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MISSOURI LETTER.

The first snow-storm of the winter is raging. Since day light the great mushy flakes have been falling, driven by a stiff north wind, but as yet there is no freezing. It is no more and no indication of the storm breaking up.

A good many of the preachers in Kansas City District have been getting ready for protracted meetings, but the storm will thwart their plans. Six weeks of fine weather have passed since conference, but some thought the election was in the way, and some thought the corn ought to be gathered. The Master said, "Seek first the kingdom of God," but the rule is rather to give attention first to the farm, and devote to the Lord the time. Some of the preachers, however, have not waited and God has signally blessed their faith and zeal.

The minutes of our last conference session—Southwest Missouri Conference—showed gain in membership 117. The figures should be 157, but the report showing for the laborers of 140 preachers—little more than one member a piece. There were back of these preachers about 30,000 members of the Church. The usual plea of the preachers is that they purged the Church rolls does not avail this year. There was no great ingathering last year—less gain than this, the report being 130.

The territory occupied by this conference is scarcely surpassed in its productive resources by any conference in our Church. The population is for the most part American, and acceptable to our ministry. We are well supplied with Churches. Every condition seems favorable to progress, and yet little progress is being made. The exhibit of removals by death and certificate shows 2131 in 1890; 2650 in 1891, and 2790 in 1892. The other two conferences of the State show returns proportionally great in comparison with membership.

We certainly need more aggressive spirit—more revival zeal. But from what source shall we supply the lack? I give it as my opinion, Mr. Editor, that the so-called evangelists generally have less self-denying devotion, less depth of spiritual experience than the average pastor. The methods of these men are chosen in view of the largest seeming success at the time, and the success comes only temporarily. I have seen weeks assisting in the meetings of Hammond, Mosely, Harrison, and Sam Jones. I have been in the midst of their greatest successes and seen the test of time on their parting. I have seen a good work in discharging together the ministries of all the Protestant Churches in united efforts to save souls, and in quickening the zeal and activity of lay members. He has in measure organized his work. His influence has been good and it will be permanent—a clean Christian fellowship—throughout the Churches of Christendom and a higher estimate of lay service. We have neither space nor inclination to discuss the methods of the other evangelists named. Grant that they have done good, we can not wait the troubling of the waters by such men as these. The revival, if it affects any considerable part of the Church, must be the work of all our pastoral charges, and the pastor, in his place, must inspire and lead it.

Mr. Fay Mills is now holding meetings in Kansas City. He has the co-operation of most of the Churches. Great audiences hear him daily. It is not the power of the preaching that brings the audience, but the pledged co-operation of some thirty pastors secured before his coming. They put themselves at his service; rally their congregations to hear him. It makes a great crowd. The result is a sensation; the papers make the best of it they can, and then the great work moves. Well, Mr. Mills is an earnest man, very agreeable in person and manner, and his methods are good, simply methods of securing the cooperation of the people to his cause. If, when the evangelist is gone, these pastors exhibit as much zeal for the poor and neglected as they do now, much good will result. Mr. Mills is not equal as a preacher to the average pastor of the Church. He has multitudes daily converted. Standing up for prayers, or in profession of purpose to lead a new life, is little evidence of any real work of the Spirit, especially when the meeting is over. A great crowd prompts in conversion the more converts are counted. The evangelist throws the responsibility upon the pastors. If the pastors examine carefully all cases that apply for membership they may gather some true converts into the fold. If they are eager to reap profit in increase of members they will garner into the Church much of the world. Not half of those who stand up in profession of conversion will ever apply for Church membership, and not half who do apply will be found to have passed from death unto life.

Dr. Leftwich, of Nashville, is conducting protracted service here at Independence. His preaching is powerful and probes the consciences of Christians deeply. The chief fruits of his work thus far is in awakening the Church. Some have professed conversion. It seems to me that just such work is being done as is needed.

Dr. Tigert has been elected a member of the World's Philanthropic Society, which will meet at Chicago, August 21 to 30. It is a high honor worthy bestowal.

Dr. Rankin, who was two years at Centenary, expects to go South. If he should drop into one of our Texas Conferences you will have gained one of our strongest preachers. We much regret the Doctor could not remain with us.

J. E. GODFREY.

THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE IN OUR SCHOOLS.

Righteousness exalts nations, while sin causes their overthrow. History ought not to be allowed to repeat itself in a constant round of national catastrophes. If sin is destructive of national as well as of individual life, and if the Bible is the only book which reveals sin's antidote, ought not this exceptional Book to be prominent in the curriculum of every institution of learning presided over by gentlemen who have sworn allegiance to the Author of this Book? Nothing presents the long-suffering of God more strikingly than the fact that he should permit a nation professing to honor him to live more than a hundred years with no systematic effort on the part of the Church to make the young acquainted with the Bible in any adequate sense except the training the

children receive one day in seven. True, this is not intended as an insult to the Bible; but because the putting of the Bible in its rightful place in the schools would be attended with difficulties, and would arouse opposition, and possibly occasion some falling off in patronage, it is deferred with the indefinite hope that things will come right some day. But not without an effort on the part of God's people will the public generally recognize the importance of Bible study. The subject must be agitated, discussed, pressed upon the attention of the people through the public prints until public sentiment shall demand that the Bible take the foremost place in all our schools. There can not be a doubt that this is our Father's will. These are the things we are commanded to teach our children.

The claims of God are to be recognized every day, not only by parents and Sunday-school teachers, but by literary teachers as well. In our organized efforts for the betterment of society we are to show to the young the estimate we put upon God's Book. Too long have we been misreading them by our peremptory practice. If the Bible is God's Book on Sunday, it is his book on Monday. If it is worthy the chief place on the holy Sabbath, it is worthy the chief place during every other day of the week. The children of this generation will receive their estimate of the Bible from our treatment of it. While the Book is in no sense to be regarded as a talisman, or to be worshipped, yet the God whom it reveals is worthy the devoutest adoration of the profoundest intellects. If the children of today are to be the teachers of tomorrow, we may reasonably expect them to teach what they have been taught. A deal of skepticism will be driven out of the world when the precious Bible is lifted to its rightful place in all our schools.

In all will the next generation carry their Bibles with them into the marts of trade, Congressmen will legislate according to the Golden Rule, and the accused traffic in rum will no longer be legalized.

JOHN F. NEAL.

CORRALS COVE, TEXAS.

ANDREW CARNEGIE—WORKING-MAN.

The leading dailies of October 15 gave us an extended cablegram telling us of Andrew Carnegie and the new book he is threatening to impose upon a long-suffering people. His work upon this last product of his egotistical brain, we are told, has been sadly interrupted for some months. He has been troubled in his mind, and had no stomach for composition. I clip from the New York World's cablegram the following pathetic passages:

He had left the disturbing whirl of American life, and had come to his secluded home in Scotland, which was twenty-three miles distant from the nearest railway station, and where he had only heard of the outbreak at Homestead two days after it had occurred, and then meagerly, since these deplorable events, which had burst upon him like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, he had been unable to work much. They had such a depressing effect upon him that he had to perform lay his book aside, and resolutely refused to write another line until the ranks of the strikers had been broken. The old men were returning daily to their former places, and the trouble was virtually a thing of the past. He would now go on the Continent and speak with a fresh and happy mind. For all the deplorable incidents of the Homestead strike his chief regret was that so many of the old men had allowed their places to be filled.

It is sad indeed to contemplate this self-denying philanthropist, elaborating his solution of the labor problem—"writing as a workman to working-men"—all broken up in the sweet seclusion of his Scotch castle—"twenty-three miles from the nearest railway station"—by bad news from his American hirelings—now being tried for "treason." His seclusion gave him two days' rest and opportunity for his philanthropic literary labors; he only heard from Homestead "two days" after the earthquake.

When the "thunderbolt from a clear sky" did burst upon him it so shocked him that his pen fell from his nerveless grasp. Perhaps he wrung his hands and used language not quotable. He had to lay his book aside. "Twenty-three miles from the nearest railway station"—by bad news from his American hirelings—now being tried for "treason." His seclusion gave him two days' rest and opportunity for his philanthropic literary labors; he only heard from Homestead "two days" after the earthquake.

But Andrew is now bravely over his attack of the blues. The workmen have been put down; the troops are all gone home; the great mills are grinding out gold for him, and the "ranks of the strikers have been broken."

He is so much relieved in his feelings that he can "now go to the continent and work with a fresh and happy mind." And this man presumes to write books on labor problems; presumes to advise poor laboring men who are making him rich while they get poorer—he offers views, advice, exhortation! His opinions can not command respect on these greatest and most difficult of problems for the sufficient reason that Andrew Carnegie does not himself deserve respect. Had he any conscience as to his relation to the terrible events at Homestead, instead of rushing to "lochs and moors, fishing every day from morning to

night," he would have taken the first steamer to America, and the first train from New York to Homestead. He was bound by every consideration of honor and equity to have placed himself right in the center of that cyclone. As head man of the big business he had no moral or business right to leave the handling of that outbreak to underlings and the Pinkertons. The chief position in a great corporation implies obligation of the highest and most sacred character. Had he fished less in Scotland—had he hobnobbed less with the nobility, who must despise his perverse hostings—had he kept nearer the thousands he hired, blood would have been less shed, and some husbands and fathers would be alive to-day that is, if he is of any moral force whatever; if he is in the least fit to write a book on labor problems. If he were a good and humane and just man he would have said to himself at once: "I must go home; I must go where the men I hire are in trouble. I will hear their complaints. I will listen to their statements in the tropic zone. I will investigate the whole matter. If I find any fault ought to have more pay they shall have it. If I find out that they are in the wrong I will try to show them their mistake. I will show them I wish to be fair and just. If at last I fail I will take legal measures to protect the property committed to me."

