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

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Number 6

## A GOOD ARTICLE OF RELIGION.

IN the audience sat a stranger. The preacher emphasized the fact that to be a Christian one must have the spirit of forgiveness. After the benediction the stranger walked with the preacher and gave his experience. He said: "I was a very high-tempered man and boy and consequently I had many fights at school when a boy and many in after years brought on by business misunderstandings. I was naturally a fighter, and being irreligious, I made many enemies. I was traveling six years ago in Arkansas and heard people singing. Through curiosity I went to find out what they were doing. They got me and I was gloriously converted. I could not go home, so I wrote my wife telling her of my new life and I sent her a list of eighty people in our town with whom I was at outs with request that she invite all of them to our home for a supper and tell them I loved them now. They came and together sent me a message of friendship." The good article of religion works a complete change in a man's heart and drives malice out. The man said that since his conversion he had lived in peace with all people.

## THE BAPTIST STANDARD GROWS SERIO-FACETIOUS.

Dr. Gambrell, in the last issue of the Baptist Standard, grows serio-facetious at our expense touching the question of infant baptism, and he makes a proposition to us to meet him half way in some "convenient Jordan" in order to set us right. We gather this from the following deliverance:

At the last General Conference of the M. E. Church, South, if we do not mistake the time, a radical change was made as to the design of "infant baptism." If the Methodists are right now, they were wrong then, so when our beloved brother, Dr. Rankin, was christened, it was a miss. It did not take. Baptism to save or help save is worth no more than baptism to cure mumps. It won't work. Seeing that the case is as it is, the M. E. General Conference being authority, Dr. Rankin and all who had it done to them before the new light came are among the uncircumcised. But they have their rights. They can claim believers' baptism under the divine law and this is much better any way. We are ready to help set things right by meeting our beloved brother half way in any convenient Jordan. He ought to have the best.

Now, in the first place, the General Conference made no "radical change as to the design of infant baptism." Our most excellent friend, who is usually correct in his knowledge of Church proceedings, seems to have made a serious lapse in this instance. Has he a copy of the Discipline of our Church close at hand prior to the revised one made by the last General Conference? If so, let him turn to page 200 and read the chapter on infant baptism, and when he has finished it let him then turn to the revised Discipline of 1910, page 375, and read that chapter; and he will find no difference

between the two except the quotation of additional Scripture and the insertion of a strong pledge to be assumed by the parents to be faithful in the bringing up of their baptized children in the knowledge of the Scriptures and to see to it that their lives are so shaped as to lead them when they reach the years of responsibility to assume for themselves the vows of our holy religion. There was no change made whatever as to "the design of infant baptism." The entire ceremony of the ordinance remains exactly intact as it has been since the organization of the Methodist Church. Hence the anxiety of our dearly beloved brother as to the validity of our baptism in infancy is without ground either in suspicion or in fact. We received the "best" away back in the long gone years, and we are perfectly satisfied with it; and when we reached years of maturity we stood at the altar of the Church and on our part ratified and confirmed the vows received for us in infancy by a devoted father and mother, and then and there became an active believer in the Church of God. And we will never cease to appreciate the fact that our father and mother were led by the Spirit of God and by their knowledge of the Holy Scriptures to have us dedicated in Christ even before we were conscious of the rite received. They then and there believed as we believe today, that the atonement of Christ reached childhood's estate and that children were and are subjects of its efficacy and benefits. And the Church today has the same view of "the design" of infant baptism that it had in the beginning. It has never made any change, "radical or otherwise," in this ordinance, and it never will make any change in it.

In the next place, and as to the proposition of our dearly beloved brother to meet us "in some convenient Jordan," and have him administer "believers' baptism" to us, we say in all candor that we do not deem it at all necessary. We always stand ready to make any amends possible in the practical phases of our religious conduct and character, but we have no disposition to have the ordinance of baptism readministered. And if we were disposed to make a fetish out of the mere mode of the ordinance, we would carry that fetish still further and demand that it be administered in the real Jordan and not in a zinc tub tucked away in some corner of a church building, or worse still, in a stagnant pond in some old field. The Jordan, with its pure water from the snowy mountains, is all right from a sanitary view, but we draw the line on the tub and the pond. And while we appreciate the good intention of Dr. Gambrell, we most emphatically decline his generous proffer. We are now too old to be dipped in the places usually selected by the excellent Church to which our good brother belongs. We have no objection to his personal practice in the matter, but as for us we beg to be excused.

## PROTECTION AND NOURISHMENT.

We do not write this to dispute the now much-used "survival of the fittest", but the rather to emphasize that very important fact that in all grades of development, whether in the vegetable, the animal, the intellectual or the spiritual kingdom, protection and nourishment suited to the life being developed is essential. A number of seedling elms sprang up and seemed sure of growth and life. Some of the fittest ones were killed by heavy wagons being driven over them, while others not so strong, being protected from wagons and horses, continued to grow. Some with a vigorous growth at the start perished for lack of water in the dry summer time, while others less vigorous grew steadily on because they had their roots fed by water from a near-by hydrant. Nourishment and protection often develop a weakling calf or pig, while the strongest dies for lack of these. By careful guarding and feeding of a dull mind, a strong and vigorous thinker is developed, while a precocious child, sometimes by lack of care and training, dwindles almost into mental inanity. In the spiritual life the law of protection and nourishment holds good. So that the injunction of the apostle, "Feed the flock of God," is a most important one to the preacher and pastor, for the spiritual growth of the young people of the Church depends largely upon the spiritual protection and nourishment they get.

## DOES MY LIFE HELP?

Christ came to do the Father's will and to institute a definite plan for the salvation of men and the coming of his kingdom on earth. For his advent the world was four thousand years in preparing. He came in the fullness of the times and set up his claim to the loyal service of all men. He has always used the life and action of men for the kingdom on earth, and, after his departure, he and the Father sent the Holy Spirit to guide into all truth and left the working out of his kingdom among men to his loyal subjects—men, women and children—who love him and seek to bring the world to him.

If, then, Christ has a definite plan for the saving of the world, and that plan involves the work of true men and women under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, is it not a very pertinent inquiry we each should make into our own individual lives, "Am I helping Christ by my loyalty and service to carry out his plan on earth?" If we are not helping we are retarding. Is your influence on Christ's side of all questions? If it is not, friend, put it on that side from this time on.

## THE ORIGINAL DESIGN OF DRESS.

The original purpose of dress was to conceal the body from the gaze of others. The modesty and nobility of Adam and Eve, after sin had come into their lives, were distinctly marked by the fact that

they sought to cover their bodies with clothing. Fashion, that treacherous and depraved siren, has, at times, lured women, particularly, away from the pristine purpose of clothing and prostituted it to become a means of exhibiting those parts of the body that modesty requires to be withheld from public gaze. We are constrained to indict the prevailing style of dress for women in the past twelve months or more as conducive to sensuality in men. Christ declared that "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her in his heart."

The thin, close-fitting dressing of some women when walking the streets of our cities and towns is calculated to arouse the passions of men as they look upon them, and such men are guilty of adultery in heart. Pure women should be very averse to making an exhibition of themselves to the vulgar and adulterous gaze of men and should revolt against the present-day fashion and clothe themselves as becometh purity. Mothers should consider their daughters in the matter of dressing.

## BEGINNING THE DAY WITH GOD.

Every day should be commenced with God and upon the knees. He begins the day unwisely who leaves his chamber without a secret conference with his heavenly Father. The true Christian goes to his closet both for his panoply and his "rations" for the day's march and its inevitable conflicts. As the Oriental traveler sets out for the sultry journey by loading up his camel under the palm tree's shade, and by filling his flasks from the cool fountains that sparkle at its roots, so doth God's wayfarer draw fresh supply from the unexhausted spring. Morning is the golden time for devotion. The mercies of the night provoke to thankfulness. The buoyant heart that is in love with God, makes his earlier flight, like the lark, towards the gates of heaven. Gratitude, faith, dependent trust, all prompt to early interviews with him who never slumbering himself, waits on his throne for our morning orisons. We all remember Bunyan's beautiful description of his Pilgrim's lodging over night in the Chamber of Peace, which looked toward the sunrise, and at daybreak he "awoke and sang." If stony Egyptian "Memnon" made music when the first rays kindled on his flinty brow, a devout heart should not be mute when God causes the outgoings of his mornings to rejoice. No pressure of business nor household duties should crowd out prayer.—Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

Had he been happy and faultless I would not have loved him as I did. There is a degree of pity in all our friendships. Misfortune has an attraction for certain souls. The cement of our hearts is mixed with tears, and nearly all our deep affections have their beginning in some sorrowful emotion.—Lamartine.

## FINISHING UP THE WORLD

ROME—The "Eternal" or Seven-Hilled City.

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

Italy is full of disenchantment. After all of one's dreams of the ruin of Rome, its moss-covered walls, solitary desolation, its hooting owls and haunted halls, and wild beasts reposing in the shadows of broken columns, to alight from a train in a modern, magnificent and brilliantly lighted depot, and then enter a portion of the city as modern in style as the rebuilt district of Chicago, to thus have the spirit of modern innovation so suddenly obtrude upon you is not only disenchanting but really displeasing. But this modern quarter of Rome was small, and we were soon walking at midnight upon the debris of two thousand years, with the same moon and stars looking down upon us from the same Italian sky, as upon Romulus and Romus twenty-five centuries ago! A city whose real origin is lost amid the rubbish of tradition and antiquity.

After a few hours sleep we arose early to avail ourselves of the cool hours of the morning for sightseeing. Hiring a carriage and a guide, we started out with our historic lenses adjusted, for he who sees Rome to best advantage is he who carries most history in his eyes. Time seems determined to bury the city of Rome, as if it were a corpse and he the sexton. So that in nineteen centuries the soil over its grave has grown very deep by the slow scattering dust, and the accumulation of more modern decay upon older ruins.

### Trajan's Forum

is one of the best specimens of what the centuries can do in the accumulation of dust and debris. The excavations show this to be about thirty feet below the level of the business and rat tie around it. In this vast game we look upon the footprints and fingerprints of nearly twenty centuries. The old granite columns broken and fallen into confusion, are the great solid facts of the past, making ancient Rome actually sensible to the touch and to the eye. No study of history, no force of thought, nor magic of song could so virtually assure us that ancient Rome once existed as these sturdy specimens of what its rulers and people wrought. On the north side of this old forum is Trajan's columns of pure marble, 147 feet high, around which is carved a spiral band three feet wide by 660 feet in length. Twenty-five hundred human figures are carved in this band, setting forth incidents of Trajan's war with the Dacians. The ghostly eyes of the dead emperor doubtless take very little delight in this column now, since the statue of Saint Peter stands on the top where his image once stood. All that rich sculpture of bloody warfare twining from the base of the shaft to the top is an ugly spectre to him now, if he considers that this storied shaft may be laid before the final judgment as a piece of evidence of what he did in the flesh. There are

### "Sermons in Stone."

As Peter has pushed Trajan from the top of his monument, so Paul has supplanted Aurelius and taken his position on the top of the Aurelian column. These two apostles now look down upon Rome at Wellington and Nelson looked down upon London.

The Baths of the old Emperors are among the most spacious of the ruins. Those of Caracalla are the largest. The excavation under the Baths of Titus is a fair general specimen of how ruin piles upon ruin. The fame of Nero, who preceded him as Emperor was a great source of annoyance to him. He endeavored to obscure every object of Nero's glory, the greatest of which was the golden house. Titus filled this golden house with rock and rubbish on which to build his Baths. The golden Palace of Nero has already been built on the house of Maecenas. With lighted tapers we went down through the ruins upon ruins till we reached the mosaic floors in the house of Maecenas. The frescoes, though nearly two thousand years old, are well preserved, and were the models from which Raphael decorated the present corridors of the Vatican. By combining or blending these antique designs with the modern he became the author of the Renaissance in mural and ceiling decoration.

In the outer alcoves around the bottom of the old theater of Marcellus are now tinker and blacksmith shops and cheese factories. The central and great auditorium has been filled with stone, dirt and debris, on which the Orsini palace was built. In

this old palace the old German historian,

Niebuhr,

lived when he was Prussian Ambassador. He said: "As the streams lose themselves in the mightier ocean, so the history of people once distributed along the Mediterranean shores is absorbed in that of the mighty mistress of the world, Rome."

The oldest structure in Rome, perfectly preserved is the Pantheon. The dome of our capitol at Washington is an exact copy, the height and diameter being equal, each 140 feet. It has no windows, except a round opening at the top in the center of the dome, through which the natural sun beams with splendid intensity, exhibiting the peculiar depth of the Italian sky. The portico has sixteen granite columns, in single pieces 45 feet long, each weighing 129,000 pounds. As its name indicates, this building was dedicated to all the gods. Its interior niches once filled with pagan gods, are now occupied by Papal saints. The place once occupied by Jupiter Tonas, is now filled by an altar dedicated to Mary, Jupiter, with a new head, is now Jew Peter, and occupies a place in Saint Peter's church.

The brown-gowned, bareheaded Capuchin monks are ubiquitous in Rome. They have a church, in the basement of which they have been buried through the centuries. One part of this basement is filled with dirt brought from Jerusalem. This is always filled with the bodies of dead Capuchines. If one dies today, they exhume the body of the one longest dead and put the new corpse in his place. Each sleeps in his turn in consecrated

### Jerusalem Dust,

attended with the embarrassment of having to get up long before day-break. They can't even call their graves their own. The building is decorated with the bones, teeth, and nails of the dead monks. They make pyramids of skulls, arches of the arms and legs. With the small bones of the hands and feet, the nails and teeth, they make flowers, large and small, on the walls and ceilings. Such decoration has the merit of artistic and perverted ingenuity, and is grotesque in the extreme. How can one feel immortal here, where the very altars are heaps of human bones?

