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Editorial.

TWO OPINIONS OF THE BISHOP POTTER INCIDENT.

The Bishop Potter saloon incident has called forth many expressions of regret from the religious press, and the secular press has generally criticised and ridiculed the Bishop very unmercifully. From the general public he has met with sparse favor, and his action has put him in an unenviable light before the world. The nearest to lenient treatment accorded to the Bishop which has come under our observation was in the columns of the Nashville Advocate recently under the head of "Current Topics." After a fashion, the saloon incident was criticised, but rather mildly. Among other things the Advocate said: "We know just enough of the complicated social situation in New York to be convinced that nobody outside ought to jump to conclusions concerning either the motives or the plans of those who are trying to better the situation in our great metropolis." This is a concession to the Bishop's effort to build up a first-class saloon in New York that we are scarcely prepared to expect in the columns of the Nashville Advocate, which is supposed to represent the sentiment of Southern Methodism on the subject. But the Nashville goes even further than this concession when it says on the same question: "Certainly we ought to have something with which to fight the saloon. That a modified saloon will prove a good weapon we much misdoubt. Yet we are willing that the experiment be tried, since, for the present, some sort of a saloon the men of our large cities will have." This is a strange position to take by our central organ. It is willing for Bishop Potter to try his "experiment" since men in the great cities are determined to have saloons. That is, since the saloon is a necessity the Nashville Advocate is willing for a Protestant Episcopal Bishop to give his countenance and approval to the establishment of a saloon in the name of the Church and religion! It is the impression of nearly all thinking religious people that the Church and its ministers can not complicate religion with any form of the saloon business without great injury to the cause they represent. Christ and the American saloon have nothing in common, and any effort to unite them in the betterment of the race is blasphemy and sacrilege. However, it is far more refreshing to read what the Right Rev. Isaac Lea Nicholson, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Milwaukee, has to say on this unfortunate subject. Hear him: "In my opinion, Bishop Potter's whole connection with the affair has been disgraceful, and I am personally deeply humiliated over his work. I am more radical in my views on moral questions than most men, and think we ought to take the highest possible ground on moral issues. Bishop Potter is not a great man in the Episcopal Church. He is regarded by some outside the Church as being influential, but this opinion is not shared by those

inside. He has no standing with the other Bishops and has no influence on legislation. No action will be taken by the Church, not even to the extent of resolutions of protest. The only thing that we can, any of us, do, is to say that we feel humiliated and ashamed." Bishop Nicholson has a far better estimate of the question than the Nashville Advocate, and he comes more nearly representing the sentiment of Church people generally concerning the matter.

THE VOICE AS AN INSTRUMENT OF SERVICE.

A good voice in the minister can not be overestimated. It adds as much to the effectiveness of his ministry as his sermon. Next to having something to say is having a voice that will enable him to say it. The effectiveness of the voice is largely the result of care and cultivation. It can be developed and controlled as successfully as the brains in the head or the muscles in the arm or the limbs. And it can be as badly abused and imposed upon as the health. It is a perfect delight to sit and listen to a man speak if he has a well-modulated and a well-controlled voice, even if he says commonplace things; but it is painful to listen to him if his voice is cracked or harsh or shrieking, even if he has the finest thought to express. There is no need for the existence of a discordant and repellent voice in any man. All that is necessary to make it a comparatively good voice is simply to take it in hand and regulate it. If your voice is disposed to break and frazzle when pitched on a high key, then you ought never to speak out of a conversational tone. If you have a low, guttural voice with indistinct articulation, then you need to find its best key and cultivate it to that pitch. Deep breathing and a proper use of the muscles of the chest and the abdomen are essential to perfect tones. A little judicious practice will give you the desired effect. What you want to discover and put into use is perfect naturalness in your voice. The moment you become unnatural, then the voice takes an unpleasant tone. No man ought to scream when he is addressing an audience. Screaming is no evidence of earnestness. It is proof of a loss of self-control. The most intense earnestness is often observed when the speaker compresses his voice into low tones. Very rapid speaking hurts the voice. Drinking cold water when the vocal organs are at white heat is injurious. To hold the voice all the way through a discourse on one key is tiresome to the speaker and the hearer. To mumble until you can not be heard is a positive nuisance. Artificial elocution is disgusting. A clear, distinct and natural voice is the greatest help you can bring to a well-digested and thoughtful sermon. Try it, brother preacher, and you will be surprised at the result.

THE RESULTS OF REVIVAL WORK.