But Carnegie left it all to one Frick. Carnegie fished from morning to night. The Pinkertons came, and Carnegie kept fishing.

Now the strikers being broken in and the troops gone, the mills grinding out gold for him again, Andrew Carnegie, "fresh and happy," goes to the Continent to finish his book on labor problems—talking as "a workman to working-men!"

"Andrew Carnegie—Workingman?" Give us a rest. Go fishing, Andrew, and stay twenty-three miles from any railway station.—Bishop A. G. Hoagwood, in Nashville Advocate.

CALIFORNIA AND MEXICO.

First came the Los Angeles meeting, September 14, in the fair city which gives the name of the conference that takes in Southern California and Arizona. The Pacific met in Sacramento, capital of the State, September 28. The Northwest met October 12 in Nogales, Ariz., through which half American, half Mexican, runs the line between the two republics. The line made no great show; a Mexican showed it to me—a mark with floor chisel on the railroad track.

Now and then the poli-heave fun—when tradition treats don't apply to "boodlers."

The Border Mexico Conference, much of whose work is in Texas, met in San Marcos, October 19. The Central Mexico met in the ancient city, unique in a hundred ways, and the formation of wonderful progress, October 17. A night and a day we spent with the women who conduct, with marked success, the Woman's School at Laredo, Texas—just across the place where a river ought to be—on the old map Rio Grande del Norte. Miss Holding and her willing helpers have done much, but the women and men they are teaching will do more. A night and a day also at the Hotel, where the Woman's Board has another school, well-planned, well-managed, and with boundless promise—Miss Tolom Director. There also the Parent Board, in a modest but thorough way, is training not a few who will after awhile be the best preachers in these conferences.—Rev. G. B. Winton in charge. At Saltillo the Woman's has another school. We were glad to shake hands with our teachers at the depot. Sorry we could not see the school and enjoy their company.

No time was wasted between sessions. Inside of four weeks Paul and I will have compassed nearly five thousand miles, yet without hurrying business, neglecting any of our duties, and with a matter belonging to conference work. The swift railroads—making night as good as day for travel—make such things possible and easy.

Not this winter's convenience, the necessity of our general work, made economy of time necessary. To have Dr. John, Senior Missionary Secretary, with me at the Mexican Conferences was simply indispensable. Nearly 500,000 was to be evangelized, and all our work as well as about one hundred men, their wives and children. A score of questions enter into almost every case: size of families, distances, expenses involved in removals, cost of living in different places, and the like, such as rents, taxes, traveling expenses, repairs and such like to a bewildering extent. Of all these things, Dr. John has expert knowledge growing out of much experience. Twice before this round the new border has been crossed, and with the Mexican Conferences, or he had helped others before my time.

It was a good day for our Church when God gave us this painstaking, ever-working man to organize for our mission work what Bishop McIntyre called a "Secretariat"—what we never had till now. The Secretary has minute and accurate knowledge of all that concerns our mission work; whether in the office in Nashville or the progress and promise of collections in the conferences, the men in the many mission fields, the value and conditions of the properties, and whatever else there may be. Most questions he can answer off-hand out of his head; if there are some matters on which he knows just where to find the answer. "Such knowledge is too wonderful" for most men and—"for me."

Beside all these things the good Secretary's devotion to his work (he does not meddle with other people's), his real love for the cause he stands for, his noiseless, steady-going religion, his clear, common sense, make him to me, when holding Mexican Conferences, a necessity. May he be spared to us many long and useful years.

In each of the five conferences above mentioned there is solid gain in nearly all departments—far more than the naked figures will show; but the net gain will surpass the average of the Church. Moreover, most of our gain in members is by conquest in the fair, open field—"by profession of faith." These conferences administered discipline. Of

the five four had "cases" and followed the law. In one week I had witnessed four expulsions, one suspension and four discontinuances. So the good work goes on.

The Mexican Conferences grow and improve steadily. During the sessions of 1890, 1891 and 1892 I have studied these men and their work with the deepest interest and in the best lights I could get. Many proofs of growth are to me manifest that can not be set in order. A hundred little things enter into the make up of judgment, but their value can not be made plain to the reader who has not seen and heard for himself. Without argument, therefore, I give my opinion, and I am positive in my belief of its correctness. Our Mexican work, consider it all together, is in a condition the most gratifying. The tree we have planted is sending its roots deep down, it "has life in itself."

Not a few of the older Mexican preachers in character and service are worthy of the fellowship of any itinerant preachers who ever followed Wesley, A. A. Phelps, or any of the saints of the older time that is not better than our times. In these grand, heroic enterprises we rejoice; we rejoice also in some of the younger men now coming into the conferences. Never have I seen in such vivid lights the difference between men who have had "opportunity" and those who have not. I find in the young men who have had training in our schools at Monterey and San Luis Potosi, training in a Christian college makes in Mexico the same difference between men who have had, and those who have not. I find in the young men where else. In no field of Southern Methodism has a small investment paid a larger interest than in these two schools; Monterey, under Rev. G. B. Winton, and San Luis Potosi, under Rev. G. B. Winton. They ought to be united for the good of each and of all our work in Mexico.

The work suffers less this year. Rev. F. Aguilar, Presiding Elder of the Pachuca District Conference, fell on sleep some weeks ago. He was one of the first Mexicans to join us. He was a noble man and a wise one. I transferred Rev. W. D. King from the Northwest Mexico, to the Central Mexico, to take the place of Rev. J. D. Scoggins, one of the best men in the field and fight in any mission work. His health is broken by hardship and excessive work, and he returns to the Northwest Mexico Conference. I trust he may be well in a year and back in Mexico. In the readjustment, the veteran Sutherland goes to the Northwest Conference, and is stationed in one of our most important fields, Chihuahua. The settlement and conviction of the duty of self-help grows; three Mexican Churches notified me that they would support their pastor. "Toward this I have labored, and will, while the care of these conferences falls to me."

I do not recall one ugly speech at any of these five conferences. There was harmony because there was brotherly love. For much goodness to me I thank them all.

The sleep-er Paul and I are in, from Mexico City, is the "Tallulah"—the name waking loving memories of dear old Georgia—but we go home and should return to the Northwest Mexico Conference. I trust he may be well in a year and back in Mexico. In the readjustment, the veteran Sutherland goes to the Northwest Conference, and is stationed in one of our most important fields, Chihuahua. The settlement and conviction of the duty of self-help grows; three Mexican Churches notified me that they would support their pastor. "Toward this I have labored, and will, while the care of these conferences falls to me."

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SIRO.

There were five in the family—father and mother, the two children, and Siro. Siro was a big Newfoundland dog. The top of his head was just four feet from the bottom of his forepaws, and when he stood upon his hind legs against the wall (as he could, but didn't like to very well) he was five feet two inches and a half tall. So you see that Siro was a pretty big dog, even for a Newfoundland. But, for all that, the size of his body didn't compare with the size of his heart, figuratively speaking. Siro seemed to love everybody and everything, from men down to mice. He wagged his tail at the whole visible creation, and his soft brown eyes were shining with good will all the time, except when he was asleep. If all of us had as tender and sympathetic a heart as this dog, the world would be a very happy place to live in.

But while Siro in his great-hearted way had a kindly feeling for everybody, his love for Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, his master and mistress, and the children, Bob and Jessie, amounted to nothing less than a kind of passionate, dumb worship. He would sit for hours watching his master, who was a minister, work on his sermons; and Mr. Marsh says that actually, such was the close sympathy and responsiveness of the dog's heart, that when a particularly happy thought came to mind, thump, thump, would go Siro's big tail on the floor, his eyes would shine, and his whole body would quiver with delight. Undoubtedly the dog had studied his master's face so closely, and lived in mute sympathy with his changing expressions for so long, that he grew able to detect and understand even the faint glow of eye and feature which attended the birth of an inspiring thought.

With the children, Siro was the dearest and gentlest and most chivalrous of playfellows. Nothing could offend or hurt him, except a slight to his love. He seemed to consider that the greatest privilege in the world to be pulled about and rolled over, and you could fairly hear the great boisterous laughter in his bright eyes and gaping mouth; but let a glance of displeasure or a cross word or a pettish slap fall upon him, and the big fellow would sober in a moment, and go shambling off, head and tail down, in a way that would make you want to cry.

Such was Siro, not by any means an extraordinary kind of dog, only a fine representative of his type, loving, intelligent, strong and high-spirited. Had he been a boy instead of a dog, he would have been called manly, such a boy as seems to do a man, unworthy, or untrusting thing. No wonder the whole family loved Siros as one of themselves. Indeed, they never seemed to think of him as a dog at all, but rather

as quite a superior sort of a person, who happened to be born with four legs and a shaggy jacket that never needed any more "letting out."

One day Mr. and Mrs. Marsh had to go out together on an important Church meeting. They left the children in charge of the house servant, cautioning her to see that they did not get into any mischief or wander away. "Siro they took with them, in order that they might choose the meat for the morrow's dinner, which was Sunday, and send it home by him in his market basket—a service which the dog always performed, and of which he could not be relieved without awakening the greatest pain and jealousy in his honest heart. So, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh passed the meat shop on their way to the Church, they selected a nice roast of beef, with a steak for Monday mornings breakfast, tucked them away carefully in Siros's basket, and directed the faithful fellow to carry them home. Away marched Siro very proudly, basket in mouth, head up, and tail wagging, while his master and mistress continued on their way.

