pears were all picked up and carried to the barn near the pen, and Burt got his two cents and started for the town. It took him some time to decide. He decided, spent the two cents, and when he got home his father asked him what he had bought.

Burt answered that it took him a long time to decide, but at last he decided he was so thirsty and warm that he would like a pear, and he paid two cents for a pear.

Burt had earned that two cent-picking up pears in his father's orchard which were to be fed to the hogs. Did he make a good investment? He said he forgot the pears in the barn.

Do you believe Burt will make a good business man?—Outlook.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

It is not generally known that Juan Fernandez, the island on which Alexander Selkirk, the Robinson Crusoe of romance, lived so many years, is at the present time inhabited. Two valleys winding down from different directions join a short distance back from the shore, and here now stands a little village of small huts scattered around a long, low, one-story building with a veranda running its whole length.

In this house lives the man who rents the island from the Chilean Government, and the village is made up of a few German and Chilean families. The Melbourne Argus gives this description of the village:

"The tiny town is called San Juan Bautista, and the crater-like sea on which it is situated, and where Alexander Selkirk first landed, is now called Cumberland Bay. The island is rented for about \$1000 a year. The rent is paid partly in dried fish. Catching and drying the many varieties of fish and raising cattle and vegetables wholly occupy the contented settlers, and much of their income is obtained from the cattle and vegetables sold to passing vessels. The cattle need no care, and the vegetables almost grow wild.

Turnips and radishes, first sown here by Selkirk himself, now grow rank and wild in the valleys like weeds. There is also a race of wild dogs which completely overrun the island, depending for existence mainly upon seals. They are descendants of a breed of dogs left by the Spaniards.

"At the back of the little town, in the first high cliff, is a row of caves of remarkable appearance, hewn into the sandstone. An unused path leads to them, and a short climb brings one to the dark mouths. About forty years ago the Chilean Government thought that a good way to be rid of its worst criminals would be to transport them to the island of Juan Fernandez. Here, under the direction of Chilean soldiers, these poor wretches were made to dig caves to live in. In 1871 they were taken back again, however, and the caves have since been crumbling away.

"The narrow ridge where Selkirk watched is now called 'The Saddle,' because at either end of it a big rocky hummock rises like a pommet. On one of these is now a large tablet with inscriptions commemorating Alexander Selkirk's long and lonely stay on the island. It was placed there in 1858 by officers of the British ship Topaz. A small excursion steamer now runs from Valparaiso to Juan Fernandez Island. The round trip is made in six days, and three of these may be spent on the island in fishing and visiting those lonely but beautiful spots which, nearly 200 years ago, were the haunts of Robinson Crusoe."—Epoch Herald.

THE KREMLIN.

The city of Moscow, like Granada, is built on hills. In the center of the city, on the highest hill, stands the Kremlin, and its sparkling domes, gilded spires, cupolas and pinnacles can be seen at a great distance from the city. It covers a space of two square miles, and like the Alhambra, is surrounded by a thick wall, flanked with strong towers. This citadel was built in the Fifth Century to protect the Russians against the incursions of the Tartars. In those days watchmen were always stationed on the wall-towers, and when they saw great clouds of dust in the distance they knew the Tartars were coming. Then the great bell in the Ivan tower was rung, and all the people in Moscow fled to the Kremlin for safety.

This ancient citadel was destroyed by fire many times during its early days, but about one hundred and fifty years ago it was rebuilt in its present form. The Kremlin, like the Alhambra, consists of many buildings, but unlike the Alhambra, none of them are ruins. Almost everything seems new, glittering and magnificent.

There are five gates in the wall, the most imposing of which is the Spasski, or Resurrection Gate. It is so called because a sacred picture of our Saviour hangs above the arch of entrance, inside the gate. No one, from Czar to peasant, ever passes that gate without a reverent salute. All strangers are expected to pass it with bared heads, no matter how stinging the cold.

A description of the buildings within the Kremlin wall, would fill a book. It contains the arsenal of the army, the most sacred Russian churches, the palaces of the Czar, besides towers and numerous other buildings.

The imperial palaces present a strange contrast. The new palace built by Czar Nicholas is modern splendor itself. It is built throughout of the most costly material, and its furniture and adornments could scarcely be surpassed in magnificence. In the ancient palace of the Czar there is not the slightest attempt at display. It is kept just as it was originally furnished, and beside the new palace, looks decidedly plain.

The present Czar of Russia would hardly be willing to use a wooden arm-chair like that of the Czar Michael, which still stands in the ancient palace, with a rug before it made by the Czar's daughter. In the old dining-room of the palace the Czar and Czarina always dine on the day of their coronation. The coronation always takes place in the cathedral of the Assumption in the Kremlin. This is one of the finest churches in the world. But the gaudy interior, with its golden walls and saints covered with jewels, would not suit all tastes or religions. One said in this church (the miracle-working Virgin) is decorated with over \$200,000 worth of jewels, one emerald alone being valued at \$50,000. The cathedral of St. Michael the Archangel is another noted church in the Kremlin.

The great Ivan tower within the wall is renowned for its bell; it contains the largest bell in use in the world, and it is said to be unequalled in tone. An enormous bell in the citadel was considered necessary by the Russians, to ring the people into the fortress in time of danger. There are thirty-two more bells in this tower, which are unrivaled in sweetness of tone.

At the foot of Ivan tower stands the "King of Bells," the enormous Czar Kolokol. It weighs about 50,000 pounds. Owing to its great weight it fell several times, and had to be recast. The last time it was recast, in 1733, the ladies of Moscow threw many of their jewels, and gold and silver ornaments into the melted mass. These softer metals weakened its strength, it is supposed, for it fell again soon after. Now it is seen on a pedestal at the foot of Ivan tower, a monument of human folly.

The Kremlin is a most sacred place to Russian peasants, and it is said that when they approach the city of Moscow, as soon as the golden cross on Ivan tower glitters in their view they kneel in reverent devotion.—Mrs. E. L. Super, in Central Advocate.

LOVE.

The attempt to serve God without love is like rowing against the tide. Love makes duty sweet. The angels are swift-winged in God's service because they love him. Jacob thought seven years but little for the love he had for Rachel. Love is never weary.—Watson.



With groans and sighs, and dizzied eyes,
He seeks the couch and down he lies;
Nausea and faintness in him rise;
Brow-racking pains assail him.
Sick headache! But ere long comes ease,
His stomach settles into peace.
Within his head the throbbings cease—
Pierce's Pellets never fail him!

Nor will they fail anyone in such a dire predicament. To sufferers from sick headache, dyspepsia, biliousness and constipation, they are alike "a friend in need and a friend indeed."

Assist Nature a little now and then in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels and you thereby avoid a multitude of distressing derangements and diseases, and will have less frequent need of your doctors' services.

Of all known agents for this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best. Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills. Hence their great popularity with sufferers from habitual constipation, piles and their attendant discomfort and manifold derangements.

YOU DON'T BECOME A SLAVE TO THEIR USE!

as with other pills. Their help lasts.

