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EDITORIAL

CHRIST CREATED REVOLUTIONARY CONDITIONS.

Christ did not come into the world to add to the sum total of its peace, but to send a sword. Not necessarily the material sword dripping with blood, but the sword of inquiry, of change, of dissatisfaction with conditions then existing, of mental friction, civic aspiration and spiritual regeneration. His gospel contained all these elements, and it was a strange and startling gospel. The world had no acquaintance with it, and was not immediately prepared for it. When he turned it loose upon public sentiment it produced an explosion and resulted in his death upon Calvary.

When he made his advent a world which was in a state of religious inertia and superstition, blind, incoherent, had charge of the souls of men. They were largely bound down by the thralldom of tradition, and the appalling cloud of ignorance was hovering over the intellect of the world. Despotism and poverty ruled the conditions of society. Greed and selfishness held sway and only the favored few had access to wealth and luxury. The poor were oppressed and without hope, and the afflicted and the unfortunate were dumb with helplessness. The vast masses of mankind were serfs and incapable of self-assertion.

Christ came to change this state of things. He overthrew traditions, he turned light in upon the common mind, he broke the shackles from the slavery of the soul, he put help within the reach of the afflicted and the unfortunate, and he made revolution possible among the masses. He spent his life creating the conditions out of which the changes were sure to come. He saw but few of the results in his day. The centuries immediately following his age and generation saw but few of them, but as time passed on and the truth he taught filtered into the souls of the masses, the work took on shape. The passing ages distributed the influence and the fruit is being brought forth.

To-day we see something of the real condition had in mind by the Savior when he made his advent into the world. It has required ages of toil and generations of martyrdom to accomplish the result. The inspired purpose moved slowly through the centuries, but it has acquired momentum, and now it is moving with ever-increasing acceleration. We are now on the eve of startling developments and sensational disclosures. The dynamic forces of the gospel are quivering under the touch of new fires and frictions, and the next few years will tell wonderfully upon the destiny of our humanity. And it is all traceable to the fact that Jesus Christ came among men and precipitated upon the consciousness of the race the power of his gospel. He put them to thinking, to

feeling, to aspiring, to inventing, to discovering. He thrust a sword-point into the intellect and soul of the masses and caused them to stir themselves into activity, and to turn their faces toward a new morning and a new world. And there has been no peace of mind, no satisfaction with conditions, no blind submission to fate since his appearance among men. The individual has enlarged his scope and the Nation has extended its borders. The world has been brought into closer kinship, the unity of the race recognized, and human consciousness has felt the touch of God. Christ is now doing marvelous things in this old world, and the age is not distant when he will own it and inspire and direct its enterprises and lead its thought and activities. He still holds the sword of his power in hand, and he stands at the head of these fomenting conditions issuing his orders and imparting the inspiration of his leadership to the best, the truest and most potent among mankind. He is the only interpretation of the unsettled conditions that exist to-day in the labor world, the business world, the moral world and the international world. Out of these will come his ultimate idea of a new heaven and a new earth.

Lord, hasten that day and that age when thy will shall be done among men as the angels do it in heaven!

THE POTENCY OF POSITIVE PREACHING.

Almost every preacher of studious turn of mind has his intellectual problems to solve, and in the process of their solution it is not a matter of wonder that he has doubts concerning biblical interpretation and exegesis. The process of development superinduced by searching inquiry and the reading of books on the advanced thought and literature of the age, necessarily bring about this condition of mind. He has to take the results of his investigation concerning such matters and put them in the furnace of his intellectual caldron and resolve them into their molten state and then determine whether or not they are the pure gold or mixed with alloy. But throughout all this process his faith in Christ is the anchor that holds him steady to his loyalty and fidelity to the truth.

But, however much these problems may disturb him and to whatever extent he may have his severe mental wrestlings, none of these misgivings have any place in the pulpit. They are the mere chips and shavings of his workshop and are only fit to be swept out with the rubbish after the real product has been finished. If he has the genuine heart of a true preacher he will not fail to rest his faith on the great cardinal principles of the Bible and in the end subordinate all his intellectual doubts and misgivings to the supremacy of Jesus Christ as the Savior of his soul.

Therefore, to whatever extent he may follow the lead of the higher critics and

seek to know the results of their labors in the field of speculative inquiry, his pulpit utterances must give forth no uncertain sound. People generally who sit under his ministry, know nothing about these misgivings, neither do they care what the advanced thinker holds with reference to the Bible as a piece of cold-blooded literature. They go out to Church service to find edification. They are tired from the actual experiences of life with the world; they are often oppressed and wounded by the temptations that come through appetite, passion, commercial greed and the tendency of their hearts toward the world and worldly things, and they want something to strengthen their faith, comfort their hearts and to establish them in their purpose to love God and do their Christian duty.

It, therefore, devolves upon the preacher to have for them a message that meets these demands and when delivered to them will send them out into the world better prepared for consistency of life and effectiveness of service. His message must be a positive message, carrying with it the majesty of truth verified in experience. They demand a message brimful of his exuberant consciousness of the truth and none of the uncertainty of his doubts. When he preaches what he knows to be true the people accept it as the truth and they go to their respective vocations rejoicing in its realization. And the gospel of Christ is replete with certain great moral and spiritual principles about which no man can entertain any sort of doubt, and these are the great staples upon which struggling souls feast and grow strong in the Lord. Sin as a fact in human experience, regeneration by the Holy Ghost after repentance, growth in the divine life and larger knowledge of God as the soul continues to rest its faith in the eternal, are verities concerning which the average man has no sort of question. He longs for the exposition and ascertainment in his effort to know God in Jesus Christ. And just along these old lines there is material of an absolute sort sufficient to engage the mind and the heart of the man of God who stands before the people as an expounder of the truths of Holy Writ. Let us have an evangelical ministry, studious and progressive, but filled with a knowledge of Christ as a personal Savior, and one who has a hungering after the salvation of men, and no congregation of earnest worshippers will ever leave the house of God wrestling with doubts or disturbed about speculative matters. They will rejoice in the truth.

OUR ANNUAL THANKSGIVING DAY.

One week from to-day our annual Thanksgiving Day will arrive, and the President of the United States and the Governor of this State have issued proclamations urging upon all the people the duty and the privilege of observing this day with becoming reverence, and to recognize our obligation to the God of our

fathers for his wondrous mercies to us as a people. It is a beautiful custom and full of tender memories and devout thoughts. It brings us face to face with Him in the unity of our sentiment and purpose, our dependence upon Him from whom all blessings flow.

We ought, therefore, on this Thanksgiving Day to meet at our several places of worship, sing hymns of praise, offer up our gratitude, and make known to the sons of men that we are a God-fearing people. Out of such a service will come religious sentiment, moral conviction and patriotic devotion. The people who honor God are honored of him, and his benedictions come upon their homes, their storehouses and their material interests.

We owe to God better lives, purer worship, loftier morals and deeper religious convictions. A wholesome national life is founded upon intelligence, morality and sane religion. Where the people of a land are animated by these higher qualities of life and character their success and national perpetuity are assured. Their superstructure of government is founded upon a solid rock, and no serious ill can come to such a people. Their down-sitting and their uprising are ordered of the Lord, and his providence is over all their interests. From him they draw inspiration and knowledge and devotion.

Especially ought the Church to take advantage of this accustomed day to inculcate the principles of piety and spiritual religion. It ought to be with them, not only a day of recreation and pleasure, intermingled with family reunions, but of worship, of exhortation and of praise. Let it be a day of education and of uplift to our membership.

It ought by us also to be a day of helpfulness. It is a fine time to remember the poor, the needy, the unfortunate, the sick and the afflicted. To make some sad heart glad, to make some heavy spirit light, to make some despairing one look up and have hope, is doing the work of the Master. He came not to be ministered to, but to minister. Let us follow his example, and when we sit at our smoking boards, laden with good things, we will relish them the more when we remember the fact that we have helped some to enjoy the same blessings—some one with whom the world has dealt harshly. It is more blessed to give than to receive, and every reader of this ought to become the beneficiary of this statement. Then let us all pray and praise and rejoice and help some one else to rejoice on this glad Thanksgiving Day.

The easiest thing in the world is to imitate the faults of people, for faults are near the surface and easily appropriated—but the virtues of people are deeper, and it requires effort to discover and possess them.

It never occurs to some people that anybody else has any sense.

Oratory and The Orator

Col. J. R. Cole.

The object of speech is to be heard. The object of hearing is to understand. The object of understanding is to be convinced, to be persuaded. Every public speaker, whether at the bar or on the stump, or on the lecture stage, or in the pulpit, should study and use the kind of oratory that will bring about these results. But

"There are many men of many minds And many birds of many kinds," as my old copy book use to tell me, and the oratory that would delight and instruct the refined and cultivated mind is quite different from that which would please and arouse the ignorant, the rude and the vulgar mind. But I shall speak of real oratory and make some comments on the other kind.

When I was a boy living in the country "before the war" we had a presiding elder preaching over several counties—Uncle Peter Doub—grand in character, great in stature, strong in voice, who thought he would be cheating his congregations if he preached thirty or forty minutes only, as they came for miles on foot and horseback and in wagons or carriages to hear him, hence his sermons were about two hours long, and everybody was pleased and benefited, for he said something and the people carried it home with them. That grand old man laid his hands upon my head and blessed me when I went to tell him good-bye the day I left my home for Texas forty-five years ago, and I have felt the influence of his hands, his face and his voice through all these years. Though his oratory was ponderous and slow and strong, I delighted to listen to him, for he left lasting impressions for good.

In a land of freedom like ours, where the multitude of offices may be held by the citizens, and the qualification of candidates are rigidly scrutinized and their relative merits compared, it is important that such studies as will develop the man and give him the power of leadership obtain that prominence and attention due to their importance. That oratory ranks high among these rests not alone on the opinion of this day and age, but for thousands of years it has been considered, if not a necessary quality to leadership, at least a powerful auxiliary.

When God called Moses to lead the children of Israel out of bondage from the oppression of Egypt, that great and noble man shrank from the tremendous task of opposing a powerful monarch, of resisting a great people, of defying stern laws and leading millions of men, women and children through the seas, enemies and wilderness, over mountains, rivers and deserts into a land of strangers, giants and fees. Recognizing the qualities requisite for such a leader, he implored that he might be excused because he was no speaker, and asked God to appoint his brother Aaron to lead them. Aaron was much inferior to Moses as a man, but God appointed him a leader with Moses because he possessed the qualities of oratory—the power to speak.

What is the teaching of the great men of antiquity and those who have challenged our admiration in more modern times? Demosthenes, the great Athenian orator, ranks as the greatest of antiquity if not of all the ages. He was not a born orator. Nature had not conferred upon him the gift of swaying the multitude or leadership of the Senate. But his ambition was great, his will was masterful, and he went into a cave on the seashore, shaved half of his head to overcome temptation to appear in public, rolled pebbles in his mouth to cure his stammering and make him deliberate in speech, spoke in the midst of the roaring waves that storms and noise might not disconcert him, and from such sacrifices and effort we have his wonderful oration known as "Demosthenes on the Crown."

Cicero who held the same rank among the Romans that Demosthenes did among the Greeks defines eloquence as "the art of gaining others to our opinions." He says, "It is of little consequence that you prepare what is to be spoken unless you are able to deliver your speech with freedom and grace. Nor is even that sufficient, unless what is spoken be delivered by the voice, by the countenance, and by the gesture in such a manner as to give it a higher relish." Many years ago I knew two men who were candidates for the Legislature in two counties in North Carolina. One was a Democrat, the other a Whig. The Democrat was uneducated but a fine looking man with good voice and graceful delivery. The Whig was a man of some education, a man of sense, but indifferent in voice and gesture. The Democrat requested his

friend and neighbor and opponent to write him a speech from the Democratic standpoint and the Whig good naturedly wrote his speech. They canvassed the district together and the Democrat was elected over his Whig opponent who wrote his speech. So much for good looks, dignity, gesture and voice.

Among the ancient Quintillion ranks high as a writer and student of oratory. He says, "I venture to pronounce that even an indifferent oration, recommended by the force of action, would have more effect than the best if destitute of this enforcement." Unquestionably, since mere words have, in themselves, a powerful efficacy and since the voice adds to what is said its own influence, and since gesture and emotion have also their peculiar significance, something perfect must be produced when all are combined together."

Lord Chesterfield, a very profound student of human nature, a fine scholar and finished man—well-versed in whatever entered into the sum of success, says, "If you would either please in a private company or persuade in a public assembly, air, looks, gesture, grace, enunciation, proper accents, just emphasis, and tuneful cadences are fully as necessary as the matter itself." In writing about the celebrated orator, Lord Chatham, Macaulay says, "His voice even when it sank to a whisper was heard to the utmost benches; when he strained it to its full extent, the sound rose like the swell of the organ of a great cathedral, shook the house with its peal, and was heard through the lobbies and down staircases, to the Court of Requests, and the precincts of Westminster Hall." This distinguished statesman trained his celebrated son, known as the Younger Pitt, so thoroughly that he became a master in the art of elocution, and could "pour forth a long succession of round and stately periods without premeditation, without even pausing for a word, without even repeating a word, in a voice of silver-clearness, and with a pronunciation so articulate that not a letter was slurred over."

When I was a boy in my native State, I took great pleasure in sitting in the gallery of the courthouse to listen to the speeches of the great lawyers in important cases. I remember hearing two men discussing the oratory of a distinguished lawyer, and they made a bet, the one contending that the lawyer made gestures while speaking and the other declaring that he did not. They went to the courthouse to decide the question and discovered that the speaker gesticulated continually during the whole speech, but his gestures and voice and emphasis and language and thoughts were so harmonious and necessary to make a complete whole that they forgot the gestures in the full oration.

I have heard many of the most distinguished orators of the Southland, listened with delight to their eloquence. In 1862 I entered the Senate Chamber of the Confederate States Senate at Richmond, Va., and heard William L. Yancey, of Alabama, on the powers exercised by the President of the Confederacy. With erect form and flashing eye and head thrown back and clear ringing voice and emphatic gesture, he stood like a rock, steady and stern, denouncing usurpation by the General Government, and hurled his defiance at the President as he cried out, "If I must have a tyrant to rule over me, I will take Abraham Lincoln in preference to Jefferson Davis." It was while discussing the same subject in secret session and while he was denouncing President Davis that the exciting and thrilling scene occurred between him and Senator Ben Hill, of Georgia. They had been political enemies for many years. Mr. Hill was opposed to secession; Mr. Yancey its fiercest advocate. While Senator Yancey was hurling his fiery invectives against Mr. Davis and advocating his deposition and declaring a military dictatorship, Senator Hill replied that Senator Yancey was always a revolutionist; he was not content until he had overturned the United States Government and established a Confederacy, and now, true to his nature and past life, he was attempting to overturn the Confederacy and establish a dictatorship. Mr. Yancey replied that the Senator from Georgia was repeating slanders that had been refuted time and again, that he was made in a certain mould and it was vain to expect him to improve or grow larger. When he had proceeded thus far, Senator Hill, overcome with rage, hurled a large inkstand at him which struck the Alabamian on the face, and dashing against the window frame was shattered to pieces. With the blood gushing from the gaping wound, and his soul on fire, the stern orator never turned his head but with scornful emphasis exclaimed: "It is the preroga-

tive of cowards to strike from the rear!" What power! what scorn! what eloquence! Stung with the contempt of the language the Senator from Georgia rushed upon Mr. Yancey, and a fierce struggle of these intellectual giants shook the Senate Chamber of the Southern Confederacy. They were finally separated by the Sergeant-at-Arms, our late Dallas citizen, Colonel Fitzhugh.

Presiding over that august body as Vice-President of the Confederacy, I beheld a tall, emaciated, wrinkled man, with hair falling over his forehead, his eyes glittering, and tossing his gavel, and presenting such an appearance as made me acclaim without thought, "That must be a crazy man!" I heard him address a great audience, and as I saw that fiery eye blaze with genius and feeling, his tall, bony figure sway backward and forward as though bent by the storm of his passions, and heard his clear, high, shrill voice charged with living thoughts, burning indignation, profound philosophy, I recognized Alexander Stephens, the great orator from Georgia.

I heard President Jefferson Davis address a crowd of soldiers and citizens during the late war, and when I heard his ringing voice proclaim that, "We do not deserve so much credit for defending our homes against the invaders of the South, for they are the most atrocious enemies that ever fought against a free people." I felt there was depth of indignation stirring his soul unfathomable. The emphasis on the word, atrocious, and the scornful gesture accompanying it, like the lightning stroke of a Damascus blade cleaving the air, have followed me more than forty years.

Now, let us listen to some of our modern orators. Let us go into the courtroom and look and listen. There sits the Judge, dignified or otherwise. There sits the prisoner, guilty or otherwise; there sits the jury, wise or otherwise. The evidence is all in, the audience crowds forward to hear the eloquent address—and such an audience! The distinguished attorney rises, aims at the spittoon and readjusts his tobacco and says, "Gentlemen, of the Jury." His foot is on the chair or railing, he is leaning forward and in five minutes he is yelling at the top of his voice at the jury who is only three feet from him, but he seems to think they are on top of the courthouse. It takes him three hours to say what could better be said in thirty minutes. Then the Judge begins his "charge" to tell the jury what the law is. Now suppose he goes yelling like the lawyer! Wouldn't that be a picture? He is farther from the jury than the lawyer and has as much right to scream as he has, but he talks plainly, clearly, distinctly and to the point, because he is a judge of the law and propriety and good taste as well. I am only describing a certain class. Not all are in that class.

Now let us go out and hear that candidate for office, that stump speaker. He has his audience composed of all sorts before him. He wants their votes. He dodges every unpopular issue, he abuses his opponents and his audience cries out, "Give it to him!" he tells improper anecdotes and the crowd roars with laughter; it is taken for wit; he shouts at the top of his voice and he believes he is a great orator. Now let us go into the church and hear the solemn, sweet message of the minister of God. The organ pours forth its melody that fills every soul with music; the voices of the choir and the congregation rise and fall and swell in majestic harmony, and we are lifted up on the wings of sweet music towards the holy city. Now the preacher rises in the pulpit and reads out his text. Every ear is listening to hear what the subject is to be, what his message is about. Is it a telephone from heaven? Is it a telegram from the beautiful city? I don't know, I didn't hear it. It was spoken to the front benches. Now listen to the sermon—five, ten minutes pass, too low, but he is rising, now we hear; he still rises; now he is off, he jumps to the top of the tree and we try to follow him but meet him half way as he comes down and we have lost going and coming. The doxology is sung. "How did you like the sermon?" "I didn't hear it." "Didn't hear it? Why he preached loud enough to hear him a mile away." "Yes, but I wasn't a mile away." The first five minutes his voice was so low I could not hear. The last twenty minutes his voice was so loud and high and screaming that I couldn't understand, and the other fifteen minutes were divided between the two amen corners and I couldn't understand when his back was turned on me and so I could only hear half a sentence or half an anecdote when he turned to my amen corner. It was very aggravating. Why couldn't he address the back benches from the beginning so all could hear? Why did he scream so loudly that we couldn't understand? Why did he turn about so much first his face then his back to us? Vocal gymnastics in the pulpit is not the best way to deliver a

sweet message. The pulpit ought to reason, ought to convince, ought to persuade, ought to comfort. Suppose you were a young man and you were in the presence of a beautiful woman and you were in earnest and she was blushing and you wished to persuade her to change her name, would you walk up and down before her, stamp your feet on the floor, strike the table furiously and yell your message at her? O no, no, that isn't the way. Do you suppose the gentle Apostle John preached that way? Do you suppose Jesus preached that way when he gathered his disciples around him in the mountains and said, "Blessed are the pure in heart; blessed are the merciful; blessed are the peacemakers?" I am sometimes uncharitable enough to think the boisterous preacher is thinking more of himself than of the sweet message he is authorized to deliver from above, or that he is trying to cover up small thoughts with a torrent of words and we realize that after all the groaning and moaning of the mountain only a little mouse is produced.

In the centennial year of 1876, I attended the commencement of my old college in North Carolina and heard the famous preacher Dr. DeWitt Talmage preach the commencement sermon and deliver the annual address. Each occupied one hour and a half. He had a great and critical audience in the great chapel of the college, and the first word uttered by the orator and every other word was heard by the listening assembly. No affected low tones, no skyscraping screams to show what an orator he was, for he was preaching the gospel, and you could imagine that you heard the diamonds of beauty and wit rattling on the floor as his hands flung out in gestures to accompany his wonderful voice. I have heard Sam Jones when his words encompassed ten thousand people and every sentence was heard and understood, for he was in earnest and preaching the gospel. I have heard Bishops Pierce, Kavanaugh and Wightman as they carried their audiences over the beautiful level plains of thought or lifted them higher and higher towards the heavens on the wings of inspiration until the shouts of gladness and joy and flowing tears and love made music sweeter than the melody of the organ and the harp, for they were preaching the gospel and pointing to the cross.

I knew a man in our town who, if requested to describe a trip from Dallas to Fort Worth in a three minutes' speech, would be shouting at the top of his voice before he got across the Trinity River. It is said of one of our great statesmen of Texas—great in mind, great in body, and great in voice, that he was called upon to argue a case before the Supreme Court of the United States. With his imposing figure and roaring voice he was great on the stump and before the multitude. Though he was within a few feet of the learned Judges of this court he spoke in his usual way as though he had ten thousand men in his audience. The Chief Justice who wished to hear the facts and reasons of the case presented to the court mildly reminded him that they were not accustomed to that kind of speaking and requested that he speak with less noise and violence. He came down and tried it, but failed, and finally told the court that if he was not allowed to speak according to his custom he couldn't speak at all. The Chief Justice kindly told him to speak in his usual way. It is not the great volume

of voice that makes the orator for I have seen an animal that had a voice equal to the loudest man that ever hypnotized a jury or convulsed a mob, and no one ever pronounced him to be an orator.

Now some will say, "Who made this man a critic and an advisor of preachers, and statesmen and lawyers?" He is no great speaker or orator." That is true; but he has heard great sermons, great orations by the greatest of this land for half a century; he has read and studied the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero and Burke and Clay and Webster. He has listened to Daniel, to Vanece, to Morehead, to George Davis, to Henry W. Miller, to Deems, to Edwards, to Doggett, and he can draw comparisons and at least express his own impressions derived from these sources. He is no musician and could make nothing but discord on the organ, the violin or the harp, but he appreciates melody and understands harmony from discord. He is no architect or builder, but can admire beautiful homes and stately palaces. He is no ship builder, nor could he guide the great sea monster that plows through the tempest on the ocean, but he can admire the graceful movements of the ship as it rises and falls amidst the turbulent billows carrying its living freight around the world. He cannot supplant and be a substitute to the little busy bee and rob the prairie flower of its sweetness and store it away in his beautiful cells, but he knows that when this sweetness is melting in his mouth he is enjoying the delicious honey drawn from the honeycomb.

It is contended by some that the rules of oratory serve only to constrain, confine and bind the true orator—to oppress the freedom of his ideas, the play of his wit, the exuberance of his fancy, the flights of his genius. This is not the experience of Demosthenes, Cicero and Chatham. It might as well be said that the rules and practice and study of music will restrain and hamper melody and harmony, instead of being a requisite to the grand creations of the art that burst upon our ravished ear in splendid sounds or whispers soft and low and melancholy strains, bringing tears from the turbulent fountains of love and sorrow. The whispering winds, the scream of the steam engine, the bursting thunder, the roar of the cannon, the growl of the tiger, the shriek of distress are the music of nature without the rules of harmony to assist and unite the sweet influences of melody. The human mind is a musical instrument of wonderful power—a "harp with a thousand strings"—and to produce the perfection of sweet sounds it must be played upon with voice and gesture, and the touch of a master is required to bring out all the melody sleeping in its silent chambers. On the other hand, the mere rules of rhetoric and elocution will not make an orator. They are the reins to guide the facts, to control the emotions. The mind must not be a dead instrument, cracked and crazy and worn out, with strings unstrung and notes out of tune. The facts must be obtained, history must shower down her examples, science must furnish her quota, imagination must jump to the front and blaze the way for the footsteps of logic and reason, then strike the harp with a manly strength, a noble confidence, a soul of fire, a high resolve, and listen to the music which brings tears and laughter and rage and shouts of joy and cries of defiance.

War Reminiscences A Number Four

By Rev. W. J. Joyce.

After my year of service I was discharged and returned to my old work, Palestine. I found William Witcher in my place. He insisted on retiring and taking another work, and gave way to me. In the meantime the regiment had reorganized and had elected Capt. C. L. Pryon Colonel. The boys elected me as Chaplain again, and after a few weeks in my old station I left for the war again and joined my regiment—now the Second Texas Cavalry—then stationed at Houston.

From this point we were ordered to take part in a desperate raid in Louisiana. Our objective point was Thibodeauxville on the La Fourche river, and our object was to capture a regiment of Federals stationed there. After a long and tiresome march we found ourselves confronting the enemy. We had three other regiments, but just before dark our regiment was put forward to "feel" the foe, ascertain their position and fight them next morning. The "feeling" force undertook to win the battle that night, assaulted the breastworks of a 500 force and were disastrously defeated—half of the regiment were either killed or wounded.

This foolish move broke the whole plan of the campaign and the three

whole regiments and our fragment left next morning. The Federals fearing an attack by a larger force left also at once for New Orleans; all leaving their dead and wounded behind. I remained to bury the dead and look after the wounded of both armies. Our dead were buried in the Catholic cemetery of Thibodeauxville, and a monument has been recently erected to their memory by the Daughters of the Confederacy residing chiefly at that place.

Part of the wounded were with me and the wounded Lieut. Col. Walker, of Hallettsville, Texas, and part three or four miles below on the river at a hospital the Yankees had established. We had about fifteen men at that hospital. I went back and forth between these hospitals, a widow lady of wealth, Mrs. Donaldson, supplying me with a fine carriage and a negro driver.

I was going down to the lower place one day when three ladies accosted me. Two of them were the sisters-in-law of Gen. Bragg, the other a Sister of Charity, lively lady in middle life. They were intensely loyal to our cause and full of sympathy for the wounded. They were going down to see the poor fellows for the first time, on foot. I asked them to ride with me and jumped out to help them in. I was dressed in the uniform of

a Chaplain and they thought I was a Yankee officer and neither of them wanted to sit by me in the carriage. One of them had to, though. They thought I did not notice them pushing each other and gig-laughing, but I did. The one who was forced to sit by me got off as far as she could and all looked away off through the doors to keep from laughing. At last they could stand it no longer, and the Sister called out: "Sir, who are you?" "I am a Chaplain in the Confederate Army." Oh, ah, he-he-he-ha-ha-ha, O Lordy, sir, we thought you were a Yankee, and we did not want to sit by you." And they stretched out their arms and I thought they would hug me in spite of all I could do. My recollection is that I did not manifest any aversion to these affectionate demonstrations.

Those splendid women went to the hospital and for days and nights they waited on those poor wounded men of both armies, making no difference between Yankee and Confed. I found here a Confederate and a Federal, each with a leg off, on one pallet gleefully laughing and talking with each other. It is always so with men who have heard bullets whistle on the battlefield. I know it, for I have helped take prisoners and I have been a prisoner myself. I found one poor fellow—a Federal—wounded to death. I asked him if he was ready. He said,

"I am not. I have been a very wicked man, and it is now too late." I said it is not too late. Your confession to wickedness establishes your claim to the compassion of the Son of God; if you are not saved, then he has died in vain as far as you are concerned. A thief died on the cross when Jesus died, and while his eyes were swimming in the agonies of death, he turned those eyes on the dying Christ and said, "Lord, remember me," and Christ said, "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." And you may hope."

He died at midnight and the nurse told me that he died calling for that man who told him of the dying Lord, and if a sinner is dying now wants to talk about the lover of sinners, and no one is at hand to tell him, that Jesus will talk to him without human intervention—talk when no man can hear. The example above of the dying thief is proof, and is on record for meeting cases of this kind. For I have no doubt that the confusion going on prevented any other person from hearing this appeal and this promise. And so I never say any one is lost. I do not know.

Here my war record ends. The balance of the time I was in the service was spent in attending to the sick and wounded.

I returned to San Antonio to my newly wedded wife and resumed my duties as a minister of the gospel.

wright. And in those days the sheep were followed by the shepherds so that no man could long claim to out-wander the itinerant Methodist preacher. So while prayers ascended from the altar and closets of the Dugan home in the wilds of Texas, Cartwright and others, moved of God, would send a cross-herald to find these purchased of God, and give to them the living ministry of the Word. So in the early spring of 1844, on a bright afternoon, a stranger was espied in the distance nearing the Dugan home. Lo! the saddlebags, long-tailed coat and high choker! What a revival of memories! In her girlhood days she had enjoyed the regular visits of the circuit rider! Her father's home was their home. Their prayers and godly admonitions had followed her all these weary miles of journeying, and lonely years of isolation, so full of trial and adventure. Now her home is to be blessed with the companionship and ministry of the "man of God" again.

Upon reaching the gate fronting the house the inquiry was made, "If Brother Dugan lives here," only to be told, "Come in, thou long desired, and blessed of the Lord."

The horn sounded loud and long, and soon Brother Dugan and the boys came. And, oh, what joy! God has sent the preacher.

The few neighbors are notified, and here in Daniel Dugan's home, where the first sermon ever preached in what is known as Grayson County, was delivered by Rev. John Denton, in 1839, and the first Church was organized by Rev. Brown, in 1844. Of this good man, his visit, pastoral labors and noble traits the elder Dugans and Vadens are quite praiseful. But they always told how disappointed the dear, good people were, that he did not eat chicken. A Methodist preacher who did not eat chicken lacked something in dietics of being orthodox.

His circuit called for three hundred miles, and the appointments were eight weeks apart. That fall a great camp-meeting was held at Warren. They came from as far East as DeKalb now is, and from extreme western settlements.