Meanwhile, all unknown to them, a terrible thing had happened at home. The servant, chancing to look out of the dining-room window, had seen a friend of hers who lived in the house across the street looking to her with a significant look, as much as to say that she had a very important piece of news to communicate. Sarah hesitated for a moment; then her curiosity got the better of her prudence, and, bidding her children to go anywhere they pleased, she slipped on her apron and intending to be gone, she afterward said, "only a jiffy." But the tale proved to be such an interesting one, involving so many digressions and explanations, that the "jiffy" expanded into fifteen minutes, had an hour, and before the story was fully told, into an hour.

In the meantime the children, finding themselves alone in the house, began to make free of their domain. It was so jiffy to be able to go anywhere they pleased and do anything they pleased, with nobody to say, "You can't go there, dear," or "You must not do that." So they began to enjoy themselves in such a way as unwatched children naturally choose. First they stole to the pantry, and had a royal feast of cake, jam and jelly. Then they went into their parents' bedroom and Jessie proceeded to deck herself in various bonnets, saucers, brooches, pins, rings, and gloves belonging to her mother, while Bob got into an old pair of his father's boots and a beaver hat, and went stumbling around the room until he fell and jammed the hat clear down to his shoulders, where it stuck and imprisoned him till Jessie came to his relief. Finally the children went up into the attic, and as it was quite dark up there they lighted a candle and took it with them. Up the steep, ladder-like steps they climbed, pushed open the trap-door, and crawled into the mysterious dark chamber under the roof. Ugh! how close and ghost-like was! Bob set the candle down on a pile of old papers, and began grouping his way on all fours across the floor.

Suddenly there was a scamper and a squeal, and a big rat jumped right into Jessie's lap. Both children were frightened nearly out of their wits, and scrambled through the trap door and down the steps as fast as they could go, entirely forgetting the candle in their haste. They ran into their own room up stairs, and as they now began to feel somewhat sick and drowsy from their surfeit of sweets, flung themselves on the bed to talk over their strange adventure. Within less than ten minutes they were fast asleep, asleep in the very jaws of the most devouring of monsters, for the scampering rat had knocked over their candle in the attic and set fire to the pile of papers. Already the flames were beginning to crackle in the woodwork above them, and smoke came pouring down through the open trap door.

While all this was going on, Siro had reached home with his basket of meat, and finding, as it seemed, no one there to admit him, after repeated scratchings and whinnings at all the doors, he had deposited the basket in the shed, and was sitting in the doorway patiently awaiting the return of his master and mistress. Suddenly there was a shrill scream from the house across the street, and out burst Sarah, the hired girl, her face pale as death, her hair flying, and arms flung widely above her head. She had been the first to see the smoke and flames pouring from under the eaves of the parsonage, and in mortal terror had rushed into the street and was now flying toward the house as fast as her feet could carry her, screaming as she ran, Siro leaped out of the shed in amazement, just as the distracted Sarah rushed past him and burst into the house. The dog grasped the situation instantly. He saw the smoke pouring from the roof, heard the crackle of the flames, and knew that they meant danger, and perhaps death, to his dear ones. Quick as a flash he bounded into the house after Sarah. The half-crazed girl was rushing from room to room on the lower floor, calling the children in agonized tones, and wringing her hands in a frenzy of remorse.

Siro ran sniffling to the foot of the front stairs. Then, without a moment's hesitation, he bounded to the upper floor. Already the fierce flames were roaring and crackling in the walls, and the smoke eddied to and fro in ever-thickening clouds. The noble dog ran straight to the children's room. He knew it well for many a jolly romp had he enjoyed there with Bob and Jessie. The door stood ajar, but the room was full of blinding, choking smoke. In dashed Siro, and sprang to

the bed where the half-suffocated and now unconscious children lay clasped in each other's arms, just as they had waked when that terrible choking and blinding sensation came over them.

There was no time to be lost—not an instant. Seizing Jessie by the dress, Siro dragged her from the bed and out of her brother's arms. Then he got a fresh and firmer hold upon her garments with his strong jaws, and raising her from the floor carried her down stairs and out into the open air. Then, with swift bounds, he sprang into the house and up the stairs again, and made his way through the now dense and flames-hot smoke to poor Bob, still lying unconscious on the bed.

Meanwhile the whole village had rushed to the scene of the fire, and the sound of loud cries and heavy footsteps rang through the house, even above the roaring of the flames. Mr. and Mrs. Marsh were among almost the last to arrive, but they broke through the crowd and dashed wildly into the house, saying: "O God! the children! Where are the children?"

"Where are the children?" answered one of the neighbors, though a window was open, raising the little limp figure in his arms. "But the boy—we can't find him."

"Merciful heaven! he must be up stairs!" exclaimed the frenzied father, breaking from the hands that strove to hold him, and rushing to the now flaming staircase. In another instant he would have plunged into the flames, but just then there came rolling down through the smoke and fire a large, dark object. It was Siro, still grasping Bob by the jacket. Eager hands seized them both and dragged them into the open air. The boy lay very still and white, but only his hair and eyebrows were scorched, and there was still life in the feebly beating heart.

But poor old Siro! Nobody noticed him at first in the joy of the children's rescue. There he lay, gasping and meaning, the light buried forever out of his closed eyes, the parched tongue hanging from his jaws, and nearly all the grey coat scorched from his quivering body. There he lay, unheeded for awhile; but when the children began to revive a little, in the fresh air and under the influence of cordials, Mr. Marsh came and bent over the dying dog.

"Dear old fellow!" he said, tenderly caressing the wrinkled forehead. Siro roused a bit; a tremor of love ran through the agonized body; he lifted one forepaw slightly, and the poor ruffled tail stirred in the grass. Mr. Marsh gently took the lifted forepaw in his hand; then he raised the dog's head and pillow it on his knee. Siro gave a last, long sigh, that was not all of pain; and then the life of the noble dog passed out—who shall say whither?—James Buchanan, in N. Y. Advocate.

PRINCIPLE AND COURAGE.

There is a great demand for strong, earnest, courageous men in all good causes and enterprises. But there are certain conditions necessary to be observed in securing the services of such men. If men are expected to be valiant for the truth, they must be allowed to accept the truth, and hold the truth, without compromise, equivocation or mental reservation. Men will not labor, sacrifice or endure much to sustain a cause in which they have no interest; to advance doctrines in which they have no faith, or to support leaders who are insincere and selfish.

If conscientious men are compelled to assent to unscriptural opinions, and acquiesce in unwarranted measures and methods; if they must dull the clear edge of their logical convictions and ignore the plain distinction between truth and falsehood, they are liable at any time to abandon any cause or work which makes such demands upon them. If they are honest they may refuse to occupy a false position; if they are dishonest they may find some excuses for exchanging one false position for another equally as false, but more honorable or remunerative.

There may be men of weak conscience and strong ambition who will join in anything that promises to bring them profit or advancement; but the real work for God in the world has been done by men of unselfish mold, who were not laboring for worldly gain, nor seeking personal advancement, and who were willing to make sacrifices, and toil without earthly reward to advance the interests of the cause of God, and win the crown "that fadeth not away." And this fact may assure us that the Gospel of Christ proclaimed and advanced by a million men and women who devote their lives to its support without the slightest hope or prospect of worldly gain, will never be subverted by the effort of men, who, to advance their own pecuniary interests assail Christianity and insult those who believe it.

But the men who hazard their lives, employ their energies, and devote their time to the advancement of the cause of Christ must be allowed to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free. They may be counted upon to stand for right and truth and conviction, if they can have liberty of conscience, freedom of speech and action, and fair and honorable treatment as men among men. But they will not labor to build up the interests of self-seeking demagogues. They will not fight to put fetters upon themselves or others. They will not stand by leaders in everything they do, whether right or wrong. They will not labor to put upon other fathers which neither they nor their fathers were able to bear. They will follow the Bible; but they will not follow men, who, while professing allegiance to God's Word, fight with other weapons besides the Sword of the Spirit, and do their work for their

own advancement rather than for the interests of the cause of Christ. And if they see men who occupy the places of guides and leaders, abandoning their own boasted principles, seeking their own advantage, and laboring for personal advancement, they are very likely to hear the voice of Providence saying: "To your tents, O Israel," and to obey it without delay, leaving self-seekers to fight their own battles, win their own victories, and divide the spoils among themselves.

Whosoever desires to obtain faithful, conscientious Christian co-workers to prosecute and sustain any enterprise, must expect them to undertake the cause of God, and all interests whose maintenance is Christian principle, must be so managed and conducted that they shall neither do violence to the principles of honest, faithful, God-fearing, Christian men nor forfeit the favor of the God of truth, whose smile can bless the humblest human endeavor, and whose frown can blast the proudest schemes of sinful men.—The Annual.

Honest workers must have honest work to do. Christian workers must not be expected to undertake the maintenance of all interests whose maintenance is Christian principle, must be so managed and conducted that they shall neither do violence to the principles of honest, faithful, God-fearing, Christian men nor forfeit the favor of the God of truth, whose smile can bless the humblest human endeavor, and whose frown can blast the proudest schemes of sinful men.—The Annual.

A NEW HOME.

