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G. C. RANKIN, D. D., EDITOR.

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THE CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH

The children are the heritage of the Church. From them its membership and the strength of its future life are to come. They are the richest source of our Church's growth and enterprise. Just what the Church will be in the future will depend upon the care taken of the children of to-day. If they are carefully trained, and if they are taught their duty to religion, and if they are properly directed into the membership of the Church, then there can be no doubt as to the growth and perpetuity of our branch of Christ's kingdom. It will not only abide, but become a larger force in the domination of the world.

The duty of training the children first starts in the home. This duty cannot be transferred to any other keeping. The father and the mother are primarily responsible for their physical, mental, moral and spiritual condition. When they are first born into the world they are wholly dependent upon the love and protection of the father and the mother. They are not like the animals of the field whose care is only for the first few weeks or months to be looked after and then become self-supporting. The child is absolutely dependent for years. During this time it is in its formative period, and the parental touch molds and guides its destiny. Providence has ordered it this way on purpose. It is while passing through the growth and development of childhood and youth that the child takes on the trend of its after life. Its temperament, disposition and character are largely the outgrowth of the tuition of those plastic years. Impressions are easily made then, habits are readily formed and principles become a fixture. The man and the woman are but the matured product of childhood training.

It is the duty of the father and mother not only to feed and cloth and look after the health and general morals of the child, but it is incumbent upon them to superintend and guard the religious life of the child. If the Methodist Church is a good and suitable spiritual home for the parents, it ought to be equally as good a spiritual home for the children. Right here is where our Methodist people, in a large measure, fail. They allow too much latitude in such matters to the child. They are not always careful to direct the conscience and the thought of the child toward their own Church. As a result our own Church apparently receives a smaller per cent of its own children into its mem-

bership, according to its numbers, than most any other Church. Baptist children almost invariably go into the Baptist Church; so it is in the case of Presbyterian children and the children of the Protestant Episcopal Church. And when you come to the Roman Church, it rarely ever loses one of its children to its membership. But Methodist children, in after life, are found in all the Church organizations. We pride ourselves so fully in the fact that we are not sectarian until we almost become latitudinarian, and our Church loses thousands of its children to its membership because we do not guard their interests at this point. And in this matter we are making a grave mistake.

True, we are not narrow and exclusive in our Church views and usages, and we ought not to be. Yet we ought not to go to the other extreme and become indifferent to our own Church interest. As Methodists we owe it to our children and to our Church to train them and develop them into the membership and life of the Church. We ought to see to it that they are soundly converted, and then as far as possible bring them into the communion of our own denomination. In other words, after we have done our best to make soundly religious children out of them we then ought to make Methodists out of them. If for us Methodism is the best medium through which to work out our ideas of Christianity and to make these ideas effective in the help that we render to others, then Methodism is good enough to take charge of our children and develop them into a life of righteousness.

Just in this connection our Sunday School owes a debt to our children. It ought to be their religious training school—the place where they are instructed in matters religious and made strong in the elements of religious life. No Sunday School has done its duty by its children until they are converted and members of the Methodist Church. The ultimate aim of all Sunday School work ought to be the conversion of the children and their induction into the membership of the Church—the Methodist Church. Were our Sunday Schools all wide-awake at this point, what a wonderful increase we would report annually in the membership of the Church! Therefore let every Sunday School give special heed to these suggestions and give itself largely to the accomplishment of these ends in its instruction of our children.

THE PRE-EXISTENT CHRIST

Christ is the only being born of woman who professed to have had a conscious existence before he was born. All other men begin life at birth, and it is some time after this before that life takes on intelligent consciousness. But Christ, unlike all other men, refers constantly to

his pre-existent state as a life which he had with the Father. Back in the eternities, before there was any sound or motion, and long before any form of concrete life had manifested itself, Christ was living and taking part in the counsels of God and forming a part of the purposes and plans of God. Hence he claims

to possess all the attributes, all the creative powers and all the glory which we ascribe to God. He is equal with the Father in these attributes, for he says plainly: "I and the Father are one." Again: "He that seeth me seeth not me, but him that sent me." And even more explicitly: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God and the Word was God."

Therefore the divinity of Christ is one of the direct assumptions of the gospels. He is not simply a man born of a woman and made under the law in order that he might redeem man from the curse of the law, but he is divine in his spirit and life and mission. He stands out before the world as the only supernatural man, bearing the

stamp of divine oneness and equality. Hence to know him is to know God, to hear him is to hear God, to commune with him is to commune with God. He is God manifest in the flesh. And this is the only medium through which God can be satisfactorily known to men. In Christ God becomes a concrete life and an external manifestation of the otherwise unknown and unknowable. In Christ God accommodates his infinity to the capacity of the finite. But in it and through it all it is the pre-existent life of Christ revealing itself through the limitations of the flesh and coming so close to man as to be easily ascertainable and fully understood. Oh, the unfathomed depths of the wonderful nature of Christ our Lord!

LIFE AS WE OFTEN SEE IT AND INTERPRET IT

Some time ago we were on a passenger train and just across from us were a married couple. They seemed to be about thirty-five years of age and very much set in their ways. The woman seemed bright and talkative and often turned to her husband with some remark or suggestion. He sat there, for the most part, like a dummy, and if he answered her at all it was in monosyllables. But this did not daunt her, for ever and anon she would address her remarks to him. But he was as indifferent and cold as a clam and gave no sort of encouragement to her. We wondered how she mustered up courage enough to keep on in her pleasant chat with him, but she did and seemed oblivious to his indifference and harshness. After awhile he got up and went back into the smoker and was gone some time. We had occasion also to pass back there and we observed him in an animated conversation with another gentleman. His eyes were bright, his tones fluent and his manner popular and entertaining. He was like another man.

The little woman sat alone in her seat, and in the course of an hour or so he sauntered back with a magazine in his hand, flopped down beside her and began to read the periodical. She smiled at him and in various ways made herself pleasant or tried to, but there was apparently no response to her interest in him. When he answered her he did not take his eyes off the magazine. There was nothing polite or engaging in his manner. True, there was no frown or unkind expression, but there was absolute indifference. And thus the same attitude of both continued until the day was most gone when they left the train for their home.

What can a man be thinking about who treats his wife that way? Does he regard her as nobody? Has she ceased to interest him? Or is he utterly forgetful of his duty to her? In either event, does he expect her to continue to love him, sacrifice for him and do all in her power to make herself his equal? Did he treat her that way when he was addressing himself to her as a young woman? Was she then

dull and monotonous in his esteem? No! He was all politeness then and her least wish called forth his quick response. But now she is his wife, ministering to his every want, and he draws himself within and has but little to say to her. She still regards him as her lover, but he has charge of her now, and she is his lackey. After he clothes her, furnishes her a home and supplies her needs his duty is discharged, and while he listens to her and receives her caresses he has no response to make to her interest in him.

And we imagine that there are many just such wives and husbands in society today. They are living together under the same roof and the world thinks they are congenial and happy; but such is not the case. No woman can be happy as the mere servant of a man. It takes his love, his gallantry, his nice little attentions and his innate respect to make her happy. You may give her everything else and be lacking in those little attentions that she loves, and she is not happy. She merely exists and her life is miserable. She would rather live on bread and water, if she is the right sort of a wife, and have the delicate love and affection of her husband, than to live in a cold palace with every luxury and her husband treating her with indifference and cool contempt. Under such circumstances her heart dries up and her wealth of womanhood becomes impoverished. Any man who thus treats his wife may furnish her a home with its comforts, but he at the same time makes her a miserable and an unhappy woman. In the case of the two above noted we could easily read in the woman's face a look of disappointment and an expression of heart-hunger. Shame on the boorish husband who can smile at everybody else and make himself agreeable to everybody else except his wife!

The noisy waves are failures, but the great silent tide is a success. Do you know what it is to be failing every day, and yet to be sure that your life is, as a whole, in its great movement and meaning, not failing, but succeeding?—Phillips Brooks.

HELLFIRE AND BRIMSTONE

By Rev. W. H. Hughes.

The Dallas News of July 9, 1912, publishes the following article:

"Washington, July 8.—There is no such place, state or condition as 'hellfire and brimstone' for the torment of the wicked, according to the resolution unanimously adopted by the International Biblical Students' Association.

"The discussion repudiates as thoroughly unscriptural the teaching of such a theory.

"It was the sense of the 400 delegates that preachers continued to teach along the hell and brimstone lines, despite private beliefs to the contrary, and as a consequence thousands of laymen had been driven into skepticism or infidelity.

"Every minister in the United States was asked to publish in his local newspapers a statement declaring whether he believed the Bible taught the literal doctrine of hell and brimstone."

As every minister in the United States is asked to publish in his local newspaper his views on the subject, I submit the following. Of whom this association is composed I have no means of knowing except through the above article. Every student of any book studies it first to learn what it teaches; secondly, he may agree with and adopt its teachings or reject and condemn them. Therefore we conclude from the above article that these students of the Bible are a set of skeptics who study the Bible in order to deny its truth and thus prevent men from fearing the Lord, which the Wise Man said "is the beginning of wisdom." These Bible students, for aught we know, may believe in Universalism, which is one of the most insidious and deceptive forms of infidelity. Universalism would have us believe that God rewards the wicked and righteous alike, which is simply moral anarchy. There can be no law or government of free moral agent without reward for the obedient and punishment for the disobedient. No such government, human or divine, ever existed or ever can exist. It is simply a moral impossibility. Therefore we say, to deny reward and punishment in any government is anarchy and an impeachment of the wisdom of all intelligent government here or hereafter. Hence Paul says: "The Powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation." * * * For he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid, for he beareth not the sword in vain, for he is God's minister, and avenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.—Rom. 13:1-4. So the wish must be father to the thought in the man or set of men who would resolve all government out of the world and say: "There is no such place, state or condition as hellfire and brimstone for the torment of the wicked." They repudiate such doctrine as "thoroughly unscriptural." To see how thoroughly ignorant or untruthful these fellows are about the Bible, which they pretend to study, read the following scripture: "And the Devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone where the beast and the false prophets are, and shall be tormented day and night forever and ever."—Rev. 20:10.

Again St. John described the judgment and its awards. He says "God shall wipe away all tears from the eyes of the righteous and there shall be no more death." He then turns to the wicked and says: "But the fearful and unbelieving and the abominable and murderers and whoremongers and sorcerers and idolaters and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone—which is the second death." Rev. 21:8. If John could have had the above article lying before him he could not have contradicted it more explicitly. Christ, in speaking of the punishment of the wicked, called it "hellfire, a furnace of fire, eternal fire, fire unquenchable."

But why multiply quotations when the Bible uses the very words to describe the torment of the wicked which these pretended Bible students say is thoroughly unscriptural? Is it not passingly strange that there can be found in this intelligent age one man who has so little regard for either his intelligence or veracity as to deny that the Bible teaches that there is "such a place, state or condition" as hellfire and brimstone for the torment of the wicked? But it is absolutely unaccountable that there are 4000 corralled in one herd of the same ilk.