The preacher, a man of zeal and fervid spirit, was assisted by Rev. Custer, presiding elder, and Rev. Duncan, of the Indian Mission. The year closed well. Methodism had an organized charge in North Texas, and the fruitage of early planting is not yet fully ripe.

Time in its movement sweeps along. Man in his intelligence and industry carries forward the various features of civilization, but dark be the day and stormy the night when the names of Daniel and Catherine Dugan are forgotten by those who planted the name of Christ in North Texas.

IS SUBSTITUTION UNETHICAL.

There was a time when I accepted without question the doctrinal statements of Ralston, Wesley and Watson, but while attending the Summer School of Theology that time had a very abrupt ending. And on a certain occasion I found myself like a whizzing cannon ball, whirling out into the infinities of theological speculation, not knowing where I was or where I was going. I am not criticizing the Summer School of Theology at all, I am glad I took the ride, glad that I have been permitted to attend the school and expect to attend it again; but while spinning around in the mazes of theological questionings I learned a great lesson, and that was that each person would have to do his own thinking. I had formed the habit of opening my mouth and g-up-ing down everything said by the preacher or stated by the books. The standards taught me that substitution was the philosophy of the atonement—I drank it in. The man on the platform and in the periodical said that substitution was unethical—I drank it in. And as a consequence of such contrary elements I became theologially seasick, which was followed by the inevitable sequence—an empty stomach. I am trying to be a little careful now about what goes into my theological system.

Is substitution unethical? I have heard that it was, but I have not seen any proof of it. If it is unethical some moral law is violated. What moral law does the substitutionary element in the atonement violate? Any fundamental law is based on relationship. This is especially true of ethical law or moral law. To violate any of the Ten Commandments or any other moral law is to violate certain fundamental sacred relationship between man and man, or God and man. Hence all moral laws that deal with the spirit of man are eternal, because they are grounded on certain relationships that of necessity must exist as long as moral creatures exist. It will always be wrong to steal, because



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theft violates a God-established relationship of moral creatures.

Now, we ask again, what relationship is violated in the conception of substitution as related to the death of Jesus Christ? Of course it would be wrong for us to inaugurate the principle of substitution in cases of criminal violation, involving the penalty of imprisonment or death. Such a law would violate certain inalienable relationship. An innocent man has certain moral obligations which he owes to society, and he has no moral right to tear himself away from society to take the place of a criminal, and certainly he has no right to rob society of his honest presence that he might turn loose on society a dishonest character. But remember we are not talking about substitution between man and man, it is substitution between God and man. To say that it was unethical for Jesus Christ to be a substitute for sinful man is to say he would have violated some relationship between God and man. Name the violation, please? Christ said in speaking of his life, "No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself; I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it again." Jesus was the eternal God and as such he could die on the cross and at the same time discharge all obligations upon him as creator and preserver of the universe. If we had power to lay down and take up our life at will, substitution might not be wrong for man. The will of Jesus Christ could endure the tortures of Calvary and at the same time support the universe. I could not be a father to my children or a husband to my wife and give myself as a substitute to die for my brethren, but Jesus could die and while dying meet every obligation on him towards heaven and earth and hell. Substitution of some kind is connected with every theory of the atonement which postulates the deity of Christ. It does not make any difference whether it is the judicial theory, or the governmental theory, or the love theory, or the ethico-dynamic theory—one and all have Jesus taking away something and substituting himself in place. Because the theory of substitution as held by some of the iron-clad theologians of a hundred years ago is wrong, it does not follow at all that there is no such thing as substitution in the atonement. Atonement by Christ is an impossibility without substitution in it. Substitution does not explain all that is in the atonement, but it is in it.

To attack the theory of substitution is to attack the theory of unchanging righteousness in God. If God is eternally and unchangeably righteous and just in all of his dealings with humanity, salvation without substitution is an impossibility. God is unchangeable, but the moral law is but a transcript of the Divine mind, therefore the law is unchangeable. And that law is that the guilty sinner shall die; time after time, without equivocation or reservation, the book teaches that the penalty of sin is death. If the sinner does not die for his sins, God changes, but God does not change, therefore the sinner dies. How has he died? He died in Christ. As Bishop Wilson would say, when Christ died all creation died with him. All creation has always been upheld by Christ. All things were made by Christ and all things consist by Christ, hence when Christ died all things died in him. The death of Jesus then becomes the mediating element in the Divine, which reconciles the contradictory elements of justice and mercy. Man was not able to die and then live, but Jesus was able to both die and live; and as a metaphysical necessity when he died we died, and then as a Divine necessity when he arose we arose; therefore Paul could write, "As by the offense of one, judgment came upon all men unto condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life." God can now be just and at the same time justify the believing sinner. As Rev. J. L. Pierce would say, mercy no longer clamors with justice to save the sinner, but justice himself steps into the arena of heaven and demands the salvation of a repenting sinner. Everything in the Divine nature now moves to save the sinner. If there is anything unethical about this, I cannot see it.

E. A. MANESS.

SCRAP OF HISTORY.

H. G. H.

Since coming from conference I have received two nice historical letters from San Marcos—one by Prof. Pritchett, in which he says Bishop Fitzgerald held the last conference in the little brick church; that J. M. Alexander built the present church, which has been greatly enlarged and improved by C. M. Booth.

Then Mrs. Eliza Pope Pitts Malone, approaching her 80th birthday, speaks of earliest San Marcos days. She says: "Brother Kone did not come to Hays County until December, 1851, and was not then a member of the Church. In the fall of 1846 Henry E. McCulloch, with a company of Rangers, was stationed here. There was no town in sight then. In April, 1847, my father, with two other families and a single brother, Edward Pitts, landed in San Marcos, finding only two settlers, one of them belonging to the Rangers. Ere long several came here. The few who were here and the Rangers concluded to celebrate the Fourth of July, which came on Saturday, and among the guests who came was a Hardshell preacher by the name of Daniel. The next day being Sunday the people invited him to stay and preach, which he consented to do. So next morning we all gathered at the barbecue and he preached the first sermon in San Marcos. It was a Hardshell one, too, for he began at 10 a. m. and quit at 2:30 p. m. The last of July my father went to Seguin to a quarterly meeting and asked Brother Alfred Kerr, who was on that work, and Brother Morse, P. E., to come to San Marcos and organize a Church, which they did the August following, with nine members; my father, mother, myself, Uncle Edward Pitts, Uncle William Pitts and wife, Thomas McGee and wife and Mike S. were the nine. All have passed over the river except this writer. The Church was organized in my father's house and they held services there until the spring of 1848."

We have not to look far to find occasions for humiliation and fasting, either in the state of our own hearts or the religious condition of those around us.

"The day of suffering is a short day, but the day of remuneration is an everlasting one."

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Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Introduction of Methodism in North Texas

By Rev. D. F. Fuller.

There are circumstances which cause men to hesitate, although duty cries aloud for service. The true and worthy should not be forgotten, though the pen which seeks to perpetuate a memory of their deeds be feeble to portray their virtues. A statement of the deeds, times, circumstances, places and persons, and the reader can form the estimate of character and admire and honor the hero and heroine. For be it remembered, to-day is the product of yesterday; the blessings of this generation the bequeathments of those preceding. We shall be a lifetime discharging the obligation to those who preceded us. And herein is true progress, that one generation shall as fully advance the world as did its predecessor, thereby perfecting their plans and labors. It will ever be, however, that the pioneer shall have the royal share in the distribution of honors. The Path Finder is pre-eminent. He is first. His track points the way for whom may follow. His eye was first to view the scenes; his ear first to hear the sounds; his hands first to part the tangles of vine and thorn; his throat first to dry with thirst, and his heart first to brave the dangers and experience the difficulties of the way. Nor time nor onward march of human progress can take the laurels from their brow; the honor from their lives. To them it was given not only to make, but to begin, the history of the region of their adventures.

It is not strange that the people of God have been adventurers throughout the ages of the Church. Abraham was a wanderer. Jacob crossed the hills and went into a strange land in his youth, and into Egypt in his old age. Daniel in his 13th year went into Babylon. The Jews scattered throughout the habitable world, so that on the day of Pentecost they were in their capital from all quarters of civilization.

Jesus ordered his followers to "go into all the world." And, to be final, the Bible world can furnish the adventurer because he possesses the world's need, and he only can possess the world for God.

How the holy fire has burned in the breasts of men, moving them to undertake tasks only possible to the God-assisted. Strange, yet true, Abraham and the ancient worthies are not the only persons whom God has thrust out into the region beyond.

The careful student must see in the first pages of our country's history the evidence of a guiding Providence. This is so true of our beloved country and of Texas that to deny is to confess hopeless ignorance. Texas, an empire in itself, and North Texas, one of the most highly favored parts of the globe, could not have small place in the divine world plan. A wise God could not suffer such splendid labor of his hand to fall into inferior keeping. It must yield large returns and carry heavily in the world's burdens and demands. Hence we find men of character, industrious, intelligent, pious, strangely moved toward this wonderful land. Let the philosopher moralize, the romancer indulge his fancy, but a study of the early settler and one must see the divine hand guiding all the way.

Maryland has the honor of being the home of the first Methodist house

of worship. In Baltimore the Church took organic form in North America. In this noble State among the first fruits of Methodism was the family of Dugan—plain, country folks of sterling value and destined to figure in events of the future. Their son, Daniel, born 1784, and subsequently resident in Ohio and Kentucky, became fully acquainted with frontier life. It was in Kentucky he married Miss Catherine Vaden. Another name almost as old as North Texas history.

In 1836 this good man, wife and eight children, began the journey to Texas. From a reliable source I quote Mrs. Dugan's description of the first camp-fire of the long journey:

"Our first camp-fire on that journey is a bright spot in my memory. Our beds were spread upon the grass under the trees, among which were the beautiful dogwood with its pale green leaves, quivering in the fire light. I was seated in one of the two chairs we had brought with us, and had baby Jim on my knees, the other children gathered about me. Mr. Dugan stood by my chair, and we all joined in singing a hymn, and then we all knelt down while he prayed for God's mercy and protection."

Some days later they reached Red River. Here the deepest sorrow came to their hearts. Little James, the baby, died. The mother and daughters, unassisted, prepared the little body for burial, while the father took his axe and felled a tree, and from its trunk prepared a coffin for his child. Then he and the brothers prepared the grave, when a stranger coming along fastened the coffin lid for them and aided in laying the little one away.

Following this sad event the family crossed Red River and settled on Bois d'Arc Creek. Their wagons made the first tracks in what is now populous and prosperous Honey Grove, Fannin County, Texas. After a short stay on Bois d'Arc Creek, Mr. Dugan removed to a point on Choctaw Creek, near Red River. At present his location might be described as eight miles northwest of Bells, Grayson County, Texas. Here he became permanent. And, be it said, his posterity has nobly sustained the family name throughout the years. I forego further mention of the family than to say their hardships and perils and spilled blood and slain are a noble part of Texas' imperishable glory and greatness.

The nearest neighbor was fifty miles away. No Sherman, Bonham, or other town; no churchhouse, no school building, but the man who began his journey with prayer was not cut off from God. His all-seeing eye watches his children wherever they roam. And so through these years of isolation from their fellowmen the altar fires were kept burning. It is not strange, therefore, that the first to reach him were religious.

Having previously known Rev. Jno. Denton in Arkansas, and he having removed to Clarksville, Texas, Mrs. Dugan solicited him to preach in her home. This he consented to do, and in 1839, in the home of Daniel Dugan, the first sermon preached in what is now known as North Texas was delivered by this man of God. It was agreed that service was to be regularly conducted; but in a very brief time Brother Denton was killed by the Indians.

Among others who had shared the hospitality of the Vadens and Dugans in Illinois was the famous Peter Cart-

The North Texas Conference

For the first time in many years the North Texas Conference met in the town of Gainesville on Wednesday of last week. It was a delightful place to hold such a gathering.

Gainesville is a beautiful little city of about 7000 population. It is, for the most part, composed of excellent people, enterprising and prosperous. It is in the midst of a very fertile section with great natural resources. In the years gone by it was a cattle country, but now it is largely a farming country. Cotton, corn and wheat grow in abundance when the seasons are favorable. For the past two years it has been dry, but the people seem to be in good circumstances, nevertheless.

There is evidently much wealth in the town and country. They have handsome residences and attractive business houses. A year and a half ago the people of the county voted out saloons, and it was predicted by that element that the town would decline. But such is not the case. It was a wonderful advantage to the whole county to get rid of the saloons. Business goes right on, drunkenness and idleness have decreased, and morals have advanced.

On Tuesday night Dr. C. M. Bishop preached a great sermon to the undergraduates of the conference. He is one of the leading preachers of the Church—able, scholarly and strong. A large audience attended the service and it was an intellectual and spiritual feast. It started the conference off on a high key. The church where the conference was held is commodious, and well adapted to a session of this character. It is practically a new church and modern in its appointments. It is one of the best brick church buildings in the State. It has a splendid membership, and among them are many of the leading and influential citizens of the community. In fact, Denton Street Church is one of the leading Churches in the conference. It has a good parsonage property nearby and its preacher is always well taken care of.

Bishop Mouzon, for the first time, came to the conference. He was cordially received and his presence as a presiding officer and a preacher makes him one of the foremost men of our Zion.

Promptly at 9 o'clock Bishop Mouzon called the conference to order and announced the hymn, "High On His Everlasting Throne," and it was sung with a real zest, and the Bishop led in fervent prayer. He then read a lesson from the first chapter of Romans: "Paul here describes himself. He was a servant of Jesus Christ. He rejoiced in this title. He was not a hired servant but a bond servant. He had been bought with a price. And this is the relation that all ministers sustain to Christ. We are all bond servants of Christ. We belong to him and not to ourselves. In the second place he defines the gospel. It is the gospel of Christ. That is, it is a gospel concerning the Son of God. There is no gospel except as it concerns Jesus Christ. He is its beginning, and its continuance, and its end, the one great personality giving to it power and supreme authority. In the third place he defines the gospel as it relates itself to the work in Rome. It was a gospel of grace. It saves from sin, it gives new life, it inspires unselfish service. It calls us to saintship in Christ. It is not merely a gospel of ethical culture, of mere social reform, but a gospel of regeneration and of transforming forces. This is the gospel you are called to preach, and nothing can take its place in this world of sin and sorrow." This is a mere outline of a most impressive and inspiring deliverance. It met with many hearty responses, and put the conference in a very religious frame of mind.

Following it the old song, "Amazing Grace," was sung with power and volume. In fact, we have never heard such singing at a session of the North Texas Conference.

Rev. R. G. Mood, former Secretary of the conference, came forward and called the roll. Nearly all the preachers and most of the lay delegates answered to their names. Rev. R. G. Mood was re-elected Secretary without a dissenting voice. He is a most competent and faithful scribe and his service has been and is most satisfactory and gratifying. Rev. J. E. Roach,

for the presiding elders, announced the Standing Committees and the conference approved them. Ellis Birdsong was elected Conference Teller. Connectional communications were announced and referred to their appropriate committees.

The presiding elders were called and reported as follows:

Rev. W. D. Mountcastle reported: The Sulphur Springs District has made good progress the past year. There have been 752 conversions and 747 accessions to the Church. Every interest of the district has made growth. The financial reports are in advance of last year, both in support of the ministry and the benevolent collections. Have built three new churches and one good parsonage. The spirit of the district is good and improving. Sunday-schools are in a much better condition.

Rev. Jno. E. Roach, of Bowie District, reported: We have built two new churches, one new parsonage and have raised money to provide a superannuate home at Bellevue. We have had 1050 conversions and 390 additions to the Church. This closes a very prosperous quadrennium, in which 26 new churches have been built, 28 new Churches organized, church property increased in value from \$48,000 to \$124,000. Number of Sunday-schools increased from 20 to 60, with a corresponding increase in enrollment, efficiency and organization. Salaries for preachers are twice as much as four years ago.

Rev. R. G. Mood, of the Greenville District, reported: Have had a busy and happy year. The pastors have all done hard and faithful work and all of our relations have been delightful. We have had 866 conversions, 340 additions with about 470 net gain. Have built three new churches, dedicated one, built one new parsonage, paid much old indebtedness, repaired and beautified much of our church property. Finances well up in the main, with excess in some places and a good percent of the laymen's special for work in Southwest Texas and New Mexico in hand. The district now supports one missionary, arranging for another, two native preachers and five Bible women, making nine representatives on the foreign field. Are now building a handsome new district parsonage. Have between 800 and 900 dollars in the bank to build a superannuate home in Greenville and expect to raise the bonus to secure Wesley College.

Rev. L. S. Barton, of Decatur District, reported: The Decatur District has closed its first quadrennium. The salaries of preachers in this period have increased about 80 per cent; \$2750 have been raised by the Leagues and Sunday-schools as specials for missions. All the classes have been housed save five or six. A new district parsonage has been bought and paid for. A Mexican class has been organized and the money is about in hand to build a building for them.

Rev. C. A. Spragins, of the McKinney District, reported: The preachers of the district have been faithful and efficient in services. There have been a number of gracious revivals, bringing a good increase into the Church. The district parsonage has been disposed of and a more conveniently located parsonage has been purchased. Two churches have been dedicated, one at Nevada by Bishop Key, and one at Culleoka by Dr. Rankin. Two others, one at Celina and one at Copeville, are ready for dedication. An elegant parsonage has been built at Celina, and a number of other parsonages have been improved.

Rev. E. H. Casey, of the Gainesville District, reported: We have made good progress on the Gainesville District. We have built and dedicated three churches on the Era Circuit, and have secured a church building on the Rosston Circuit, at a cost of \$500. Our elegant new church at Pilot Point has been completed, and is reported about clear of debt. It is one of the best church edifices in the conference, and cost \$16,000. We have created for next year the Pilot Point Circuit, and rented a good parsonage for the pastor. A Building Committee has been appointed at Denton to enlarge and improve our church there, in order to meet the growing demands of our Church in that city. Our Sunday-schools are contributing largely to the support of a missionary in China. We have had many gracious revivals in the district, resulting in about 800 professions of faith and 700 additions to the Church. The salaries of the pastors show a large increase in assessments, and a corresponding increase in payment. All finances are good, considering the short crops and low prices of cotton.

Rev. J. M. Peterson, of the Dallas District, reported: Between eleven and twelve hundred accessions to the Church. Have built two churches, one

at Lancaster and one at Lewisville; two parsonages, one at Hutchins and Wilmer and one at Lancaster. Some of the charges have not paid the salaries in full, nor all the assessments. The Churches in the city have paid the salary of a city missionary. The City Board of Church Extension has raised and is expending about \$5000. We have purchased two lots, one in Oak Cliff and one in East Dallas. We have organized a new Church in East Dallas and are building a Sunday-school room to cost \$10,000 or \$12,000.

Rev. J. B. Gober, of the Bonham District, reported: There is progress, both material and spiritual on that district. The new church in Honey Grove has been completed. Quite a nice amount is in hand to build a new church in Ladonia—\$12,000 in cash. All the preachers have been faithful.

Rev. M. L. Hamilton, presiding elder of the Terrell District, reported for that district a very good year. Two churches built, some remodeled, and one parsonage, also an increase in conversions and additions.

Brother Sweeton reported the following: Church members, 6439; Sunday-school scholars on roll, 4496; Epworth League Chapters, 15; Epworth League members, 590; \$29 conversions, 877 additions, paid for support of ministry, \$16,942.19; short on assessment for supply of ministers, 5 per cent.

Rev. J. W. Hill presented a gold-headed cane to Rev. J. M. Sweeton, retiring presiding elder of the Paris District, and his speech was very felicitous. Brother Sweeton made a very touching response.

Rev. I. W. Clark, after many years of faithful and successful work, was forced to ask for a nominal relation, on account of ill health. The conference never had a more virile member and one more deeply consecrated to his work than Brother Clark.

Rev. Isaac Crutchfield, of the Henrietta charge, reported 75 conversions, and he also asked to take a nominal relation. He has been one of the most evangelistic spirits of the conference.

Rev. J. W. Tincher also asked for a similar relation. He has been a most useful member of the conference, and his work will abide.

The widow of the late Rev. J. W. Bayless, who died the past year in the West Oklahoma Conference, was placed on the list of claimants of the conference.

Rev. M. H. Neely, the old nestor of the conference, was called. He arose by the aid of some of the brethren and though feeble spoke in a fatherly spirit to the conference. He said this was his fifty-seventh conference. In addition to his age and infirmity, he recently had a fall and broke his arm. His talk brought tears to the eyes of the brethren. A few verses of "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand" were sung and many went round and gave the old veteran their hand. It was a warm and a melting time. Others of the old guard were called and spoke of their interest in the Church and their love for their brethren. Quite a number of those dear old brethren were unable to be present on account of feebleness. A touching letter was read from "Uncle Sebe" Crutchfield, who is now residing in Arizona. Rev. Jno. Moore, a useful preacher, retired from active service. He has wrought well and faithfully.

The afternoon was given over to committee work. But at 7:30 there was a deeply religious service. The sermon was delivered by Rev. J. L. Pierce and his theme was the "Atonement of Christ for Sin." It was a profound discourse, thoroughly prepared, and a most satisfactory and scriptural exposition of the subject. It met with volumes of hearty approval and at times there was an overflow of feeling in the audience. At the close of the sermon, Bishop Mouzon took charge and by the aid of the presiding elders administered the Holy Sacrament. It was a most impressive service.

Thursday morning the conference was opened with religious exercises by Dr. McLean, Bishop Mouzon reading the Scriptures, and made wholesome comments. His remarks were full of pith and point. The members were present in full at this service, the auditorium being well-filled.

The supernumeraries were called and referred. A number of those brethren are entitled to a superannuate relation, but rather than become claimants on the fund for this class they are on the supernumerary class.

The class for admission on trial was called and a class of ten young men were received, and the Bishop congratulated the conference upon the fact that the conference has no dearth of young men entering the ministry.

The class of the second year made their reports and they were wonderfully good. Rev. A. E. Prince, a member

of the class of the second year, was discontinued as a preacher on probation in the conference.

Rev. S. H. Smith was located for inefficiency as a traveling preacher.

Rev. L. E. Conkin, of Caddo Mills, had a remarkable year. He had 200 conversions, a large number of accessions, built two churches, and raised for all purposes about \$11,000.

Dr. McLean took an appeal from the decision of the Bishop to the College of Bishops. The ruling of the Bishop was that the conference had the right to discontinue a preacher on trial without passing his character.

Dr. Gross Alexander, our Book Editor, was introduced and he spoke at length on the importance of the Methodist Review as a factor in the life of a minister.

The class of the fourth year was called and they passed to elder's orders.

N. B. Chambers, of Scurry, had a prosperous year. He built two churches and finances far in advance of last year. Nearly all the young men on trial showed good work. There were eighteen of them and they are promising young men. Rev. W. R. Kirkpatrick baptized 21 babies.

Rev. L. S. Barton and Rev. Jno. E. Roach were called to the bar of the conference by the Bishop and he presented them with valuable copies of the Bible and they responded touchingly. The Bibles came from the preachers of their respective districts.

At 7 o'clock an evening session of the conference was held in order to take up the missionary question. Bishop Mouzon presided, and Rev. Chas. W. Dennis, Secretary of the Conference Board of Missions, read report No. 1. Dr. C. F. Reid made a telling address. Bishop Mouzon followed in a speech of wide range, showing the great need of the home work in Texas in the cities and among the foreign population of the State. Dr. Moore outlined the work of the Home Department.

Friday morning an ugly norther was on. The conference met at 8:45, and the Bishop took charge of the devotional service and Rev. G. M. Gibson led the prayer.

The case of Rev. E. A. Prince who was discontinued the day before was reconsidered. But on another vote of the conference he was again discontinued.

The names of the traveling elders were called and their characters passed without their making any reports. This was out of the ordinary. It has been the custom to have the preachers report their work. One merit in the change in the procedure is, that it expedited the business and saved much time. But the elders did not tell of the work on the conference floor. Another merit in the procedure is, that those who had not had a prosperous year were saved the trouble of explaining the reasons why. The names and characters of the elders were rapidly disposed of.

The name of Rev. J. R. Wages was called and he was referred to the proper committee for a superannuate relation. For many long years he has been a faithful and devoted member of the conference. But his health is slightly impaired and his brethren, who love him dearly, concluded that a year or so of rest will be better for him.

Rev. W. T. Morrow sent a letter to the conference returning his credentials as a minister in the Church, but he requested that his Church membership be placed with First Church, Dallas. The credentials were accepted and his request granted. There has never been a breath of suspicion against the character of Brother Morrow, and he has always been held in the highest confidence and esteem of his brethren. He is not responsible for these circumstances causing him to take this step. The conference sent him a message of sympathy and confidence.

Mrs. Bishop Key was introduced to the conference and she made a very happy talk to the conference. Among other things she said that eighty-six daughters of the members of this conference had passed through the college under her administration. She was given an enthusiastic welcome and her presence was greatly appreciated.

Dr. F. S. Parker, of the Epworth League department was introduced and spoke to the conference of his work.

Rev. I. S. Ashburn, for many years formally a member of the conference, was received on trial in this body by a unanimous vote. Eleven years ago he dropped out of the conference, and now he re-enters and takes his place

as a probationer. He is a man of experience and ability.

Rev. G. L. Lyons, of the Colored Church, was introduced and spoke to the conference in the interest of the educational work of his Church and an old-fashioned collection was taken, and for several minutes the dollars rattled on the table.

The following young men were called to the bar of the conference for admission into full connection: W. B. Hall, T. W. Preston, W. L. Tittle, C. A. Long and W. B. Martin. The Bishop proceeded to address them in a very pointed manner. The following are a few of the things he said: "So far as worldly success is concerned I can only repeat the legend, 'He who enters here must leave all hope behind.' Money is no consideration to the man called of God to preach. You do your duty and the Church will take care of your needs. A distinguished German teacher recently said in one of his books that Christ teaches nothing about himself, but disclosed the Fatherhood of God. This is wide of the truth. Christ was and is the center of his own gospel. To believe in him is to believe in God. He is one with God, and your faith in him is faith in God. You must have an experimental faith in Christ. This is the only faith that will make your living secure and your ministry efficient. You must have before you the ideal of a perfect life, and you must make it the rule of your life to go on to perfection. As long as you live you can continue to go on to perfection. Perfect love is your privilege and right here you can become perfect men. You must love one another. It is grievous when preachers do not love one another. You cannot love God without loving each other. Be perfect in your love. Do not become perfumetory in your work, for a preacher can backslide as well as a layman. Read your Bible; be a specialist in Bible reading. Keep your experience fresh and vital. The greatest thing in the world for you is to preach the gospel. Preaching is not story telling; it is expounding God's Word. An illustration is all right when it illustrates. But illustrations are not preaching and a sermon with three heads and nine tails is not a sermon. Be careful not to take novel texts. Take great subjects and treat them as men of God ought to treat them. Do not make sensational announcements in the papers. You deceive the people when you do, and you pervert your ministry. You must study persistently to become real preachers, not monte-banks. You must be diligent pastors. This is a part of your ministry. If you do not visit your people it is proof that you do not love your people. Next to reading your Bible, preaching the gospel, is to visit your people. Do your preaching in love, and then you can preach plainly to them and they will hear you gladly. But do not abuse your people. Preaching is not abusing them. When you love them, you will never abuse them. Take notice of the children when you visit in the homes of the people; put your hands upon their heads and bless them. The children will never forget such a preacher. Look after the sick. Be a good man, true preacher, faithful pastor, and you will be a blessing to the Church and the world."

At the close of the address, the conference joined in singing, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" The brethren went around and gave the young men the right hand of fellowship, and there was a time of spiritual refreshment from the presence of the Lord.

Rev. Jerome Duncan, of the Fort Worth District, was introduced and spoke a few telling words in behalf of the Men and Religious Movement. He was given an earnest hearing.

At night the Educational Anniversary was observed. A great congregation filled the auditorium. Dr. R. S. Hyer was introduced and addressed the conference on the origin, progress and present status of the Southern Methodist University. Bishop Mouzon followed in a strong address on the wide phases of the subject, and Dr. Boaz then took the audience in hand and after a few very happy remarks, proceeded to take a subscription for the institution and it amounted to \$8200. It was a successful occasion.

Saturday came in bright and bracing. Rev. J. H. Reynolds led the opening prayer. Dr. McLean arose to a question of personal privilege in order to explain his intention in his appeal for the ruling of the Bishop on the preceding day anent the discontinu-

ation of the Bishop on the preceding day anent the discontinu-

ation of the Bishop on the preceding day anent the discontinu-

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Eastward 'Round the World

FROM MOSCOW TO SIBERIA

By DR. W. B. PALMORE--Article Seventeen

Through Russia.

The people, the Russian people,
God grant their night is past,
And the gloom of their weary waiting
Lost in the dawn at last!
From the Baltic to the Okhotsk Sea
The stars have heard their wail,
And the steppe-winds borne their
prayers to heaven
That right may yet prevail.

The people, the patient people,
They are the strength, the power--
Their hearts are true to the Russian
land

Though darkest clouds may lower,
It was Yermak, the valiant Cossack
Who brood Siberia won;
Through Minin, peasant of Nijni,
Were the tyrant Poles undone;

And archangels' Lomonosoff,
Child of the common throng,
A fisher lad, was first to shape
The sounding Russ in song,
The people, the trusting people,
God grant their night is past,
And the gloom of their weary waiting
Lost in the dawn at last.

—Edna Dean Proctor.

In a recent letter we told of our first business transaction on our first entrance into Russia, which was with a Jew. We have had very much less sympathy for the Russian Jew ever since. Our first business transaction on this, our second visit to Russia, was also with a Jew, which has transmuted our sympathy into contempt.

We had a first-class ticket to the City of Moscow, and was under the impression that our car and train ran all the way through without a break or change. On reaching the City of Warsaw we suddenly discovered that we had to make a hurried trip from one entrance of the city to the opposite extreme to catch a train. The large number of passengers who knew that such a change had to be made, and who spoke the language, had secured about all of the available carriages before we got out of the train. We finally secured a carriage and made a rush of miles to other extreme of the city. When we reached the station and attempted to pay our coachman we were embarrassed to find that we had no Russian money, but only English gold!