Saint Peter, the crowning glory of the architectural genius of Michael Angelo, covers six acres of ground, employed the time and treasure of 43 popes 300 years and sixty million of dollars to erect, and requires \$20,000 a year to keep in repair. In its magnificent appointments and gathered treasures it mocks comparison with any other church in the world. It is more like a great work of nature than of art. You have to grow up to a capacity to appreciate its magnitude. The absorbing impression at every point is not the effect of any single feature of the building, but the exact symmetry and wonderful proportion of the whole. It is certainly a grand appeal to the senses, and well calculated to excite even a dull imagination. As you stroll through the long, vaulted aisles the eye is under constant arrest by the marvels of the brush and chisel, the olfactories are dominated by the fumes of incense, while the ear is inclined to follow the swelling strains of the organ as they roll through such a wilderness of architecture. It is on the site of Nero's Circus, where such a multitude of Christians were so cruelly murdered.

### The Coliseum

occupies the site of Nero's pond, and is of greater interest to the tourist than Saint Peter's. It was begun by Vespasian in A. D. 71, and finished by Titus in 81, who employed 12,000 captive Jews, taken at Jerusalem. The foundation descends 40 feet below the ground and the walls rise 167 feet above. The circumference is 1728 feet, rising up like the open crater of an extinguished volcano between the Esquiline and Palatine hills. Eighty-seven thousand spectators could be comfortably seated and 100,000 could stand.

As we approached the center of the old arena and turned the eye of the body around the receding and ascending thousands of seats, the imagination or the eye of the soul was looking into 200,000 Pagan eyes, cruelly gazing upon us, with the spirit of ten thousand Christian martyrs leaning and looking from the battlements of heaven upon the spot where they poured out their blood to bequeath a pure faith to us, and taught their Pagan persecutors how Christians could die. The lower tiers for plebeians, next patricians, third merchants, fourth ladies, and last 1800 sailors, who stretched

or withdrew the canvas, which was often saturated with perfume, to fall in spray upon the multitudes. The inauguration ceremonies continued through 100 days, during which 5000 animals were killed in the

### Gladiatorial Combats.

Nineteen thousand were murdered in a single entertainment before Nero. It is enough to make one's blood curdle to walk along the subterranean passages through which those bodies were dragged, and hear the gurgling of the water in the sewer under this passage where their flowing blood was washed out into the Tiber, where their bodies were thrown. As we walked along the vast vaults where the beasts were chained and into the arena where they were unchained, we congratulated ourselves that so many centuries of the astonishing influence of the Sun of Righteousness interposed between us and the savage spirit of

Nero. By moonlight at one o'clock at night, we looked down upon this most wonderful of all ruins, from the summit of the Palatine Hill, and repeated the following words of Charles Dickens: "The most impressive, stately, solemn, grand, majestic, mournful sight conceivable, and God be praised, a ruin!"

Our last view of Rome was at sunset from the summit of the Pincian, the tallest of the seven hills. Which ever way you turn your eyes are scenes well worth gazing upon, both in themselves and for their historic value. As you look over the vast Campagna, through which the old aqueducts run to the Appenines on the one hand, or over the city on the other, you feel that it is no land of dreams, but the broadest page of history, crowded so full of memorable events that one obliterates another. Time has so crossed and recrossed his own records that they have grown illegible!

## Our Letter From Georgia

By Rev. Geo. G. Smith

It has been some time since I wrote you, and as it is as much a pleasure for me to write to my friends as to hear from them, I have really been the loser, although your readers may have been the gainers.

### 3,000 Years Ago.

Isaiah, son of Amos, wrote his wonderful book nearly three thousand years ago, and I have been reading it with the especial aim of seeing what men were then and how much we resemble them now.

They did not eat what we do, nor live in such houses as we live in, nor were they governed as we are. They had no printed books to read; they never heard of a railway or a trolley. They did not dress like we do. They talked in a different tongue, and the old prophet seems to deal with things which have long passed away. The Jerusalem when he lived and the Jerusalem we know are far different, and the temple in which he worshipped and the churches which we attend had no resemblance, and yet when we look closely we see the dark-skinned, black-eyed men and the gaily dressed women of Judea in all essentials the same as those we knew in America.

And the weird prophet, who barefoot and sack-clothed, spake to the people, had the same object in view and much the same message as the faithful minister today. Much of the world was godless and idol-worshipping then, and much of it is godless and idol-worshipping now. There was in the little strip of sea-bordered land among those who had been set apart as God's people, the same inconsistency, hypocrisy, and formalism as there is found in Georgia or South Carolina in 1912.

Babylon and Moab and Egypt have all their reproductions in France and Italy, England, Germany and America today. In all respects these modern lands are not the same, for there is in all these lands what was not then in the Far East—Christianity. But everything we find there we find here. The one great evil then as now, was godlessness. To find in the worshipper of Baal the same features as are found in the worshippers of Mammon, we are not to look for the hideous idol, but for the spirit which made men seek him. They rejected God. They were all alike in that. This is as much a feature of the world today as it was then. God not considered. He had as well be buried so far as men's thought about Him is concerned. He is completely ignored. He is acknowledged, it may be, as an existence, but as a ruler or Lord He has no place in men's thoughts. Honor, wealth, reputation, public opinion, have their influence—Jehovah has none. Perhaps these money-seeking men and pleasure-seeking women

educational life of her constituency, in order that

"Our sons may be as plants, grown up in their youth;

That our daughters may be as cornerstones polished after the similitude of a palace."

That this result may be effectively accomplished, we may not ignore the laws governing growth and development.

The material from which we are to obtain the product must be seriously considered. The Church's largest opportunity for the building of Christian character lies in her ability to grasp that opportunity in the plastic period of adolescence—when the mind and heart and body are rapidly taking permanent form; when buoyant youth first launches out on its own account to sail the untried sea of individuality; when the world of thought and the world of action loom large before the enchanted vision; when the subtle influence of associations outside the narrower horizon of the home,

"Offers each its bloom or blight."

It is at this promising but critical moment that the Church holds within her grasp her largest privilege—the educational "mothering" of the men and women of tomorrow.

It is at this crisis that the door of opportunity flings wide upon its hinges and invites "whosoever will" to enter and to determine what manner of men and women our sons and daughters shall be.

No man need tremble for the future of the State, if the Church shall discharge her obligation to the youth of today.

But all men may well shudder at the contemplation that that future must bring forth, if through these years of adolescence no wise religious guidance be given to the aspiring aims of ambitious youth.

The Methodist Church has one supreme mission to the masses and that mission is spiritual. Subordinate, but vitally related to this mission, is her obligation to the cultural betterment of the world.

Though "born in a University," her appeal has ever been to the masses, and that not on the basis of the intellectual, more than on the volitional and emotional elements of human nature. Far be it from the Church to undervalue or to prevent the principles of intellectuality. Contrariwise, every appeal to men to accept and appropriate the blessings of the Gospel, assumes and implies utmost harmony with the highest conceptions of intellectual life.

But these truths are so axiomatic that I am prone to apologize for so much as calling them to your remembrance. I have only done so because they constitute the basic principles upon which rest the obligation of the Church to activity in the field of secondary education.

In modern terms of educational terminology, the missing link between the Grammar School and "higher education," has been found in the public High School, the private Training School, and the Secondary Schools or Junior Colleges of the Church.

It has been conservatively estimated that not more than five per cent of students from the Grammar School are contemplating the High School curriculum, and that fully seventy-five per cent of students who attend secondary schools never enter our colleges and universities. Both secular and Christian educators are therefore confronted with the tremendous task of seeking increased efficiency through the advancement of these percentages. And in the meantime the Church must leave her educational impress upon the masses through the secondary school, if at all.

The public school is making commendable progress in the execution of its part of the task of promoting higher education, through its effective system of correlation. Provision for its needs by taxation enables the State to more nearly approximate ideal results than can come to the Church, so long as she is dependent upon voluntary contributions for educational enterprises. It is nevertheless the imperative duty of the Church despite her limitations, to endeavor by all possible means to attain unto the highest ideals in her educational efforts.

For many weary years she has struggled with the problem, and "correlation" has been made to do service in the realm of the ideal until the world has become "mere echoing brass or a clanging cymbal" in our educational nomenclature.

Our chief hindrance has been a most natural one.

We have dreamed of a correlation which has had for its foundation no unity of authority, control or support.

Segregated units, weak within themselves cannot secure to the Church that aggregation of strength and efficiency which is essential to the proper

## OUR SECONDARY SCHOOLS

By Rev. Jerome Duncan.

The task assigned me—that of discussing the value and needs of our secondary schools—is to me a pleasing one. I claim no peculiar fitness for the task, though near a quadrennium spent in directing the interests of one of our institutions of this grade, has afforded me ample opportunity for studying this department of our educational system at close range.

I trust I shall not be understood as ignoring or minimizing the relative value of other departments of educa-

tion. I would, however, be untrue to a very profound conviction should I fail to sound a note of warning at this time, lest the Church in her commendable zeal for higher education, forget her duty to an equally important phase of her educational obligation, and thus violate the divine injunction, "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

The why of Christian education is chiefly moral and religious, though the how of it embraces essentially the most exalted intellectual and cultural ideals. The business of the Church is to place the ineradicable stamp of the Christian religion on the

welding of this invaluable link into the perfect chain of our educational system.

Injudicious location, financial weakness, incompetent management, and ultimate loss in many instances, have been the Dead Sea fruit which we have gathered as the abundant reward of our educational folly.

I am profoundly convinced that the continuation of this attitude and policy can but result in two great avenues of loss to the Church.

1. The certain decline and probable loss of this asset whereby multiplied thousands of our own young people might otherwise have their only opportunity for receiving Christian education under our supervision.

2. The certain and appreciable decrease of the "source of supply" for our institutions for higher education.

Mr. Wesley's exhortation to cooperation on the part of "the household of faith"—and "so much the more because the world will love its own and them only," may be aptly applied by his ecclesiastical posterity to the educational situation in America today.

It is true that we receive into our colleges some students from the public schools, but at the same time the State institutions are matriculating more Methodists than from any other denominational body.

Every public school superintendent is a factor in the State's well regulated system of correlation, and Methodist teachers in our public schools, being liberal denominationally, as well as honest professionally, cannot be expected to promote enthusiastically the interests of our University system.

The need therefore of our training schools, especially for the benefit of all who are to receive secondary education away from the immediate supervision of the Christian home, is imperative.

Moreover, it is the duty of the Church, not only to educate during the period of adolescence, but it is an important part of her mission to create during that period a healthful desire for higher education.

Without elaborating the proposition, I would call attention also to the vital necessity for so separating our secondary schools from our colleges as to secure that disciplinary care which all educators recognize as being altogether impracticable where preparatory students and college men are brought together in the same institution.

I shall not further impinge upon the time which has been set apart for the open discussion of the subject, but you will permit me to give it as my conviction that the meager return from our investment as a Church in our secondary schools has been due to the fact that we have not taken them seriously.

The Church has too often said in effect, "We will pass resolutions of endorsement and leave you to your fate!"

As a result of this policy our secondary school system has been left largely to the merciless management of boom-town-promoters; and the stranded hulks of Methodist schools that failed to weather gales of financial stress, adorn the shoreline of our educational history with notable regularity.

If these schools are to serve their purpose in the educational plans of the Church, it will not be done by mere "Resolutions of endorsement," but as the result of a definite plan of correlation, involving ownership and control in such way as to secure to them a plan as an integral part of our educational system.

For my own part, I do not hesitate to predict that the measure of the ultimate success of our University system is to be largely determined by our attitude toward our secondary schools, for if our Colleges and Universities offer educational redemption to their thousands, our secondary schools, righteously conducted and honorably maintained, shall redeem their tens of thousands.

A young man would have to be blind not to see this, or be absolutely ignorant of the affairs of the Church. Let a young man who is receiving, or being paid weekly or monthly wages be elected to the stewardship; it may be because of his business qualifications and his deep piety; he may also be the young man upon whom God has laid his hands to preach, go out for the first time to collect quarterage for the pastor, and the first thing he observes is: That the people contribute, pay as they call it, or give is a still more familiar expression, as though they were contributing to a doubtful object of charity.

But I do not believe that it is the amount promised, or the mode of payment; the amount paid or not paid for men who have accepted the call to the ministry have not accepted it from a monetary consideration.

We must look for the trouble deeper and far beyond this, and I know no better place than God's Word. It is for the same reason that Moses plead with God and said: "Who am I that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?"

Then what is the remedy? Is it a better financial system? This might help, but will in no wise solve the problem. Our Master gives us the solution, but we have been so quick to forget it, and so slow to learn it again.

He says, "Pray ye the Father of the harvest that he would send forth laborers into his harvest." Would our prayers effect the calling of young men to the ministry? What we pray for we become more interested in and if the Church, including young men, should go to praying to God to supply the Church with the ministry, it would help those whom God had called to overcome the obstacles in the way, and men would be less apt to refuse to do that for which they had prayed.

Do you not think, too, that God would lay his hands upon the young men that he found praying? Men would be more ready and willing to assume the responsibility of the gospel and rely upon the promise, "Go, and lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." The solution of the problem then, the supply of the ministry, depends upon whether the Church will thus pray. It remains then for the ministers and the leaders of the Church to encourage, yea, even urge the Church to pray for the ministry, that God would call noble young men into the field to gather the harvest; and God and men would surely answer her prayers.

We have observed that in our Christian Universities more young men and young women announce themselves for the ministry and the mission fields than anywhere else, or under any other circumstances. It is evidently because of the prayers and influence of godly men and women teachers who see the needs of the Church, and the aptness and fitness of these young people, and pray to this end.

It does not believe in men or Churches making the ministry; but we should be, indeed, very careful, how we handle men who are called of God to

Cough Hard? Go To Your Doctor. Stop coughing! Coughing rasps and tears. Stop it! Coughing prepares the throat and lungs for more trouble. Stop it! There is nothing so bad for a cough as coughing. Stop it! Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a medicine for coughs and colds, a regular doctor's medicine. Use it! Ask your doctor if this is not good advice.

preach; not call them, but encourage them and help them.

In conclusion, we must not be selfish in the matter. It is very easy for us to pray for the ministerial supply; that God would send young men and young women into the ministry and the foreign fields, but do we want them to be our own boys and girls? Are not we preachers, who know the burdens and hardships of the ministry, tempted to discourage our own children? If God will perpetuate through us the Levitical lineage, let us pray with the Church, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

JUST ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER.

By Gulliver.

Well, I am forced to confess that the Advocate has got me. I can see the gleam of triumph in the vengeful eye of the editor as, while reading my letter of complaint, he was at the same time constructing a literary romp upon "Old Man Gulliver, the Humorist."