No care is required while using them; they do not interfere with the diet, habits or occupation, and produce no pain, gripping or shock to the system. They act in a mild, easy and natural way and there is no reaction afterward.

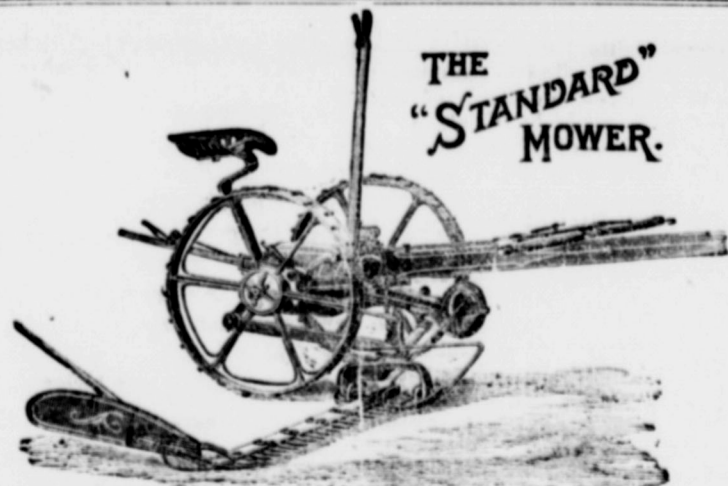
Being composed of the purest, concentrated vegetable extracts, the cost of their production is much more than that of other pills found in the market, yet from forty to forty-four are put up in each glass vial, as sold through druggists, and can be had at the price of the more ordinary and cheaper made pills.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS CURE

biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. In proof of their superior excellence, it can be truthfully said, that they are always adopted as a household remedy after the first trial. Put up in glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. One little "Pellet" is a laxative, two are mildly cathartic. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules; any child will readily take them.

Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be better for the dealer, because of paying him a better profit, but he is not the one who needs help. Manufactured by

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Made in 4 feet-6 inches, 5 feet and 6 feet Cuts.

Before buying anybody's Mower, it will be wise to write

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for an Illustrated Catalogue and learn "That which a man don't know may be exactly the thing if he did know would benefit him most."

"DON'T GO IT BLIND IF YOU CAN HELP IT."

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For \$25 CASH we will send a Ladies' Solid 14 Karat Gold Watch, under full guarantee, and the Texas Advocate for one year.

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NEW YORK, Dec. 23, 1894. My Dear Sir:—Myself and family have received so much benefit from the use of the Electropoise, and I have become so thoroughly convinced of its practical value as a Curative Agent that I feel warranted in recommending it, without reserve, to the public.

One of my friends, a widely known and highly esteemed everyman and educator, after using the Electropoise for nearly two years in his family, and after thoroughly testing its efficacy in the most difficult cases that he could not purchase another, he would not take a thousand dollars for it. Very truly yours, W. H. DEPUY.

The above is from Rev. W. H. Depuy, A. M., D. D., LL.D., Editor of The People's Encyclopedia, and several other well known works, and now Assistant Editor of The Christian Advocate at New York, a position which he has filled for more than twenty years.

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After wearing your Natural Body Brace for nine months, the most extreme nervous and painful conditions are cured. Also, chronic Catarrh, Piles, Hemorrhoids, etc.

I am pleased beyond expression with the results. I would not part with it for any money. MRS. F. A. JOYCE, New York City.

I have been afflicted with Catarrh of the womb for many years. I have tried everything to help me like the Natural Body Brace. I have found it to be the only thing that has done me any good. I have been able to do my work and am now able to do it. I am now able to do my work and am now able to do it. I am now able to do my work and am now able to do it.

Money Refunded if Brace is Not Satisfactory.

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Howard C. Rash, Manager.

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EPISCOPAL VISITATIONS FOR THE

CONFERENCE OF 1895-96.

First District—Bishop Keener.
North Georgia—Ellenboro, Ga., Nov. 2
Texas—Brenham, Tex., Dec. 4
East Texas—Tomball, Tex., Dec. 18

Second District—Bishop Wilson.
Hawaii—Honolulu, Aug. 1
East Columbia—Milton, Ore., Aug. 5
Columbia—Oakland, Ore., Aug. 9
Los Angeles—Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 12
Pacific—San Jose, Cal., Oct. 9
Tennessee—Tomball, Tex., Nov. 14
North Carolina—Elizabeth City, N.C., Dec. 11

Third District—Bishop Gumbrell.
Brazil Mission Conf. San Paulo, Brazil, July 21
South Georgia—Ellenboro, Ga., Dec. 18
Florida—Orlando, Fla., Dec. 18

Fourth District—Bishop Burges.
Denver—Trinidad, Colo., July 25
Western—Mendota, Kan., Aug. 22
Indian Mission—Admire, E. T., Oct. 11
Memphis—Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 11
Baltimore—Baltimore, Md., Mar. 23

Fifth District—Bishop Demaree.
Missouri—Marion, Mo., Sept. 4
Southwestern—Wichita, Kan., Sept. 12
North Texas—Gainesville, Tex., Nov. 6
Southwestern—Tomball, Tex., Nov. 14
West of N. Carolina—Elizabeth City, N.C., Nov. 27

Sixth District—Bishop Galloway.
Ill. Louis—Jackson, Mo., Sept. 25
Virginia—Richmond, Va., Oct. 13
North Alabama—Gadsden, Ala., Nov. 21
South Carolina—Rock Hill, S.C., Dec. 12
Alabama—Troy, Ala., Dec. 12

Seventh District—Bishop Hendrix.
Japan—Kobe, Japan, Aug. 29
China—Yantai, China, Sept. 6
Mississippi—Yazoo City, Miss., Dec. 11
Louisiana—Lafayette, La., Dec. 11

Eighth District—Bishop Kim.
New Mexico—Deming, N.M., Sept. 26
Northwestern Mexico—Chihuahua, Mex., Oct. 3
Central Mexico—Mexico City, Mex., Oct. 10
Mexican Border—Laredo, Tex., Oct. 27
West Texas—San Antonio, Tex., Oct. 27
German Mission—Houston, Tex., Nov. 11

Ninth District—Bishop Houghton.
Kentucky—Winchester, Ky., Sept. 11
Louisville—Louisville, Ky., Sept. 11
Hudson—Hudson, N.Y., Oct. 16
Arkansas—Fayetteville, Ark., Nov. 27
Little Rock—Little Rock, Ark., Dec. 11

Tenth District—Bishop Fitzgerald.
Western Virginia—Linton, Ky., Sept. 4
Illinois—Chicago, Ill., Oct. 10
North Mississippi—Water Valley, Miss., Nov. 14
White River—Searcy, Ark., Dec. 18

THANKS TO THE BISHOPS.

