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Editorial.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

One of the oldest Christian traditions says that Jesus was born in a cave. There is nothing inherently improbable in this, for there are many caverns in the hills of Bethlehem, and they are frequently used as stalls for stock, and even places of abode for men. The light limestone formation of Judea is easily excavated, and the grottoes are nearly always dry. Edersheim, Farrar and Ellicott say that this tradition is "the best authenticated of all local traditions." At one time the whole interior of this cave was lined with costly marble. Now a single marble slab at the eastern end and a silver star set in the slab mark the spot where it is believed Jesus was born. The Latin inscription cut in the marble reads: *Hic de virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.* Millions of pilgrims have gazed on that spot with awe.

And well they might, for the birth of Jesus was the most illustrious nativity that ever took place on earth. Even if Jesus was only a man, he was incomparably the greatest man our race has known. If we estimate his greatness by a purely human standard, by the nature, power, extent and permanence of his influence, his name is "above every name." He is easily the first man of his race. But when we see in Jesus the God-man, as the faith of two thousand years has seen, and see more clearly and certainly today than ever before the greatest names in human history and the loftiest beings of the invisible universe pale before the glory of his name as the stars fade in the light of the rising sun, and the name of Jesus is "high over all in earth, or hell, or sky." In the babe of Bethlehem "God was manifest in the flesh," and we hail him with deepest awe.

Every event must be studied in its relations. We can not understand it apart from these. This is especially true of the Incarnation. The supernatural birth of Jesus is a part of the vast system of Christian truth. Its antecedents reach far back into the beginnings of history. The whole philosophy of that history furnishes a strong presumption of the truth of Matthew's account. From all that has gone before, we have reason to expect just such an advent of the Son of God. No miracle recorded along the whole line of religious development, from Eden to Bethlehem, is more rational than the virgin birth of Jesus. The objection to it can only come from those who deny the possibility of the supernatural. If it was ever in order for God to step outside of the ordinary operations of nature, the occasion was when his only begotten Son assumed human flesh, and was of woman born. It is simply absurd to regard Matthew's account as a myth. There is not a single mark of a myth about it. A myth is a nucleus of fact around which there has grown up a mass of fiction. The indispensable element for the growth of myth is time. But Christian scholarship has now pushed back the date of Matthew's gospel so near to the events it relates that myth is out of the question. The only way to get rid

of the virgin birth of Jesus is on the broad infidel ground of the denial of the supernatural. The ancient creed still expresses the glorious truth: He was "conceived by the Holy Ghost."

And yet how natural—supernatural—it all was. The divine and the human so blend as to form a perfect scene. Every circumstance was in harmony with the sacred character of the event. The skeptic finds fault that only Matthew tells us about it; but the believer sees in this fact a presumption of its truth, for in the nature of things such a fact or the miraculous conception would be veiled in the sacred privacy of life. It was necessary that it should be recorded, but contrary to all the refined instincts of Christian feeling to give it notoriety or set it in the glare of a coarse publicity. Nothing is more beautiful about the "holy family" than the delicate reserve manifested in all their actions. And what contrasts are here. Born in a manger, yet the babe has royal blood in his veins and comes of a lineage of Kings. Born in the weakness of human flesh, yet "angels adore him, in slumber reclining, the maker, and monarch and Savior of all." Born in poverty, yet Princes lay at his feet, in loving homage, the gold and frankincense and myrrh of the Orient. Born in obscurity, yet gathering to that spot the gaze of all the centuries. What a blessed truth—God was manifest in the flesh. Born of a woman, with all the passions and limitations of our nature, tempted in all points as we are, a perfect man, sin only excepted, Jesus can be, and is, a sympathizing Savior. The very fact that he stooped to our level, and took upon himself the nature of man, imparts a peculiar glory to humanity and gives it a unique distinction in the universe. It is an amazing revelation of God's estimate of man. No wonder the angels "desire to look into" this mystery.

And now after the lapse of twenty centuries the story of the babe born in Bethlehem still enchants the world. He is still Immanuel, God with us. In him the Father is revealed: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." And seen him in the glorious character of love, yearning over the lost and calling the prodigal home. The whole drama of the Nativity—the Annunciation, the manger scene, the angels and the startled shepherds, the Gloria in Excelsis sung in heaven—proclaim his divinity and reveal his nature and declare his mission as the Savior of the world. The story will never grow old, or cease to stir to its depths the heart of man.

THE FORWARD LOOK.

The statue of Janus, the god of the year, was represented with two faces—one looking back and the other forward. One contemplated a period finished, with whatever good or bad there was in it; and the other surveyed the mysterious future with its unrevealed possibilities and its unknown events. In this position stands every thoughtful man as the waning year draws near its close. With Methodist preachers and people this double look is taken at the close of the conference year. The plans adopted, the hopes

entertained and the resolves made at the beginning may or may not have ultimated happily. But, however the audit, however much success or failure may be summed up, the die is cast—the record is made, and "what we have written we have written." He is a bold man, we take it, who can stand up and say, "I have thought and said and done the proper thing all the year past." He is self-deceived, or he is an unjust steward who can boast of a perfect record for righteousness. He may have outstripped some; he may have outstripped all his fellow servants, but the contrast between his achievements and his Model casts him into the shade, and he stands condemned at the bar of his own judgment for having followed his Lord afar off! What then? We pass this way but once, and we can not undo the evil we have done nor utilize the opportunities we have neglected for doing good. Mercy! Yes, mercy is all that is left us, so far as our past is concerned. We need it and must have it. Have we shown it to those whose shortcomings have craved it at our hands? Jesus said, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father in heaven forgive you your trespasses." There is no shuffling here. The chalice which we have filled for others is commended to our own lips. Can we drink it and live? Let him think twice before he answers this question in the affirmative. In the meantime, having obtained mercy and grace to help in time of need, let us take the forward look and the forward step.

THE PREACHER AND THE FINANCES OF THE CHURCH.

One of the great burdens resting upon the head and heart of every pastor is to secure the collections ordered by the Annual Conference. These have become numerous and exacting. They have to be gathered, and the minister is made responsible for them. The Church looks to him as the one to take these collections and report them to his conference boards. And if he does not get them he is not only discounted for his failure, but the work of the Church suffers. We have to have so much money to meet the expenses of missions, Church extension, education, the sustenance of our old ministers, etc. Why it is that the minister, instead of the laity, has to personally superintend these collections we are at a loss to understand. The support of the ministry and the current expenses of the local Church are looked after by our laymen, but several hundred dollars for these other matters must be gotten by the preacher.

