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THE TRANSFER QUESTION.

REV. M. H. WILSON.

No amount of wrangling over the inequalities of distribution will abridge the power. No number of flings at the seeming partiality of its exercise will drive it from the thought and discussion of those who love our church. The transfer prerogative is an integral function of an itinerant system. It is before the people in due order of time to be discussed, and has come into the public prints to stay until abuses, if any, are corrected and the question adjusted to the needs of the present and future. Some think it has been abused in humoring the whims of certain "wandering stars, birds of passage," etc. May be, back of and beneath all surface indications, there have been hidden some secret reasons for even these strange occurrences. It may be best not to judge either the bishops or the Lord by our feeble information. Sometimes it is best not to know why either do certain things. We have no law compelling the whys and wherefores. The result of much secret deliberation is one of the things to be proclaimed upon the house-top. If the cabinet leak it is generally disastrous. By the way, these same, so-called, giraffes are under common law. They have been all these years subjected to the same tests and passed the same annual crucial fires of the others, giving ample evidence of a desire to continue among us. If so objectionable, why not challenge the passage of character? Could you catch them on a charge of unacceptability? Could you arrest their flight by complaining of inefficiency? But this, by the way, for the remedy likely to be applied for the cure of supposed ills, will either halt these fellows in their flight or make the transfer privilege so common that we won't notice the passage of any class. We are likely to be coming and going at such a rate that it will keep us busy looking out for "a lighting place." I am quick to pronounce my faith in an enlargement of the transfer prerogative. If we are indeed a connection, let's be connective. The tendency for the past quarter of a century has been to the contraction of this power. Along with it has grown sectionalism and the loss of the connective spirit. We have come to regard geographical lines. The other day a writer said a certain preacher would have been a bishop but for the fact that his State had furnished two. We notice some hints in the church papers about certain lines and a kind of threat of pushing the trespass law against editors reckless enough to invade another's territory. How natural for such a spirit to lapse into parties, cliques and classes. Encourage that tendency and we crystallize into ugly shapes. Certain men for certain kinds of work and certain appointments. Once in a station, always a station preacher. Once on a district, always a presiding elder. This tendency having touched these extremes, ought to "go to seed," or somewhere else.

No thoughtful man can be amazed at this agitation. The wonder is that it has been so slow coming. Just think of people having curious thoughts and surmises if a brother is removed from a district to a circuit or mission. Think of the talk if one is often moved (transferred) from district to district in same conference. Can't the Lord give to any man such capacity for certain lines of work as to make frequent change necessary in order to his greater efficiency? Can't he, before going hence, work up, on his peculiar line, all the places in one conference? What then?

But does any one think it far-fetched to charge all these evils upon the too-limited exercise of the transfer prerogative? I am disposed to think much of it comes from that quarter. Hence I have faith in the suggestions of the "editorial" and "An Editor" in recent numbers of the Nashville Christian Advocate. I am glad that the President of the Missouri, North Georgia and other conferences, being such an one as McTear, the senior, inaugurated the reform movement. It is well for him to lead his younger colleagues. We may not leap at once to a Methodist millennium, but in the freer use of this power we are going to find a sepulchre for many sorrows and a path of ever-increasing light for our now hesitating feet. If, as suggested above, we are to be sped through Methodist air as arrows from an Episcopal bow, we shall hardly find time or inclination to look after the passage of "wandering stars," or the alighting of "birds of passage." We shall hardly have time even to examine the "stalls" to see whether they accommodate the "giraffes." Commend me to the freer use of the transfer privilege. As we have gone to one extreme and allowed a monopoly (according to certain writers) of this power in the supposed interest of a few petted preachers and charges, let's go to the other extreme. I believe in the antipodes. Suppose we consult political economy; the constitution of the physical universe; the law of gravitation; and keep in mind all the while the fact that science teaches the existence of certain forces called centrifugal and centrifugal. Go to the root of this trouble and find out that it is in a departure from

the genius of the system. Original Methodism was a scriptural communism. It had, through well organized expressions, all things and members in common. No man counted himself "too good" for service anywhere, and no appointment dared snub an assignment of rightful authority. Much of this "stuck up" spirit in preachers and appointments comes, it may be, of humoring a special feature of the transfer power.

If any one wishes me to specify for fuller information, here follows: "Preachers and appointments form and develop by a common law of growth. The operation of this law may give an unequal product according as people and preachers may manage it. If the larger attention is given to the charge, then unevenness. When the appointment gets the better of the pastor, relief must come from neighbors; and when, by extra devotion, this becomes general throughout the conference, help must come from transfers. Now and then a preacher wonders how it is he can't get back to a favorite place served by him in younger and greener days. The place has outgrown you, brother. Sometimes a conference may so pet and favor a station that it will outgrow the talent of its members. In such case relief comes by transfers. Don't get mad with the Bishop and envious of the transferred brother. You made his coming necessary. Again, this may come to pass by the rapid influx of new populations. They bring wealth and new ideas, demanding something we can't supply. Our system mercifully intervenes with the transfer prerogative. In the further and freer exercise of this transfer power, it need be, let there be a swap all round about every decade. Send the polished city gentlemen to the country. Take these erudite presiding elders from their dizzy heights and place them on circuits and missions. Transfer the circuit and mission laborers to greener (?) pastures. I put the interrogation point there because circuit life is the normal condition of itinerant happiness and usefulness, and it is a corruption of right thinking when a Methodist preacher gets an idea that either is promoted by the accidents and incidents of place and power.

Brethren! believe me, I am in "dead earnest." Something of this kind is needed to restore lost dignity and importance to the Episcopal office; to cure the ailments of the presiding eldership and give peace and prosperity throughout our borders. If you object to these suggestions, give the church something better.

CHIEF JUSTICE JACKSON.

REV. D. E. C. SIMONS.

There are many people in this State that know Judge Jackson well. Some of them are Georgians—some are not. Perhaps an article on the life and death of this eminent man of God will be read with interest by many who knew him. Having had a long personal acquaintance with him, and being a Georgian myself, I feel constrained to offer this brief tribute to his memory.

Judge Jackson was born in Athens, Ga., in 1813. After his graduation at the State University he entered the profession of law. He first began the practice in Monroe, Walton county, Ga. Being a young man of fine appearance, pleasant address and genial spirit, he soon made a host of friends, both among the converted and unconverted. His influence among the young men of the town was wonderful. At this time he was not a Christian. Hence, in all his social and business life, by his personal influence, he could have done much in leading young men into sin, but this he scorned to do. While he could but know that he was the soul and center among his companions, still he had too much manhood to tempt others to do wrong.

During his stay in Monroe the town was visited with a gracious revival of religion. Judge Jackson was greatly wrought upon by the power of the Holy Spirit. One night during the service he went forward for prayer at the invitation of the minister. Such was his influence among his associates that twenty-eight young men followed him to the altar. He was talked with many that witnessed the scene. They told me that it was over seemingly rapid. I was pastor for four years in the town of Monroe. Judge Jackson visited me while I was there. We went to the old church together, and he pointed out the spot where he knelt for prayer and where he was powerfully converted. He loved to visit the place and describe the scene. His face would shine like the light as he would speak of God's forgiving mercy shed abroad in his heart. His existence was no more devoted to those that knew him than that he was a changed man. The light that flooded his soul was as unmistakable to him as the light of the noonday sun. He was born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God, and that relation was sustained by him, both in a growth of grace and in the completeness and fullness of the sanctification of the Holy Spirit.

Being a man of noble lineage, of lofty sentiments, of thorough mental training, and having all of these turned into the Christ life by genuine conversion, he at once entered upon a career of sterling

worth both to the church and state. As a citizen he was pure and spotless in his character. As a lawyer he was as true in his business as he was in his religion. As circuit judge he wore the ermine with becoming dignity, and he laid it aside without a stain upon its sacred folds. As a member of Congress he served his country with a devotion that showed that he appreciated the fact that he had a conscience and that he was accountable to God and responsible to man. As chief justice there was the same blamelessness of life that belongs only to the deeply pious. As an orator he was grandly eloquent. His voice would readily respond to the mighty feelings of his soul—at times like the deep-toned thunder of the storm, and then again like the soft whisperings of the breeze. His imagery was exquisitely beautiful, and his logic inexorable. To hear him once, the occasion would be indelibly fixed upon the mind.

He loved his church. He was jealous of her honor. He wept at the inconsistencies of some of her members. He rejoiced at her victories. His faith was as simple as a child's and as strong as an apostle's. I have been guest at his home. I cannot conceive of a happier home this side of paradise. It was the sanctum sanctorum of purity, of love to God, of devotion to wife and children, and of pleasure that belongs to common sense, to a lofty, cultivated intellect, and to a heart sanctified by the blood of the Lamb. He was a humble layman in the church. He was not a preacher, and yet I have heard him deliver discourses in the house of God before the great congregation that would do credit to any minister of any denomination. He was a class leader in the church. He filled the office with the same devotion and simplicity and integrity that characterized him as a member of Congress or Chief Justice of the State. Any position in the church was large enough for him, and he was large enough for any position.