Those who wish to attend all the
Annual Conferences in Texas in
order to represent our joint State
Church interests, for instance, the
Regent and Agent of the South-
western University, the Agent of
the Orphan Home, and the pub-
lisher and editor of the Advocate,
are exceedingly grateful to the
Bishops, who have fixed the times
of the meeting of our conferences
so conveniently. These dates are
just right, and we sincerely hope
that they will not be disturbed.

A BANQUET AND A LESSON.

During the month of March the
Interior, a paper published in the
interest of the Presbyterian Church,
celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary by
issuing a magnificent special num-
ber. It was a feat of journalistic
enterprise which elicited univer-
sal commendation.
During the month of April the
most prominent ministers and the
leading business men of Chicago
tendered the Interior a complemen-
tary banquet, wherein the generos-
ity of the McCormick family and
the editorial genius of Dr. Gray
received fitting recognition. The
menu was first-class, the speeches
charmingly appropriate and the
spirit of the occasion brotherly in
the extreme. Dr. Gray's reply
was very fine, and the best talk
of the hour. It was a banquet alto-
gether unique.

It was in reality a testimonial
to religious journalism, of which

the Interior is, perhaps, the best
representative and type. It dem-
onstrates that the religious news-
paper is coming to the front. It
proves that the Christian journal
is a necessity to the Christian life
and home, and that it meets a felt
want in our Christian civilization.
It is an integral element in modern
Church life and association, and
can not be ignored without posi-
tive detriment to all the interests
involved. When "the leading
business men of Chicago" left the
counting-house and the exchange
to pay tribute to a distinctively
denominational and religious news-
paper, they proclaimed in the most
unmistakable terms their appre-
ciation of such an enterprise. The
editors, publishers and patrons of
such a paper may well take heart
in view of such an unprecedented
event. The time has come when
a man's attitude toward his Church
paper is the gauge of his intelli-
gence and the test of his piety.
No one will refuse to subscribe
and read, except some belated brother
who struggles in the rear of the
procession, and who is out of step
and sympathy with the movements
of the Christian world.

GULLIVER ON THE GO.

Next week, or the soonest possible
time thereafter (D. V.), I mean to
set forth the work of the Parent
Board of Missions at its session in the
city of Louisville, Ky., together with
some account of the "jubilee" services
now being held here, celebrating the
semi-centennial of the organization
of the M. E. Church, South, which,
as the reader knows, was set on foot
in this city in 1845, the M. E. Church
having separated the year before at
the session of its General Conference
in the city of New York.

I left Gainesville Monday, April 29,
over the Santa Fe for Fort Worth,
where I caught the Cotton Belt for
Memphis, which I reached in time
for breakfast the next morning. Bro.
Pickens, of the Indian Mission Con-
ference, accompanied me from home,
and when we reached Commerce, in
Hunt County, Texas, we fell in com-
pany with the Rev. J. M. Binkley,
who was on his way to Nashville to
meet the Book Committee.

Taking the Louisville and Nash-
ville Railroad at 11:30 Tuesday, we
reached Nashville at 9:30 that evening,
and after a good night's rest and
a breakfast worthy of a first-class
hotel and the appetite of a sausage-
grinder, we started out to see the
sights.

The first object that attracted our
attention on the way was Bro. B. M.
Burgher, of Dallas, who was in at-
tendance upon the meeting of the
Committee of Five, to select the place
for holding the next General Con-
ference. He was standing in front
of the Publishing House, and after we
had gone through that great Metho-
dist institution, meeting the officials
and attaches, all of whom gave us a
warm reception, we pressed our Texas
brother into service as chaperon and
guide, and started out on a tour of
general inspection.

There being some young ladies from
Gainesville in Dr. Price's school, we
visited that institution, where we
were kindly received by the venerable
President, who had the girls down to
the parlor with great promptness,
and who showed us many other
courtesies.

Bro. Burgher, being an alumnus of
Vanderbilt University, did us fine
service in showing us through the vari-
ous departments of that institution.
We were much impressed with the
beauty and strength of the buildings,
and the wealth of the apparatus, and
other educational agencies by which
our young men can acquire a full and
complete fitting for the various walks
of life. I felt sorry, however, that
we have not brains enough in the
M. E. Church, South, to fill the
chairs in this our great central school,
and that the machinery of the Church is
insufficient to meet the religious needs
of our young people in this institu-
tion, and that the Y. M. C. A., with
its unmethodic methods, is called
into service.

We met several Texas boys at the
Vanderbilt. Texas, indeed, holds
the balance of power here; and if the
school is run on good, old orthodox
Methodist lines, the day is not far
distant when the Lone Star State will
send the graduates of the South-
western University to the Vanderbilt
for a post-graduate course.

We visited McKendree Church.
This is the St. Peter's of Southern
Methodism. I was astonished to
find its auditorium so small—it seats
only about as many as First Church,
Dallas—but the Sunday-school, Ep-
worth League and class-meeting de-
partments large enough and elegantly
equipped. I was a little surprised

to find the Sunday-school using
"Pentecostal Hymns," published by
a Chicago house, instead of our own
"Living Songs" and other books pub-
lished by our own House. I make
no comment further than to say that
"loyalty" will not stand against
merit and the law of demand and
supply must triumph in the end.
"Unto him that hath shall be given
and from him that hath not shall be
taken away even that which he
hath." As to the relative merits of
our books and those that out-sell
them, I am non-committal, and will
drop the subject, with a quotation
from an old English campaign dog-
gerel:

"God bless the King! God bless the Faith's
Defender!
And while he's blessing, God bless the Pre-
senter!
But which is the Pretender? Which the King?
Why, bless my soul! that's quite a different
thing!"

On Thursday, at 12:40, we took the
train for Louisville, where we arrived
at 7:30. Friday morning at 9:30 we
met the Board of Missions—of this
and else I will write next time.

JAS. W. HILL.

Louisville, Ky.

NOTES.

The brethren everywhere I have
been seemed carried away with the
report of our recent State League
Conference in Texas. Drs. Steel and
Morrison and Bishop Galloway are
"blowing the devil in every eye."

There are quite a number of young
ladies taking a University course at
the Vanderbilt. We saw them in the
laboratory amidst smoking gases and
loud smelling chemicals, working
away just like the boys. And they
are equal to the boys, too. One of
the young men said to me: "I tell
you, sir, the girls make us hump our-
selves!"

Dr. E. E. Hoss laid violent hands
on me and carried me out to his
home, where I met his good wife and
son and daughter. Notwithstanding
Miss Mary is very "chic and smart
and pretty," she insists that she in-
tends to be an old maid. I invited
her to accompany my father on his
next visit to Texas, when and where
I felt quite sure some of our young
rascals would make her change her
mind.

I found the Publishing House officials,
Agents, Treasurers, Editors,
etc., in a great rush, perfecting their
reports for the Book Committee.

The Committee of Five to select
the place for holding the next Gen-
eral Conference chose the City of
Baltimore.

J. W. H.

TO BETHLEHEM AND HEBRON BY

CARRIAGE.