We have fallen upon this method of collecting these amounts through the preacher, we presume, by force of habit. There was a time when we only took one collection, and that was for missions. But as the Church has progressed and enlarged the scope of its work these collections have multiplied until they are very numerous. There was not much trouble in the early days for the pastor to take one collection and report the proceeds at conference. But it is vastly differ-

ent at the present time. As these numerous collections have increased we have not changed, except in rare instances, our method of securing them. They all fall upon the minister. And they interfere with his work in more ways than one. He has to press them in person so persistently that many of his people come to regard him as a sort of tax gatherer, and sometimes they get tired of seeing him come. They expect him to accept them for money, and their expectations are not groundless. Instead of giving his time and attention to religious pastoral visits he often has to turn these visits into efforts to collect these claims from them. But this is not all. He has to take valuable time from his study and from his pulpit ministrations to secure these funds. And his pastorate and his pulpit lose just this much from his legitimate work as a pastor and a preacher. His mind becomes often diverted and distracted by this sort of business, because when he ought to be engaged in reading, meditating and visiting the sick he is perplexed over the problem of getting his conference collections. We are safe in saying that fully one-fourth of his time during the latter part of the year is given to this sort of work. There are times when he is forced to neglect everything else in the interest of these claims. Nearly every pastor knows the force of this statement.

Therefore, we hold that this part of the business of the Church ought to be taken off the heart of the pastor and placed upon the laity of the Church. All these financial interests ought to be included in the annual budget of the expenses of the congregation and collected in a systematic way by the officials. Some few congregations do this, and it is a great relief to the preacher. Of course, the pastor can aid in these matters by giving the congregation an opportunity to make free-will offerings to these various causes at stated times, but the officials ought to become responsible for these collections instead of the preacher. His time can be more profitably given to his people than by collecting money. The laity can and ought to do this, while he can and ought to do a work that can not be done by the laity. So that it is time for our business men in our several congregations to take this problem upon their heads and hearts and relieve their preacher of such a useless burden. That the preacher is willing and anxious to aid them in every possible way goes without saying, but the brunt of this burden ought to fall upon them, in a business way, instead of upon the man whose one business ought to be to study, to preach the gospel and to personally look after individual members of his congregation.

The man who runs an account with God, and is careful to post every little transaction of benevolence in his ledger, will find things measured out to him very meagerly when he stands before the great white throne. God makes no calculations when he empties his love and benedictions upon our lives. And he wants us to deal with him the same way.

Notes From the Field

Redoak.

Our move from Venus to Redoak was as great a surprise as was our elevation three years ago from Dalhart to that celestial planet. But we are here and at work. I have made nearly two rounds on the circuit. Bro. Hightower left the work in fine condition, and I think we will have a good year. We have been given a very hearty reception. Last night the parsonage was well pounded, not in that old "due and ancient form" way, but in the most modern and approved style. The ladies have put a new matting in the parsonage and a splendid new cook stove, and we will soon have a cistern, which is so badly needed, the parsonage being without water. We face the new year with confidence and hope.—C. E. Lindsey, Dec. 18.

Munger Mission.

Munger Mission is a new charge, organized in the summer and existing under rather adverse circumstances. I had a small report for conference, and now I am returned to try to increase same, I suppose. The work on the new year is very encouraging in spite of the continued bad weather. The good people of the charge have already displayed their generosity and confidence by placing in the hands of the pastor a sum for the purchase of a suit of clothes for a Christmas present. I trust that this may be an inspiration to me to serve them better and trust God more. We are hoping and praying for a great year.—D. Macune.

Decatur.

For the fourth time the writer was read out to the Decatur Circuit. Since our return we have had many things to encourage us and to cause us to resolve, by the help of the Lord, to make this the best year of all. Many nice and good things have already found their way into the parsonage to gladden the hearts and satisfy the appetites of all the inmates thereof. In addition to these things, we were presented with a nice suit of clothes, and the "deaconess" with the money to buy a nice dress. Our first Quarterly Conference was held December 14 and 15. Our new presiding elder was on hand and presided at the conference with a grace and dignity that did honor to himself and gave satisfaction to all concerned. He preached there three times to the edification and delight of all who heard him. Had three conversions and two accessions to the Church. He also preached at three other appointments on the charge, stimulating the Churches and helping the Sunday-schools. Who said the presiding elders were no longer of any use? We need ours and are thankful to the powers that be that we have a good one. We have always had a good one. And now we are praying for a mighty manifestation of God's power and presence upon the whole charge that we may all magnify his name together.—G. W. Whistler, Dec. 18.

Ladonia.

No preacher in the North Texas Conference has had a more cordial reception than this scribe. We were met at the train and properly cared for, spending the night with Brother A. B. Crowson, an old friend and steward from a former charge, and as true a friend as a Methodist preacher ever had. Things had been set in order at the parsonage by the good women of the Home Mission Society, and we were soon made to feel at home. The pounding came in time of a severe norther, but the cold wind didn't seem to interfere with the program in the least. The stewards came along with the women and children and called for a separate room and held a season of close communion with the preacher that was entirely satisfactory to the preacher. Notwithstanding the money stringency, immigration to the West, etc., they held the salary to the old standard, paying \$100 of it on the spot and arranging for the rest

to be paid in monthly installments at the bank. If the enthusiasm of the present continues, I think we shall have a very satisfactory year. Brother Roach did a good year's work, and the people speak very kindly of him, and rejoice in his promotion to the presiding eldership. We left many warm friends at Kaufman, from whom we parted with much reluctance, but if we never had to sever ties that are dear we would not have opportunity to form so many new ones. No man on earth has more true friends than a faithful Methodist preacher. May the Lord bless the good laymen everywhere, those men and women who make it so pleasant for us preachers, and then listen to our harangues so patiently and pay the bills so cheerfully.—R. C. Hicks, Dec. 17.

Brunner, Houston.

We are safe in the Brunner Avenue parsonage. Arrived in time to fill the first appointment after the close of conference. We have found a loyal and Church-loving people here. The ladies of the Home Mission Society have already visited us with a substantial "kitchen show-er," and a nice contribution was made Sunday evening by the audience to provide some needed furniture for the parsonage. Everything, so far, looks hopeful. Our Sunday-school and Epworth Leagues are the very best. I hope to send you some subscriptions for the Advocate during the year. All we need now is a new, commodious church building, and this we must have.—Chas. C. Bell, Dec. 15.