I hold in mind at present writing quite a number of bright, particular stars in the literary galaxy, who persisted in boring their friends on every possible occasion by parading their literary offspring for inspection and admiration.

I note that the editor has given birth to one of these literary babies in the form of an autobiography. I have subscribed for twelve copies. The editor of the Advocate no doubt loves that baby. I can see him now as he holds it up admiringly before the faces of his friends with an expression of countenance which unmistakably asks: "Isn't this kid a beaut?"

As it is, however, I am persuaded that the writing of both the editor of the Advocate and of this scribbler are pretty generally read. Now and then both make mistakes, but the charitable reader, remembering that there are spots even on the sun, is very kind to both the editor and his correspondent.

I note that a certain Campbellite brother who signs himself Noel Gaines, and who writes from Frankfort, Ky., is parading his peculiar views in the columns of the Advocate. Of course he has a right to be a Campbellite and to teach his doctrine in wherever and whatever manner he can.

One of the crying needs of our time—especially among Methodist people—is an increase of Church pride and an intelligent apprehension of what the Church in general, and the Methodist Church in particular, stands for.

It is a time of lodges, guilds, brotherhoods and divers and sundry organizations, many of which no doubt are good enough in themselves and have worthy objects in view; but great caution should be had lest these should usurp, in the minds and hearts of Christian men and women, the place and offices to which and for which the Church of God was ordained to fill. It should never be forgotten that to the gospel we owe everything that differentiates us from the heathen world, and that the Church is the only authorized agency for the spread of the gospel.

In the language of the apostle, it is the "pillar and ground of the truth." To see the Holy Bible, which the Church has preserved and handed down, lying upon the altar of a lodge, whose members persistently ignore and even belittle the Church, suggests to a thoughtful man that there is a radical wrong somewhere which greatly needs to be righted.

The average Methodist preacher is generally willing to accept his appointment in good faith, if he believes that the powers that be have dealt with him in an impartial and brotherly manner. An appointment made in such a spirit is, in my judgment, purely providential; and the preacher can safely accept it as coming directly from God.

Let no man suppose that these lines are inspired by a grouch. This writer has always received better appointments than he felt himself to deserve. He has no complaint to make against his brethren. But he is not talking "through his hat," nor is he fighting a man of straw. Brethren, let us be honest with one another. If there is any place on earth where merit should have its true meed, that place is in the Church of God. The formation of a clique among preachers or laymen in order to "take care of" any man, regardless of his merits, is more in keeping with ward politics than in the conscientious conduct of ecclesiastical councilors.

The daily blessings of life ought to be constant reminders of Him from whom cometh down every good gift and every perfect gift.—Selected

Despair is more often born of fear, laziness or impatience.

RIGHT HOME

Doctor Recommends Postum from Personal Test.

No one is better able to realize the injurious action of caffeine—the drug in coffee—on the heart, than the doctor. Tea is just as harmful as coffee because it, too, contains the drug caffeine.

When the doctor himself has been relieved by simply leaving off coffee and using Postum, he can refer with full conviction to his own case.

A Mo. physician prescribes Postum for many of his patients because he was benefited by it. He says:

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"I was a moderate user of coffee and did not think drinking it hurt me. But on stopping it and using Postum instead, my heart has got all right, and I ascribe it to the change from coffee to Postum.

"I am prescribing it now in cases of sickness, especially when coffee does not agree, or affects the heart, nerves or stomach.

"When made right it has a much better flavor than coffee, and is a vital sustainer of the system. I shall continue to recommend it to our people, and I have my own case to refer to." Name given by Postum Co., "Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

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

The Demand and Supply of the Ministry

By Rev. W. A. Dunn.

That the demand of the Church for ministers is greater than the supply cannot be questioned by any one who has his eyes open to her needs. We have in the last few years read several good articles on the subject, but they seem to be researches rather than solutions to the problem; neither does the writer believe that he shall be able to answer why; but the subject is worthy the continual consideration of the Church.

That the ministry is the earthly head of the Church cannot be denied. We are taught that we are saved by faith, and the apostle tells us that faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God, and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent? This raises two thoughts: The indispensability of the ministry, which is too apparent to be doubted or discussed; and the fact that the ministry is called of God, which is apparent only to the man who is called to preach the gospel.

Why, then, will they refuse to preach? Is it because the world, with its secular pursuits, holds out to them inducements that the Church cannot? In other words, is it a monetary consideration? Is it because the average salary of our ministers is not equal to the average salary of men in secular pursuits? Will sufficient remuneration for service rendered solve the problem? I suppose we would have a few more ministers, so-called, but I would be afraid of a man who was thus induced to preach the gospel.

I do not believe that it is a monetary consideration. If so, it is in the way the ministry is paid rather than the amount paid; the unbusinesslike way in which the ministerial support is tolled out, as if it were alms to a parasite on the community, and not a real necessity, working for the upbuilding and happiness of humanity.

As far as our own Church is concerned, can it be any internal organism that deters men from assuming



at the close of the service the Church subscribed every dollar of their assessment for conference collections. They are indeed a loyal Church. In fact, the people on Cornett Charge are good folks. We love them and they have been so kind to us that we believe we are loved by them. I came here a few days after Bishop Mouzon read the appointments. I found no house for the preacher and his family. The pastor and a few others said, "Let us build a parsonage." Others said, "It can't be done." Thank the good Lord for the faithful few who said, "We can, and we will." They went with us in the cold, rain, snow and mud, until we had almost completed a nice 5-room house. The house, with the three-acre lot on which it stands, will be worth \$500 dollars when the house is finished. This is one of the best situated charges in the conference; our appointments, with the parsonage in the center. Last, but by no means the least, our beloved presiding elder, Brother O. T. Hotchkiss, is one of the best preachers, presiding elders and men in Texas. We all love him. He has been a great help to this preacher.—L. E. Green, P. C.

**Yowell.**

In some respects this has been a good year with us at Yowell. We have closed our revival campaign, beginning with the first Sunday in July at Moss Chapel, with Brother C. C. Williams at my side, and of course he did his best. No conversions; two accessions. Then we came to Pecan, where we had a good meeting. Brother J. E. Short helping me at this place, and he is fine help. We had 18 conversions and reclamations and seven accessions to our Church. Then we came to Yowell and here Brother W. H. Crum of Greenville, helped me, and good help it was. We had seventeen conversions and eighteen accessions to our Church. This was the best meeting that has been at Yowell for years, so say the people. Then we went to Jordan. Had a union meeting with Brother W. E. Brabere, of Fairlie. Here we had five conversions and one accession. Then we went to Underwood and only held four days, and had two conversions. So up to date we have had forty-two conversions and forty-three accessions to the Church and are hoping to have more conversions and accessions, and wind out well for conference. So pray for us, brethren.—J. E. Gibbons.

**Leon Circuit, Oklahoma.**

We have just closed one of the greatest revivals of religion ever held at Leon, the old settlers say. The Church was wonderfully revived; had forty-six conversions, sixteen accessions to the Church, strong men were made to quake and tremble and surrender their hearts and lives to the Lord, and of course, the result was that they were made new creatures in Christ Jesus. In fact, we just had an old-fashioned Methodist meeting. People really got so full of the old-time religion that they couldn't help but shout and praise the Lord. It made me think of my boyhood days. We also had a great meeting at Canon's Chapel and at Petersburg. Had sixty-two conversions and reclamations at the Chapel and twenty-two at Petersburg, making a total of 130, and one more meeting to hold yet. The good Lord has wonderfully blessed my weak efforts this year. Am worn out, almost, but am rejoicing over the victory won for my Savior. Can very well afford to wear my life out if I can lead the lost to Christ. Rev. Reece Barnes, of Quinlan, Texas, helped me one week at the Chapel and one at Leon. I am glad to say that he did some good work. We feel sure that he is going to make a splendid revivalist. His wife was with him. She is also a splendid worker; so I want you preachers and laymen that read this to please remember me in your prayers. There is much work to be done here yet.—J. D. Knox.

**Huckabay.**

Having finished our revival campaign on the Huckabay Circuit, I thought I would report. We began on the 13th of July at Pigeon. Here I was assisted by M. K. Little, our presiding elder, W. R. L. Snider, R. T. Breedlove and Bro. G. A. Glenn, L. D., my local preacher on my work, and Brother J. D. Jackson, a Baptist preacher. These brethren all did good service, especially Brother Breedlove, who stayed with me through the entire meeting. Here we had a good meeting. We had several conversions and additions to the Church. Next we began at Oakdale. Here I was assisted by Brothers R. M. Ballentine of Stephenville, and R. T. Breedlove. Here we had a good revival in the Church, and a number were converted and joined the Church. Brother Ballentine did some as fine preaching as I have ever heard. He is good help in a meeting everywhere. Next I began at Hanable with Brothers Mike Clark preacher in charge at Roscoe, Northwest Texas Conference, and

R. T. Breedlove. They did fine work and we had a good meeting. A number were converted and joined the Church. As I have five appointments on my work I had my older brother, V. J. Morton, from DeLeon, to hold a meeting for me at Corinth while I was at Hanable, and I was there a part of the time and he was assisted by Brothers A. J. Owen and R. L. Breedlove. Here we had a good meeting. A number were converted and joined the Church. All these brethren did very faithful service and to them I am very grateful. Next we began at Huckabay the 15th of August, with Brother M. G. Thompson to do the preaching, and Brother R. M. Crot to lead the singing. Here we continued for ten days. We had a great meeting. Had 49 conversions and 15 additions, with more to follow. These brethren did faithful and effectual service. In fact, I feel that we have no stronger preacher than Bro. Thompson in this country. In all we have had 105 conversions and reclamations, and forty-five additions to the Church, for which I feel very grateful to the good Lord and to him be all the glory. I feel very grateful to all these brethren and all the laymen that helped in these meetings.—J. E. Morton, P. C.

**Turkey Circuit.**

The protracted meetings for this conference year are over on this charge and we are now on the home stretch with less than two months in which to make the run. The Church has been greatly revived and strengthened numerically, to an encouraging extent. At Flomot, Rev. D. B. Deak, financial agent of Seth Ward College, did all the preaching for us and it was of a high order, and very effective in producing desired results. At Turkey Rev. P. B. Summers, of the West Texas Conference, did the preaching. As an exponent of God's Word Summers has few equals. The people here will hold him in great veneration because of his edifying and soul-stirring sermons. We had Rev. A. P. Lowrey, of Fort Worth, booked for Whitehat, but broken health prevented his coming. The disappointment was great, but we all turned to the Lord for help and soon forgot the disappointment. The revival fire began burning from the start. The Christian people soon awoke to their duty and rising to their full height in spiritual strength, measured arms with possibilities and are now rejoicing in the fact that 75 or more conversions joined their ranks for future battles. Rev. Thorp and Rev. Smelser, local preachers, assisted in the meeting and did half the preaching. Their labors were abundant and very efficient. Rev. Ferguson, a local preacher, preached once and rendered valuable assistance in conducting prayer and altar services. Some 85 or 90 conversions on the charge this year furnish the occasion for great rejoicing. Once more I must say, that we are ready to dispense with the altar service and the mourner's bench. We used these to great purpose in our meeting. Occasionally some clever Campbellite gets very anxious to know where we get the mourner's bench. I always tell him we get it at the lumber yard, where he gets his blackboard, and as to the altar, we get it from the Bible; and common sense suggests the use of both the altar and the bench.—D. C. Ross, September 12, 1912.

**Crafton.**

We began our meetings for the Crafton Circuit at Park Springs, Friday night, July 12th; ran eight days at that place, doing our own preaching, but on account of several cases of serious sickness in the community our people could not attend. The meeting was not what we had hoped for, yet we feel that it was of great benefit to the Church. One young lady gave her life to Christ as a result of the meeting. From there we came to Crafton the third Sunday in July and began a co-operative meeting with Rev. Thomas A. Rockett, of Red Oak, in charge; and he certainly proved to be the right man for the work. His preaching was accompanied with wonderful power, stirring the Church to a realization of their duty and responsibility and bringing conviction to the hearts of men and women in sin, resulting in 41 conversions and reclamations and the Church put into a better condition than for many years. From Crafton we went to Cundiff, August 20th, for a ten days' union meeting with the Methodists and Presbyterians holding their meeting together. Rev. C. W. Dennis did the preaching in this meeting, and he did it in power and demonstration of the Spirit. Bro Dennis is a great preacher. We were rained out for the greater part of the time and for that reason the meeting was not what we had expected, yet it did great good, and the people of Cundiff are on a higher plane, spiritually, as a result of the efforts there. We began our last meeting for the summer at Redbud, August 14th, with Brother J. H.

Myers, a local preacher on the Chico preaching, assisting in the preaching. His preaching was strong and to the point. A more earnest man than Bro. Myers could hardly be found, and for a week he put his best efforts into the work, trying to bring about a revival. Our third Quarterly Conference was held during this meeting and we had three strong sermons from our presiding elder, Rev. T. H. Morris. This meeting resulted in three conversions. Altogether our meetings resulted in 47 conversions and reclamations; 23 additions to the Church, with several more to come. Am glad to report everything in good condition with the exception that on account of drought and crop failures last year we are behind some in our finances, but we expect to come up in full at the end of the year, and make a good report.—Geo. R. Slagle, P. C.

**Memphis Station.**

Memphis Station has been blessed with one of the greatest revivals that it has ever been my good fortune to witness; a great union meeting, led by W. M. McIntosh, of Iuka, Miss., and Prof. Ed. Phillips, gospel singer. No better leaders for a great union meeting can be found anywhere. All denominations fell in love with McIntosh and Phillips, while Sister Phillips won all hearts as a worker among women and girls. They are great leaders for union meetings. The old-time power was gloriously manifested, sinners were convicted and mourners converted. All classes were reached—farmers, laboring men, physicians, business men, gamblers, drunkards and even the pool hall proprietor, were converted or reclaimed. There were more than 350 conversions and reclamations while Bro. McIntosh was in charge. After Bro. McIntosh left, Rev. W. G. Walker, of the Christian (Progressives) Church continued the meeting as a union meeting, and there were 74 conversions and reclamations, making a total of more than 384 in all. Bro. Walker is a fine preacher and a broadrange man, whose beautiful Christian spirit won all denominations. I believe this great meeting came (1) because the pastors had talked a great union meeting all the year and had thus gotten the people ready for it; (2) because all the Churches united in one great effort; (3) because personal work was pushed everywhere; (4) because the power of God came down upon the people in answer to prayer; and (5) because we had good leaders in McIntosh and Phillips. Scores of old people declare that they have never seen but one or two such meetings in the course of a long life. Two hundred and fifty-seven have given their names for membership in the various Churches, the Methodist Church receiving about 115, or about 25 more than any other Church will receive. It was wonderful! It was glorious! The day of great revivals has not yet passed away in the Panhandle. We are praising God singing "Old Time Religion," and are happy on the way.—B. W. Dodson.