For the honest infidel who sails under his true colors there may be some respect. But the man who professes to believe the Bible, and at the same time does all he can to destroy faith in its truth, only kisses the Mas-

ter to betray him into the hands of his enemies.

But it is claimed that hellfire and a lake which burneth with fire and brimstone are figurative, which is readily admitted. The Bible uses these material figures and metaphors with which we are acquainted to teach us what will be the fact in the great future about which we know nothing. It could teach us no other way. It simply illustrates the inexpressible agony of a lost soul in the world to come by fire, which we know gives the most unbearable pain to the body in this life. As all material things will have passed away before that awful day, it is not claimed that it will be a literal lake or material fire. These material figures simply foreshadow the agony of the hopelessly lost soul. If these are but shadows of the suffering of the damned, what will be the

tips of his fingers in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in the flame." Christ here gives a case of a man tormented "in flames" in hell where he thought water from the tip of Lazarus' finger would cool his parched tongue. Therefore, notwithstanding the statement of these 400 wisecracks, there is "such a place, state or condition as hellfire and brimstone for the torment of the wicked." Dallas, Texas.

FINISHING UP THE WORLD

Footprints of One of the Supremest of Men

By Dr. W. B. Palmore—Article Fifty-Two

During our five visits to Africa we have seen a great deal of it, from the new battle fields, gold fields, and diamond fields in the extreme south, all the way to the marvelous monuments and memories of the most ancient of civilization at the mouth of the Nile. We have on foot seen much of Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Egypt, British East Africa, German East Africa, Portuguese East Africa, and what was once the

in the year. We had a lame friend from Boston who sat on the balcony of his hotel and seemed to see more during the ray than we did in moving about all day. The world passed by him in all its gorgeous varieties. British soldiers with red coats and white pith helmets, gorgeous dragomen ready to escort you up the Nile or to Sinai, Kawasses of British, American and European consulates, in their gor-



M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH, DICKINSON, TEXAS

REV. FRANK PLATT, PASTOR



MRS. M. NOLAN,

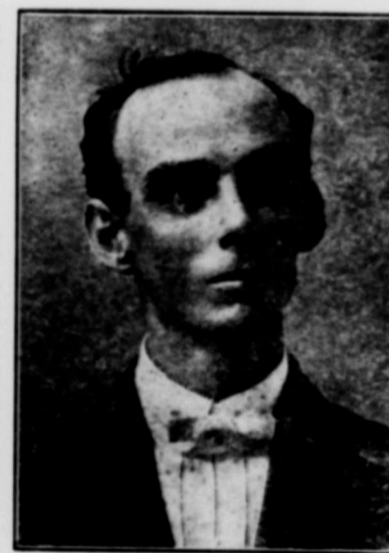
Who Built the Church at Dickinson, Texas.

Mrs. M. Nolan was born in Germany in the year 1846. Her parents died when she was an infant and she came to America with her grandparents shortly afterwards. She married and moved to Dickinson, Texas, thirty-seven years ago, and resided there until her death.

To her were born six children, four of whom preceded her to the other world. Six years ago she saw the death of her husband, whose decease left her alone, save for the companionship of her single daughter, Mollie, the other one being married and living in Houston. On March 1, 1911, while burning trash in the yard of their home, Mollie's clothing caught fire and she was so horribly burned that she died shortly afterward. On the 16th of October of the same year Sister Nolan fell on sleep and was gathered to her fathers.

Sister Nolan was in some respects a remarkable woman. She was reared an Episcopalian, but about four years ago she joined the Methodist Church. She was a woman with a remarkably fine mind. But her greatest possession was her transcendent faith in God. To her, religion was practicable everywhere. She believed God was with her in all things. Amid her numerous and terrible sorrows her faith stood forth, bright as the shimmering light of a sunbeam. No word of complaint fell from her lips, no expression of perplexity because of her piercing trials. She loved her Lord and felt safe and secure in his love and keeping. Her religion was a joy to her in days of sunshine, and a comfort in times of adversity. The encouragement of friends was not necessary to her, so far as her trust in God was concerned, for when it seemed that her very foundation was trembling beneath her and the skies overhead were black with the desolation of sorrow she calmly laid hold, by faith renewed, of the hand of God and whispered: "I am in my Father's keeping."

About three years ago Sister Nolan built the church at Dickinson. She loved Methodism devotedly and wanted to do something for her Church that would outlast time. She furnished every dollar that was used in both building and furnishing this beautiful church. It is a handsome and convenient building. The beautiful pulpit furniture, together with the handsome circular pews and floor covering, make it one of the most pleasing and attractive



REV. FRANK PLATT

church buildings of its size in the State. The windows are of stained glass, while on the north side and front, a large art window was placed, a memorial to Sister Nolan's husband, Mrs. Annie Lewis, the only living daughter, together with her three lovely daughters, have their summer home at Dickinson. They are all members of the Methodist Church. Rev. Frank Platt is our pastor at that place.

Dutch Republic of South Africa. One of our most embarrassing experiences was while walking alone over the Biskra group of oases in the Sahara Desert. Some of our front teeth had been crowned with gold. When a tribe of one of the oases discovered these teeth, they were wild with excitement, laying their work and rushing ahead to tell the people of the man's coming with gold teeth.

The Bubbling Well road in Shanghai, the Maiden in Calcutta, the Pontoon Bridge over the Golden Horn in Constantinople, the Corso in Rome, the Champs Elysees in Paris, Unter den Linden in Berlin, Hyde Park, London, and River Side Drive in New York, are all remarkable for their great variety of display in the colors, costumes, customs and fashions of the population of the world. We doubt however, whether there is a place in all the world where so many and such gorgeous and interesting varieties of the Occident and Orient, the North and the South, and the Isles of the seas can be seen as on the streets of Cairo, Egypt, during the first three months

geous and rich vestments, and equipments as fine as those of Paris or New York. The most unique of all are the saises—or

Forerunners,

with their embroidered vests and gorgeous sashes running with the speed and grace of gazelles, heralding or proclaiming the approach of some great or distinguished person. Here too is one of the finest archeological museums in the world, where you can look into the mummied faces of the Pharaohs who conversed with Moses, and besides great palaces, mosques, and the lofty citadel, a Mohammedan University with ten thousand students. As Switzerland is the summer garden of the civilized world, Cairo and Egypt are its winter play ground.

In striking contrast to new Cairo, further up the Nile, on the opposite side, is the extensive site of the old city of Memphis, with not one stone remaining upon another—a place that once vied with Babylon as being the most magnificent city in the world. Over vast areas of the mounds of debris and detritus are the forests of palms; amid the solitary loneliness of

which we saw the enormous fallen statue of Ramesses the Second. Here where Joseph reigned as Prime Minister desolation now reigns supreme. Mariette Bey on opening a tomb which had been sealed forty centuries, found in the sand a foot print made by the last man who had stood within it, and who had sealed it up; that footprint in the sand outlasted the monarchy of the Nile! Babylon and Persia arose and fell, Israel went through the age-long development of its national life, from the call of Abraham to the tragedy of Golgotha; Greece and Rome ran the full course of their history, and the modern Christian world had passed through nearly two millenniums, before the old sepulchre was entered and human eyes discovered how enduring may be human footprints on the sands of time.

On our splendid donkeys we rode about six miles west from old Memphis to the subterranean galleries or the tombs of the Temple of Serapis. This gallery hewn out of the solid rock is subterranean, 1,940 feet long and seventeen and one-half feet high. All along the various corridors and recesses may be seen the huge sarcophagi of the

Mummied Bulls,

each coffin averaging thirteen feet in length, seven feet in width, eleven feet in height, and each weighing about sixty-five tons. The polish on the red granite of these coffins is as fine as can be found in the world. Like the coffins of the kings, they are all now empty.

About six miles west from Cairo, and across the Nile, is the most massive monument in the world, built by human hands; covering thirteen acres of ground. It is estimated to contain 2,200,000 blocks of stone each containing forty cubic feet. The Arabs thought it was built before the flood to preserve the antediluvian records; others have speculated and written much, claiming it was for astronomical purposes, but it is now known that it was built by Cheops for his own tomb who reigned fifty years. When he ascended the throne he built a small pyramid to which he continued to add to the close of his reign. Our visit to the heart or center of Cheops will be long remembered for its stifling heat, dust and bad odors. We would advise visitors to climb to the top and get the splendid view instead of going to the center. There is one name spoken more frequently about this pyramid than either Cheops, Herodotus or Napoleon, and that name is Mark Twain!

On the opposite side from Cairo in the direction of the Delta is a delightful drive of eleven miles through avenues of tamarisks and acacias, to Heliopolis, the On of the Bible, and the Oxford of old Egypt where stood the great Temple of the Sun. The only remnant or reminder of this famous city of light and learning is the most majestic of all the obelisks, still standing erect and much more perfectly preserved than any of its companions, now standing in New York, London, Paris, Rome and Constantinople. We felt like lifting our hat to this enduring monument when we thought of the fact that it had looked down on Moses, Herodotus and Plato as students here, and that doubtless under its shadow by moonlight Joseph had made love to Asenath, the charming daughter of the High Priest of the great Temple of the Sun. Near Heliopolis is the traditional tree under which Joseph and Mary rested with the

Babe of Bethlehem.

On this same drive we visited one of the finest ostrich farms in the world, with 800 birds whose fine feathers yield an enormous income.

When you stand at the apex of the great pyramid, or by the lofty citadel of Cairo, gazing down upon the winding Nile as it sweeps down through its historic ribbon of green, the genius of history takes full possession. Among those who have sailed or floated on the bosom of this mighty river think of the Pharaohs, Ptolemies and Calliphs; of Cheops and Sesostris, Abraham, Joseph, Cambyes, Alexander, Caesar, Cleopatra, Athanasius, Omar, Napoleon, Livingston and Gordon. But the river has upborne nothing more fateful to humanity than the Papyrus boat to which a captive Hebrew mother intrusted her first born son. That fragile ark of reeds in which the life of the infant Moses was saved was the ark of the world's hope. The little arms raised in helplessness were yet to hold the rod of God's wrath over the haughty throne and cruel persecutors and oppressors of his people, and they were yet to carry the tables of God's law down the red steps of Mount Sinai!

In the fine gallery of Edfu, Scotland, is a painting which made an indelible impression on our imagination and memory. It was a large picture in glowing colors of the discovery of Moses in his floating cradle amid the bulrushes, by the Egyptian Princess. There was a group of well dressed la-

dies with her, considerably excited when the discovery was made, which attracts the attention of the people passing. The artist focalizes the whole picture on

The Little Sister.

who had the wonderful self-possession and tact to be in the right place and to say exactly the right thing at the right time. The eyes of not only the princess, but of all her maids, and also the eyes of the passing people, are on the little Sister as she uttered the timely words: "Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?" This painting was something like a sermon we once heard on the "Loaves and Fishes." The little boy of the parable was the central thought of the sermon, on whom the attention of the audience was intensely fixed for nearly an hour. The future history of the world largely depended upon the perfect self-possession, tact and timely question of Little Miriam.