Irene Circuit.

We are housed in the parsonage at this place. The people have received us with open arms. They pounded us in the old Methodist way, bringing groceries of almost every description, corn, hay, wood and coal. And the best of it is that it has not stopped yet for good things are continually finding their way to the parsonage, even a fine turkey. The Home Mission Society have put in some needed furniture with more to follow, we trust. The Board of Stewards are willing to raise the pastor's salary. My predecessor labored hard and left work behind him that will abide. He was the instrument of erecting a beautiful church house worth \$4,000. And also bought a good piece of parsonage property. There is a \$1000 debt to be raised, but we expect to pay that off this year. We want to do the best year's work of our lives and we want a gracious revival at every appointment. It was with a sad heart that we left the good people of Horn Hill Circuit, but we trust that they may be enabled to get to a higher plane because they have a better preacher. We think of them by name as we write this letter. Everything was paid in full the two years we were there, and over. It will be hard to find a better Board of Stewards anywhere, with Melvin Sharp as leader. May the Lord bless them every one in my special prayer. Well, with a happy Christmas for the Advocate force, and starting out to place the Advocate in the homes of those who so far do not take it.—R. H. Helzer.

North San Angelo.

Well, the "Moon" has changed again, and I can truly say it was a "wet moon," for it rained on us all the way, and the mud was deep and plentiful. Bishop Candler read us out for North San Angelo, and when we arrived here we found a good Church building and the people anxious for organization, and on November 17 we organized a Church with twenty-two members, and they have continued to come in at every service until at this writing we number fifty-three, and more to follow. We found a good Sunday-school splendidly organized and running smoothly. We are serving a generous, large-hearted people, who have already won a warm place in the affections of this pastor and

his family. We have had an orthodox pounding in due and ancient form, and they did not send it in a delivery wagon, but came and brought it and spent two delightful social hours with us in our home. They called on this preacher for a speech, and, knowing of nothing better than the missionary subject, I gave an impromptu address concerning the home mission work and its needs, which resulted in the birth of a Woman's Home Mission Society with eight members. But I want you to know that this society is not an infant in any sense, only that it is newly born, for it is made up of some of San Angelo's choice Methodists. By the help of God we intend to make this the best year of our ministry. Brother S. J. Estes and wife are home for the holidays, and are spending their time very profitably helping in the organic work of Methodism in North San Angelo. They have been in the Methodist Missionary Training School at Nashville, Tenn., since last September, and speak in the highest terms of the work that is being carried on there by Brother McCulloch and his excellent corps of teachers. We are praying for a prosperous year, and that many souls may be born into the kingdom of God. May the Lord abundantly bless all these good people who have received us so kindly.—R. D. Moon.

Woodbine.

Having received my appointment by the Bishop to be at Woodbine and Bethel charge, preparation was soon made to return home and break the news to wife, who was anxiously awaiting my return. We soon got our belongings together and set our faces toward our new home and field of labor. Having traveled some forty or forty-five miles by land, over rough roads and through a fresh norther, we arrived at Woodbine at noon the next day. At the home of one of my good stewards the good wife had a splendid dinner prepared for us, which was a blessing of true comfort. In the afternoon we moved into the neat little parsonage, where we are now comfortably domiciled. The pounding came good and strong on Saturday evening, December 7, which was preceded with a fine load of wood to cook it. The dining-table was loaded with good things to eat, and left groaning for relief. A few strokes have been received from the good people at Whaley's Chapel. This is the only kind of a pounding that is acceptable. The other kind produces remorse, but this kind happiness and peace. After a few moments were spent in a sociable way and prayer was offered, the merry band dispersed and left us to meditate and resolve to be a good man. We start off well here. Two family altars have been erected, one of whose fires had ceased to burn, but it is hoped that the sweet incense will forever henceforth burn. Our lot has been cast among good people. We hope to report "A good year, Bishop," at conference next fall.—A. C. Sterling, Dec. 16.

China Springs.

Since we last reported through the Texas Advocate we have served the Copperas Cove Circuit two years and the Alma Circuit one year. These three years were pleasant ones, with the exception of a good deal of sickness at Alma. We will not forget the good people of Oak Grove and Tupelo, on the Alamo charge, soon, for they made it possible for this preacher to own one of the best itinerant horses in this neck of the woods. Brother E. D. Champion and Brother John Champion, two of the mainstays at Oak Grove, deserve much of the honor for this gift, as they started the subscription with a liberal amount. Well, we are comfortably located in one of the neatest parsonages in this whole country, with a nice modern Church building just close by in the same yard. So ye itinerants need not turn your languid eyes this way for four years. See? My predecessors have wrought well. Brothers Bowden and Evans are both held in high esteem. I tell my people that they have the

biggest and best-looking preacher they ever had. The reason I say I am the largest is because the standard cotton scales say so, and the reason I say I am the best looking is because my wife says so. Now, if this evidence isn't convincing, I would like to know what is. A happy Christmas and New Year to all.—O. C. Swinner, Dec. 17.

Hearne and Millican.

We have found some very fine people on this new charge. Hearne has been a station for some time, but now they will have only one-half of the time, but they have made the salary the same as it was for full time. This gives us time to work other fields. Millican has been an independent charge always until this year. So the two have been put together. We have good train service, and while the appointments are some distance apart, yet I can go from one to the other with very little inconvenience. The people seem to be willing to put up with the arrangement for the present, but do not look upon it as being desirable as a permanent relation. The good people of Hearne have showed us great kindness in their preparation to receive us. They have gone to quite an expense in fixing up the parsonage, fence, etc., putting some nice furniture in the house, and when we get our own household goods we will be fixed up comfortably. And this leads me to say that if the government owning and operating railroads would give us more prompt and better service—and I am sure it would—I am heartily in favor of it. I am willing to try anything for a change. They could hardly make it worse. A happy company were at the parsonage Tuesday to receive us. They had the house cozy, warm and nice, and on the dining table as fine a spread as any preacher's family would want to sit down to, and the kitchen table was fairly groaning under the weight of a heavy pounding. Everything necessary for that department had been provided. We will not particularize. It would be impossible for a preacher's family to be tendered a more kindly welcome, all of which we heartily appreciate. There is a general spirit of helpfulness throughout the Church that prophesies a successful year. So mote it be.—M. L. Lindsey.

Huckabay Station.