We took it upon ourselves to glance over the reports from the field as given by the preachers in last week's Advocate, and we estimated carefully the results of these reports in conversions and accessions to the

Church. There were 1068 persons reported converted and 792 who joined the Church. There were several meetings reported in which no tabulated figures were given of conversions or accessions. The disparity between the number of conversions and accessions reported is found in the fact that a number joined other Churches, and the further fact that many lifeless Church members were converted. This is a fine showing for one issue of the paper, and it proves that the spiritual state of the Church throughout Texas is good. And it further shows that the preachers have faith in the old revival methods and that the power of God to forgive sins is still manifest among men. We hold that nothing has yet been brought into use as a means to bring people to Christ that is qualified to take the place of the old-time revival. With us this is the one successful method of reaching the people with the gospel and saving them from the power of Satan. It has been our great arm of strength in the years gone by, and it is still our hope. Without the revival meeting we are a failure as a saving agency; with it, people are born into the kingdom of God. Let no preacher console himself with the thought that revival days are past and that people must depend upon the regular services of the Church for the ingathering of souls. The regular services ought to be used to this end and we ought to get out of them all that is possible; but when they are followed up with the old revival meeting the largest results may be expected. Brethren, do not neglect the revival services. Keep the fires burning. Cry aloud for sinners to repent and come to the altar for prayer and instruction. Then will Zion travail and bring forth sons and daughters to the Almighty. Whatever else we give up in our usages let the old revival abide and Methodism will still have a mission among men.

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP OF THE NATIONAL NOMINEES.

The two great political parties of this country from whose ranks the next President and Vice-President will be chosen have put their tickets in the field and much is being written and spoken about their political careers. But what about their Church affiliations? This is a question purely religious in its nature, but a great many people are interested in it. We are glad that such is the case, for the religious character of candidates for the highest office within the gift of the people is not to be lightly esteemed. It affords us pleasure to define the Church membership of the four men now so prominently before the public. President Roosevelt is a staunch member of the Dutch Reformed Church, which really is a branch of the Presbyterian denomination. His wife, however, is a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church and attends it regularly with her children. The President attends his own unpretentious Church service and occasionally his family worship with him. He is a man of deep religious convictions and his private life is said to be in harmony with his religious

profession. Senator Fairbanks and his wife are devout members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, both of them having been educated at the Ohio Wesleyan University. Bishop Hoss was a schoolmate of both of them in his early young manhood, as he was a student at the same time with them in that university. Senator Fairbanks is very active in his Church work. Judge Alton B. Parker is a leading member of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the town of Esopus. He is a vestryman in his Church and a very devoutly religious man. His son-in-law is his pastor. Senator Davis, who is Judge Parker's running mate, is a very decided Presbyterian and a liberal supporter of his Church. His gifts to its several benevolent claims have been large and numerous. So that religiously speaking it matters not which two of these men will be elected, the country will have two Christian gentlemen to preside over its destinies. This is right and proper since we are known to the world as a Christian nation. Men of professed Christian convictions and of devout and religious lives can not go very far wrong in public life as the representatives of popular government. While they differ radically in politics we are rejoiced to know that in Christian faith and practice they are one in sentiment and belief. Not one shadow of vice and immorality has been detected in the private and domestic lives of these four distinguished men. They are all above reproach and criticism as upright and consistent citizens of our country. Hence the present political campaign is pitched upon a plane of principle and no voice of crimination or recrimination is heard in the press or upon the hustings. Both parties are doing their best to land their men and the struggle is strenuous and acute, but neither one is making any attack upon the characters of these representatives. Therefore the country is to be congratulated upon the fact that all four of these National candidates are Christian gentlemen and entitled to the admiration and respect of their fellow citizens. Such a condition of things speaks well for our country's weal.

It is one thing to preach and advise people how to act under given circumstances of affliction and oppression, but it is quite another to follow our teachings and counsel when we are called upon to pass through these same difficulties. The best of doctors dread to swallow their own remedies. But now and then they have it to do, or suffer the consequences. So with those who preach and teach submission when the ordeals and vexations of life come upon them.

Christ locates the moral quality of conduct in the heart and not out in the open practices of life. Some men seem to be all right in their outward lives, but back in their motives their is a purpose to deceive. True it is that the tree is known by its fruits, but the tree is incapable of intention. It knows nothing of the arts of deception. Man often leads a dual life. One of them is outward and the other is inward. It is the inward life that Christ enters to find real character.

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Devotional and Spiritual

TO BE IN FAVOR A MAN MUST WIN.