During the next forty years of this lonely babe of the Papyrus boat, his worldly advantages were equal to, if not superior, to those of any other boy who had ever preceded him in all the ages. His preparation, however, for his great destiny depended much on the nurse which his little sister found and brought to the princess. The influence of this nurse was so great that after he had gained all the culture that the court of Egypt could give him, and all the knowledge and wisdom that Egypt's colleges and universities could impart, and with the throne of Egypt in his future grasp, he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, preferring to suffer affliction with the people of God. At the end of this forty years he doubtless thought his education was complete, but he was very much mistaken.

Killing the Egyptian

revealed to him the need of time to assimilate his learning and for self discipline. Like Paul in later years, he needed to study amid the mountains of Arabia under the canopy of the stars. He found that the land of Midian, to which he fled, was not fertile like Egypt, nor rich in unnumbered monuments of pride and splendor. Not accented with flowers and variegated with landscapes of beauty and fertility but was for the most part, with here and there a patch of verdure, a land of utter barrenness and dreariness, and, as Hamilton paints it, a great and terrible wilderness where no soft features mitigated the unbroken ridges, red peaks like pyramids of fire; no rounded hillocks or soft mountain curves, but monstrous and misshapen cliffs, rising tier above tier, serrated for miles into rugged grandeur, and grooved by the winter torrents, cutting into the veins of the fiery rock; a land dreary and desolate, yet sublime in its boldness and ruggedness—a labyrinth of wild and blasted mountains, a terrific and howling desolation.

In our next letter we will trace his footprints to the summit of Mount Nebo.

PROGRESS OF OUR JEWISH MISSION—AN INTERESTING REPORT.

By Bishop W. A. Candler.

I have just received the following most interesting report from Rev. Julius Magath, our missionary to the Jews in the South.

In the very nature of the work a great number of conversions cannot be expected in a day; the work must move from individual to individual. Nor can we expect, or desire, a Jewish Church; the true policy being to have our Jewish brethren, when they are converted, join the most convenient Church of the Gentiles to them.

The work is making cheering progress, and it deserves the sympathy and support of all among us who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity.

As Brother Magath remarks, the Wesley Memorial Church in Atlanta, Ga., houses the Mission in the matter of its central headquarters; but the work is not local. It is hoped that Jews all over the South will be reached through the Mission and that many may be brought to Christ. A commit-

tee supervises, as far as is necessary, the work, and takes account of its finances. Mr. W. B. Wilkinson, a member and an official of the Wesley Memorial Church, is the Treasurer.

Two men, Brothers Magath and Zeit, are now engaged as missionaries. As the work advances and as resources may permit, others may be added to the force, and, perhaps, other centers occupied.

But let us see what the report says. It is as follows:

Atlanta, Ga., July 17, 1912.

Bishop W. A. Candler, President Hebrew Mission Committee, Wesley Memorial Church, Atlanta, Georgia:

Dear Bishop Candler.—As missionary in charge of this important work of our Church (for the Hebrew Mission, while having its logical headquarters at the Wesley Memorial Church, it is nevertheless intended to serve the whole Church in this field). I am

lower class of Gentiles, keeping as he does a small store patronized by negroes and the less intelligent class of white people, he could not get much encouragement and information. So he reasoned with reference to myself. "Here is a man who has been through the same experiences I have known; would he come and help?" I was only too happy to do so. We spent many hours together. His first pointed question to me was: "You have been a Christian all these years; has Christ given you the desire of your soul, and can you unhesitatingly say that he has saved you?" I was glad to testify for Christ to this man of Israel, and to tell him of the unspeakable joy and comfort he had been to me all these years, and now happy I was even at that time, to point a brother of mine to the Savior whom I had found. These hours of communion were very precious to both of us. Towards the

extremely pathetic and touching and yet it is so typical of the trials and the triumphs of many Jews who have taken up the cross of Christ in order to follow him.

About one month ago, Dr. Lovejoy, the presiding elder of the Atlanta District, wrote me that a Jew who was intensely concerned about his soul, needed me, and was very anxious to see me. As soon as the letter reached



PARSONAGE AT ATHENS, TEXAS.

This is one of the most substantial, roomy and convenient bungalows in Texas. Dimensions from outer wall to outer wall, 52x38 feet, plus a 19-foot front porch, making total 52x58 feet. It has six rooms—three 10x16, two 10x18, and one 10x12—a reception hall 10x16, back hall 9x26, and back screened porch 12x16 with L. extension 6x12, bath 8x12, butler's pantry and china closet 5x7, and a pot closet 5x5. There is a closet in each room with an additional linen closet in rear hall. Each room is equipped for heater, save the living room, which has a fireplace. The front porch is 10x38. The contract is let for an iron fence around the two fronts 100x150 feet. The total cost of lot, house, barn and fence will approximate \$3500. It is located just one block south of the church and is a most elegant and desirable piece of property. Rev. W. F. Davis, the pastor, is modest in his desire in that he wants the credit given entirely to the good people of Athens in building this parsonage.

me I went to LaGrange, Georgia, where it seems I was needed. There I found the man who was anxious to see me. He was a Jew past middle age, and he had a very heartrending story to tell me. It seems that some time back he had been taken sick and had to keep his bed for quite awhile. He had been accustomed to a life of activity, but now he had to lie there and think. Naturally and by training a religious man, he came to realize that in America, where it was impossible for him to observe the ceremonial law, he could not be a Jew at all, as all his religion at home was made up of an effort to observe the ceremonial law.

So while on his bed of suffering the great question presented itself demanding and insisting for an answer. If I should die what would become of him? He is a learned man, and had frequently led in the prayers of the Synagogue; but now in his question of all questions he could not find a definite answer, and like many a rabbi of old, standing on the brink of eternity he did not know which way he was going. A Christian minister about that time gave him a copy of the New Testament—a book he had never seen before. His mind doubtless was in a receptive state, and his cries to God to give him light were answered. He saw, dimly it is true, that Jesus Christ was his promised Messiah and Savior. He got well and moved from Florida to LaGrange, Ga. The seed of truth remained in his mind and heart, and he began to talk to his family about Christ. His wife, though she had been in this country several years, is still bound to the ways of the old country; and her idea of Christianity is that it is a religion of idolatry—the forms of which she had observed in the old country. His two daughters who have learned only the outward thing of civilization, mistaking it for Christianity, have absorbed only the worldly things with their frivolities and vanities. To them religion had no meaning, and one of them expressed it, "A man dies like a beast and there is an end of it." So it can easily be seen that he could get but little sympathy or help from his own family. Meantime his acquaintance being mainly among the

evening I went to the parsonage. After supper Mr. Buck (that's the man's name) came to the parsonage. He seemed greatly moved. He said to me, "I have considered it all, and I know what it all means. I expect persecutions from my family and from the Jews; but I believe in Christ, and he says, 'Believe and be baptized.' You have come here in answer to my agonizing prayer, and if you will, I will be glad if you will baptize me and receive me into the Church."

Bro. Ledbetter, the pastor, was present at the simple but impressive service. He as well as myself were profoundly moved; and he said he never realized before what it meant for a Jew to accept Christ. I have received several letters from Mr. Buck since. He says that, while his family are persecuting him terribly, and while in the very nature of the case few Christians can understand what he is undergoing, yet he has that peace in his soul which Christ has given him, and which none can take away. He has settled the greatest of all questions.

There are many such cases, but it takes the severing of all ties and untold suffering for a Jew to take the step. May God bless that man!

To my mind there never has been a brighter outlook for the Hebrew Mission, and the Church has never had as great opportunity to preach Christ to his own kinsman according to the flesh. Financially, there is not a more struggling mission in the whole Church. Most of what I have, under God been able to do, I have done through much self-denial and sacrifice. My nominal salary is many months behind; and in order to give the bare necessities to Mr. Zeit, I have to give him more than one-half of the meager apportionment made for the Mission by the two Georgia Conferences. I am not complaining. God has been wonderfully good to me, and many friends are being raised up to support the Mission. Wesley Memorial Church is the logical headquarters for the Mission but from here information, influences and blessings to the Jews should radiate to all our beloved Church. Methodism has done so much

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to spread the gospel far and wide. Is it not time that something worthy should be done for this great work? Like Dickens' army our Hebrew Mission has consisted for many years of one man, who not only has had to do the work, but has also raised most of the funds used in it. The increase in the personnel has been done at an increase of self-denial of the one missionary. It is gratifying that both the preachers and the lay members of the Church are manifesting greater interest in this work than ever before. God has yet a great work for Israel, and I pray that we, as Methodists, may have a great share in bringing the seed of Abraham to their Savior and ours.

JULIUS MAGATH, Superintendent of the Mission to the Jews of the South.

AN APPEAL TO THE PREACHERS OF SOUTHERN METHODISM.

In view of the fact that a vast area of the richest and most prosperous sections of the Louisiana Conference has been devastated by the recent floods, caused by the breaks in the levees of the Mississippi and Atchafalaya rivers, rendering thousands of our people destitute and that this disaster has been followed by the "army worm," destroying vegetation in such localities as could be cultivated thereby rendering it impossible for our people to give adequately to support of the Church and its pastors, and, in view of the fact that our preachers without a single exception, have loyally and heroically stayed with their afflicted people, suffering with them in their misfortunes and rendering every possible aid in their distress; and because they can look for practically no support during the period of rehabilitation which will in all probability extend over two or three years; and in view of the fact that the Methodist Church is the only Protestant Church offering the Gospel to the people in most of this affected territory, and that we cannot afford to abandon this territory in the face of such a calamity, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Monroe District Conference, in session at Calhoun, Louisiana, which represents the territory most seriously affected, do hereby issue an urgent appeal to the preachers in the great Southern Methodist Church to take collections in their congregations to render relief to the pastors in the affected districts of the Louisiana Conference, some of whom are now in great need of assistance.

That we join the Bishop and presiding elders in their appeal and urge the congregations in the Louisiana Conference unaffected by the overflow to take collections for our unfortunate brethren. Further be it

Resolved, That all the collections thus taken be sent to Mr. S. H. Myers 116 St. Charles street, New Orleans La., to be distributed by the board to those pastors in need.

That these resolutions and appeal be published in the Nashville Christian Advocate, the New Orleans Christian Advocate and other papers of our Church.

A. F. VAUGHAN, GEORGE FOX, D. C. BARR, Committee.

Wm. Schuhle, Presiding Elder.

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Notes From the Field

Chism.

We are in the midst of one of the greatest revivals Chism has ever seen...

Afton Charge.

There will be a ten days' camp meeting at Roaring Springs in Motley County...

Eden Charge.

We have just closed our second meeting. Brother and Sister A. P. Lowrey came to us...

El Paso—"Trinity."

We told you some months ago that you would hear from El Paso; yet, how are you getting along...

not only preaches the Gospel from the sacred desk, but at the sacred altar of the home, in the stores, in the offices...

Willow Point.

For eight years and about eight months I have been serving charges in rural districts like Willow Point...

Nacogdoches.