**Cookville Mission.**

The brethren have heard but little of us this year. As many well know, we were sent up here on a new field, where Methodism has never been planted before. The field was so clear, ground to be broken, then all obstacles gotten out of the way; then seed was planted. Bless God, it came up all O. K., but was hard to cultivate for a while. The good Master sent a shower of blessings and we began to grow. Argo was our first place to make a start. We organized at Argo February 10th, with seven members. The next day we got ten more and then we began to gain. Every service has been a revival service from that good day to the present. We began our meetings July 16 with Bro. Sam Allen to help us, at Green Hill. He did fine preaching for four days and nights. Church well worked, and four added on profession of faith. Talco July 24. Good meeting. Rev. E. C. Davis, local preacher, preached us three good sermons there. August 1 we began our meeting at Argo. Our prayer meeting began Sunday night before; met each night until revival started. Our beloved presiding elder came Friday, and did some fine preaching. Held our third Quarterly Conference Saturday; good attendance; stewards nearly all present. Report fairly good. Presiding elder continued to preach for us until Monday evening when he was called home on account of Brother Nolan's death, after which Brother Waller and his good wife came and helped us the rest of the week. We had a fine meeting. Argo was shaken up good. I have not seen a drunk man in Argo since the meeting, but before it was a common thing. Second Sunday night of August I went to join Brother Pinkham in a meeting at Morris Chapel, on Winnboro Circuit. I preached for him from Monday night to Sunday night. Had fine meeting. Some rejoiced in hope of eternal life; some mourned on ac-

count of sin. Brother Pinkham has some fine people to serve. We returned to our own work. Began a meeting at Maple Springs August 24. I was tired and worried and had no help, but began in earnest, and looking to the good Master to fulfill his promises we preached and prayed and sang until Monday night when the fire fell, we had an overflow of the Spirit. People began to confess their sins to God and to one another, and hug and shout. So by Monday night following we had organized a brand-new Methodist Church, with fifty-two brand-new members. These good people gave the preacher a purse of \$25 Monday night. That shows to some extent that they got religion of the right kind. So we broke the ground, planted the seed, cultivated it the best we could. Now the harvest is on and we are reaping the grain. Five additions on profession of faith and baptism last Sunday at Argo. This will be a self-supporting charge in two years. The majority of our people don't know what a fellow means when he speaks of conference collections, but they stop and say, "What is that for?" I tell them, and they help a little. Pray for us. The fire is burning. We will get there this fall with a full report.—G. M. Yearwood, P. C.

**Fair Play.**

Our pastor, W. G. Harbin, held a fine meeting here at Fair Play. Commenced fourth Sunday in August and closed Friday night following. About 20 conversions, 24 by letter and by ritual to our Church, and four applications for membership in the Baptist Church, and Church membership greatly revived. Bro Harbin is a good preacher and fine revivalist and has had good revival meetings at every appointment on his round. One of his local preachers, Brother D. B. Bodie, assisted him. Brother Bodie is a good preacher, a good singer and fine worker in the meetings. We notice some good pieces in the Advocate from Bro. R. P. Shuler and Bro. W. J. Irvin on the Qualifications of a Preacher and Revivalist. There is considerable difference in preachers on that line. Some very able preachers are not good revivalists and not good pastors. They can preach fine, able sermons, but outside the pulpit they are not as effective as they should be. Second there are some who are not able preachers, but fine pastors. They visit around among their members and look after the prayer-meetings, Sunday Schools, Epworth Leagues, mission societies and every branch of Church work and in this way they keep the membership of the Church on their charges well

rounded up and in good working order all the time, winter and summer. They do not go into winter quarters and be compelled then to hire an evangelist next summer to come and build up a fire and warm them up again. Third, there are good revivalists who are not able preachers and not good pastors. They get a good bunch of young people converted and into the Church and then turn them loose until the next summer and the next pastor who has to round them up has a job on his hands, but a good preacher and a good pastor, like the good shepherd, should keep his herd well rounded up all the time and conversions and accessions at nearly every appointment, not wait until summer for a revival and let the Church have to pay a professional evangelist to come and do the work the pastor ought to do. For a Church to have to pay two men to do what one ought to do is rather hard. If the pastor gets to the point where he cannot hold his own meetings, but must depend on a hired evangelist, why not let the evangelist come and take the work and let the pastor go at something else that he can do? The professional evangelist, like the fifth wheel of a wagon, is, we think, a useless appendage to the Church. And our Church should place them all back into the conference and give them regular work to do and let them apply their skill and their zeal in holding revivals for all it is worth and they will do infinitely more good. We need more preachers in the conference, but we do not need an extra clan outside to be fleecing our membership all the time. To look over the notes from the field in the Advocate, one might think the evangelists

(Continued on page 11)

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## Don't Look for the Flaws

Don't look for flaws as you go through life;  
And even when you find them,  
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,  
And look for the virtue behind them,  
For the cloudiest night has a hint of the light  
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;  
It is better far to hunt for a star  
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs every way  
To the bosom of God's great ocean;  
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course  
And think to alter its motion.  
Don't waste a curse on the universe;  
Remember it lived before you;  
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form,  
But bend, let it fly o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself  
To suit your whim to the letter;  
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,  
And the sooner you know it the better.  
It is folly too fight with the Infinite,  
And go under at last in the wrestle,  
The wiser man shapes into God's plan,  
As the water shapes into the vessel.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

### THE APPROACHING ANNUAL CONFERENCE AND ELSE.

By Rev. John L. Williams.

The round of fourth Quarterly Conferences is being held, and we are once more reminded of the approaching session of our respective conferences. Let us ask the question: What kind of a session shall our conference be? This is a peculiar age in which we live. Our preachers are looking forward with deepest concern and our people are anxious for the best results. It is true, there will be much and important business transacted, but what about the spiritual side as well? That this is a commercial age in which we live cannot be disputed, but it is also a scriptural age. Old and venerable beliefs are attacked; doctrines which have been received for centuries are viewed with doubt, or cast away as worth less; truths, which made our fathers strong in life and cheerful in death, are tested and proved without favor, and often times with small reverence. Authority in matters of belief has ceased. The ancient words of the Bible may be applied to the present age in which we live: "In those days there was no king in Israel, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes." The citadel of our faith is assailed in a most persistent manner by an army that seems to make it level with the ground, and on every hand foes without and within are doing their might to overcome the Christ-spirit which is within us.

Shall we come up to our Annual Conferences to be strengthened by the power of His might, or shall the commercial spirit of the times in which we live crowd out the devotional part of our conferences? There are many items of interest which the Church designs that we shall look after. Many questions of importance are to be carefully answered and many things will demand our prayerful attention, but why let these things get in the way of the devotional hours? Why not let the boards do all their work in the committee rooms and the time occupied by their anniversaries given to the presentation of the Gospel of Christ? Just think, my brethren, of the time occupied by the anniversaries at the conference. The connectional brethren we all wish to hear, but why not let them have their say in a written report to the conference? When an important board makes a report to the conference, (I mean such as the Board of Missions, Board of Education, and Church Extension) why is it necessary to discuss the history of missions, or the philosophy of education, for the preachers are daily engaged in the study of these things? Now, certainly, Missions, Education and Church Extension, and other important interests deserve the highest consideration by the conference, and the connectional brethren all have a great speech and some even have a new story to tell, but the thing of great importance is our spiritual need as a Church, and the demands which are upon us. We need a deeper insight into the things of God, a firmer grasp of spiritual realities, a wider faith and greater vision of the responsibility and task now before us. While I am sure some of the boards occupy too much time, or at least much time that might be spent to greater advantage in the con-

fence, yet another thing of considerable importance in improving the time in our conference sessions is the reporting of the pastors when their names are called, Bishop Mouzon, at the last session of the Texas Conference, called each preacher's name while his presiding elder answered for him. Of what interest, generally, are the preachers' reports, as they are generally made in an Annual Conference? Of no special interest except to the preacher making the report, and the way some report, I take it, they do not have much interest in them. The presiding elder knows what the preacher has accomplished during the year in his charge and such important time should not be wasted in such a manner. We have come to the kingdom in the most wonderful age of the world's history. Brevity is the spirit of the age in which we live. If we succeed as a Church we must do as the fathers did, in a religious sense only. In our Methodism we have not reached the ideal, but we have made great progress in the Kingdom of God. Not particularly because we are Methodists, but because we are Christians. Methodism's glory is not geographical position, nor blood relationship, nor any external circumstances whatsoever. Methodists are not born of the blood, nor of the will of the flesh, but of God. Jesus Christ is the head of this Church, and the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven is the source of our vitality and of our inspiration. The purposes of its existence are moral and spiritual; it was not created for the upholding of Civil Government, or the advancement of secular learning; or for mere promotion of civilization, but to make manifest the glory of God in the salvation of men from sin. It is the Kingdom of Christ which is not of this world—a holy temple for an habitation of God through the Spirit.

The Church that grows and becomes the fixed and settled Church of the future is not one that lays great stress upon ritual, or surrounds itself with wealth, or prizes itself upon its worldly position, or burns itself with zeal, or praises its own form of government; but the Church whose prayer-life and soul-life goes out after God.

An ignorant Church cannot be the light of the world. An impure Church is too feeble to contend for the faith. A worldly Church cannot teach self-denial. And a Church without the virtues of religion has no right to speak of morality. But there is another feature or side of our work which was largely expressed at the Annual Conference—which we ought for the sake of the workmen change—I mean the collection at the Annual Conference. Many of the brethren, out of their meager salaries, and too many of them we fear, give to their personal hurt, all they have to help a worthy cause. The preachers ought not to be expected to do this. Good works! What a wonderful meaning it has. The Savior said: "The works which the Father hath given me to finish, the same works that I do, bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me." In like manner the Church must make it evident by her works that her gospel is divine, and that she is what she pretends to be—the Church of the living God.

Let the next General Conference, which meets in Oklahoma City in

1914, change the law of the Church (or sending us down the recommendation of a constitutional amendment, authorizing an equal representation in all our Annual Conferences), then the laity will share the financial burdens in the Annual Conferences with the clergy. I must close, for already this letter is longer than I intended to make it. In my next I will suggest a few important things that the next General Conference should do.  
Richmond, Texas.

### THE INFLUENCE OF THE CONSECRATED PEN.

The power of the pen is one of the greatest influences in the world. As the old adage puts it, "The pen is mightier than the sword." A literature makes or unmake a people. And we are all familiar with the wonderful power that literature of one type and another has over the individual. A Shakespeare or a Carlyle or a Tolstoy has more influence over the world than a Cromwell or a Wellington or a Napoleon. And King David is beloved today wherever the Holy Scriptures are read, not because of the battles he won or the enemies he conquered or the brave deeds he performed, but because of the beautiful poems he has left us in the book of Psalms.

The recent death of Dr. J. R. Miller removes from the world one of its most beloved and influential writers. Dr. Miller, through a long life as the pastor of a large city church and as the editor of several religious publications, found time to write a score or more of devotional works, more than a million copies of which have been scattered throughout the civilized world. In France, in Germany, in Italy, and even in China and India translations of his works may be found, while thousands of people in our own country have found uplift and encouragement and spiritual betterment in his writings. An instance of how he has helped others may be found in the following letter to Dr. Miller, just before his death, by a prominent Canadian physician:

"Your books have been my favorites for years, and I have been echoing their helpful messages to all my patients in seven hospitals. \* \* I have come in from my work almost crushed with the sorrows and miseries of this wicked world, but would pick up one of your books, and it would give me just the message I needed for the hour. \* \* A good friend was kind enough to say to me this evening: 'I know now the secret of your unselfish life; it is because you have read so many of Dr. Miller's books.'"

And this is just one of thousands of such letters that Dr. Miller received during the latter years of his life. Himself an humble, devoted servant of

Christ, he helped untold thousands of others to follow more closely in the footsteps of the Saviour.

Dr. Robert E. Speer, Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, George Matheson, Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, to mention only a few of the better known modern devotional writers, belong to the class of helpful authors to which Dr. Miller belongs. And far poorer than it is would the literature of the world be, had not such men as these lived and written or did they not live and write today.

Nor must the hymn-writers be forgotten, for their influence for good and for helpfulness has been only less powerful than that of the writers just mentioned. Who can tell how many souls have been saved through the beautiful hymns of Fanny Crosby, or Isaac Watts, or the Wesleys, or Horatius Bonar, or Frances Ridley Havergal, or James Montgomery? Or the poems of Margaret E. Sangster, or Amos R. Wells, or Ella Wheeler Wilcox and others?

On the other hand, how many gloomy and depressing works, some of which have become classical, have been produced. Thousands of pernicious books and magazines are being spread broadcast in the world today. And everywhere they go their influence tends to depress rather than to uplift; to destroy character rather than to build it up; to hinder the progress of goodness and truth and purity and love for God and our fellowmen rather than to forward and foster it. I would rather write a single poem like Longfellow's "Resignation" than all the works of Lord Byron; rather be the author of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" than of all the works of Voltaire or Charles Darwin or Edgar Allan Poe. It is not for me to criticize such great men of genius as Byron and Burns and Poe undoubtedly were, but how much nobler it is to wield influences such as were wielded by the pens of Wordsworth and Ruskin and Longfellow and Whittier and Stevenson and Bryant and Holmes and many others of the world's noble and uplifting writers!—William Thomas McElroy.