He was too great to be small, too wise to be arrogant, too humble to be haughty, too brave to be cruel, too firm to be pulling, too gentle to be arbitrary, and too noble to be base. He was a man of prayer. He communed with God. He sought to understand God by converse with him. His knowledge of the divine mind was surprisingly wonderful. When he spoke of God's love to sinful man there was a sweep in his imagination, a depth in thought and a fullness of expression of his soul that you rarely ever hear from mortal lips.

The memorial service was held at the First Methodist Church, Atlanta, Ga., of which he was a member. The First Baptist Church united with the Methodist Church in the service. Let me give just a few things that were said of him by the speakers:

Bishop J. S. Key said: "The secret of his power is found in his conscious conversion."

Dr. J. B. Hawthorne (Baptist) said: "There lies a man that never did a mean thing."

Dr. L. S. Hopkins said: "I know no public man so pure in his life."

Judge R. P. Trippie said: "He preached one sermon—his pure life. He was himself a sermon."

Rev. Andrew Lamar said: "In my youth, when I had strayed off into sin, it was he that called me back and welcomed a prodigal's amendment."

Mr. B. H. Hill said: "Such as he was there are few on earth; such as he is there are many in heaven; life is all the better that he lived; death is all the happier that he is there."

Such were the expressions of love by those who knew him best.

Farewell for a time, golden-hearted Christian, brother, friend. The last time I saw you, it was in the house of God (First Church, Atlanta, Ga.)—a building made with hands. The great tears were rolling down your cheeks as you listened for the first time to Dr. H. C. Morrison, your new pastor, as he spoke of God's wonderful love to sinful man. When I see you again it will be in the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, from whose threshold no foot has ever yet wandered.

Houston, Texas.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH "CASTE."

REV. J. BENSON HAMILTON.

A vexed question is up and will not down. Many are asking, "Can there be two sides to a question and both be right?" It is easy to speak wisely and consistently of caste troubles at a distance—say, at Chattanooga or Carlisle; but wisdom and consistency have a new task when the troubles are in my own church or school. With the editor's permission I will relate an experience. It may suggest a class-meeting symposium that will help reveal or remove the beam in the Methodist eye.

At a recent session of one of the New England Conferences I made three fruitless endeavors to secure the floor to discuss the caste question. I was prepared to speak boldly and forcibly for principle at the expense of wicked expediency. I was determined to denounce sulphureously the diabolism of caste, and to announce with all the enthusiasm of a new discoverer that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth."

Dr. Hartzell asked a question. It was something like this: "What would be the result in this church, or any other in this conference, if enough negro families were to bid for and hire pews to make it really a mixed church and congregation?" No one answered the question. It suggested a new train of thought to me. As I waited for my opportunity to speak, I made an application of the new principle to my own work. When the opportunity to speak presented itself, I decided to postpone to a future occasion the remarks I had prepared with such unusual care. I was pastor of a church which boasted a very large and interesting Sabbath school. One of the teachers, half-conscious of a social prejudice against colored persons, and suspecting the feeling to be evidence of inbred sin, endeavored to do penance for her unconscious depravity. She invited to her class a negro lad. It was an unusual incident. It attracted considerable notice. The class and teacher felt not a little honored at being the bright exception in the whole school.

They paid such attention to the new scholar that he told others, and soon the majority of the class were of African descent. At once there was trouble. The white scholars rebelled. The teacher was chagrined. To scatter the unfortunate colored into other classes was but to further increase the trouble. The teacher was permitted to work out her own solution of the problem. The result was, the first class soon returned to its original composition.

Within ten minutes' walk of the church was a negro community with over 100 neglected children. The African church was dingy, with bare walls, seats, and floor. It was heavily in debt. The people were very poor; the school was entirely lacking in all the necessary helps, and the attendance was very small. Our church missionary said to me: "What shall I do about visiting colored families?" I knew that with the slightest encouragement we could turn into our school the whole of that little neglected community. What would be the effect upon the school and church? It required but a moment's thought to answer. I saw that to invite into our school and congregation those at our very doors would disrupt that strong, united, and prosperous church, and break down our great school. We were now crowded, but the introduction of 100 colored scholars would make room in abundance. I replied to the missionary: "Go only to white families; neither invite nor encourage nor receive colored scholars." The church was composed of people of the middle rank in society. The members were average Christians, sympathizing with the freedmen in their oppression; they contributed cheerfully for their relief. But they were not ready for the abolition of the color-line. I was pastor of a caste church. Would it not be well, before we rave about the wicked color-line in the South, to abolish it here at home? We close neither school nor church by proclamation against the colored man. We assume that the number of negroes attending will always be so small as to be exceptional; hence, we need neither legislation nor advertisement to keep them away. Does it need anything more than the simple statement to carry absolute conviction to all, that the introduction of negroes in any considerable number into any school or church, if sufficient to make "mixed" a proper term of description, would annihilate the school and disrupt the church? Before we paint the red dawn of the coming judgment day because of the wickedness of the South, would it not be well to be clear of blood-guiltiness in the North?

Where in all the North is the color-line abolished? Where can a black man be found who is pastor of a white church? or where is there a white man pastor of a black church? or where is either a black or white man to be found pastor of a mixed church? Can a single really mixed congregation be found in any Northern city, town, or hamlet? We can permit and eulogize sporadic cases; but when the sporadic ceases to be an individual and becomes a procreant we have a universal remedy—extermination. What is the unvarying custom of the Christianity of the North. It is separation by the color line. In every community of any size the black people are permitted, or forced, to worship alone; they have shabby, dingy chapels for the most part, and live at a poor dying rate. They could be accommodated in our large, beautiful, and prosperous churches with ease to us and great profit to them. Why do we draw the color line? Is it not because the knowledge is universal that the abolition of the color-line and the introduction of the negroes among us, so as to make our schools and churches really mixed, would destroy any church attempting it? Is it not time that some hetero of caste should make the attempt to illustrate his theories by proving that a mixed school or church is in harmony with God's plan by successfully establishing one? Only one will do

to start with. What city will ask for the privilege of making the first attempt? Let us not all speak at once? Did I hear, "Boston?"—New York Advocate.

REV. FRANCIS WILSON.

It is hardly safe for even accurate persons to trust to their memory for events of the long ago. Even Bro. Wesley Smith is mistaken when he says Bro. Wilson was never a member of the Texas Conference. First, he was a member of that conference when there was but one in the Republic. Second, in 1850 he was transferred from the East Texas to the Texas Conference, and according to the published minutes sent to Bastrop circuit. The next year he was sent to the Bastrop colored mission; in 1853, superannuated; 1854 retransferred to the East Texas Conference, and continued in the superannuated relation. In the report of the distribution of conference funds, it appears that he was overlooked, and, late in life, became somewhat low-spirited. In the TEXAS ADVOCATE of Dec. 3, 1857, there is a communication from Bro. Wilson, from which we make some extracts.

"I am not disposed to give any events of my life. The history of my travels for more than fifty years I intend to die with me. I shall have my sons to lay me in a lonely spot, where no stone shall mark the place, and no paper publish my demise. Twenty years I have served the altars of our church with zeal, in sincerity and earnestness of soul. I have traveled 150,000 miles and preached 7,000 sermons, lived hard, and worked hard most of the time, and received a small allowance for my support. Nothing was too hard for me if I could glorify God, and induce poor sinners to give their hearts to him. I hardly ever disappointed a congregation. Snow, storm, hail, thunder, heat or cold, rain or fair, in season or out of season, I was at my post. By day and by night I was in the class room, the love-feast, in the place of prayer. While I write, the tears trickle down my furrowed face, at the recollection of the green pastures where my soul feasted."

Mr. Wilson goes on to give the result of his labors on the district in East Texas where he traveled 4,000 miles, and preached 200 sermons a year, and often camping out, tired and hungry at night. "Under the pressure of this labor my health gave way, the disease of old age was upon me, and I was obliged to retire. After these things, it came to pass that the General Conference converted all the means gained from the North for her superannuated preachers to other purposes. The journals of the church became so poor that they required pay in advance, so I haven't had a paper for years. The men with whom I labored, who knew me, have mostly gone home to rest in heaven. The young men have got the field, they only know me by report. In three years no elder has visited my house. In five years, but one dear brother has inquired about the state of my soul."

At a subsequent period Mr. Wilson removed to Louisiana where he died in great peace, Oct. 2, 1867—forty-seven years after he joined the Ohio Conference. His predictions in reference to his death were too literally fulfilled; so far as is known to the writer, no paper announced it. His brethren in the Texas Conference did not know it for years.

It was the good fortune of this writer, in his earliest ministerial work, to labor in fields formerly cultivated by our good Bro. Wilson. This was on the Kanawha river in West Virginia. In that whole section of country the name of Francis Wilson was as ointment poured forth. He was a man of remarkable physical and mental and spiritual power. How soon he has been forgotten! and in how short a period we shall all pass away from earth, and our names and memories be lost in oblivion! H. S. T.

Sequin, Texas.