On the 7th instant we closed one of the best meetings in the history of our Church in this city...

Antioch and Alliance.

Bro. J. O. Davis, of Celeste, and myself have two neighboring country appointments, Antioch and Alliance...

ate fruits by testifying, doing personal work and praying as those did. Besides this the Church was greatly uplifted...

Cleveland.

I am here to assist our pastor, Rev. Eugene Binford. We began the 13th inst at night. I have been pumping away twice a day ever since...

Gainesville.

From Commerce to Gainesville in our last, your type made me say I left Sunset June 13...

Childress Mission.

We write to let you know Childress Mission is among the living. At Clarendon we were read out for Childress Mission...

EDUCATIONAL

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BIBLICAL DEPARTMENT Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. A Theological school for the education of ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

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EDUCATIONAL

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from conference only a short while when the people built for us a nice little 4-room parsonage, near the Tell Church, so wife and the children go to Sunday School this year. The first and second quarterly meeting now in the past, and on last Friday night, before the fifth Sunday, our third quarter rolled around, which was held at Garden Valley. Bro. J. G. Miller, our dearly loved presiding elder, brought with him Bro. Hilburn of Estelina. We met them at the depot with conveyance and made our way out to Bro. Kennedy's and found a splendid supper awaiting us, and ice cream on the side. Bro. Hilburn turned down two or three saucers, and said he believed he could go a little further, so we drove about four miles to Garden Valley, where we found a congregation. Bro. Hilburn preached a powerful sermon. Say, do you believe in falling from grace? If not, you just ought to hear that sermon of Brother Hilburn's and you would believe it possible. After this we drove four miles, where we got the rest of the night to sleep. Saturday morning before starting to the place of worship, the good women passed the ice cream around. Bro. Miller said he scarcely ever turned ice cream down, but noticed that he turned down two or three saucers this time. So we got to the place of conference with a nice, cool presiding elder. He went to the pulpit and with that great power which few have he delivered a powerful sermon, which was just a little too much for Bro. Hilburn, as it made him sick, and he could not eat much dinner, although it was very, very fine and plenty left to have fed many more. After dinner and a social chat with the brethren, then came the fine Quarterly Conference. First, an exhortation from our beloved presiding elder on "Denominational Sunday Schools," and with most every place represented, and a good report for a third quarter; then a little rest spell. Some of the brethren had to go home, so by the time Bro. Hilburn was getting over the great blow of the morning and he walked into the pulpit and shook himself like Samson and delivered a great sermon on "Infant Church Membership"—one of the greatest this writer has ever heard on this subject. Now, another night's rest. Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, Bro. Hilburn gave us a warm Sunday School talk, which I am sure will be a great help. Then came Bro. Miller's sermon on "The Mode of Baptism." The house was full, even running over. Do you believe that John immersed the people in Jordan? Do you think our Lord went down beneath the rolling waves in the liquid grave of Jordan? Do you believe that Christ was baptized for our example? If you could hear Bro. Miller's sermon it would drive such foolishness away. After Bro. Hilburn's sermon on "Infant Church Membership," and Bro. Miller's on "The Mode of Baptism," by giving an invitation two mothers, with their children, came and said, "We want our children to be members, or rather all want to be in the same house, by dedicating them in baptism. How I wish all of my people could have come to this doctrinal rally. Brethren, keep your children with you; it is your duty. Thank God for a Church that does not bar my little children. Our rally was a great success in every way. The people of Garden Valley showed their appreciation by doing all they could. They laid aside the plow and the hoe, let Buck and Tobe rest and came out to Church. Say, now, if any of you brethren need the doctrine of our Church preached, get Bro. Miller and Bro. Hilburn. They know how to do things and do them right. Childress Mission is coming to the front. I will see you brethren at Abilene if the Lord wills.—J. Walter Martin, Tell, Texas.

New Braunfels.

Doubtless our friends would like to know something about New Braunfels, or Little Germany, by now. Our city is as prosperous and pretty as ever. Our people are growing with the town; their hearts are also enlarging. One day I was collecting money for the sick and poor from our members. An infidel, standing near, reached down into his pockets and said: "Here, I want to be in that too." A certain lady sent me \$5 without being asked. Mr. Harry Landa, the richest man in town, told me that if I needed money for charitable purposes to call on him. Others have also shown their willingness to help. Slowly the people began to see that we are for them and not against them. Five years ago, when I first came to New Braunfels, I met sneers; hardly anybody had any use for us. I was a stranger among my own people. What a difference today! I am welcome almost everywhere. Our little one died last year. On May 6 she would have been fifteen. In spite of rain and mud on that day, Augusta's teacher, Mr. Wertheim, and her schoolmates went to the cemetery and covered her grave

with flowers. Three days later we found the little grave decorated anew with fresh flowers. These flowers whispered a sweet message to our hearts. We have a great people, a people well worth winning for Christ. Don't the Germans make good Christians? After they have accepted Christ is not every question settled in the right way? I am still glad that the West Texas Conference visited New Braunfels last fall. It is true, the people were not as courteous as they might have been. (Many regrets were heard on the day after.) Nevertheless, there was mutual gain in this visit. New Braunfels saw that there was more to the M. E. Church, South, than they had so far seen at home. They also saw that everyone who came was a Christian. They further realized that the Methodists had no ill will toward them, despite political differences. On the other hand, the conference saw our opportunities and needs, saw how and where their money was and will be spent. And I don't think that there is one who regrets the few hours spent in Landa's Park. This visit helps to bridge the chasm between Methodism and New Braunfels. Without the help of the Church, our enterprise would have been a sweet dream, and were the Church to discontinue her help it would even be a sad failure. Therefore, I am glad that Dr. McMurry and so many of our pastors have come and investigated the situation. God has indeed blessed our efforts. Three years ago how hopeless and gloomy the outlook. Today we see the dawn. Our vision is materializing, and within the next few weeks ground will be broken for the New Braunfels M. E. Church, South. For building site, including interest and some work done, we've paid out \$2500. Toward the building we have \$800 in the bank. The Church Extension Board will donate \$1375. Outside of what our citizens have already given I can collect \$500 more any day. We also have \$500 more in good subscriptions. Thus we have \$3175 to start with. The Church Extension Board has also granted us a loan. With this money we'll go as far as we can. That is, we want to have the walls up and the roof on them, so that we may have service in the new house as soon as possible. We must have a house of worship that is up-to-date, that commands the respect of the people, one that will be an honor to God and the Church. To do this we must have from \$6000 to \$7000. By the time this letter appears in the Advocate the contract for the building will probably be given. It saddens me to think that in this little paradise of 4000 inhabitants scarcely one man out of nine is connected with any Church. The Baptists are doing their duty toward changing existing conditions. They have a nice little church, centrally located, also a pastor who fills his pulpit every Sunday. But before many months have passed the Methodists will also occupy their place—the place they should have occupied twenty-five years ago. And we hope that the Bishop sends a good man here for his entire time at the coming conference. Then will the Church have done her duty and God's blessing will rest upon the work. This is not crowding altar against altar. Draw a circle around New Braunfels, with a diameter of twenty-five miles, outside of ours you will find no Methodist Church in it, neither German nor English M. E. or M. E., South. Apparently this territory has so far been overlooked. And now, dear friends, here is the information: do you see the opportunity? Won't you invest \$5 or a \$10 in this great enterprise? We need your help in this. You have doubtless spent much money, here and there, without getting your money's worth for it. Here is an opportunity to do good; here you shall see the fruit of the good seed you sow or God's Word would not be true. Does he not say, "My Word shall not return unto me void." And some day while visiting our pretty town, you'll find a handsome little Methodist church on the main street, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you've helped to put it there. God has wonderfully blessed you: will you help us? Again we wish to express our thanks to our friends in need who have made this enterprise possible. And would these dear brethren who have agreed to help us make good their promise? We know these are only small amounts, but we sadly need them now. May the good Lord's blessings rest upon you all.—H. O. Launch.

Rock Springs Mission.

We have had a glorious revival of religion at Carta Valley on this mission, and our pastor, Rev. Keever, commenced a protracted service on the fifth Sunday in June, which continued until the first Sunday in July. On Tuesday, the 2nd, Brother Albritton, of Del Rio, reached the meeting in time to preach at the mid-day service and at 3 o'clock p. m., and he continued to preach every day up to the close of the meeting. He preached with power and demonstration of

the Spirit to the delight of the people. Fourteen persons joined the M. E. Church, South. Some by profession of faith and some were received from other Churches. The Lord was in our midst in this thinly settled ranch country and powerfully blessed us. Our pastor labored faithfully and this scribe, a local deacon who is nearly 80 years old, did the best he could for the success of the power of Christ over sin. To Christ, to the Father and Holy Ghost be endless praise.—S. J. Latimer, L. D.

Uvalde.

We have just closed the most remarkable campaign in the history of this section. Three months ago we began planning for a revival in this Church. I secured the services of H. D. Knickerbocker. We held services in the Methodist Church for a week before he came and a number of cottage prayer-meetings each afternoon for a week. We held our services on the Court House plaza after he came on July 8. The meeting started with a great congregation and grew constantly. The Baptists and Presbyterian congregations joined us. There were about 200 conversions and reclamations and 200 joined the Churches, 100 the Methodist. This Church has had a debt on it for some years. After the meeting got under way I told Knickerbocker the remainder of my plan, viz: to raise the debt. Well, to make a long story short, we went at it and when the service was over last Sunday we had secured \$1200 more than the debt! The debt was \$5100. I had 150 at prayer-meeting last Wednesday. Our Church is on a high plane now. We have one of the best plants in the conference and every cent of debt is provided for with a good margin. H. D. Knickerbocker needs no word of commendation. He is absolutely unique. He can do anything. We have no more valuable man in the Church than he. The prayers of this pastor and congregation will follow him through the years to come. We have Brothers Keith, Rowland, Harris, Patterson and Fred Little of the honor roll in this church. They are a tower of strength unto us. Brother Harris is of the Central Texas Conference. Brother Little is of the White River, Brother Patterson of the Louisiana and Brothers Keith and Rowland of this conference.—J. H. Groselose.

Campbell.