To be in high favor with the American people a man must be a winner. No matter how great he is, if not successful in his ambitions, the populace has little use for him. And no matter how small he is, if he has the "get there" habit, he is sure to become an idol. This is true in a measure in Church as well as State. A Churchman must win what he wants or else be set aside for other who desire to try. The methods he pursues in compelling success will be excused if he succeeds. Even egotism of the worst form and political schemes of the most pronounced variety will be winked at if they land the candidate in his coveted place. Modern society seems to have no use for a diffident, shrinking, hesitating man, that neither allows his wishes to become known nor boldly strikes out for the goal of his hope. Strong, dashing, pushing plans that ignore everything but success command almost universal admiration. These thoughts are suggested by some lessons which the Wesleyan Methodist reads from the career of Wm. J. Bryan. It says:

"Eight years ago Mr. Bryan was known to a few hundred people as a bright man with no great reputation for depth. He made a brilliant speech before the Democratic National Convention, carried the delegates beyond their own depth and secured the nomination for the Presidency. Four years ago he was still in power. This year he has tried to stem the tide which was evidently against him, but was buried recently at St. Louis, where his name was hissed by a great throng of members of his own party. That he obtained such a following four and eight years ago as to be able to dictate the policy of his party does not argue that he was right, and that he is now out of favor with his party does not indicate with absolute certainty that he is now wrong, but it does show that the man who does not win is not wanted by the masses of politicians, right or wrong. No one believes that the leaders of the Republican party would have nominated Mr. Roosevelt for Vice-President four years ago if he had not been a "voter-getter," and no one believes that Bryan would now be set aside if he could get the votes. Success is almost an object of worship in this country, especially financial and political success. The man who can accumulate money and the man who can get elected to an office are the men for the people. If Mr. Bryan had trimmed his sails for the popular breeze he could have remained in power. If Mr. Roosevelt were a more radical reformer he would not be able to win and so he would not be wanted by his party. Of the two Mr. Bryan is by a great way the more radical man. If he were advocating a cause with which we were in sympathy we would glory in his radical adherence to the principles accepted as being right. Senator Hanna coined a phrase which means just what President Roosevelt is doing, and what Mr. Bryan has not done. We refer to the phrase 'standing pat.' President Roosevelt's way of saying it is included in his theory of practical reform. He is for reform which does not leave one outside of power and office. We do not argue a word for the views of Mr. Bryan, but he is a radical man. Radical men should never hope to have much influence in politics."

The idea that the reform spirit must be limited to the realm of political success is a fact worth pondering. You may be a reformer if you like, but you must not reform so strenuously as to oust yourself

from office and power. Is this the Martin Luther type of reform?—Michigan Advocate.

A LITTLE SERMON.

Jeremiah was of a priestly race, and was very young when called to be a prophet, being but 12 or 13 years old. God does not always wait until advanced years before he calls to important duty. He has duty of some kind for all ages of life. Jeremiah felt his extreme youth, and in modesty pleaded to be excused, saying, "Behold, I can not speak, for I am a child." What a delightful humility! How many at his age would have been inflated with pride to be called to such a high office!

God usually gives a deep acquaintance with their own hearts to those whom He calls to a great work, so that they may feel a deep sense of the responsibility of their great work. Many whom God has never sent are so self-sufficient they are very eager to go.

"How ready is the man to go Whom God has never sent! How timorous, diffident and slow, God's chosen instrument!"

God has encouragement for those who will go even when they feel their weakness. God has an equipment and furnishing for those who trust Him as they go on His errands. He put words in Jeremiah's mouth. He will in ours, just so far as we need them in doing His will.—Christian Witness.

WITHOUT HOPE.

Not to be a Christian costs the sacrifice of hope. A Christian has hope, as we read in Titus, 1:2. "In hope of eternal life, which God, that can not lie, promised." Oh, magnificent that hope is, hope of eternal life! How sure it is, resting on the word of God, who can not lie! The world has no hope like that. The world holds out no hope that has any foundation. Hope for the future is more important than present possession. "Oh," someone says, "I do not believe that; give me the present, and I will let the future take care of itself." Yes, you do believe it. There is not a man or woman here to-night that does not believe that hope for the future is more important than present possession. A man says: "I do not believe it." Yes, you do; I will prove it to you in five minutes. Suppose you had your choice to-night between being a millionaire and having all that money can buy for to-night, with no hope for to-morrow, but with the rising of to-morrow's sun and the opening of to-morrow's banks to be proved to be an embezzler and all your money swept away and you cast into prison to spend the rest of your life there, or to be absolutely penniless to-night, but with the absolute certainty that with the rising of to-morrow's sun and the opening of to-morrow's banks you were to be a millionaire all the rest of your life, which would you choose? "Oh," you say, "that's very easy; I would choose to be penniless to-night, with the certainty that to-morrow and all the rest of my life I was to be a millionaire." So would I, but that only shows that you believe that hope for the future is more important than present possession; and I would rather be the poorest child of God in the world to-night, with the absolute certainty that with the dawning of eternity I was to be for all eternity an heir of God and joint heir with Jesus Christ, with no outlook for all eternity but to be cast into God's eternal prison-house of hell. A man out of Christ has no hope, even from the life that now is, that is at all sure. You say: "That is too strong; a man out of Christ may have no hope for the