RETROSPECTIVE.

NUMBER TWO.

Leaving the Navidad campground, Monday, the 23d of July, 1850, I returned to Texana and spent a pleasant night with Bro. Simons. I had time for reflection. Had become acquainted with many of the brethren, as well as those not members of any church. All manifested kind feelings. There was no rude conduct at the camp-meetings. The songs, prayers, exhortations and sermons were inspiring. Sinners wept, mourners were comforted and believers rejoiced. They did not hang their heads upon the willows; they cheerfully sang the songs of Zion, and had not forgotten Jerusalem, but preferred it above their chief joy. So far I had seen no good reason for changing my purpose to take a transfer; was encouraged to do so by my brethren in the ministry, who assured me that my ministerial services would be in demand, and that I would find plenty to do and meet with a cordial reception.

Tuesday, 23d, purchased a beautiful black pony. Since evening took leave of kind friends at Texana, and started out for further discoveries, to "see what I should see." When passing in sight of

a herd of cattle my pony was inclined to bolt outright and make for them. He was a well trained cow pony.

Nothing worthy of note occurred until, on Thursday, the 25th, we reached the residence of Dr. Dickerson, on Rocky Creek, which was a beautiful stream of clear, rapid running water, supplying the neighborhood with an abundance of fish. I found Dr. D. to be an intelligent, pious gentleman, with an interesting family. Four years after this he was licensed to preach at one of my quarterly conferences. Here I met with Rev. J. C. Kolbe, their circuit preacher, who had been a member of the Texas Conference four years. He was doubtless a good, well-meaning man, and, as I was informed, had fair preaching ability. Like some other preachers I have known, he was fond of pleasant, and excelled in relating amusing anecdotes. There are those now living who remember Bro. K. and his style of preaching, but have lost sight of him for many years. To such it may be of interest to know that after he left Texas, in 1858, for the Pacific, he died in Oregon in 1862.

On Friday, the 26th, I preached to a small congregation near Dr. Dickerson's. At this time, when it was ascertained that a preacher was traveling through the rural districts of Texas, he would be sure of a pressing invitation to preach a sermon. The neighbors were rarely too busy on a week day to give a respectable hearing; especially, the preacher could depend on the ladies being present, with such of the men and boys as were not engaged in looking after their numerous herds of cattle and horses.

Saturday, the 27th, left Dr. D.'s and rode twenty miles through a beautiful prairie, arriving at nightfall at the house of Hon. C. Broches, who had a good farm and pleasant surroundings on Peach Creek, ten miles from Gonzales. I was intimately acquainted with Bro. B. in Sharon, Miss., where he once taught music in the Sharon Female College. He came to Texas while it was a Republic, and was elected a member of Congress. A well educated German, with few peculiarities inherited from his Fatherland, spoke English fluently and was a pious Protestant, no doubt he filled his seat in the Texas Congress with credit to himself and acceptably to his constituents. The Sabbath was spent pleasantly with my friend and acquaintance of former years.

Monday morning, 29th, rode to Gonzales, the growing county seat of Gonzales county, surrounded by a fertile region. At this time there were six dry goods stores in the town, selling at reasonable rates and doing a thriving business. Same evening rode fifteen miles through the rich and beautiful valley of the San Marcos. Here I saw small farms under a high state of cultivation; as good corn and cotton growing as I had seen elsewhere. Leaving the San Marcos valley next day, passed through a poor post-oak country, sparsely settled, until within a few miles of Lockhart, where a decided improvement was noted. Dined this day with Mr. Ratcliffe, who related a remarkable incident which he said occurred in San Antonio during the prevalence of cholera a few years previous. He said the people died so fast that it was impossible to furnish coffins and suitable graves, so that a long and deep ravine was utilized, and some Irishmen were employed to drag the dead with mules and leave them in this place of deposit. During the prevalence of this fatal disease a man was reported as having died, whose family consisted of his wife and mother-in-law. While waiting for a man to take off the corpse (?), the good wife and her mother differed with regard to a suitable outfit for his burial (?), the wife wanting to dress him as best she could. Among other things, she brought his best vest. The economical mother objected for the reason that it was too valuable, when one of less value could be substituted. After some controversy, an agreement was reached and the man was dragged off and pitched into the ravine. This rough handling caused a reaction. The same night he crawled home, to the astonishment and fright of his wife and mother-in-law, and related to them their every word, but unable to move a muscle.

I give this as it was given to me, but must confess that I was somewhat incredulous with regard to the correctness of this remarkable story.

DANIEL MORSE.

Marshall, Texas.

SOUTHERN METHODIST OPINION.

Bishop J. C. Keener, New Orleans, La.

Next to piety, modesty and a genius for editing, our church editors most of all need courage, as against the world, the flesh and the devil.—N. O. Advocate.

Pres. Jas. H. Carlisle, Sparta, Tenn.

Learned historians may account for the decline and fall of great empires. Perhaps the reasons may be crowded into a single line: "Their iniquity was full."—Southern Advocate.

Bishop H. N. McTear, Nashville, Tenn.

Build churches, build parsonages. Give you over adverse seasons and give you the full benefit of prosperous ones. They proclaim to all: "We have come to stay!"—N. O. Advocate.

OLD AND YOUNG.

ALONG THE STREET.

"Tell me, prithie, thou crook-backed lad,
Why is thy face so glad, so glad?"
"Surely, sir, there is reason meet,
As I was coming along the street,
I met a lady, grand and sweet,
Who stopped and said my face was bright,
And kissed me there and passed from sight,
Never thinking to look below
My face, to find how queer I grow—
And that's what most folks do, you know."
O lady sweet, O misshapen boy,
O human hearts of pain and joy,
Pity is gold without alloy!

—Richard E. Burton.

HOW IRELAND IS GOVERNED.

One of the chief grievances of which those Irishmen who desire home rule complain, is the way in which Ireland is governed by English officials. All the local affairs of Ireland, indeed, are under the direct or indirect control of what is called "The Government of Dublin Castle."

Dublin Castle has been for many centuries the residence of the chief executive ruler of Ireland, who has always been appointed by the British crown, and has been the representative of the British king or queen in that country.

The lord-lieutenant, or viceroy, of Ireland, as this ruler is called, has always enjoyed large, almost despotic powers. He is not responsible in any way to the Irish people, over whose concerns he exercises so large an authority. He is responsible only to the British cabinet, and through it to the British Parliament.

If every Irishman in the island opposed his policy, they could not call him to account. So long as he was sustained by the British government, he could do as he pleased. Usually the lord-lieutenant has been a great English peer. When he has been, as the present holder of the office is, an Irish nobleman, he has yet been devoted to British, rather than to Irish, interests.

Associated with the lord-lieutenant is the "chief secretary for Ireland," who is almost invariably an Englishman, who sits as a member of the British House of Commons, who goes in and out of office with the British political party to which he belongs. The lord-lieutenant also holds his place only so long as his party is in power.

These two chief officials, with their headquarters at Dublin Castle, preside over a large body of minor officials, and over the general local concerns of Ireland.

The lord-lieutenant has a very wide range of appointing power. Ireland's affairs are mainly administered by a number of boards, the chief of which are the boards of local government, public works, national and intermediate education, lunacy, fisheries, charities, prisons, and loan funds.

The members of these boards are chosen by the lord-lieutenant, and work under his supervision. They manage all the affairs relating to the poor, public health, cattle diseases, the prisons, and the schools, and other purposes of local governing bodies. There are local elective boards in the Irish towns, but these are elected by a restricted suffrage, and their acts may be reversed and rejected by a central board at Dublin.

The lord-lieutenant also appoints the lord-lieutenants of the Irish counties, and these, in their turn, select the unpaid magistrates who dispense justice in the local courts. It is said that, although Ireland is Catholic by more than four to one, three-quarters of the local magistrates so appointed are Protestants. The lord-lieutenant selects the poor-law guardians, and the sheriffs of the counties; and the sheriffs, in their turn, appoint the grand juries, which, in Ireland, possess large powers of local control.

The "stipendiary" magistrates, who are paid for their services, and who hold higher courts, are also selected by the central power at Dublin Castle. The police, who have in charge the maintenance of public order in Ireland, are under the command of an inspector-general at Dublin, who is the appointee of the lord-lieutenant; and the police, also, are really under his control. The Irish police are a military force, armed with rifles and swords, and drilled in military fashion.

Thus it is seen that the local affairs, the administration of justice, and the preservation of order in Ireland are virtually in the hands of the lord-lieutenant, who is not in the least responsible to the country wherein he exercises his great powers, but only to the British government.

Mr. Chamberlain, the English statesman who has recently opposed Mr. Gladstone's scheme of home rule, yet declared, on one occasion, that the system of British rule in Ireland "is as completely centralized as that which Russia governs Poland." An Irishman at this moment," he added, "cannot move a step, he cannot lift a finger in any parish, municipal or educational work, without being confronted by, interfered with, controlled by an English official, appointed by a foreign government, and without a shadow of representative authority."

MAN'S POWER OVER WILD ANIMALS.