The first man to make his appearance in such an emergency, as if he had suddenly dropped down out of the clouds, or popped up out of the ground, was

The Ubiquitous Jew!

Our first need was to know what the rate of exchange was on that day between English and Russian money. The Jew said that a pound sterling was worth eight rubles in Russian money. We handed him an English pound in gold and received from him eight rubles. On further inquiry we soon discovered that the rate of exchange on that day was that an English pound in gold was worth nine and a half rubles instead of eight!

With a first-class ticket we were refused admission to the train, with the demand that we buy or pay for "a place" on the train! We asked: "If a first-class ticket does not entitle a man to a place on the train, what does it entitle him to?" We were answered with a shrug of the shoulders! We then discovered a long line of people passing a ticket window to buy "a place" on the train. We fell in at the rear of the line and moved slowly, a long time, before we reached the window, and was then told that the tickets for "places on the train" were all exhausted, there being many more passengers than places. The regular price for the tickets for "a place" on the train was one and a half rubles. We asked a number of those who had obtained a ticket for "a place on the train," how much they paid; they had all paid three and a half rubles. In addition to the regular price of one and a half rubles they had each given two rubles to the Jew! The two rubles graft were, of course, divided between the

Jew and the seller of the tickets. We have never known exactly what it was to be "between the devil and the deep blue sea," but we know what it is to be between

A Russian Rascal

and a remorseless Jew. Just before the train started the same Jew came to us and said: "For five rubles I can put you on this train!" We felt like slapping him in the face for such unblushing and brazen audacity or impudence, but what could we do? There was no way of appealing to the officials of the road. To wait until the next day meant additional loss of time and then, possibly, to repeat the same experience. We felt something like an accomplice in crime or fraud, but at the "eleventh hour" consented to give the "pound of flesh" or "five rubles." The Jew had a whispered conference with the conductor. At the very last moment the conductor grabbed our baggage and rushed on to the train and we after him! The Russian rascal and the Shylock Jew divided the spoils. How can we have any respect for the Russian Government or sympathy for the Russian Jew!

A mother, with her baby, quite innocently and ignorantly started through Russia without a passport! An apparent impossibility, but a Jew learned of her embarrassment and set his price. The price was paid and the miracle was performed! The woman went through the Russian empire without a passport!

On a bright and sunny afternoon we walked into the Kremlin in Moscow. About one hundred yards inside the gate was an imposing cross, erected since our former visit. On the granite base of this cross we sat down to rest, from which we were soon ousted by a Russian officer! On inquiry we found that this cross had been erected in memory of

Grand Duke Sergius.

which stands on the very spot on which the dynamite bomb exploded which killed him. We were told of the tragedy by a teacher in Moscow, one of whose pupils was an eye witness. This young lady had just entered the Kremlin and was passing along on the sidewalk, when a stranger said to her: "Move rapidly, young lady, and get out of the way." She was very much insulted and responded: "How dare you, a stranger, to speak to me!" He then said, "It will be better for you to move rapidly away." There was something so ominous in his voice and tone that she did quicken her step, but kept her eye on him. In a few moments the carriage of the Grand Duke dashed into the Kremlin gate. When it reached this spot the man threw the bomb which blew the occupant of the carriage into eternity in the twinkling of an eye! The man did not run, but stood still, until arrested. He was tried and sent to Siberia for life. He escaped from prison and from Siberia and is supposed to be alive to-day somewhere in America.

We saw a portrait of the wife of this Grand Duke in the art gallery of Moscow. She was one of the most beautiful women in Europe, and is a sister of the Czarina. She has recently taken the veil and is now a nun. She was the nominal head of the Red Cross Society in Russia during the

Russo-Japanese War.

her husband, however, transacted the heavier part of the business. An Englishman told us of an episode which gave some idea of Russian integrity in high places and in the handling of sacred trust funds. This Grand Duke in behalf of the Red Cross Society sent out an appeal for contributions to make the soldiers comfortable on the battlefields of Manchuria. A patriotic and great-hearted manufacturer contributed 50,000 blankets. A few weeks or months afterwards a stranger met the manufacturer, who was selling blankets. When the stranger exhibited his samples the manufacturer discovered that they were of his own make! He asked the stranger how many he had for sale. The stranger answered "forty thousand," which he proposed to sell for three rubles each! It was a regular five-ruble blanket, which cost four rubles to manufacture. The manufacturer bought the whole lot and thus revealed the rottenness of his Government and one of the reasons for its failure either in war or peace.

The evening we halted by the cross to rest we were on our way to hear the famous Sunday afternoon song service of the nuns of the Kremlin, which lasted about two hours. We would advise every American who spends a Sunday in Moscow to hear this singing. The singers are not vis-

ible, but behind a screen. It is the most wonderful blending of voices in pathetic and perfect harmony we have ever heard in any part of the world.

Catherine the Second

projected and endowed here the largest foundling home in the world. We would like to write of our visit to this immense and remarkable institution, and of many other phases of this city of Asiatic and barbaric splendors. In fact, we might write a dozen letters on Moscow, of its great variety of dazzling domed churches, its parks and gardens, where the people of many nations gather in the evenings, and sing, play, frolic and feast the larger part of the night. Of its

palaces, museums, great bells, the largest in the world, of the devout peasants and reckless rich, of the repression of thought and the stifling of freedom, but we must hurry on to far away Siberia.

There are now quite a number of large and comparatively comfortable hotels in Moscow. We stopped at Hotel Billo, which is not so high in price as some others, but for people of simple life, who do not care for an excess of glare and glitter it is quite comfortable. It is on the European plan. You can get a good room for from a dollar to two dollars a day and eat when, what and where you please.

Moscow, Russia.

The Ecclesiastical Hobo

Sermon preached by Rev. G. H. Collins, Mount Pleasant, Sept. 24.

Text: "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy ways?" Jer. 2:35.

To God Israel had become a Church tramp. They gadded about from one Church faith to another and from heathen Church to another until they had no Church family. To them any land was as good as the promised land, and any religion was as good as the religion of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. To them any Church dogma was as good as the commandments written by the finger of God and delivered by God himself to the people at the mount that burned as with fire.

So to-day we have Church tramps, a class of people who have no godly purpose, but live on the religious toll and contributions of others. They are like a woman I once knew who said, "The world owes me a living, and I never allow myself to become offended at what people say about me, for I must have somewhere to spend each day." She just gadded about, changing her way to suit the conditions and thus secured food. I have known business men who would not take a stand for their Church because they feared it might hurt their business. They remind me of the school teacher who appeared before a school board for examination as to his fitness to teach. One question they asked was, "Do you teach that the earth is round or flat?" He replied, "I teach it either way you gentlemen require." So these business men don't care what the Church teaches. It is money and meat they want. I know a place in Texas, and the people of Texas are as loyal to the Church as the people in any other State in the Union, who wanted their pastor to carry a petition to the Bishop that he send no preacher to them for another year because the Methodists would have to support him and pay the other Church claims and besides they had preaching twice each month, once by the Seven-day Adventists and once by the Mormons, and they were very well pleased.

The Church tramps are very flexible in their doctrine. They feel just as religious in a Church that denies the possibility of humanity to keep the commandments, the divinity of Jesus Christ and the personality of the Holy Ghost as they do in a Church that holds to these great fundamentals of the Christian religion. They are just as religious in a Church that declares that man is a worm to be crushed and discriminated against by predestination, foreordination and final preservation regardless of the fact that God made man in his own image and likeness and equipped him with a will that must decide to be saved or not saved, as they are in a Church that believes man as a race is the object of God's love and that he is seeking the salvation of all men through the universal and unlimited redemption in the atonement of Jesus Christ.

To the Church tramps it makes no difference what the Sunday-school teaches their child. The fact is, they do not believe in teaching their child any Church loyalty, and their child grows up without any sound conviction concerning the fundamentals in salvation.

The man who has studied the tramp as related to those things that caused him to gad about has discovered that ninety-nine out of every hundred have commenced it from the false notion that they were not appreciated by his home-people, or his wife, or his sweetheart, or some business man, when in fact the want of appreciation is in themselves.

So with the Church tramps. No matter how little their judgment is in the matter of Church doctrine, or how unworthy their piety, they want to lead the host of God, and if they are not permitted to command the whole force they imagine that they are not appreciated and off they go gadding about. They are like the tramp who came to the parsonage seeking food. My wife said to him, "Dinner is not ready yet, but be seated and as soon as it is prepared I shall give you your dinner." During his wait my wife needed some wood

in the kitchen and asked him to bring it in. He very promptly replied, "I am not hunting work, but money or food." The Church tramps are not hunting work to advance the glory of God, Christ's kingdom and the salvation of the world, but money, meat and popularity. They want you to understand that they have been well reared and had good advantages and deserve a place at the head of God's forces, but at the same time they manifest no interest for the exalting of Christ or the world's salvation from sin. It is their own interest for which they are concerned. Or, they will tell you that they are members of the Church, but they go to hear Dr. Blank. He is such a nice fellow, educated, refined and not a bit narrow. He rents a box at the theater for the season, and do you know he led the grand march at the Church's charity ball? I like him so much because he does not make his congregation a bit nervous by talking about the sins of their lives or the inconsistency of their politics and their worldly conduct. He preaches such sweet little sermons. Of course his sermons are sweet to a Church tramp, for he allows license to all worldliness and denies the existence of hell. He is like a little godless grass-widow whom I met on a visit to the home of the leader of my Church music. This good woman, a member of the Church, had been married to a promising young business man. They were loyal to the Church, dressed neatly, but not extravagantly. What money he could take from his business he spent in a summer vacation. Not at some worldly watering place, but at Epworth Leagues and Sunday-school conferences. And this little widow was there talking to her about how her husband ought to send her to the fashionable summer resorts, and what a nice fellow a certain young business man was down in the city, and he was not afraid to spend his money upon the ladies, and that she had a contempt for a man who would not allow his wife to enjoy the wealth of other men! Of course on my arrival the conversation changed and the little silly, godless thing began to tell me that while she did not belong to Dr. Blank's Church she enjoyed his sweet little sermons.

There is a common cause for Church tramps and it is found in the back-slidden condition of their heart. This state has many names. Some people call it spiritual coldness, the loss of the joy of salvation. But "holy men of old, who wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" said, "It had been better for them had they not known the way of righteousness than, after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them."

It will be a glad day for the Church of God when its membership shall have a deep experience of sonship with God, and the purpose of their lives shall be his glory, the advancement of Christ's kingdom and the world's salvation. It is then that the seeking of place in social, political and business life for self-aggrandizement will give way to the higher purpose of human life in the spread of the gospel and the salvation of the world.

It will be a happy day in the Church when it shall be said of the membership, as it has been said of Christ, "the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." Indeed a happy day when the Church membership shall not seek ease from Christian activity and run after sweet little sermons that lull a sinful life to sleep, but shall demand sermons with no uncertain sound as to the divinity of Jesus Christ and the command of God for a sinless life in humanity. Sermons that shall turn the pure light of God upon the conscience of man and the Church tramps shall see their disregard for God's glory, their indifference to the advancement of the kingdom of Christ and their own sinful life. When this day comes the tribe of Church tramps shall decrease and the Church membership shall become a soldier-host that can endure hardness.

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WHAT LIFE MEANS TO ME OF FIFTY YEARS OF AGE.

Sermon Preached by Rev. J. R. Murray, of Neches, on the Occasion of His Fiftieth Birthday.

Text, Psalms 60:12: "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." This text was in some way indelibly impressed on my mind and I first tried to preach from it on my thirty-eighth birthday. I then, as I do now, ask the privilege of reading the pronoun in the singular number. "So teach 'me' to number my days that 'I' may apply my heart unto wisdom."

I come to you with this message to-day because I'd have such occasions to mean more to each of us than a time for social pleasure, a time for the reception of presents, and the congratulations and good wishes of friends. Let such occasions indeed be milestones along life's highway—epoch-making periods.

With a close, personal application let us study the text: It is a part of a prayer for grace. Note the object prayed for, "wisdom." The author, Moses, was an old man at the time, but he felt keenly his imperfection, hence the need of wisdom. He felt as Solomon did when he wrote, "Wisdom is the principle thing, therefore get wisdom."

The first requisite towards getting wisdom is a realization of a need of it. Until one does so feel there will be no prayer for it, no effort to obtain it. There must be, as it were, a hungering and thirsting after wisdom.

Look at the text. The Psalmist does not pray, "Give me wisdom." He knows that it does not come that way. The prayer is, "Teach me." He must have a teacher to impart the desired knowledge. But a teacher implies a pupil, a learner. To be a pupil one must study and labor. The Psalmist was willing to pay the price for it. Well may we all learn that we never get anything of real worth without paying for it, and that we never get too wise or old to need more wisdom. Most people desire wisdom, but few acquire very much. We all desire wisdom, but few are willing to pay the price.

Next, let us notice our motive in desiring it. Is it that we may acquire titles to lands and bonds and stocks that we may make merchandise of it, or that we may win the honors and praise of men? These were not the Psalmist's motives. It was that he might apply it to heart. That he might faithfully serve his day and generation.

Applying this text to ourselves—in a nutshell: It comprehends the living that our times demand: First, a recognition of God in all things; we need to learn to read the divine mind in human affairs. When Tennyson wrote, "Through the ages one increasing purpose runs," he only expressed poetically what Paul had in mind on Mars Hill when he declared, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell upon all the face of the earth." All this we see in the history of God's dealings with man since his fall.

Second, the problems of our day. Ours is not the completed fulfillment of the prophecies sung by the heavenly choristers at the birth of our Savior. "On earth, peace and good will to all men." Ours is a day of warfare. We must grapple with our problems. The race question, predatory wealth, strikes, the drink question and many others.

Third, the brevity of time and the scarcity of opportunities. The speed of time. How delusive in its flow. Like the whirl of the earth on its axis it is too smooth to be felt. The eagle in his majestic flight must sometimes break the smoothness, thereof, by a stroke of his wing or else he falls, but there is not the faintest quiver in the mighty wing of time. If time would but roar or thunder as a passing train, or toll his bell, then might we call to mind his value by his rapid flight. But, alas, we forget; we sleep and dream and wake to find that we are growing old, and much of our day is gone, so that we come to the present with feelings perhaps strange and solemn.

Fourth, an understanding of the demands of the day in which we live. What of our times? The best the world has known since the fall of man. "Say not thou, What is the cause that former days were better than these, for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this matter." The course of man has ever been a progressive one. This is seen in the lives of men who have been prominent in the different ages of the past. When first we study the lives of the Old Testament characters—Moses, Abraham, David, Solomon—we ask how could these be called God-fearing and God-loving men? With the light we have they could not. We cannot justify their conduct under the teachings of Christianity, nor can

we justify the code of morals received as Christians a few centuries ago. So I'd say to-day it behooves me to give our best efforts to fitting ourselves for the living that our day demands of us. The wisdom that fitted well our forefathers to serve their day and generation will not serve us. The present is ours. Those who have gone before have met and solved their problems so well that our day comes to us as a blessed heritage. It is for us to so successfully meet the duties that devolve upon us that our day may be a strong link in the golden chain drawing man back to his God. Let us take a backward glance for a moment, that we may have the benefit of the lamp of experience. Though we cannot change it, surely the past bears some relation to the present and future so that we may with profit ask: What of the years gone by? To us all they were youthful years. Years of high hopes, privileges and opportunities. They came to us. We took them, used them, perhaps abused them. But we wrote our record thereon; then they flew from us and with that writing went back to God where they are awaiting our coming. The record of our passing years are the books that shall be opened and out of which we shall be judged. Be assured that the writing is correct, for it is our own. Thus we come to our day, but we must not linger here, but "forgetting those things that are behind let us press forward toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling as it is in Christ Jesus."

What does the future mean to us? We know that it will bring us some things that the past has not, days that are untried. Our future days will bring our closing days. They will bring the grave with the pale raiment with which others will robe us for the tomb; they will bring our entrance into that other life of which we have thought and wondered, and at times perhaps longed for. In view of all this, what shall we make of our future? Shall we not freight it with the fruits of right living? Thus if we make our text our prayer we shall be able to take up the work that is committed to us by those who have gone before and fallen at their posts and carry forward the same till we, like the tired courier, have done our part; have woven a few bright strands in the woof of all life and then commit the great work to those who shall come after us.

Thus may all good work be carried on till at last all the world shall be brought to know Him, whom to know is life eternal.

Now I crave pardon for some personal allusions. In the beginning of this sermon I told you that I first used this text on my thirty-eighth birthday. Then my past life as to years divided itself into two equal parts. The first half was spent on the farm and was largely directed by parents. At the beginning of the second I entered college and have in the main chosen my own way since then. Standing as I now do, thirty-one years removed from that period, and as I look back thereto I have this to say: Could I go over the past again with all the knowledge and experience that these years have brought me I'd change the first period but little; I could choose nothing better for those nineteen years than that they be spent on the farm learning the value of time and forming habits of industry, and, above all, free from the temptations that idleness always brings. In this I'd change that part: When a small boy I felt the Spirit of God striving with my spirit to lead me to Christ as I never felt afterward. I said, "At a more convenient season I'll call for thee." Thus I drifted on for several years before I gave my heart to God. Could I go over that period again I'd settle that question at once. I'd "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." As to my life since then I can see where many improvements might be made. But I realize that regrets as to the past will avail nothing. On an occasion like this I cannot, neither do I desire to lose myself in the mass of humanity. As I think of my childhood, home and the loved ones there, of my work in the past, and, as best I can try to look into the future, I'm brought face to face with the fact that I'm growing old; I have passed life's meridian; I realize that with me most of life's opportunities are gone; my day is far spent, the night draweth nigh; I know that "that thou doest I must do quickly." But I do not shrink back or become annoyed because the flush of youth is passed; my heart goes out in gratitude to our Heavenly Father for his many blessings that I have been the recipient of. In close examination as to the spiritual deposits that I have been making through years gone by I feel that I have something to my credit there. While I have laid up no treasures on earth I feel that I have some in the bank of heaven "where moth and rust doth not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal." To me

this is a happy day and I can truly say, "The life I now live is linked to that kingdom above." Dr. McLaurin truly says, "They who look out into eternity have the true measuring-rod and standard by which to estimate the duration and intensity of things that are present." Rev. Russell Conwell gives this incident, "A sailor had been wounded in a wreck at Gloucester, Mass., and brought on shore. The fever was raging and he was dying. Before death consciousness returned, and calling his comrades one by one he bade them good-bye, then sank to sleep. Finally one of the sailors woke him at medicine time and said, 'Mate, how are you now?' Looking into his friend's face he calmly said, 'My anchor holds,' and closed his eyes in death."

Paul in his epistle to the Hebrews represents the Christian's hope in Christ as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which endureth into that within the vale. For a third of a century I have been testing that anchor and with the dying sailor I can bear witness "my anchor holds." I know it will hold to the end. I commend it to you. But I must turn my thoughts to the future and I make my text my prayer.

As I look into the future as far as the eye of faith can carry me I see there the path over which I am to tread as bright with God's promises as the autumnal sun is above me. I do not expect, neither do I desire a life free from toil, care, hardship and sorrows, for well do I know that they will put a finer finish on the soul for eternity. The discipline of the heart which we receive here will surely bear some relation to the world to come. As I advance into the future walking as best I can in wisdom's ways I can testify, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." As I walk in the "King's highway" I find it ever better further on. As I in some measure remembered my Creator in the days of my youth I do not expect the evil days to come nor the years to draw nigh when I shall say I have no pleasure in them.

In the beginning of this sermon I spoke of the fact that I was reared on the farm. I remember well how that in the springtime as ployboys in the early morning fresh and buoyant while the dew was yet sparkling on the grass and the song of the birds was heard from every shrub and tree. Catching the spirit of the hour, the ployboys joined in with song or whistle till their voices could be heard from many neighboring fields as the plowshare turned the sod, but as the sun rose higher the vigor of the morning passed away and the songs of birds and boys were alike hushed as we drove the tired team through the wearisome hours. But after a while the sun began to sink in the west, the heat of the day was passed, night drew nigh, soon it would be taking-out time, soon we would rest, soon we would sleep the sweet sleep known only to the tired farmer-boy. In anticipation of that time the unfinished song of the morning was caught up again and echoed from field to field till the day closed in a flood of melody.

My friends, what does it matter to me if the vigor of youth is gone, the morning of life passed; that the sun of my life is in the western sky; that the crow's-feet are conspicuous around my eyes, and that my children find amusement in pulling the gray hairs from my head. These are the infallible signs that "taking-out time" draws nigh. I know that there remaineth a rest, yea, a sweet rest for the people of God. I know whom I have believed.

I want to close this service by reciting a little poem from the pen of James Russell Lowell which I trust may be an inspiration to each one of us to-day.

"Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slave
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our father's grave;
Worshippers of light ancestral makes of present light a crime.
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men behind their times,
Turn those tracks towards past or future that makes Plymouth Rock sublime.
New occasions teach new duties, time makes ancient good uncouth,
They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of truth.
Lo, before us gleams our camp-fires, we ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the future's portals with the past's blood-rusted key."

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

My Lungs "I have coughed and coughed until my lungs are sore and weak." Go at once to your doctor. Do not delay another hour. Ask him all about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Then take it or not, as he says.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ITEMS Rev. E. EIGHTOWER, Editor, Waco, Texas. Rev. A. E. RECTOR, Asst. Editor, Galveston, Texas. All communications for this department should be sent to either of the above addresses.

A HEART TO HEART TALK. At the session of the Central Texas Conference the other day the Conference Sunday-school Board created the office of Field Secretary and left the selection of a man for the place to the Bishop and Cabinet. When the appointments were read the place was given to the editor of this page. His friends know that he has never been a candidate for work of this sort, that a year ago he asked to be excused from the same appointment and left in the pastorate, and that he consented to the arrangement this time because he was unwilling to oppose his judgment to that of the twelve leaders of his conference and what seemed to be the providential call of his Church. But he is thoroughly convinced that it is one of the most important offices in the gift of the Church, and so should be undertaken with fear and trembling. What little he has done for the cause of Sunday-schools in the past was done without hope of other reward than the consciousness of having done a little something to save the children from sin and help them to make characters that would bless the world and withstand the fires of divine judgment. This editor boasts of no illustrious ancestry, but the remotest forebear of whom he has definite knowledge was an itinerant Methodist preacher and lies buried under the pulpit of the First Methodist Church in Charleston, S. C., where he fell at his post of duty during a scourge of yellow fever in 1800. Being thus a traditional Methodist the editor has no disposition to control or question the orders of his Church. In this new field whatever poor gifts he may possess shall be laid upon the altar without stint. He has cordial assurance of the co-operation of all the presiding elders of his conference, and knows the body of its pastors too well to fear anything from that quarter. Not having pushed himself into the position he makes no promises as to the outcome. As definite

plans are formulated they will be given out in the proper manner, and the earnest co-operation of the Church will be sought. Meantime suggestions from any quarter will be welcomed and considered. As to the State work, being now in position to "draw all his studies in this direction" the editor hopes to give it more time and thought than his duties as a pastor of a city Church have heretofore permitted. This page will continue to receive as much attention as he is able to give it, and other field workers, conference chairmen, and in fact all Sunday-school workers are urged to send in contributions and news items and thus make this department of the Advocate a source of real benefit to our Texas Sunday-schools.

BROTHER BONNER'S REAPPOINTMENT. At the session of the Northwest Texas Conference the other day Rev. R. B. Bonner was reappointed Field Secretary for his conference. That means that he has made good. We hear nothing but praise of his work from the pastors of that conference, and with the experience of last year's work to aid him his conference may reasonably expect even greater usefulness from him during the coming year. Affable, sweet spirited and consecrated—those who have had the benefit of one visit from Brother Bonner will want him to come again. There is no vinegar in Bob Bonner's piety.

MOVING TIME. The small amount of material furnished this department for the last two or three issues is explained by the fact that it is conference and moving time. By the time this note reaches the public the editor hopes to have his family settled for the year at Georgetown and be in position to actively prosecute his duties.

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Remember the Orphans

We have in our Orphanage at Waco about one hundred and thirty orphan children. They have not the blessings of fathers and mothers and homes. They are our children. God has given them to us to become fathers and mothers to them, and we have prepared for them a good home down there. Now on Thanksgiving Day let us not forget them. Tokens of remembrance will make their little hearts rejoice and their spirits glad.

How much will it cost you and me to turn aside for a moment just before the day comes next week and send them something that will make them know that we think of them and love them? Yet it will make them happy for a week, and it will bring a blessing to us. Let us, then, not forget our orphan children. Anything sent to them in remembrance of them will be greatly appreciated by them, and it will be a reflex in its benefits. It is not the real value of what we send, but the thought that will go along with it that we remember them and love them. Let us not forget our orphan children!

"Keep in sympathetic and helpful touch with humanity and you will not be far away from God."

A SUNDAY WITH DR. RICE AND HIS PEOPLE.

On Sunday of the session of the central Conference at Polytechnic, we were assigned to First Methodist Church for the eleven o'clock service. It was a very cold day, but the auditorium was well-filled with an interesting audience. We had a delightful service. Those are fine people, religious and responsive. There are among them Methodists of the old type and to preach to them was an easy task. Dr. Rice is one of our most eminent ministers, great in his learning, but better still, great in his consecration and his brotherly spirit. He is doing faithful preaching to those people, building them up in the fundamental doctrines of the Bible and in the experiences of Methodist belief and practice. He has a strong hold upon the public sentiment in that city and he is easily one of its most influential ministers. We were accorded a most pleasing welcome by him and his people. It was our pleasure to be entertained for a season in his cultured home and a better type of old-fashioned hospitality we hardly ever found. The day was one of pleasure, and to us one of profit.

North Texas Conference Notes

It was a great conference, the best that we have ever attended at this North Texas Conference. It was more religious, more brotherly, and more helpful. There was not a jar in it, and everybody was in a good humor. It reminded us of old-times. It was good to be there.

Gainesville, under the lead of Rev. Ed. Barcus, Rev. J. A. Old and Rev. E. H. Casey, did things in royal fashion in its entertainment. The people threw open their doors and vied with each other in looking after the comfort of the delegates and visitors. Everybody was well-cared for, and it was a most home-like occasion.

This writer and Rev. Foster Pierce, Rev. J. L. Pierce and Uncle Beverly Rogers were splendidly entertained at the good home of Captain and Mrs. William Daugherty. They are leading people of the city, living in one of the most elegant homes in the land, supplied with everything that heart could wish, and given to liberal hospitality. They had a table full of visitors from the conference at each midday meal, and it was a delightful communion.

The love feast Sunday morning was rich, deep and flowing. It was a time of refreshment from the presence of the Lord. The baptism of the Spirit came upon the preachers and it was a joyous time. It made one glad that he was a member of the North Texas Conference. The brethren spoke out of their hearts and it was an inspiration.

The Adair meeting was in progress just across the street in a great tabernacle, and at times the noises from each gathering interfered with the other. But the meeting carried on its work of saving the people and the conference carried on its business sessions. At times many of the preachers would drop into the revival and the two meetings went on hand in hand.

Rev. M. H. Neely, the old man eloquent, lives in Gainesville. He is now far advanced in years and his feebleness is perceptible. But he attended many of the sessions and was warmly greeted by the brethren. He is rich in a deep experience and ready for his change when the Master calls him. It was good to take him by the hand and feel the glow of his brotherly spirit.

We did not have many of the connectional brethren. Drs. Parker, Alexander and Moore were welcomed, and they addressed the conference. Dr. Alexander preached his sermon on "Sin" to a large audience Saturday night. It is a remarkable discourse, graphic and at times painfully realistic. It certainly does not mince matters, and it is enforced by concrete examples. Dr. Alexander has given to it much thought and study.

Rev. J. M. Binkley is one of the great figures of the conference. For many years he was a leader of the hosts, but now he does not take a conspicuous part in the proceedings. Once in awhile something draws the fire of the old man, he arises and shakes himself and gets in some telling blows. This is true when the report of the Board of Education was read. For a half an hour he had the conference under his spell and he handled things without gloves. Suffice it to say, that we all love Brother Binkley, it makes no difference how much he romps on us.

The Bishop made five new presiding elders and appointed them to their respective districts. Rev. J. F. Pierce goes to the Gainesville District, Rev. T. H. Morris to the Bowie District, Rev. S. C. Riddle to the Decatur District, Rev. R. C. Hicks to the Sulphur Springs District and Rev. W. F. Bryan to the Paris. Four of these have new

er served on district work before. It is well enough to put new blood into the office, and these are men long tried in the conference and good results are expected from their services.

Several of the old presiding elders retired to other fields. Rev. Jno. E. Roach goes to Broadway, Gainesville; Rev. W. T. Mountcastle goes to White-wright; Rev. E. H. Casey to Commerce; Rev. J. M. Sweeton to Bowie, and Rev. L. S. Barton to the field work in the conference for Southern Methodist University. These have wrought well, and they will continue to serve the Church faithfully and successfully.

At least sixty-five per cent of the preachers were changed. Of course it is not to be expected that all the changes gave satisfaction. They are too numerous and too many men and interests were involved for everybody to be pleased. Yet there was general satisfaction. A few individual cases felt hurt, but we presume it could not be helped. When the Bishop arose to read the appointments he stated that he had done the best he could, but that some of them would be hurt in their appointments and he stated a fact. But the great majority went forth in fine spirit, and we trust that the few exceptions will find that their appointments are wise and for the glory of God before the year advances far.

Dallas suffered but few changes in her pastors. Rev. J. T. McClure goes into the field for the Southern Methodist University, and Rev. S. L. Crowson goes from Forest Avenue to Lone Oak. Rev. I. E. Wood goes from West Dallas to College Mound; but the others were all returned to their old charges. So they will have a fine opportunity to take up their work where they closed it at the end of the year, and do even greater things the coming year. Rev. J. M. Peterson remains on the district to lead them in their campaigns.