future, but if he is rich he has for the present life." You are mistaken. Come up with me to New York City. We walk up Fifth avenue; we stop before one of the most elegant mansions there; we go up the steps and are ushered through the hall down to the library at the end of the hall. You and I stand there on the threshold and look into the library. In it there are two men deep in earnest conversation. This is not an imaginary case, but an actual one. One of these men is worth one hundred and ninety-six millions of dollars, by an actual inventory of his property taken a few days after the time of which I am speaking. The other man is one of America's greatest financiers. You and I stand there and look in and say: "Well, I would like to be in that man's shoes. One hundred and ninety-six million dollars! I do not know anything about his religious convictions, I do not know anything about his eternal prospects, but he is well fixed for many years to come so far as this life is concerned." You are mistaken. While you and I are looking in, that man falls out of his chair on his face on the floor, and when Quincey Garrett picks William H. Vanderbilt from the floor he is a corpse. For all his one hundred and ninety-six millions he had no hope for five minutes.

Friends, we all of us here to-night are like men standing on the seashore, looking out over the boundless ocean of eternity, and as we look out there come toward some of us—those of us who have a living faith in Jesus Christ—gallant vessels laden with gold and silver and precious stones, with every sail set, wafted swiftly toward us by the breezes of the divine favor. But toward the rest of us—those out of Christ—as we look out over the boundless ocean of eternity, there come no vessels, but dismantled wrecks, with no cargoes but the livid corpses of lost opportunities, over which are hovering the vultures of eternal despair, driven madly toward us by the fast-rising blasts of the indignation of a holy and an outraged God. That is what it costs not to be a Christian.—R. A. Torrey.

"FOR THE JOY SET BEFORE HIM."

Few passages have received more, or more diverse, apprehendings. Joy "of being the triumphant and glorified head of a glorified body of saints in Heaven."—Whedon. "The joy of fulfilling the will of his Father (Ps., 11:9) in tasting death for every man. It never can in any sense be said of Jesus that He endured the cross in the prospect of gaining an everlasting glory for Himself."—Clarke. "A future prize which Christ was to receive in return for His suffering, without which He would not have been able to endure them."—Weiss. "Joy over the completed work of redemption, with its blessings for mankind."—Theodoret. "Instead of the heavenly glory which He already had as the preeminent Logos and which He might have retained."—Gregory Naz. "Instead of the earthly freedom from suffering, which as a sinless one He could have procured for Himself."—Chrysostom et al. "Instead of the joys of the world which Jesus, had He willed it, could have partaken of."—Calvin et al. "The joy that was set before Him (not for Him), but spread out in a mental picture before him—the joy of unnumbered saints in glory—joy of others, not His. Who, anti in exchange for, the joy, lying before, present. The joy was the full, divine beatitude of His preincarnate life, in the bosom of the Father; the glory which He had before the world was. In exchange for this He accepted the cross and the shame. The heroic character of Christ's faith appears in His renouncing a joy already in

possession, in exchange for shame and death."—Vincent.

This last seems by far the truest rendering. He who had such sublime faith is fitly the Leader or Captain and Perfector of the (there is no "our") faith; i. e., all the faith of the church universal, from Abel to the last man. We may well consider in comparison Him who endured such gainsaying of sinners against Himself, that we be not weary, fainting in our minds.—Bishop H. W. Warren.

Oh, conceive the happiness to know some one person dearer to you than your own self—some one breast into which you can pour every thought, every grief, every joy! One person who, if all the rest of the world were to calumniate or forsake you, would never wrong you by a harsh thought or an unjust word; who would cling to you the closer in sickness, in poverty, in care; who would sacrifice all things to you, and for whom you would sacrifice all; from whom, except by death, night or day, can you ever be divided; whose smile is ever at your hearth; who has no tears while you are well and happy, and your love the same. Such is marriage, if they who marry have hearts and souls to feel that there is no bond on earth so tender and so sublime.—Mrs. Craik.