Scientific American.

Those who have carefully observed the management of wild animals in menageries, zoological gardens, and in the tents of the animal dealers, must at times have been astonished at the ease with which these men, comparatively unarmed, subdue beasts which we have been taught yield only to the blazing rifle, and fight gamely until death. A lion escapes from his cage, and crouches at the darkened end of the menagerie. Remembering the stories we have read of the ferocity of this beast and of the terrible scenes of the lion hunt, we can imagine only one mode of action. The keepers should arm themselves with rifles, hide behind barriers, and open a rapid fire upon him. To our surprise they don't do this. They simply walk a great cage up to him, fall upon him with clubs, and thrash away until he enters it.

Some time ago an anaconda seventeen feet long broke away while being carried across a public park in New York City. With vivid pictures of the exploits of this reptile in the Amazon watershed before our eyes, we expected to see him fall upon the nearest human being, enfold him in his coils and crush him to a jelly. Surely it will take armed and resolute men to capture him! No; on the contrary, this is not required; and it must have been with a feeling akin to disappointment that those who had read of the ferocity of the anaconda saw one man, armed only with a blanket, advance and seize him by the throat, while two others, also unarmed, grasp his tail, and then the trio, still holding on, carry him through the streets and thrust him back into the den whence he had been taken.

Not long since, the writer saw Mr. Thompson, a dealer in live animals, open a box containing an anaconda, quite as long as this one, take the reptile by the throat and calmly examine its mouth, opened though it was in rage, to look for cancerous humors. Then from adjoining shelves he took python after python,

each about ten feet long, and examined them in like manner. Only last week, at the place of another dealer, (Reiche,) a big, powerful Syrian bear, a type known for its ferocity, was subdued without firing a shot. The bear broke through iron bars half an inch thick, and, standing up with his back against a cage of monkeys, thrust his terrible paws threateningly toward three keepers gathered about him. He didn't have a chance to use them, however, for he was belabored with clubs until glad to get back again into his cage. On a pedestal near the gate of the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens, there recently stood the stuffed figure of a donkey which, when alive, withstood the attack of a lion and beat him off. The lion, it seems, had broken out of his cage and escaped to a wood near by. On a grassy hillock adjoining a slumber that was rudely disturbed by the lion, who, in a few bounds was upon him. When the donkey felt the great mass of flesh descend upon him as if from the clouds, he was stunned and indignant, but not frightened, because he had never read any of the wonderful stories about the lion. He quickly recovered from the blow, and, rising, shot out both hind feet at the same time, and caught the lion squarely in the forehead. Badly hurt, the lion skulked off, and later the donkey died of the wound he received at the onset.

LISTENING TO DAVY CROCKETT.

Brooklyn Magazine.

No quieter or more gentlemanly person did I ever meet than Davy Crockett. He came slowly lounging into the venerable office of the National Intelligencer one severe winter afternoon, when and where I was industriously warming my little body all round the small, square stove.

There was a vacant chair near me. He took it with solemn deliberation. Then over the flat stove-top he extended his big rough hands.

"Cold," he said. Nothing more for a long while.

I looked up at him—looked intently; for this was an uncommon comer. A large form, to my boyish idea, gigantic—a great, strange head, down either side of which, from a middle parting, fell long, black hair. Something savage about him, yet a most gentle savage, as if he could fondle a baby, pet a puss, and even cry very heartily, being moved by proper circumstance.

"My father, present, of course, for he 'belonged to the office,' observing my amazement, found opportunity to whisper in my ear, 'David Crockett.'

I knew a few things about the famous man—knew that his life had been a romance surpassing the imaginings of any poet or novelist—knew, and what surprised me, that he was now a member of Congress. Indeed, I had heard read at the breakfast-table some of the 'bar stories' with which he frequently amused, convulsed, and convinced the 'House.'

I saw David Crockett. His big right hand, gliding away from the hot stove-top, close to rest itself lovingly among the curls of my hair.

"You never met a 'bar?' remarked Davy; 'in course you never.'

I acknowledged my total unacquaintance. "Would like to?"

"Certainly."

"Don't know. Better hear about 'em first."

"I'd be glad to hear, then."

"So you shall, my boy. I'll tell you a story of one I seed once."

I was charmed at the anticipation. He would have begun it immediately, but several "members," senators, and others, that moment entered the office.

Their business soon over, they still lingered, for a whisper had stolen among them, and more chairs were brought up to the fire, and an expectant circle unexpectedly resulted.

"I was going to tell this lad a 'bar story,'" resumed Davy, when every voice interrupted him with:

"Tell it! tell it! We all wish to hear it!"

He complied. Listening, that afternoon, proved my chief enjoyment of life, to date. Listening seemed to prove a similar sensation to every person of the group. It was a grand excitement just to listen. Whatever was related we saw. We lived along the remarkable incidents from word to word. Who, of mortals, save Davy Crockett, could display such vivid power—could so wield thunder and lightning? Yet it was not altogether terror. Comical situations were introduced. We were eager, we were alarmed, we were suddenly in most violent paroxysms of laughter.

His horse exposed him.

Good cheer, and other cowardly rascals who live by taking mean advantage of other people, would seldom get away with their plunder if promptly and shrewdly followed up, as the highwayman was in this English story.

A Quaker was returning home one evening, on a particularly fine horse, when he was stopped by a man with his face blackened, mounted on a nag whose ribs, bones and joints one could count through its skin; but not its teeth, for those had disappeared, not through eating hay, but chaff.

"Holy man," said the new-comer, "my horse, which can still dimly remember the landing of Julius Caesar, stands sorely in need of such attention as yours appears to enjoy. If you like, we'll exchange. You haven't a pistol, have you?"

The Quaker considered: What's to be done? At any rate I have a second horse at home, but not a second life. So they exchanged, and the robber quietly rode off towards, with the Quaker's horse, the Quaker, however, led the robber's starved beast by the bridle, and, upon arriving at town, threw the reins upon its back, saying:

"Lead the way, thou bag of bones; thou canst better find thy master's stable than I."

He followed the horse up street and down till it stopped at a stable door and would go no further. The Quaker entered the house, and found the thief just rubbing the soot from his face with an old stocking.

"Sotthon hast got home, friend," said the Quaker; "and if thou hast no objection we will amend our exchange, for it was lawfully made. Give me back my horse; there is all at the door."

The rascal, seeing he was outwitted had no choice but to deliver up the stolen horse.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS.

Lewiston Journal.

The man whose "Ha! ha!" sounds from one end of the street to the other may be the same fellow who scolded his wife and spanked his baby before he got his breakfast, but his laughter is only the crackling of thorns under the pot.

The man who spreads his laughter through his life—before a late breakfast, when he misses the train, when his wife goes visiting and he has a cold supper; the man who can laugh when he finds a button off his shirt, when the furnace fire goes out in the night,

and both of the twins come down with the measles at the same time—he is the fellow that's needed.

He never tells his neighbor to have faith; somehow he puts faith into him. He delivers no homilies; the sight of his beaming face, the sound of his happy voice, and the sight of his blessed daily life carry conviction that words have no power to give. The blues flee before him as the fog flies before the west wind; he comes into his home like a flood of sunshine over a meadow of blooming buttercups, and his wife and children blossom in his presence like June roses. His home is redolent with sympathy and love. The neighborhood has better for his life, and somebody will learn of him that laughter is better than tears.

The world needs this man; why are there so few of him? Can he be created? Can he be evolved? Why is he not in every house, trining rain into shine, and winter into summer, all round the year, until life is a perpetual season of joy?

THE LAST RECORD.

Joshua Quincy, formerly president of Harvard College, lived to be ninety-two years of age. He had kept a journal for many years. He was accustomed to sit in the morning in a large chair with a broad arm to it, which served as a desk, upon which he wrote his diary. July 1, 1864, he sat down in his chair as usual. His daughter brought his journal. He at first declined to undertake his wonted task, but his daughter urged him not to abandon it. He took the book, and wrote the first verse of that grateful hymn of Addison:

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transpor'd by the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

The weary head dropped down upon the bosom. The volume was ended. The soul had fled.

A Good Excuse.

Little Johnny Fitzgibbon got a scolding for tearing his new pants. He fell while running and split them at the knee.

"Oh! you bad boy," said his mother, angrily, "how did you come to be so careless as to tear your pants?"

"I couldn't help it, ma. I fell so quick that I didn't have time to take 'em off," replied Johnny.

LETTER BOX.

Little Workers Again.

After a long silence I again seek your columns through which to give an account of the work of our Noble Band of Little Workers. We have had the Band meetings all around the circuit. Some have moved off to other charges and one has died—J. T. Gardner, a good young man, a member of the Baptist Church, who departed this life January 10th, 1887. When informed that he must die he said, "Glory to God! I'll soon be at home." His place is left vacant in the Band of Little Workers here. But he is in Heaven free from all toil and work. We have secured thirteen new recruits up to this writing. They have gone to work to see who can secure the greatest number of those nice little cards that were contributed to the Band, and although the cold weather has prevented attendance in some instances, and the stringency in finances have caused a falling off in the collections thus far, yet the interest seems to be kept up, and we hope and believe that we shall at our next conference be able to bring up a more excellent report of our little missionary work than we have in the past. My health since, as well as at conference, has been very poor, and I am now writing in great pain; yet I want to say to the workers that I am greatly interested in this glorious cause. My motto is: "Onward and upward." And if this should be my last year in the work I am ready to be offered up. I feel that this work and this cause would be as near a point from which to start to heaven as any other. Pray for us, dear readers of the ADVOCATE, and may God's blessings rest upon the dear little workers and the whole church.