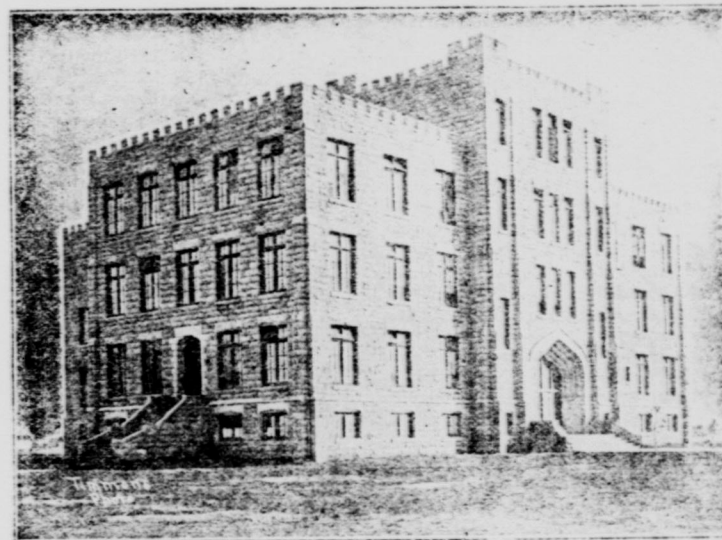
On Wednesday night, July 3rd, we closed a great meeting here. The visible results were 131 conversions and 56 additions to the M. E. Church and about 15 or 20 to the other Churches of the town. The Church was the recipient of a truly great revival. Many that were backslidden were reclaimed and a better spirit of brotherly love exists among us than before. Rev. L. E. Conkin was with us the last week of the meeting and preached with great power, and souls were saved at every service from the second night of his preaching. Bro. Conkin is very fine in a revival. No clap trap methods are used by him but plain, old Methodist preaching of the Gospel of the Son of God, and men are convicted under it. I most heartily commend him to any man who needs help. Sister Conkin was with us for three or four days and rendered splendid service by personal work. The first week Bro. D. H. Aston of Wesley College was with us for three services and gave us some great sermons, for which we thank God. Fortunate are the boys and girls who come under the care in that school. The writer did the rest of the two weeks' preaching. Our singing was conducted by home talent and it was well done. Bro. Marvin Smith, choir manager, and Miss Madie Smith, organist, both rendered very efficient service. God bless them. Our meeting at Laws Dale and Friendship resulted in four and eight conversions, respectively, and both places received much good as a result of the efforts. Bro. S. H. Smith helped me at Friendship and our people are loud in praise of his preaching. Our third Quarterly Conference is over and the reports were good. Salaries at Little behind, other reports good. We have had 143 conversions and 91 additions up to date. We give God the glory.—C. B. Golson, P. C.

Argyle.

We closed a very successful meeting at Chin's Chapel Thursday night. Some 12 or 13 conversions and 10 joined the Church; the Church got on higher ground. The preaching was done by the pastor, Bro. M. C. Sooter, and it was done well; he was at his best. The writer led the host in song, with Miss Lizzie Calvert at the organ; she is a fine Christian character. We go to Garza Sunday to commence a meeting at that place. We ask the Advocate force to pray for us in that meeting.—J. L. Fry, July 27.

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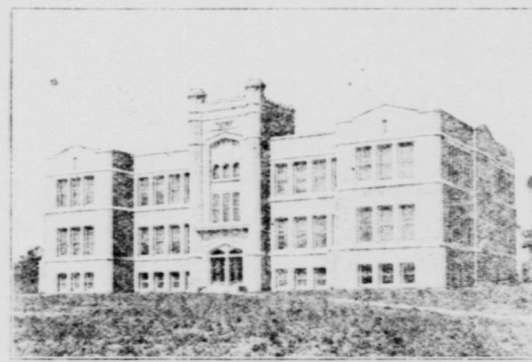
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The Purposes and Ideals of a University.

By DR. R. S. HYER, A. M., LL. D., President Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas.

A discussion of the purposes and ideals of a university may well begin as did Huxley's rectoral address at Aberdeen, with a statement of the motives that led to the founding of the first university of Western Europe.



In giving instructions to certain ecclesiastic bodies to establish schools he said "Right action is better than knowledge, but in order to do what is right we must know what is right."

The more one ponders over this saying the more he will be convinced that a university can have no higher mission than to insist upon the truth and to discharge the obligation thus expressed.

That all knowledge is vain unless it leads to correct living has been insisted upon by so many moralists, has been so sadly illustrated by so many lives, is such a practical everyday fact, that universities are not needed to teach that it is true.

However, the distinguishing function of a university is not to teach the moral obligation to do right, but to teach what is right. The moral quality of an action is determined by the motive which prompts it.

In ordering the establishment of an institution to learn what is right in all the relations of life Charlemagne himself may not have realized how right he was; for the founding of the university was but little more than an incident in a long, busy life whose chief activities were directed to the establishment of an empire of such strength and stability that it should furnish a throne for his descendants forever.

In all of the older universities this department, variously called the department of "arts and sciences," the "philosophical" or "academic" department, has always claimed and maintained its supremacy as the center about which all other departments must be grouped.

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ever, was just as "liberal" and just as "practical" for its day and time as is the latter. At that time it was both liberal and practical to study Latin.

In Germany and as far north as Scandinavia, across the channel on the west, and beyond the Pyrenees on the south, men saw that a great light had been kindled in Paris, and thither they came eager for knowledge. But the knowledge that is to be gained from books was accessible only to those who knew Latin. The German, the Scandinavian, the Briton and the Spaniard had no literature of his own to tell him of "the best that had been thought and said."

At first there was no attempt in these professional schools to create new learning, nor to discover any new truth. These rude men of western Europe, but recently emerged from barbarism, felt no call to add to the world's stock of knowledge. They entered the store-house of knowledge as their ancestors had entered Rome, to plunder and enrich themselves. It was not an easy task for them, for this knowledge was buried beneath the dust and ashes which had been produced in the overthrow of Rome.

An aggregation of professional, technical and industrial schools in which instruction is the only end sought cannot be a university. The nucleus about which a real university is built is that department whose chief aim is culture, where learning is sought for its own sake and where men devote their energies to the discovery of truth rather than to the application of knowledge to commercial and industrial affairs.

Universities should, of course, serve practical and definite ends. Men should be made not only better and wiser, but they should become better equipped to minister to their own wants and the wants of their fellow men. The universities have always done this. The agencies that minister most to the physical wants of men have, as a rule, come from them. The power loom came from Oxford, the steam engine came from Edinburgh, the foundations of electrical science were laid at Bologna and Pavia, the telegraph began at Gottingen, the dynamo was built at Paris, the X-ray came from Wurzburg, wireless telegraphy began with a mathematical formula at Cambridge and was put into concrete form at Bonn.

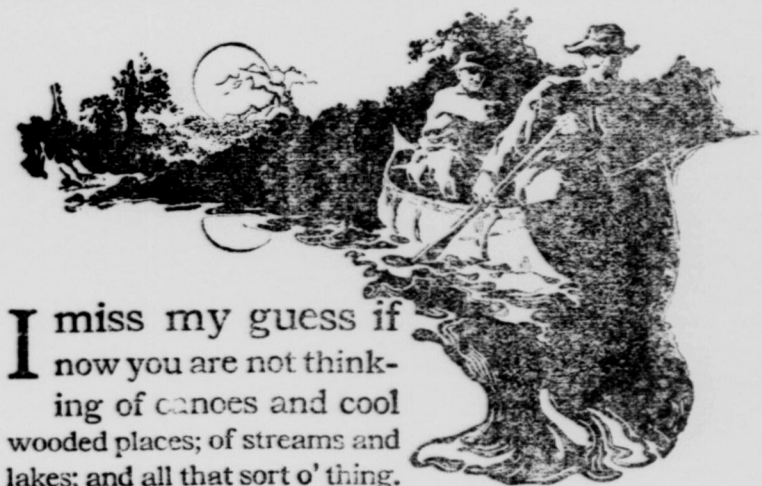
was the manifest fear that any recasting of the forms in which certain great truths had been presented would lead to their being denied or at least esteemed less highly. The extreme conservatism of Oxford at that time must be referred to the future historian of man's intellectual development for a final decision as to its real merit. There are times when it is the duty of a university to insist upon the importance of old beliefs. As President Gillman said in his inaugural address at Johns Hopkins, "It is the duty of the university not only to 'prove all things' but also to 'hold fast to that which is good.'"

When a new truth is discovered some old belief almost necessarily perishes. How far the work of destruction must extend may become a matter of fierce controversy. Those who most realize the importance of the new truth are the ones most apt to underestimate the value of all old related beliefs. It is not surprising that when such discoveries as were made in physical and biological sciences during the latter half of the last century were in progress, among the men most prominent in this work there should be found some who, in the joy and pride of discovery, should have so far overestimated their value as to demand that all old beliefs be recast, that the human family have an intellectual housecleaning to get rid of its worn-out furniture and burn its rubbish.

The danger which now threatens the highest ideals in American universities is not that the philosophical department is to suffer by reason of the encroachment of science, but that both philosophical and scientific departments are to suffer at the hands of those who clamor for what they call a "practical education."

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Practically all of the great inventions had their beginnings in the universities. Seldom has the university professor so perfected a new device as to make it an article of commerce, but he has discovered the fundamental principles which enter into its construction. This great age of applied science must remember that before there can be an applied science there must be a science to apply. Perhaps the state of commercial and industrial affairs is such today that there is great need of men with technical and professional skill. It may be desirable to have more schools and schools better equipped to turn out such men. It may be that students can very satisfactorily take this training without much previous discipline in the art of acquiring knowledge. But such schools are no part of a university. A technical school that admits only those who have been well trained in general



I miss my guess if now you are not thinking of canoes and cool wooded places; of streams and lakes; and all that sort o' thing.

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literary and scientific studies and which graduates them only after they have demonstrated their ability to conduct original investigations may legitimately become a part of a university. Too much energy expended in the production of what is commonly called "practical" will in the end defeat that very purpose.

The first duty of the university is to the individual students who come to it for instruction. If it does not adjust and adapt itself to his personal needs and render him the greatest possible service it renders no service to humanity in general. The university was made for the student and not the student for the university.

WILLING TO RUN THE RISK. Wife: "I wonder what you'd say if I were to become a new woman and wear men's clothes?" Hubby: "No fear of that. Men's clothes don't cost enough money."

duties that lie outside of every man's professional work."

To fulfill its mission in the future the university must adhere to the ideal which Huxley has so well set forth in these words: "In an ideal university a man should be able to obtain instruction in all forms of knowledge and discipline in all the methods by which knowledge is obtained. In such an university the force of living example should fire the student with noble ambition to emulate the learning of learned men and to follow in the footsteps of the explorers of new fields of knowledge.

One with an intellect as great as that of Huxley's, but cast in a very different mould, with an even deeper longing to avoid all shams and pitfalls of error, with a faith in a sure revelation from the spirit-world to guide all earnest and sincere souls greater than Huxley's faith in the power of the human mind to blaze a safe path for itself. John Henry Newman, said: "A university is a place to which a thousand schools make contributions, in which the intellect may safely range and speculate, sure to find its equal in some antagonist activity, and its judge in the tribunal of truth. It is a place where inquiry is pushed forward and discoveries perfected and verified, and rashnesses rendered innocuous, and error exposed by the collision of mind with mind and knowledge with knowledge. Such is a university in its ideal and purpose."

Advertisements for BLYMYER CHURCH BELLS, WENEELY & CO. BOWLDEN BELLS, and CHURCH BELLS SCHOOL. Includes text about bells, church bells, and school bells, with contact information for Cincinnati and Northville, Michigan.



than short. We are looking forward for a great revival over our work this summer. We are expecting to make an all-round report at conference this fall. We are having Children's Day every Sunday, trying to get subscriptions for the Advocate, one of the best papers in the world.