Take away from us all anger and wrath and bitterness, all clamor and evil-speaking. Let thy spirit so rest upon us that from this hour we may be kind to each other, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us!—Selected.

You are not ashamed of any other master you have; why be ashamed of this King? You speak of those who taught you to paint, to sing, to speak, to write, do you ever mention His name who loved you and gave himself for you?—Rev. Joseph Parker.

So I saw in my dream that just as Christian came up with the cross, His burden loosed from off His shoulders and fell from off His back and began to tumble, and so continued to do so till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more. Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said with a merry heart: "He hath given me rest by His sorrow, and life by His death." Then he stood still a while to look and wonder, for it was very surprising to him that the sight of the cross should thus ease him of his burden.—John Bunyan.

THE VICTORY.

If there were no struggles, there could be no conquests; if there were no possibilities of defeat, there could be no opportunity to sing the song of triumph. Hence, the discipline of conflict and trial in this world is an absolute necessity to the perfection of the Christian life, both here and hereafter. Our Heavenly Father does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men, but He does seek our perfection, our prosperity, and our glory; and if nothing but battles can make victors, then battles we must have; if only the rough sea can produce the good sailor, then the storm must come.

"Nothing so buttresses character as a great victory over a great foe. All that a man can take with him from this life to the next is character, and the purity and nobleness of that estate will depend very much upon his victories here over great temptations and untoward circumstances. Without earnestness no man is ever great or does really great things. He may be the cleverest of men; he may be brilliant and popular and entertaining, but he will lack weight. No soul-moving picture was

Popping of lamp-chimneys is music to grocers.

MACBETH.

If you use a wrong chimney, you lose a good deal of both light and comfort, and waste a dollar or two a year a lamp on chimneys.

Do you want the Index? Write me.

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

ever painted that had not in it depth of shadow."

There is, as the apostle says, a "need be" for our "heaviness through manifold temptations." If we do not need sorrows ourselves, we may need them that we may sympathize with others, as our great High Priest was in all points tempted as we are, that He having suffered being tempted, might be "able to succor them that are tempted." Forward, then, ye soldiers of the Lord of Hosts. "Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." We shall overcome through the blood of the Lamb and the word of our testimony. Your last and fiercest foe shall finally lie vanquished beneath your feet, and you shall rejoice over each sore and furious conflict through which you have won the glorious and eternal victory.—Safeguard.

In how many cases the hasty temper flashes out and does its work with the precision and the pain of the swift stiletto! Singularly enough, the hasty word oftentimes wounds those we love. We know the weak points in the armor of our friend; we are aware of his caprices, and are ordinarily tender and compassionate even of his vanities; but there dawns a day when it is written in the book of fate that we shall be as cruel as loving. We are cold, or tired, or hungry. So politeness fails us, fortitude vanishes, and we say that which we repent in sackcloth and ashes. But though the hasty word may be forgiven, it is not forgotten. It has flawed the crystal of our friendship; there is a shadowy scar on the gleaming surface.—Harper's Bazar.

Every true achievement has within itself the seed of something better than self. The loveliest of blossoms is but a cradle for the ripening fruit; and in the fruit lies hidden the germ of unimagined summers yet to be.—Lucy Larcom.

LEARNING THINGS

We Are All in the Apprentice Class. When a simple change of diet brings back health and happiness the story is briefly told. A lady of Springfield, Ill., says: "After being afflicted for years with nervousness and heart trouble, I received a shock four years ago that left me in such a condition that my life was despaired of. I could get no relief from doctors nor from the numberless heart and nerve medicines I tried because I didn't know that the coffee was daily putting me back more than the Drs. could put me ahead. "Finally at the request of a friend I left off coffee and began the use of Postum and against my convictions I gradually improved in health until for the past 6 or 8 months I have been entirely free from nervousness and those terrible sinking, weakening spells of heart trouble. "My troubles all came from the use of coffee which I had drunk from childhood and yet they disappeared when I quit coffee and took up the use of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Many people marvel at the effects of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum but there is nothing marvelous about it—only common sense. Coffee is a destroyer—Postum is a re-builder. That's the reason. Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."



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IT FLOATS.

The Home Circle

GOLDEN ROD.
I know a field, a sunny field,
But not in sunny France;
And there is neither glint of shield,
Nor gleam of pennoned lance;
Nor does the wind toss knightly plumes,
Nor silken tents unfold,
And yet in autumn it becomes
The Field of the Cloth of Gold.