AUNT MARY.

P. S.—In behalf of Aunt Mary's Missionary Band, I tender our warmest thanks for the 100 cards that were given the band by Messrs. Shaw & Baylock.

AUNT MARY.

THORNTON, TEXAS, Feb. 11.

Pale Pinto.

I am ten years old, and I love to read the children's page. I have one brother and two sisters. This is my first letter. I wish the ADVOCATE great success.

MAJOR WILEY LANDRETH.

Pale Pinto.

I am nine years old. My uncle takes the ADVOCATE. Our pastor is Bro. Roberts. This is his first year here. We all love him very much. Your little friend,

MATTIE S. LANDRETH.

Duffau.

I am ten years old, and I love to hear papa read the letters from the children. I thought I would write one too. I have been going to school, but it is out. I am learning to read. Our teacher's name is Mr. Bell. We like him very much.

Lidia Bell Gulun, you wanted to know something about baptism. I think it right to baptize children. I was baptized when an infant and all my brothers and sisters.

ALBERT LITTLE MCANALLY.

Big Sandy.

I will answer Alice and Ira Sagle's questions:

1. Revelations 11:13: "Day of me excessive," one time.

2. The church is commanded to beat their plowshares into swords and their pruning hooks into spears. Joel 3:10.

Question 1. Where is it said beat your swords into plowshares and your spears into pruning-hooks?

2. How often and where is Ira named in the Bible?

I am now nine years old and going to school. Bro. Crawford is our pastor, and, spending the time with citizens in our place this week, will preach Sunday, 13th, for us.

CLARA E. SAGLE.

WOMEN

BROWN'S

IRON

BITTERS

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine combines iron with pure vegetable matter, and is valuable for women, especially for those who are suffering from weakness, and who need a tonic to restore the blood, stimulate the appetite, strengthen the nerves, and induce a healthy sleep. It does not blacken the teeth, cause constipation, or produce any other bad effects. It is sold in bottles of 25 cents and 50 cents. Price, 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Brown, 100 West 10th St., New York.

WILD CAT.

I live away here in the pretty little town of Llano, and I love to read the ADVOCATE. We have a neat Methodist Church, and my parents belong to it. Bro. King is our pastor, and Mrs. Madie Zeuber is my Sunday-school teacher. I am ten years old.

I will answer J. C. Leverett: The word "eternity" is mentioned but once in the Bible.

postoffice is at our house, and I will answer every letter that I get from any one. As this is my first letter, I will close, wishing the ADVOCATE much success.

MOELLIE F. THOMPSON.

Osico.

We have preaching once a month and prayer-meeting every Sunday night. Our preacher's name is Bro. Daniel. We like him very much.

How many letters are there in the Bible, and also how many times does the word "and" occur?

WILD CAT.

I live on Wild Cat creek, and love to read the children's corner. I go to school, and have been going ever since November, and will continue to go until about the middle of March. I will be very sorry, for I like my teacher and schoolmates very much. Mamma, papa and my two sisters belong to the Methodist Church.

ANNE C. THOMPSON.

Llano.

It has been two years since I wrote to the ADVOCATE. We did not take the paper last year. Mamma belongs to the Methodist Church and grandma belong to the Baptist Church. I have one brother and two sisters. My papa died last April. He was a member of the Methodist Church.

What chapter is the Lord's Prayer in?

NETTIE MAY.

Llano.

We take the ADVOCATE and think it splendid. We could not get along without it. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. We have preaching, too. Bro. King is our pastor. We like him very much and are glad that he was sent back. Papa and mamma and myself are members of the Methodist Church. I will close by asking, "What chapter is the Ten Commandments in?"

MATTIE PEACOCK.

Goindo.

I am twelve years old the 23rd—Washington's birthday. I like to read the little letters in the ADVOCATE. Mamma takes the Texas and Nashville Advocates. Bro. C. H. Ellis is our minister this year. We like him very much.

My question is: Who wore a gold plate when "Holliness to the Lord" engraved upon it, when he went into the temple of the Lord? Wishing the ADVOCATE great success, I am truly yours,

GIN JACKSON, JR.

Pack Saddle.

I feel so lonely since the dear ADVOCATE has ceased to visit me. I am afflicted; have been for six years; am twelve years old. Living in the drought district; times very hard; made nothing last year, and could not raise money to send for it. If I could it should never have stopped. Send it to me if you can and I will try to get money to pay for it if I or brother can make it. No rain here and farmers can't break land. A lover of our paper.

WM. G. CORN.

Nevada.

P. takes the ADVOCATE and expects to as long as he lives. Sister Ida and I go to school at Empire. Prof. Hugh J. Keller is our teacher, and Mrs. Wye is our assistant teacher. I live two miles from Bear Creek Church. Bro. Milam is our pastor. Bro. Martin was our pastor last year. I will close by asking how many times the word "hat" is found in the Old Testament?

MAHIE KELLER.

Black Jack Grove.

I am ten years old. I live with my uncle and auntie. They belong to the Methodist Church, and take the ADVOCATE, and I read it. I like it so much. I go to school to Prof. Crawford. Bro. Reynolds is pastor of our church. My mamma was a Cumberland Presbyterian, and she is now in heaven, leaving myself, one little sister and one baby brother and papa to come when God calls us.

CORAL C. RASH.

Llano.

We have a good Sunday-school in our town. I love to go. Everybody has good lessons every Sunday. Mr. Leach is the superintendent. Rev. J. A. King is the preacher for this year. He preaches three Sundays out of every month. I like to go and hear him. Rev. T. R. Miller is the Baptist preacher. He preaches one Sunday out of each month. My stepfather takes the ADVOCATE and I love to read it and I thought I would write a letter for it.

DAVID A. GREGG.

Duffau.

I am eight years old and I love to hear papa read the letters from the children. I thought I would write one too. I have been going to school, but it is out. I am learning to read. Our teacher's name is Mr. Bell. We like him very much.

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CLARA E. SAGLE.

Eczema

Is more commonly known as Salt-Rheum. It is caused by impure blood, is accompanied with intense itching and burning sensations, and, unless properly treated, is likely to afflict its victim for years. If you are suffering from Eczema, or any other eruptive disease, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has proved, in numberless instances, a complete cure for this disorder.

Entirely Cured.

A few weeks ago I was attacked with a severe and distressing form of Eczema. The eruptions spread very generally over my body, causing an intense itching and burning sensation, especially at night. With great faith in the virtues of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I commenced taking it, and, after having used less than two bottles of this medicine, an entirely cure. — Henry K. Beardsley, of the Hope "Nine," West Philadelphia, Pa.

I was, for years, troubled with Salt-Rheum, which, during the winter months, caused my limbs to become very sore, crack open, and bleed. The use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

sarsaparilla has entirely cured me of this troublesome humor. — Ellen Ashworth, Evanston, Wyoming Ter. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Debility

Languor, and Loss of Appetite, are cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine relieves that sense of Constant Weariness, from which so many suffer, purifies, invigorates, and vitalizes the blood, gives tone and vigor to the stomach, and restores the appetite, health and strength more surely and speedily than any other remedy.

Positive Proof

Two years ago I suffered from Loss of Appetite and Debility, the result of Liver Disease. After having tried various remedies, and several physicians, without receiving any benefit, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle produced a marked change, and the second and third accomplished so much that I felt like a new man. I have, since that time, taken about one bottle every year, and had no recurrence of the trouble. — William E. Way, East Lonsdale, N. H.

If any one suffering from General Debility, Want of Appetite, Depression of Spirits, and Lassitude will use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a cure will result therefrom. I have used it, and speak from experience. — F. O. Loring, Brockton, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.



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By recent large CASH purchases, we were enabled to furnish above-named 150 MEMBERS with better Watches at less cost than our Competitors could furnish them. In consequence of our large sales, we have concluded to extend this reduction to all who wish to take advantage of it. We will send FREE OF CHARGE our Illustrated Catalogue of Watches, Jewelry, etc., which will give you all information.

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AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

At the close of the war, Galveston being the best distributing point in the State, and practically the center of the patronizing conferences, the publication of the TEXAS ADVOCATE was resumed in this city. Twenty years of progress in Church and State have completely changed these conditions. New cities, with greater distributing facilities, have arisen, and Methodism has extended itself so widely over the State that it now requires from two to four days' journey for the ADVOCATE to reach many towns within its territory. These facts have led many to believe that the time has come to change its place of publication.