### DOING HARD THINGS.

A young lady attending one of our ladies' colleges, in describing to her mother one of her teachers, said: "He seems to be a man like father. He takes delight in doing hard things. Whether conscious of it or not, she paid her father and teacher a high compliment. The world is full of people who are looking for soft places and easy times, and it is refreshing to meet one who actually takes delight in doing hard things.

No good work is easy work. Martin Luther translated the Bible into the German language, and that trans-

lation is one of the greatest books of the world. He said: "I sweat blood and water in my efforts to render the prophets into the vulgar tongue. How difficult it is to make these Jew writers speak German!" Sometimes he occupied several weeks in hunting out and meditating upon the signification of a single word. It was hard but delightful toil.

It is never easy to climb a steep hill, but there is a glorious view from the summit. It is never easy to master a knotty problem at school, nor to overcome a bad personal habit, nor to effect a sweeping moral reform in a community; but the whole history of human advancement and civilization is simply a record of men and women who delight to do hard things. We might give dozens of instances; but we find the supreme example of all history in the Lord Jesus, who "for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross."—California Christian Advocate.

Are you determined to be a beast of burden?

Pluck is worth infinitely more than luck.

### THE STYLES.

(Written October, 1911.)

I was sitting in my buggy  
With my horse reined in the shade,  
And I watched the ladies passing  
While my sister went to trade.

And me thought: Are women crazy  
When they go upon the street,  
With their clothes so tightly fitting  
That they look like sausage meat?

Stuffed into a skin of leaf fat?  
And their necks and arms half bare;  
And their heads exposed to sunlight  
With no covering but their hair?

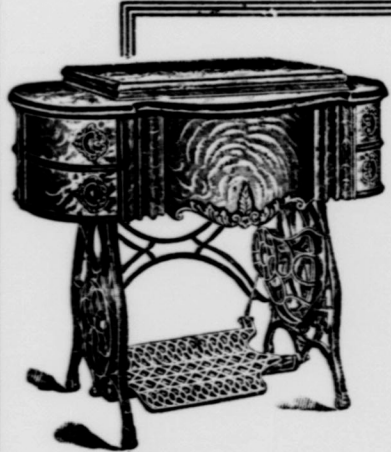
And their high-heeled shoes resembling  
Little boys just out of skirts,  
Playing in their mother's back ground  
Walking on a pair of stilts.

And my heart was filled with longing,  
With a bitter unknown woe,  
And I sighed, almost unconscious,  
For the styles of long ago.

Even the bustles and the hoop skirts  
Which were such obnoxious things  
Were in keeping more with reason  
Than the styles this season brings.

Women, use your better judgment,  
Follow not such silly styles;  
You will then have men's approval,  
Where you now have but their smiles.

—FANNIE PRICE FRYE,  
Weatherford, Texas.



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#### OUR CONFERENCES.

New Mexico, Bishop Atkins, Las Cruces	Oct. 9
West Texas, Bishop Atkins, Beeville	Oct. 23
German Mission, Bishop Mounzon, Houston	Oct. 24
Northwest Texas, Bishop Atkins, Abilene	Nov. 6
Central Texas, Bishop Atkins, Cleburne	Nov. 13
Texas, Bishop Mounzon, Marshall	Nov. 29
North Texas, Bishop Mounzon, Dallas	Nov. 27

#### JOINT BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

The Joint Board of Publication will meet at the Methodist Publishing House, 1308 Commerce Street, Dallas, Texas, Tuesday, October 15, 1912, at 10 a. m. T. S. ARMSTRONG, JEROME DUNCAN, Sec. President.

The following compose the Joint Board of Publication:

Texas Conferences:	
E. Walter Mills, Timpson	
L. B. Elrod, Marshall	
C. B. Garrett, Tyler	
Central Texas Conference:	
T. S. Armstrong, Waxahatchie	
Jerome Duncan, Fort Worth, Polytechnic	
W. H. Vaughan, Georgetown	
North Texas Conference:	
L. S. Barron, Dallas	
W. D. Mountcastle, Whitewright	
F. O. Miller, Bowie	
West Texas Conference:	
J. M. Alexander, Cuerns	
J. T. H. Miller, Richland Springs	
F. B. Buchanan, Midland	
Northwest Texas Conference:	
J. G. Miller, Vernon	
J. T. Griswold, Stamford	
S. A. Barnes, Abilene	
New Mexico Conference:	
J. B. Cochran, Artesia, N. M.	

#### NOTICE.

The Board of Directors of the Methodist Orphanage will meet in annual session at the Orphanage, Waco, Texas, Wednesday, October 9, at 9 a. m. Full attendance desired.

G. G. Johnson, President.

Bishop A. W. Wilson, our senior Bishop, has returned from his trip to Europe as our fraternal messenger to the Wesleyan Conference. He did his duty well and then spent several weeks on the Continent. We are glad to report him in good health for him, and he is ready to begin his fall conferences.

Statewide prohibition was defeated by a rather small majority in the election last week. The antis were smart in coupling with the election an amendment to the Constitution known as the "Grandfather Clause," the intent of which was feared would disfranchise the negro vote. So they were induced in large numbers to rally at the polls to vote against the proposed amendment, and the most of them were induced to vote also against the prohibition amendment. But our folk up that way made a splendid fight and the doom of the Arkansas saloon is only postponed for a season.

#### PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REV. WILLIAM ELBERT MUNSEY, D. D.

Perhaps the most remarkable and unique orator and preacher that the Methodist Church has ever produced was the Rev. William Elbert Munsey, D. D., of the Holston Conference, and I give my recollections of him for the benefit of our readers:

Dr. Munsey was a very peculiar man in his personal appearance. He was tall, slender, and emaciated when I first saw and heard him. His arms and limbs were long and ungainly. His head was not unusually large, rather cone-like in shape and as innocent of hair as a peeled onion. It is said that in his studious moments of abstraction it had been his habit for years to pluck out his hair all unconscious of what he was doing. I am prepared to believe this story, for I sat just behind him once at a Church service and he was constantly trying to get hold of his hair while listening to the sermon, though there was none for his fingers to touch. It was all gone. His eyes were small and deeply set, his nostrils and lips were thin and his complexion was muddy and sallow. Really he looked like a walking skeleton. And in his absent-mindedness, when in motion or repose, he looked like a wild man. In the private circle he was as simple and as guileless as a child. There was nothing repellent in his manner; anybody could approach him familiarly. He was very confiding and apparently helpless in his disposition. Children were fond of him, and I have seen him turn away from admiring grown people about the fireside and actually play with the little tots. He had a good sense of humor and occasionally would relate an anecdote, but for the most part he was serious and somber.

Frequently he seemed lost in reverie and he looked like a man living in the introspections of dreamland. I observed him often as he sat in the circle of his friends, or as with a quick jerk he would rise and walk back and forth in his room, and seemingly he would be wholly unconscious of his surroundings. To me he was the most pleading and pathetic man I ever knew. When looking at you in private conversation his eyes appealed to you for sympathy and confidence.

His intellect was of an extraordinary type. He was wonderfully gifted with genius. He possessed powers of analysis of a high order. There was consecutiveness in his thinking. He had the gift of penetration, and his concentration surpassed anything I have ever known. His memory was prodigious. I doubt if he ever forgot anything he read or heard. He combined the gifts of the poet, the logician, the philosopher, the metaphysician and the orator—a combination rarely found in one personality.

He was a profound student, a voracious reader, a systematic thinker, and an idealist of the loftiest character. No wonder he was abnormal. In fact there were times when he lived in close proximity to the borderland of insanity. Hence the rules that govern ordinary men were not applicable to Dr. Munsey, and his actions could not be judged by the same standards that apply to normal men. He was the only one of his class.

As a preacher it is difficult to describe him. Often I used to listen to him in wonder and astonishment and try to study him, his style, his subject matter, his magnetism, his profound thought, his weird vocabulary, his brilliant diction, his sublime flights of oratory, his rhythmic eloquence, and his poetic instinct; but he gripped me with such a spell of influence and subtle force that all my effort was futile and impotent. I would sit and wonder and admire until I was lost amid the mazes of the man's wondrous powers of speech and action. It was like the charm of magic; and the most of the time it was oppressive.

The first time I ever heard him it was at a District Conference in Virginia, soon after his return from Bail-

more, impaired in health. His theme was, "The Lost Soul," and it gave full play to wondrous gifts and marvelous powers. He had his manuscript before him, but made scarce use of it. During the first few minutes, his strange voice was thin and husky; and his manner was nervous and uneasy. His ghastly presence and unnatural look gave me the creeps and I sat and gazed at him and wondered. I had possessed the same feelings in my boyhood days in passing a haunted house after nightfall. But suddenly his whole presence and appearance changed. He looked like another being. His form became erect, his movements easy and graceful, and his uncanny voice took on all the mellifluous vibrations of the gamut. His eyes kindled into a strange luster, his countenance brightened with an unearthly glow, his fiery thought broke forth like a volcano in action and his words poured out like torrents of glittering lava. His imagination, bold, royal and creative, threw pictures of awful grandeur before my eyes and I was dazzled into a spell of oblivion. I was unmindful of the real world in which I was living. I was transported to a new world, a world of disembodied spirits, a frightful world, a world of interminable night, a world far removed from God and hope, a world throughout whose spectral caverns were echoing the dismal cry, "Lost! Lost! Lost!"

This was Dr. Munsey, the man with no scholastic education, the product of the Holston hills; yet the man who had read nearly everything, who had almost traversed all sources of attainable knowledge, the prodigy of the pulpit in all that region, the man with a meteoric career, whose end was so sudden and pathetic. The Methodist pulpit never saw his like before and it will never behold his like again. He had no predecessor and it is certain that he will never have one to succeed him. The Church never had but the one. Solitary, unique and original, he stands out in history as the only one of his type among the multiplied thousands of the preachers of worldwide Methodism. G. C. R.

#### A MORNING SERVICE WITH THE NEW CONGREGATION

Tyler Street congregation, is the newest and the youngest in our Methodist family in Dallas. It is far out in Oak Cliff, where the street car system reaches the limit and makes its returning loop for the city. But of late Oak Cliff has wonderfully grown and there are improvements far beyond that point, even now. It is so far removed from the other Church over there that the two in no way interfere with each other. It was a necessity, for there were thousands of people in that vicinity without any convenient Church privilege.

When the enterprise was sprung, we believe by the laymen's movement something like a year ago, a lot was secured, and a good and suitable one it is, the effort was inaugurated to raise funds for the house. Soon after that Rev. George W. Owens came forward and proposed to furnish the necessary money to build it. It was estimated that \$5000 would accomplish the work, and Brother Owens contributed the amount and the work was begun. A few weeks, may be two or three months ago, the enterprise was finished, and it is a neat, commodious, modern structure, beautiful to look upon and convenient for purposes of worship and Sunday School work. Several Sundays ago it was formally opened by the presiding elder, Rev. J. M. Peterson. Rev. J. L. Rea, the pastor, was authorized to give all his attention to it. He proceeded to do so and its growth has been marvelous. It has a few over two hundred members and last Sunday it had two hundred and fifty-one present in Sunday School. And all this in only a few weeks. We looked in on the Sunday School last Sunday, and Superintendent Parks had it in fine case and it reminded us of a beehive. It was orderly, systematic, and a brighter set of young people

would be hard to find. Then followed the preaching service and the house was comfortably filled with intelligent and attentive worshippers. And it was a genuine type of the old sort of Methodists. They are responsive, enthusiastic and a spirit of a brotherhood was manifest. It was good to be with them.

Brother Rea is certainly doing a fine work, and his possibilities out that way are most encouraging. We have not a more promising Church enterprise in the city than this Tyler Street plant. Brother Owens has done a splendid thing for that part of the city; and it is a monument to his liberality. They wanted to name it for him, but he would not hear to it; said he had done it for the glory of the Master and wanted no honor himself. Brother Peterson has from the beginning given much attention to the movement and has co-operated in every way with its development. It already has all the departments of a robust Church organization and in a couple of years or so, it will be a strong and self-sustaining enterprise unless all the signs fail. Happily for us, we are now properly locating our local Church enterprises in this city, and geographically we have the city better occupied with our Church work than any other organization in Dallas. The distribution of our buildings and workers is well nigh perfect. And our local Church Extension Board is due much credit, also for the result. If we make no mistake in the future, Dallas will soon be the Methodist center in Texas. It has all the elements and possibilities for this advantage.

#### THE BLESSEDNESS OF PERSECUTION.

The man who stands against the liquor interests of this country is the target for the abuse, the slander, and falsehood of the low, the vicious, the base and the mendacious. The editor has been such a target for years. There is nothing in the category of moral dereliction that the liquor forces have not charged against him. No reputable publication will venture far in matters of this character; but now and then you find a vile sheet edited by some irresponsible person and gotten out by an insolvent institution, that makes it its business to aid the saloons in their dirty work. And then these low institutions contribute money to send certain copies of the thing to members of the different conferences. What their object is in doing this is past reasonable understanding. The editor of this paper stands for every preacher in Texas and were they in his stead they would receive the same treatment. Well, we are interposing no objection to the preachers reading all the mean things that the saloon interests can say about us, for the greater their abuse and slander, the more the preachers and the Church think of us. It is the greatest compliment that the saloons of Texas can give to us—to abuse, slander and lie about us, and then send copies of their slanders to the preachers. From what some of the preachers are writing to the liquor publications in reply to the copies sent them is enough to show what the preachers of Texas think of the matter. We have before us numerous copies of these replies, and they are direct, pointed and piercing. Let the good work go on. We need no vindication in Texas or throughout the Church. To be abused and slandered by this gang is the highest endorsement we can seek or desire.

#### REV. B. H. PASSMORE.

Rev. Benjamin Hill Passmore, the announcement of whose death appeared in the Advocate of September 5, was born in Stuart County, Georgia. He was converted in 1870 at Weston, Ga., and immediately joined the M. E. Church, South. He was licensed to preach in 1884 by Rev. Wm. Monk, and was admitted on trial in the West Texas Conference at San Antonio in 1884, Bishop H. N. McTyeire presid-

ing. In 1886 he was ordained deacon at Cuero, Texas by Bishop J. S. Key, and in 1888 was ordained elder at Victoria by Bishop W. W. Duncan.