T. H. DAVIS.
Cross Plains, Texas.

RAIN-MAKERS—DYNAMITING.

I have not written anything for the Advocate in years. Usually some one steps in ahead and says what I have in mind. However, so many attempts have been made to change the Lord's plans lately without rebuke, that I believe silence would be treason to the Lord. Fifty or sixty years ago the heathen Chinamen took out their heathen gods, whipped them, left them in the sunshine and dew; and, sure enough, they had rain. That event gave W. G. E. Cunningham and his associates quite a lot of trouble. Those heathen Chinamen believed their

FEELS JUST THAT WAY

It is a safe guess to say that every man in Texas is solicited twelve times during the year to take Life Insurance in one company or another. And it is also a safe guess to say that if the Praetorian policy was presented among the twelve, the man to whom it was presented is today a Praetorian and would not exchange his policy for any issued by the other eleven companies. That is just the way a Praetorian feels about it. He knows his is just the best policy that can be written, and he knows too that he is paying less for it than a similar policy could be purchased from an old-line company. There is an element of security. He just can't help but feel it when he looks at the \$1,000,000 monument in Dallas, Tex., to say nothing of the interest-bearing securities, etc., which are collateral for the prompt payment of his policy at death. How about you? Are you a Praetorian? You ought to be. You would be prouder of your citizenship if you were. See that deputy in your section or the recorder in the Council in your home town and talk to him about the matter. If there are neither near you drop a line for full particulars. We write straight life, 10, 15 and 20-year payment policies. Address C. B. GARDNER, President Praetorians, Dallas, Tex.

gods sent the rain. Post City shot off some dynamite last year and there happened to come a rain. So they believed that this little episode caused the clouds to gather and the rain to follow. So they tried it again this year and it happened to shower somewhere around in the country. Then Wichita Falls shot off a lot, and it rained a good rain down about Waco. Next Anson, Stamford and Hamlin were to perform. We got a shower up in Knox and the northwest part of Haskell about that time. "Guess the rain-makers are at work." See the infidelity produced. Such infidelity is tomfoolery; it is more, it is sacrilegious. I am not going to detract from the power of man. He can do a great many wonderful things. But there are a few things the Lord has reserved unto himself. One of these things: "He sendeth rain on the just and the unjust." Another thing: "The Lord reigneth; let the people tremble." The Lord sent rain in Elijah's day, in answer to prayer. He will still send it in that way and not from the explosion of dynamite. B. A. THOMMASON.
O'Brien, Texas.

SAN AUGUSTINE DISTRICT CONFERENCE.

The Rev. E. W. Potter, pastor of our Church at Carthage, was duly elected to write up this notable gathering of the clans, but as he has maintained silence for two months, I infer that he will not comply with the request made. The session of this body was notable in many particulars. First, and best of all, it was by far the most spiritual conference many of us had ever attended. The presiding elder, Rev. J. W. Mills, pitched the tune very high at the beginning. He himself carries at the mercy seat until he is shot through with spiritual power, and this proves infectious.

The hospitality of the Carthage people was unstinted and lavish, while the attention of the pastor to his guests left nothing to be desired. We were made welcome in royal style; not only at the beginning, but throughout our stay, the same charming hospitality prevailed.

The preaching was well done by H. T. Perritte, S. S. McKenney, W. F. Davis, J. T. McClure, J. L. Massey, J. M. Mills (whose message to us melted our hearts, and made us rejoice), and last, but not least, Dr. F. P. Culver gave us two very beautiful messages.

Delegates to Annual Conference:
JUDGE LONG, of Carthage.
W. R. CRAWFORD, of Joaquin.
T. S. GARRISON, of Timpson.
W. A. ABNEY, of Lufkin.

M. M. Dupre was re-elected Lay- Leader.

R. L. Bridges was recommended to the Annual Conference for re-admission; A. D. Hill for admission, while two young men were licensed to preach—a young Brother Kountze and a Brother Allen.

C. J. Atkinson acted well his part as Secretary of the conference.

Brother McClure raised some twelve or fourteen hundred dollars for the S. M. U.

The district took an advance step in raising five hundred dollars for the support of a district Evangelist, a like amount to be raised by the Board of Missions of the conference, if feasible and possible.

We were all disappointed in the unavoidable absence of Bishop Mounzon, who was scheduled to be with us one day, but was called home on the account of illness in his family.

All the subjects contemplated to be looked into by the District Conference were well attended to, and nothing was neglected under the careful guidance of Brother Mills, who makes an ideal presiding elder, and who must serve his full quadrennium on this district.

The next conference goes to the old town of San Augustine.

The afternoon of each day was devoted to the Missionary Institute, which we lost in the early part of the year, owing to the meningitis situation in the district.

All this occurred in the good town of Carthage, May 20 to 24, 1912.
H. B. SMITH.

"KEEPING UP WITH A PRESIDING ELDER."

This may seem hard to do, nevertheless we did it for two weeks. Leaving Big Springs in company with Rev. W. H. Terry, P. E. of the District, in our broncho auto, we made a survey of the field a little description of which I trust will be helpful to the readers of the Advocate. At Big Springs, Texas, Brother Hearon, a strong, eloquent and effective young preacher, is serving his third year, has a strong hold upon his people. He is one of the coming young men, in fact, is well on the way already. At Stanton we find the attractive and loveable Hinds held in the

highest esteem by his people. No one is better known or more loved on these plains than Billy Hinds. At Andrews Bro. Kilgore, well equipped, a good organizer, good preacher, all around safe man, has a strong hold on his people, just finishing a new Church, one thing needful—a wife. At Seminole Bro. Ledger, a good financier, a natural rustler, his preaching spiritual and evangelistic. His people are going to build him a nice parsonage, and under his wise leadership this will soon be one of our best charges on the plains. At Tahoka and Lomesa Bro. McElrath, with his excellent preaching ability, his strength as an organizer, and collector, is bringing things to pass on this charge.

At Gomez Bro. A. D. Jamison, of a family of preachers, in doing an excellent work; building a new church at Plains and he has every interest of the Church on all lines well in hand. In all of my contact with preachers I have not found one more popular than Bro. Jamison. Some one has said that every man, woman, boy, girl, dog and cat knows him and will follow his lead; not much exaggeration.

At Brownfield Bro. Trammell, a diligent, painstaking and successful pastor, is holding his own as none but truly consecrated and self-sacrificing men have been able to do during the past years of drouth and financial pressure.

At Post City Bro. Willett is serving his fourth year on first charge. Has built a nice church and parsonage. These facts place him well to the front whether anything else is said or not. He will be a success anywhere.

Bro. Carmack at Gale is a diligent pastor, much loved by his people, leading in all of his collections and is a good all round pastor, well adapted to the delicate conditions of a new country.

Bro. Tharp at Coahoma is serving his first year in the conference. He is a zealous wideawake young preacher, has built a new Church and is making good along all lines.

Bro. Trice at Big Springs Mission, a local preacher of twenty years experience, needs no introduction, his past and present work being the greatest eulogy we can pass on him. Very practical, deeply religious, he holds a place in the hearts of his people that only men of his type can.

Bro. Plant at Stanton Mission, a young man, is making good, will soon join conference. More of him hereafter.

To say Bro. Terry, the Presiding Elder, is abundant in labors hardly expresses it. He is one of the hardest workers I ever saw; strong, practical and deeply spiritual preacher, his work is very effectual; not only strong as a preacher, but a strong man physically, in the prime of life and fully able to cope with the hardships and trying conditions of a new district in a new country. The quarterly meetings we attended at school houses, twenty miles from the county seats, where we had "dinner all day and preaching on the grounds," were feasts of good things in every sense of the word. The people settling up this country are up to date, progressive, intelligent and religiously the salt of the earth. I often see articles in the Advocate concerning "neglects of country charges." This charge may be true of different parts of the State and doubtless is, but does not apply to the Staked Plains of West Texas. The Methodists practically have this field pre-empted and now it remains for us to hold and develop it. With a ruined throat and broken health it will not again be this writer's privilege to minister to a congregation, hence this over much talk is prompted by no other motive than the love of the Church. May God prosper and carry forward his work.
S. E. WILSON.

Pecos, Tex.

I omitted to say that I found the Advocate in nearly every home and it goes without saying that it is a leading factor in the excellent progress the Church is making. S. E. W.

Marble Falls.

For some time I have been thinking of telling the readers of the Advocate family something of our people here. During our sojourn with this people they have been exceedingly nice to us. Our Woman's Missionary Society, with other good women, have spared no pains to make our parsonage home comfortable. Every favor asked of them has been granted and more, too. The furnishings and improvements of the parsonage are as follows: A bath room with splendid fixtures, a bedstead, refrigerator, dresser, cistern, window and door screenings, window shades, safe and many lovely pieces of tableware. In this connection we must mention one of our Christmas presents—a beautiful silver set of knives, forks, spoons, etc., which came from several of the members and friends of the Church.

CONFERENCE ... INSPIRATION ... TRAINING ... REST ... RECREATION

A Summer Home on a Beautiful Lake in the Mountains of Western North Carolina

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You and your children will enjoy and be profited by the life at Lake Junaluska, in the Balsam Mountains of Western North Carolina. Build a cottage. Lots can be bought with frontage 40 to 100 feet. Prices vary with location of lot. Payments can be extended over three or four years if desired. Fifty per cent rebate if purchaser builds cottage by September, 1913, reduces price of lots to \$167, \$200, \$250 and \$500. Plans can be furnished to prospective builders for 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8-room cottages varying in price from \$350 to \$2,000.

BUY A LOT while you can get your choice and fifty per cent rebate. Over fifty lots have been sold to persons in various sections of the Church. Put your wife and children in a summer cottage on the grounds of a great religious assembly. Address, Real Estate Department.

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Under the Auspices of the Laymen's Missionary Movement of the M. E. Church, South, at Lake Junaluska.

FEATURES.

- Matchless Scenery, 250 Acres of Lake skirted by 12 miles of Beautiful Driveways and surrounded by Picturesque Hills and Mountains. Improvements will include Hotels, Auditorium, Schools, Assembly Buildings, Recreation Grounds, Handsome Cottages, Unequaled Advantage for Recreation, Employment, and the Improvement of Soul, Mind and Body.

Besides the above the W. M. Society has put a new piano in the church, while the men of the Church have added a new room to our parsonage, also gallery extended across the front of parsonage. Drs. Tom and Reed Yett have placed a splendid folding bed in the parsonage. Many have in one way and another endeared themselves to us, but special mention may be made of Dr. and Sister Reed Yett, Brother and Sister Carl Francis, Sister Anderson and Sister Myrtle Hughes for special gifts in the way of dry goods and clothing which have very materially cut down expenses in our home. In spiritual things we have not seen the results we have longed for labored for. Our meeting will begin the first Sunday in August, and we beg our friends throughout the State to remember us with special prayers for a great victory at that time. May the Lord greatly bless our people everywhere.—Mrs. N. G. Ozment.

Pleasant Ridge.