Bishop Mouzon appeared for the first time in charge of the conference. He is a tall, stately looking man, with a fresh face of youthful appearance, a voice of strength and compass, a manner dignified and commanding, and a strong hand to guide and direct the proceedings. He was expeditious in the conduct of the business, yet painstaking and accurate. He is quick to grasp the occasion and courageous in carrying out his plans. He often interspersed the proceedings with wise remarks and suggestions, and when he appeared upon the platform at the anniversaries he spoke with power and enthusiasm. In the pulpit he is at home and has subject well in hand, and his utterances are matured and seasoned. He did some great preaching. In the cabinet the presiding elders say that he was courteous, brotherly and very considerate of every man's case. His presidency gave satisfaction and the brethren so expressed themselves in an appropriate resolution.

Dr. Jno. H. McLean and the Bishop measured swords in a parliamentary battle and it was a good-natured contest. The Bishop's ruling, however, was sustained in the outcome, though the Doctor made a brave contention. Had the original contention remained unaltered, the Doctor would have carried up an appeal to the College of Bishops, but on reconsideration the matter came up in another form and thus ended. Dr. McLean has a watchful eye on the chair, and he is quick to rise to a point of order, or of personal privilege. His health is good and his interest in the Church unabated.

We have to forego very largely noting good points from the reports of the preachers because of the fact that when the Bishop got through with the undergraduates and took up the elders he called their names so rapidly that

they did not attempt to make reports of their work. It was an innovation, but it saved time and expedited the business. We rather like it, even if it is out of the ordinary. It was hard on the men who had good reports, but easy for the man who did not have much report to make.

The educational report put the conference into harmony with the great Forward Movement, and it showed harmony and concert of action. There was not one discordant note, and it showed that the North Texas Conference is head and heart in sympathy with the movement to build a great University and to maintain the institutions already installed. The very fact that the University is located in Dallas gives to the undertaking the right-of-way in the conference. Dr. Hyer and Dr. Boaz both made speeches, and the conference subscribed over \$8000 toward it, many of them having already subscribed to the fund.

Dr. Frank P. Culver, of Polytechnic College, was present and was accorded a cordial welcome. He addressed the conference on his work, and on Sunday night preached a sermon remarkable for its depth of thought, eloquence of diction, and unctuousness of spirit. It took deep hold of the audience and wrought many of them into an ecstasy of spiritual joy and delight. He is a large, tall man, commanding in person, with a voice of great compass and flexibility, and a power of oratory almost like that of the sainted Galloway. His discourse was a benediction and many regard it as one of the most effective sermons heard in years.

Mrs. Kidd-Key appeared before the conference and was gracefully introduced by the Bishop. She is a queenly woman, with easy manners and possessed of wonderful composure. Her voice is soft and musical and her words were mellifluous and enchanting. She was given an ovation. No one has a stronger hold upon the conference than Mrs. Key. No wonder! She has educated sixty-eight daughters of the members of the conference, and she has thirty-three daughters of Methodist ministers in her school today. And they pay no tuition, and get other advantages at reduced rates. But she is entitled to their love for her own sake and for her work's sake. She took their school when it was almost hopelessly in debt and completely run down, and she has made it one of the leading girl schools of the Church. Now she has the property improved and the whole plant worthy of Methodism. And she has done it with but little financial help. We owe her a debt that we will hardly ever be able to pay.

It was planned sometime ago to form a new district in the conference, and a committee appointed to frame the work had done their duty and the new district was outlined and ready to be presented, giving us twelve instead of eleven, but owing to the shortness of crops and the hard work to raise the collections for the support of the Church this year, it was deemed best to let the matter pass for the present. But probably by next year the new district will be formed.

Rev. W. B. Byars served the conference faithfully and efficiently as postmaster. It is no small task to distribute mail to each individual member of a conference, but Brother Byars succeeded admirably.

All the brethren regretted the seeming necessity which Rev. W. T. Morrow felt to surrender his credentials as a minister among us, but we all rejoice that he retains his membership and will take his place as an active layman. There was not one breath of suspicion against his moral character or his official administration. He simply felt that his circumstances were such that he could not well continue in the active ministry, and that it would be better for him to return to

the ranks of the laity. He did faithful work while a preacher, and he was held in high esteem by all his brethren.

The conference made a healthy gain in membership the past year. In fact, it is the largest gain of any year recently reported, and the largest of any of the conferences thus far held. All the reports showed that the revival spirit has been good, and that the preachers have been faithful to our doctrines and usages. We rejoice in this gain and pray that the present year may mark even greater progress in membership. When the Church grows in members it is a good omen.

THE WEST TEXAS CONFERENCE MINUTES.

Within ten days after the adjournment of the West Texas Conference, Rev. J. H. Groseclose sent us a copy of the printed minutes of the conference, and it is a beautiful pamphlet. In fact, it would be hard to find a job more artistic in its mechanical make-up. We have not had time to examine its contents, but knowing the accuracy and painstaking care of the man, we take it for granted that they are correct in every particular. We congratulate the conference upon having such an expeditious editor of the minutes as Brother Groseclose, and we congratulate him upon the early appearance of his work and upon the excellency and quality of the work done.

PERSONALS

Brother J. H. Wiseman wishes us to say that while he has surrendered his credentials as a minister in our Church, that he will continue as President of Central College.

Rev. W. H. Brown, the evangelist, was in to see us this week. He is a fine revivalist and a great help to the brethren. He lives in Whitesboro.

Rev. B. W. Allen has been transferred by the Bishop from the New Mexico Conference to the West Texas Conference and stationed at Seguin. We welcome him back to Texas.

Rev. S. T. Francis, recently of Anna, but now sent to Lancaster, was a pleasant visitor to this office Tuesday. He is one of the successful young men in the conference and his people will be delighted with him.

Prof. H. A. Hudsouth, formerly a member of the Faculty of Wesley College, Terrell, Texas, but lately a teacher in our Blount Grove school, has accepted a place as teacher in Allen Academy, at Bryan.

Dr. E. B. Chappell, of Nashville, Sunday-school Secretary, was in Dallas and preached at First Church last Sunday. We had a delightful call from him last Monday. He was on his way to Marlin to attend the Texas Conference.

Rev. T. G. Peterson comes this year to Forest Avenue. He is a man of good ability and did a most faithful and successful work at Lancaster. He comes with zeal in his appointment and results will follow his ministry. Brother Crowson wrought well there and leaves things in good shape.

Rev. R. C. Hicks, the newly appointed presiding elder of the Sulphur Springs District, made us a brotherly call on his way from conference. He is getting ready to enter upon a vigorous campaign of work along all lines of Church enterprise. He is expecting a great year, and we doubt not that he will realize his desire.

Evangelist W. H. Crum passed through the city Monday on his way home from a good meeting which closed Sunday night, at Elgin, where Rev. J. C. Wilson is pastor. It shows a great deal of enterprise on the part of this popular pastor who began his revival meeting the second day after the adjournment of his conference. Bro. Crum recently closed a fine meeting at Atlanta, where Rev. C. F. Smith is pastor.

A note from Rev. D. L. Coale brings news of his great revival at Alto, Texas. Over 100 conversions and scores added to the Church. One young lady consecrated her life to missionary work. During the past conference year, Brother Coale has had over 2000 conversions, twenty-three young men consecrated to the ministry and fifteen noble young women gave themselves to the missionary work of the Church. The Advocate has no truer friend.

POSTOFFICE ADDRESSES.

The address of Rev. E. Hightower is changed from Waco to Georgetown, Texas. In next week's issue a corresponding change will appear at the head of the Sunday-school department.

My postoffice for the present will be Polytechnic, Ft. Worth, Texas. J. A. BIGGS.

Please note my address is Government Hill, 406 Mason Street, San Antonio, Texas. A. B. DAVIDSON.

The address of Rev. Eustace P. Swindall is Ft. Worth, Route 6.

Get right with God yourself before you try to apply the rule of righteousness to your neighbor."

Terrible Suffering

Eczema All Over Baby's Body.
 "When my baby was four months old his face broke out with eczema, and at sixteen months of age, his face, hands and arms were in a dreadful state. The eczema spread all over his body. We had to put a mask or cloth over his face and tie up his hands. Finally we gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a few months he was entirely cured. Today he is a healthy boy." Mrs. Inez Lewis, Baring, Maine.
 Hood's Sarsaparilla cures blood diseases and builds up the system. Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called **Sarsatabs.**

DISCOVERY OF THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

By Rev. James W. Lee, D. D.

The most remarkable achievement in the history of human research was the discovery of radium in 1898. This event is brilliant enough to make luminous forever the period in which we live. When the French soldiers in 1798 dug the Rosetta Stone from the mud of the Nile, they put the key to Egyptian learning in the hands of scholars and unconsciously did the only thing that justified the invasion of the country by Napoleon. But the history of an ancient people learned men are able to read out of the hieroglyphics by means of the Rosetta Stone is as a spark to the sun in comparison to the history of creation students of science are able to read out of the universe by means of the discovery of radium, which was, in fact, the Philosopher's Stone sought by the ancients.

Ever since man began to think, he has had a conviction that all things were made of some one thing. Nights have never been still enough and sleep has never been profound enough to shut the human mind from the dream that the strands from which the universal order were braided were drawn from the same kind of yarn. Thales thought the worlds were spun out of water. Diogenes of Apollonia believed they were twisted out of air. Heraclitus said the raw material of immensity was fire. Plato held that the embroidery of creation was crocheted out of ideas. The quest of the Greeks was for some single principle by which they could account for the reality of being. They sought the "by word" that would open the door to them into the free masonry of existence. They looked for the substance out of which all things came and back into which they could all be turned again. Had they defined to themselves the Philosopher's Stone they would have represented it as standing for the answer to the riddle of reality.

The Egyptians, unlike the Greeks, were a practical and not a speculative people. They preferred corn to feed their bodies on to first principles to feed their minds on. In their esteem the earth was a granary and not a library, a packing house and not a college, a dining-room to eat in and not a study to think in. They inclined to luxury and not to theory, as the savage in Africa to-day longs for fresh meat to match his hunger more than for the reticulations of mental wheelwork to match his wonder. They would suck the juice direct from the orange of existence rather than seek reasons for its shape and color and contents. They would drink down the sugar from the watermelon of life rather than try to find out how it grew green and round on the vine. Hence, they narrowed the meaning of the Philosopher's Stone down to the dimensions of a fact that could be cashed in the coin of the realm. They saw no use for a theory that could not, as a servant, wear pants and accomplish practical results. They believed certain elements were lying around loose in Nature, which, if found, could be used from which to distill a concoction that would turn base metals into noble ones. They never succeeded in transmuting one metal into another, but the contagion of their efforts to find the secret of doing it spread to the different nations of Europe. From the fourth century A. D. down to the death of Balsamo in 1795 many of the most distinguished men in history spent their time and thought and money in the effort to find the Philosopher's Stone. Belief in the Philosopher's Stone constituted the creed of great Church fathers, like Thomas Aquinas; philosophers, like Albertus Magnus; students of nature, like Roger Bacon; and pantheistic mystics, like Jacob Bohmen. Accomplished fakery, like Nicholas Flamel, Marechal de Rays, Count St. Germain and Count Cagli-

ostro, taking advantage of the credulity of the people, made vast fortunes by the sale of complicated mixtures they declared would turn lead into gold.

Faith in the Philosopher's Stone declined with the gradual development of the science of chemistry. After the publication of John Dalton's New System of Chemical Philosophy in 1808, the last foot of ground left for the alchemists to stand on seemed to be destroyed. According to the doctrine of Democritus and Lucretius atoms were the foundation stones of the heavens and the earth. Earth and air and fire and water could all be divided and subdivided on and on and down and down to finer and finer points, but at length the limit was reached, and the final ultimate end of every material thing was the atom. Beyond the atom there was nothing. Having the accumulated results of patient study for more than two thousand years to assist him, Dalton was able to lay for the atom a firmer and broader foundation than ever Democritus and Lucretius were able to do. The world of the alchemists was thought to be an uncharted wilderness lying outside the track of progress after Dalton's genius had disclosed the place and importance of the atom. From 1808 down to the beginning of the last quarter of the nineteenth century more and more was made of the atom. Meteors, moons and vast planets, whirling in space, were all made up of tiny, little, impenetrable, unbreakable bits, called atoms. Blazing suns and ponderous worlds hurtling through space on billion-mile journeys were all made of atoms. A million billion of these dumb, infinitesimal balls are contained in a speck of matter big enough to see with the naked eye. If one's power of vision were increased a million billion times and the dimensions of the space in which he stood magnified in the same proportion, he would be able to see the atoms rebounding, flying and colliding around him like cannon balls. The trillions of quadrillions of quintillions of atoms contained in the water sufficient to fill the boiler of a steam engine can be inflamed and scorched by heat until they become mad enough to draw a freight train over the Rocky Mountains.

I.

Thinking of atoms as impenetrable and final and as endowed with such wonderful gifts of doing things, the opinion became fixed among many of the leading scientific men in the seventies of the last century that there was no place for intelligent will in the universe. The atoms themselves were regarded by many as having sense. Haeckel said they had sensation and will. Clifford declared them to be mind-stuff. Tyndall said they manifested desire for union. Thus the conclusion was reached that the universe was a machine, with a capacity inhering in its wheels to turn itself. The materialistic tide, beginning in Greece with Empedocles, Leucippus, Democritus and Epicurus, and flowing steadily over Rome from the time of Lucretius, had at length reached its tide with Dalton and now threatened to flood all the shores of the modern mind.

Thinking of the atoms as having free-will as Lucretius did, or as having sensation and will as Haeckel did, or as being so much mind-stuff as Clifford did, the materialists were able to see how all worlds were spun by them as if they were so many little spiders, out of their entrails, and then left round, opaque, wheeling webs in the heavens.

III.

It is not difficult to understand why those who believed the universe to be a machine, the wheels of which were self-whirling atoms, had no place for creative mind. If the atoms, of which all things were built, were little bricks of matter self-fashioned to points so fine that they could be cut no further, and had the necessary self-activity for laying themselves up in the walls of the heavens, and for wheeling themselves into the gable ends and rafters and roofs of the constellations, what was the use of a God sitting idly by to watch them work? What use would there be for an overseer on the plantation, if the hands worked as well and accomplished as much without his presence as with it? There seemed to be no reason for bringing the Eternal Mind from some transcendental whither to do work in a system equipped for doing everything that could be done without it. They saw no way to bridge the chasm between things and thought, between mind and matter. Even if the universe of the tangible needed any outside assistance, there was no nook nor cranny through which a God could get into the mechanical order. Every crevice and roadway was closed against him. All the gates were shut tight against any divine invasion of

the territory bounded by time and space.

IV.

This was the situation as looked at from the standpoint of the scientists forty years ago. A few years later Sir William Crookes, while examining the actions of particles of matter in a bulb from which the air had been taken out, saw that they had properties not possessed by ordinary matter. He concluded that he had actually touched the borderland where matter and force merged into one another, the shadowy realm between the known and the unknown. In 1895 Rontgen discovered the X-rays while experimenting further with vacuum tubes. In 1896 Henri Becquerel discovered that the salts of uranium had the power of spontaneously emitting invisible radiations, which affect photographic paper and pass through metals and discharge electrical bodies. Thus strange discoveries were being made by looking into regions never penetrated before. The frontiers of new lands were being entered and marvels were the tales brought back by the daring explorers.

V.

In 1898 Madame Curier and her husband, after infinite pains, succeeded in discovering radium. This event stirred the world of science far more deeply than the declaration of Prof. Tyndall in his Belfast address in 1874 moved the world of faith. Democritus and Lucretius and Dalton and Tyndall and all the other believers in the hard, impenetrable, unbreakable atom were put out of business in a single day. Philosophies hoary with age, as well as newest systems built on them, toppled with sudden and world-resounding crash into ruins. The very foundations of creation itself seemed to be upset. The discovery of radium meant so much that it will take the slow, poky minds of the rank and file of men a hundred years to understand all that was involved in it. One of the most amazing things about it was that the dreams of the alchemists were found to be true, more than a century after the last one of them was dead. The Philosopher's Stone was a vast, revolutionizing fact after all, and had at last been brought out of darkness into light, had been brought from the realm of fancy into fact. The quest of the ages since the days of old Thales had been found. Thomas Aquinas and Albertus Magnus and Roger Bacon, who had died believing in the transmutability of the metals, were vindicated. When radium was discovered a form of matter was found the atoms of which were in the act of breaking down. Never before had the inside of atoms been seen. They had kept their little souls locked out of sight since the foundations of the world were laid. It was seen that the atoms in a small speck of radium had force enough packed away in their little insides to keep a bell ringing for hundreds of years, or to keep a globe of light blazing for hundreds of years. It was found that the vastest stores of energy were not in the coal beds, but inside the atoms. And while a million billion of atoms are necessary to make up a speck of matter large enough to be seen with the naked eye, yet each atom of this million billion of them has inside itself from one thousand to more than two hundred thousand electrons, or corpuscles, or bits of positive and negative electricity, making revolutions at an unthinkable speed as the planets are turning round the sun in the heavens. It was learned not only that the electrical corpuscles are wheeling on circles inside each atom, but the key was also found for determining precisely how many corpuscles each atom contained. Hydrogen being the lightest of all the elements, its atom contains just 1000 more electrons than its atomic weight. Its weight being one, its interior self houses 1000 electrons. The atomic weight of gold is 197, therefore each gold atom contains within itself 197,000 electrons. Lead with 206 for its atomic weight contains atoms filled with 206,000 corpuscles each. Find the atomic weight of any of the eighty chemical elements and multiply that number by 1000 and you have the number of corpuscles contained in each one of its atoms.

VI.

It was learned that though the number of corpuscles in each atom was different, yet the corpuscles themselves were all precisely alike. For instance, there are 206,000 corpuscles in each atom of lead, and there are 197,000 corpuscles in each atom of gold, but the corpuscles in an atom of lead are exactly like those in an atom of gold. Thus, in order to turn lead into gold it would only be necessary to take 9000 corpuscles out of one of its atoms and a gold atom would be the result. Iron has 55,000 corpuscles in each one of its atoms,

and silver has 107,000 corpuscles in each one of its atoms. If you will take out of an atom of silver 52,000 electrons you will have left an atom of iron, or if you will add 52,000 electrons taken from some other element to the corpuscles of your iron atom you will get silver. Who knows but that some day man will know as well how to get hold of the electrons and mix them to make what he wants as he knows to-day how to combine hydrogen and oxygen to get water.

VII.

All this is amazing enough to take people's breath away, but something more astounding still has been found out about corpuscles, and that is their vast energy. Sir Oliver Lodge says it has been calculated that the collapsing of the corpuscles, or electrical constituents of a radium atom, by so little as 1 per cent of their distance can supply the whole of the energy of its observed radiation for something like 30,000 years. The corpuscle is so small that in comparison with the size of the atom in which it revolves it is as a grain of sand to a cathedral! And yet these little corpuscles, when by any means they get outside the atom of which they form a part, shoot forth with a velocity that, according to Le Bon, could be equaled by a bullet only if it had 1,340,000 barrels of gunpowder behind it. Corpuscles travel so fast in their small orbits inside the atom that the same rate of speed in a straight line would take them from the earth to the moon in four seconds! There is force enough inside an old-fashioned copper cent piece, if it could be released, to pull a large freight train four times and a quarter the circumference of the earth! Sir Oliver Lodge says that the electrons are as much faster than a cannon ball as a cannon ball is faster than a snail. Sir J. J. Thompson says that a few grains weight of hydrogen has within its corpuscles enough force to raise a million tons to a height of more than three hundred feet. Max Abraham calculates that one gramme's weight of corpuscle contains energy equal to 80,000,000,000 horse-power per second.

Sir J. J. Thompson said in his presidential address before the British Association held in Winnipeg, Canada, in 1903, that in one gramme of hydrogen, that is, in one-thirtieth of an ounce of hydrogen, there are about 6x10 (raised to the twenty-third degree) atoms, and that the energy due to the corpuscles in a gramme of hydrogen is equal to 11x10 (raised to the ninth degree) calories, or heat measures.

VIII.

I have pointed out before that the atoms of hydrogen and oxygen combined in water sufficient to fill the boiler of an engine could be scorched by heat into anger sufficient to impel them to draw a freight train over the Rocky Mountains. But the force developed by scouring the atoms of oxygen and hydrogen from the outside of themselves is not a millionth part of the force that could be secured from the inside of them. There is, perhaps, enough force inside the atoms of the engine boiler full of water to take a train from here to San Francisco a thousand times. This can be understood when we remember that the corpuscles inside the atoms are revolving in their orbits at an unthinkable rate of speed per second. Their great energy is due to the fact that they are moving so fast.

IX.

The conclusion students have reached, then, is that matter is constituted of electricity, and that electricity is nothing but ether waves. Ether has been defined as the nominative case of the verb to undulate. Sir Oliver Lodge says that the intrinsic energy of the constitution of the ether is so incredibly, so portentously great that every cubic millimeter of space possesses what, if it were matter, would be a mass of a thousand tons and would contain the energy equivalent to the output of a million horsepower station for forty million years. We can understand, therefore, why the corpuscles, which are flying around with such velocity inside the atoms, have such tremendous power. The pressure of the ether is so great that it equals 10,000 tons per square millimeter. Matter, therefore, is nothing but areas of the diminished density of ether. When the ether moves out into gossamer, filmy, imperceptible mist, we call it matter. Matter then is made of atoms, and atoms are made of corpuscles, or points of positive and negative electricity, and electricity is made of ether waves, and ether waves are but movements outward from the sea of ether that is coterminous with the whole sum of things. Ether is force, but imperceptible and immaterial. It is as subtle and as distant from what we know as ordinary matter as thought is.

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Ether is the everlasting dwelling place of eternal intelligence. It constitutes the vehicle through which the Creator works. God is not imprisoned in it. He transcends it. But he uses it as the raw material out of which to make worlds.

Thus, when we resolve matter into ether we are compelled to admit that not a wave of it can ever move out into any created thing without the thought and will of the Almighty.

Everyone can see that the action of a force cannot be determined by a force and that motion cannot be determined by motion. That the action of a force cannot be determined by a force is demonstrable. For, if the action of a force is determined by an act, then the act itself must have been determined by a preceding act, and this preceding act by another, and so on in like manner to infinity. If the front one of a thousand billiard balls in a row is seen to move, we are compelled to infer that it was propelled by some power other than and outside itself. When we are taught by science, therefore, that all matter is made of force, we are driven to the conclusion that the force taking the various forms of matter is the expression of the eternal will of the Creator. So at last we see that Plato was right when he taught that all things we see are but ideas clothing themselves in the forms of matter.

X.

The Philosopher's Stone with Thales was water; the Philosopher's Stone with Democritus and Dalton was atoms; the Philosopher's Stone with the modern scientists is electricity, and then, when further analyzed, is ether, and ether has now been shown to be force, and finally, back of force is thought, and thought is the expression of the eternal mind of God. The Philosopher's Stone, then, as far as so-called material things go, is thought. Thought is the foundation principle of the created universe. Thought is the Philosopher's Stone in the universe of things. It is amazing that science brings us back to idealism as the working principle of the sum of things. What we call matter, then, is not matter in the ordinary acceptance of the term; it is thought in the form of whirling, seething bits from the sea of ether. It is thought in the form of ether. We call things hard. There is nothing hard. Rocks are soft, and seem to be rigid because made up of particles going fast. A hard thing is a soft thing going fast. The hard, fixed appearance of the mountains and the earth are simply a case of cinematographic continuity like the scenery in a five-cent picture show. The carriage seems to be coming down the road and the robbers seem to be holding the parties in it up, but instead of there being one scene, there are thousands of them thrown together in a single picture. So, instead of seeing the Shasta Mountains as you pass from Portland to San Francisco as solid, stolid, hard piles rising into the sky, you see a cinematographic aggregation of billions of quadrillions of sextillions of atoms, multiplied over and over again by as many trillions of atoms each filled with thousands of corpuscles and all together going so fast that they make a huge heap that seems to be hard and single.

Halley's Comet is nothing but a cinematographic picture show, making a seven-billion-mile tour every seventy-five years, giving free exhibitions to planets like the Earth and Mars and Uranus and Neptune.

XI.

We hear a great deal to-day about what is called new thought. Ignorant, empty-pated inanities here and there are posing as apostles of New Thought. It is remarkable what wondrous things can be accomplished by means of exercising this new thought. It can cure disease. It can arrest the movement of microbes. It can heal all manner of ailments by thinking after a certain fashion. Some of the new champions tell us that there

(Continued on Page 16.)

Epworth League Department

A TEXAS ITINERARY.—I.

By Dr. F. S. Parker, General League Secretary.

Perhaps the memories of the War of Independence by which a small, scattered population of Anglo-Saxons wrested their freedom from the Latin Empire to the South after a struggle as heroic as any historic contests of combined skill and courage against overwhelming superiority of force; perhaps it is the natural boundary of the State by great rivers on the North, East and West, and the Gulf of Mexico on the South, making of Texas a geographic unit; but from whatever cause, Texas, which for extent of territory, variety of resources, and achievements in all that makes for civilization might make half a dozen States of good size, must continue to be regarded as a unit, even as, in spite of all temptation, it has remained and no doubt will remain a single Commonwealth—and that the greatest among the United States. To a certain extent because of these sentimental considerations, and more because ulterior Texas is so far from Tennessee as to make it time- and money-consuming to go back and forth, we determined to leave the Era and the League office in full charge of the efficient and accommodating Assistant Secretary and make a tour of Texas, visiting the Annual Conferences and as many points as possible by the way.

Mr. A. K. Ragsdale, of San Antonio, we relied upon as a matter of course in planning our movements. Mr. Ragsdale is not a minister, but a railroad man. Hence we cannot call him the Bishop of the Epworth League in Texas; besides, we already have a League Bishop in the person of the father of the Texas State Epworth League, Bishop Joseph S. Key, who, though no longer in the active service, retains a youthful heart and as lively an interest in the young people's movement as when he gave it form and direction in the beginning. But Mr. Ragsdale is worthy of the title General Superintendent. In League nomenclature he is known as President of the Texas State Epworth League. He believes with all his heart in the work of training for service, and has not yet succeeded in understanding how a pastor who has a realization of his opportunities and a due sense of his responsibilities can get along without a Chapter in his pastoral charge—neither can we.

Boarding our belated Illinois Central train at Memphis, our delight was great on finding thereon Bishop Mouzon and Dr. V. A. Godbey, both homeward bound from the Ecumenical Conference at Toronto. There was so much of interest to tell and to discuss touching this greater gathering of world-wide Methodism that the day passed rapidly, and in some way the "fast train" made up enough time to make connections with the Southern Pacific at New Orleans, but the margin was too narrow for the transfer of baggage. Hence we proceeded trunkless, resolving that hereafter, whatever the uncertainty of weather, we would "grip" our baggage.

At Bryan Rev. Glenn Flinn received us cordially and brought us to the spacious parsonage, where the home feeling reigns. What is it that makes the parsonage a little bit more congenial than other places "just as good"? Is it something of this itinerant fellowship that stays about the place like a genial and warm-blooded ghost? Brother Flinn is well-known throughout the South as Agency Secretary of the American Bible Society, a position that he resigned a year ago in order to return to the pastorate. He is Dean of the Faculty of Epworth-by-the-Sea, and is already busy with plans for the next session. A Sunday morning sermon, an evening address to the League which almost filled the annex of the beautiful church, and a second sermon, this time specifically upon the Epworth League, completed our day.

First Church, Houston, is truly magnificent. It is situated on Main Street in what will probably be a downtown neighborhood within a few years, and by its massive architecture dominates the street for many blocks. In style a modified Gothic, capable of seating with the auxiliary rooms that open into the auditorium about 2400 persons, richly furnished in mahogany, amply provided with Sunday-school rooms both for classes and assembling, it well represents the \$285,000 that was expended upon it. Dr. Packard, the pastor, was formerly a member of the Epworth League Board, and of course has a strong Chapter and extended a hearty welcome to the Editor of the Era. The meeting at Houston comprised an informal consultation of State officers (Mr. Ragsdale, Mr. Flinn, and Mr. Rector, of Galveston, having come up for that pur-

pose), an afternoon conference with addresses by Mr. Flinn, Mr. Ragsdale, and the Editor of the Era, a banquet at which over a hundred plates were laid, and an evening meeting addressed by the editor.

At the conclusion of the evening meeting the Houston District League was organized with the following officers: President, Rev. Ira S. Key, Alvin; First Vice-president, Mr. William Ilfrey, Galveston; Second Vice-president, Miss Margaret Bosworth, Houston; Third Vice-president, Miss Nemenhoff, Houston; Fourth Vice-president, Miss Isidora Gray, Pasadena; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Herbert Smith, Houston; Epworth Era Agent, Mr. Lester Neff, Galveston. Reports had been made from many of the Leagues in the district, indicating efficiency, enthusiasm, and spirituality. Not a discouraging note was heard, and many of the pastors and the presiding elder were present and taking part. Indeed, when Rev. Ellis Smith is in charge of a district, there the League flourishes.

Of course as soon as possible after reaching Houston we sought out Mr. Tom C. Swope. The strenuous and anxious work of the great prohibition campaign had not reduced his girth nor dulled his wit. He has even moved his business office to the very quarters in the Scanlan Building where the fight was made, and caresses the telephone over which in the thick of the fight he used to run up a toll bill of a thousand dollars a month. Before long he will give the readers of the Era the story of the contest, by which it was demonstrated that Texas is for homes versus saloons, though the realization of prohibition is for the time delayed.

From Houston to San Marcos, the seat of the West Texas Conference, still accompanied by Messrs. Ragsdale, Flinn, and Rector, who were to meet the Program Committee of the State League, we journeyed on, falling in with Rev. W. R. Campbell, a member of the West Texas Conference League Board, on the way. We blessed again the inventor of the sleeping car, although we had to leave our berths before day and entertain one another while awaiting the hour for breakfast.