On Monday morning, January 7,
we left Jerusalem at 6 o'clock for a trip
to Hebron, returning by way of Beth-
lehem. We were up at five, break-
fasted at half-past five and at six, just
as the sun began to tip with gold the
top of Olivet, while the shadows yet
lingered in the valleys, five of us
crowded into a rattling old carriage,
drawn by three horses working
abreast, and started down to Hebron.
We had forty miles to travel that day,
and much to see. But the road was
excellent, thanks to the engineering
skill borrowed by the Turkish Gov-
ernment from somewhere to superin-
tend its construction. Our driver was
a Jew, with all the caution and con-
ciliatory characteristic of the later gener-
ations of that historic race. Our
dragoman appeared in the dress of a
Bedouin, mounted on a fiery steed,
with a pistol in his belt, a sword at
his side, wearing spurs, and wielding
a long whip. At points of special
interest he had the carriage to stop,
and made explanations in good and
loud English. There is energy in the
tones of all natives. They vociferate
and gesticulate as though the hearer
was deaf and they were mad.

Around Mt. Zion we rode, crossed
the vale of Hinnom, and climbed the
steep hill-sides to the borders of the
Plain of Rephaim, so renowned in
the wars between David and Philis-
tines, and so intimately associated
with the brilliant military history of
King David. Beyond the railway
station, on the Bethlehem road, we
were shown on the right the valley
of the giants, while to the left a
gnarled old olive tree was pointed
out as marking the exact spot where
Judas Iscariot "went out and hung
himself." It is fitting that so dis-
torted and forbidding a thing should
be the place of such a horrid
scene; but, of course the story may
be apocryphal. On the summit of
the high hill farther on we have a
nearer and better view of the country
home of the Greek Patriarch of Jeru-
salem, built where it is supposed old
Simeon lived who so rejoiced at the
birth of our Savior. And near there
is a cistern which marks the reputed
site where the star appeared to the
wise men, and "they rejoiced with
exceeding great joy." Though that
may not be the exact location, no
doubt we were traveling the very
road those mysterious sages of the
far East walked on their way to
Bethlehem, with a planet robed in
fire for a dragoman, and gifts of gold,
frankincense and myrror for "the
young child," before whom they fell
down and worshipped. The lessons of
that pilgrimage were brought vividly
and powerfully to mind as we trav-
eled the same road they went in their
diligent search. Their star was not
in the cloudless sky that morning, but
it was in our hearts, to guide us not
only to Bethlehem, but to the place

he has gone to prepare for them that
love him. From the landscape that
greeted their eyes that morning
Herod's palace had long since disap-
peared, but in its place we saw the
Herodian mountain, where Herod
the great is said to have been buried.
A little further on we reached the
spot where the prophet Elijah is said
to have tarried one night in his flight
to the wilderness. On the left of the
road is the Greek convent called Mar-
Elias, with spacious and attractive
buildings. On the right of the road
is a large stone, in which there is a
deep indentation about the size and
shape of a man. That is thought to
have been made by Elijah the night
of his enforced rest. How heavily
the depressed prophet must have slept
to have made such an impression upon
stone! With all his miraculous
power he did not so deeply and per-
manently impress the nation he
sought to save. But this may be a
superstitious instance of the stones
crying out, "However improbable
some of these stories, they are not
without a certain plausible inter-
est." At that point both Jerusalem
and Bethlehem are in full view. The
Mosque of Omar on Mt. Moriah and
the Church of the Nativity in Beth-
lehem can be seen at almost a single
glance. One traveler thus happily
describes the view from that eleva-
tion: "By a simple turn of the head
one can see the birthplace of Jesus,
the place where he taught in the tem-
ple, the site of Calvary, and the scene
of his final ascension from Olivet." It
is doubted if in one sweep of the
eye such historic and sacred scenes
can be found elsewhere in all the
wide world.

A short drive brought us to a small,
dome-shaped building, known as
Rachel's Tomb. Here the "beauti-
ful and well-favored" wife of Jacob
was laid to rest, who, "as her soul
was in departing," left a last legacy
to the world in the person of the child
Benjamin. And Jacob set a pillar
upon her grave that is the pillar of
Rachel's grave unto this day. The
pillar is no more, but that place of
sorrow never has been without some
memorial. Once a simple monument
marked it, then a stately pyramid
crowned it for many centuries, and
now a Moslem building covers it, in
which, I learned, Jews were allowed
to occasionally worship.

Less than a mile westward from
here is a small village, which has
taken the place of ancient Zetan, the
home of Kish, the father of King
Saul, that "valiant young man,"
who "who from his shoulders and
upward was higher than any of the
people." It was out from that
very hillside the young man went to
"seek the asses" of his father that
were lost, but instead found a crown
and a kingdom.

Leaving the Bethlehem road at
Rachel's tomb we turned to the right,
going direct to Hebron. In less than
an hour we came to Solomon's Pools,
three immense reservoirs, between
steep hills, the one draining into the
other, built by King Solomon to sup-
ply Jerusalem with water. These
are supplied by four bold springs, be-
sides a well in the valley. The upper
pool is 380x236 feet, the middle one
423x250 feet, and the lower 582x207
feet. By the side of these pools are
the ruins of an old Turkish fortress,
supposed, however, to have been
used originally for a kitchen to accom-
modate travelers on the highway (?)
from Egypt to Damascus. Before
reaching these pools several of our
party concluded we would walk on
ahead of the carriage, which was
stopped for the horses to be fed. Along
that way the weary feet of
many generations had gone before us.
To place our shoes where other sandals
had walked for all the centuries
from Abraham to the present was a
privilege that ripened into an inspi-
ration. Then came the prayer that
the faith of the "father of the faith-
ful" might abide in his children until
the final generation. As we went on
and talked, attention was attracted
by the sound of weeping, and then
by a large company of persons on a
hill near the roadside. Further in-
vestigation ascertained that it was a
burial. The body had just been
placed in a tomb seven days old,
and over the mouth of the sepulcher
stones were being placed. When the
last rock was laid the mourners
wept slowly away, but the men
as stolid as the stones with which
they had sealed the graves of their
dead.

We passed a well where women
were drawing water, and which is
one of the reputed sites where Philip
heard the eunuch. I did not have
time to examine the argument in
favor of this claim, but supposed it
quite as plausible as that which sup-
ports the other two.
From Solomon's Pools to Hebron,
a distance of two and a half hours,
there was nothing of special interest
till we approached the ancient city.
The country is barren and rocky, with
only small patches in the narrow val-
leys and on the terraced hill-sides
capable of producing remunerative
crops. Once fertile, and supporting a
large population, by neglect, poor
fertilization, and no fertilization, the
soil has washed away, and only bare rocks
remain. In those flinty hills may be
discovered an explanation of the provi-
dence which has allowed this land of
such holy associations to fall so largely
into Moslem and alien hands.