Bro. Passmore spent his ministerial life in the West Texas Conference. He served Harwood Circuit 1884-6, and was blessed with 210 conversions. He served San Marcos Circuit 1886-7—conversions, 14; Hallettsville Charge 1888-9—conversions, 13; Belmont Circuit 1889-93—conversions, 218. San Marcos Circuit 1893-5—conversions, 122; Lockhart Charge 1895-6—conversions 21; Stockdale Circuit 1896-1900—conversions 115; Goliad Charge 1900-4—conversions, 150; Flatonia Charge 1904-5—conversions, 3; Midletown Charge 1905-6—conversions 2, Ganado Charge 1906-10—conversions, 43. He was serving Nursery Circuit when death came. While on San Marcos Circuit he built a church costing \$1100.00. While serving Belmont Circuit he built a church costing \$1300.00, and on Stockdale Circuit he built one costing \$700. On Goliad Circuit he built two churches costing, respectively, \$6,500.00 and \$1400.00. During his ministry he built three parsonages at a total cost of \$3342.00, and paid debts on four amounting to \$1120.00.

The above gives a short summary of the statistical side of Bro. Passmore's career. The spiritual side is on record above and in the hearts and lives of those with whom he labored and loved.

#### REV. GIDEON POWLEDGE.

A note from Rev. J. W. Treadwell gives the following sad intelligence:

"Rev. Gideon Powledge, one of our superannuate preachers, died at his home in Bedias, Texas, September 10, 1912, in the triumphs of faith, and has gone home to await our coming. His experience grew richer, and the way brighter until the last hour. A good man has gone from us to the better land. We extend our sympathies to the bereaved ones."

Rev. Gideon Powledge was born in Macon, Georgia, March 7, 1831. He was the son of John M. and Frances Foy Powledge. He was converted at Olive Branch Campground and joined the M. E. Church, South, in 1845; was licensed to preach in March, 1860. He was ordained deacon by Bishop George F. Pierce in 1865. He was elected to elder's orders in 1869 and ordained at Lagrange, Texas, in 1872, by Bishop J. C. Keener. He was admitted on trial in the Texas Conference at Bryan, Texas, in 1882, Bishop Linus Parker presiding. Bro. Powledge supplied Madisonville Circuit, Texas Conference, from 1871 to 1876; Waverly Mission 1882. He was then appointed to the same work in 1883; Huntsville Circuit 1884-5-6; Cold Springs Circuit 1887-8; Zion Circuit 1889-90; Millican Circuit 1891-2-3; Prairie Plains Circuit 1894. At the close of that year he took the superannuate relation. In 1861, loyal to his country, he joined Cook's Georgia Legion and went to the front. He did not forget his religion while engaged in carnal warfare, but on the contrary, he and two or three of his comrades covenanted to hold prayer service each evening near the camps. This resulted in the conversion of many of the soldiers, who at first were disposed to make sport out of the meetings. Owing to his efficient work he was elected chaplain of his regiment.

Bro. Powledge belonged to the old guard of the Texas Conference; had little, if any, acquaintance with him, but the Advocate has followed him through all the years of his ministry in Texas and is glad to say that few men served the Church more acceptably, faithfully and efficiently than did this servant of God. He has gone to his reward and awaits the coming of his brethren on a brighter shore.

Rev. W. H. Moss, the notice of whose death appeared in the last issue of The Advocate, when asked a few years ago to give some of the most important incident in his life replied: "The most important incident is that I was soundly converted in 1885 and, bless God, I have not forgotten it to this day. I started to heaven then, am still on the way and almost there."



**HUMOROUS BUT PROVOKING.**

We clip the following from the Baptist Standard of August 29:

Down at Purcell, Okla., something like unto Mr. Barnum's "happy family" is to be staged. A "covenant" has been drawn up providing for the union during one year of the Trinity Methodist, First Methodist Episcopal, Disciples and Presbyterian Churches. The Church is to be known as "The United Church of Purcell."

Why should not men unite Churches that men made and for even a longer time than one year? All the Churches without divine origin and constitution can do as they please. Baptists are bound by the authority of Jesus and must go along the Jordan road.

Doubtless, this little paragraph was intended to be humorous, and we so regarded it when we first read it; but evidently one of our correspondents takes it seriously, and we here quote his reply to it:

It occurs to me that the author of this squib needs your attention. The bigotry therein expressed is amazing. If the author of it is sincere he is culpably ignorant. Why Baptists persist in claiming apostolic succession, in view of present day enlightenment, is one of the mysteries the future must explain. Even their favorite doctrine of baptism by immersion is not now urged by educated Baptists. They have learned through research and proper translation of the Bible, that this doctrine is untenable—"will not hold water."

**THE AMARILLO REVIVAL.**

In a revival recently held by Rev. E. E. Robinson, of First Church, Amarillo, assisted by Rev. Simeon Shaw, there were numerous conversions and twenty-five accessions to the Church, and the whole town was considerably stirred by its influence. The Amarillo Daily News has this to say about Brothers Robinson and Shaw:

Few men have remained in Amarillo so short a time and made as many friends as did Dr. Shaw. He is beloved here by non-Methodists as well as Methodists, and the benefit from his utterances is general. So popular is Dr. Robinson that he has drawn about him members of other communions than his own, and many of these were present at every service during the revival he has just closed. Dr. Robinson has been congratulated upon the fact that he chose Dr. Shaw to assist in the meeting, the two working in perfect harmony, making a team of unusual strength.

We have heard nothing of late from Bishop Hoss. The last was a statement from him in the Nashville Christian Advocate two weeks ago and he was then thought to be somewhat improved. We have heard that he has gone to Tate Springs, Tenn., for complete rest and recuperation. We wrote two weeks ago to him at Muskogee to know of his condition, but we have had no reply. So we take it that he is holding his own. The Church is greatly interested in his state of health.

The new Methodist Church at Andrews, Andrews County, has been finished, and on last Sunday it was opened with appropriate services. By the unanimous wish of the pastor and the congregation it was named the Means Memorial Church, in honor of J. B. Means, President of the Board of Stewards, and a large contributor to its erection. It is one of the most venerable and devout Methodists in all that section, and the friend of every good cause.

A union revival service was recently held at Memphis, Texas, of deep and wide-spread interest. The Daily News reported nearly four hundred conversions and reclamations, with two hundred and fifty-odd accessions to the various denominations. Rev. J. W. McIntosh did the most of the preaching. Rev. W. B. Dodson, our pastor, took a prominent part in the services and his congregation shared largely in the results.

The recent death of Miss Landsdale, whose home was at McKinney, is a great loss to our Church at that place and to the community generally. She was a devout Christian young woman, an ardent worker in the Epworth League, and an eminently successful

teacher in the schools of the city. It was meet and proper that on last Sunday, for the pastor, Rev. C. C. Young, to hold a memorial service in her behalf. It was largely attended and very impressive.

We notice in one of our exchanges that under the preaching of Evangelist Mike Cassidy there has just closed a great meeting in Soper, Oklahoma, resulting in 130 conversions, and ninety joined our Church, just about doubling the membership at that point. Rev. T. P. Turner, the presiding elder, also rendered valuable service.

Rev. Joseph Parkins, formerly a worker in the North Texas Conference but more recently in charge of our Seaman's Mission in Rio de Janeiro, has been compelled to resign his charge on account of the failing health of his wife; and he has been transferred to the North Alabama Conference. Brother Parkins did good work in this city and also in Denison.

**PERSONALS**

Rev. J. F. Sherwood, of College Mound, was to see us last week. He is one of the young old men of the conference, and he is doing useful work.

Rev. Hubert Knickerbocker, of Austin Avenue Church, Waco, stopped over on his return from Arkansas last week and made us a brotherly visit. He is looking improved and evidently his vacation agreed with him.

We had a pleasant visit this week from Mrs. Minnie Smith, of Groesbeck. She is the daughter of our venerable Brother Sampey, of the Texas Conference, and she told us that her aged father is very feeble at his home in Georgetown.

Rev. W. P. Garvin, of Haskell, recently preached a strong sermon on the text, "Who can find a virtuous woman? Her price is above rubies!" The sermon was published in full in a recent number of the Haskell Free Press, and it made wholesome and edifying reading.

We notice in the Dallas News a Nashville dispatch giving an account of the death of Miss Sophia Manns, one of our missionaries at Sung Kiang, China. She is a Texas woman and went out from Mexia some time ago. Her death will be greatly deplored by a large circle throughout Texas.

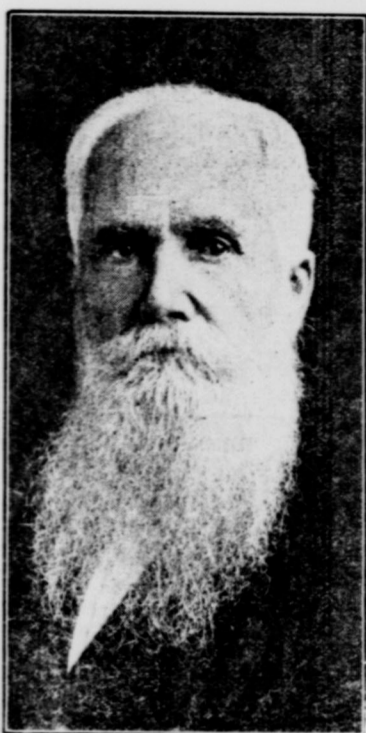
Mrs. J. F. Marshall, of Dexter, was to see us the past week. She is a Tennesseean and connected closely with leading Methodists over that way. Several of the devoted preachers in the Memphis and Tennessee Conferences are her close relatives, and she herself is a Methodist to the manor born.

Brother J. P. Sebastian, of Valley View, was in to see us recently. We have known him from the time that the memory of man runneth not back to the contrary. Forty years ago he was a steward on the first charge we ever served in the North Georgia Conference. We are always glad to see him.

Our dear old friend and brother, Dr. W. H. Hancock, of Paris, has been quite ill for some weeks, but we are glad to hear of his improvement. He is one of our most devoted laymen, and the Church and the preachers never had a better friend. We hope for his speedy and permanent recovery.

Rev. L. A. Webb, of Hubbard City, dropped in to see us recently and he gave a good report of his work. His prayer meeting congregation has greatly improved and the attendance of members upon regular services. He is also reducing the Church debt and will soon have it within the reach of the landing.

Rev. Sam R. Hay, of St. Paul's Church, Houston, has recently enjoyed a vacation in California, and he is back at his post and hard at work. He has had another fine year with that great charge and things are shaping up splendidly for conference. Brother Hay is one of our most popular preachers and successful pastors.



REV. S. C. LITTLEPAGE.

(Brother Littlepage is one of the very few who have been readers of and contributors to the Texas Advocate for over half a century. The following poem was contributed on May 17, 1860, soon after his first great sorrow. There is presented herewith his photo, taken after his eightieth birthday. We gladly publish this poem from the pen of him who through all the lapse of years has kept his life young and his faith triumphant. We pray for him a setting sun that has no shadows.)

**GROWING GRAY.**

By Rev. S. C. Littlepage.

Not thirty years away had fled,  
In truth I thought I was a boy;  
Though I had wept o'er flowers dead  
And grief had robbed my heart of joy.

I knew my spirit strong to bear  
The stroke which took my hope away;  
But started when I found my hair  
Was turning prematurely gray.

I never thought the boon of life  
So steeped in sorrow, filled with tears,  
And fretted with its devious strife,  
Could be a blessing with its tears.  
I never fancied years to live,  
Or craved in this cold world to stay;  
But paled and now a sigh I give,  
To think that I am turning gray.

I gazed, and to the door I went,  
And to the glass and gazed again;  
And many a curious hour spent,  
And hours, too, they were of pain.  
I seized my pen to note the time,  
And wrote the seventeenth of May;  
And thought that I would write a rhyme,  
Upon the date of growing gray.

I never feared the flight of time,  
Or trembled at approaching death;  
Though I have thought full many a time,  
The hour had come to stop my breath.

I ne'er have felt my strength decline,  
Or manhood's vigor pass away;  
But oh, what feelings have been mine,  
E'er since I knew my hair was gray.

But strange, indeed, that I should dwell  
Upon it since 'tis not a crime;  
And thus in solemn measure tell  
The fact, the place, and note the time.

They tell me, too, it is not rare,  
But true of others, so they say;  
As young as I, or younger far,  
Yet still they wear the silver gray.

I'll cheer me then, nor grieve again,  
If grief and tears have made me gray;  
And turn me back to life again,  
What e'er the world or friends may say.

The Bible's honors, too, are mine,  
If I am found in virtue's way;  
And wisdom in the silver shine,  
Why, 'tis not so bad to have grown gray.

"Look for the light that the shadow proves."

Trust in God for great things, with your five loaves and two fishes. He will show you a way to feed thousands.—Horace Bushnell.

Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed rightly dividing the word of truth.—2 Tim. 2:15.

**THE SOUTHERN METHODIST UNIVERSITY EXCURSION.**

On to Yellowstone, Cities and Places by the Way.  
Number Two.

Leaving Dallas Monday evening we reached Colorado Springs Wednesday morning in time for breakfast. The day was spent in sight-seeing, and it was a busy day. This is a beautiful city. In fact it is three cities in one—Colorado Springs, Colorado City and Manitou—and in all has a population of something over thirty thousand. Of the many points of interest here about I would like to write, but must not. We went early to our sleeping cars where, wrapped in snowy sheets and warm blankets, we had a good night's sleep. Our train pulled out Thursday morning on its way to Salt Lake City. Our course lay westward and through as picturesque a country as can be found on the globe.

**Pueblo.**

A run of forty miles brought us to Pueblo, a city of 44,000 people. It is the second city in size in the State of Colorado. It is built at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and is watered by the Arkansas River. It is a manufacturing town, and is the center of much wealth. The Insane Asylum for the State is located here, but our stay was too short for sight-seeing or gathering much information.