At West Texas, as at other conferences we have visited this fall, much emphasis is being given to preaching. But when a resolution calling for a sermon at both the afternoon and evening hour was offered, Bishop Atkins was constrained to warn the conference that a part of its proper proceedings was the hearing of the representatives of the connectional interests, and so recently himself a connectional officer, made a plea for the essential sacredness of these special interests. The resolution was amended so as to leave the evenings free for such uses as the conference might make of them.

Wednesday afternoon the editor of the Era had right of way for the League cause, and found a most responsive attitude among the brethren. Dr. McLean, an hereditary friend of the old days, said to us: "I shall not preach this doctrine long, but you go on preaching it: it is Methodism." The Epworth League is Methodism to the core. The West Texas brethren think so, and scarcely a pastor reported who did not give prominence to his Epworth League. It is too early for the figures, but no doubt a substantial gain will be reported.

The Conference Board took up the plans of the Central Office with alacrity. Rev. C. B. Cross, of South Heights Church, San Antonio, was elected Corresponding Secretary and charged with the duties of conducting a campaign of organization and instruction. Expect greater things than ever in this great conference.

An afternoon was given to the consideration of the home mission problem. Dr. John M. Moore, the Home Secretary, and Rev. A. J. Weeks, State Superintendent of Missions, delivered addresses; brethren of the conference followed, and last Mr. Vagas, an eloquent Mexican from Chihuahua and one of our Bohemian missionaries, pleaded the cause of their own people. Certainly West Texas is a home mission field, with its 75,000 Bohemians, its 300,000 Mexicans, and innumerable citizens and aliens of many Nations and tongues. What can the League do to evangelize them? That is too large a question to answer here. Let every Chapter in West Texas ask it, think on it, and act in the Master's name.

From San Marcos to San Antonio Friday morning, this time in the company of Drs. McMurry and Bulla, was our next move. Met at the depot by Messrs. Ragsdale and Lane and luxuriously lodged at the St. Anthony Hotel what more could one desire? Immediately across the street is Travis

Park Church, which was a building when we made a youthful journey hither years ago. Dr. Young was then the pastor; since then many distinguished men have served at this important station, among them Dr. Chappell, now Sunday-school editor, Dr. Pinson, General Secretary of the Board of Missions; Dr. Mouzon, now Bishop, and others whom we cannot name just now. The afternoon meeting was profitable, as the Leaguers from all over the city said; and, despite a conflicting lecture in Harmony Hall, the institutional plant of the Church, we had an excellent evening meeting, at which good music was rendered and the editor's message gladly received.

Of all cities that we know, San Antonio is most interesting, save our own home city of New Orleans; but of its charm and beauty and magnificence we cannot speak in this already overlong letter.

San Antonio, Tex., Oct. 21.

DR. PARKER'S VISIT TO DALLAS.

The promised visit has materialized. Rev. Fitzgerald S. Parker, General Secretary of the Epworth League and editor of the Epworth Era, was in Dallas and at Trinity Church last Sunday, speaking to a splendid sized congregation at the morning hour and addressing Trinity Leaguers and their friends from over the city in a mass meeting held at the League devotional hour. Both occasions marked rich experiences with those who heard him. Of somewhat slender build, standing full six feet tall, well-poised and possessing the art of perfect enunciation and the grace of platform freedom, with a mind enriched with science, literature and art, a heart filled with devotion for the traditions, truths and teachings of our beloved Methodism, a happy faculty for presenting a message in terse and interesting form, with faultless diction and scholarly bearing, this man, schooled and trained in long years of experience for the part, is the leader of the Epworthian hosts. His coming to Trinity Church gave inspiration to those young in heart as well as those young in years.

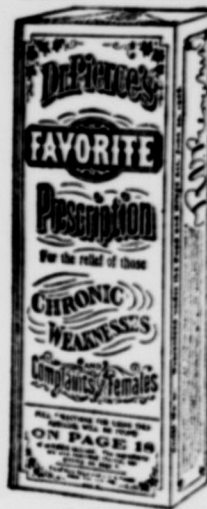
Other Leaguers also met and heard him. On Monday he was the honor guest at luncheon with the First Church young people and, at the evening hour on the same day, was honor guest and chief speaker at a splendid banquet, tendered by the Leaguers of Grace Methodist Church. He was further made the recipient of courtesies at the homes of our Mrs. S. D. Thurston and the writer. On all of these occasions the good Doctor seemed in a happy frame of mind and magnified the gospel of sunshine, smiles and good cheer. His visit marks an epoch in Dallas Leaguedom.—Trinity Church (Dallas) Messenger.

KITTEN AND I.

The Fourth Ecumenical Methodist Conference met in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, Canada, October 4-17. It was a picturesque and wonderful gathering. There were about 500 delegates from the many lands where Methodism has unfurled the banner of the cross. They were there from the United States, England, Scotland, France, Italy, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, India and Mexico. Among the delegates were many negroes of no mean ability, and the last surviving chief of the Indian tribe to which John Wesley went as a missionary in Georgia before Methodism came into existence.

The colored brethren greatly enjoyed their liberty among their friends in the Far North. They were ever on the alert to notice anything that looked like a lack of due attention to their rights. One protested that the word "col." be not placed after the names of the negro delegates on the program and it is sufficient to say that his wish was granted. They enjoyed all the privileges accorded the whites, which, of course, was right under the circumstances. Some of their addresses were very fine, but in a few instances they could not leave alone the old questions of the South. There was a hearty spirit of sympathy with them and they took full advantage of it. When one of them spoke of the hard treatment the negro had received and how patient and sweet he had always been under this, he was cheered to the echo, while some of the Southerners, who realized the falseness of some of the statements, had to "grin and bear it."

The essays were limited to twenty minutes and at the end of that time the gavel fell mercilessly, regardless of the prominence of the speaker. The essay was followed by three ten-minute speeches and these by five-minute impromptu discussions. These last were the most interesting and really revealed the readiness of Methodist preachers when it comes to the real issues of world-wide Methodism. We marveled at the richness and diversity of these short speeches. The eagerness to get the floor was as



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No woman's appeal was ever misdirected or her confidence misplaced when she wrote for advice, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets induce mild natural bowel movement once a day.

amusing as the speeches were good. Dozens would be on the floor at a time, all seeming to rise about the same time. All the chairman could do was to simply select his man and grant him the word.

The delegates from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, with very few exceptions, did not avail themselves of the opportunity to speak. The English brethren were always ready and some of them spoke every day and some of them more than once. Some of the Northern Methodists were not a whit behind in this. Bishops Hoss, Hendrix and Candler, of our Church spoke at times, the former doing so frequently to the delight of the audience. Bishop Hoss is one of the readiest speakers we have ever known and he was at his best on this occasion.

The subjects under discussion covered every phase of the work of Methodism. It was thought that the discussion of Methodist theology would be a lively question, but really there was such harmony and unanimity in it all that even a fuss could not be raised. As Dr. Fitchet, with whom we had the honor and pleasure of much association, said: "Methodism in a very singular degree is sure of its own theology. It has bred many divisions in its long history, but not one heresy; none of its divisions grew out of a quarrel as to doctrine. The secret of the clear, unshaken hold of Methodist theology lies in the fact that that theology is consistently kept in touch with human experience, and then tested and verified by that experience."

The one predominating note in every address was that the secret of Methodism is her Christian experience; the witness of the Holy Spirit in the heart. Greater truths were never spoken than those we heard on that platform, and we thought as they spoke, O that every preacher in the world who bears the Methodist name could see the importance of this truth. If our experience can be kept in line with the deliverances there spoken, Methodism should take the world for Christ.

Nothing excited more interest than the discussions on Higher Criticism. The essay by Dr. Peaks, of England, noted for his scholarship, took advanced ground; suggesting that there was doubt about the worthiness of some of the accepted books of the New Testament canon, among them mentioning the Epistle to the Ephesians. It was a great paper in which a plea was made for sane investigation, affirming that the Church of God had no right to fear the truth, and that the problems would not down and must be faced and thrashed out. He contended that this must be done by the friends and not the enemies of the Christ. This opened up the discussion and it was warm. There were a number of men who spoke on this question who should have kept their seats. They were like a bull in a china shop and no one was any the wiser for their deliverances. The English brethren, as a whole, were not so conservative as the Americans. There were some good speeches made by laymen, and almost to a man they were very conservative. It must be understood, of course, that the words "higher criticism" are very elastic and may mean much. If we understand intelligently the drift of the discussions, the desire was to give criticism a full chance, with the assurance that God's Truth must prevail. The most radical exalted the Christ and we feel sure that the one desire of those taking part in the discussions was to establish the kingdom of Christ in this world, and, without an exception, we believe, they gave it as their deepest conviction that we were on the verge of great conquests for the Lord.

The spirit of union was very evident. As is known, the three Methodist Churches of Canada united into one Church some years ago, and it has been a great success. They are

now negotiating with the Presbyterian and Congregational bodies for the further union with these Churches. For five years a commission has been at work. This committee is composed of one hundred representatives from each of the Methodist and Presbyterian bodies and fifty from the Congregational. They have gone over every possible phase of the work and with only one dissenting voice decided on union. The question was passed on to the highest legislative councils of these Churches and carried in every case. It has now been passed down to the lower bodies and will continue until the vote of the congregations of the three Churches throughout the Dominion have voted upon the union. It is almost an assured fact that this union will take place. When it is done there will be no more Methodism, Presbyterianism or Congregationalism in Canada, but a great Church the name of which has not yet been determined.

There has been some union in England as well, and they are working toward closer relations. This spirit, therefore, was prominent in the conference. Naturally they cannot see why the Methodisms, especially the two episcopal forms, cannot be united. Bishop Hoss, more than once, threw out some suggestions about the "whys and wherefores," but his utterances were met with hostile exclamations. Let no one think that he is afraid to speak his mind.

Naturally there was some great preaching. We followed Bishop Hoss one Sunday and, of course, heard some great preaching. The Metropolitan preachers for the 11 o'clock hour during the two Sundays of the conference were Dr. Day, of New York, and Bishop Candler, of the M. E. and M. E. Church, South, respectively. Dr. Day's sermon was said to have been wonderful. On the second Sunday we heard Bishop Candler. He was not very well, but as has been said, he preaches best when half sick. My, but he did thrill that great audience! It was probably the greatest address made during the entire conference. But, more later.

F. S. ONDERDONK.

"Where sin abounds some people feel bound to sin a little."

Woman Past Help

Chandler, Okla.—In a letter from this place, Mrs. Ella Flowers says, "I hardly know how to thank you for the good that Cardui has done me. Before I tried Cardui, I thought I was past help, but after taking it, I was relieved at once, and gained at least 10 pounds. Everybody says I look so much better. I am still improving greatly." Many women are completely worn-out and discouraged, on account of womanly weakness. Are you? Have you not tried Cardui? It only needs a few doses to convince you that Cardui is just what you need. Try it today. It will cure your pains.

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Conducted by M. L. PINER, Denison, Texas

THE COMING WORLD-PEACE.

It may easily be prophesied that the world's great Nations will not only come to terms of International peace as a permanent condition, but that their leadership in the matter will eventuate in persuading all countries into a universal compact of fraternity.

Just how soon this will be accomplished cannot be foretold, and just how perfectly it may be accomplished at any time is uncertain, but it is sure that the spirit of peace and of fraternity is abroad in the whole world, and that beneath it, and behind it, and all through it is the spirit of Jesus Christ.

President Taft made a more or less formal proposition with England that the two countries come to a fixed agreement that all matters of dispute between them in the future, no matter what their nature or importance, should be adjusted by arbitration. It is strange that a number of English papers have stood out against this advanced idea, and that the evident reasons for such opposition seem founded in that old hatred of our country as "an upstart government" with which so solemn and far-reaching a league of peace would be humiliating to English people.

The London Outlook, which is an imperialistic organ, refers to President Taft's suggestion for arbitration tribunals between the two Nations as "sentimental utterances which few practical minds are able to take seriously." The same paper fails to see any evidence of good faith on the American side. The Saturday Review, usually anti-American in its utterances, believes that in nearly all the past treaties of this nature with our country the United States has presented its claims strongly while the British Government has not contended vigorously, and as a consequence the United States has practically always secured a verdict of her own, and this paper thinks it would be so if we enter a treaty for arbitration of all future differences.

But, in England as in our country, the overwhelming sentiment is in favor of such a treaty. Once this compact is entered into, the two leading Nations of the globe have set the pace of peace, and it is only a question of time when all other Nations will, or must, follow. Whatever may be the immediate action of the two countries, it is certain that the spirit of Christianity is the impelling force which sooner or later shall bring the Nations into such mutual obligations that peaceful adjustment of all differences will be the only way to protect National honor.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Everybody knows what The Monroe Doctrine is. It originated in President Monroe's message to Congress in 1823. The Holy Alliance was organized in 1815 among the sovereigns of Russia, Austria and Prussia, and this league was later subscribed to by every European country except Rome and England. Presumably the object was to bind together the Nations in Christian brotherhood.

In reality it was an alliance among these Nations to defend and preserve the established and reigning dynasties on the respective thrones. The movements of this coterie of powers led President Monroe to suspect an attempt from Spain, under the influence of this great league of powers, to interfere with the Spanish-American Nations of South America for the ultimate benefit of Spain. But any effort to control or change the then existing Governments in South America by Spain or by the Holy Alliance was construed as an unfriendly act toward the United States. Hence, Monroe in his message to Congress threw out the suggestive hint that we ought to declare for the doctrine of absolute non-interference in the Western Hemisphere by any foreign country or group of countries; in other words, the United States went on record in favor of the doctrine of non-interference of foreign governments with the National affairs of American countries, and any attempt to interfere would be considered hostile to our Government, and would therefore be resented by our Government. There was no specific law enacted but by general consent the doctrine was adopted, and it has been steadily

fastly honored and protected by our Government.

The object in stating the foregoing facts about the Monroe Doctrine is to show that the United States could not afford to enter into a treaty with England to arbitrate peaceably every possible matter that might become a difference between the two countries, for the Monroe Doctrine itself might become the issue, and it is certain that the United States would fight before it would submit this question to arbitration. Probably the treaty may be made exempting certain items on both sides, and the Monroe Doctrine is sure to be one of the exemptions on our side.

HISTORY OF SOME WORDS.

Carouse is German. It is built of two words: "Gar," meaning entirely, and "aus," meaning out. That is, "entirely out." But what could "entirely out" have to do with carousing? The expression had reference to drinking to the health of friends, and it is signified in this connection the drinking of the last drop out of the glass or stein. But by repeating this "gar-aus" business the drinkers became drunken, noisy, ill-behaved, and from this condition came the meaning of carouse as we use it.

Carnival is queer. Strange that any word applying to the act of feasting should mean "good-bye, flesh." But that is what it means. In the Church it has reference to the festival celebrated just before Lent and ending in Shrove-Tuesday. It may have two meanings: First, cessations from meat-eating for a time, and second, good-bye to the carnal desires of the flesh.

Suspicion and coercion end in "cion." Do you know of another word in all the 300,000 ending thus? There is, perhaps, one other, but it cannot be found just now.

Carpenter is from the old Latin, and literally means wagon or carriage. The termination, "er," means doer, maker. Hence carpenter means wagon-maker, or carriage-maker. By gradual shifting of its application it has come to mean one who labors in the construction of buildings.

Coach is originally Latin—concha meaning mussel shell. The scoop-shape of the underside of the coach gave it the name of the shell, from its general resemblance to the shell, and then later a slight change in the spelling was adopted.

Vermicelli is Latin, or Italian. It comes direct from the old word, "vermis," a worm. To this the diminutive termination, "elli" is here added, the joining "s" changed to "c." Therefore, vermicelli, means a little worm, or little worms.

THE PRODIGAL SON'S BROTHER.

By Rev. Irvin B. Manly.

"Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment, and some men they follow after." The pathetic and powerful story of the prodigal boy has been told over and over thousands of times. He is shown in a home of plenty, looked upon along the road of luxury and sin, seen as he is forsaken, and wept over as he goes down into shame, ruin and despair; he is seen as he arises and starts to his father and rejoiced over as he falls into arms of love. Indeed, so fascinating is the story that writers and preachers scarcely see anything but the poor "prodigal" and his return, in the lesson, and he is spoken of as being a very bad character. But now let us look at "the other fellow," the prodigal's brother! Is he the Church member, the Christian? If you have not studied him, let this paper introduce you to the gentleman at home.

The Elder Brother.

1. In a home of plenty, with a father's love, he had plenty and every comfort. He was not exposed to wild temptations, nor forced to struggle for an existence.

2. He had assistance, "servants," a life of ease and knew no wants, but had the luxury of a wealthy home, the love and care of a father. He was "well fixed."

Indifference and a Hard Heart.
3. He did not care to see his brother, the poor boy, once lost but found. Others were glad, "outsiders," when the prodigal came home, but the elder brother, the Church member, was not.

4. He was angry, got mad at his father and brother, and it seems every one else.

5. He was stubborn and would not yield to intreaty, and was untouched by the persuasive voice of a loving father, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine."

6. He was disrespectful to his father and exhibited the essence of dishonor in refusing his father, and did

not show the least of good breeding, but embarrassed everybody he could. He would not go in!

7. He grumbled and complained, grumbled at his father and complained of his lot in the home. "Thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends."

8. He was self-righteous, "neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment." Others did not say this of him, but in the act of his disobedience and disrespect he said he was good!

9. He accused his kind and loving father of partiality, "Thou never gavest me," etc., "but hast killed for him the fatted calf."

10. He was hypocritical. "He devoured thy living," that bad son of yours, my ugly brother. What did the elder brother care for the "living?" It was not his father's, neither was it his. The prodigal spent his own living, just what had been given to him.

11. He cruelly accused his unfortunate and heart-broken brother. "Devoured thy living with harlots," he saw all that was bad and nothing good in a confessing, repentant, returning sinner.

12. He was unloving and heartless. If this Church member had been a true Christian he would have had such sympathy and love as the father had for the returned wanderer. He did not want to give the man a chance, who was down but wished to rise. The blind was made to see, the lost was found, the dead was alive again, but the elder brother cared not, and was unhappy, discontented, un-uly and unforgiving. The return of an own brother, the wandering boy, brought misery to the elder brother. Alas, alas, his representatives drag and grumble in the Church to-day! Was he a Christian? If so, does the Church need more like him?
Texarkana, Texas.

We should be on the alert to find out whether God's cause is prospering or losing ground.

No secular office or comfort should make us forgetful of "the courts of the Lord's house."

When God's people suffer affliction and reproach, they should carefully inspect themselves to see if their own remissness is the cause.



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THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT

All communications in the interest of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and the Woman's Home Mission Society should be sent to Mrs. Milton Ragsdale, care Texas Christian Advocate, Dallas, Texas.

The golden jubilee of missions jointly celebrated by the Protestant Churches in Dallas, Nov. 16 and 17, was an event to be remembered for its historic significance and its uplift to the cause in our Churches.

in his personal and spiritual, rather than in his formal and ecclesiastical relations to the Church. He is a servant of a Master whose work for his disciples is done, not by being made unlike his brethren, but by becoming identified with them.

My Dear Mrs. Bryant:

Someday ago I received your beautiful note enclosing twenty-five dollars as a love gift from the North Texas Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

We are only spending one month in North Texas this summer, but we hope to return in the spring and be with you in the annual meeting.

MAY DYE (MRS. C. L.) SMITH, Plano, Texas.

My Dear Sisters and Friends:

Those of you who were at the conference in Bonham last April will remember that I was made very happy over the gift of \$200 for beds for our school.

I am glad to be back in Institute, Colo. I think the three of us have done a good deal of good work.

MISS MASSEY and Varner were at Epworth this summer and they both fell in love with Texas people.

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THE PASTOR AND THE AUXILIARY.

Read by Mrs. R. A. Thomas at the Albuquerque District Conference.

Properly adjusted machinery is essential for success in any factory, and it is equally true of the Church, that every part must fit in place.

I. AS SEPARATE WORKERS.

The head possesses a relation to each member of the body which the other members do not sustain to each other.

II. AS UNITED WORKERS.

The pastor in the auxiliary meeting. Should the pastor attend the meeting and know what the auxiliary is doing?

whose influence will be felt for good in any community; and thus we sing:

Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.

When we asunder part, It gives us inward pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet again.

HOW WE MAY ENLIST OUR WOMEN IN MISSION WORK.

First, let us be enlisted ourselves. We cannot hope to interest others unless we are interested. As well try to gather plums from thistles as to try to enlist someone who has no plums.

As often as convenient, we attend our Church services. We care little whether others are present.

MESSAGE OF MRS. C. M. WOODWARD.

I look into the faces of many of you tonight and I know but few of you yet there shines from your eyes a soul that I have met often at a throne of grace.

Down through the years God has honored and blessed our work. While often we have shown weakness rather than strength.

What greater subject could engage our attention than that of missions? Now, if never before, is there a halo around that subject.

Some one has said, "Show me what a man reads and I will soon tell you what kind of man he is."

Women, let us read missionary books and stories. We cannot hope to enlist others in the cause unless we know something of it.

Some people cannot be reached by external influences. We who believe in prayer, let us pray.

Not long ago a gentleman said, "You know I like the social part of my prayer-meeting."

Time-saving devices in every department of life are occupying the attention of our economists.

Time-saving devices in every department of life are occupying the attention of our economists. In our homes we have time-savers, in our streets we have time-savers, in our

markets of trade we have time-savers and the modern man and woman demand that in our Churches we have time-savers—every minute must count for something; every hour be a full hour.

Some missionary programs would prove beneficial if they could be heard. Foreign critics say that the average American woman's voice is too loud and too shrill.

Women, let us remember that anything that is worth saying is worth saying well. In our September number of the Missionary Voice are given two excellent plans adopted and tried by the Woman's Jubilee Campaign.

The second plan known as the drawing room meeting could be featured very easily in all our Churches.

Let God be our guide. Be sure of self-enlistment. Think about the work. Tell your friends about the auxiliary.

REPORT OF TEXAS CONFERENCE, HOME DEPARTMENT OF WOMAN'S MISSIONARY COUNCIL, FOR THE SECOND QUARTER, ENDING OCTOBER 1, 1911.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Includes Membership dues, life memberships, conference expenses, and disbursements.

Cash Receipts by Districts

Table with 2 columns: District Name and Amount. Lists receipts from various districts like Houston, San Augustine, and Marshall.

Local Work

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Lists local work expenses like supplies, furniture, and building.

Grand Total for all purposes for 2nd quarter

San Augustine District reports the largest amount on the pledge, 139.65. Marshall District reports the largest amount on conference expense fund, \$49.35.

Wesley's words, "The world is my parish," is a fitting motto for each of us. Whichever our local field of labor may be, we may and should live with the feeling that our work does not end in its requirements.

A GRANITE ART RUG. Sent to Your Express Office. 9x12 feet. PREPAID. A Splendid Low Priced RUG. \$4.95. MOLLINGSWORTH CARPET CO., Sherman, Texas.

should live with the feeling that our work does not end in its requirements. To be strong and do exploits we must know God and measure up to his requirements.

Just a word as to the upward glance. The demand for success in our work while we have wrought well, we must now do even more. To measure up to our responsibility and opportunity, will require that we keep very close to God.

The day of march is come. Henceforth in fields of conquest, Thy tents shall be our home. Through days of preparation Thy grace has made us strong.

Lead on, O King Eternal. We follow, not with fears. For gladness breaks like morning. Where'er thy face appears.

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JUST ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER.

By Gulliver.

One of the great fads now among the women is "beauty-sleep." Being a little short on good looks I concluded to try it myself. I did not have much faith in it; but a drowning man will catch at a straw, and I was growing so increasingly unbecomingly that I ventured to try the siesta. For the last two or three months, every day just after lunch I lay down on a cot in my study and cuddled up into the arms of Morpheus, for about one-half hour. To-day I made a close and critical survey of my facial topography, and I give it as my unqualified opinion that I am homelier now than I was before I began the "treatment," and that is saying something. No; the thing is a dead failure, and I am prepared to furnish a demonstration of it any time it is thought necessary for the general welfare. I seldom ever look into a mirror except to part the few remaining hairs on the top of my classic forehead, or to arrange my necktie; but from now on I shall do so in greater haste than formerly, for this old Irish face, and especially this aristocratic nose of mine, is anything but inspiring. I think I shall eventually make my toilet in the dark, or, at least, without consulting a mirror. The Methodist preachers of "Ye Olden Time" practiced doing that as an asset in the general equipment of an itinerant. They all shaved clean, and as they went to so many places where there were no mirrors they prepared themselves to do without them.

Talking about mirrors, the Bible has something to say of them as an illustration. St. James, for example, speaks of men who "look into the perfect law of liberty" and do not continue to obey it, and says that they are like a man "who beholds his natural face in a glass, and goeth straightway and forgetteth what manner of man he is." This law of liberty—this gospel of ours—is a wonderful reflector; it shows us up just as we are. Every one can see himself reflected there. Perhaps that is why some people do not like to "look into" it. Only handsome people, or those who think themselves so, are fond of gazing into a mirror. Homely people like this writer and some other better writers than this, do not waste much time feasting their eyes upon the rugged outlines of their physiognomy, and what is true of the view of the body is true also of the contemplation of the soul, if, indeed, the "beauty of holiness" is not reflected from the great spiritual mirror which shows us as we are. We like to be flattered even when we know that it is flattery, and as the gospel is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart, if those thoughts and intents are not what they ought to be, we turn away to listen to those who cry, "Peace, peace," even when there is no rational hope for it. Strange, passing strange, is this, but it is true.

Happy, fortunate, is the man who, when he sees his deformity, proceeds to remedy it.

I do not know whether other preachers are afflicted in like manner, but I am capable of great and scandalous failures in the pulpit. I have been hoping for years that I might overcome this evil, but as I grow older I seem to get worse. I seldom preach up to my standard. No matter how carefully I prepare, I am seldom satisfied with the delivery of a sermon. When I was younger it was not so. It seemed to me in those days that I was a great preacher. I was very literary, and my discourses abounded in historical and poetical illustrations. I was scientific also, and it was nothing for me to take up a scientist by the back of the neck and shake him like a dog shaking a rat. I am reminded just now of an incident in my ministry at McKinney some years ago. I preached at eleven o'clock one Sunday morning on the wisdom of this world as contrasted with the wisdom of God. My theme led me out into the history of the world and its philosophy, etc. At the evening hour I preached an evangelistic sermon, and there was considerable response, some coming to the altar and asking for the prayers of the Church. As I walked home, in company with Bro. Welch, one of the leading laymen of the Church, a brother who had been much moved by the sermon, caught

up with us, and taking me by the arm, and in a voice full of emotion said: "O, brother! I certainly did enjoy the sermon to-night; it fed and comforted me. I love so much better to hear about Christ and his love than I do to hear about Caesar and them." Brother Welch never got through teasing me about "Caesar and them." And it was a lesson to me. I have profited much during the intervening years by it. Yes, Caesar and them are well enough in their places, but when poor, hungry, sinful, burdened people go to the house of God they need to hear and they love to hear about the love of the blessed Christ.

But I began this paragraph by bewailing the fact that I do not preach as satisfactorily to myself as formerly. It may be that I am constantly raising the standard. Sure I am that every time I hear a great sermon I feel like I was very far below the proper mark. Sometimes I am almost tempted to run for the office of presiding elder; not that those beloveds do not preach; not at all. It is the common report that they all preach "with great power and acceptability." But it sometimes occurs to me that if I were on a district I could get soap enough from one preacher to lather the congregation of another. Moreover, I could preach the same sermon at Bethlehem one Sunday that I had preached at Bugscuffe the Sunday before; could repeat, indeed, without limit, and thus could perfect some sermons at least. In a station I am shut up to the preaching of a given sermon only once; and no man can make a perfect sermon who does not preach it oftener than that. But I am a station preacher, and will never be anything else, perhaps. I have been in that kind of work so long that, it may be, I cannot change and do better. In the meantime, I will work well the field allotted to me. That should be the prime object of every preacher. The appointment for another year, and from year to year, will take care of itself.

It is borne in on me more and more, that what we need above everything else is, not new machinery but more power. We are just organized nearly, if not quite to the limit. And I note that every new "movement" is manned by the same old bunch. The "Laymen's Movement," the "Wesley Adult Bible Class," the "Baraca Class" and now the "Men and Religion" movement. In all these, or in most all these, the same people are leaders. And they all require time, effort and money. It seems to me that we are just dividing and splitting up and forming circles within circles until we are working our workers to death, running machinery, while the output is far from satisfactory and, as truthful James would remark, "The end does not justify the proceedings." I do not wish to get in the way of any kind of "Forward Movement" that has for its object the bringing in of the kingdom of God, but I must say, with the lights before me, that we need more consecration to the work already on foot than we do any more organizations or "movements." So far as I can see, the "institutions" of the Church which have been created by the General Conference, if properly "supported" (and we promised that we would do our part in that matter, when we joined the Church), it seems to me, I say, that if this were done, if these vows were conscientiously "paid," we would have plenty to do inside our own pale. If this be treason, make the most of it.