This is the beginning of the first year of the history of this charge as a station, therefore we enter the year's work with considerable enthusiasm, and yet some misgivings. The people have given us a most welcome reception and we are comfortably housed in a splendid parsonage. The pounding came in "due and ancient form," and a good one it was. We begin the work of a station with 200 members. But they are an active band of loyal Christian workers, and by the help of the Lord we expect to accomplish great things during the conference year. Our Woman's Home Mission Society is doing well. Our Epworth League has in it the noblest band of promising young men and women there is to be found nearly anywhere. They are consecrated and spiritual, and this means success in the League work. Our Sunday-school is simply fine, and could hardly be otherwise with such a consecrated, earnest Christian worker as Prof. E. D. Jennings as its superintendent, with his band of faithful teachers. Our first Quarterly Conference just over, and it was up to high water mark. Every official but one was present. Our presiding elder was present, preached three fine sermons, which were strong and spiritual. We all think we have the best presiding elder in the conference. We wish the Texas Advocate great success and a Happy New Year.—J. H. Watts, December 18.

Marfa and Elise.

There was real sorrow in my heart when I set my face westward from Mt. Selman and Bullard. Had I not been born and reared in the old Texas Conference—the mother of them all? Fred. L. Allen, my father, had given thirty-seven years—all of his ministe-

rial life—to her. My mother's people, the Whipples, ministered at her altars almost from the beginning. The Church growing by leaps and bounds! Just notice the report of the Jacksonville District at the Houston Conference! Truck growers realizing from \$100 to \$300 per acre for their labor alone! Sounds like Tom Ochiltree, but nevertheless it is true. A more pleasant charge than Mt. Selma and Bullard I never had, and yet I asked to be transferred to the New Mexico Conference, and now here I am at Marfa. It is one of the prettiest places I ever saw. A rolling plain, and in the distance, on every side, rugged mountains, some of them towering 2000 feet above us. A town of less than 2000 inhabitants, but the conveniences of a city. Preach three Sundays here and one at Ft. Davis, both county sites. The latter is simply enchanting in its picturesque beauty. This preacher, his wife and three babies have been received with open arms of welcome. The pounding was great, like their boundless plains, wholesome as their mountain air and as constant as their health-giving winds. It is surely fine when a great hunk of fat, juicy Hereford beef gets to the parsonage as the rancher kills for his own home use. Splendid new church and parsonage, and both are paid for. Not a thing to do but preach and look after the people as a pastor. I cannot lift the veil of the future, but so far as my purpose is concerned, I have cast my lot for life with the New Mexico Conference.—B. W. Allen.

Bells Circuit.

Returned to this charge for a third year, these good people have accorded us a welcome beyond what we deserve. But what mingled experience! Bro. T. J. Dawson, one of our best men, died Thursday after conference, while the manly, 15-year-old son of Sister Short passed away the day of adjournment of conference. Then on Wednesday night after came the "pounding." But early in the evening we were called to a home of affliction and were not in when the pounds and pounders came. They left their pounds and these tokens of their love and esteem are received by us as a call to deeper service in their spiritual interests. The first Quarterly Conference was held Monday last. It was well attended, the salary advanced, financial report good. How about the new presiding elder? He simply made us all believe the office is not yet ready to pass out. Think of a Quarterly Conference opened with an experience meeting and officials going into the business of the hour with hearts burning in love to God. And then the preaching, presiding and social qualities! Yes, we all like the "new elder."—D. F. Fuller.

Hamilton.

Just about one month after conference, December 11th, we arrived at the place the Bishop appointed us to serve this year. Wife was sick with slow fever for three weeks before and three weeks after conference, so that it was impossible for us to move earlier, and we felt like it was a great risk to her life to move when we did, but by the blessings of God and the kindness of friends along the way, we had a safe journey. She is now able to be up and around just a little while at a time. When we came here we found some members of the W. H. M. Society at the parsonage with a good fire, quite a deal of eatables, also a splendid new dining table and brand new cooking stove. Since then a real, first-class pounding has come, consisting of all the necessities out of which to prepare square meals, and along with these good things a Christmas turkey, which is in waiting for "that day which is to come." Our predecessor has wrought well, having secured a real nice parsonage, which, when paid for and properly furnished, will be good enough for anybody. This is Hamilton's first year as a station, but with our knowledge of men, from the appearance of this Board of Stewards and the loyal membership behind them, under the blessings of God, we

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feel like success is sure. Our railroad is being rapidly completed, and soon we will hear the whistle of the engine, and perhaps in less than two weeks have regular passenger service. There are many other good things which might be said in this communication, but knowing how you are pressed for space that all may say something, I will wait for another time. We are here for "Business for our King," and shall do all we can to "persuade men to be reconciled to God."—C. A. Evans, Dec. 20.

Mexia Circuit.

I have been here only three weeks and have made twenty-nine pastoral visits. My people have received me with a heartiness which touches me deeply. Bro. Bishop has been with us already on the first round. He is highly spoken of all over my work. His sunny temper, lofty spirit and warm heart draw men to him. He has no frills about him. Though in lofty station, he is simple and unaffected in his manners. He enjoys the highest encomium that can be paid a "legatee of the skies"—the common people hear him gladly. Bro. Mimms, of the station here, is starting off well. His people say they have a strong preacher and a deeply spiritual pastor. He is one of the kind that makes good. He and I enjoy sweet fellowship together. Keep an eye on us down this way. There is going to be "something doing."—L. B. Sawyers.

Como.

When the big wheel turned at Sherman it dropped us at Como. So we bade farewell to Reinhardt, and after two days' drive over bad roads we arrived at our destination. We have been very kindly received. On last Tuesday the pounding came in a regular storm, and it just rained canned goods, sugar, coffee, flour, ribbon cane syrup and such like. (Say, Bro. Editor, you know of any preacher that is sour over his appointment, send him down and these people will sweeten him. They have plenty of ribbon cane syrup.) We want, by the grace of God, to make this the best year of our ministry. Our first Quarterly Conference will be next Saturday and Sunday. Our new presiding elder will be with us for the first time. The people are anxious to see and hear him and are expecting great things of him.—W. A. Pritchett.

Iredell.