Just before reaching Hebron we
passed through the Valley of Eschol,
now, as in the days of Caleb and
Joshua, a land of grapes, pomegran-
ates, and figs. The little vineyards
are separated by stone walls, and
filled with vines and their fruitful
branches. As it was not the time of
grapes, I could not compare the yield
now with the day when the spies
plucked "one cluster of grapes and
bare it between two upon a staff." It
is yet the chief industry of the valley,
and the wine pressed from the fruit is
said to command a premium in East-
ern markets.

Hebron is an old city, but only
interesting because of its historic as-

sociations and priceless treasures. It
is dirty, and inhabited by an ignorant
fanatical Moslem people. They despise
Christians, and even the children
greet their coming with curses and
hate. Policemen usually attend the
visitors to protect them from insult
and annoyance. One of the principal
streets is very dark, being covered
over its entire length, the light only
admitted through small windows
above. It was really dreary and
dungeon-like to see old Turks seated
on the floor or ground plying their
different trades by the dim, spectral
light of small tapers. Of course the
place of chief interest and pathos is
the cave of Machpelah. But no
Jew or Christian is ever allowed to
approach that sacred shrine. It is
covered by an immense mosque, and
in order to keep Christian eyes from
being gratified by too near a view, a
high wall has been built around the
Moslem temple itself. The lower
portion of the mosque is part of the
palace of King David; just above, the
wall dates back to the days of Con-
stantine, while the top is Saracenic.
On one side of the venerable building
there are three small, irregular holes
in the wall, which the Jews believe
have connection with the graves of
Abraham and Sarah, of Isaac and
Rebecca, and of Jacob and Leah.
Strangers are allowed on the stone
steps near these openings, and there
we saw three Jewish women weeping
and reading the lamentations of their
weeping prophet. Big tears were
rolling down their cheeks, and their
faces wore the agony of genuine grief.
They were weeping because the tombs
of their fathers had been wrested from
them, and their land of promise was
in alien hands, and were praying the
God of Abraham to help them in
their afflictions. Nowhere have I
seen a more pathetic picture. Only
four times have Christians been per-
mitted to enter the mosque—the
Prince of Wales in 1862 and 1881, the
Marquis of Bute in 1893, and the
Crown Prince of Russia in 1893. On
one of these occasions some fanatical
Mohammedans came near precipitat-
ing a serious riot. With heavy hearts
we turned away and walked down to
David's Pool, so called because it was
there King David had the murders
of Ishbosheth, the son of Saul, publicly
executed.

While resting for a few moments at
an inn we looked up the principal
scripture references to Hebron, and
re-read the history of stirring scenes
and tragic events. Hebron was one
of the cities of refuge, and within its
walls many a hotly-pursued offender
had come on flying feet, while scores
watched the chase from the towers
above, wondering if he would escape
the avenger, or have to give eye for
eye or life for life. Those very hills
and valleys were given to heroic
Caleb as his well-deserved inheri-
tance. In Hebron David was anointed
King over Judah, "and the time that
David was King in Hebron over the
house of Judah was seven years and
six months." And it was in Hebron
that his ungrateful son Absalom had
himself proclaimed King, and or-
ganized revolt against the throne of his
honored father.

About a mile or so from the city, in
the vale of Manure, is a large and ven-
erable-looking tree, known as Abra-
ham's Oak. Up there we walked,
passing close to several springs of
water and the ruins of an old Roman
aqueduct, and under the shade of that
historic tree spread our lunch, which
to our little company was like eating
together another paschal feast. We
saw in vision the great patriarch sit-
ting "in the tent door in the heat
of the day," and witnessed his warm
greeting to the three angels as "he ran
to meet them," and "bowed himself
toward the ground." A few acorns
from the great tree we picked up, and
gathered leaves from the bending
branches as souvenirs of an hour's
sweet rest and holy meditation amid
"scenes sacred in the life of 'the friend
of God.'"

We returned in the early afternoon
by the same road to Rachel's tomb,
and then turned aside to spend a
twilight hour in Bethlehem. En route
we came near having an adventure
with a small band of robbers. But for
the boldness and shrewdness of our
dragoman, and the presence of four
bronzed, stout-looking passengers,
who seemed quite able to cope with a
company of bandits, we would have
been unfortunate enough to fall among
thieves.

It was master of regret that we did
not have longer time to linger amid
the scenes of Bethlehem. As we rode
around the ridge into this beautiful
and well-kept city of 7000 inhabitants,
the field of Boaz was pointed out,
where Ruth gleaned behind the reapers
and made a history as fascinating and
beautiful as any story ever woven by
the hand of genius. In this very city
Jesse lived and David was born, and
here the great miracle of the centuries
was wrought in the birth of the Son
of Man. We spent an hour in the
Church of the Nativity, which is
really a group of buildings in which
Roman Catholics, Greeks, and Ar-
menians have chapels. What is known
as the Chapel of St. Helena contains
fourteen columns, which were
brought from Solomon's Temple. We
descended to the chapel, where are
costly altars, marking the sites where
the star rested, and where the manger
stood in which the world's Redeemer
was born. Several Greek monks were
kneeling reverently around this shrine
and offering their evening prayers.
Three or four company knelt, and to-
gether repeated that form of prayer which
He gave to guide the heart of the
world in its approach to God. Even
though there may be doubt about the
exact location, there was sweet inspi-
ration in the associations of the place;
and I was glad, in such a presence, to
renew a solemn covenant made six-
and-twenty years ago. We visited
also the grotto of St. Jerome, where
he translated the Bible into Latin, and
also the tombs of Eusebius and other
wise men. A detailed description of
the several chapels I cannot give in
these hurried notes. When we came

out the heavens were full of stars, and
a soft silvery light seemed to invest
the little city and its surrounding hills
with the glory of another transfigura-
tion. I thought surely that memor-
ies, when the shepherds, tending
their flocks, must have heard "the
overture of the angels," singing,
"Glory to God in the highest, and on
earth peace, good will to men." No
more glittering host was ever "mar-
shaled on the nightly plain." I was
glad to have been there at such an
hour, and all the way to our hotel at
Jerusalem the lines of Henry Kirke
White were making melody in my
soul:

"I'll sing first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem."
—Bishop Chas. B. Galloway, D. D.,
in Nashville Christian Advocate.

SMYRNA, JANUARY 26, 1895.

NOTE FROM SISTER ARMSTRONG.

"Please allow me space to thank the
many preachers and other Christian
friends for the letters that every mail
brought my dear husband after his
last note to the ADVOCATE, and for
the many that have come to me since
his death. All that came before his
death were too full to hear were
read to him, and if each dear writer
could have seen the alternate smiles
and tears they brought to his pale
face and heard his fervent words of
appreciation, they would have felt re-
paid a thousandfold. My heart
prompts me to respond to each one,
and tell of his triumphant days and
weeks, but not being strong enough
to do it, I must content myself by
responding in this general way for the
present. I also wish I could tell how
sweet those tender messages of love
and sympathy have been to me, as I
have sat in the deep shadows, and
how I have been upheld by the won-
derful power of God. Truly the
"everlasting arms" have been about
me, and I testify to the faithfulness
of the promise: "I will not leave
you comfortless." My home is now
in Weatherford.