**Canyon City, Grand Canyon and the Royal Gorge.**

Leaving Pueblo and traveling up the Arkansas Valley and along the beautiful Arkansas River, we reach Canyon City, a town of five thousand people, beautiful for situation and the heart of a fine fruit and vegetable section of country, and is the seat of the State penitentiary. At this point an open observation car was attached to our train, and we were soon hurrying into the wild beauties of the Grand Canyon and Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River. A finer piece of engineering and railroad building than this ten miles through this canyon can scarcely be imagined. The road, following the winding, twisting, snake-like turns of the river, has been dug, chiseled, blasted and balanced from the granite side of the mountain with barely room between the mountain and the river for the track. As one sits and gazes from the observation car while the train puffs and rocks and groans on its perilous way, the mind grows dizzy, the heart awe-struck and overwhelmed by the indescribable grandeur. Just below you is the dashing, seething river, beating itself into fury against the great rocks that line its bed, while on either side of your granite cliffs piled on cliffs, and boulders rise in wild disorder and confusion, almost perpendicular, for more than a half mile into the air and casting out great projections right over your head seem to say, Sneak low, breath lightly, or we might leap from our precarious fastenings down upon you and grind you to powder. That ten-mile ride is the best ten we passed over for "praying without ceasing." From here on to Glenwood Springs we were ever passing some new and exciting scenery—Fagle Canyon and the Canyon of the Grand River being almost equal to Grand Canyon and the Royal Gorge. We spent something like an hour at Glenwood Springs, but as it was rain-

ing and cold we did not see much of the place. Night soon came on and we went to our berths for sleep, which in these cold regions is mighty sweet in the middle of August.

**Salt Lake City.**

Friday morning we pulled into Salt Lake City and spent the day. It was a day well spent. This is one of the most beautiful cities of the great West. It is a city of great wealth. We took a street car excursion to every point of interest, with a well-informed guide, who stood on the platform of the car with a megaphone in hand and pointed out the various places of interest and giving information about them. He was somewhat of a wit. Speaking of the churches he said: "We have fifty-two churches in the city, and just three saloons," and as he passed the crowd cheered, and then he finished by saying, "to every church." Passing the First Methodist Church he said: "This is the largest church in the city outside of the Mormon Church, the pastor, Rev. O. B. Short, has been in charge five years and is very popular with his congregation. Every time he rises to speak in his church every member pronounces his name, O. B. Short—not audibly, of course."

The city has a population of 92,000; its streets are broad and clean with a great growth of fine shade trees. Perhaps the most beautiful and interesting point in the city is Temple Square, which includes ten acres in the heart of the city. The Temple is the main building within the Temple Square. It is built of granite at a cost of about four million dollars. Its walls are five feet thick its length 186 feet and width 99 feet, and height, including its highest spire, 299 feet. The stones in the building were hauled a distance of 20 miles on ox carts. It was something like four years being built. I have seen some of the finest church buildings in America, but this is the finest, I think. None but Mormons in good standing are ever permitted inside its doors.

Another notable building in the square is the Great Tabernacle. It is 250 feet in length and 150 wide, and will seat 10,000 people. The height to the center of the roof is 100 feet. Visitors are admitted and entertained from 12 to 1 o'clock by an organ recital on the great pipe organ. I had heard much of the great acoustics of this wonderful building, but from where I sat I could not understand a word of what the guide said from the choir stand. From Temple Square we went to one of the fine hotels of the city and had a great dinner (I mean dinner, not supper) for 50 cents each. During the morning street car excursions we took in Fort Douglas, the military garrison about four miles out, and saw the army on dress parade. The soldiers looked like an obedient and well-kent bunch. In the afternoon we went out to the Great Salt Lake. It is a large body of very, very salt water. Here is a great pavilion with dance hall, skating rink, curio stands, merry-go-rounds, churches, cafes and so on. Night comes on and we must get to our cars and to our beds for the night. Of our entrance to the park and six days in it I will write later, and that will close my chronicle of the Reedy Excursion.

J. T. SMITH.

"Be loving and you will never want for love; be humble and you will never want for guiding."

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# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

REV. E. HIGHTOWER, Editor, Georgetown, Texas.  
 REV. A. E. RECTOR, Assistant Editor, Galveston, Texas.  
 All communications for this department should be sent to either of the above addresses.

## TO POINT A MORAL.

Last week a traveling man said to the editor, "I went to a Sunday School last Sunday in the city of X. When I went in nobody greeted me. I went to the men's Bible class and took a seat on a bench to myself and neither the teacher nor a single member of the class paid the slightest attention to me. I attended and left the school without a word from a single individual." Was that your school? There is a verse in an old and much revered book that says, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." No one who has not had the experience can know how lonely a traveling man who is almost constantly among strangers feels on Sunday in a strange town and away from his family. A cordial greeting under such conditions is like springs in the desert to a tired pilgrim. It refreshes his spirit and has a distinct moral value. When done with the right motive it is like giving the cup of cold water in the name of a disciple and shall not lose its reward.

## A LIVELY SUNDAY SCHOOL.

It was the privilege of the editor to spend the second Sunday in September with the good people of Gatesville. With no reflection whatever on any other Sunday School in the world he can pronounce this school in many respects the best he has found in all his experience. The pastor, the superintendent, all the teachers and most of the pupils were in the house and ready for business when time came to open the school. There was almost no whispering or other signs of disorder during the opening exercises, and the school cooperated heartily in every part of the program. The enrollment of the school just about equals the membership of the Church and the adult Church membership is well represented in the Sunday School. For lack of room in the house the Wesley Adult Bible class have erected a tent on the church lawn and hold their meetings there. Hon. S. P. Sadler, a successful attorney, teaches this class and does his work well. We were especially pleased to see an enthusiastic Women's Bible class, made up of some thirty of the wives and mothers of the Church and taught by that mother of the Gatesville Church, Sister Hatchett. Mr. M. L. Ayres, the superintendent of this school, is a young business man whose father, now gone to his reward, was one of the members and builders of the Gatesville Methodist Church and brought his children up in the Sunday School, of which for years, he was the trusted superintendent. "Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord \* \* \* for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." Bro. Ayres is a successful banker and brings his sound business judgment to bear on the problems of his Sunday School. But best of all, he has been a consistent Christian from his childhood, and has the confidence of the Church and community both as to his sincerity and judgment. In another respect this school made a better showing than any other this editor has visited: At 4 p. m., with the mercury at a hundred in the shade, the superintendent and every teacher save one, whose wife was ill, were present for a Sunday School conference. There were also present the superintendents of the Presbyterian and Baptist Sunday Schools, and a number of their teachers. Rev. J. A. Ruffner is our pastor at Gatesville and has done his full share toward bringing about present

conditions. The school fills the present church house so full that there is no room for further expansion. When the Gatesville Methodists give Bro. Ayres and his faithful helpers a fair chance by building the church they are planning we may expect to hear further from this school.

## SYMPTOMS OF A GOOD SUPERINTENDENT.

By John R. Pepper.

1. Inflammation of the heart. No matter what other qualifications one may possess, without deep-seated love for the work and for souls, he will not succeed. The heart must be deeply involved.
2. Enlargement of the head. Not the big head, by any means, but a genuine seeking after knowledge, the accretion of which will cause an enlargement absolutely necessary to success in the work. The evidence of life is growth. Growth means enlargement.
3. Dilation of the eyes. Wide-open eyes to the best things, new and old. Such eyes see people and recognize them across the street. Such eyes often make journeys of discovery and bring back the spoils which cause the squint eyes of other people to dilate and grow bigger.
4. An unknotted countenance. Vinegar is an excellent article for some things, but it is not intended to drink, nor to bathe one's face in just before sitting down with your minds. A smile travels the whole circumference of one's being as quickly as the wink of an eye, and can embrace a score as easily as one. It is a gentle but successful knock at the inner door of the heart, the password of admission to the most sacred shrine. Let us rub the knots out of our faces with the chubby hand of a smile.
5. A good grip of the hand. Happy art it is—shaking hands with your heart in your wide open palm, so that there can be no shadow of doubt about your meaning all that a genuine hand grasp could convey. A deep cable message is often shot through the five electric tips on the lower end of the arm if so be they have real connection with the powerhouse above. The quality of the shake often determines the stay of the shaken. If a cold three-fingered fish's tail, as it were, is given instead of a hot-blooded whole hand, who can expect a vital attachment to be made?
6. Suppleness of the knees. No one needs to pray more earnestly nor oftener than the superintendent who has really invested his heart in the work. How many perplexing problems to meet constantly. How many peculiar and sometimes unreasonable people, younger and older, to deal with. How much lack of encouragement often even when the most painstaking and laborious effort is made. No one but the Master, who spent whole nights in prayer, can know how much the truly conscientious superintendent feels the need of communication with his God for enlightenment, for guidance, for cheer, for courage, and faithful endurance to the end.
7. Nervousness of the feet. How much we need workers whose feet are nerve-webbed. Feet that cannot stay off the track of the sick, the absent, the indifferent, and the sinning. Feet which instinctively find the sorrowing, and which bear many an alabaster box the perfume of which reaches the Master's chamber from obscure places. Such feet pass the places of the new scholars also, and win them to walk in the same paths.
8. Stiffness of the backbone. This means backbone gymnastics with rigid purpose. The best motives, the best plans, may all fail for lack of stick-at-it-ness. Many can and do start excellent things. How many get sticking to them to successful issue? Failure often recoils with baneful effect upon the planner, throttling further adventure. Stiff backbones are much needed in this day of multitudinous enterprises. One good, even homely, plan thoroughly executed is worth a dozen backboneless efforts. Exercise your backbone, fellow workers. It will effectually cure fits.

## THE PASTOR AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

First, recognizing that the Sunday School is the pastor's open door of opportunity, that childhood is the battleground of the kingdom, and that when we save a child we save a soul plus a life of service, we call upon every pastor everywhere to use their utmost endeavor to increase the efficiency of the Sunday Schools, so that the children may be won for Christ

and trained for a life service for him. As quickly as possible our theological seminaries should give instruction to their students: (1) In systematic Bible study suitable to teachers; (2) In the fundamental elements of pedagogy and child study; (3) In the latest approved methods of Sunday School work.

Secondly, as a rule the pastor should not superintend his own Sunday School, nor teach a class regularly, but he should be the superintendent of the superintendent and the teacher of the teachers.

Thirdly, the pastor is a leader of the Sunday School as much as of any other service of the Church, and as such he is primarily responsible for its success or failure. He should, therefore, seek to prepare himself for successful leadership therein by attending Sunday School institutes and conventions, reading the best books and periodicals on the subject, and by such other means as present themselves from time to time.

Fourthly, the Sunday School is not the place for children alone, but for all. Our motto should be: "All the Church in the Sunday School, and all the Sunday School in the Church, all the time."

Fifthly, teaching is the most important service in the Sunday School; therefore, the pastor should be prepared to train his teachers in the training class and in the teachers' meeting—Kentucky Pastors' Sunday School Institute.

## LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

The Annual Tug.

By C. F. Reid, D. D.

We are now approaching the conference season and the time for the annual tug in order to pay the preacher, square the presiding elder, and get up our conference collections, so that we can make a decent report at conference, save our face, and get a good preacher next year. Of course we cannot be expected to give much attention to anything else while this tug is on and the chances are we shall have to rest at least a month or six weeks after it is over before we can begin to feel normal and look around for something to do for the Lord.

I have often wondered who invented this method of providing for the maintenance of God's Church. It was not Mr. Wesley, for his plan was "a penny a week and a shilling a quarter." It was not Paul, for his plan was plainly stated in 1 Cor. 16:2: "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." It was not Christ's plan, for he insisted that in order to be his disciple a man must take up his cross daily, and from the strenuousness of the annual tug, I judge this part of most men's Christian duty must be quite a cross.

Now, in casting about for someone who would be benefited by such a method, I can think only of the Devil. Of course, it is his special business to obstruct every advance movement of the Kingdom of God, and if he can insinuate a financial method into the Church that will keep the preacher half starved and in financial straits three-fourths of the year, he has the preacher handicapped. Then if he can persuade the preacher to go pretty heavily in debt in order to feed and clothe his family, he gives the tradespeople of the town a chance to sneer at the preacher and the Church and thus puts a stout stumblingblock in the way of the tradespeople and all their sympathizers.

Another advantage the annual tug method gives to the Devil is that it affords him an excellent opportunity to strike a deadly blow at the missionary, Church Extension and educational department of the Church. By keeping the Church financially inactive a large portion of the year, those having charge of these great arms of service are kept busy with pad and pencil, figuring out small economies, how to make tongue and buckle meet and prevent the large leakage that comes from paying interest on borrowed moneys. Their nights are made restless by the necessity of inventing plausible excuses by which to turn away the clamor for help that comes up from all our mission fields, from the destitute places in the homeland and from the children of the Church crying for a chance to keep educationally abreast with the rest of the world.

Then, too, as a man at any one time can only give what he can afford to spare at that one time, if only one appeal is made in a year, his ability to give is limited and so by the annual tug plan the sum total of gifts to these great connectional interests is kept at a figure that most effectively avoids the danger of doing anything large in the way of sending more missionaries, building more churches or keeping abreast with the State in the

education of our children. I can see where this would suit the Devil very well indeed.

Also, I can see when these vital interests are put off till the last moment, how that in the hurry and worry not more than half the members will be seen and that there will be no chance to educate and inform those who are seen, so that at last, the whole burden will fall upon a faithful few. Of course these few cannot avoid feeling it is unjust and unfair that they should bear the burden of others. They naturally become dissatisfied. Giving ceases to be a joyous religious sacrament and comes to be a reluctant paying of other people's debts to save the Church from disgrace and to keep things going. At the District Stewards' meeting in the beginning of the next year, you will naturally find them or the representatives set like a rock against any increase of assessment, or trying to make some new adjustment by which their shares may be reduced. Thus the mutual confidence and fraternal fellowship of congregations are broken up and this can be put pleasing to the Devil. Pondering over these thoughts, I have been convinced that as the Devil seems to be the one chiefly helped by the annual tug method, he must be the inventor of the same.

After inventing a plan of this kind, it is not to be expected that he would spring it on the Church, cut and dried and all ready for use and ask the General Conference to accept it by a unanimous vote. That would not be in accordance with his usual way of procedure. We would rather expect him to lay in wait, to take advantage of a sleepy preacher here, an indifferent layman there, and the general disposition to say: "Are there not yet four months and then cometh conference? And thus, little by little, make people forget the example of Mr. Wesley, the exhortation of Paul and even the downright statements of the Master until general use and the sanction of old custom fasten the plan upon the Church with bands of steel.