After one year's rest, we enter the active ranks again, and find our lot cast among the generous people of Iredell Circuit. The writer and his wife were reared not far from this place, and to say we are delighted to meet the friends of our youth is to express our joy in a mild form. Many of the old soldiers of the cross have gone to their reward and we miss them. "Where is Uncle Reuben Phillips?" we anxiously inquired, "Where is Father Trimble and Sister Ware who labored so earnestly in the Church?" The answer is, they are not here. No, not here, but in heaven. But, thank

God, the impress of their lives abides with this people. God has called to his service a goodly number of faithful ones who are ready to do all in their power for the safety and success of his Church. Since our arrival we have been hard at work. Have placed a gas light plant in our church at Iredell that is at once the pride of the Church. It was much needed. We found much musical talent that was not used in all the right channels; also a considerable amount of latent talent that a little polishing would soon develop. So we set about organizing a choir for public worship and our plans are about matured. My! how the people sing the old songs and enjoy them! How it inspires us to a better service as we catch the inspiration our fathers and mothers had when they, too, sang these songs as they went shouting home to glory. We are informed that our audiences are larger than usual. There has not been the attendance of worship on the part of the members of the Church that should be. We do pray God for better times. Iredell is a half station, on the Texas Central railroad, and with proper care can be made a full station in a reasonable length of time. The people of Iredell showed their appreciation of their pastor and family by pounding them in a manner never to be forgotten. Lots of good things to eat now! Our constant prayer is to be an humble servant, a faithful pastor, and to lead the flock to "pleasant pastures."—G. H. McNally, Dec. 17.

Mathis.

When the wheel of the West Texas Conference revolved, this preacher, although he lived about 400 miles distant, got fastened to one of the spokes and was dropped at Mathis, on a branch of the San Antonio & Aransas Pass Railroad. When we picked ourselves up and took a survey of the country we observed that we had six appointments, in four different counties, the one farthest away was twenty-five miles, at which place we preach at eleven o'clock on the first Sunday and again in the afternoon, then drive twelve miles and preach again at night. Now, what do you think of that, you ex-Sulphur Springs District preachers of the North Texas Conference, that think if you go ten miles you have made a big drive? This country abounds in mesquite brush, prickly pears, has wolves, snakes and saloons; but the mesquite is good for wood and the pears, when the stickers are burned, are good for cattle. It is lawful to kill the wolves and snakes and lawful to vote the saloons out of business. The first is being done and the last will follow. The devil generally is here in the way of everything that is good, but inasmuch as no one is his servant but he who wants to be, he does not own the country by a long way. People here are like they are everywhere else they have ever been. Some are religious and some are not. Some go to Church that live several miles away and others don't go that live near. Well, our private opinion is that the man that can serve God and won't do it had better watch out, or the time will come when he will want to and can't. Before we came to this country we heard a heap about the Mexicans and foreigners generally. Well, the Mexican is here, but he is not a problem, from what we can see, and judging everything by our own experience. The problem concerning foreigners is to arouse an interest in him among our own folks—Methodists. We can reach him when we get ready to try. Now say Amen! to that, somebody—that is if you believe I am right. And I mean by interest not the hiring of some of his own class to preach to him, but let him know that you believe he has a soul, and you should love to do him good. There are lots of good people here. People in towns are good, and in the country too. This district is as big as the North Texas Conference and only has fifteen circuits and stations. What a lot of territory to develop for God and the Methodist Church! We are a stranger in a strange land, but God is here and we believe he is putting the seal of his approval on our work. But our

mind goes back to the North Texas Conference often and to the Sulphur Springs District—the old home of our childhood and manhood—exhorter, local preacher, itinerant for five years in three or four hours' drive all the time of the place where we were born. May God bless the people there and here and his Church everywhere. Say, you fellows that have no use for a presiding elder! Why in the round or wide world don't you join some other Church? I don't know how I would get along without a presiding elder. Let him alone. He is helping other preachers, and can beat most of them preaching. I haven't got much acquainted with my presiding elder yet, but he is all right, and people say he can preach. Of course he can. We are expecting a great year in the harvest of souls. Oh, my, what a shaking up the North Texas Conference did get! Came very near dropping Tanner in the Red River and this McKinney in the Gulf, but there was not any jar to our senses. We were here already when the shaking took place. Yes, some people read the Advocate, and some more are going to read it, we think.—C. F. McKinney.

Wright.

After enjoying the session of the Annual Conference at Amarillo, the Ft. Worth of the Panhandle, I was read out for the Wight charge and I shouldered my grip and pulled out to Umbarger and got ready to move, and by the help of our good brother, C. M. Houser, and family, who gave the writer a fine birthday dinner, before we move to Wright, we got ready and moved, and when we landed at Wright we found a good friend, Bro. Skipworth, who looked after our welfare. We had our first Quarterly Conference the 23d and 24th of November and the stewards made a good assessment for their pastor. We left many true friends at Umbarger and are finding many friends at Wright. Our beautiful church at Wright is a credit to the Church. We preached last Sunday to a good crowd and raised \$225.50 to pay the remainder of debt on our church. We aim to have it dedicated in the spring. We have been received royally by all of our people. We are looking and praying for a great revival in our charge this year. Our motto is, "Souls for Christ." We find the Advocate in many homes and expect to place it in every home in our Church this year. In my heart I can say:

"I love thy Church, oh God!
Her walls before me stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand."
—G. H. Bryant, December 18.

DALLAS METHODIST PASTORS' CONFERENCE.

The conference met at the usual time and place, Rev. A. L. Andrews in the chair. Prayer by Bro. W. D. Thompson. Present: A. L. Andrews, J. L. Morris, J. W. Peterson, W. D. Thompson, D. Schimpf, J. L. Davis, H. A. Bourland, A. E. Prince, J. H. Griffin, G. S. Sandel and J. W. Hill.

Reports of Preachers.
First Church: Fine Congregations at both services, morning and evening; two penitents at the altar at evening service; three accessions to the Church.

Grace: Fine congregations; one accession to the Church; all in all, the best day spiritually during the year; a number of backsliders reconsecrated themselves to the Lord.

Bro. Peterson had a funeral service in the morning at Oak Cliff; preached also at night; good congregations.

Bro. Thompson reported good services morning and evening yesterday; presiding elder preached at night; has organized his young men and they are starting off well; reports one conversion and four accessions.

Bro. Prince reports good services at Forest Avenue; organized a Sunday-school near the Cotton Mill; reports eighteen accessions.

Bro. Griffin reported a fine day at Oak Lawn; two accessions to the Church; aims to organize his young men at an early day.

Bro. Andrews reported for Bro

Bradfield, who was unavoidably absent. Good services at Trinity; large congregations; no accessions.