For when the haze of summer days
Has melted from the skies,
And we, without reproof, may gaze
Up into heaven's eyes,
A host their plumes and banners
shake
In joust with breezes bold,
And golden rods' bright champions
make
The Field of the Cloth of Gold.

The butterflies with blazoned wings
Are heralds for the fight,
And many a lovely lady flings
Her token to her knight,
And so, amid their gorgeous suite,
With pomp and wealth untold,
Summer and autumn royally meet
On the Field of the Cloth of Gold.
—Martha Hartford, in St. Nicholas.

APPLES OF GOLD.
It was a cold, dark, dreary Saturday evening as John Marlow came out of the large factory in which he worked, for the support of himself, widowed mother and only sister, an invalid. Buttoning his coat closely around him to keep out the cold he walked slowly down the busy street toward his humble home out in the suburbs of the great city. Usually John was of a cheerful, kind disposition. His large, soft blue eyes spoke volumes in their expression. What an inspiration he had been to his fellow-workers!

All who knew him admired him for his strong, manly character, and for his decided Christian spirit and life. On this occasion he was not himself by any means. As he walked slowly along he was thinking—thinking of what a struggle he was having to keep his loved ones supplied with the necessities of life, of how they were compelled to make so many sacrifices. His mind being thus occupied, he scarcely

noticed those whom he passed on the street.

But standing in front of one of those notorious "dives," brilliantly lighted, and merry with the music and laughter of the vulgar, drunken men inside, stood a neatly dressed young man. John knew by the expression on the young man's face that a great struggle was going on within him. He fully sympathized with the young man, and, thinking that it would relieve his own despondent feeling, he resolved to speak to him. Walking up to the young man and extending his hand he said, "John Marlow is my name, and I want to talk to you a minute."

"James Stuart is mine," replied the young man.

"Where you about to go in there?" asked John.

"Yes; there is no other place for me to go. They treat a fellow pretty nice in there as long as he has a little money. I only have a few dollars, and when that is gone I guess I will—"

"Stop! Come along with me. I can treat a fellow nice, too, and he don't have to have any money either."

Silently the two young men walked along together until John ventured to ask, "Haven't you a home? Isn't your mother living?"

"No, mother isn't living and I haven't any place you call home. Mother was sick for a long time. One day she called me to her bed and told me that she was going to leave me for a while. She said that she was going to a beautiful home that God had given her and that she would wait for me. I was a mere lad then and don't remember her much except she was very beautiful when she was talking to me. Since she has gone I have always been treated very rough and nobody cares for me, so I guess it doesn't matter what comes of me."

"There is One who cares for you. He died for you because he loved you so much. I know you have heard of Christ who died for you so you could go to your mother's beautiful home. We will go to Church to-night and hear about him and his wonderful love."

By this time the two young men had reached John's home. After a good warm supper and a few minutes pleasant conversation with Mrs. Marlow

and her daughter, they started for the Church.

On their way John found an opportunity to renew the conversation about Christ and his overflowing love, and he urged his friend to accept him and give his life to his service.

The sermon was very interesting, the text being, "Seek First the Kingdom of God." Stuart was very much impressed by the preacher's remarks.

After a very pressing invitation from John for him to call and see him often, the young men parted.

John's mother was very happy when he related the circumstances of his experience with the young man to her. Surely God heard the earnest prayer, "God bless my dear boy," that went out from that dear mother's heart so full of love.

That very night Stuart resolved, that by the help of God, he would live so that when he died he could be at home in heaven with his dear mother.

In a few days John received a letter and a newspaper clipping postmarked at a nearby town.

The clipping gave a brief account of a young man, James Stuart, being killed while trying to rescue a child from a passing train. The letter read as follows:

Mr. John Marlow:
My Dear Friend—I am dying, but before I go to my eternal home I want to tell you that you were the instrument in saving my soul. When I left you that night I gave my heart and life to God. You were so kind and good to me. I am so happy. Before you get this I will be with mother. She is waiting, beckoning for me now. She is so precious and I am so happy that I am going to live with her always. Good-bye. God bless you abundantly is the prayer of your dying friend.
JAMES STUART.

It is needless to say how very much impressed John was by this. Deep down in his heart he resolved that he would at every opportunity speak a word for Christ. Surely he realized the truth of the Proverb, "A word fitly spoken is like 'apples of gold' in pictures of silver."