One of the most interesting spectacles to a lover of his country is the establishment of a new home upon the waste of industry, temperance and economy. Thus, when a young man who has had to make his way in the world selects a woman whom he loves, and is able to take her at once to a modest home which she feels he has acquired, the observer sees an illustration of the operation of the elements upon which a country's permanent prosperity depends.

The youth who lives from hand to mouth, spending his earnings, if indeed he earns anything, in dress or dissipation, illustrates the words of Solomon: "But he that deals with a sickle, shall never be rich." At the time when he ought to marry he is unable to secure the hand of any discreet young woman, because she and her friends perceive that he can give no promise of maintaining her; or if not quite so wise, an instance of providence as this, he may be compelled to board. This, if not always a fatal impediment to domestic happiness, is frequently so, for the bride, under such circumstances, has no chance of securing a home. The day seems long; she loses, if she ever possessed, the knack of housewifery, and is quite likely to form a habit of leaving her lonely rooms, by which she may imperceptibly contract a disease—that of the wandering foot described by St. Paul Tim. 5:13; or she may give her entire time to the reading of current works of fiction, filling her mind with the most frivolous and dissipated notions, and so rendering her permanently unsuitable; or exciting her imagination and making her life seem unacceptably monotonous.

Here, in the meantime, has nothing to interest him in the idea of home. The very fact that he is unable to land; the cooking is on a general principle, in which the ingenuity of his wife can never be pleasingly taxed to provide the things that her husband likes; and he, on the other hand, can send nothing home, but he knows that his wife particularly enjoys. Boarding is at best a poor substitute for a home, tolerable only when the reality is rendered impossible by the misfortune of poverty or ill health. It has, so far as we know, but one advantage—it makes it possible to avoid visits from undesirable relatives, or mere acquaintances whose presumption leads them to claim the privileges of friends; and this is counteracted by the fact that the peace and quietude of the cooking is on a general principle, in which the ingenuity of his wife can never be pleasingly taxed to provide the things that her husband likes; and he, on the other hand, can send nothing home, but he knows that his wife particularly enjoys. Boarding is at best a poor substitute for a home, tolerable only when the reality is rendered impossible by the misfortune of poverty or ill health. 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Sunday School Lesson.

PREPARED BY REV. CHAS. O. JONES, A. M. FOURTH QUARTER, LESSON X.—DECEMBER 4.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS.

WORK AMONG THE GENTILES.—Acts 14:8-22.

GOLDEN TEXT: In his name shall the Gentiles trust.—Matt. 12:21.

TIME: A. D. 47. PLACES: Lystra, Derbe, Iconium, Antioch.

OUTLINE.

- I. A Miracle.—Verses 8-10. II. Christianity and Heathenism.—Verses 11-15. III. Paul Stoned.—Verses 19, 20. IV. Revisiting the Churches.—Verses 21, 22.

INTRODUCTION.

Our last lesson recounted the great success of Paul and Barnabas at Iconium. They departed from this place to avoid persecution, and preached in a number of small cities in Lycaonia. This preaching tour brought them to the end of their first missionary journey, which had taken about a year. Within this time they had made full proof of their zeal, establishing prosperous Churches among the Gentiles. Students of missionary operations should study this first journey as the beginning of that evangelism which has made such progress, and which is destined to bring the world to Christ.

I. A MIRACLE.—Verses 8-10.

8. There sat a certain man—on the pavement in the public square, where the people gathered. A cripple, who never had walked—he was well-known, and the miracle was the more astounding because of the hopelessness of a cure.

9. The same heard Paul speak—heard him several times; Paul doubtless told of Jesus' power to cure the body and to save the soul. Perceiving that he had faith to be healed—the intent and hopeful look in the cripple's face indicated his rising faith in the Savior whom Paul preached.

10. Said with a loud voice—as if to arrest the attention of those around, stand upright—this required faith on the part both of Paul and of the lame man. He leaped and walked—a complete and instantaneous cure. His effort cooperating with divine grace produced the wonderful effect.

II. CHRISTIANITY AND HEATHENISM.—Verses 11-15.

11. When the people saw—the cripple was well-known, and the healing was before many spectators. The speech of Lycaonia—the better classes spoke Greek, which was also understood by the common people, the latter speaking a language unknown to us. The statement is made here to show that Paul and Barnabas did not understand the Lycaonians when they said, The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men. The ancients believed that the gods visited the earth in disguise.

12. They called Barnabas, Jupiter—Barnabas was probably older and of more imposing appearance than Paul, whose "bodily presence" was "weak" (II Cor. 10:10). Mercurius—Mercury was the god of eloquence, and as Paul had been the chief speaker they so called him.

13. Jupiter, which was before their eyes—temples were built near the gates to show that the city was under the protection of the gods. Through oxen—as sacrificial offerings, and garlands—the latter would about the heads of the oxen, or to crown the apostles. Unto the gates—not of the city or temple, but of the house where the apostles were staying. Would have slain the oxen, and offering a part on the altar, would have summoned the city to feast on the remainder.

14. When the apostles... heard of it—bearing the news and shouting of the people they inquired and finding out the cause, rent their garments—as a visible expression of horror. 15. Why do ye these things—they could not accept the worship due only to God. Jesus always accepted adoration. We also are men of like passions with you—not gods as you suppose, but mortals, and not worthy of supreme honors. Ye should turn from these vanities—Paul called idols "vanities" and "vain things." Unto the living God—who is the Maker and Preserver of all things.

16. Who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways—permitted them to walk in their own devices to show how helpless is man unassisted by God, and how impossible it is for one to be saved without Christ. 17. He left not himself without witness—he did not abandon them entirely, but taught his goodness and love by nature, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness. 18. With these sayings scarce refused to believe—the people could not doubt the miracle which they knew could not have been done by men alone.

19. There came thither certain Jews—the Jews were Paul's most persistent enemies because they thought that he was an apostate from their faith, that he was undermining their religion and that he was trying to place the Gentiles on an equality with themselves. These persecutors came 100 miles to gratify their resentment. Persuaded the people—probably told them that the apostles were impostors, who had healed the crippled by the black arts of magic. Stoned Paul—the words imply that the Jews stoned him, the feeble multitude standing by and enjoying the cruel sight. Paul refers to this in 2 Cor. 11:25, "I was stoned." Barnabas escaped because he was considered less troublesome than Paul. Drew him out of the city—to free the city from the impurity of so odious a corpse.

20. The disciples stood round about him—supposing that he was dead, and consulting as to his burial. He rose up—some think that he had been only stunned and recovered consciousness; others that his recovery was miraculous. Came into the city—to show himself, and confirm the faith of the disciples.

IV. REVISITING THE CHURCHES.—Verses 21, 22.

21. Had taught many—at Derbe, about twenty miles from Lystra. The Rev. Ver. says that he "made many disciples at Derbe, and seems to have encountered no opposition. Lystra... Iconium... Antioch—at each of these places they had established Churches, but had left suddenly under persecution. They now return to complete the organization. It was a brave thing to do.

22. Confirming the souls of the disciples—encouraging them in every way. We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God—the apostles were object lessons of this.

PRACTICAL.

1. There is a striking similarity between the miracle wrought on the cripple of Lystra and the healing by Peter and John of the lame man at the gate of the temple. In both cases we have a picture of the spiritual condition of all men without the grace of God. Jesus was very tender with those who were weighed down with bodily infirmity. He is equally or more tender of the spiritually infirm and destitute. The cripple put himself in the way of the apostles; he had faith to be healed; he cooperated with the Lord in rising up at Paul's word, and the cure was done. So are the operations of grace on the soul. We must recognize our moral helplessness, place ourselves in the way of the Savior, believe in him to eternal life, and we are healed of the malady of sin.

2. Consider heathenism versus Christianity. The former had some knowledge of God, who left not himself without witness in nature and conscience. But this knowledge was dim and unsatisfactory. It expressed itself in the deification of human heroes and in the worship of idols. Christianity opposes idolatry, but commands the worship of the only true God. This contrast has been summed up, as follows: 1. "Christianity contends against deification of men, while it proclaims the incarnation of God. 2. It contends against the worship of nature, while it proclaims the living God the Lord of creation. 3. It contends against man's pretension to walk in his own way, while it commands him to walk in the way of God's commandments."

3. How evanescent the praise of men. At one time the Lycaonians could scarcely be restrained from paying divine honors to Paul and Barnabas, and soon they seek to kill them. The "Hosanna" to Christ soon becomes "Crucify him." The popularity of a trusted leader turns to abhorrence. This is true in many departments of life. It is a part of that trial which is the scourge of probation. We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God. "Tribulation" is derived from the Latin Tribulatio, which was the threshing instrument used by the Roman farmer to separate the wheat from the husks. Tribulation is the act of this separating. Therefore trials and sorrows are called tribulations, because they are the means which God uses to separate the wheat from the chaff in men, the solid from the light and worthless.

4. Much rejoice in the things that pass through it. What word is this? Thanks be to God for this blessed transitive preposition! No part of speech so sweet as this in all the lessons of the grammarian! There is trouble, but the disciples of Jesus Christ get through it. You never read of the unsaved passing through their suffering; or of the saved in Christ passing through their joy. Tribulation has been placed there of deliberate design by a wise and loving Father, in order that by passing through it they may be prepared for a rest beyond."

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course, were refused. Bowd asked them to give him work and let him live with them. They laughed, and said: "Little hands," meaning he could do nothing. He bought a bird trap with the remainder of his money, also two flint stones, and left them. He traveled on, catching birds and eating them, for three days; and it was on the morning of the fourth that our story opens.