Convinced that this feeling is so general and so strong that it ought not to be ignored, the publishers recently submitted to the Board of Publication, through its President, Rev. John H. McLean, D. D., the following questions:

1. Is it best for the interests of the church in Texas that the ADVOCATE be moved to a more central location?
2. If moved, to what place should it go?

The answers to these questions have been received and show the following result: The Board of Publication decides that the paper should be moved, and names Dallas as the new place of publication.

Accordingly, in response to the wish of the church, expressed through its authorized representatives, the paper will at an early date make its home in Dallas. The church has made known its will, and the editor and publishers propose to obey it.

As to the cost of removal, that, of course, will be great. It is no light matter to move a large printing establishment across half the State. Will not the church share this burden by celebrating our entrance into the new home with three or four thousand new subscribers?

CHURCH WORK DOWN TOWN.

The Southwestern Methodist introduced an excellent article under the foregoing heading by saying:

In all great cities of this country are churchless districts. But the store, the factory, the agency are in these districts, and there are thousands and thousands of toiling men, and sad, sunken-eyed women, and innocent children, merry as childhood may be, despite of rags and dirt, the summer's dust, the winter's mud, and the factory's grime and smoke.

How are these people to be reached? The church has not lost its power over them. It has simply let them alone, or built up walls of separation over which they cannot climb. The masses are ready to receive the church if it comes to them in the spirit of Christ. The religion of Jesus, the religion of the New Testament, has not lost its power with the poor and with the laboring multitudes. The common people hear him gladly as of old.

Prof. Stuckenborg, of Berlin, Prussia, in a late article on the state of religion in continental Europe, contends that what is called the infidelity of the masses is a revolt not from Christ, but from the methods of many who claim to represent him, and that it is likely to depart as rapidly as the church pays more attention to the poor and neglected classes. The cure is found in that practical Christianity which Jesus taught and lived—a fact which the Evangelical Church in many quarters is beginning to realize.

Another writer, discussing the same subject, contends that "the age is realistic, but not materialistic. The humanitarian tendency is very prominent. The religious spirit is only slumbering; it needs but to be aroused in order to bring the people back to the church." Enlightened men, and such as are not unfriendly to religion, who speak for the masses, tell the same story. One of these says: "Among workmen the feeling exists that, somehow, the church fails to meet their case. The church's influence with the masses, instead of growing, lessens."

From this it appears that the defection—if we may call it so—of the masses from the church is based on practical and

not scientific grounds. The people are ready to fill the churches when the churches approach in the spirit of Christ the "great multitude" that once heard our Lord so gladly.

But how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall the preacher reach them as long as they leave his church empty? In these days he must go after them. "Compel them to come in" is the watchword for the times in which we are living. If the people will not come to our preaching places, we must establish preaching places where they live and congregate. If we cannot find a house we must preach in the open air, on the street corners and in the public squares. Methodism begun in the open air. If John Wesley had been asked what was, under God, the chief cause of the success of the mighty movement which he set on foot, he would have answered, without a moment's hesitation, "field preaching." It was a common experience for him to address twenty thousand persons on Kennington common. Why should not his followers address equal crowds to-day all over the land?

There will be no want of preaching places when we find the "mind to work." The cost of a tent with room for several hundred sittings would be a mere trifle to many of our city churches. Some of our city churches have already thus furnished themselves, and others are taking steps to do so. We are glad to hear this. It is good tidings. Better buy a preaching tent than a new organ. Better rent a room "down town" and establish a mission than set up that memorial window. Think more of the people and less of the house. Have more anxiety about souls and less about furniture. They are dying all around you. Thousands are perishing within the sound of your church bells. Special Christian effort alone can meet their need.

And when we go to them we shall find them coming to us. They are waiting for Christ. Those who go in his spirit will find welcome. In a little time this defection, not from Christ but from those who so poorly represent him, will be overcome, and the "great multitude" shall once more flock to the feet of Jesus.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

We condense from the Nashville Advocate the following report of a recent meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions and the Missionary Mass Meeting that followed:

The principal business was the consideration of the candidates for service in the mission fields occupied by the Board. The candidates for the missionary work were: Mrs. J. P. Campbell, of Los Angeles, Cal., a granddaughter of Dr. Martin Luther, who was the first missionary to Texas in early times; Miss Kate R. Roberts, of Nashville, Tenn.; Miss A. F. Gordon, of Columbus, Miss.; Miss Samuella G. Brown, of Anderson, S. C.; Miss Bettie Hughes, of Meridian, Miss.; Miss Emma Kerr, of Brownsville, Tenn., who is now undergoing a course of medical training in New York City; and Miss Sallie Hughes, of Louisville, Ky. After due examination they were all accepted. Bishop McTear delivered a most impressive charge to the new missionaries. His words were solemn, searching and tender. The presence of Bishop Harwood, fresh from our Mexican Mission field, was a pleasant feature of the occasion. It is not out of place for us to congratulate the Church on the quality of these missionaries. They are women who represent all that is best in our Christian womanhood—consecrated, cultured, mature, prudent, burning with unquenchable zeal for the work of saving souls. A missionary mass meeting was held at McKendree church on Sunday afternoon. The exercises were of thrilling interest. Bishop McTear, who presided, read the sixteenth chapter of Romans, and commented thereon as the divine charter for this work of our women for missions, and congratulated them on their wise administration and signal success thus far. Dr. John, Missionary Secretary, was present. The opening prayer was made by Dr. G. W. F. Price. Misses Roberts, Gordon, Hughes and Brown, the missionaries elect, each made brief talks so womanly, so fervent, and so pathetic, that the hearts of the large audience were moved mightily. Dr. Kelley, Missionary Treasurer, related a telling incident illustrating the increasing missionary zeal of our people. This service will be memorable and fruitful.

EDITORS' EXPERIENCE MEETING.

The Arkansas Methodist joins the "Editors' Experience Meeting." After quoting all that has been said since our paragraph started on its rounds, our contemporary says: "We are glad to see such strong and correct sentiments from our brethren of the Advocate family. One paragraph of Bro. Godbey (Southwestern Methodist) we object to. It is this: 'But, brethren, we have this also to say—that the only claim which any paper should set up to patronage is its merits, and no man has a right to stake off any given territory and say, 'this is mine,' and say to all other papers, 'keep out.' We say that papers should only exist by general conference action, and as that action is to recognize annual conference papers, then there should be no other kind acknowledged or recognized, only as independent papers, and, of course, it would be out of all taste for such papers to come into contact or antagonize the papers recognized as conference organs, because they exist without either the sanction of General or annual conference action. Bro. Godbey's position would do away with any special obligation to support the Nashville Advocate as the general organ of our church. We contend that whenever a conference or conferences adopt a paper as their organ, their first duty is to support that organ in preference to any outside paper. The territory is taken up by the conferences, and interlopers can only come in as second choice and by permission. To buy your way in, or to attempt to give your paper away to get in, is, we think, in very bad taste, and it is not a great deal better to try to hire correspondents from another field, in order to intrude yourself and supplant a regular church organ. We see hopes of Bro. Godbey, and do not think he will give away his paper any more, and we see he is soundly converted and will stand henceforth against all circular letters and all underbidding. We have nothing now to complain of, as we are growing steadily in favor with our people as their organ, and our circulation increasing rapidly. All papers are welcome who come simply to take 'pot luck' and do the fair thing?'"

EPISCOPAL RESIDENCE.

The joint committee appointed by the five Texas conferences to provide for an Episcopal residence in Texas met at the Ten's Street Methodist Church, in Austin, Texas, at 8:30 a. m., Wednesday, Feb. 16, 1887. The following were present:

Northwest Texas—W. R. D. Stockton, Horace Bishop, T. C. Tibbs, H. A. Bourland.
Texas—Wm. Shapard, J. D. Thomas, T. W. Folts, Ben E. McCulloch, W. W. Pinson.

East Texas—R. W. Thompson, U. B. Phillips.
North Texas—W. H. Hughes, R. M. Powers—proxy for M. H. Neely.

West Texas was not represented.
H. A. Bourland was elected Chairman, W. W. Pinson Secretary, and T. W. Folts Treasurer.

It was decided that each conference committee should have three votes, to be cast as a unit or otherwise, as they should choose.

The following resolution was adopted: Resolved, That we will build an Episcopal parsonage, which shall be conveyed to a board of trustees, to be appointed by the quarterly conference in whose bounds it shall be located; and it shall be the duty of those trustees to tender said parsonage to some one of our bishops as his home so long as he shall be a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

The question of location after due consideration and full discussion was referred to the bishop who shall decide to live in Texas. This action was thought to be due to the bishop who, in choosing a home in a new State, ought to be at liberty to select the place most suited to himself and to the demands of his work.

The committee voted to invest the sum of ten thousand dollars in the parsonage, to be shared by the five English-speaking conferences of Texas on the basis of the assessments for the Bishops' fund for this year. When the conferences at their next sessions have assumed this amount, they are requested to instruct the preachers to report this collection during the first quarter of next year, and forward to T. W. Folts, Treasurer Episcopal Parsonage Fund, Austin, Texas.