We have just closed a great revival here. Many backsliders reclaimed, many new converts and thirty-one

people received into the Church; one baby baptized; fifty dollars raised for A. C. I. at Jacksonville, and sixteen dollars raised for Rev. B. C. Anderson, who helped us in the meeting, and my way clear on conference collections at this place. Eleven family altars erected. Praise God for victory.—Jno. B. Bell, P. C.

SCIENCE SCORES AGAIN.

Photographer: "I have been taking some moving pictures of life on your farm."

Farmer: "Did you catch my laborers in motion?"

Photographer: "I think so."

Farmer: "Ah, well, science is a wonderful thing."—Brooklyn Life.

HIS SECOND CONTACT.

"This isn't the first time you have come in contact with the police?" said the lawyer, sternly, to the witness.

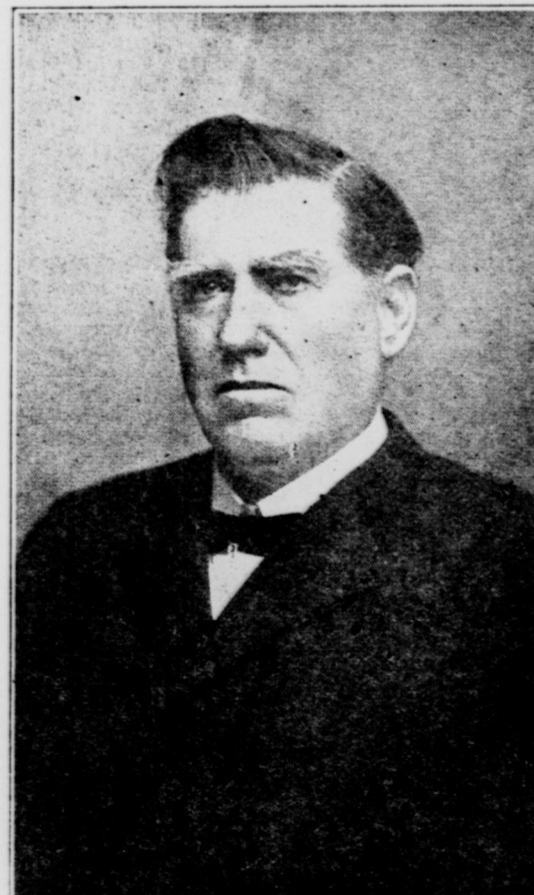
"No, sir," was the reply.

"What, may I ask, was the result of your former encounter?"

"I awoke him. He had gone to sleep on his beat."—Tit-Bits.

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Texas Christian Advocate, Dallas, Texas.

copal Church, of which she lived a consistent and consecrated member until she was called to join the Church triumphant...

SMITH.—Mrs. Elizabeth (Watkins) Smith, wife of Rev. Caleb H. Smith (Uncle Caleb), of the Texas Conference, died at her home in Smith County, Texas...

CHENAULT.—Mary Chenaunt, daughter of E. N. and S. J. Chenaunt, was born December 14, 1887, and died in Hico, Texas, June 16, 1912...

NORTH TEXAS CONFERENCE
Greenville District—Third Round. Kingston Mis., at White Rock, Aug. 3, 4. Quinlan Cir., at Ward's Chapel, Aug. 10, 11...

PRUNTY.—J. W. Prunty, of Rhome, Texas, fell on sleep June 29, 1912.

PRUNTY.—J. W. Prunty, of Rhome, Texas, fell on sleep June 29, 1912. "Uncle Johnnie," as he was called by his multitude of friends and acquaintances, was born in Henry County, Virginia, March 6, 1833...

to meet him. Uncle Johnnie suffered much in his sickness, but was patient and perfectly resigned...

PHILLIPS.—James R. Phillips was born in Talbot County, Georgia, in 1863. He was converted and joined the Church at the age of eighteen at old Pleasant Grove Church in that State...

CHENAULT.—Mary Chenaunt, daughter of E. N. and S. J. Chenaunt, was born December 14, 1887, and died in Hico, Texas, June 16, 1912. She was converted and joined the M. E. Church, South...

NORTH TEXAS CONFERENCE

Bowie District—Third Round. Bowie Mis., Vashki, Aug. 10, 11. Newport Mis., Pacific Branch, Aug. 11, 12. Crafton Cir., Red Bud, Aug. 17, 18...

TERRELL DISTRICT—THIRD ROUND

Terrell, Aug. 18, 19. College Mound, Aug. 24, 25. Kaufman, Sept. 1, 2. Forney and Mesquite, Sept. 8, 9.

Sulphur Springs District—Third Round. Como Cir., at Harper's Chapel, Aug. 8, 9. Sulphur Springs Sta., Aug. 10, 11. Klondike Cir., at Habern's Chapel, Aug. 13. Winnboro Sta., Aug. 17, 18.

GAINESVILLE DISTRICT—THIRD ROUND

Woodbine Cir., at W., Aug. 3, 4. Rosston Cir., at Forestburg, Aug. 24, 25. Dexter Cir., at D., Aug. 31, Sept. 1.

PARIS DISTRICT—THIRD ROUND

Cunningham Mis., Aug. 3, 4. Paris Cir., at Reno, Aug. 10, 11. Lamar Ave., Aug. 11, 12. Emberson Cir., at Forest C., Aug. 17, 18. McKenzie Cir., at Maple, Aug. 24, 25.

STAMFORD DISTRICT—THIRD ROUND

Seymour Mis., Aug. 3, at 11 a. m. Seymour Sta., Aug. 4. Munday, Aug. 11.

PLAINVIEW DISTRICT—THIRD ROUND

Slaton, at Prairie View, Aug. 24, 25. Lubbock Sta., Aug. 25, 26. Plainview Sta., Aug. 28.

SWEETWATER DISTRICT—THIRD ROUND

Sweetwater Mission, at Grover, Aug. 3, 4. Roscoe Station, Aug. 10, 11. Roscoe Mission, Aug. 17, 18. Snyder Station, Aug. 24, 25.

HAMILTON DISTRICT—THIRD ROUND

Spur Sta., Aug. 4, 5. Rotan Sta., Aug. 10, 11. Layton, at Clemons, Aug. 17, 18. Royston, at Fisher, Aug. 24, 25.

VERNON DISTRICT—THIRD ROUND

Crowell Sta., Aug. 3, 4. Odell Mis., Aug. 10, 11. Tolbert and Fargo, Aug. 17, 18. Medicine Mound Mis., Aug. 24, 25.

ABILENE DISTRICT—THIRD ROUND

Putnam, at Moran, Aug. 3, 4. Nugent, Aug. 10, 11. First Church, Aug. 11, 12. Tenth St., at Tuscola, Aug. 17, 18.

TEXAS CONFERENCE

Marshall District—Third Round. Henderson Cir., at Carlsbe, Aug. 5, 4. Henderson Sta., Aug. 4, 5. Longview, Aug. 7.

WEST TEXAS CONFERENCE

Austin District—Fourth Round. Bastrop, at Bastrop, Aug. 22. Smithville, at Smithville, Aug. 23. McElde, at Morgan's Chapel, Aug. 24, 25.

SAN MARCOS DISTRICT—FOURTH ROUND

Harwood, at Harwood, Aug. 3, 4. Marchaca, at Creedmore, Aug. 10, 11. Bunda, at Bunda, Aug. 11, 12.

SAN ANGELO DISTRICT—FOURTH ROUND

San Angelo, Chadbourne St., a. m., Aug. 11. San Angelo, First Church, p. m., Aug. 11. Miles, Aug. 13.

WHY SWELTER? COOL COLORADO. affords numerous pleasant hotel, ranch, camping and fishing resorts which may be enjoyed at moderate expense...

Neche, Aug. 24, 25. Centenary, Aug. 26. Elkhardt, Aug. 27. Grace, Aug. 28. Huntington, Aug. 31, Sept. 1.

CENTRAL TEXAS CONFERENCE

Weatherford District—Fourth Round. Weatherford, Courts Memorial, Aug. 4, 5. Weatherford, First Church, Aug. 18, 19.

WEST TEXAS CONFERENCE

Austin District—Fourth Round. Bastrop, at Bastrop, Aug. 22. Smithville, at Smithville, Aug. 23.

SAN MARCOS DISTRICT—FOURTH ROUND

Harwood, at Harwood, Aug. 3, 4. Marchaca, at Creedmore, Aug. 10, 11. Bunda, at Bunda, Aug. 11, 12.

SAN ANGELO DISTRICT—FOURTH ROUND

San Angelo, Chadbourne St., a. m., Aug. 11. San Angelo, First Church, p. m., Aug. 11. Miles, Aug. 13.

SAN MARCOS DISTRICT—FOURTH ROUND

Harwood, at Harwood, Aug. 3, 4. Marchaca, at Creedmore, Aug. 10, 11. Bunda, at Bunda, Aug. 11, 12.

NEW MEXICO CONFERENCE

El Paso District—Fourth Round. Lordsburg, Aug. 3, 4. Deming, Aug. 7. Las Cruces, Aug. 11, 12.

The Ideals of the Pioneers Now Realized by Their Children

Substance of Speech Delivered by Rev. Horace Bishop, D. D., at Meeting of Commissioners of Education of Texas Methodism, Austin, Texas, January, 1911

Dr. Homer S. Thrall once said to me that the "idea of a system of correlative schools did not originate with Dr. Mood;" that it had been suggested repeatedly by the fathers and founders of Methodism in Texas, before the civil annexation of Texas. It had always been rejected as impractical, and that he (Dr. Thrall) still believed it to be so. This conversation occurred at Corpus Christi at the conference there in the fall of 1877, just after I had preached on Christian Education. Further talk elicited the statement that he had no idea that Dr. Mood had ever had the suggestion before the memorable night when, in a vision, he saw rise out of the ruins of many independent enterprises, a unified system, interdependent, vigorous, backed by the consensus of the Church and inspired by the Holy Ghost. That vision of that man of God was similar in importance to the vision of Paul while waiting at Troas, when the man of Macedonia beckoned him across the Aegean Sea. Like Paul, from that day forward, the heavenly vision possessed the soul of Mood. It was always new and fresh to him. He never tired telling it and somehow he made it interesting to us who had heard it so often. The seats in the conference room were always filled when Dr. Mood was to speak, although we knew that he would tell us the same story. At that time few of the old leaders were to the fore. Robert Alexander and Josiah Whipple were getting old, William C. Lewis was superannuated, Chauncey Richardson and Martin Ruter were dead. The war had dislocated George W. Carter and C. C. Gillespie from their relationship in the conference. DeVilliss, Thrall, Kennon, Finley and Philpot were at their zenith. McLean and Neely, Veal and Lewis B. Whipple, John Adams and Gillette Brothers, and many more were coming into their kingdom. As a boy preacher, I was watching the procession.