When Bowd determined to seek work, after all his corn was gone, he first thought of his appearance. He looked down at his torn trousers, his dirty waist and said: "I can't go to any one's house in this plight; no one would want to hire a boy so unclean. I was always taught to be neat, but I am a poor specimen of neatness now. But—who taught me? or was I ever taught, or did it just come naturally to me? I must have learned it somewhere before that night on the river, but it is all a tangled web now. I wonder will I ever know from whence I came? Certainly I did not spring up like a toadstool in a night. But I must tidy myself up a little—the first thing to do is, wash this waist."

So, suiting the action to his words, he came the dirty little shirt. He put it in the brook by which he had camped, used a large rock for a wash-board, as the Mexicans are wont to do; he rubbed till it was once more white, hanging it out in the bright sun. He now took of the rest of his dirty rags, and gave himself a good bath, and while the shirt was drying he and the dog had a good romp. He then took his shirt, smoothed it out with his hands, sat down on it, and carried it through many such processes to answer for ironing, put it on and viewed himself in the water. Then said: "I wonder who will hire me?" Shuddering he stepped out, and started off in search of a living. They traveled all evening, but not quite as fast as when they were stretching as Bowd came up. One of them put down his tools and came forward to meet him and invited him to join them, as they would soon have some supper. Bowd thanked the man, and after supper told them his story. The Mexicans were drawn to the hid by his sad life, and treated him with every kindness. He enjoyed a good hot supper, the first meal for several days, and he felt happier than he could ever remember having felt before. They then went stretching as Bowd came up. One of them put down his tools and came forward to meet him and invited him to join them, as they would soon have some supper. Bowd thanked the man, and after supper told them his story. The Mexicans were drawn to the hid by his sad life, and treated him with every kindness. He enjoyed a good hot supper, the first meal for several days, and he felt happier than he could ever remember having felt before. They then went stretching as Bowd came up.

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When they joined the main army Bowd was very much surprised to find no leader, no officers, and, in truth, no army. The men were scattered over the country, ready at a moment's notice to fall in line and attack anything that molested them. It was here he found out how the money was used. It took money to furnish such a number of men with food. He was often called upon to go out buying provisions, a little at first one place, and a little at another, to avoid detection. He also helped to distribute it to the men. In this way he saw all grades of Mexican life, and he soon found out that many of them were superstitious and ignorant—not to be compared to the two men he lived with; they were highly educated in Spanish, and possessed refined, cultivated tastes. The whole army was very kind to Bowd and his dog, and he, knowing no other friends, never thought of leaving them. Day by day he was finding himself to them by stronger ties of love and gratitude.

We will see what the old woman is doing since Bowd's departure. On the inn gallery, knocking for admittance, stood a tall, rather thin man; the hour was between 2 and 3 in the morning. He had knocked several times, and still no answer. At last, impatient, he knocked still louder. In a few moments he heard a noise, and called out: "Bowd! Bowd! wake up, you sleepy rascal, don't you hear some one at the door?" No answer was received, and she called again: "Bowd! don't you hear? Get up, I say." Still no reply. Then the listener heard a dull, heavy footstep, as one walking on the bare floor without shoes, and in a few moments the door was opened by a man. "What do you want, and who are you, waking honest folks up at this time of night?" "I am only a traveler, wanting shelter for the rest of the night. Just come over in the ferry." "Ho! my man, no such yarn can take me in. I have been here night after night, for I have, next June, a ferry ever yet crossed that river after 12 o'clock at night. I don't go letting people into my honest home at this time of night. You better take yourself somewhere else. Me and my wife an honest, we are." "But, my friend, I swear I just came over the river. I missed the last ferry and I paid the man extra price to bring me over, and I will pay you well for your bed." "Well, now, I tell you what's the truth, if you are sure you are an honest man I'd like to lodge you, but let's have a house full I don't see how we can do it, but wait, I'll ask my old woman. Truth is, sir, she likes must women—she likes to boss the house." "Say, my man, have you got any room for a man to stay all night?" "Yes, if he wants to sleep on the bench in the main room." "But I don't want to sleep on the bench, my man; I'm tired and want rest. Give me a bed and I will pay you double your usual price." "Well, mister, come inside and sit down, I'll go and see what can be done." The man went out of the room and into his wife's room, saying: "He is a gentled looking feller, and I see, if you can look over your eye him a bed, we will make something out on 'em. Have you, for a truth, got no bed?" "Yes, old man, the bed our pet beggar is in. Wait, I'll go and pull him out and let him sleep on the bench. His place is clean, too; he is so clean for a beggar." With these words she climbed up the rickety old staircase to Bowd's room. It was really a clean place, the most desirable of any place in the house, because he kept it so. The few pieces of furniture consisted of a home-made bedstead, a table made of a box, and some other things that served for chairs. As she reached the room she struck a match and held it up and surveyed the man. "Well, that beats me, the young vagabond has got to spending his nights out already, has he? The young rascal! My youngster, you won't sleep in your room tonight, and I don't know but I'll ship you after this." Then she called to the man down stairs: "Bring the gentleman up his room is ready." After they had shown him up they left him and went back to bed. Before doing so the woman went to the kitchen door and examined it. "Sure enough it was unlocked." "Well," she said as she looked at it, "my boy, you will sleep with your loving little puppy sure enough. You wouldn't dare to wake us up to let you in." She told her husband how she found his bed untouched, and the back door unlocked. Now that is why he doesn't play with the boys in the day time; he is planning meanness for night. "I'll set it with him to-morrow," with that, she went to sleep. The whole place was as quiet as next morning, but the fire was made by the girl and woman; no boy was there to bring the wood, or, after breakfast, to help wash the dishes or sweep the inn floors, or carry out the soap; he was missed. The work fell heavily on them both. The woman was furious with anger. She heaped punishments by the dozen on the absent boy. She said when he did come he would fare badly. She would have no more kindness for such an ungrateful boy. She still did not dream that he had left for good.

At all at once, she said: "I do declare! the neat man came, and I forgot to lock the door!" She went to the door and looked in. "It's money through every when a medicine doesn't help you. It's your risk and your loss. But that's the way you have to try every medicine for women ailments, except Dr. Fower's Favorite Remedy. With that, there's no risk—it's guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in all chronic weaknesses, pains, and nervousness, and functional disturbances that afflict women, you have your money back. But you won't ask it—you'll be cured. Give it a trial. If you are an obstinate, the trouble that comes slowly, have to go slowly. The surest and speediest remedy is the 'Favorite Prescription.' It builds up and invigorates the system, regulates and promotes the proper functions, and restores health and strength. For everything that is known as a 'female complaint,' it's a positive specific. If you're an overworked or suffering woman, it's a medicine that's made especially to help you—but you pay only for the help that you get. On these terms it's the cheapest sold.

send that dog off, but I'll just take the hatchet and put an end to his useless life." So saying, she picked up the hatchet and marched out to the box, lifted it up, but no little dog was there. "Well, this settles it; to think he would have the impudence to take that animal out when I put him there. He shall pay for all this when his fiddle is over." Several days passed, and still the man up stairs occupied Bowd's room. The woman began to wonder if he would ever come back. Then, deciding that he had gone for good, she raged and fumed over the work, making poor Maria do the greater share of it, and at last, one day, said: "Now, this is what I set for clothing and feeding that no account boy. I must hire some one to help do his work, and that will cost—at least more than I am able to pay; this proves he did it to warm his salt, as I have often said, but I'll sell the medal he had on, and also that silver collar—and make back something that I have lost on him." So she took the things and asked the man up stairs if he thought them of much value, and what she might expect for them. He looked at them curiously for some time, then said: "Did those belong to the boy you say has run away from you?" She hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Yes, sir; I suppose he left them to pay me for my kindness to him."

The man laughed, and said, "No doubt of it." I will buy them from you. Do you have a good price, and put them carefully away. As the woman went down stairs, he said, "Oh! Bowd! and that's that is queer, and in this out of the way place; I wonder how much Fort McIntosh would give for this little bit of information?" He looked at them curiously for some time, then said: "Did those belong to the boy you say has run away from you?" She hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Yes, sir; I suppose he left them to pay me for my kindness to him."

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TEXAS ANNUAL CONFERENCES.
(HELD BY HISHOP HARRIS)
North Texas, at Sherman, - - - - - Nov. 20
East Texas, at Nacogdoches, - - - - - Dec. 11

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The gifts of God to our people during the past year have been so abundant and so special that the spirit of devout thanksgiving awaits not a call, but only the appointment of a day when it may have a common expression.

He has stayed the pestilence at our door; he has given us more love for the free civil institutions in the creation of which his directing providence was so conspicuous; he has awakened a deeper reverence for law; he has widened our philanthropy by a call to succor the distress in other lands; he has blessed our schools and is bringing forward a patriotic and God-fearing generation to execute his great and benevolent designs for our country; he has given us great increase in material wealth and a wide diffusion of contentment and comfort in the homes of our people; he has given his grace to the sorrowing.

Wherefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, do call upon all our people to observe, as we have been wont, Thursday, the 24th day of this month of November, as a day of thanksgiving to God for his mercies and of supplication for his continued care and grace.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington this fourth day of November, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and seventeenth.

BENJAMIN HARRISON, By the President: JOHN W. FOSTER, Secretary of State.

THE LORD IS GOOD.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing. Know ye that the Lord is God: it is he that hath made us and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him, and bless his name. For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.—Psalm 100.

THE NATION'S UNSPEAKABLE BLESSING.