The Secretary, Rev. W. W. Pinson, was requested to notify the Secretary of each of the five conferences of the action of the committee and of the amount assessed the several conferences for this purpose, and also to publish these proceedings in the ADVOCATE.

NOTE.—The Conference Secretaries can make their own assessments on the basis mentioned above, and the Secretary requests that they accept this as notice of the committee's action.

THE BELLE PLAIN APPEAL.

The current number of the Nashville Advocate says:

The tall and swift-moving Texan itinerant, the Rev. J. T. L. Annis, makes an appeal for our Methodist school at Belle Plain, Texas, in the drought-stricken region. A few thousand dollars of debt must be paid off, and our brethren need and deserve help in this emergency.

They do, indeed. As we said last week, the appeal is not an expedient adopted in haste, nor an attempt to shift to other shoulders burdens that should be borne at home. This will be read by many who have read the appeal recently sent forth in circular form. We beg to repeat to readers beyond the State that the need is great and the object most worthy. Here at home we do not need this statement. We know the soreness of the need and we know our duty. May we rise to the measure of the obligation. There are six hundred men in Texas who could send J. T. L. Annis ten dollars each this week—the whole amount of the debt—and never feel it. Why should they not do so? There are many who can send larger gifts. Let us help these brethren as the Lord has prospered us.

LAREDO SEMINARY.

We acknowledge for Miss N. E. Holding the receipt of the following contributions to employ a matron for Laredo Seminary:

A friend at Willis, Texas \$2 50
A friend in Virginia 10 00
Total \$12 50

The amount received to date is \$28.50. In a letter to the editor acknowledging the receipt of Sister Key's contribution, Miss Holding says:

Bishop and Sister Key are warm friends of the Mexico work. They leave a blessing upon the homes they visit. Thank you for the appeal you made in our behalf. Our work

presses us. Our strength and means are not equal to its rapid growth. May the Lord supply the need of this border mission.

EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

Do NOT fail to read "My Experience with Caste," on first page of this number.

In a letter to Dr. Fitzgerald, Bishop William Taylor says: "My self-supporting missions in India, Burma, Singapore and South America are progressing favorably. My mission in South Central Africa is but an infant, not yet two years old, but we have at the front fifty-nine missionary men, women and children—all well, happy and hopeful."

The Baltimore Conference will meet March 9, at Leesburg, Va.

"It is to be feared," says an old English writer, "that a secret wish to be saved without holiness is the great bar to our religious progress."

In a note to the Wesleyan Advocate, Dr. Hopkins, President of Emory College, (Ga.), says: "A gentleman in Rome, Ga., a friend of Emory College, has given me his name as one of fifty upon whom I can draw for \$1000 for the permanent endowment of the School of Technology. Who will follow this lead?"

The Southern Advocate says: "No Methodist ought to be willing to die without bequeathing a sum, large or small, as the case may be, to the nearest church college, school or other seminary of learning. In all such cases the wisest and simplest plan is for each testator to be the executor of his own will."

The editor of the Arkansas Methodist has just made a flying trip to Texas. He says: "Dallas must and will be first, and will in twenty years rival St. Louis and Kansas City."

BISHOP HENDRIX, in a letter to the St. Louis Advocate, notes that "Key West, Fla., is now the one place in the church exempt from the four years' limit. In view of the risk to health it has been usual to know the mind of a preacher about being appointed to Key West, and to send none save as a missionary goes out, with his full consent, and when acquitted he may, if deemed best, be continued longer than four years. This privilege is rarely acted on, as a change frequently becomes necessary in order to save life."

In a letter to the Southern Advocate, Dr. G. C. Rankin, of Chattanooga, says, truly: "For the most part, Southern people are kind to the colored race, and it would be next to impossible to find a well-bred Southern man who would treat a reputable colored minister as did Prof. Caulkins."

The Christian Register tells of a minister in a prominent Western city who resigned his charge after a few years' trial, saying that he wanted to be pastor of a church, but he could not be manager of a circus.

In a recent letter from Methodism in Florida, Bishop Hendrix says: "We have some 800 members in Key West in two large churches. They are fine types of Wesleyan Methodists, never tiring of preaching or giving. They give so much weekly or monthly. A large stone church worth \$20,000 has been built in this way. On Sunday night the congregation gave \$1000 to complete it, the subscription payable monthly. The whole congregation by unanimous vote donated that building (long since too small) to a new organization in another part of the city, and after a sermon on Sunday morning gave \$1000 towards a new church, payable monthly, in addition to some \$1000 already on hand, secured in the same way. They contemplate building a frame house to cost some \$5000. We could see no difference in their week night and their Sunday congregations. The churches are usually filled before the hour of service, and the morning service begins at ten o'clock. Our people are prospering, and are religious. In time, they themselves will do a good work for the Cubans, so their pastors think."

THE manuscript of the first volume of "Methodism in Mississippi," by John G. Jones, is now in the hands of the printer. How long before we can make a similar announcement about "Methodism in Texas?"

THE New York Sun gives this practical and timely hint to benevolent men: We learn from the Boston Journal that Mr. Jonas G. Clark, of Worcester, has given a million dollars to found an institution "for the promotion of learning in all its higher branches," to be called Clark University, and to be established in Worcester.

No doubt Mr. Clark gets more personal satisfaction out of making a new college, that shall bear his name, than he could possibly get out of a different disposition of his money; but, if he were sincerely and earnestly engaged in promoting the work of education, he would accomplish his purpose much better by giving the same sum to one of the old and solid colleges or universities of the country. It is a great misfortune that so many rich and benevolent men set to work to found new colleges instead of performing the greater service of strengthening the old ones.

THE New Zealand Methodist says: "It is high time to make a strong protest in the name of common decency against the character of many popular pictorial advertisements of tobacco. Why respectable tradesmen give any quarters to such indecent placards passes our comprehension. If they must sell tobacco, there is no compulsion, surely, to make their walls and windows vehicles for the display of a debased and debasing art. The devil employs no more successful method for destroying a wholesome pure-mindedness in youths of both sexes than the vilely suggestive pictures which now meet the eye at almost every turn. Will any one explain why it is that tobacco, alone of all articles of commerce, stands associated with such moral filthiness?"

THE Southwestern Advocate, an official organ of the Methodist Episcopal church, edited by Dr. Marshall W. Taylor, (colored), says: "We emphatically deny that ours is a 'caste' church, or that it in any sense ever surrendered to 'caste.' We affirm that it has respected in a reasonable and scriptural way to some extent the race preferences of its members, by letting Germans, Swedes, Bulgarians and negroes worship in groups congenial to their linguistic or social habits. This we further affirm is best for the church, the people, and we believe the glory of God, by the maintenance of purity and peace in its church. We are, in reference to the education of the Negro, exceedingly solicitous that he shall have it, but since the facilities are equal as far as the necessities of the pupils require it, we would not give a fudge to secure the intermingling of the white and colored races in the same school to obtain it. The fact is, we believe that an enforced effort to mingle the races in the same congregations, conferences, and schools in the church, is doomed to meet the same end that it did when attempted by legislation in the State. If it ever comes at all, it must come by the slow and steady process of social transformation wrought out by the inculcation of right principles among the people by their consent where and as we find them."

GOOD WORDS.

Rev. Jno. R. Allen, Blossom Prairie, Feb. 15: The TEXAS ADVOCATE is popular everywhere in my district.

Rev. P. B. Sims, Davilla: You give us a nice, clean paper. God bless you. I hope to increase the list of subscribers here.

Rev. Jno. E. Green, Houston: I am proud of the TEXAS ADVOCATE, and am determined to put in some faithful work in its behalf.

Rev. J. R. Taylor, Seale: I send you a subscriber nearly every week. "The ADVOCATE" is very valuable in my office.

Rev. Judson S. Perry, Mansfield: I am taking subscribers for the ADVOCATE and hope to give it a large circulation on my circuit this year.

Rev. R. A. Hall, Kopperi: This is six new subscribers, and of course we expect the old ones to renew. The ADVOCATE is highly prized with us.

TEXAS PERSONALS.

—The postoffice address of Rev. W. T. Melugin is Lampasas, Texas.

—Gulliver is contributing a lively series of papers on "Texas Characters" to the Southern Advocate, Columbia, S. C.

—The postoffice address of Rev. E. E. Nicholson is changed from Parrisville to Red Bluff, Harris county, Texas. Rev. L. P. Davis will supply the church made vacant by his removal.

—The marriage is announced of Rev. M. E. Blocker, of the East Texas Conference, and Miss Ella M. Clay, of Tyler, Texas. The ADVOCATE extends sincere congratulations.

—Arkansas Methodist: Our people blundered here in the beginning and did not plan well, but with our Shelton as presiding elder and Sherwood as preacher in charge, Southern Methodism will make a grand stride in the Gate City (Denton, Texas) in 1887.

—Nashville Advocate, Feb. 19: Hon. John H. Reagan, recently elected Senator from Texas, is a Methodist, and his character unimpeachable. He has long been in Congress, and is a strong man, morally and intellectually. He will take his stand by such men as Coquitt, of Georgia, and Jones, of Arkansas.