Up at Clarksville was a giant who could come as near fighting a lone battle against all odds as any man since David slew Goliath. I did not know him then, but the echoes of his name and fame had long been on my ear. He had kept his books straight, had met his obligations to God and men; he had built a school, not suited to "original research," or even to higher education. But from the raw material of crude boyhood and rustic maidenhood, he had molded the lives of men and women to a type like himself, and fitted to guide the Church and State. In his old age, his school wrecked by the war, the Church had asked him to come to Waxahachie and build a college there, to be named in honor of the Church's most popular Bishop, E. M. Marvin. That college was open, and students were crowding its halls. McKenzie was its president. The Northwest Texas Conference met in Weatherford. I think there were forty of us, all told. For lack of a church, Weatherford College was opened to us, and we held our sessions there. Solon E. Burshead, a little, very little, younger then than now, was the President of the college. Bishop Wightman presided. The Comanche Indians were neighbors, and the Bishop had never seen one. He did not want to, and he was more anxious that no Comanche should see him. He held the conference on high speed. When the Indians stole eleven horses in one night the Bishop did not put on the brakes. He quoted very earnestly Solomon's proverb as to how a prudent man does when he foresees the evil.

He introduced to the conference his friend from South Carolina, the President of the Soule University, Dr. F. A. Meod. I had read of him in the Advocate, but had not seen him before. He was slender, wry, fine forehead, dark hair, full, round, black eyes, large, very large, Roman nose, retreating chin, clear voice, distinct utterance, equipped with all that was needful for his immediate task. He laid before us plans, and told us of his vision. All the while he was speaking, an old man of heavy brow and grizzled, shaggy beard and hair, but masterful presence, was sitting near the front, and I was wondering who he was who listened so intently. When Mood completed his speech this man rose and Bishop Wightman announced the name of him, J. W. P. McKenzie. I do not recall his speech, I was studying him, but I remember his first sentence, which was a playful suggestion that the Lord put that first-class nose on the Doctor's face to call attention to the mighty man who followed it. The last sentence was, "Wherever you lo-

cate the institution, Marvin College shall be a satellite revolving around the central university as a sun. The last time I saw Dr. McKenzie he sent a love message by me to Mood in Georgetown. I doubt not McKenzie swung North Texas, East Texas and Northwest Texas Conferences into line with the forward movement. That Weatherford Conference was in 1869. In the fall of 1871 I was appointed by Bishop Marvin to Corsicana Station. In April, 1872, I was married. I am so still. In the summer of 1872 Dr. Mood spent several days with us in our own hired house. He was a guest much to be desired from every viewpoint. I did not then know why he was spending so much time with me, a boy preacher in his first station. But he did not fail to talk about the prospective university and "The Correlated System." He seemed indifferent as to the location. He was not so, but seemed to be. Before he left there Corsicana wanted the university and wanted it badly. Not so long afterward, by an overwhelming majority, they voted a hundred thousand dollars in city bonds to raise a subsidy sufficient to secure it. In an article in the Corsicana Courier, Captain Halbert said: "Can Corsicana afford to give a hundred thousand dollars to secure the Methodist University? I vary the question. Can she afford not to give it?" And in able argument he answered, no. But an injunction was filed by a few men with money. The issue of bonds was prohibited, and Corsicana was not considered in the balloting.

Waxahachie was the next choice. Marvin College was there. But the commissioner was instructed to incur no debts, and Marvin College was several thousand dollars in debt. The representatives of Waxahachie were urged to pay off that indebtedness and deed to the Church unencumbered property. They declined and Waxahachie lost the location. That left Chappell Hill, Salado and Georgetown as the only applicants. Soule University at Chappell Hill was rejected because of two epidemics of yellow fever, which had broken out at the school and temporarily depopulated the town. Georgetown was then selected as the location. The university of two conferences became the property of five, and was removed from Chappell Hill to Georgetown. This fact is recorded in the records of Southwestern in Doctor Mood's handwriting. The charters of Soule University and McKenzie College were merged into that of Southwestern, and their graduates enrolled as alumni of Southwestern. In all these movements Dr. Mood was leader. He conceded nothing. He always fought in the open field. No word juggling or ambiguity of any kind appealed to him. He scorned all Machiavellian methods. He won not by any legerdemain, but by the might of righteousness. He labored not for any locality, but for the system. To the day of his departure it was not the location, but the system of education that he offered to Corsicana Station.

The Church in Texas was never satisfied that a great university was possible in Georgetown. The very terms of the charter show that Mood did not believe it.

In the fall of 1875 I was appointed by Bishop Pierce to Georgetown Circuit. I was informed that it was at the suggestion of Dr. Mood. But I do not believe that statement was correct. He was not disposed to meddle with the appointments. Traveling with Bishop Pierce during the following summer, I learned that Mood's only request was for an active man, suitable to assist him in outside work. His health had begun to fail. He would have selected J. D. Shaw but Shaw's personal popularity and magnetism on the platform and in the pulpit were known in Waco, and they were even then calling for him. Corsicana was doing the same. So I went to Georgetown and was kindly received by all, enthusiastically by Dr. Mood. One of the first things I learned was, that despite the efforts of the commission to prevent such a calamity, the building and grounds of Georgetown College were transferred to our trustees under a mortgage of several thousand dollars. It was a great shock to Dr. Mood when he learned of this. But as usual with him, he acted immediately. Six noble men gave their personal notes for the money and lifted the lien. Mood was nothing if not magnanimous. Only two of those were citizens of Georgetown when the subsidy was secured. But all six were true, loyal and noble men. Mood asked the trustees to turn over the subsidy to those men to sell lands or col-

lect subscriptions to recoup themselves, and the trustees d'd so. When I was appointed to Georgetown Circuit that was the state of affairs. After some months, when we had talked it over and over and over again for many times, he asked me to go to Galveston and talk the matter over with the trustees, as a majority of them were living there. I went and met them. They showed me marked courtesy. They talked of Dr. Mood in terms of love as well as admiration. The president called them together, and collectively they listened to my plea, I urged them to devise some means to pay the debt and save the subsidy to the university. They told me frankly that they would do nothing for the university. I was amazed. The secretary of the board took me to his splendid home to spend the night. As he sat in gown and slippers by his hearth, I demanded to know why they had declined to help

nightmare has never ceased to visit us. And Methodist money has gone into other channels, and Methodist sons and daughters received their university training among aliens. Through forty years some of us held fast to Mood's ideals, but at the end of that time we had no correlated system and no university. But the Lord has led us on till we reached Kadish Parnee, and the Promised Land is nigh. The grapes of Eschol loom large before us, but we hear of the swelling of the Jordan and the Sons of Anakk. But no doubt we are able to go over and possess the land. Six Texas Conferences already own and control Southwestern, the great "A" college of Texas Methodism. Polytechnic, owned and controlled by two conferences, wants to come into the correlation and become a part of the great system, thought out in the brain of Mood.



REV. HORACE BISHOP, D. D. Pioneer Preacher, Diplomat and Educator, Recently Elected as First President of Board of Trustees of Southern Methodist University

the institution which they had inaugurated. With amazing nonchalance, he said: "It is a mislocation. That school should have been in North Texas—Fort Worth or Dallas." I asked him why they had located it in Georgetown and he replied: "The Church was impatient Mood couldn't stand the pressure any longer and Georgetown furnished the only available opening." He presently added: "Now it turns out that there is a lien upon that property." The Georgetown College (a corporation) deeded the property to the trustees of Southwestern University. But a truce to this part of the history. From the time that W. B. Morris, secretary of the board, told me that was why the Galveston trustees would not help. I have heard the same, or similar, complaints of the location, and I was long ago driven to the conviction that while a great college was possible, there never would be a great university in Georgetown.

When I returned to Georgetown I would not rend Mood's heart by telling him what Morris said; but I could not conceal from him their indifference. He applied himself at once to changing the personnel of the trustees, and to increase the number of curators. He brought in all the pupils of McKenzie, and Chauncey Richardson, whom he could, and by the eclat of numbers he impressed the conferences.

Thank God, through the loyalty and persistence of the preachers and friends of the institution, we have an A grade college at Georgetown and the alumni in every part of the State vindicate the standing of their alma mater. "Out of weakness she has been made strong." We might add "waxed valiant in fight." But all through the years the nightmare has haunted us. I will not be so common as to mention Banquo's ghost in up-to-date society. But the

Oklahoma and New Mexico are ready to unite with us. Several secondary schools are eager to be correlated with us. We are not going to destroy what we have, but we are going to fulfill the hopes and plans of the greatest genius God ever gave to Texas Methodism.

The Dallas proposition must not be turned down. With three great schools, two of them colleges and one complete university well located and amply endowed and equipped we will realize the ends aimed at by the fathers, from Ruter and Chauncey Richardson, down to McKenzie and Mood. From their radiant places among world conquerors in the train of Christ, those noble spirits look down with joy on us. The martial music is no doubt sweeter to them than the swelling anthems of the unfallen angels.

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NOTES FROM THE SULPHUR SPRINGS DISTRICT.

District Commissioner W. L. Tittle and myself have just completed a campaign of the Sulphur Springs District. The district has contributed almost \$9000 in the two campaigns. In this last campaign something over \$2000 was subscribed. The subscriptions were as follows: Second visit, Sulphur Springs, \$700; Cooper, first visit, \$800; Lake Creek Cir. \$717.50; Pen Franklin \$875; Yowell Circuit \$450; Como (additional) \$190. Total \$2117.50. This is doing very well considering that some of the territory was going over the second time, and most of the places were small churches. But if all of our people had rallied to this work as a few of them d'd, this report would be \$10,000 instead of what it is.

There will be a good deal more given from these places later. One of the best families of this district will put a memorial window in the North Texas building for the honored father of the family, who a few months ago fell on sleep. A beautiful thing for a family of children to do. Others are doing this. For my own part I do not think of a better way, and one which will better honor our blessed dead. And when we say "our blessed dead," how that touches a responsive chord in every heart, for we all have them "whom we have loved and lost awhile." Let this remembrance be a reminder of how others may honor their dead.

Bro. Tittle is an ideal commissioner. The only thing the Conference Commissioner had to do was to make the public address and make the public appeal, and Bro. Tittle did the rest, often securing more privately than the public collection. How refreshing it was to have his valued assistance. He was with me continually, having dismissed all other duties in order to give his time to this great work. He has his Yellowstone trip won, and could almost win another. Let the brethren in stronger districts take notice. The trip can be easily won by any man who will push it. It is not too late yet.

I spent Sunday at Rockwall and Roysse, securing \$725 from the former and \$700 from the latter. These good Churches will surely do better than this later. They did not have a good chance this time. L. S. BARTON.

Millett Charge.

We are coming to the close of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, revival in this section of the State. We joined forces with the Baptists in a union effort. Brother Roane, the Baptist preacher, is a true yokefellow to hold meetings with. Shout after shout has gone up in our services. The old-time power is not a thing of the past. We are experiencing it down here. Nearly 50 persons have professed conversion in the meeting up to date. The Methodists have received 35 members as a result of the meeting. Thank God for the old-time revival fire and clear, bright conversions. Bro. J. C. Harris, a Methodist preacher from Tennessee, assisted us in the revival.—J. H. Stuckey, P. C., July 27.

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