On the date of this issue the President of the United States has urged the nation to return thanks to Almighty God for the blessings of providence and the prosperity of this people. According to the example of his illustrious predecessors he has proclaimed a national thanksgiving day.

There are a few who will regard the proclamation with contempt and many with more or less indifference. But the proclamation is in keeping with the heart and spirit of the American people. The predominant sentiment of the nation is Christian. As a nation we have a religion, and that religion is Christianity. No nation is without a religion and will never be

unless humanity is completely revolutionized and changed into something radically different from what it now is. As long as reason sits upon her throne and the universe continues in order consistent, the human heart will worship God intelligently or ignorantly in proportion to the knowledge of truth. With the natural eye much can be seen, but by the aid of the telescope and microscope much that is invisible to the eye is revealed to man's intelligence.

What the telescope and microscope are to the eye, the Bible is to the reason. It is in the same sense a revelation. Not a new eye differently constituted, but an aid by which the mental and spiritual vision is enlarged. When one looks through the telescope he is not conscious of coming into possession of a new organ with functions totally different from those he already has, but he is conscious of seeing farther with the same eye, and things which were beyond the grasp of his unaided vision. There is nothing in the nature and act of seeing which surprises him. He is only surprised at the extension of his vision and by the objects which before were invisible. He is conscious that the glass is performing for him the same office that his eye performs as a conveyance of light. He knows that he sees through the glass and no more doubts of the existence of the objects brought to view by the glass than he doubts the existence of those which he sees with the unaided eye. So when he sees through the Bible the things of the moral and spiritual realm which were invisible to his unaided reason he is just as conscious of their reality as he is of the reality of those truths which he is able to see by the faculty of his unaided reason. He knows the Bible is true because through it and by it he sees the truth. He does see realities which to him are otherwise invisible. The Bible says that "the powers that be are ordained of God." The powers that be, and that have been, have always felt that they were ordained by some higher power, and the Bible enables them to see that that power is God. It enables them to see the character of the "higher power" and the responsibility of the relation wherein they are ordained by him. The heathen worship a power, but they know Him not. We know Him because he has made himself known unto us. By nature we have a religion as other nations have had and do have. By revelation Christianity is our religion.

According to the teachings of our Book nations are responsible to God, and are as much under his providential guidance, and as much beholden to his blessings as individuals. Nothing is more proper, therefore, than that nations should fast and pray in times of national calamity, and always give thanks unto the Lord for his wonderful works unto the children of men. We might enumerate the manifold blessings of God in the prosperity of our people which call for special thanksgiving at the present time.

But there is one thing which pre-eminently deserves the thanks of this great republic at all times. That one thing is Christianity. Let us as a nation thank God for the grandest and best of all religions. In it are included all our distinguishing blessings. There is no blessing so great as that we acknowledge the Lord God, Maker of Heaven and Earth, to be our God, and the Bible to be his word of revelation to us, except that he accepts us as his people.

If we are more prosperous in material wealth, better governed, and enjoy more freedom than the heathen peoples, we owe it all to Christianity. Christianity gives us the ten commandments written by God's own finger, which are the foundation of all good government in modern times. Christianity gives us an educated conscience in the individual which holds him in obedience to God's law of right, and in obedience to the powers that be, and while it holds him to his duty to God, also binds him to render unto Cesar the things that are Cesar's. It gives us the Christian home of one husband and one wife bound together by the law of conjugal purity and fidelity. It gives the best possible education of mind and body. It gives the purest generosity and the most effective charity. It unites the whole nation into one grand brotherhood in which no one liveth to himself, but each for the others. Ah, the time is nigh at hand when this great nation will carry on intercourse and commerce with other nations as brother nations; when our laws will not be enacted on the selfish and unchristian principles of self enrichment, but upon the principles of Christian brotherhood. Under the light of our religion and the generous blessing of the Father of all men we can not afford to be toward other nations the dog in the manger. If God made this country for Americans, then he made the American for the whole world. Christianity gives to the nation the Christian Church with its consecrated ministry who devote their brain and

lives to the instruction of the people in all righteousness, with its thousands of holy men and women whose godly walk and conversation exemplify the fact that the best people make the best citizens; with its universities, colleges and high schools and Sunday-schools, which train the youth of the land for the very best type of citizenship; with orphan's homes, hospitals and other institutions which bless the poor and unfortunate. These all exert a hundredfold more power for the restraint of evil and for good citizenship than all the laws on the nation's statute books.

In a word, the one supreme blessing of this nation, which includes all good things and multiplies the powers of all other instrumentalities for the good of men, is Christianity.

Praise God, ye Americans, for this unspeakable gift, and let all people and peoples say, Amen!

THANKSGIVING.

President Harrison has issued his proclamation appointing Thursday, November 24, as the National Thanksgiving Day. Gov. Hogg also by proclamation summons the citizens of Texas to lay aside secular pursuits and with thankful hearts "praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Thanksgiving Days are very old. It was customary among the Jews and of long time among heathen and Christian nations to have special thanksgiving seasons. When a great calamity was averted or a great battle gained, it has been usual for tribes and nations to assemble and sing praises to their gods.

When Pharaoh and his host in their furious pursuit of the fleeing Israelites were overwhelmed by the returning waters of the Red Sea, Moses and his people held thanksgiving day. The men led by Moses and Aaron sang—

I will sing unto the Lord; He hath triumphed gloriously; The horse and his rider Hath he thrown into the sea.

Miriam took a timbrel in her hand and leading the women, they all responded to their brothers:

Sing ye to the Lord; He hath triumphed gloriously; The horse and his rider Hath he thrown into the sea.

Phillistines held a thanksgiving to celebrate their victory over Samson, when the blind old giant turned their joy into sorrow by pulling the temple of Dagon down upon the assembled nobility of the nation.

Purim, or the feast of lots, is the great thanksgiving time among the Jews, dating 509 B. C. It is in commemoration of their deliverance from the destruction which Haman had prepared for them. David's harp sometimes wails with excessive grief, yet it oftentimes resounds with blithesome and thankful notes. In Psalm 126, the people were invited to praise Jehovah as the God of nature and as the deliverer, guide and provider of Israel. Every verse states some ground for gratitude, which was chanted by the Levitical choir, and the response was made by the great chorus of assembled thousands—

For his mercy endureth forever. This is said to be the history of Thanksgiving Day in our country: In the early settlement of New England, in a time of great despondency, the settlers came together to consider measures of relief. Some one proposed a day of fasting and prayer. Another arose, and showing how much they had to be thankful for, even in their perplexity, moved instead, a day of thanksgiving. The motion prevailed and the day of gratitude was held with happy effect.

For many years the President, and following him generally the Governors of the several States, have appointed a set day, usually the last Thursday in November, on which business is to be suspended and the people are advised to gather at their places of worship and render thanks to God for his benefits, national and personal, of the past year, whose autumnal winds and falling leaves show that it is rapidly rushing to its close. The word God does not occur in the National Constitution, and we have no such thing as a State Church, yet it is pleasant to think that our chief magistrates recognize God as the Governor among the nations. What more significant recognition of Providence than for an entire people, at the call of those in authority, to observe Thanksgiving Day?

There is the physical joy of thanksgiving. It is a time of good cheer. It is a beautiful custom in some families, for its members, however scattered, to come around the parent board and all dine together. There is religion in roast turkey and plum pudding, especially if eaten by those who have the opportunity only once a year. Though many roses waste their sweetness on the desert air, yet the true purpose of the rose is to charm the eye and delight the nostril of man. The juice of the peach and the flavor of the pear are for the enjoyment of the human palate. The good things of earth are for man's pleasure.

While we may properly take all physical enjoyment out of the bounteous cheer of the day, we should not abuse the opportunity. The soul may allow the body freedom, but the body

must not presume upon license. The animal must be fed, and it may smack its lips with enjoyment, but it must not be pampered with indolence nor inflamed with wantonness. With this limitation, it is hoped that every one of our countrymen will sit around a groning table laden with all manner of good things for the inner man. May every one be able to say Robert Burns's grace:

Some hae meat that canna eat, And some woula eat that wad eat; But we hae meat, and we can eat, Sae let the Lord be thankit.

There is a fine philosophy in thanksgiving. Gratitude becomes the dependent. "Ingratitude is abhorred by God and man." If gratitude be due to an earthly benefactor for conferring never so small a favor, we should as Shakespeare says:

Let never day nor night unhalow'd pass, But still remember what the Lord hath done.

The reflex influence of a thankful spirit should induce its cultivation. It expands the mind, produces cheerfulness, and makes the person who exercises it happy. "He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast." A complaining disposition is to be dreaded. It is irksome to its unfortunate possessor and to everybody else. Carlyle was possessed by the devil of dyspepsia, and he became in his family, in society and in literature, the great scold, the male tergiversator, of the century. When his genius is forgotten, his shrewish tongue will be remembered. We should beware of chronic grumbling and chronic grumblers. One such goes about whining and meddling. His meat is pickles, his drink vinegar. He smarts at his aches and misfortunes, half of which are imaginary. He can not see why other succeed better than himself. He mourns that he was born under an unlucky star; he is envious at the prosperity of others. He is more of a cynic than Diogenes; he frowns at merit; he is ignorant of the philosophy of laughter.