MRS. C. C. ARMSTRONG.

"SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVER-
SITY."

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."
—Shakespeare.

To the superficial reader who be-
stows but a passing glance into the
treasure-trove of literary lore, leav-
ing unexamined many practical, every-
day lessons of life, this paradoxical
statement of the world's master poet
may seem but the rapid utterance of
an enthusiastic, but if we will care-
fully look into the subject with the
light of experience to aid us in our
scrutiny, we will find that there is
something more in it than idle senti-
ment or the vanity of poetic license.

Granted that many otherwise use-
ful lives are narrowed and fettered
by poverty's restricting influences,
and that sorrow and adversity are
ever unwelcome guests, so that we
would all fain be rid of their presence
forever, yet it is often the case that
these dark-browed intruders have
been instrumental in stimulating
some latent nature to earnestness,
and in the right direction and have
been the cause of their yielding precious
fruit, when otherwise there would
have been "nothing but leaves."

It seems natural for those whose
lives are soseated with the glow of
youthful exhilaration, and who are
reveling amid pleasure's bowers that
they are gay with festoons of radiant
promise and sweet with the bursting
buds and stately blossoms of hope,
enchanted by strains of floating mel-
ody, and dreamy whispers of future
bliss, to give themselves up to creature
enjoyment, and to seek no outlet for
their pent-up energies, but drinking
in the intoxicating sweetness of their
fairly-like surroundings, wrap about
themselves the delusive mantle of
dove for nite, thus dream the days
away. But should the dark clouds
of adversity trail their sable folds
across the blue of the over-arching
skies and the thunder-roll of sorrow
reverberate within the innermost cham-
bers of the shrinking soul, how
quickly "a change comes o'er the
spirit of the scene." The frivolous
pleasure-seeker sees the leafy bowers
wrenched into withering fragments
by the phantom clutch of the shriek-
ing storm-wraith and the gorgeous
wreaths of fragrant bloom fall limp
and faded beneath the simoon's fatal
kiss. Mirth and carelessness give
place to earnestness of purpose, and
often all the latent powers of that
apparently shallow nature thrill into
a thorough awakening, and the soul
bursts into an abundant fruitage of
noble resolves and grand results.

Many of our greatest men and
women are those whose lives are
cloaked with adversity and crowned
with sorrow.
Some of the grandest achievements
ever wrought in the sphere of human
action were consummated in the
depths of poverty and amid the
shadows of despair. Under such
circumstances, the royal-minded Mil-
ton, blind, persecuted and poverty-
stricken, gave to the world his most
brilliant production, which is destined
to live forever. James Hogg, "the
Ettrick Shepherd," in the midst of his
lowly duties, felt the promptings of
genius, and though but a poor shep-
herd boy who tended his flocks along
the banks and braes of Bonnie Scot-
land, he did not despair, but listening
to the whispers of the muses, con-
tinued to write verses until circum-
stances favored him, and he found
access to a library of good books
which proved a royal feast to the
starving intellect of the poor shepherd
who became a man of erudition and
culture, winning, in after-life, a val-
ued place in the friendship of Scott's
crown-prince of poetry—Sir Walter
Scott.

It was as a poor, wandering exile
that Dante wrote his glorious work,
the Divine Comedy, which by its
sweetness and beautiful imagery ap-
peals to the finer feelings of the soul,
and by its strength and grandeur calls

into force the admiration of the most
massive intellect.

We could go on indefinitely citing
examples of this kind, where grand
results have sprung from a forced
tuition in the school of infelicity, and
it is not alone in the realm of intel-
lectual achievement, that sorrow and
adversity tend to arouse dormant fac-
ulties and stimulate indolence into
action.

It is often the case, that proud lives
that have known naught but ease and
opulence, who have grown arrogant
with a callous disregard of all good
who, when the hour of trial comes
and they have quailed deeply of grief's

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Paragraph 218 of our Book of Discipline reads as follows: "The third Sunday in May, or as near thereto as practicable, shall be observed as Children's Day throughout our Church with appropriate services; and on that day a collection shall be taken up for needy Sunday-schools, the advancement of the Sunday-school work under the direction of the Annual Conference Sunday-school Board, and for Christian education." 10 per cent of the amount collected to be forwarded to the General Sunday-school Board at Nashville, and 10 per cent to the General Board of Education. After needy Sunday-schools within the conference shall have been provided for, any surplus remaining in the hands of the Annual Conference Sunday-school Board shall be equally divided between the General Sunday-school Board and the Annual Conference Board of Education. This was provision made by the late General Conference for an immediate and appropriate use of all funds that may be raised on that day. To some extent the day had gone into disuse, for lack of appropriate exercises, and because of unappropriated surplusage remaining in the hands of the Annual Conference. Now that these objections have been removed, the day should be magnified and made monumental in the lives of our young people, in acquainting them with the work and achievements of the Church, and in stimulating them to become active participants. By provision of the General Conference the Sunday-school Editor and the Secretary of the Board of Education have prepared a program for Children's Day that is entertaining and instructive in the highest degree. This ingenious program, interlarded with facts and figures of the departmental work of the Church, should be liberally distributed in the Sunday-schools, and observed to the letter. I have never known anything in this line so instructive, so appropriate, so ingenious. Let them be distributed by the thousand, and the young people acquaint themselves with the facts set forth, and from the inspiring, entertaining and instructive exercises make the day one of great pleasure and profit. The value of an education should be impressed, and the young people made familiar with our Church schools. As an inspiration to liberality, they should be told of the necessity of building up Sunday-schools in destitute places, and in educational lines they should be encouraged to aid in the education of young men preparing for the ministry, and especially those preparing for foreign fields. The Southwestern University has sixty in training for the ministry, and two of her graduates this year go to foreign fields—one to China, one to Mexico. Out of the "loan fund" realized from the conferences and from private sources, about ten young preachers have been assisted this season in their education, and of this number some who are to be foreign missionaries. Let Children's Day be magnified throughout the Church, and out of it we shall hope, not only for needful funds for Sunday-school and educational purposes, but for greater enthusiasm in the service of the Church, based upon a more thorough knowledge of her agencies and achievements, her work and her worth.

J. H. McLEAN,
Southwestern University.

Acting through the blood, Hood's Sarsaparilla not only cures scrofula, salt rheum, etc., but gives health and vigor to the whole body.

WHO WILL HELP?

Almost every week a letter comes like the one below. They touch my heart. I deeply sympathize with such boys and do all in my power to help them. They need an education, and I aided to secure it would repay the Church more than a hundredfold. Methodism has hundreds—even thousands—of ministers and laymen, filling important positions of usefulness, who were helped to an education by some generous friend or friends. But here is the letter:

DEAR BRO. LLOYD—I write you in reference to a young man who wants an education. He is a very fine character and will be an ornament and help to the Church when educated. He will be able to pay his tuition and clothing himself if he can find a place to work for his board. Can you not help him? I know you are full and running over with such applicants, but I would urge the claims of this boy. He can do all kinds of work around a house, having been raised in a family of boys only and so compelled to do this kind of work. He is about through with the graded school here. Also in my charge I have two boys, both contemplating the ministry. Both good boys. Both hungry for an education. Both say they must and will have it. Both tell me they are really called to the ministry. Both are religious and earnest and worthy. They talk to me and I recall my own heart yearnings and am stirred. What can I do? They must have help. The families of both are very poor. They are both sons of stewards in my Church. Fathers have a large family and are unable to live themselves. The boys are about eighteen years old. A little help for a year or so would enable them to make it.