THE SHEPHERD PSALM.
"Mother, I don't see why you have me learn a Psalm every month," said Eva Preston; "none of the other girls do, and you can always read them."

The next day was the Sabbath. A stranger talked to the Sunday-school. He said: "I work among the poor children in a big city. I have many friends among the newsboys. One day one of them—Dave Herbert—was run over by a horse and wagon. He was carried to a drug store near by to wait for the ambulance to carry him to the hospital. The doctor and I were with him, and a crowd was in the store. The boy was a brave little fellow, but he suffered terribly. All at once he said, 'If I could hear about the shepherd, I could hear it better.' I knew what he meant. I had told them about King David's beautiful Psalm at the mission school. I said it now over and over. I wish you could have seen the look in his face, children, as he listened. That little rough newsboy could understand that. He said after me, 'And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.' Before the wagon came, Dave had gone to the Lord's house above. I tell you this, dear children, because nowadays so few of us learn the Scriptures by heart. We don't think it necessary. But I know it is. I wonder, now, if any child here can repeat the Twenty-third Psalm for me?"

There was a long pause, but no one stirred. Then Eva Preston stood up, and with folded hands, very clearly she repeated it.

As she finished, the children—and even the teacher—forgetting the place, softly clapped their hands.

The minister lifted his hand to check it. "Thank you, my dear," he said to Eva; "you have a gift no one can take from you."—Sunbeam.

GRANDMOTHER'S END OF THE ICE CREAM.
Grandma dropped wearily into a chair. Her sweet face was full of the little tired lines that were nearly always there on Tuesdays. She held up one slender hand with the fingers spread.

"Churning's done—thumb," she said, folding down the thumb. "Ironing's done—first finger; beds are made—thumb finger; dishes washed—ring finger."

Only the little finger was left, standing up in the wobbly, little-finger way of standing up.

"The little finger stands for dinner," smiled tired Grandmother. "That isn't done! Now when one has company, I wonder what one gets for dinner—"

There was a stir across the room. The "company" with one accord scrambled to its feet and formed in line.

"Ice cream!" in chorus.

"Oh!" said tired Grandmother. Then she said, "Oh," again. She had not thought of ice cream! Dear, no, not

"The Effervescent"
Relief for **Biliousness,**
Disordered Stomachs, Aching Heads.
Keeps the bowels free and liver active. Contains no irritant or dangerous drugs. Sold on its merits for 60 years. At druggists, 50c. & \$1., or by mail from The TARRANT CO., 44 Hudson Street, New York.

was sh-ing. They stole away on tip-toes back to the grape arbor.

"She's very tired," Olive said severely. "Aren't you 'shamed of yourselves for asking for ice cream?"

"My gracious! You went and asked the first ask yourself, Olive Tripp! And if you've gone and missed killed Grandmother!"

"Oh, it was us all! We've all most killed her!" wailed Olive, in sudden remorse. "And she's the dearest, grandmotherest Grandmother! We never thought of her end o' the ice cream."

"No, we never"—groaned Terence.

"We just thought of our end—Oh, my shole!" Pussy lamented.

They lapsed into shamed, gloomy silence. It was awful to sit there in the grape arbor and feel like—like—pigs! And what made it worse, they could distinctly hear a grunting sound in the direction of Grandpa's pigpen.

"They sound like relations," Olive groaned.

When grandmother woke up in the late afternoon, the first thing she saw was a jagged piece of white wrapping paper propped up conspicuously on the top of the freezer. It was covered over great lead-pencil words. She felt in her soft white hair for her glasses and read it—not once, but twice, three times:

We are Pigs but Pussy is only a little one. We never thort of your end of the icescream. We have gorn Home for Fear youl finish making it and it would Choak us. Please dont Wake Up but keep rite on Resting. We are sorry weve most killed you, Honest.

Terry and Me and Puss.

"The little dears!" rested Grandmother mummured.—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Congregationalist.

SLOW READING.
If you were to travel across an interesting land, would you prefer to go through on a limited express, or to walk through, with plenty of time for side excursions and sight-seeing? And yet—surely the moral is obvious. Some young readers find in a good book about a dozen times as much treasure as others carry away from it; and you are fortunate if you are like a young girl who said: "I can't read a good book fast. I can't understand it if I read it fast." She is likely to become well read in spite of herself. How many generations of men have been at work upon Shakespeare, Dante, and Homer, without any danger of exhausting the mine of wealth these offer! And the Bible—it is as exhaustless as eternity. No one ever will come to the end of the riches in that great library of every species of literature. Every wise man who has ever made a list of the greatest books in the world has put the Bible first. It is said that young people are reading the Bible less than they once did; if it be true, it is sure they are employing their reading hours to less advantage.—St. Nicholas.