A Yorkshire peasant who followed one of this class in a love-feast said: "I see our brother who has just sat down lives in Grumbling street. I lived there myself for some time and never enjoyed good health. The air was bad, the house bad, the water bad; the birds never came and sang in the street; and I was sad and gloomy enough; but I flitted. I got into thanksgiving street; and ever since then I have had good health, and so have my family. The air is pure, the water pure, the house good; the sun shines on it all day; the birds are always singing, and I am happy as I can live. Now, I recommend our brother to flit. There are plenty of houses of let on Thanksgiving street, and I am sure he will find himself a new man if he will only come!"

A spirit of thankfulness cultivates the affections, breaks down harsh feelings, puts one in general good humor, banishes discord from the family, and makes society peaceful.

The thankful soul rejoices that it is thankful, as the Southern mocking bird by its own singing stimulates its song.

Plato gave thanks to the gods for three things: That he was created a man and not a beast; that he was born a Grecian and not a barbarian; and not only a Grecian, but a philosopher. Has not every one of our readers as many reasons for thanksgiving? Even if things have gone wrong during the year, it does not require a microscope to see that they might have been worse.

At the close of the Revolutionary War, George III appointed a thanksgiving day for the British Empire. One of his ministers ventured to ask the reasons. "Was it because the rebels have been successful?" "No." "Because so many millions of treasure have been lost?" "No." "Because so many of your subjects have been killed?" "No." "Because your majesty has lost thirteen of your best colonies?" "No." "What ground then have we to offer thanksgiving?" "Because," said the hard-headed George, "it is no worse."

And now let all join in the thanksgiving chorus written by Ellen Isabella Tupper:

For all that God in mercy sends, For health and children, home and friends, For comfort in the time of need, For every kindly word and deed, For happy thoughts and holy talk, For guidance in our daily walk, For everything give thanks!

For beauty in this world of ours, For verdant grass and lovely flowers, For song of birds, for hum of bees, For the refreshing summer breeze, For hill and plain, for streams and wood, For the great ocean's mighty flood, For everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep which comes with night, For the returning morning's light, For the bright sun that shines on high, For the stars glittering in the sky, For these and everything we see, O Lord! our hearts we lift to thee, For everything give thanks!

—Texas Farmer.

"KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE."

One argument which has been used in favor of Sunday opening at the World's Fair is, that if the Fair is closed the people will patronize the open saloon. They had better be in the Fair than in the saloon, say the wise men. The argument is, that if you do not permit gambling the people will steal

No sensible man will contend with sincerity that to open the Fair on Sunday will vacate the saloons. The people who visit saloons on Sunday if the gates be shut will go there if they be open, or else they will go to the Fair and buy the liquor which the local management have provided on the grounds. How much better will it be to buy whisky from the "local management" on Sunday than to buy it in the saloons? Of course the open gates will bring the local management into competition with the saloon for the Sunday liquor trade and will enable them to share the profits of that disreputable business. This, we opine, is the financial argument with the local committee, which is always a strong one with such committees.

By petition and urgent appeal the people at large have secured an act from the Government to close the gates on Sunday. Now let the good people of Chicago go to work and have a Sunday closing of the saloons.

THE GRAND OLD BOOK.

The grand old Book of God still stands, and this old earth, the more its leaves are turned over and pondered, the more it will sustain and illustrate the Sacred Word.—Prof. Dana.

Infidelity has, from time to time, erected her imposing ramparts, and opened fire upon Christianity from a thousand batteries. But the moment the rays of truth were concentrated upon her ramparts they melted away. The last clouds of ignorance are passing, and thunders of infidelity are lying upon the ear. The union and harmony of Christianity and science is a sure token that the flood of unbelief and ignorance shall nevermore go over the world.—Prof. Hitchcock.

All human discoveries seemed to be made only for purpose of confirming more and strongly the truths contained in the Sacred Scriptures.—Sir John Herschel.

The Bible fulfils the only fitting vehicle to express the thoughts that overwhelm us when contemplating the teller universe.—O. M. Mitchell.

Make the most of your pastor whether he is your choice or not. Less than a godly purpose to co-operate with him in Christian work to the extent of your ability is unworthy of your profession. Be charitably blind to his defects, and charitably alive to his excellencies. Have a dumb tongue for what does not suit you, and an eloquent one for what does. In a kindly spirit talk and counsel with him, and help wisely to overcome the faults you deplore. Do not let the devil get the upper hand and persuade you to withhold your financial support. He who attempts to starve out his preacher, starves out the Spirit from his own experiences. Pay monthly in advance and then laugh at the tempter. Be ambitious, with God's help, to make a success of your pastor.—Western Christian Advocate.

HOW TO BE A PASTOR.

Determine to become a pastor, cost what it may. If you are shy and bashful, conquer your diffidence; a man has no business to be a shepherd if he is afraid of the sheep. If you are naturally reserved and reticent, unlock your lips. Go and talk with your people about anything or everything until you get in touch with them. It is not best that a minister should talk conclusively about things spiritual. Talk to them about their business, and show your interest in what they are doing.

Watch your chances to put in a timely and loving word for your Master. You are Christ's man on Christ's business. If you can only gain your point by going often to the house, then go often. One soul wins others. You can reach the parents sometimes by reaching the son or daughter.

Personal conversations with individual souls will train you to be a closer, more suggestive, and practical preacher. They will make you colloquial and simple and direct in the pulpit. Half of all the preaching is fired into the air. You will gather most precious material for your sermons by going about among your people and finding out what they are doing, what they are thinking, what they are suffering, and what they need.

Devote a portion of every day to pastoral service. To visit a large congregation consumes a vast amount of time; but can you spend it more profitably elsewhere? Be on the lookout for sermon hints wherever you go; one hour with a live man may teach you more than two hours with a dead book.—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

WHO PAYS THE DEFICIENCY?

A large number of stewards always postpone their work unfortunately to the last, and hence must strain every point then, if they strain at all, to meet the claims in their hands. This brings so many claims on the people at once that they feel they are unable to meet them. So the pastors, missionaries, superannuates, Bishops and poor Churches are made to make up every year a large deficiency. They are compelled to pay more each year on an average than any other men in the Church, even the richest. This is a species of extortion that should not be practiced or allowed by a Christian Church. We know it is so common that we cease to notice it, but this only enhances the shame of it. Why should pastors, missionaries and others be forced to pay more for

the support of the Church, and that from a small assessment, than any other? This they do when their salaries are not paid. The worst part of it, too, is that while other liberal souls get full credit for every dollar they pay, the preacher gets no credit. "He hasn't done anything—his salary was not paid in full, that is all; no harm is done; it would have been better if it was all up, but it is all right. Conference will be on hand soon, the statute of limitation will settle all these debts." Hundreds of thousands have been settled by our Church that way. What a shame! Pay the old preachers what is due them for service rendered, and what the Church has homesteaded on in years gone by, and they will not ask you for any more conference money.— Wesleyan Advocate.

DRAWING MEN.

"A man came up to my study the other day from one of the Churches near Murray Hill that is vacant, and he said, 'I wish you could recommend us a minister for our Church.' I said, 'I can recommend a dozen.' He seemed rather bluffed at that; and said, 'Won't you suggest a name?' I suggested one man, and he said, 'I understand that man has not a very strong voice.' I suggested another. 'Well, I understand that man wears a black cravat in the pulpit!' Another man. 'Well, I understand that man is not a very good reader!' And another man. 'Well, I understand that man has a very stiff and formal delivery.' Finally he said, 'Well, what we want in our Church is a minister that will draw.' 'Oh, no, my Christian friend, what you want is a Church that will hold. You haven't got it. Twenty congregations have passed through your Church in the last twenty years, and they have passed through because you have not had a Church that will hold the people when they get into it. The minister will not hold. Success depends not half so much upon the minister as upon you, the Church.'—Dr. Van Dyke.

PEACE SUNDAY.

The American Peace Society desires through your columns to call the attention of the pastors of the various Churches throughout the country to the observance of Peace Sunday. The Universal Peace Congress, which met at London in 1849, voted unanimously to invite all Christian ministers throughout the world to devote one Sunday in the year to the subject of peace. The last Sunday before Christmas was finally fixed upon as perhaps the most suitable one for universal observance.

In England last year more than two thousand ministers preached special sermons on the subject of peace on this Sunday. The day has not yet been much observed in this country. But why should it not be? The United States Government is taking the lead in trying to establish peaceful methods of settling international difficulties; why should not the American Churches be foremost in creating a public conscience against the monstrous system of modern militarism which is so crushing and blighting one-half the world? "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." We earnestly appeal to all preachers of Christ's Gospel of peace and love to set apart at least one service on Sunday, the 18th of December, for the consideration of this important subject. We shall be pleased to receive a line from all ministers who feel inclined to observe the day as here indicated.

THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY. BENJAMIN F. TRUEBLOOD, Secretary.

MEXICO'S BIG CORN CROP.

CITY OF MEXICO, Nov. 13.—The Government has received crop reports from nearly all the States of the Republic during the past few days, with the exception of the section around the city of Zacatecas and a portion of the State of Sinaloa. The outlook is for a corn crop which will be very large. In the States of Michoacan and Jalisco the corn crop is now being harvested. The yield is immense, and the official reports to the Government estimate that these two States alone will dispose of over \$5,000,000 worth of corn in the markets of the adjoining States during the next few months. There has been an abundance of rain in the States of Chihuahua, Coahuila and Durango, and the protracted drought in that portion of the Republic has been completely broken.

The above dispatch from one of our exchanges will be good news to those who sympathize with others' misfortunes. When on Thanksgiving Day you rejoice over your own prosperity forget not the goodness of God even to famine-stricken Mexico.