—Rev. W. H. LeFevre writes from Alvarado, Feb. 8: "Have been sick for one month to-day. Hope to be able to preach next Sunday. My pulpit has been supplied by Bro. Powell and others. The carpenter's work is nearly finished on our new church. It will cost about \$6000 when completed. It will seat over 500 persons."

—His presiding elder writes: "Bro. C. C. Coppedge has been a steward over thirty years, during which period, excepting the time he was in the army, he has been absent from only two quarterly conferences—once on account of a broken arm, and once to bury his wife. His membership is at Murray Institute, Coffeeville circuit, Jefferson district, North Texas Conference. He was licensed to preach two years ago."

TEXAS CONFERENCE OF 1887.

The first conference I attended in Texas was at Bastrop, December 22, 1842. R. Alexander presided and Thomas O. Summers was Secretary. There were five admitted on trial and one readmitted. Of these only one is now living—John C. Woolam. A small room about 12 feet by 16 furnished ample accommodation for the conference sessions, and a store room twice that size held the congregation on Sunday. The appointments were as follows: San Augustine district: F. Wilson, P. E.; San Augustine station, I. M. Williams; San Augustine circuit, Daniel Poe, S. A. Williams supernumerary; Jasper, N. Shook; Liberty, Geo. West, W. J. Thurber; Trinity Mission, R. B. Wells; Crockett, James H. Colliard; Nacogdoches, William Craig.

Lake Soda district: L. Fowler, P. E.; Shelbyville, J. T. P. Irvine; Harrison, Wm. O'Connor; Sherman mission, E. W. Hobbs; Lamar mission, John C. Woolam.

Galveston district: R. Alexander, P. E.; Galveston, R. Walker; Houston, T. O. Summers; Brazos, J. W. Kinney; Montgomery, Daniel Carl; Huntsville, James G. Johnson; Franklin, Wm. C. Lewis; Jacob Crawford; Nashville, D. N. V. Sullivan.

Huterville district: John Clark, P. E.; Bastrop, J. W. Whipple; Huterville, John Haynie; Washington, O. Fisher; Joseph P. Sealed; Brazos, H. S. Thrall; Egypt, Henderson D. Palmer, J. W. DeWitt; Victoria mission, R. Crawford; Brazoria colored mission, Jesse Ford; Huterville College, C. Richardson, President; C. W. Thomas, Professor.

H. S. T.

FROM THE CAPITAL.

This is a civilized and Christian city. By which I do not mean that there is no wickedness here. There is but one such city, and that is "above." The Sabbath is respected. All business houses are closed; saloons and theaters are also closed. The people go to the house of God on his holy day. The churches are numerous and large, and they are well filled. A pure, earnest gospel is preached, and the services are reverent and the worship spiritual. The various ministries are in active co-operation, and are earnestly seeking the guidance of the Holy Ghost that they may devise plans and put them in effective operation by which the greatest possible good may result to the cause of the blessed Master. Prayer-meetings are fairly well attended, and men and women sing and pray earnestly "as unto the Lord," and, speaking, bear testimony for Jesus.

The State Legislature is in session, and I think it may safely be called a Christian body. Not that all its members are avowedly religious, but the majority of them are attached to some Christian church, and a large majority of the remainder have decided Christian and church opinions and affiliations. As a body, they are moral, sensible and patriotic. The new administration is decidedly Methodist. Gov. Ross and wife, Lieut-Gov. Wheeler and wife, Speaker Pendleton and wife, and several of the most influential and brilliant men of each House are members of and communicants of this church. There are five ministers in the House and one in the Senate. All the churches are represented. The Baptists and Methodists being the most numerous. I met eight ministers at the communion table last Sabbath, two of whom were members of the Legislature, and the chairman of Judiciary Committee one and two, partook of the holy sacrament. It is a common statement of old members that there never was so little tipping or saloon-going by a Texas Legislature before. In these respects, as well as others, it is safe to say that it would compare favor-

ably with any similar body in the Union. I attended the reception at the Governor's mansion last night, and while it was a brilliant assemblage of talent and culture, refinement and beauty, and while all enjoyed with zest, enlivened by the best of music by a string band, there was neither card-playing, nor wine, nor dancing that I saw or heard of.

Gov. Ross goes into office under favorable auspices, and gives promise of a safe, judicious and progressive administration. He is cool, deliberate, yet prompt and decided. No man or interest will receive intentional wrong at his hands. He has grave interests to grapple with, and he may make mistakes, and he may be assailed, as he probably will. But, while his sensible and sensitive nature will feel the blow, it will not drive him from his convictions. I predict that he will go out of office four years hence, if he should live so long, with a satisfactory and clean record. The Legislature is at work, but I will not enter that field now, further than to say that a false and misleading representation was made of this body when it was said they wasted so many days and so much of the people's money when they were so long electing a United States Senator. The fact is they occupied only about one hour each day, and that taken out of their usual noon rest. The remainder was spent in their accustomed labors.

AUSTIN, TEXAS.

NOTES FROM THE WEST.

Bishop Key has appointed L. D. Cogan, a young preacher from Georgia, to Dripping Springs mission, San Marcos district, in place of W. M. Ballard, deceased. He has been on the work for a month. A new parsonage has been built on this work.

A beautiful new church approaches completion at Kyle, Hays county, W. J. Joyce, preacher in charge, making the third new church on the circuit. Two lots adjoining the church have been purchased for the most suitable location for the parsonage. Here the Baptists have large school buildings and boarding department, and the Presbyterians are erecting a new church.

Since conference the parsonage at Blanco has been completed, and the preacher and his family declare themselves comfortable and happy. In the old parsonage at Blanco their present new presiding elder would be like an elephant in a china-shop. Blanco is a growing place, and it is alive with generous Methodists.

Parsonage furnishing and improvement is the order of the day at San Marcos, Lockhart, Luling, Harwood, and most of them over the district are being supplied with substantial furniture. Kingsbury circuit is now without a parsonage.

A large and costly academy building, with a boarding department near by, has just been completed in the Ryland neighborhood, on the San Marcos circuit. The Centre Point Church, on the same circuit, blown down last summer, will be rebuilt.

The Liberty Hill Church, Dripping Springs mission, Hays county, blown down last summer, has been rebuilt in a more substantial manner, and a new academy building, for school and church purposes, was completed last fall at Wimberly, on the same charge.

Lockhart, San Marcos, Seguin and other points in the bounds of the district are looking forward to railroad booms in the near future. Kyle had a stirring meeting a few days ago in the same interest, which was addressed forcibly by C. M. Rodgers, of Austin. Just before the speaker opened on the subject of the future of Texas and railroads, he told (privately) the chairman of the building committee of the new church in Kyle to have the building ceiled and charged to his account.

The pastor and people of our church in Seguin are preparing for a protracted meeting. New and costly stores and private residences are being completed, and extensive waterworks are now being erected.

Throughout the San Marcos district the preachers are making a strong and successful effort to raise missionary money, domestic and foreign, to avoid the folly and disaster of postponing these collections until fall. The quarterly meetings are spiritual and well attended. Bishop Key expects to visit the district in April and hold the district conference at Gonzales. It is his desire, if possible, to visit other points on the district.

The people of San Marcos and Gonzales are contemplating, in the near future, the erection of large and more convenient church buildings. On nearly all the charges the salaries of the preachers have been increased, and all the ex-presiding elders seem happy in their new fields of labor.

H. G. HOITON.

IS DR. HAYGOOD CORRECT?

I notice in the communication from Georgetown, giving the substance of Dr. A. G. Haygood's address, delivered on Monday night to the faculty, students and citizens, that the Doctor says:

A few church people denounce the public school. This is right, and more—it places them on the wrong side.

Again the Doctor says:

One thing is absolutely certain—a Christian college is a curse to any country. A college that knows not God breeds infidels always and everywhere. It is so in Europe; it is so in America.

Now I would ask, if "a Christian college is a curse to any country," can any better be said of a Christian school? If "a college that knows not God breeds infidels always and everywhere," can we expect any better results from a school that knows not God, even though it be a public school sustained by the State?

Let us now form a syllogism:

1. A Christian school is a curse to any country.

2. The public schools of Texas are Christian schools, in that Christ cannot be taught in them.

3. Therefore, the public schools of Texas are a curse to the country.

Again:

1. Schools where God is not known "breed infidels always and everywhere."

2. God is not known in the public schools of Texas.

3. Therefore, the public schools of Texas "breed infidels always and everywhere."

Can "a few church people" afford to place themselves in harmony with these Christian schools and schools where God is not known? "A few church people" denounce the public schools only on the ground that they are Christian, and do not recognize God; nor do they feel that they have placed themselves "on the wrong side." Not that they object to the State furnishing the elements of education, but to the condition on which it provides for the education of the masses, namely: That God and the Bible be excluded. Why, some of the laws governing the public-school system are so stringent that if the name of God or Christ

L. 241 BROADWAY, NEW YORK!

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