He who makes friends makes the best fortune.—Ram's Horn.

"A TOOTHsome FLAVOR."
True for you, there's a treat in the crisp, nutty, delicate sweet taste of Grape-Nuts served with thick rich cream.

(Don't spoil the food by trying to cook it. That work is done and perfectly done at the factories.)

The cream should soften it a bit, but not enough to excuse the eater from at least a few good earnest "chews" for old Dame Nature sends rich blessings to the long chews. Of course the one with weak teeth can soften the food with milk down to a mush if necessary, but the good old Dame doesn't smile quite so cheerfully on them.

You know children and adults must use the teeth and grind freely to make them grow strong and to preserve them. Then the act of chewing brings down the much needed saliva from the gums, and that helps amazingly in the digestion of foods of various kinds.

The saliva is not so much required with Grape-Nuts, for this food is pre-digested, that is the starch turned into a form of sugar in the process of making, and that helps give it the fascinating flavor.

Grape-Nuts people are healthy and enjoy good things. "There's a reason."

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NEW INVENTION! Write for new booklet...

Bad Smelling, Sweating Feet. I guarantee to cure any case.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Cured.

Harvard University having been chosen by the Post to make examination...

is not an hour of it but is trembling with destinies...

No home is complete without the buoyant, overflowing, joyous nature of childhood.

"The heart of the Father is wondrously kind To send such rich treasures to earth."

The child therefore, coming from the heart of the Father, is close to all that is pure and good.

As the home to the child so is the Church to the child. She, like a mother, reaches out her arms of love to protect, to hold and to educate the little ones of her fold.

The lad with five barley loaves and two small fishes shows how ready and willingly a boy gave all to Jesus to feed the crowd of hungry people.

run. Brick upon brick the tallest mansion is built. So week by week, year by year, the child grows in knowledge and saving power...

They are under this special preparatory training from four to six years, grasping the scripture and other studies made simple and plain to them with all their childish faith and love.

The Juniors of to-day are the Seniors of to-morrow—the future molders of action and thought and leaders finally in Church and State.

We do not mean to say that only trained workers are competent to serve our Lord—nay, not so, for many there are who are faithful and true to all trusts placed upon them...

Let the Senior League awake to her own need—more Juniors, better Juniors, better trained Juniors! And when she fully realizes that they are a part of her own life she will grow into broader fields of service.

Life is continual growth. The Senior League must grow to live. She must grow from childhood to age—but grow.

NEWSTEAD AVENUE HOTEL, ST. LOUIS, MO. To my brethren of Texas: I have been compelled to provide larger quarters for my guests at the World's Fair.

RANDOLPH-MACON ACADEMY FOR BOYS and Young Men. Best equipped in the South. Endorsed by leading institutions of United States.

HARDIN COLLEGE AND CONSERVATORY FOR LADIES. 32d year. The College—a University trained faculty. German-American Conservatory, manned by specialists.

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GOING TO THE WORLD'S FAIR? FRISCO SYSTEM OFFERS THE BEST SERVICE AND LOW RATES TO ST. LOUIS. Broad Vestibule Trains. Electric Lights and Fans. Observation Dining Cars.

PEWS—PULPITS Church Furniture of all kinds. Grand Rapids School Furniture Works. Cor. Wabash Av. & Washington St. CHICAGO

That a better and higher class of service be given him the Epworth League was organized about fifteen years ago. The Junior League, the children's own field of labor, meets all their needs.

Let the Senior League awake to her own need—more Juniors, better Juniors, better trained Juniors! And when she fully realizes that they are a part of her own life she will grow into broader fields of service.

The Church looks to the Senior League especially for much service. The Seniors' growth and success depend largely upon the Juniors, therefore after all the Church is largely dependent upon her Juniors for great help in winning the day for Christ.

There are many open avenues to the heart, but only one right way. May God continue to direct into this way, adding many more thousands to the already large host of Junior workers, giving thereby not only strength and power to the Senior League, but saving our girls and boys to Christ.

Advice to the Aged. Age brings infirmities, such as sluggish bowels, weak kidneys and bladder and TORPID LIVER.

Tutt's Pills have a specific effect on these organs, stimulating the bowels, causing them to perform their natural functions as in youth and IMPARTING VIGOR to the kidneys, bladder and LIVER. They are adapted to old and young.