We comment to the thoughtful consideration of our readers the following paragraph from the Western Advocate:

"This happy land can properly give thanks that it has not a great army to feed, clothe and cartridge. Germany has been upset for months by the demand of its Emperor for ten thousand more men. Since 1875 the army has been increased three times, and now a fourth increase is asked, that Germany may keep the peace. We manage to keep the peace with a few regiments, and could doubtless keep it without a single regular soldier. Don't forget this contrast Thanksgiving day—not to disparage Germany, but to count up this also among our mercies."

AMONG the many kind words about the ADVOCATE the following from a young school teacher are especially appreciated:

Bishops, Presiding Elders, college students, etc., have commended the ADVOCATE, but doubtless no one appreciates its weekly visits more than I, an ailing boy, off from home, and teaching a country school where there is no preaching by Methodist and just occasional by Baptist and Presbyterian. Were it not for the cheering visits of the dear old ADVOCATE, I know not how I would get along. I want to thank you and Editor Campbell, too, if I thought he had time to listen, for getting out such a paper for the Methodists, young and old, of Texas. I thank God that he has given us such men, and I thank him, too, that he has made the ADVOCATE instrumental in binding my soul to him. "All that I am, all that I expect to be, I owe to my mother;" to my early training and to the books and papers I have read. Among the last the TEXAS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE occupies a topmost seat. I wish every young man and lady in

Texas would read it every week. If so, Texas Methodism would soon pay her share of the missionary debt, the building for the Southwestern would soon be put up, and we poor boys who are struggling with poverty for an education would get through school, and Christianity in Texas would have an almost unparalleled forward movement.

THE itinerant plan of ministerial supply proceeds upon the idea of selection by godly judgment, trusting the guidance of Divine Providence. When a congregation has engaged a preacher before conference for the next year both parties have violated the Methodist doctrine on the *modus operandi* of ministerial supply. The same doctrine may, however, be as effectually ignored at conference. Would not an open and independent congregational-ism be better than one in fact but wearing the confectional cloak?

MRS. KIDD invites all the members of the North Texas Conference to take supper with her at the College on Tuesday, the 29th inst., and to attend an entertainment to be given in the College Chapel the same evening (Nov. 29).

If you have merit, the Church and the world will find it out. If you have ambition for high places and think your merit is not duly appreciated, the Church and the world will find that out.

We forgot to say in the Texas Conference notes that the Statistical Secretary failed to get the reports of two important charges which would have changed the figures somewhat materially.

CULTURE, education, eloquence and mentality without honest dealing and uprightness of character are like a house built upon the sand and will not stand. THE Texas Conference is, perhaps, one of the tallest in the State. There were at the last session sixteen members six feet and over.

EPWORTH LEAGUE



TOPICS for Prayer-Meetings. DECEMBER. 11. Jesus and the Young Man.—Luke 18:18-30. 12. Temperance.—Prov. 20:1; 23:29-34. 13. Christmas.—Matt. 2:1-11.

TOPIC for DECEMBER 4.

David's Repentance.—Psa. 51:1-15. This psalm is called the penitential psalm and is a good definition of that grace. All the elements of a true repentance are contained in this lesson. 1. In repentance there is a deep consciousness of sin. David speaks of transgressions in the plural and of sin in the singular. The transgressions are the particular acts of violation of the law, while sin refers more especially to the evilness of the acts. It was, in the language of David, his guilt. He had a deep consciousness of his guilt—his criminality in the deeds committed—his "sin was ever before him." He could not get away from the sense of his guiltiness.

2. He felt that his sin was against God. "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned." We have seen people who regretted their wrong-doings because of the disgrace in the eyes of men, not seeming to think that there was any cause for repentance because of an offense in the sight of God. All sin is against God. It is the law of God violated by sin.

3. By heredity we come into the world with a corrupt nature and every actual transgression aggravates our depravity. The penitent sinner is not only conscious of having done wrong, but of being wrong. Not only his acts, but he himself is wrong. He not only abhors his deeds, but himself.

4. True repentance seeks the remedy for the whole trouble. It prays not only for the blotting out of transgression, but for a thorough cleansing of the heart.

5. A sense of guilt and corruption, a confession of the same, a strong desire to get rid of all sin through the mercy of God, and to be right, and live right, were the characteristics of David's repentance.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

SO MANY are God's kindnesses to us, that as drops of water, they run together; and it is not until we are borne up by the multitude of them, as by streams in deep channels, that we recognize them as coming from him. We have walked amid his mercies as in a forest where we are tangled among ten thousand growths, and touched on every hand by leaves and buds which we notice not. We cannot recall all the things he has done for us. They are so many that they must needs crowd upon each other, until they go down behind the horizon of memory like full hemispheres of stars that move in multitudes and sink, not separate and distinguished into the ether, and so clouding each other by common brightness.—Becher.

"WASH me thoroughly from mine

Devotional.

SPIRITUAL COMPANIONSHIP.

How pure and heart-sound in head, With what divine affections bold, Should be the man whose thought would hold...

IT IS GOOD TO WAIT UPON GOD.

There is a wide difference between waiting upon God and waiting upon man. A celebrated artist has caught in part the air which oppresses the company waiting in the vestibule of an English lord's mansion.

Skulking in the corner is the poor, half-fearful author, who is to press his suit for patronage and a pension. Over there, in widow's weeds, is one who shall upon her knees plead for herself and little ones who are about to be evicted for nonpayment of rent.

Near the window is the banker, fearing financial ruin unless, perchance, he may induce "my lord" to place with him a large deposit, lending the tortured financier both his name and his money to lift him into unquestioned standing before the business world.

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Next is the tradesman, who is maneuvering all his arts to induce "my lord" to become his patron, and thus allure to himself a lucrative trade.

Here, too, is the jumpy soldier in gay uniform waiting to urge his claims upon "my lord's" influence to secure his promotion.

Then at the rear is a modest but ambitious lad who seeks but that word which will admit him to the open door he is so anxious to enter.

What discernor of spirits can read the anxious fears that oppress the subservient throng who wait at the besieged doors of lordly patronage? What feeling of anxiety, what chagrin and disappointment, and in every instance what wounds to self-respect!

Another waiting-place is in our closet as we meditate upon the sacred oracles. Another waiting-place is at the executive of his providence. "They who see providences will always have providences to see."

It is good to wait upon God. Waiting upon God renews our strength or lightens our burdens; it brightens our hopes, removes the fear of man, comforts the heart, feeds the understanding with truth and opens the paths for our feet to walk in safety.

And by what manner should we wait upon God? We should wait in faith. "He that cometh unto God must believe that he is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

There is a wonderful word in one of the old books which is universally and blessedly true, "I will lead her into the wilderness, and there I will speak to her heart." And there I think, know comparatively little of the intimacy and the sweetness of divine companionship who have not passed through the bitter experience of human loneliness. Christ had to take the

Obituaries.

The space allowed obituaries, twenty to twenty-five lines; or about 170 to 180 words. The price is reserved for condensing all obituaries in full. Parties desiring such notices to appear in full...

LOWERY.—Little Erie Lowery, daughter of W. R. Lowery, died November 5, 1892, near Edinburg. She was born January 2, 1892; aged ten months and three days.

WILLIAMS.—Infant son of Frank and Mary Williams was born August 20, and died August 28, 1892, at Morgan Mills, Erath County, Texas. He stayed with Bro. and Sister Williams but a few days; but it was hard to give him up.

MANNEY.—Paul Justice Manney, infant son of W. F. and Fannie Manney, was born July 23, 1891, and died October 11, 1892. Bro. and Sister Manney have buried three infants in three years.

GEDDEY.—McWinn Geddey, little five-year-old son of Bro. Allen and Sister Katie Geddey, died near Tunnell's Chapel, November 7, 1892. Little McWinn was a bright star in the home of his childhood.

WILLIAMS.—Eva Williams, daughter of J. W. and L. L. Williams, was born February 15, 1891; died October 21, 1892. Little Eva was a sufferer indeed in this world of sorrow.

McMAHAN.—James Monroe, son of Washington and Elizabeth McMahan, was born November 3, 1856; converted and joined the M. E. Church, South, in Sherman, Texas, under the ministry of Rev. H. A. Bourland in 1882.

SMITH.—Mrs. Mary P. Smith, wife of G. L. M. Smith of Nacogdoches County, Texas, was born in San Augustine, Texas, September 4, 1839; was married to G. L. M. Smith June 16, 1858, and died at her home in Chireno October 16, 1892.

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HANSON.—ROBINSON.—At the Trinity Church, Dallas, Texas, November 10, 1892, by Rev. P. L. Smith, Rev. L. A. Hanson and Miss Libbie Robinson.

Obituaries.

WESTBROOK.—Gildery, son of J. M. and Eliza D. Westbrook, was born April 18, 1891, and died November 14, 1892, aged one year and seven months.

PORTER.—Died, at Columbia, Texas, November 11, 1892, Roes W. Porter, aged eighty-three years. Father Porter was a native of Kentucky.

ELLINGTON.—William Ellington was born in Georgia about one hundred years ago, and died in Bosque County, Texas, October 13, 1892. He was converted and joined the M. E. Church, South, at a meeting held by Rev. J. H. Jones.

MATTHEWS.—Laurence William, son of J. H. and Mary L. Matthews, was born at Bowie, Montague County, Texas, September 2, 1888, and died of tonsillitis, August 2, 1892. It is frequently said, "Death loves a shining mark," and truly in this case he had it.

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