One of the best ways to help these young men is through the Polytechnic College Loan Fund Association. It has been regularly chartered, is fully organized and is doing good. The plan is to loan—no give—young men, chiefly preachers, such amount as will help them, by economy, to get through college. No young man is

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40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

allowed to borrow more than \$100. Notes are taken from those who borrow, but they do not become due nor is interest charged until the young leaves college and begins work. The fund now is of course small—it is just beginning—but we have three young preachers who are receiving help from it.

It should be largely increased. If there are those who would like to subscribe to it with the special view of helping the young men referred to in the letter above, it can be done. Write either to the undersigned or to the Secretary and Treasurer, Rev. C. L. Ballard. Let us help the boys some way. W. F. LLOYD,
Fort Worth, Texas.

UNION AND DISUNION.

In a West Texas town of push and prosperity there are five or six religious denominations represented. A large part of the outside element, as well as a certain class in some of the Churches, gamble, dance and desecrate the Sabbath. There is but one house of worship in town—a Methodist Church. The members of this Church, being liberal and fraternal with the other denominations, opened their door and tendered the use of their church to any who desired to hold religious services therein. A union Sunday-school was organized, a Northern Presbyterian preacher's wife elected Superintendent, six of the teachers dance at the public halls, Cook's literature is used, and a library is proposed by these disciples of Calvin.

Formerly there has been but one society among the women, the Ladies' Aid, under the auspices of the Northern Presbyterian Church. Methodist women having no organization of their own, affiliated in the Aid. Peace and harmony prevailed. In the course of events the Methodist pastor organized a Parsonage and Home Mission Society. At first it seemed possible for the two societies to walk together, but ere long the Aid accused the Home Mission of organizing to take Church work out of their hands, so shaking off the dust of their feet as a testimony against them, they turned aside to do benevolent work. They proposed to fence the cemetery. The District Court is soon to convene, and no better opportunity will be had to give a supper and sell a quilt. The use of the Methodist church was denied them for festive purposes, so the cry of exclusion from the church they helped to build was raised. Extensive preparations were made and the supper was a success. A saloon-keeper asked the privilege of disposing of the quilt, proposing to raise more on it than they could by selling it to the highest bidder. His request was granted. Many of the Ladies' Aid, members of the Presbyterian preacher's family, along with the saloon and infidel gang, had purchased chances on the quilt. The saloon-keeper took the quilt to his saloon, and with the usual mob at such places assembled, threw dice on the various chances, saying he would give \$10 to see the preacher's chance win. The saloon man won the quilt, and the sum of money it brought went into the Ladies' Aid treasury.

The Home Mission prescribes piety to popularity, and is content to remain poor rather than suffer the work of her hands made the sweepstakes in a gambling den. The Grand Jury being in session at this time was sworn to kill all species of gambling, but as this was a Church affair in the women's hands, they quietly passed it by.

TALKS TO YOUNG MEN—NO. 2.

In my last article I tried to insist on every young man laying the foundation stone upon which to build a solid character. That foundation, I urged, is the Christian religion. In this article I will discuss the influence of companions on character and the importance of wisely selecting our associates. There is nothing in the environment of a young man that tells so powerfully or permanently on his success or failure in life. We have heard that old adage, "Birds of a feather will flock together," repeated so often that we have ceased to see its truth when applied to mankind. There is a kind of affinity between men that draws them together in classes. From out this feeling of mutual interest has arisen all combinations that bless or curse mankind to-day. Men in certain lines of business have found that, to secure the greatest success attainable in their line of trade, they must ally themselves with every other man following the same avocation. The strength of intellect and the wisdom of experience thus becomes the common heritage of all.

A merchant will seek the companionship of a merchant, a doctor the companionship of doctors, a Christian man will like his associates to be men of like character, and this suffices to show that men recognize the importance of making congenial alliances. You may judge a man by the company he keeps. Of course there are

times when propriety, or probably business, will compel us to take our companions from a class we would not select if left to our own choosing; but I am speaking of where one is left to make his own choice; then you may know his character by noticing his company. God has made us sympathetic and social in our very nature. We can not bear isolation. We must mix with the world—must love and be loved. This has been God's plan of binding humanity together in one common brotherhood. To make the good of one the good of all, true, sin and selfishness have largely marred the plan of God. Yet God intended that our hearts should beat in unity. We unconsciously become like those we are constantly thrown with. It is like going into a freshly painted room. While watching closely one place you thoughtlessly lay your hand upon it in another. To be safe we must not enter the room.

You should seek companions who are at least your equals, those who can help you to a higher plain of life. I hardly think it is wise for one to advise a young man to always seek companions among those who are above him, for if they advise were strictly carried out as given none would have associates or friends, and it would result in a silly effort toward companionship with the man next above me, and he the one above him, and on in an ascending scale forever.

If you are a Christian, seek friends among those who love God and humanity, and their life of purity will help you to model your own and to walk in the steps of the Master.

It has been truly said, "If you would benefit mankind you must sincerely love it." Too many are trying to get help and sympathy without giving it, expecting to be loved without loving. If you want to draw men to you and make them your friends you must do it by the power of love. That young man is richly endowed who has a "big heart," that takes in all human beings in its strong love, and readily forgives men their weaknesses. He will never lack for friends who will love him and trust him.

Be friendly with all, be intimate with few. Don't be narrow and selfish, be broad and kind, and generous. Love your companion, and let him know that you love him. Don't wait until he is dead and then cry over his lifeless body, and say: "Oh! John was such a noble fellow." This world is dying for sympathy, for love, for kind words. Wake up, my dear young man, and contribute your part to the sum of human happiness.

"Oh! the good we may be doing while the years are rolling by." Love the great throng of human beings that crowd the thoroughfares of life and they will repay you in love an hundredfold. Take the hand of your companion and with you lifted to the day-star of hope, walk with eager, rapid step the pathway of life, plodding eternal love and help until your feet shall press the rounds of the

Jeweled ladder of the skies
and lead you up to
Mother, home and heaven.
ROBERT.

GERMAN MISSIONARY WANTED.