It is amusing, sometimes disgusting, to me to see how seriously some people, especially some preachers, take themselves. They would "appear unto men to fast." They have taken on a certain look, and tone of voice that are evidently unnatural, with the delusion (and it is a delusion), that such acting enhances their importance and gives additional weight to their utterances. I once heard a brother announce a lecture on irrigation in a tone and with a solemnity of face more befitting the delivery of a funeral oration at the grave of his mother! The thing was absolutely funny. Another abominable abuse is the habit of repeating the announcements after the service, sometimes while the people are retiring from the church. "Don't forget to come; everybody is invited; you must come; now, be on time; remember the hour; you will be greatly benefited; bring everybody with you you can," etc. All this shouted out in a high key, with no one paying attention whatever! I do wish brethren would stop such foolishness. Make the announcement at the beginning of the service, and when the worship is concluded, "pass the appropriation bill and go home." I am more and more impressed with the fact that the average preacher shoots over the heads of his congregation. He talks to the people in the language of the books, and very few of his "beloved auditors" have ever read them. The great truths of

the gospel can be presented to the most ignorant people, but they must be set forth in the language of the street, the shop, the farm and the railroad. This means that the intelligent and successful preacher must be a translator. He must find and use, in the "common talk," a vehicle for the expression of the thoughts contained in the books and the schools. This means work; for it is no easy matter to talk about high things to children, and the great mass of the people are no more than children when it comes to the deep things of God. It matters not how learned a man may be in other matters, he is liable, in this respect, to be as ignorant as his little ten-year-old child. Preachers sometimes fail to think of this when preaching to learned and well-equipped professional men. The temptation is to aim high, erroneously supposing that the learned hearer is already in possession of all rudimentary information concerning these things. Great mistake! The fact that a man is a great lawyer, doctor or other eminent professional, does not bring him nearer the apprehension of divine truth, and for two reasons: His pre-eminence in his profession argues that his time has been spent in thought and labor pertaining to it, and to the neglect of other considerations; and then the gospel is not projected upon the intellectual plane, but finds its response in the realm of the affections. It is in this realm, upon this plane and only upon it, that all men can meet. They are differentiated by a thousand accidents of heredity, environment and evolution; but every one, whatever his mental equipment, is capable of loving and also of reciprocating the love of another. They, and they only, who love, dwell in God, and God in them. The result is, that the "little child" is a type of the real citizen of the kingdom.

Some years ago an ignorant but consecrated local preacher was holding a revival in a certain town in this State while the District Court was in session at the same place. The old Judge was a very intelligent, but a very worldly, even wicked man. But one evening he attended the meeting, was convicted of his sins, and when penitents were invited, went forward and knelt at the altar for prayer. Two or three members of the bar in that town did likewise. The leading members of the Church became much wrought up at the prospect of catching some large fish, and sent at once for a couple of "big preachers" who lived in an adjoining city. They came, they saw, but they did not conquer. Fact was, the Judge quit going to the altar, and sat back in the church, an interested, but, apparently, an unmoved listener. After these big guns had been shelling the woods for several days without effect, so far as the Judge was concerned, one brother lawyer, who was a Church member, ventured to ask the old Jurist why he had given up the matter of seeking religion? And the Judge replied, that if he "wished to know anything about science, art or any other branch of the wisdom of this world, he went to those who made a speciality of such things, but when he sought light on the way to reconciliation with God, he applied to those whose speciality it was to dispense that light." Then with a bitter, almost sarcastic smile, he added: "I know as much as I want to about all these worldly things, but know nothing about spiritual things; and that old local preacher you had leading the meeting when I first began to attend it, did not seem to know anything except religion. Fact is, the only thing he seemed to know, was just the one thing I wished to know; but you shoved him under a bench, and put up these scholarly men to talk to me about science and all that, when such things are farthest from my thoughts. I want to listen to some one who has a message red-hot from the King."

The reader can imagine the rest. Now these were good people, and they did what they thought was best. They loved God, the Church and the soul of that old Judge; but they took the wrong course to catch him, led astray by the common error that God is a "respector of persons," which he is not. The high are brought low, and the humble are exalted in his sight. All are saved upon the same conditions, "repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."

I heard of one preacher who when a big lawyer joined his Church one morning at the close of the service, stood up in the pulpit and flattered, "palavered" and went on at a most outrageous and ridiculous rate, until the whole congregation was disgusted. One of them remarked to this writer, that "had the joiner been just an ordinary carpenter, the preacher would have closed the service without saying more than was laid down in the ritual." It is just such toadyism as this upon the part of a preacher here and there, that gives an "up-

per-cut" to every man who wears the cloth! I thank God that I can say I never flattered any man for any cause, and it makes me feel good to think about it.

EXPERIENCE.

It has been said that a Georgia dake never gets too much watermelon. Even so with experience, especially if it is of the class that brings forth fruit unto holiness and the end everlasting life. However, in such a case we must needs use what Bishop Galoway called the perpendicular pronoun. Fifty-seven years ago I was converted. In the month of April while hoeing corn alone in the bend of the creek this covenant was made with the Master: Should life last till the September meeting at the Methodist church the farmer boy would join the Church and consecrate himself for all time to come to the service of the Master. Aside from a very good mother, the family was not religious, so he read the Bible only on the sly. There was not a Sunday-school in the county, the place for secret prayer was at the root of a post oak tree bending south behind the blacksmith shop. When it was raining he stood up, otherwise, like Paul and other good people, he knelt to pray. "Give me a clean heart and I will do what I can to keep it clean" was the burden of his petition. As the time approached the burden increased and to make the matter complex, an older brother came into the church that night and took his seat just between me and the altar, evidently a trick of Satan to defeat me. As soon as the call was made promptly it was accepted; also as soon as the door of the Church was open, greatly to the surprise of the preacher, that opportunity was embraced also. To say that farmer boy went home happy that night is to express the truth very mildly. His first decided conviction was to get a job of some sort and make one dollar for each one of the preachers. Uncle John Adams says the Master had to nearly kill him before he could learn any sense on the money question. Not so in this case. To split red oak rails by moonshine at 59 cents per hundred was his only chance. Coon dog fashion he stuck to his job till the money (\$3) was paid—the first money he ever handled in his life. Some said pay it to the steward, Uncle John Sampsy, father of our W. A. Sampsy. He and Joel B. Malden were down at the hotel tugging over the fourth agony, as it is called. The boy was greeted with a smile as he walked in saying he had some money for the preachers. This one is for the presiding elder, this one for the P. C., this one for the J. P., which was supposed to be the last word on the subject. Not so. There was a dead halt. The boy went over it again. This one is for Brother Dougald Carmichael, P. E. Yes. This one for W. P. Miller. Yes. This one for Neil Gillis. Yes. But nobody touched the money and there was another dead halt. Finally Brother Sampsy said: "Wallace, it may be that you just want to pay some quarterage." "Quarterage?" said he; "what is quarterage?" "It is the money with which we pay the preachers." "All right, if that is the name of it," and out of the house he went with a rush.

At the time it was regarded as a very common-place occurrence. Not so now. Possibly a few cases might be found more heroic. Not many.

Let's ring the changes on that first dollar made for and paid to the presiding elder. As Dr. J. J. Lafferty would say, that was pitching the tune on a high key with reference to connectional Methodism, yet none too high, for all informed people know that aside from the Bishopric the eldership is the most important wheel in our machinery. Not always so regarded, I am sorry to say. Over forty years ago prominent men, both in and out of the pulpit, said to us young preachers, "Drive down a stake, boys, and stay by it." The old order is gone never to return. Even here in Texas only a few years ago there was a great howl demanding a layman in the cabinet, and most of all it has been demanded that the eldership be lehornd. This scribe was neighbor to the brother that wrote that article and while he was at his home expostulating as best he could the postman delivered him a letter from a station preacher that was most hearty in his approval, saying, "You are just right." Strange to say, that same man is in charge of a Texas district with horns as long as the longest!

Yes, the tune was pitched on a high key at the start and the chorus has been sung to the same all these years. Possibly some may doubt this statement, yet they will find out by waiting. Fraternally,

W. W. GRAHAM.

"Buds may be nipped and flowers may fade, yea, man may cease, but memory never dies!"

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Obituaries

The space allowed obituaries is twenty to twenty-five lines, or about 175 or 180 words. The privilege is reserved of condensing all obituary notices. Parties desiring such notices to appear in full as written should remit money to cover excess of space, to-wit: At the rate of **One Cent Per Word.** Money should accompany all orders. Resolutions of respect will not be inserted in the obituary Department under any circumstances, but if paid for will be inserted in another column.

Poetry Can in No Case be Inserted. Extra copies of paper containing obituaries can be procured if ordered when manuscript is sent. Price, five cents per copy.

FLAGLER.—Susan Viola Flagler was born Sept. 28, 1893, and died Oct. 24, 1911. A few days of seeming indisposition, when ambition held to the tasks of the schoolroom, became a serious attack of appendicitis, and a start was made for the hospital for an operation. About halfway between Arp and Palestine Susie told her father she could not live, and with a quiet confidence that seemed to look into the very face of God beyond the shadows, she sent her messages of love to those at home and waited without fear for the moment of passage. From the Sister of Charity at the hospital came the tribute, "It is an honor to a parent to have a child die like that." Brought up in a home whose atmosphere is faith in God and submission to his will, she left in death a memory of unflinching trust that makes lighter and brighter the hour of sorrow for the loved ones. Just a few weeks before her family had been united in Church membership, and all the children out of the Church tendered in baptism to God. When the family is united in the happier life there will be at least this one unmarked and unscarred by this world's troubles. Tender and gentle spirit, affectionate in disposition, simple in faith, her short life was still an influence for good; and the tears of schoolmates who marched in a body to her grave witnessed the love won in the schoolroom and on the playground. Wistfully she was looking to womanhood as a time of service to God; willingly she faced death as an immediate path to His presence. God's comfort is in the home, where his will is not questioned, and where reunion is not merely a hope, but an assured expectation.

WALTER W. ARMSTRONG, Pastor.

MARTIN.—Little Madge Martin was born in Tyler, Smith County, Texas, June 10, 1908, and died in the place of her birth October 24, 1911. She was the only child of J. A. and Nellie May Martin. She was only sick a few days, being taken with a severe case of diphtheria. Father and mother, with the help of a skilled doctor and loving friends did all they could for her recovery, but to no avail. Little Madge seemed to realize the end was coming, and spoke in an endearing way to the broken-hearted parents. She had lived long enough to become the sunshine of the home, and the joy of father and mother. Her little feet had found the way to Sunday-school, and she was one of the little sunbeams of love, and hope and cheer to brighten up the shadows that often gather here. But God has called her to be with him. She has escaped many of the cares and ordeals through which the people of this world must go, and has gone to enrich that kingdom of which Jesus has told us, which must be a great place, filled with jewels like Madge. May the good Lord give papa and mamma and friends grace to meet her there. May they not weep as those without hope.

B. C. ANDERSON, Pastor.

PERSONAL

All pastors desiring my services in revival meetings please notify me as early as possible. I am arranging all my dates so that we can give at least three full Sundays to each meeting.

D. L. COALE,
Sta. A, Ft. Worth.

KIMBELL.—bell (nee McL 9, 1840, in Chan She was married June 1, 185 Louisiana. He she lived in 1 seven years an Nevada, Texas months and 2 with relatives, ty, Texas, near died. There w four sisters in cept two siste Mrs. Fronie W river in her ad verted and jo South, at 11 y history as a Ch consistency an interests of the heart and she ices of the hou having been be 1897, with an eighteen years, speak of her my thought sh neeted with her The three siste Nett," "Aunt Fronie." The; "Aunt Nett" b then "Aunt Fr Frank." They of sterling wor been so fortun sisters have 1 peculiar force, me to estimat from them duri consistency, pu such characters to the world an inestimable loss sisters, "Aunt Fronie," lived to in the closest life. The act the other. "A wonderful. "At life was charac warmth, stren steadiness. Th and purity. Sh nance. Her ch fest in express force of convic and prity. She in thought and to others. Mos of the highest a from among us, pastor, preache assisted by the in the presence congregation, a loved her rem and laid them ; till the resurre and loved ones part no more. spiration to thos tinuously beck home in the s sorrow, but the happy reunion gives great con faith we antic

FOWLER.—H subject of this Ringgold, Ga., died in Forney, He leaves a d girl of about 6 untimely death, one brother an was a loyal met Church and wh past five years hibited the best patience and re ing the entire p His last years waiting for his answering it be into rest and richest blessings; the Holy Ghos reaved family a

LAWRENCE

"Man makes 1 or his fellows w

A HAPPY HOME

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A healthy blood. Pure bloo Health m Take no Substi

Better Than Spanking

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box 187, South Bend, Ind., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child; the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulty by day or night.

KIMBELL—Mrs. Sarah Nettie Kimbell (nee McLendon) was born Dec. 9, 1840, in Chambers County, Alabama. She was married to George W. Kimbell June 1, 1858, in Clairborne Parish, Louisiana. He died July 23, 1874, and she lived in her widowhood thirty-seven years and died Aug. 7, 1911, in Nevada, Texas, aged 71 years, 7 months and 28 days. In 1879 she, with relatives, moved to Collin County, Texas, near the point where she died. There were nine brothers and four sisters in the family. All except two sisters, Mrs. "Frank" and Mrs. Fronie White, had crossed the river in her advance. She was converted and joined the M. E. Church, South, at 11 years of age. Her whole history as a Christian was marked by consistency and devotion. The best interests of the Church was upon her heart and she delighted in the services of the house of God. The fact of having been her pastor from 1893 to 1897, with an acquaintance of about eighteen years, enables the writer to speak of her from knowledge. In my thought she is inseparably connected with her two surviving sisters. The three sisters were called "Aunt Nett", "Aunt Frank" and "Aunt Fronie." They were all widows. "Aunt Nett" became a widow first, then "Aunt Fronie" and last "Aunt Frank." They were of a fine family of sterling worth. Those who have been so fortunate as to know these sisters have received an uplift of peculiar force. It is impossible for me to estimate the profit received from them during my pastorate. The consistency, purity and strength of such characters are a great blessing to the world and when they pass an inestimable loss is sustained. The two sisters, "Aunt Nett" and "Aunt Fronie," lived together for many years in the closest union of heart and life. The act of one was the act of the other. The mutual devotion was wonderful. "Aunt Nett's" religious life was characterized by deep piety, warmth, strength, uniformity and steadiness. The spirit of light, love and purity. She was most charitable nance. Her character was so manifest in expression as to carry the force of conviction of its sweetness and prity. She was most charitable in thought and expression in regard to others. Most assuredly a woman of the highest and best type has gone from among us. Rev. J. B. Davis, her pastor, preached the funeral sermon, assisted by the writer in the service, in the presence of a large and serious congregation, and loving friends followed her remains to the cemetery and laid them away to rest in peace till the resurrection morn, when she and loved ones shall meet again to part no more. Such a life gives inspiration to those left behind and continuously beckons them toward the home in the skies. Our loss gives sorrow, but the inspiring hope of a happy reunion in the eternal city gives great consolation and in joyful faith we anticipate that day.

Convalescence. Convalescence is sometimes merely apparent, not real, and especially is this true after such diseases as pneumonia, typhoid fever and the grip. To make it real and rapid, there is no other tonic so highly to be recommended as Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine cleanses and renews the blood, strengthens all the organs and functions and restores health. Take Hood's.

"Would man be master of himself; then let him enter the audience chamber of his heart, and scrutinize the guests he entertains!"

NORTHWEST TEX. CONFERENCE

Clarendon District—First Round. Newlin Cir., at Newlin, Nov. 23. Hedley Cir., at Lela Lake, Nov. 25, 26. Canadian Sta., Dec. 3, 4. Catalina, at Gageby Valley, Dec. 6. Wheeler Cir., at Wheeler, Dec. 9, 10. Shamrock Sta., Dec. 11. Claude Sta., Dec. 16, 17. Washburn, at Washburn, Dec. 18. Goodnight, Dec. 19. Clarendon Sta., Dec. 23, 24. Wellington Cir., at Kelly, Dec. 29. Wellington Sta., Dec. 30, 31. Higgins Sta., Jan. 6, 7. Moberlie Cir., at Moberlie, Jan. 9. Miami and Pampa, at M., Jan. 10. McLean Sta., Jan. 12. Groom, at Groom, Jan. 13, 14. Quail Cir., at New Hope, Jan. 19. Plymouth, at Lee's Chapel, Jan. 20, 21. The District Stewards will meet at the Methodist Church at Clarendon, Dec. 14, at 2 p. m. J. W. STORV, P. E.

Stamford District—First Round. Bomarton, Dec. 2, 3. Goree, Dec. 3, 4. Manday, 8 p. m., Dec. 6. Tuxedo, Dec. 9, 10. Throckmorton, 8 p. m., Dec. 15. Lone Star, Dec. 16, 17. Woodson, 11 a. m., Dec. 18. Albany, Dec. 30, 31. Ayoca, 11 a. m., Jan. 3. Haskell Sta., Jan. 6, 7. Haskell Miss., 11 a. m., Jan. 10. Stamford, St. John's, Jan. 14. Stamford, Ward Memorial and Luaders, 8 p. m., Jan. 15. Weimert, 11 a. m., Jan. 17. Spring Creek, 11 a. m., Jan. 26. Seymour Miss., at S., 11 a. m., Jan. 27. Seymour Sta., Jan. 27, 28. The District Stewards will meet in Stamford, Nov. 29, at 10 a. m. Let every District Steward try and be present. Let all the stewards of every charge began their work at once. Get an even start with the new conference year and keep at their work regularly and systematically and all will round out well at the end. J. G. PUTMAN, P. E.

Big Spring District—First Round. Lamasa and Tahoka, at L., 7:30 p.m., Nov. 23. Brownfield, at Brownfield, Nov. 25, 26. Gomez, at Harris, Nov. 28. Seminole, Dec. 1. Andrews, at Andrews, Dec. 23. Stanton Miss., at Williamson, Dec. 9, 10. Stanton Sta., Dec. 10, 11. Gail, at Durham, Dec. 16, 17. Big Spring Miss., at Center Point, Dec. 23, 24. Coahoma, at Arr-Barr, Dec. 30, 31. Odonell, at Odonell, Jan. 5. Post City, Jan. 6, 7. District Stewards will meet at Big Spring, 10 a. m., Dec. 6. Let officials attend these meetings as duty demands. W. H. TERRY, P. E.

Amarillo District—First Round. Channing, Dec. 2, 3. H. M. Horn, District Steward. Dalhart, Dec. 7. J. S. Bailey, District Steward. Tealine, Dec. 8. M. B. Sherwood, District Steward. Stratford, Dec. 11. T. J. Nolan, District Steward. Dumas, Dec. 12. J. H. Phillips, District Steward. Plemans, Dec. 16, 17. Champ Traylor, District Steward. Hansford, Dec. 19. R. L. McLeland, District Steward. Ochiltree, Dec. 21. R. I. Hannah, District Steward. Glazier, Dec. 23, 24. P. P. Bates, District Steward. Panhandle, Dec. 31, Jan. 1. G. O. Walker, District Steward. Bovina, Jan. 6, 7. D. O. Stallings, District Steward. Hereford, Jan. 8. G. A. F. Parker, District Steward. Canyon, Jan. 9. D. A. Parke, District Steward. Amarillo, Polk Street, Jan. 11. J. D. Bartlett, District Steward. Amarillo, B. and H. Streets, Jan. 12. H. K. Humphries, District Steward. Wildorado, at Vega, Jan. 13, 14. Jesse Giles, District Steward. The Arbiters for the Amarillo-Clarendon Districts are called to meet in Amarillo, Tuesday, Nov. 28. The Amarillo District Trustees will meet in Amarillo, Thursday, Nov. 30. The District Stewards will meet in Polk Street Church, Amarillo, Friday, 2:30 p. m., Dec. 1. O. P. KIKER, P. E.

Abilene District—First Round. Baird, Nov. 25, 26. Ovalo, at O., Dec. 2, 3. Caps, at Wiley, Dec. 3, 4. Merkel, Dec. 9, 10. Trent, at T., Dec. 10, 11. Tye, at Tye, Dec. 16, 17. Anson, Dec. 23, 24. St. Paul, Dec. 31. First Church, Jan. 7. Hawley, at Hawley, Jan. 13, 14. Denton, at Denton, Jan. 20, 21. Clyde, at Eula, Jan. 21, 22. Cross Plains, at C. P., Jan. 27, 28. Putnam, at P., Feb. 3, 4. Eastland, at E., 7 p. m., Feb. 10, 11. Tenth Street, at B. C., Feb. 17, 18. Nugent, at Ward's Ch., Feb. 17, 18. GUS BARNES, P. E.

CENTRAL TEXAS CONFERENCE Cisco District—First Round. Ramser, at P., Dec. 2, 3. Eolian at Pisgah, Dec. 9, 10. Breckenridge, at B., Dec. 10, 11. Wayland, at Acker, Dec. 9, 17. Carls, at Mt. Zion, Dec. 17, 18. Eastland, at E., 7 p. m., Dec. 20. Cisco, Dec. 23, 27. Deslemona, at D., 11 a. m., Dec. 29. Staff, at Flatwoods, Dec. 30, 31. Pioneer, at Pleasant V., Jan. 6, 7. Rising Star, at R. S., Jan. 7, 8. Sire Springs, at S., Jan. 13, 14. Scranton, at S., 11 a. m., Jan. 17. Cisco Cir., at Bluff B., Jan. 20, 21. Carbon, at Bear S., Jan. 27, 28. The District Stewards will please meet at the Methodist Church in Cisco, at 7 p. m., November 28. C. E. LINDSEY, P. E.

Weatherford District—First Round. Weatherford, First Church, Nov. 19, 20. Strawn and Mings, Nov. 25, 26. Thurber, evening, Nov. 26. Graham Miss., at Upper Tonk, Dec. 2, 3. Graham Sta., at G., Dec. 3, 4. Elbasville, at E., Dec. 4. Aledo, at A., Dec. 9, 10.

Weatherford District—First Round. Weatherford, First Church, Nov. 19, 20. Strawn and Mings, Nov. 25, 26. Thurber, evening, Nov. 26. Graham Miss., at Upper Tonk, Dec. 2, 3. Graham Sta., at G., Dec. 3, 4. Elbasville, at E., Dec. 4. Aledo, at A., Dec. 9, 10.

Couts Memorial, at C. M., Dec. 10, 11. Gordon, at G., Dec. 16, 17. Santo, at S., Dec. 17, 18. Millipap, at M., Dec. 23, 24. New Castle, at N. C., Dec. 31, Jan. 1. Olney, at O., Jan. 5. Loving, at Redtop, Jan. 6, 7. Azle, at A., Jan. 13, 14. Whitt, at W., Jan. 20, 21. Springtown, at S., Jan. 27, 28. Grafard, at Salesville, Feb. 3, 4. Mineral Wells, at M. W., Feb. 4, 5. Weatherford Cir., at Lambert, Feb. 7. JAS. CAMPBELL, P. E.

Brownwood District—First Round. Blanket, Dec. 2, 3. Coleman Miss., at Bethel, Dec. 8. Bangs Cir., at Bangs, Dec. 9, 10. Brownwood Mission, at B., Dec. 10, 11. Winchell Cir., at Trickham, Dec. 16, 17. Santa Anna, Dec. 17, 18. Indian Creek, at Indian Creek, Dec. 20. Ray Circuit, at Holder, Dec. 23, 24. Gouldsboro Circuit, at Wesley Chapel (Fisk), Dec. 30, 31. Talpa and Valera, at Valera, Dec. 31, Jan. 1. Brownwood, Jan. 4. Coleman, Jan. 6, 7. Glenview Cir., at Crews, Jan. 13, 14. Winters, Jan. 14, 15, 27, 28. Wingate, at Pumpfrey, Jan. 16. Norton Cir., at Maverick, Jan. 18. Robert Lee, at Robert Lee, Jan. 20, 21. Bronte, Jan. 21, 22. Ballinger, Jan. 27, 28. The District Stewards will meet at Brownwood, Thursday, December 14. J. H. STEWART, P. E.

Georgetown District—First Round. Hutto, at Hutto, Nov. 25, 26. Georgetown Sta., Nov. 26, 27. Belton Cir., at Midway, Dec. 2, 3. Rogers Sta., Dec. 3, 4, 5, 10. Salado, at Bell Plains, Dec. 9, 10. Belton Sta., Dec. 11. Temple Sta., Dec. 13. Florence and Mt. Horch, at F., Dec. 16, 17. Corn Hill and Weir, at Weir, Dec. 23, 24. Troy Cir., at Troy, Dec. 30, 31. Temple, Seventh Street, Dec. 31. Hoyal Cir., at Holland, Jan. 6, 7. Bartlett Sta., Jan. 7, 8. Grainger and Jonah, at G., Jan. 13, 14. Taylor Sta., Jan. 14, 15. The Board of District Stewards will please meet at Granger, Thursday, Nov. 23, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. W. H. VAUGHAN, P. E.

Hillsboro District—First Round. Brandon Cir., at Brandon, Dec. 2, 3. Irene Cir., at Irene, Dec. 3, 4. Mungler Cir., at Mungler, Dec. 9, 10. Goodledge Sta., at C. G., evening, Dec. 9, 10. Covington and C. O., Dec. 19, 17. Itasca, at Itasca, Dec. 17, 18. Hillsboro, First Church, evening, Dec. 20. Hillsboro, Line Street, evening, Dec. 21. Lovelace Circuit, at Lovelace, Dec. 30, 31. Delta Cir., at Watt, Jan. 6, 7. Kirk's Circuit, at Kirk, Jan. 7, 8. Penelope, at Penelope, Jan. 13. Hubbard, at Hubbard, Jan. 14, 15. Huron Cir., at Huron, Jan. 20, 21. Peoria, at Peoria, Jan. 21, 22. Abbott Cir., at Abbott, Jan. 27, 28. The District Stewards will meet in Hillsboro at the Methodist Church on Waco Street, at 7:30 in the evening, November 28. HORACE BISHOP, P. E.

Cleburne District—First Round. Burleson, at B., Dec. 9, 10. Joshua, at J., Dec. 12. Cresson, at C., Dec. 16, 17. Blum, at B., Dec. 19. Grandview Cir., at Watts Ch., Dec. 21. Godley, at Bono, Dec. 23, 24. Venus, Dec. 30, 31. Lillian, at Cahill Ch., Jan. 6, 7. Alvarado, Jan. 7, 8. Granbury Miss., at Membrino, Jan. 13, 14. Granbury, Jan. 14, 15. George Creek Miss., at White Ch., Jan. 20, 21. Glen Rose, Jan. 21, 22. Grandview, Jan. 27, 28. Morgan, at M., Feb. 3, 4. Walnut Springs, Feb. 4, 5. Cleburne, Main St., Feb. 11, 12. Cleburne, Austin, Street, Feb. 13. Cleburne, Brazos Ave., Feb. 14. The Preachers and Missionary Conference will be held Dec. 12-14. The place will be given later. E. A. SMITH, P. E.

Waco District—First Round. Austin Avenue, 11 a. m., Nov. 26. Elm Street, 7 p. m., Nov. 26. Aquilla, at Aquilla, Dec. 2, 3. Whitney, Dec. 3, 4. Lorena, at Lorena, Dec. 9, 10. China, at China, Dec. 16, 17. Bossqueville, at Greenwood, Dec. 17, 18. Mt. Calm, at Mt. Calm, Dec. 19. Bruceville and Eddy, at B., Dec. 20. Herring Avenue, 11 a. m., Dec. 24. Clay Street, 7 p. m., Dec. 24. West, at Elm Mott, Dec. 30, 31. Reisel, at Reisel, Jan. 6, 7. Mart, Jan. 7, 8. Fifth Street, 11 a. m., Jan. 14. Morrow Street, 7 p. m., Jan. 14. Hewitt, at Hewitt, Jan. 20, 21. W. B. ANDREWS, P. E.

Dublin District—First Round. Harbin and Green's Creek, at G. C. Dec. 9, 10. Dublin, Dec. 10, 11. Comanche Cir., at Duncan, Dec. 16, 17. Comanche Sta., Dec. 17, 18. Harmony, at Fleming, Dec. 19. Gustine, Dec. 20. Stephenville Cir., at Sylvan, Dec. 23. Stephenville Sta., Dec. 23, 24. DeLeon Cir., at Rosa's Chapel, Dec. 30, 31. DeLeon Sta., Dec. 31, Jan. 1. Bnyan, at Corinth, Jan. 6, 7. Huckabay, at H., Jan. 7, 8. Gorman, Jan. 10. Duffan, Jan. 13, 14. Hico, Jan. 15. Carlton, at Olin, Jan. 16. Irebell, Jan. 20, 21. Bluffdale, Jan. 26. Tolar and Lipan, Jan. 27, 28. Reavis, at Reavis, Feb. 3, 4. Proctor, Feb. 6. M. K. LITTLE, P. E.

WEST TEXAS CONFERENCE San Angelo District—First Round. Brady, Nov. 25, 26. Lohn, Nov. 28. Elen, Nov. 30. Menard, Dec. 2, 3. Junction, Dec. 5. Rochelle, Dec. 9, 10. Sonora, Dec. 15. Eldorado, Dec. 16, 17. Ozona, Dec. 20. Water Valley, Dec. 23, 24. Sherwood, Dec. 30, 31. Sterling, Jan. 3. Garden City, Jan. 6, 7. Midland, Jan. 13, 14. Paint Rock, Jan. 20, 21. San Angelo Circuit, Jan. 27, 28. L. C. MATHIS, P. E.

Austin District—First Round. Weldonville Cir., at W., Nov. 25, 26. Winmar Cir., Dec. 2, 3. Columbus Sta., at Columbus, Dec. 3, 4. Flatonia Sta., Flatonia, Dec. 9, 10. Eagle Lake and Altair, at E. L., Dec. 10, 11. West Point Miss., at W. P., Dec. 16, 17. Lagrange and Winchester, at L., Dec. 17, 18.

Liberty Hill and Leander, Dec. 23, 24. McDade Miss., at McDade, Dec. 27. Pflugerville Miss., at P., Dec. 30, 31. First Church, at Austin, Jan. 2. South Austin, at Austin, Jan. 4. St. Luke's and Walnut, St. Luke's, Jan. 6, 7. University Church, Austin, Jan. 8. Ward Memorial, at Austin, Jan. 9. NAT. B. READ, P. E.

Llano District—First Round. Marble Falls Cir., Walnut, Nov. 26, 27. Marble Falls Sta., Nov. 26, 27. Valley Springs, Dec. 2, 3. Llano Sta., Dec. 4. District Stewards' Meeting, Dec. 5. Llano Cir., Llano, Dec. 6. Bertram, Briggs, Dec. 10, 11. Burnett, Burnett, Dec. 11, 12. Kempner, Oak Ridge, Dec. 17, 18. San Saba Cir., China, Dec. 30, 31. Richland Springs, Dec. 31, Jan. 1. Fredonia, Fredonia, Jan. 6, 7. Mason, Mason, Jan. 7, 8. Blanco, Blanco, Jan. 13, 14. Johnson City, Jan. 13, 15. J. D. SCOTT, P. E.