Bro. Bourland preached at the Mission Home yesterday afternoon and at the Central Congregational Church at night. Reports good services at both places.

The presiding elder preached yesterday morning at Lancaster and at Colonial Hill in the evening; fine services at both places.

Bro. Davis reported good services at Wilburn; one accession; considering the mud, congregations were good.

Bro. Schimpf reported a crowded house at Settlement Home last night; eight penitents at the altar; three persons reclaimed, and overflowing Sunday-school in the afternoon.

The hour having arrived for the discussion of the topic of the day, in the absence of Bro. Bradfield, who was to lead, the matter went over to a future time.

The question of the pastorate for the Mission Home was decided by the presiding elder. That institution is attached to First Church, and J. W. Hill is responsible for its pastoral supply.

Sister W. H. Johnson came before the conference and represented the interests of the Settlement and Mission Homes.

SAN ANTONIO FEMALE COLLEGE.

We have closed school for the holidays, and upon taking a retrospect of the past four months I find:

1. The attendance has been better than that of the previous year by thirty boarding pupils.
2. The work in all the departments has been satisfactory.
3. The School of Music is the largest in the city, numbering about one hundred and thirty pupils in piano, vocal and violin.
4. With one hundred and thirty young ladies in the building there has not been a case of sickness in the four months.
5. Our new pipe organ in the chapel adds greatly to the impressiveness of our devotional exercises.
6. I was forced to turn off a number of applicants for lack of room, so that I have added some bed-rooms and will be able to accommodate a few boarding pupils after Christmas.
7. Notwithstanding the recent stringency in money matters, a very large per cent of the pupils will return for the spring term.

J. E. HARRISON.

A NOTE PERSONAL.

Dear Brethren of the North Texas Conference: It is with a grateful heart we accept your token of love so timely sent. With it I shall help one whose heart has always been loyal to his home and to the Church; whose whole life has been in his Master's service. Only overwork and trouble brought him down. Pray that he may be restored to health, that greater and grander work may yet be done by one who loves to work for the salvation of souls and the advancement of Christ's kingdom. MRS. GEO. T. NICHOLS.
501 Johnson St., Terrell, Texas.

CITIES OF REFUGE.

Golden Text: "My Refuge Is In God."—Psalms 62:7.

We have before us one of the many Bible subjects showing the goodness and mercy of our Heavenly Father in the preparation of places of safety for the poor unfortunate ones who killed any one unawares or by accident, as the people in that day had an unwritten law that when a person killed another that his life was to be taken by the nearest relative of the one killed. So the Father saw that by this means many innocent persons would lose their lives. To avoid this, the cities of refuge were prepared for the protection of their bodies, and notice the wisdom of God in the arrangement of those cities. Three on the east side of the garden and three on the west side each person to enter the city nearest him and on his side of the river. Had these unfortunate ones have had to cross the river to get to a place of security, there would have been but few saved. We believe that these cities of refuge represent God, our refuge, for the soul. There was a limit to the time that they were to remain in the refuge. That was until the death of the high priest who was then reigning over that city. At his death all under

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LADIES' SOCIETIES.—Drop a card and learn an easy way to make money for Church Societies. BOX 23, Newman, Ill.

him were to go free and return to their possessions; but they were not forced to remain in the refuge. (For proof of this read Numbers 35:26, 27 and 28.) So you see at once that this refutes the doctrine, once in grace always in grace. If this last doctrine be true, Universalism is true; for we were once all in grace, or the refuge, to-wit, in infancy, except Adam and Eve, who were never infants, but were created grown-up people, but in the image and likeness of God. So they were in the refuge, if all were once saved, which they were, all are still saved, or else the doctrine of the possibility of apostasy is true, as no saved person can possibly be lost except he apostize and go away from God.

E. SAFFELL.

After the grip, pneumonia or typhoid fever, take Hood's Sarsaparilla—it restores health and strength.

MARRIED.

Letts-Scott.—At the home of the bride's parents in San Marcial, N. M., December 8, 1907, Mr. Roger W. Letts and Miss Laura E. Scott, Rev. N. E. Bragg officiating.

Hanna-Mossman.—At the Methodist Church in San Marcial, N. M., December 17, 1907, Mr. Fred Hanna and Miss Gertie Mossman, Rev. N. E. Bragg officiating.

Houk-Taylor.—At the Fifth Street Methodist Church, Waco, Texas, December 11, 1907, Mr. Herman Whitelaw Houk and Miss Mary Sears Taylor, Rev. S. C. Littlepage officiating.

If You Read This

It will be to learn that the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice recommend, in the strongest terms possible, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, "liver complaint," torpid liver, or biliousness, chronic bowels affections, and all catarrhal diseases of whatever region, name or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such chronic or long standing cases of catarrhal affections and their resultants, as bronchial, throat and lung disease (except consumption) accompanied with severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds and coughs, but for lingering, or chronic cases it is especially efficacious in producing perfect cures. It contains Black Cherrybark, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Stone root, Mandrake root and Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such eminent medical writers and teachers as Prof. Bartholow, of Jefferson Med. College; Prof. Hare, of the Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Finley, of Bangwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago, and scores of other equally eminent in their several schools of practice.

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TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Much inconvenience to the Advocate office and confusion and loss of time will be saved all parties interested if our correspondents will observe a few requests, to-wit:

1. Do not send money or any business for Texas Christian Advocate to anyone but Blaylock Pub. Co. or Texas Christian Advocate, Dallas, Texas.

2. Address all business letters touching subscription, changes of address, advertising, or other business matters, to Blaylock Publishing Co.

3. Do not address matter for publication to any individual—either editor or publisher—but to the Texas Christian Advocate. An individual may be out of the city; hence serious delays occur.

4. Bear in mind that all communications should be written on different sheets of paper from that intended for the business office and should be written on one side only.

Subscribers who desire the Advocate discontinued must notify us at expiration either by letter or postal card. Otherwise they will be responsible for continuance and debt incurred thereby. We adopted the plan of continuance at the request and for the accommodation of our subscribers and they must in turn protect us by observing the rule which stands at the head of the first column on the eighth page.

Uncle Dick Thompson is still quite ill at his home on Ervay Street, but we hope the worst of it is past and that he will now make rapid improvement. He has had a severe spell and his suffering has been severe. It began with a bad cold at Houston and then turned into fever. As a result he is considerably weakened, but his fever is about gone and a few days will put him on his feet if no relapse occurs.