Now being opposed to the Devil and all his works, and especially that one of his works represented by the annual tug for local expenses and the annual collection, and like devices for financing the great ongoing enterprises of the Church of God, I rise to make a motion. It is: That at the beginning of the new conference year, we return as a Church to the Scriptural method laid down by St. Paul in 1 Cor. 16:2, and that in every station within our borders we adopt the weekly offering and the duplex envelope for both local and general interests, and that in every circuit we just as religiously lay by in store "on the first day of the week" and by use of the monthly duplex envelope or some similar device replenish the Lord's treasury whenever we do come together to worship him.

We have already made a good start with this plan. Hundreds of our Churches are now using the duplex envelope and other hundreds have declared their intention to do so next conference year. By making the vote unanimous, I am sure we shall score a decisive victory over the adversary and put ourselves in shape to win others, until victory shall acquire the steady habit of perching on our banners as the one place where she feels perfectly at home.

The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad Company is a corporation. In order to encourage its employees to greater efficiency it urges each one of them to become a corporation himself, at a capitalization commensurate with his salary. "Say you earn one thousand dollars. At 4 per cent, that is the interest on \$25,000. The company thus capitalizes you at the cost of a modern locomotive. You may not have as much pull, but you ought to have as much push. You can last longer and run a good deal farther than the best locomotive ever built. Most of you can make yourselves constantly worth more, whereas the locomotive steadily deteriorates. Make your valuation climb to fifty thousand, to a hundred thousand. Select your food with care. Treat decently the body on which your mind depends. Read, study and observe. Like the engine, you cannot do your work unless you stay on the rails and keep where the boss can find you. No call-boy ever found a locomotive in a saloon, dive, or other place of that sort." Here is pity counsel for others besides railroad men.—Youth's Companion.

Where'er the greatest sins abound,  
 By grace they are exceeded;  
 Thy helping hand is always found,  
 With aid, where aid is needed;  
 Thy hand, the only hand to save,  
 Will rescue Israel from the grave,  
 And pardons his transgression.  
 —Martin Luther

"They come to haunt me in the night,  
 The fair words I have left unsaid,  
 The little kindnesses I might  
 Have done for people who are dead,  
 The moments when I might have  
 shown  
 A patience that I thrust away—  
 They haunt me when I sit alone  
 And count my profits of the day."

"I learn as the years roll onward  
 And I leave the past behind,  
 That much I had craved sorrow  
 But proves that God is kind;  
 That many a flower that I longed for  
 Had hidden a thorn of pain,  
 And many a rugged by-path  
 Led to fields of ripened grain."

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When everything goes wrong and the future looks black, instead of moping around go right to your druggist and ask for

## Tutt's Pills

You will find this a short cut to happiness, because they will remove the cause of your trouble which is nothing more than a sluggish liver. At your druggist—sugar coated or plain.

BETWEEN

# Houston and New Orleans

A

## SOLID STEEL TRAIN

EVERY DAY WITH

# Harvey Dining Cars



C. W. STRAIN  
 G. P. A. Houston









## SOME NOTABLE BENEFACTORS OF SOUTHERN METHODIST UNIVERSITY



W. W. CARUTH



R. S. MUNGER



ALEX SANGER

**W**HEN a great thing has been done it is always found that many have co-operated to bring it about. But it is also true that just a few have been leaders and have done most.

When the General Conference of Methodism, South, was in session at Birmingham in 1906 Mr. R. S. Munger extended the hospitalities of his home to many delegates. On one occasion he was discussing with some of his guests certain educational problems of the Church. Before the conversation ended Mr. Munger proposed to give \$10,000 and 40 acres of land for the building of a university in Dallas. While attending the next General Conference at Asheville in 1910 Mr. Munger learned that the Chamber of Commerce of Dallas was raising funds for this purpose. He came at once to Dallas and proposed to the Chamber of Commerce to donate \$25,000 and 50 acres of land on condition that \$400,000 should be raised. At the same meeting Mr. Alex Sanger proposed to give 1-20th of the total amount of money that was found to be necessary to secure the University. Mrs. Armstrong proposed to donate 100 acres adjoining Highland Park for a campus. Mr. W. W. Caruth added 68 acres of adjoining property and finally made a further donation of one-half interest in 722 acres.

These were the four donors who made it possible for Dallas to present her great gift to Southern Methodist University.

DR. BOAZ AND REV. J. M. SHERMAN, DISTRICT COMMISSIONER, TOUR PLAINS COUNTRY WITH REV. O. P. KIPER, P. E. OF AMARILLO DISTRICT.

During the month of June President Geo. S. Slover and I toured a part of the Amarillo District, visiting nine appointments and secured \$9225.99 for the cause of Christian Education. Rev. O. P. Kiker, the alert and aggressive presiding elder of the district, invited me to return in September to visit a few charges not visited during the first trip.

On Thursday night, September 5th, as he returned home from the meeting of the elders in Dallas I accompanied him for the second tour. Elaborate preparations had been made. Printed programs had been mailed to almost every man in each county. Basket dinners, brass bands, lectures, fourth quarterly conferences, and other interesting features had been arranged. Bro. J. M. Sherman, the efficient District Commissioner, joined us at Amarillo, and remained with us until the following Saturday week. He rendered most valuable service, preaching frequently, commending the cause of education publicly and privately. Having once been the presiding elder of that part of the Church and having been "in much favor with his people," he was in position to render an unusual service. His preaching was up to the high-water mark. If all our District Commissioners will become as active as he, we will soon secure the necessary funds.

Our trip was inland. We got into Glacier, the last railroad point, late Friday night. Saturday we were called at 3:30 a. m. to start in an auto to Gehlertree, eighty miles away. Here we spent the Saturday and Sunday with Bro. D. W. Hawkins and his good people, securing in good pledges \$1241.69. On Monday we visited Paradise, a country appointment at present in the Oklahoma Conference. We secured here \$200. Tuesday we visited the Plainview neighborhood, where several threshing machines were in operation. Here I had a unique experience. The elder arranged for me to give my lecture at the noon hour, to the men composing the crews of two threshers. They listened with much interest. We were pledged \$290 at this place. I spoke at night at Missouri Avenue schoolhouse.

Wednesday found us at Blodget, a

schoolhouse, on B. J. Osborne's charge. Preached at 11 a. m. and Bro. Sherman at 3 p. m. A splendid dinner was served on the ground. The pledges amounted to \$925.99. Milo Blodget, a big hearted man, though not a member of the Church, gave us \$500 for the S. M. U. At night I lectured to a crowded house at Black, but secured only \$150.00.

The next day I preached at Hansford at 11 a. m. and Bro. Sherman at 3 p. m. Another great feast was spread at noon and at 4 p. m. Quarterly Conference was held by the elder. At night in spite of rain and mud a crowded house heard my lecture on "Fools." They pledged \$397.45 at this place; a brass band furnished music. Bro. Osborne is very popular with his people.

On Friday morning we started with Brother and Sister B. G. Carter to their work. I preached at Lockney at 11 a. m. and Bro. Sherman again at 3 p. m. A rare dinner was again served and Quarterly Conference called at 4 p. m. At the close of the conference pledges amounting to \$300 were taken. At night the schoolhouse at Lieb was crowded to its limit. A great many had to stand. Another brass band was very much in evidence. It was the most responsive audience I met anywhere, so far as the lecture was concerned. They pledged \$538.85. From this point we drove about thirty miles to Dumas, a station under the care of Bro. J. T. Howell. The road was heavy and the weather cold. It took all day to make the trip. I lectured at night and preached next morning. Here we met our most liberal response. A small town of 200 about thirty miles from any railroad, readily pledged \$1655. L. B. Watkins gave \$500, and H. A. Beauchamp \$250. At 4 p. m. I preached at Middle Wells about fifteen miles out and secured \$250. We drove in to Channing by 8 p. m., where I spoke and secured nothing by the public call. The pastor, Bro. Graham, and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Bolton, saved the situation by pledging \$125, when we visited the parsonage after service.

The total immediate results in pledges amounts to \$6036.59. This added to what had already been pledged makes a grand total of \$15,261.59 from the Amarillo District. There are two other large prospective donations that cannot yet be counted, because not closed. If a district of 250 members and so far removed from Dallas pledges so liberally what ought to be expected under proper leader-

ship from districts near by? Kiker's methods would get such results in almost any district in Texas. In many districts it would do much better. He is the liveliest wire I have met on a district in many a day. He was popular everywhere we went. If all the elders will co-operate like Kiker we will soon have the necessary money and the way will be easy.

I cannot close without saying something about the wonderful country we traversed. Such crops I never saw. The wheat yielded thirty or more bushels per acre in many places. Kaffir corn and maize had likewise made a bumper crop. The one drawback was no railroad. We traveled between three and four hundred miles and heard no whistle of locomotive. Some days we drove thirty miles in a hack and held three services. A train looked good when I got back to Channing. The road is expected soon through those regions and then it will bloom like a garden. The climate is great. I suffered from cold one or two days, but such weather is unusual in September. Such a country must have a great future.

## BRO. McCLURE BACK AGAIN.

Bro. McClure, who has been away from the office and the city for several weeks recuperating, after most strenuous efforts in behalf of the University, is again back in Dallas looking much better and much improved in mind and body. While not fully recovered, he is about with his old time cheer, and his doctor advises that after a few weeks more rest he will again be able to take up his work.

## NOTES FROM BRO. BARTON.

After two or three attempts to make the town of Roxton I was successful in reaching this place on Sunday, September 15. Bro. Bloodworth, the pastor, received me as cordially and as kindly as was possible for a brother to be received, opened his pulpit to me for both services, at which services I presented the cause of Southern Methodist University. I found that Bro. Howell, the District Commissioner of the Paris District, had already been on the ground, preached an excellent sermon on Christian Education, special emphasis being laid on Southern Methodist University; in consequence of this effort and the general information already had concerning our great school, the people were prepared for the message that I tried to bring them,

gave me a most sympathetic hearing. No public collection was taken. But Monday in company with that princely layman, Bro. R. C. Caldwell, I talked personally with a number of our members and friends about the work, and secured in cash and subscriptions \$600. I was very much disappointed that a large number of the membership was not able to attend service on Sunday on account of the death of a worthy and honored Methodist who was closely related to a prominent family in the Church. I also found that we had serious sickness in two or three of our best families. I do not question but that if a full membership of the Church had been with us Sunday and considered this great question two or three thousand dollars would have been a very conservative estimate of the amount given the University. As it was we secured a number of promises from which we will realize substantial help in the future.

L. S. BARTON.

## CLARENDON COLLEGE OPENING

On last Tuesday morning, September 3, the largest student body ever enrolled at the beginning of the school year gathered in the College Chapel. The splendid faculty together with the local patrons took their places on the platform. The whole situation was inspiring. It was a positive pleasure to look upon the large attendance of representative young people gathered here from the various parts of the great Panhandle, Oklahoma and New Mexico, and still they come.

These young men and young women are second to none in the whole Nation and they will be heard from wherever they go as they will catch the spirit of the strong, thoroughly equipped Christian faculty.

Our facilities are splendid. The quarters for young men are much better than ever before and we can accommodate quite a number more than previously. We will take care of all who come. The splendid ginger brick dormitory for young ladies, built and equipped at a cost of twenty thousand dollars, is now occupied by beautiful young ladies from these great plains.

The great forward move in behalf of Clarendon College is due to the untiring energies of its president and trustees and the co-operation of the citizens and the people of the Panhandle. Great is Clarendon College, the pride of the plains.

ZORA B. PIRTLE, Clarendon, Texas.

## REV. C. C. YOUNG, Commissioner McKinney District.

The excellent showing that North Texas has made in the campaign in behalf of the Southern Methodist University is due very largely to the magnificent support accorded Bro. Barton by the District Commissioners. They have helped him make dates, have traveled with him through their dis-



REV. C. C. YOUNG, Commissioner McKinney District.

tricts, and in many instances, have followed up his work and secured many additional donations.

There has been a good deal of good natured rivalry between the Commissioners, each Commissioner being firm in his belief that his own district would carry off the honors. While we are just in the midst of the campaign and much work remains to be done, it was thought best to follow the baseball plan and divide the campaign up into two seasons. A recent count shows that the McKinney District, with Bro. Young as Commissioner, leads, by a small margin, every district in North Texas. Several other districts are close to this record, however, and the other District Commissioners are after Bro. Young's laurels. It would be difficult to guess who will come off with the final honors, but the indications are that the race will be a close one.

## WHAT PRESIDING ELDERS AND OTHERS THINK OF S. M. U. SITE.

Rev. C. B. Garrett, Tyler, Texas: "This is certainly a beautiful country out here. It seems to me like a great place for a school. That looks like business, doesn't it? (Referring to the work on the main building.)"

Rev. S. J. Vaughan, Gatesville, Texas: "Everything looked fine to me; it surpassed my greatest expectations."

Rev. J. R. Nelson, Corsicana, Texas: "The site of the University is a very beautiful place. That is going to be a huge building. I was very much pleased with the general appearance of things."

Rev. W. E. Boggs, Brownwood, Texas: "I am very highly pleased with the face brick to be used in Dallas Hall. I have visited the kiln where this brick is made and have also inspected the mountains of blue shale in that section. I understand the brick is absolutely impervious and that it will stand for perhaps a century without showing any signs of deterioration. This is certainly much better than the light face or smooth finish brick that will soon begin to show signs of decay."

Rev. S. C. Riddle, Decatur, Texas: "I was very much pleased indeed with the campus and foundations of the main building. S. M. U. has made a great start."

R. C. Hicks, Sulphur Springs, Texas: "My visit to the grounds of S. M. U. was a most delightful trip. Providence has been with us in the planning and founding of this great institution. It is remarkable how a great enterprise like this has gone forward without a hitch. The progress has been remarkable and everyone seems to be helping to make this the great institution it ought to be."

Rev. T. H. Morris, Bowie, Texas: "I consider the site of S. M. U. a most delightful and well appointed place for the purpose for which it is intended. I was especially well pleased with magnificent foundation—it looks like one that should last forever."

Pray not for peace—pray for combat.