San Marcos District—First Round. Belmont Cir., at Nixon, 3 p.m., Nov. 25. Lidford Sta., at Lidford, 10 a.m., Nov. 27. Waelder Cir., at Thompsonville, 3 p.m., Dec. 2. Gonzales Sta., 9 a.m., Dec. 11. Segon Sta., 9 a.m., Dec. 18. Stapler Cir., at Stapler, 3 p.m., Dec. 23. Martindale Cir., Feuntes, 10 a.m., Dec. 25. Dripping Springs Cir., at Driftwood, 3 p.m., Dec. 30. San Marcos Sta., 7 p.m., Jan. 9. W. H. H. BIGGS, P. E.

Cuero District—First Round. Hallettsville, Nov. 25, 26. Rock Island, at R. I., Nov. 26, 27. Ganado, at Ganado, Dec. 2, 3. El Campo, Dec. 3, 4. Provident, at Provident, Tues., Dec. 5. Port Lavaca and Traylor, at P. L., Dec. 9, 10. Nursery, at Nursery, Dec. 10, 11. Port O'Connor, at P. O., Dec. 16, 17. Cuero, 7 p. m., Wednesday, Dec. 20. Yoakum, Dec. 23, 24. Shiner, at Shiner, Dec. 24, 25. Midfield, at Midfield, Dec. 30, 31. Palesville, at P., Jan. 1. Smiley, at Smiley, Jan. 6, 7. Nixon, Jan. 7, 8. Leesville, at Bebe, Tuesday, Jan. 9. Runge, Jan. 13, 14. Pandora, at Pandora, Jan. 20, 21. Stockdale, at Stockdale, Jan. 21, 22. Laverna, at Laverna, Jan. 23, 24. JOHN M. ALEXANDER, P. E.

Uvalde District—First Round. Dilley, at Dilley, Nov. 25, 26. Utopia Sta., Dec. 2, 3. Crystal City, Dec. 9, 10. Carrizo Springs, at C., Dec. 10, 11. Batesville, at B., Dec. 16, 17. Uvalde Sta., Dec. 17, 18. Cotulla Sta., Dec. 20. Devine and Lytle, at D., Dec. 23, 24. Laredo Sta., Dec. 30, 31. Del Rio Sta., Jan. 6, 7. Eagle Pass Sta., Jan. 7, 8. Sabinal Sta., Jan. 13, 14. Hondo Sta., Jan. 20, 21. Rock Springs, at R. S., Jan. 28, 29. S. B. BEALL, P. E.

San Antonio District—First Round. Harper, at H., Dec. 3. Center Point, Dec. 5. San Antonio Cir., at Oak Island, Dec. 10. Government Hill, Dec. 10. Banderia, Dec. 17. Medina, at M., Dec. 17. Prospect Hill, Dec. 24. South Heights, Dec. 24.ourdant, Dec. 31. Potot Cir., at P., Jan. 7. Travis Park, Jan. 14. S. H. C. BURGIN, P. E.

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NEW MEXICO CONFERENCE

Pecos Valley District—First Round. Elida, Nov. 18, 19. Portales, Nov. 25, 26. Rogers, Dec. 2, 3. Clovis, Dec. 9, 10. Blacktown, Dec. 10, 11. Texico, Dec. 16, 17. Malaga, Dec. 23, 24. Carlshad, Dec. 24, 25. Lovington, Dec. 30, 31. Pecos, Jan. 6, 7. Toyah, Jan. 7, 8. Fort Stockton, Jan. 10. Odessa, Jan. 13, 14. Artesia, Jan. 17. Hope, Jan. 20, 21. Sacramento Mts., Jan. 24. Roswell, Jan. 27, 28. I. B. COCHRAN, P. E. Postoffice, Artesia, N. M.

El Paso District—First Round. Deming, Nov. 18, 19. Lordsburg, Nov. 21, 22. La Mesa, Nov. 25, 26. Las Cruces, Nov. 29. El Paso, Trinity, Dec. 2, 3. Clint, Dec. 3, 4. Alamogordo, Dec. 6, 7. Alamo, Dec. 16, 17. Maria, Dec. 19, 20. Seira Blanco, Dec. 23, 24. Hondale, Dec. 27, 28. Sanderson, Dec. 30, 31. F. El Paso, Jan. 3, 4. Highland Park, Jan. 7, 8. District Stewards' meeting at Trinity, El Paso, December 1. J. ALLEN RAY, P. E. 1167 Boulevard, El Paso.

Albuquerque District—First Round. San Marcial, Nov. 18, 19. Magdalena, Nov. 25, 26. Moriarty, Dec. 2, 3. Watrous, Dec. 9, 10. McAlister, Dec. 16, 17. McAlister, Dec. 16, 17. Carrizozo, Dec. 23, 24. Cerrillos, Dec. 30, 31. Star, Jan. 13, 14. Tucumcari, Jan. 20, 21. Tucumcari Cir., Jan. 22, 23. San Jon, Jan. 25. Cimarron, Jan. 27, 28. Clayton Cir., Feb. 5, 4. Let the stewards increase the assessments for pastors' salaries in each charge this year. Failure to do this will cripple the work in your charge for the whole year and perhaps for years to come. J. H. MESSER, P. E.

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JUST ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER.

By Gulliver.

One of the great fads now among the women is "beauty-sleep." Being a little short on good looks I concluded to try it myself. I did not have much faith in it; but a drowning man will catch at a straw, and I was growing so increasingly unbecomingly that I ventured to try the siesta. For the last two or three months, every day just after lunch I lay down on a cot in my study and cuddled up into the arms of Morpheus, for about one-half hour. To-day I made a close and critical survey of my facial topography, and I give it as my unqualified opinion that I am homelier now than I was before I began the "treatment," and that is saying something. No; the thing is a dead failure, and I am prepared to furnish a demonstration of it any time it is thought necessary for the general welfare. I seldom ever look into a mirror except to part the few remaining hairs on the top of my classic forehead, or to arrange my necktie; but from now on I shall do so in greater haste than formerly, for this old Irish face, and especially this aristocratic nose of mine, is anything but inspiring. I think I shall eventually make my toilet in the dark, or, at least, without consulting a mirror. The Methodist preachers of "Ye Olden Time" practiced doing that as an asset in the general equipment of an itinerant. They all shaved clean, and as they went to so many places where there were no mirrors they prepared themselves to do without them.

Talking about mirrors, the Bible has something to say of them as an illustration. St. James, for example, speaks of men who "look into the perfect law of liberty" and do not continue to obey it, and says that they are like a man "who beholds his natural face in a glass, and goeth straightway and forgetteth what manner of man he is." This law of liberty—this gospel of ours—is a wonderful reflector; it shows us up just as we are. Every one can see himself reflected there. Perhaps that is why some people do not like to "look into" it. Only handsome people, or those who think themselves so, are fond of gazing into a mirror. Homely people like this writer and some other better writers than this, do not waste much time feasting their eyes upon the rugged outlines of their physiognomy, and what is true of the view of the body is true also of the contemplation of the soul, if, indeed, the "beauty of holiness" is not reflected from the great spiritual mirror which shows us as we are. We like to be flattered even when we know that it is flattery, and as the gospel is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart, if those thoughts and intents are not what they ought to be, we turn away to listen to those who cry, "Peace, peace," even when there is no rational hope for it. Strange, passing strange, is this, but it is true.

Happy, fortunate, is the man who, when he sees his deformity, proceeds to remedy it.

I do not know whether other preachers are afflicted in like manner, but I am capable of great and scandalous failures in the pulpit. I have been hoping for years that I might overcome this evil, but as I grow older I seem to get worse. I seldom preach up to my standard. No matter how carefully I prepare, I am seldom satisfied with the delivery of a sermon. When I was younger it was not so. It seemed to me in those days that I was a great preacher. I was very literary, and my discourses abounded in historical and poetical illustrations. I was scientific also, and it was nothing for me to take up a scientist by the back of the neck and shake him like a dog shaking a rat. I am reminded just now of an incident in my ministry at McKinney some years ago. I preached at eleven o'clock one Sunday morning on the wisdom of this world as contrasted with the wisdom of God. My theme led me out into the history of the world and its philosophy, etc. At the evening hour I preached an evangelistic sermon, and there was considerable response, some coming to the altar and asking for the prayers of the Church. As I walked home, in company with Bro. Welch, one of the leading laymen of the Church, a brother who had been much moved by the sermon, caught

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up with us, and taking me by the arm, and in a voice full of emotion said: "O, brother! I certainly did enjoy the sermon to-night; it fed and comforted me. I love so much better to hear about Christ and his love than I do to hear about Caesar and them." Brother Welch never got through teasing me about "Caesar and them." And it was a lesson to me. I have profited much during the intervening years by it. Yes, Caesar and them are well enough in their places, but when poor, hungry, sinful, burdened people go to the house of God they need to hear and they love to hear about the love of the blessed Christ.

But I began this paragraph by bewailing the fact that I do not preach as satisfactorily to myself as formerly. It may be that I am constantly raising the standard. Sure I am that every time I hear a great sermon I feel like I was very far below the proper mark. Sometimes I am almost tempted to run for the office of presiding elder; not that those beloveds do not preach; not at all. It is the common report that they all preach "with great power and acceptability." But it sometimes occurs to me that if I were on a district I could get soap enough from one preacher to lather the congregation of another. Moreover, I could preach the same sermon at Bethlehem one Sunday that I had preached at Bugscuffle the Sunday before; could repeat, indeed, without limit, and thus could perfect some sermons at least. In a station I am shut up to the preaching of a given sermon only once; and no man can make a perfect sermon who does not preach it oftener than that. But I am a station preacher, and will never be anything else, perhaps. I have been in that kind of work so long that, it may be, I cannot change and do better. In the meantime, I will work well the field allotted to me. That should be the prime object of every preacher. The appointment for another year, and from year to year, will take care of itself.

It is borne in on me more and more, that what we need above everything else is, not new machinery but more power. We are just organized nearly, if not quite to the limit. And I note that every new "movement" is manned by the same old bunch. The "Laymen's Movement," the "Wesley Adult Bible Class," the "Baraca Class" and now the "Men and Religion" movement. In all these, or in most all these, the same people are leaders. And they all require time, effort and money. It seems to me that we are just dividing and splitting up and forming circles within circles until we are working our workers to death, running machinery, while the output is far from satisfactory and, as truthful James would remark, "The end does not justify the proceedings." I do not wish to get in the way of any kind of "Forward Movement" that has for its object the bringing in of the kingdom of God, but I must say, with the lights before me, that we need more consecration to the work already on foot than we do any more organizations or "movements." So far as I can see, the "institutions" of the Church which have been created by the General Conference, if properly "supported" (and we promised that we would do our part in that matter, when we joined the Church), it seems to me, I say, that if this were done, if these vows were conscientiously "paid," we would have plenty to do inside our own pale. If this be treason, make the most of it.

It is amusing, sometimes disgusting, to me to see how seriously some people, especially some preachers, take themselves. They would "appear unto men to fast." They have taken on a certain look, and tone of voice that are evidently unnatural, with the delusion (and it is a delusion), that such acting enhances their importance and gives additional weight to their utterances. I once heard a brother announce a lecture on irrigation in a tone and with a solemnity of face more befitting the delivery of a funeral oration at the grave of his mother! The thing was absolutely funny. Another abominable abuse is the habit of repeating the announcements after the service, sometimes while the people are retiring from the church. "Don't forget to come; everybody is invited; you must come; now, be on time; remember the hour; you will be greatly benefited; bring everybody with you you can," etc. All this shouted out in a high key, with no one paying attention whatever! I do wish brethren would stop such foolishness. Make the announcement at the beginning of the service, and when the worship is concluded, "pass the appropriation bill and go home."

I am more and more impressed with the fact that the average preacher shoots over the heads of his congregation. He talks to the people in the language of the books, and very few of his "beloved auditors" have ever read them. The great truths of

the gospel can be presented to the most ignorant people, but they must be set forth in the language of the street, the shop, the farm and the railroad. This means that the intelligent and successful preacher must be a translator. He must find and use, in the "common talk," a vehicle for the expression of the thoughts contained in the books and the schools. This means work; for it is no easy matter to talk about high things to children, and the great mass of the people are no more than children when it comes to the deep things of God. It matters not how learned a man may be in other matters, he is liable, in this respect, to be as ignorant as his little ten-year-old child. Preachers sometimes fail to think of this when preaching to learned and well-equipped professional men. The temptation is to aim high, erroneously supposing that the learned hearer is already in possession of all rudimentary information concerning these things. Great mistake! The fact that a man is a great lawyer, doctor or other eminent professional, does not bring him nearer the apprehension of divine truth, and for two reasons: His pre-eminence in his profession argues that his time has been spent in thought and labor pertaining to it, and to the neglect of other considerations; and then the gospel is not projected upon the intellectual plane, but finds its response in the realm of the affections. It is in this realm, upon this plane and only upon it, that all men can meet. They are differentiated by a thousand accidents of heredity, environment and evolution; but every one, whatever his mental equipment, is capable of loving and also of reciprocating the love of another. They, and they only, who love, dwell in God, and God in them. The result is, that the "little child" is a type of the real citizen of the kingdom.

Some years ago an ignorant but consecrated local preacher was holding a revival in a certain town in this State while the District Court was in session at the same place. The old Judge was a very intelligent, but a very worldly, even wicked man. But one evening he attended the meeting, was convicted of his sins, and when penitents were invited, went forward and knelt at the altar for prayer. Two or three members of the bar in that town did likewise. The leading members of the Church became much wrought up at the prospect of catching some large fish, and sent at once for a couple of "big preachers" who lived in an adjoining city. They came, they saw, but they did not conquer. Fact was, the Judge quit going to the altar, and sat back in the church, an interested, but, apparently, an unmoved listener. After these big guns had been shelling the woods for several days without effect, so far as the Judge was concerned, one brother lawyer, who was a Church member, ventured to ask the old Jurist why he had given up the matter of seeking religion? And the Judge replied, that if he "wished to know anything about science, art or any other branch of the wisdom of this world, he went to those who made a specialty of such things, but when he sought light on the way to reconciliation with God, he applied to those whose specialty it was to dispense that light." Then with a bitter, almost sarcastic smile, he added: "I know as much as I want to about all these worldly things, but know nothing about spiritual things; and that old local preacher you had leading the meeting when I first began to attend it, did not seem to know anything except religion. Fact is, the only thing he seemed to know, was just the one thing I wished to know; but you shoved him under a bench, and put up these scholarly men to talk to me about science and all that, when such things are farthest from my thoughts. I want to listen to some one who has a message red-hot from the King."

The reader can imagine the rest. Now these were good people, and they did what they thought was best. They loved God, the Church and the soul of that old Judge; but they took the wrong course to catch him, led astray by the common error that God is a "respector of persons," which he is not. The high are brought low, and the humble are exalted in his sight. All are saved upon the same conditions, "repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."

I heard of one preacher who when a big lawyer joined his Church one morning at the close of the service, stood up in the pulpit and flattered, "palavered" and went on at a most outrageous and ridiculous rate, until the whole congregation was disgusted. One of them remarked to this writer, that "had the joiner been just an ordinary carpenter, the preacher would have closed the service without saying more than was laid down in the ritual." It is just such toadyism as this upon the part of a preacher here and there, that gives an "up-

percut" to every man who wears the cloth! I thank God that I can say I never flattered any man for any cause, and it makes me feel good to think about it.

EXPERIENCE.

It has been said that a Georgia dary-ke never gets too much watermelon. Even so with experience, especially if it is of the class that brings forth fruit unto holiness and the end everlasting life. However, in such a case we must needs use what Bishop Galoway called the perpendicular pronoun. Fifty-seven years ago I was converted. In the month of April while hoeing corn alone in the bend of the creek this covenant was made with the Master: Should life last till the September meeting at the Methodist church the farmer boy would join the Church and consecrate himself for all time to come to the service of the Master. Aside from a very good mother, the family was not religious, so he read the Bible only on the sly. There was not a Sunday-school in the county, the place for secret prayer was at the root of a post oak tree bending south behind the blacksmith shop. When it was raining he stood up, otherwise, like Paul and other good people, he knelt to pray. "Give me a clean heart and I will do what I can to keep it clean" was the burden of his petition. As the time approached the burden increased and to make the matter complex, an older brother came into the church that night and took his seat just between me and the altar, evidently a trick of Satan to defeat me. As soon as the call was made promptly it was accepted; also as soon as the door of the Church was open, greatly to the surprise of the preacher, that opportunity was embraced also. To say that farmer boy went home happy that night is to express the truth very mildly. His first decided conviction was to get a job of some sort and make one dollar for each one of the preachers. Uncle John Adams says the Master had to nearly kill him before he could learn any sense on the money question. Not so in this case. To split red oak rails by moonshine at 50 cents per hundred was his only chance. Coon dog fashion he stuck to his job till the money (\$3) was paid—the first money he ever handled in his life. Some said pay it to the steward, Uncle John Sappy, father of our W. A. Sappy. He and Joel B. Malden were down at the hotel tugging over the fourth agony, as it is called. The boy was greeted with a smile as he walked in saying he had some money for the preachers. This one is for the presiding elder, this one for the P. C., this one for the J. P., which was supposed to be the last word on the subject. Not so. There was a dead halt. The boy went over it again. This one is for Brother Dougald Carmichael, P. E. Yes. This one for W. P. Miller. Yes. This one for Neil Gillis. Yes. But nobody touched the money and there was another dead halt. Finally Brother Sappy said: "Wallace, it may be that you just want to pay some quarterage." "Quarterage?" said he; "what is quarterage?" "It is the money with which we pay the preachers." "All right, if that is the name of it," and out of the house he went with a rub.

At the time it was regarded as a very common-place occurrence. Not so now. Possibly a few cases might be found more heroic. Not many.

Let's ring the changes on that first dollar made for and paid to the presiding elder. As Dr. J. J. Lafferty would say, that was pitching the tune on a high key with reference to connectional Methodism, yet none too high, for all informed people know that aside from the Bishopric the eldership is the most important wheel in our machinery. Not always so regarded, I am sorry to say. Over forty years ago prominent men, both in and out of the pulpit, said to us young preachers, "Drive down a stake, boys, and stay by it." The old order is gone never to return. Even here in Texas only a few years ago there was a great howl demanding a layman in the cabinet, and most of all it has been demanded that the eldership be zehorned. This scribe was neighbor to the brother that wrote that article and while he was at his home expostulating as best he could the postman delivered him a letter from a station preacher that was most hearty in his approval, saying, "You are just right." Strange to say, that same man is in charge of a Texas district with horns as long as the longest!

Yes, the tune was pitched on a high key at the start and the chorus has been sung to the same all these years. Possibly some may doubt this statement, yet they will find out by waiting. Fraternally.

W. W. GRAHAM.

"Buds may be nipped and flowers may fade, yea, man may cease, but memory never dies!"

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Poetry Can in No Case be Inserted.

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

FLAGLER.—Susan Viola Flagler was born Sept. 28, 1899, and died Oct. 24, 1911. A few days of seeming indisposition, when ambition held to the tasks of the schoolroom, became a serious attack of appendicitis, and a start was made for the hospital for an operation. About halfway between Arp and Palestine Susie told her father she could not live, and with a quiet confidence that seemed to look into the very face of God beyond the shadows, she sent her messages of love to those at home and waited without fear for the moment of passage. From the Sister of Charity at the hospital came the tribute, "It is an honor to a parent to have a child die like that." Brought up in a home whose atmosphere is faith in God and submission to his will, she left in death a memory of unflinching trust that makes lighter and brighter the hour of sorrow for the loved ones. Just a few weeks before her family had been united in Church membership, and all the children out of the Church tendered in baptism to God. When the family is united in the happier life there will be at least this one unmarked and unscarred by this world's troubles. Tender and gentle spirit, affectionate in disposition, simple in faith, her short life was still an influence for good; and the tears of schoolmates who marched in a body to her grave witnessed the love won in the schoolroom and on the playground. Wistfully she was looking to womanhood as a time of service to God; willingly she faced death as an immediate path to His presence. God's comfort is in the home, where his will is not questioned, and where reunion is not merely a hope, but an assured expectation.

WALTER W. ARMSTRONG,
Pastor.

MARTIN.—Little Madge Martin was born in Tyler, Smith County, Texas, June 19, 1908, and died in the place of her birth October 24, 1911. She was the only child of J. A. and Nellie May Martin. She was only sick a few days, being taken with a severe case of diphtheria. Father and mother, with the help of a skilled doctor and loving friends did all they could for her recovery, but to no avail. Little Madge seemed to realize the end was coming, and spoke in an endearing way to the broken-hearted parents. She had lived long enough to become the sunshine of the home, and the joy of father and mother. Her little feet had found the way to Sunday-school, and she was one of the little sunbeams of love, and hope and cheer to brighten up the shadows that often gather here. But God has called her to be with him. She has escaped many of the cares and ordeals through which the people of this world must go, and has gone to enrich that kingdom of which Jesus has told us, which must be a great place, filled with jewels like Madge. May the good Lord give papa and mamma and friends grace to meet her there. May they not weep as those without hope.

B. C. ANDERSON, Pastor.

LAWRENCE.—Man makes his or his fellows will

KIMBELL.—M bell (nee McLe 9, 1840, in Cham She was married bell June 1, 1858 Louisiana. He she lived in h seven years and Nevada, Texas, months and 28 with relatives, ty, Texas, near died. There w four sisters in cept two sister Mrs. Fronie W river in her a verted and join South, at 11 ye history as a Chr consistency and interests of the heart and she oices of the house having been her 1897, with an a eighteen years, speak of her my thought she netted with her The three sister Nett," "Aunt Fronie." They "Aunt Nett" be then "Aunt Fro Frank." They v of sterling wort been so fortuna sisters have r peculiar force. me to estimate from them durir consistency, pur such characters to the world an inestimable loss sisters, "Aunt Fronie," lived to in the closest life. The act of the other. The wonderful. "Au life was charact warmth, streng steadiness. The and purity. She nance. Her cha fest in expressiv force of convict and prity. She in thought and to others. Most of the highest ar from among us, pastor, preached assisted by the in the presence o congregation, an lowed her rema and laid them a till the resurrec and loved ones part no more. spiration to thos tinuously becko home in the sk sorrow, but the happy reunion gives great cons faith we anticip

FOWLER.—Hu subject of this Ringgold, Ga. died in Forney. He leaves a dev girl of about 6 s untimely death, a one brother and was a loyal mem Church and whil past five years hibited the high patience and rel ing the entire pe His last years waiting for his answering it he into rest and richest blessings the Holy Ghost reaved family an

LAWRENCE.—Man makes his or his fellows will

LAWRENCE.—Man makes his or his fellows will

A HAPPY HOME

Is one who With impu not be goo With a diso cannot be g

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A healthy blood. Pure blood Health mea Take no Substitu

PERSONAL

All pastors desiring my services in revival meetings please notify me as early as possible. I am arranging all my dates so that we can give at least three full Sundays to each meeting. D. L. COALE.

Sta. A, Ft. Worth.

KIMBELL.—Mrs. Sarah Nettie Kimbell (nee McLendon) was born Dec. 9, 1840, in Chambers County, Alabama. She was married to George W. Kimbell June 1, 1858, in Clairborne Parish, Louisiana. He died July 23, 1874, and she lived in her widowhood thirty-seven years and died Aug. 7, 1911, in Nevada, Texas, aged 71 years, 7 months and 28 days. In 1879 she, with relatives, moved to Collin County, Texas, near the point where she died. There were nine brothers and four sisters in the family. All except two sisters, Mrs. "Frank" and Mrs. Fronie White, had crossed the river in her advance. She was converted and joined the M. E. Church, South, at 11 years of age. Her whole history as a Christian was marked by consistency and devotion. The best interests of the Church was upon her heart and she delighted in the services of the house of God. The fact of having been her pastor from 1893 to 1897, with an acquaintance of about eighteen years, enables the writer to speak of her from knowledge. In my thought she is inseparably connected with her two surviving sisters. The three sisters were called "Aunt Nett," "Aunt Frank" and "Aunt Fronie." They were all widows. "Aunt Nett" became a widow first, then "Aunt Fronie" and last "Aunt Frank." They were of a fine family of sterling worth. Those who have been so fortunate as to know these sisters have received an uplift of peculiar force. It is impossible for me to estimate the profit received from them during my pastorate. The consistency, purity and strength of such characters are a great blessing to the world and when they pass an inestimable loss is sustained. The two sisters, "Aunt Nett" and "Aunt Fronie," lived together for many years in the closest union of heart and life. The act of one was the act of the other. The mutual devotion was wonderful. "Aunt Nett's" religious life was characterized by deep piety, warmth, strength, uniformity and steadiness. The spirit of light, love and purity. She was most charitable nance. Her character was so manifest in expression as to carry the force of conviction of its sweetness and prity. She was most charitable in thought and expression in regard to others. Most assuredly a woman of the highest and best type has gone from among us. Rev. J. B. Davis, her pastor, preached the funeral sermon, assisted by the writer in the service, in the presence of a large and serious congregation, and loving friends followed her remains to the cemetery and laid them away to rest in peace till the resurrection morn, when she and loved ones shall meet again to part no more. Such a life gives inspiration to those left behind and continuously beckons them toward the home in the skies. Our loss gives sorrow, but the inspiring hope of a happy reunion in the eternal city gives great consolation and in joyful faith we anticipate that day. C. I. McWHIRTER.

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

"Would man be master of himself; then let him enter the audience chamber of his heart, and scrutinize the guests he entertains!"

NORTHWEST TEX. CONFERENCE

Clarendon District—First Round. Newlin Cir., at Newlin, Nov. 23. Hedley Cir., at Lela Lake, Nov. 25, 26. Canadian Sta., Dec. 3, 4. Calhoun Cir., at Gageley Valley, Dec. 6. Oldtimer Cir., at Wheeler, Dec. 9, 10. Shamrock Sta., Dec. 11, 12. Claude Sta., Dec. 16, 17. Washburn, at Washburn, Dec. 18. Goodnight, Dec. 19. Clarendon Sta., Dec. 23, 24. Wellington Cir., at Kelly, Dec. 29. Wellington Sta., Dec. 30, 31. Higgins Sta., Jan. 6. Mobeetie Cir., at Mobeetie, Jan. 9. Miami and Pampa, at M., Jan. 10. McLean Sta., Jan. 12. Groom, at Groom, Jan. 13, 14. Round Cir., at New Hope, Jan. 19. Plymouth, at Lee's Chapel, Jan. 20, 21. The District Stewards will meet in the Methodist Church at Clarendon, Dec. 14, at 2 p. m. J. W. STORV, P. E.

Stamford District—First Round. Bonarton, Dec. 2, 3. Goree, Dec. 3, 4. Munday, 8 p. m., Dec. 6. Tuxedo, Dec. 9, 10. Throckmorton, 8 p. m., Dec. 15. Lone Star, Dec. 16, 17. Woodson, 11 a. m., Dec. 18. Albany, Dec. 30, 31. Avoca, 11 a. m., Jan. 3. Haskell Sta., Jan. 6, 7. Haskell Miss., 11 a. m., Jan. 10. Stamford, St. John's, Jan. 14. Stamford Ward Memorial and Luaders, 8 p. m., Jan. 15. Weinert, 11 a. m., Jan. 17. Spring Creek, 11 a. m., Jan. 26. Seymour Miss., at S., 11 a. m., Jan. 27. Seymour Sta., Jan. 27, 28. The District Stewards will meet in Stamford, Nov. 29, at 10 a. m. Let every District Steward try and be present. Let all the stewards of every charge begin their work at once. Get an even start with the new conference year and keep at their work regularly and systematically and all will round out well at the end. Try it brethren. J. G. PUTMAN, P. E.

Big Spring District—First Round. Lamesa and Tahoka, at L., 7:30 p. m., Nov. 23. Brownfield, at Brownfield, Nov. 25, 26. Gomez, at Harris, Nov. 28. Seminole, Dec. 1. Andrews, at Andrews, Dec. 23. Stanton Miss., at Williamson, Dec. 9, 10. Stanton Sta., Dec. 10, 11. Gail, at Durham, Dec. 16, 17. Big Spring Miss., at Center Point, Dec. 23, 24. Coahoma, at Arr-Barr, Dec. 30, 31. Odum, at Odum, Jan. 5. Post City, Jan. 6, 7. District Stewards will meet at Big Spring, 10 a. m., Dec. 6. Let officials attend these meetings as duty demands. W. H. TERRY, P. E.

Amarillo District—First Round. Channing, Dec. 2, 3. H. M. Horn, District Steward. Dalhart, Dec. 7. J. S. Bailey, District Steward. Texline, Dec. 8. M. B. Sherwood, District Steward. Stratford, Dec. 11. T. J. Nolan, District Steward. Dumas, Dec. 12. J. H. Phillips, District Steward. Piemons, Dec. 16, 17. Champ Taylor, District Steward. Hansford, Dec. 19. R. L. McLeland, District Steward. Ochiltree, Dec. 21. R. I. Hannah, District Steward. Glasier, Dec. 23, 24. P. P. Bates, District Steward. Panhandle, Dec. 31, Jan. 1. G. O. Walker, District Steward. Bovina, Jan. 6, 7. D. O. Stallings, District Steward. Hereford, Jan. 8. G. A. E. Parker, District Steward. Canyon, Jan. 9. D. A. Parke, District Steward. Amarillo, Polk Street, Jan. 11. J. D. Bartlett, District Steward. Amarillo, B. and H. Streets, Jan. 12. H. K. Humphries, District Steward. Wildorado, at Vega, Jan. 13, 14. Jesse Giles, District Steward.