Slang is much in vogue in our day and generation, but many words commonly supposed to be slang are pure English words. Take, for instance, the word "kick." One says, "I kick against that," and he is at once reprimanded for lowering the standard of speech. Yet we read in I Samuel 2:29: "Wherefore kick ye at my sacrifice and mine offering which I commanded in my habitation?"

Our new University Church building is going forward. The walls are approaching completion and our people are working with might and main to get it to the point where they can roof it in, but the money stringency is pressing them. Yet they are hopeful and they have faith in our Texas people and their willingness to help them in this emergency. Rev. C. H. Booth and his plucky membership are bending every energy to tide over the pressure, and our friends over the State ought to come to their assistance. It is not simply a local work they are doing; it is a work for the boys and girls of nearly all our Texas homes. The other Churches are busy putting up their edifices in that vicinity in which to look after their young people. Even the Catholics are pressing their enterprise. We have more boys and girls than nearly all the other Churches now in the University, and this University Church is there to keep them in line with their own Church and its institutions. We cannot, therefore, afford to neglect our opportunity. When our present enterprise is completed it will be a credit to Methodism and an honor to our great State and her University.

A DAY IN KAUFMAN.

We went to Kaufman last Wednesday, at the invitation of the County Teachers' Association, to deliver them an address. It was the occasion of their Mid-Winter Institute, lasting one week and attended by all the teachers in the county public school, except Terrell. There were about 140 or 150. The District Court was in session, so that the court room could not be used for the gathering except at night. In the daytime the sessions were held in the Methodist Church. At night they were open meetings and held at the court house. This is a very large, commodious room. It was in this room that we lectured last Wednesday night. Not only were the teachers present, but the town people as well. The place was filled with an intelligent audience. The lecture seemed to touch a responsive chord.

Prof. Horton, a young man of good training and full of energy, is the County Superintendent, and he is giving great satisfaction. Prof. Norman has charge of the Kaufman schools, and he is a well-equipped and thoroughly prepared man for his position. He has his school work in hand and he is a popular school man. He is also a Christian gentleman, and so is Prof. Horton. It is a fine body of young teachers, and the most of them are young-looking. They seemed to be first-class. Their discussions were very interesting and showed that they were well up in the best methods of teaching and governing the young people of that county.

Kaufman is a fine old town. It has an elegant class of people among its citizenship. Many of them are well-to-do. Some of the residences indicate wealth and prosperity. We have a good membership, but an old Church building. They have had a new structure under contemplation for the past year or so. Bro. R. C. Hicks, who was their pastor last year, raised a sufficient subscription with which to begin work, adopted a fine plan and had things in readiness to proceed, but this stringency dropped in upon them, and the enterprise will have to wait for a season. But it will move forward just as soon as these clouds pass by. Rev. A. R. Nash is their pastor this year. Bro. Hicks left things in good shape for him and he is taking hold in earnest. Bro. Nash is one of our most faithful and devoted pastors, kind, attentive, gentle and progressive, and his work always prospers. He has been most kindly received by the people, though many of them expected the return of Bro. Hicks. Ours is a wonderful system. It works out smoothly in the end. Just as soon as the little agitation in money matters passes, Bro. Nash and those people will take up the work and go forward and finish it. Then Kaufman will have one of the handsomest edifices, for the money, in the conference. The new building will cost, as now estimated, \$15,000.

While in the town, we enjoyed the hospitality of our good kinspeople, Mr. and Mrs. George Phillips and family. They are devoted members of the Church and the unflinching friends of the preacher. Their house is always open to the man called of God to the ministry. To rest under their roof and partake of their generous hospitality is a pleasure not soon forgotten.

NO MAN SEEMS TO WANT THE JOB.

Some time back the Joint Board of Publication for the New Orleans Christian Advocate concluded to depose Dr. J. W. Boswell, who for several years has been editor of that paper, and in his stead they proceeded to elect Rev. R. A. Meek. But Mr. Meek respectfully declined to accept the position. Then they got their heads together and elected Dr. Hollomon, and he in turn asked to be excused. It seems that no one is anxious to have placed upon his shoulders the burden of editing that veteran Church organ. It is true that Dr. Boswell is not what the world or the Church would call a brilliant editor, and he is lacking in the humorous side of life; nevertheless he is one of the wisest and most level-headed edi-

tors in Southern Methodism. He never says anything foolish in his paper and he rarely ever permits anybody else to say foolish things in his carefully edited columns, and this is one of the highest qualifications for the editorship of a Church paper. We are not surprised at the course of Drs. Meek and Hollomon. Any man who is happy in the pastorate has nothing to gain and much to lose by exchanging the pastorate for the tripod. In the pastorate a preacher has a congregation to love and co-operate with him and in divers ways to show their appreciation of him and his family, but when he enters editorial work he leaves the most of this behind him. And if he does his duty faithfully, the world and the flesh and the devil will bombard him at every turn in the road, and unless he has more toughness in his fiber than the average preacher, he will often find himself lonesome and discouraged. But this is not the worst. He will often reach a crisis in his work, and when he turns to his friends for comfort and succor, they are not always forthcoming. Occasionally he will learn to his mortification that some of them upon whom he has presumed to depend will be found among his harshest critics. In fact the experience of the editor, in matters of this sort, is often a revelation to him. Therefore, we are not surprised that neither one of the above gentlemen desires to leave the useful and happy field of the pastorate for the tripod.

THE WEST TEXAS CONFERENCE FUNDS.

In our last issue we published a statement from Mr. W. G. Lee Woods, Conference Teller of the West Texas Conference, in which he makes an exhibit of the funds of the conference as they came into his hands during the year and at the session of the conference, and of their condition at the present time. We regret that we received the statement so late that we had to put it in small type and on the thirteenth page of the Advocate. But it was of such important character that we thought the ministry and membership of that conference ought to see it at the earliest day possible; so we had to publish it as above described in order to get it in the last issue of the paper. If any member of that conference failed to see it, let him turn to the thirteenth page of the last issue, and he will find it. We regret, in common with all our people, the misfortunes of Woods National Bank, and especially do we regret that the funds of the conference are thus embarrassed, but we trust the embarrassment is only temporary and that the money will be accessible at no distant date. However, we have no information as to this, except the information given in Mr. Woods' published statement in the Advocate.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

We clip the following from the Western Methodist in order to correct it:

Rev. Arthur Jones, a Texas evangelist who has been assisting in a local option campaign against saloons in Mills County, was knocked down and killed by whisky men a few days ago. It seems that some men must die as martyrs that the people may be aroused to the enormities of the liquor traffic.