An old brother said to me Saturday last: We send missionaries to Mexico to convert and Christianize the Mexicans; but what are we doing to save these Germans in our midst? We have a number of German families in our community, and some eight or ten families from there is a large German community. Most of these, in both communities, are nominally Lutherans or Catholics. In this community I have never heard of but one sermon preached by a German. They have a dancing platform, and a bar for selling beer, soda water, and I suppose cigars and cigarettes. They meet monthly, on Saturday night, and dance all night. They have, it is said, a large crowd every time they meet, and among them a number of American boys and young men. The effect on these boys and young men is anything else but beneficial. These people never go to Church, and seemingly have no regard for the Sabbath. Can anything be done to reach and save them? Have we not a man in the

That Tired Feeling

It is remarkable how many people there are who have That Tired Feeling and seem to think it is of no importance or that nothing need be done for it. They would not be so careless if they realized how really serious the malady is. But they think or say "It will go off after a while." We do not mean the legitimate weariness which all experience after a hard day's work, but that all-gone, worn-out feeling which is especially overpowering in the morning, when the body should be refreshed and ready for work. It is often only the forerunner of nervous prostration, with all the horrible suffering that term implies. That Tired Feeling and nervousness are sure indications of an impure and impoverished condition of the blood. The craving of the system for help can only be met by purifying the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one great blood purifier. It expels all impurities, gives vitality and strength, regulates the digestion and makes the weak strong.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes Pure Blood.

Texas Conference who could come here as an evangelist, visit the people at their homes, pray in their families, preach to them on Sundays? He should be a good preacher, full of faith and the Holy Ghost. I believe such a preacher could do immense good here. Where is the man? If Bro. Rabe is still in the German Conference he, I think, could fill the place well. At any rate, I hope some competent man can be induced to come here and see what can be done. Let him come right to my house and I will assist him all I can. L. EICENBRACK,
Llano, Texas, April 24, 1895.

AN APPEAL.

We have under construction a church building, in a good community, but haven't the money to finish it. We need the house very much. Will some liberal-hearted man who loves the cause of Christ more than gold send us a contribution? Any amount, it matters not how small, will be thankfully received. Please send all remittances to Mr. R. W. Thomas, San Augustine, Texas, or to the undersigned. J. M. MARTIN, P. C.
Spartanburg, S. C.

THE WEDDING RINGS

Sold by C. P. Barnes & Bro., Louisville, Ky., in the last 35 years never produce unhappy marriages. Try one and be convinced. They send a Catalogue of Rings on request and size and to measure the finger, so you are sure to get a fit.

PROGRAMME POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.
Saturday, May 25—10 a. m., meeting of the Board of Trust; 8:30 p. m., oratorical contest.

Sunday, May 26—11 a. m., commencement sermon, by Rev. W. B. Palmer, D. D., sermon at First Methodist Church in city; 3:30 p. m., annual sermon to young preachers, by Rev. E. A. Bailey (sermon in College Chapel); 8 p. m., annual missionary sermon, by Rev. Geo. S. Wyatt (sermon in College Chapel).
Monday, May 27—10 a. m., declaration contest; 3 p. m., open session of the Susan M. Key Literary Society, address by Rev. W. D. Bradford; 8 p. m., champion debate between representatives of Philosopher and Adicksonian Literary Societies.

Tuesday, May 28—10 a. m., address to Philosopher Literary Society, by Col. Harry L. Stewart, of Gainesville, Texas; 3:30 p. m., address to Adicksonian Literary Society, by Rev. J. W. Adickson, former President of the college; 8 p. m., musical entertainment.

Wednesday, May 29—10 a. m., speeches and essays of graduating class; 11 a. m., baccalaureate address by the President, and delivery of diplomas.

PREFERENCE OVER ALL.

I have been a subscriber to the Advocate for only three months. I take three other papers, and to-day if I had to give up all but one, I would say, send me the dear old Advocate. I don't see how so many can complain at the price. I feel that it is my best friend. I have been a member of the Methodist Church

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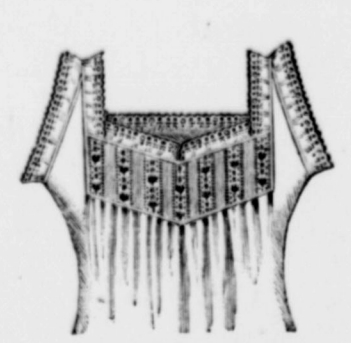
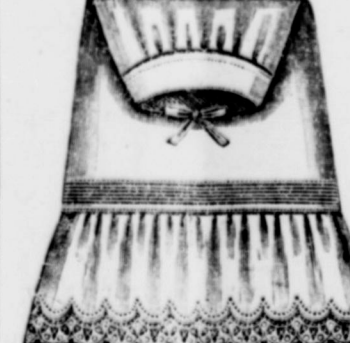
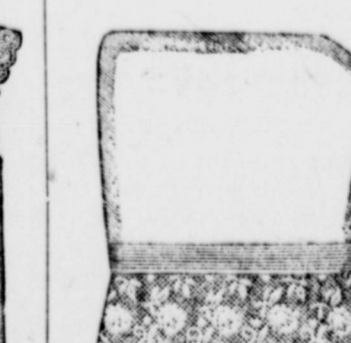
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Is First-Class in Every Respect.
Mr. L. Raylock, Dallas: Dear Sir—The Favorite Sewing Machine I bought of you last fall is first-class in every respect. I have used several machines and think the Favorite one of the best ever used. Respectfully,
MRS. W. A. SCHLEY,
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The More We Use It, The Better We Like It.
Texas Christian Advocate: I received the Favorite Machine December 1 in good order. I have used it two months. I feel safe in recommending it to any one wanting a first-class Machine. We have liked it from the first, and the more we use it and get acquainted with its good qualities, the better we like it. MRS. HATTIE SNOW,
Carlton, Texas.
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Dear Sir—I will say that the Favorite Sewing Machine I bought of you has given complete satisfaction. My wife says, after using it three months, she can recommend it to all of her friends. Yours truly,
C. L. MILLER,
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 At 75c. Ladies' Gowns, Drawers, and Skirts, Chemises, Best Muslin and Cambric, neatly trimmed with machine, Val. Lace and Embroidery, Gowns with Circular, Square and V Yoke, Full Sleeves. Value \$1.00. Choice for	 At \$1.50. Ladies' Gowns, Skirts and Drawers of Best Cambric and Muslin. Neat Clusters of Tucks. Trimmed with Lace and Fine Embroidery. Gown with Circular and Square Yokes. Very full sleeves. Value \$1.55 to \$2.00. Choice for	 At \$2.50. Ladies' Skirts and Gowns of Finest Muslin and Cambric, trimmed with Embroidery and Lace. Latest Styles. Value \$3.00 and \$3.50. Choice for	 At 50c. Ladies' Gowns, Drawers and Chemises, of Good Muslin, trimmed with Embroidery, Machine and Val. Lace, neatly tucked. Gown with high V necks. Value 75c. Choice for	 At 95c. Ladies' Gowns, Drawers and Skirts, Trimmed with Embroidery and Lace, Gowns with Circular and V Yokes, Full Jacket of Embroidery down front. In this lot are shown the new "Trilby" Drawers and "Trilby" Gowns. Values range up to \$1.35. Choice for
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