The Arbiters for the Amarillo-Clarendon Districts are called to meet in Amarillo, Tuesday, Nov. 28. The Amarillo District Trustees will meet in Amarillo, Thursday, Nov. 30. The District Stewards will meet in Polk Street Church, Amarillo, Friday, 2:30 p. m., Dec. 1. O. P. KIKER, P. E.

Abilene District—First Round. Baird, Nov. 25, 26. Ovalo, at O., Dec. 2, 3. Caps, at Wiley, Dec. 3, 4. Merkel, Dec. 9, 10. Trent, at T., Dec. 10, 11. Tye, at Tye, Dec. 16, 17. Anson, Dec. 23, 24. First Church, Jan. 7. Hawley, at Hawley, Jan. 13, 14. Denton, at Denton, Jan. 20, 21. Clyde, at Eula, Jan. 21, 22. Cross Plains, at C. P., Jan. 27, 28. Putnam, at P., Feb. 3, 4. Tenth Street, at B. G., Feb. 10, 11. Nugent, at Ward's Ch., Feb. 17, 18. GUS BARNES, P. E.

CENTRAL TEXAS CONFERENCE

Ci Co District—First Round. Banner, at E., Dec. 2, 3. Eolian at Pizgab, Dec. 9, 10. Breckenridge, at B., Dec. 10, 11. Wayland at Acker, Dec. 9, 17. Cal's, at Mt. Zion, Dec. 17, 18. Eastland, at E., 2 p. m., Dec. 20. Cisco, Dec. 24-27. Deslemoma, at D., 11 a. m., Dec. 29. Starr, at Florwoods, Dec. 30, 31. Somers, at Pleasant V., Jan. 6, 7. Rising Star, at R. S., Jan. 7, 8. Sprengers, at S., Jan. 13, 14. Seranton, at S., 11 a. m., Jan. 17. Cisco Cir., at Bluff B., Jan. 20, 21. Carbon, at Bear S., Jan. 27, 28. The District Stewards will please meet at the Methodist Church in Cisco, at 7 p. m., November 28. C. E. LINDSEY, P. E.

Weatherford District—First Round. Weatherford, First Church, Nov. 19, 20. Strawn and Mingo, Nov. 25, 26. Thurber, evening, Nov. 26. Graham Miss., at Upper Fork, Dec. 2, 3. Graham Sta., at G., Dec. 3, 4. Elkinsville, at E., Dec. 4. Alamo, at A., Dec. 9, 10.

Count Memorial, at C. M., Dec. 10, 11. Gordon, at G., Dec. 16, 17. Santo, at S., Dec. 17, 18. Millsap, at M., Dec. 23, 24. New Castle, at N. C., Dec. 31, Jan. 1. Olney, at O., Jan. 5. Loving, at Redtop, Jan. 6, 7. Azle, at A., Jan. 13, 14. Whitit, at W., Jan. 20, 21. Springtown, at S., Jan. 27, 28. Grafard, at Salesville, Feb. 3, 4. Mineral Wells, at M. W., Feb. 4, 5. Weatherford Cir., at Lambert, Feb. 7. JAS. CAMPBELL, P. E.

Brownwood District—First Round. Blanket, Dec. 2, 3. Coleman Miss., at Bethel, Dec. 8. Bangs Cir., at Bangs, Dec. 9, 10. Brownwood Mission, at B., Dec. 10, 11. Winchell Cir., at Trickham, Dec. 16, 17. Santa Anna, Dec. 17, 18. Indian Creek, at Indian Creek, Dec. 20. May Circuit, at Holder, Dec. 23, 24. Goodluck Circuit, at Wesley Chapel (Fisk), Dec. 30, 31. Talpa and Valera, at Valera, Dec. 31, Jan. 1. Brownwood, Jan. 4. Coleman, Feb. 7, 8. Glenoche Cir., at Crews, Jan. 13, 14. Winters, Jan. 14, 15. Winatee, at Pumphrey, Jan. 16. Norton Cir., at Maverick, Jan. 18. Robert Lee, at Robert Lee, Jan. 20, 21. Bromie, Jan. 21, 22. Ballinger, Jan. 27, 28. The District Stewards will meet at Brownwood, Thursday, December 14. J. H. STEWART, P. E.

Georgetown District—First Round. Hutto, at Hutto, Nov. 25, 26. Georgetown Sta., Nov. 26, 27. Belton Cir., at Midway, Dec. 2, 3. Rogers Sta., Dec. 3, 4. Salado, at Bell Plains, Dec. 9, 10. Belton Sta., Dec. 11. Temple Sta., Dec. 13. Florence and Mt. Horch, at F., Dec. 16, 17. Corn Hill and Ayer, at Weir, Dec. 23, 24. Troy Cir., at Troy, Dec. 30, 31. Temple, Seventh Street, Dec. 31. Holland Cir., at Holland, Jan. 6, 7. Bartlett Sta., Jan. 7, 8. Granger and Jonah, at G., Jan. 13, 14. Taylor Sta., Jan. 14, 15. The Board of District Stewards will please meet at Granger, Thursday, Nov. 23, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. W. H. VAUGHAN, P. E.

Hillsboro District—First Round. Brandon Cir., at Brandon, Dec. 2, 3. Irene Cir., at Irene, Dec. 3, 4. Muncie, at Muncie, Dec. 9, 10. Coolidge Sta., at C., evening, Dec. 9, 10. Covington and Osceola, at C., Dec. 16, 17. Itasca, at Itasca, Dec. 17, 18. Hillsboro, First Church, evening, Dec. 20. Hillsboro, Line Street, evening, Dec. 21. Loveland Circuit, at Loveland, Dec. 30, 31. Delta Cir., at Watt, Jan. 6, 7. Kirk Circuit, at Kirk, Jan. 7, 8. Penelope, at Penelope, Jan. 13. Hubbard, at Hubbard, Jan. 14, 15. Huron Cir., at Huron, Jan. 20, 21. Poonia, at Poonia, Jan. 21, 22. Abbott Cir., at Abbott, Jan. 27, 28. The District Stewards will meet in Hillsboro at the Methodist Church on Waco Street, at 7:30 in the evening, November 28. HORACE BISHOP, P. E.

Cleburne District—First Round. Burleson, at B., Dec. 9, 10. Joshua, at J., Dec. 12. Cresson, at C., Dec. 16, 17. Blum, at B., Dec. 19. Grandview Cir., at Watts Ch., Dec. 21. Godley, at Bono, Dec. 23, 24. Venus, Dec. 30, 31. Lillian, at Cahill Ch., Jan. 6, 7. Alvarado, Jan. 7, 8. Garbary, at G., Membrino, Jan. 13, 14. Grandure, Jan. 14, 15. George Creek Miss., at White Ch., Jan. 20, 21. Glen Rose, Jan. 21, 22. Grandview, Jan. 27, 28. Morgan, at M., Feb. 3, 4. Walnut Springs, Feb. 4, 5. Cleburne, Main St., Feb. 11, 12. Cleburne, Anglin, Street, Feb. 13. Cleburne, Brazos Ave., Feb. 14. The Preachers and Missionary Conference will be held Dec. 12-14. The place will be given later. E. A. SMITH, P. E.

Waco District—First Round. Austin Avenue, 11 a. m., Nov. 26. Elm Street, 7 p. m., Nov. 26. Aquilla, at Aquilla, Dec. 2, 3. Whitney, Dec. 3, 4. Lorena, at Lorena, Dec. 9, 10. China, at China, Dec. 16, 17. Rosentville, at Greenwood, Dec. 17, 18. Mt. Calm, at Mt. Calm, Dec. 19. Bruceville and Eddy, at B., Dec. 20. Herring Avenue, 11 a. m., Dec. 24. Clay Street, 7 p. m., Dec. 24. West, at Elm Mott, Dec. 30, 31. Risell, at Risell, Jan. 6, 7. Mart, Jan. 7, 8. Fifth Street, 11 a. m., Jan. 14. Morrow Street, 7 p. m., Jan. 14. Hewitt, at Hewitt, Jan. 20, 21. W. B. ANDREWS, P. E.

Dublin District—First Round. Harbin and Green's Creek, at G. C. Dec. 9, 10. Dublin, Dec. 10, 11. Comanche Cir., at Duncan, Dec. 16, 17. Comanche Sta., Dec. 17, 18. Harmony, at Fleming, Dec. 19. Gustine, Dec. 20. Stephenville Cir., at Sylvan, Dec. 23. Stephenville Sta., Dec. 23, 24. DeLeon Cir., at Ross Chapel, Dec. 30, 31. DeLeon Sta., Dec. 31, Jan. 1. Bunyan, at Corinth, Jan. 6, 7. Huckabay, at H., Jan. 7, 8. Gorman, Jan. 10. Puffan, Jan. 13, 14. Hico, Jan. 14, 15. Carlton, at Olin, Jan. 16. Fredell, Jan. 20, 21. Bluffdale, Jan. 26. Tolar and Lipan, Jan. 27, 28. Reavis, at Reavis, Feb. 3, 4. Proctor, Feb. 6. M. K. LITTLE, P. E.

WEST TEXAS CONFERENCE

San Angelo District—First Round. Brady, Nov. 25, 26. Lamb, Nov. 28. Eden, Nov. 30. Menard, Dec. 2, 3. Junction, Dec. 5. Rochelle, Dec. 9, 10. Sonora, Dec. 15. Eldorado, Dec. 16, 17. Arizona, Dec. 20. Water Valley, Dec. 23, 24. Sherwood, Dec. 30, 31. Sterling, Jan. 3. Garden City, Jan. 6, 7. Midland, Jan. 13, 14. Faint Rock, Jan. 20, 21. San Angelo Circuit, Jan. 27, 28. L. C. MATHIS, P. E.

Austin District—First Round. Welberville Cir., at W., Nov. 25, 26. Wicoumar Cir., Dec. 2, 3. Columbus Sta., at Columbus, Dec. 3, 4. Flatonia Sta., Flatonia, Dec. 9, 10. Eagle Lake and Altair, at E. L., Dec. 10, 11. West Point Miss., at W. P., Dec. 16, 17. Lagrange and Winchester, at L., Dec. 17, 18.

Liberty Hill and Leander, Dec. 23, 24. McJade Miss., at McJade, Dec. 27. Pflugerville Miss., at P., Dec. 30, 31. First Church, at Austin, Jan. 2. South Austin, at Austin, Jan. 4. St. Luke's and Walnut, St. Luke's, Jan. 6, 7. University Church, Austin, Jan. 8. Wurd Memorial, at Austin, Jan. 9. NAT B. READ, P. E.

Llano District—First Round. Marble Falls Cir., Walnut, Nov. 26, 27. Marble Falls Sta., Nov. 26, 27. Valley Springs, Dec. 2, 3. Llano Sta., Dec. 4. District Stewards' Meeting, Dec. 5. Llano Cir., Llano, Dec. 6. Petram, Briggs, Dec. 10, 11. Burnet, Burnet, Dec. 11, 12. Kemper, Oak Ridge, Dec. 17, 18. San Saba Cir., China, Dec. 30, 31. Richland Springs, Dec. 31, Jan. 1. Fredonia, Fredonia, Jan. 6, 7. Mason, Mason, Jan. 7, 8. Blanco, Blanco, Jan. 13, 14. Johnson City, Jan. 14, 15. J. D. SCOTT, P. E.

San Marcos District—First Round. Belmont Cir., at Nixon, 3 p. m., Nov. 25. Luling Sta., at Luling, 10 a. m., Nov. 27. Waeler Cir., at Thompsonville, 3 p. m., Dec. 2. Gonzales Sta., 9 a. m., Dec. 11. Seaton Sta., 9 a. m., Dec. 18. Staples Cir., at Staples, 3 p. m., Dec. 23. Martindale Cir., Fentress, 10 a. m., Dec. 25. Dripping Springs Cir., at Dripping Springs, 3 p. m., Dec. 30. San Marcos Sta., 7 p. m., Jan. 9. W. H. H. BIGGS, P. E.

Cuero District—First Round. Hallettsville, Nov. 25, 26. Rock Island, at R. I., Nov. 26, 27. Ganado, at Ganado, Dec. 2, 3. El Campo, Dec. 3, 4. Shiner, at Shiner, Tues., Dec. 5. Port Lavaca and Traylor, at P. L., Dec. 9, 10. Nursery, at Nursery, Dec. 10, 11. Port O'Connor, at P. O., Dec. 16, 17. Cuero, 7 p. m., Wednesday, Dec. 20. Yoakum, Dec. 23, 24. Ringer, at Ringer, Dec. 24, 25. Midfield, at Midfield, Dec. 30, 31. Palacios, Dec. 31, Jan. 1. Smiley, at Smiley, Jan. 6, 7. Nixon, Jan. 7, 8. Leesville, at Bebe, Tuesday, Jan. 9. Rungo, Jan. 13, 14. Pandora, at Pandora, Jan. 20, 21. Stockdale, at Stockdale, Jan. 21, 22. Laverda, at Laverda, Jan. 23, 24. JOHN M. ALEXANDER, P. E.

Uvalde District—First Round. Dilley, at Dilley, Nov. 25, 26. Utopia Sta., Dec. 2, 3. Crystal City, Dec. 9, 10. Carrizo Springs, at C., Dec. 10, 11. Batesville, at B., Dec. 16, 17. Uvalde Sta., Dec. 17, 18. Cotulla Sta., Dec. 20. Devine and Lytle, at D., Dec. 23, 24. Laredo Sta., Dec. 30, 31. Del Rio Sta., Jan. 6, 7. Eagle Pass Sta., Jan. 7, 8. Sabinal Sta., Jan. 13, 14. Hondo Sta., Jan. 20, 21. Rock Springs, at R. S., Jan. 28, 29. S. B. BEALL, P. E.

San Antonio District—First Round. Harper, at H., Dec. 3. Center Point, Dec. 3. San Antonio Cir., at Oak Island, Dec. 10. Government Hill, Dec. 10. Banderia, Dec. 17. Medina, at M., Dec. 17. Prospect Hill, Dec. 24. South Heights, Dec. 24. Jourdanton, Dec. 31. Poteet Cir., at P., Jan. 7. Travis Park, Jan. 14. S. H. C. BURGIN, P. E.

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NEW MEXICO CONFERENCE. Pecos Valley District—First Round. Elida, Nov. 18, 19. Portales, Nov. 25, 26. Rogers, Dec. 2, 3. Clovis, Dec. 9, 10. Blacktown, Dec. 10, 11. Texico, Dec. 16, 17. Malaga, Dec. 23, 24. Carlsbad, Dec. 24, 25. Lovington, Dec. 30, 31. Pecos, Jan. 6, 7. Toyah, Jan. 7, 8. Fort Stockton, Jan. 10. Odessa, Jan. 13, 14. Artesia, Jan. 17. Hepe, Jan. 20, 21. Sacramento Mts., Jan. 24. Roswell, Jan. 27, 28. J. B. COCHRAN, P. E. Postoffice, Artesia, N. M.

El Paso District—First Round. Deming, Nov. 18, 19. Lordsburg, Nov. 21, 22. La Mesa, Nov. 25, 26. Las Cruces, Nov. 29. El Paso, Trinity, Dec. 2, 3. Clint, Dec. 3, 4. Alamogordo, Dec. 6, 7. Alpine, Dec. 16, 17. Maria, Dec. 19, 20. Sierra Blanco, Dec. 23, 24. Hondoale, Dec. 27, 28. Sanderson, Dec. 30, 31. E. El Paso, Jan. 3, 4. Highland Park, Jan. 7, 8. District Stewards' meeting at Trinity, El Paso, December 1. J. ALLEN RAY, P. E. 1107 Boulevard, El Paso.

Albuquerque District—First Round. San Marcial, Nov. 18, 19. Magdalena, Nov. 25, 26. Moriarty, Dec. 2, 3. Watrous, Dec. 9, 10. Melrose, Dec. 16, 17. McAlister, Dec. 20, 21. Carrizozo, Dec. 23, 24. Cerrillos, Dec. 30, 31. Star, Jan. 13, 14. Tucuman, Jan. 20, 21. Tucuman Cir., Jan. 22, 23. San Jan, Jan. 25. Cimarron, Dec. 27, 28. Clayton Cir., Feb. 3, 4. Let the stewards increase the assessments for pastors' salaries in each charge this year. Failure to do this will cripple the work in your charge for the whole year and perhaps for years to come. J. H. MESSER, P. E.

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Edited by REV. H. A. SOAZ, D. D.

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GENERAL EDUCATION BOARD
OF NEW YORK CITY.

This board will contribute from the income of the John D. Rockefeller fund for higher education to the Southern Methodist University located at Dallas in the State of Texas for the purpose of endowment of said institution, and to be invested and preserved inviolable as such the sum of \$200,000.

Provided, that on or before June 30, 1912, a supplemental sum of not less than \$800,000 shall be contributed to the said Southern Methodist University in cash, or pledged to the same by good and responsible persons in legally valid subscriptions, all of the provisions of which are satisfactory to this board, payable in cash in not more than five equal annual installments, beginning not later than November 1, 1912; and

Provided, that of the entire sum of \$1,000,000 thus to be secured, a sum not to exceed \$500,000 may be used for buildings and equipment for the departments of arts and sciences at Dallas, and not less than \$500,000, including the contribution of the General Education Board, shall be invested and preserved inviolable for the endowment of said departments of arts and sciences of Southern Methodist University at Dallas; and

Provided, that no legacies shall be counted toward the fulfillment of this pledge; that no money shall be payable from the General Education Board under the terms of this pledge so long as the said Southern Methodist University has any outstanding debts; and that no part of the income from the fund so contributed by this board shall ever be used for specifically theological instruction.

Beginning within ninety days after the board shall have received satisfactory evidence that the conditions of this subscriptions are fulfilled, the General Education Board will pay the same in quarterly installments in equal ratio with the corresponding quarterly cash payments on the supplemental fund herein required, as such payments shall be certified by the President and Treasurer of Southern Methodist University;

Provided, that any remainder of this subscription not due and payable according to these prescribed terms on July 31, 1917, shall be void.

In Explanation.

"No part of the income from the fund so contributed by this board shall ever be used for specifically theological instruction." This statement makes it clear that the University is entirely free to do any amount of theological work it may desire, provided only, that it cannot use for such work the income from the \$200,000 contributed by the General Board of Education.

THE GIFT OF THE NORTH TEXAS
CONFERENCE.

Elsewhere is mentioned a resolution passed unanimously by the North Texas Conference that will stand out conspicuously in the history of the

Church in Texas. It was to the effect that North Texas Conference would accept it as her privilege to build the splendid dormitory for men at Southern Methodist University.

This does not mean that they propose to do nothing else for the University or that they think any the less about same.

It was clearly the sentiment that the gift of the city of Dallas was not a representative gift of the North Texas Conference. While Dallas is the chief and largest city of the conference, yet there are many communities that hold the University in equally as high regard and are equally as willing to do their part in the future to sustain it. The resolution obligates the conference to build and pay for this splendid building, second to none in the South for the purpose. The cost will be about \$125,000, in reality a very small amount for so rich a conference and so enthusiastic a people, but nevertheless one of the most notable gifts in the history of Southern Methodism. It will accommodate 150 to 175 young men, furnishing them with every comfort of modern life and with many improvements over the average building for such purpose. Here will live thousands of the best youth of our land and here will be their school day home. A generation hence must find many of its "one-time" tenants occupying places of distinction and honor in Church and State. For many a mother's son, here will be the place where he shall settle the question of a life's career, and it is determined by the North Texas Conference there shall be raised a memorial to the faith of every preacher and layman contributing.

To represent this action of the conference, they selected one of their most capable and deservedly popular preachers, Rev. L. S. Barton, recently presiding elder of the Decatur District. He enters the work immediately and full of enthusiasm, knowing that he is to contribute no small part to what is believed to be the greatest building undertaking of our Church in its history. He knows also that he has not only the authority of the Church and conference behind him, but also the love and co-operation of every member. He will have a year of the greatest success and we believe that soon we will begin to see results fully worth all efforts to their accomplishment.

A PROPHECY.

The fame of the gift of the city of Dallas to secure Southern Methodist University has gone far and wide. They certainly made the most generous contribution to education ever offered by a single community. The population of the city is several thousand short of 100,000, yet they contributed not less than \$1,000,000. This means that for every man, woman and child in the city of Dallas, regardless of race, age, color or condition is credited with having given not less than \$10. Was there ever such a gift to Methodism before? The fact that regardless of denominational lines the Christian people rallied to us to the extent of \$10 per head

is remarkable; but the fact that under the lead of Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Roman Catholic and other denominational leaders, the entire city rallied as one man is beyond all precedent. It is well-known that foreigners who operate only small produce and fruit stands gave as much as \$100, and in so doing stated that they wished for their children to have the benefits of just such a school. They appreciate the conditions about them and realize that if their children are to take a desirable place in our American citizenship, they must have the very best Christian education. And they are willing to increase those gifts when they are convinced that the Methodist Church is willing to "make good" their part of the contract. Is there possible a stronger argument for "education as a home mission force?" If the great centers are to be crowded with foreigners, and they are thus willing to contribute \$100 from the earnings of a fruit stand, or a candy shop, or from a little truck farm with the understanding that their children have access to the training of the University, is it not time that we were opening up some lines of activity for these people in the Methodist Church? Does there not dawn on us some certainty of the solution of the "foreigner question?" But all the foreigners in the city of Dallas were not such small contributors. Hebrew and Gentile alike gave freely, and certainly any statement that they gave for civic pride only is false. Their children attend the public school side by side. They are deskmates and classmates in the high school, and there is no disgrace felt by either race at the success of some other. The great public school system of the city of Dallas is a preparation to children of all classes for a great Christian citizenship. The dangerous class is the class that do not avail themselves of the public school. Let no Methodist in the State of Texas fear to send his children to Southern Methodist University, Southwestern University or Polytechnic College, or any other of our schools because of the increasing numbers of foreigners enrolled. More consistently they might encourage their children to greater efforts to excel them in consistent work. It is a noticeable fact that they often achieve distinction in their studies and Christian work. It is a matter of unappreciated importance that these people must be looked to in the future for a larger portion of the support of Church and State than even the citizens of Dallas realized when they took the subscriptions. There is no more exact measure of distance than a straight line, and there is certainly no surer way to the hearts and purses of the rapidly increasing foreign population of State and city than to offer a great education to their children in the city in which they live and make their money.

OLD OAK ISLAND.

H. G. H.

I see that S. H. C. Burgin, P. E., San Antonio District, is to be at Oak Island December 10. After the conference is over I want him to take his official members, step about 50 feet to the northeast of the little church and pray a prayer at the grave of Rev. John Wesley DeVilbliss, the man who preached the first sermon in that vast San Antonio and Uvalde district country—the man who started the Methodist work that now covers the San Antonio, Uvalde and Beeville districts. He was one of the most enthusiastic, consecrated and successful missionaries who ever came to Texas. He sometimes shouted, and he could shout in English, German and Spanish. Mordecai Yell was the first presiding elder of the belt of country embraced in the above named districts, but DeVilbliss was the worker from the ground up. For several years he was presiding elder of large German districts. There rests his body in the yard of old Oak Island Chapel. And I think the remains of his second wife rest by his side. While I was pastor of Uvalde Church fifty-three years ago, DeVilbliss was helping me in a meeting. One night he prayed a prayer that frightened one man out of his wits. He said he felt the house tremble, thought the day of judgment had come, rushed out of doors and fled to the woods.

Close by rest also the remains of Rev. Jasper K. Harper, an eloquent young Irish preacher, one of the early members of the old Rio Grande Conference. In that little chapel have preached DeVilbliss, Buckner Harris, Walter Thornberry, I. G. Walker, I. K. Harper, Temple G. Woods, Ivey H. Cox, Robert H. Belvin, Andrew Jackson Potter, John S. Gillett, H. G. Horton. Scores of souls have been converted in that little chapel. Burgin can well return thanks for the wide expansion of that work in the great West commenced by DeVilbliss.

DISCOVERY OF THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

(Continued from Page 9.)

is no such thing as matter, and there is a sense in which they are right. But while there is no such thing as matter, as the ordinary mortal thinks about it, there is such a thing as the definite combination of atoms into bodies, which at bottom are corpuscles.

Now, these thoughts of the eternal mind which express themselves in oxygen, gold, platinum, arsenic, etc., are filled with dynamite. They cannot be trifled with. They were expressed along definite lines and intended to accomplish certain results.

XII.

The human body, for instance, is made up of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, with a little mixture of iron, lime, soda and phosphorus, besides traces of compounds known as chonderin, ozmazone, cholesterolin and resin. In each oxygen atom in the human body there are 16,000 corpuscles, in each hydrogen atom there are 1000 corpuscles, in the carbon atom 12,000 corpuscles, in the nitrogen atom 14,000 corpuscles, in the iron 55,000 corpuscles, in the phosphorus atom 31,000 corpuscles, etc. All these corpuscles are simply negative and positive points of electricity. Man's body is only so much palpitating lightning. He is only so much of the aurora borealis in pants. Now, to get health and peace and strength out of all these united points of lightning and of aurora borealis there must be the most exact conformity to the laws of the marvelous mixture of molecules of which he is built. There is not such a combination of forces under the sun as is found in man. Arsenic is an element with 75,000 corpuscles in each of its atoms. Some of the apostles of new thought say that, if it were not for the error of the mind, a human being could take a bottle of arsenic into his body without the slightest peril. Now, you can take nothing into the body without danger, except something that has its duplicate already in the body. You can get strength from milk and eggs and meat and bread and fruit and vegetables, because these forms of food match the corpuscles of which the body is made. But arsenic in sufficient quantity will kill any living man and no thought of his has the slightest power to arrest its deadly effect. Arsenic is the thought of God and to arrest its deadly effects by a thought of man, would be equivalent to holding up the thought of the infinite by the thought of the finite.

Every form of matter, as the thought of God, acts in accordance with the most exact law. The laws of God constitute the love of God and love is as deadly as dynamite when you get into wrong relations with it. All the quadrillions of atoms have each their own role and play it always in exactly the same fashion. The laws of the universe may be regarded as summing up the promises of God. It is the promise of God in the law of combustion that, if you jump into a furnace, you will be converted into ashes. It is the promise of God in arsenic that, if you take a vial of it into your stomach you will be killed in a minute.

XIII.

When an illiterate, hysterical, champion of new thought, with no knowledge of the promises of God in the laws of the universe, with no mental training, with no intellectual capacity, rises up to tell us, with a talisman, like the phrase, "God is good," that disease and evil can be blotted from the life of humanity by a legerdemain trick, he should not be taken seriously. Not because he would do the slightest harm to people trained to think, but because there are so many poor, ignorant, mentally-belated specimens of humanity in the world. Things have certain properties in themselves and our thoughts cannot take them away. To deny that pain and disease are realities is as stupid as to deny that fire will burn. When such folly masquerades under the name of religion, it is time for the angels, if they are interested in us to weep. This conception of life and of things is really a lapse into the incoherent, inconsequent and capricious idea of nature held by the primitive mind of the savage. To say that microbes, when they begin to bite and eat away the health of a man, are not real things, but merely imaginary figments of the mind, is like saying that the tiger which devoured the hunter was not a real striped thing. A tubercle bacillus inside one's lungs is as real as a rattlesnake outside ready to lunge at one's leg. People who teach such doctrines occupy the same level of thought as that of the negroes down South, who bought comet pills from fakers in 1910, to insure themselves against the perils they feared

were ablaze in the streamers of Halley's Comet.

XIV.

The Philosopher's Stone in the realm of things, then, is the thought of God. The Philosopher's Stone in the realm of spirit is the love of God. God is infinite spirit; man is finite spirit. God is love, and man is essentially and potentially love. When man loves God with all his heart and mind and soul and strength, he conforms to the divinely-implanted, potential power to lead a life of love. When man, by the grace of God in Jesus Christ, loves, he is himself, really, essentially and fundamentally. Love is the raw material of man's being. In loving, then, he comes to himself, his better self, himself as a child of God, himself as an expression in human form of the love of God. All material things are made out of thought, clothing itself in the forms of ether. All self-conscious beings are made out of love, clothing itself in the forms of humanity. In coming back to ether, planets, mountains, seas and forests come back home, come back to the origin of themselves, come back to that out of which they were made. So man, in coming back to love, comes to the home of himself, the origin of himself, the reality of himself, the raw material of himself. In coming back to ether, material things lose themselves, they sink into corpuscles and back into the ether sea.

But self-conscious beings, in coming back to love, find themselves. If a tree loses itself in ether, it can never find itself, but if a man loses himself in love, he finds himself. If man finds himself in things, he loses himself as he essentially is.

The fountain and reality of love was Christ. He declared, "If a man find himself, he shall lose himself, but if he lose himself for my sake, if he lose himself in love, he shall find himself."

After seeking for thousands of years man has just found the philosopher's stone in things. For the future his energies will be directed to the recognition of and the practice of the philosopher's stone in himself. The discovery of this is not new, but the attempt to practically apply it to human affairs in this world is new. Up to within recent years the general working hypothesis has been that love is a good thing for heaven, but an impractical thing in the hard, workaday world this side the grave. But we have arrived at such a crisis in our relations and struggles that human beings of insight and leading are beginning to feel that the only way out of our entanglements, national, international, political, social and commercial, is by the divinely-ordained highway of love. Preachers from Job to Hugh Price Hughes, have been saying this all along, but the heedless world rushed headlong, practicing the principles of the jungle in the domain of human affairs. They felt the preachers were right in a transcendental sense, now they are beginning to see that the preachers are right in every sense, for this world and all worlds.

St. Louis.

"Friends are one of the best assets you can have. But you cannot have them unless you are worthy."

"The beauty of the Lord is upon us when the Spirit of the Christ shines forth in the deeds of the daily life."

Reverence should never be forgotten in our prayers. Access to God warrants confidence, but not familiarity.

**\$3.50 Recipe Free,
For Weak Kidneys.**

Relieves Urinary and Kidney
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Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say good-bye forever to the swelling, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stiffness and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you could write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$2.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K-127 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-combating power. It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

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