In a local option campaign at Goldthwaite ten days ago, Rev. Arthur Jones was quietly listening to an anti-local option speaker and answering questions being propounded to him by the said speaker, when a tough not far away threw a stone and struck him a glancing lick upon the side of the head. The blow produced a slight scalp wound, but resulted in nothing serious. However, it was not the fault of the scoundrel who threw the stone that Mr. Jones was not seriously injured. He meant to injure him. He was immediately arrested and will be justly punished in the courts.

Last week Rev. J. L. Morris, presiding elder of the Dallas District, had his Board of District Stewards to meet in the Methodist Church in Oak Cliff.

Also, the pastors of the city met with them. Dr. Allen L. Andrews, of Grace Church, preached a special sermon to the gathering. After this the business of the occasion was transacted. They placed the salary of the presiding elder at \$2750 and apportioned it on the basis of the salaries of the several pastors of the district for this year. The conference collections were apportioned on the basis of the salaries last year. It was a harmonious meeting, and at its close Bro. Morris invited the whole company to the elegant district parsonage, near by, to a dinner specially prepared for them. The occasion was a delightful one and all present greatly enjoyed it. Bro. Morris and his good family are most comfortably situated. The parsonage is a handsome modern structure, well furnished and beautifully kept, and it is the pride of the district. Bro. Morris is one of the most eloquent preachers in the conference, and he is now filling out his fourth year on the district.

Joseph Morgan, the father of Rev. J. J. Morgan, of the Terrell Training School, and of Mrs. L. P. Smith, of Whitesboro, died last week at Denton. He was born in 1829 in England and came to this country in 1856. He was one of the truest men born of woman, a life-long member of the Methodist Church and faithful in every relation in life. Brother Morgan reached a ripe old age and died in the realization of a bright Christian hope.

Judge John N. Henderson, for thirteen years one of the Judges of the Court of Criminal Appeals, died last Sunday night in this city. He served through the Civil War, lost an arm in the battle of Sharpsburg, returned home at the close of the conflict, studied law, and for a great many years he has been conspicuous as one of the jurists of the State.

Rev. Charles C. Bell, of Brunner Avenue Church, Houston, has already begun his work, and the prospect for a successful term of service is already bright and promising. Last Monday's Daily Post has quite an account of his opening service, and from it we clip the following paragraph:

Rev. Charles C. Bell, the new pastor of the Brunner Avenue Methodist Church, preached to a congregation that crowded the church to its utmost capacity last Sunday, speaking on the subject, "Stones Rolled Away." Already there is talk of the need of a new church building at Brunner, and the sermon of the pastor is interpreted as the beginning of a move in the direction of meeting that need.

Mr. Bell is a great church builder, having led movements for the erection of new churches in almost every charge he has ever held. He was transferred from Memphis Conference to the Texas Conference and assigned to the Brunner church last month for the express purpose, it is believed, of building a church at Brunner that shall measure up to the growing demands of Methodism there. The people of his new congregation are heartily in earnest in their support of the new pastor, all being delighted with his appointment, and some things may be expected out Brunner's way during the coming twelve months.

CHINA MISSION CONFERENCE.

The China Mission Conference this year closed October 13. We had a good conference and reports show progress along all lines. I returned to my West Huchow work again and had my first Quarterly Conference last Sunday. Twelve years ago the same date (November 3d) I had my first Quarterly Conference in China. At that time Dr. Anderson preached at 11 a. m. to a few members and to quite a large number of noisy outsiders. At 2 p. m. in an upper room the Lord's Supper was administered to a little band of members, after which the Quarterly Conference was held. At night there was preaching again to an outside crowd. Changes come slowly. One scarcely notices them from month to month, but what a change now from twelve years ago! The West Huchow Circuit has been in existence only five years. We have now about 65 members and perhaps

more than 100 probationers. They paid about \$250 for all purposes last year and have promised more on the pastor's salary this year than they paid last year.

Our Quarterly Conference was held at Oo-Bing. Saturday night Bro. Hearn, our presiding elder, preached to a large crowd, all of whom were not able to get into the chapel. Our service on Sunday began at 9:30 a. m. and continued without a break, except time for two Chinese meals, till 10 p. m. Had it not rained all day we would not have been able to accommodate the people with standing room. Not many of them were members, but all were attentive to the preaching.

Work was begun at this place last February, but the gospel is taking a deep hold on the people and they are very much in earnest. The helper, three members and three probationers from this place walked twenty-five miles to my fourth Quarterly Conference, nor was the thought of seeing the Bishop and the Foreign Mission Secretary the motive that prompted their going.

My work covers a large field, there being more room for expansion than on any other work on the district. In fact, it is a district within itself. I have four assistants who labor with me in the work, and besides those places where we have established work, there are several other large cities where I should like to begin work, but have no men for the places. Even if I had the men, we have not the means to do it. Expansion seems almost out of the question with our mission at present. We are struggling to hold our own. We must go forward or retreat. There is no standstill. The gospel is a missionary gospel, and that means go. There are millions here that will not be saved unless they are reached by our Church, and if they are not reached simply for the lack of men and means, where is the responsibility? We need men, we need money, and I believe the Church at home is going to meet her responsibility.

We also need doctors very badly—our mission is about out of the material. The only doctor we have for the whole China mission is located at Soochow and is virtually out of the reach of any outside that station. In Huchow there are three families at present and in two months there will be another. There are also four ladies', a boys' school and two girls' schools, and the nearest doctor, who is a member of another mission, lives thirty miles away. If any one of us should be taken seriously ill, before any medical aid could reach him he would have passed into the world where physicians cease to be a necessity. I suppose the home Church would move along just the same, some would mourn, a few hearts would be torn asunder, but as a Church she would console herself by calling it providential and that he was only a missionary anyway and, of course, expected to die if need be. Well, it might be consoling to some to attribute such neglect and its results to the workings of Providence, but it is mighty hard on the other fellow. Our native pastor's wife died very suddenly a few weeks ago, who I believe would be living today if she had had medical attention. Our mission is the only mission I know of that pays out so much money on her missionaries to get them here and gives so little attention to their physical welfare.

Are there not experienced men at home—are there not young men coming out of our medical colleges—who would be glad to give their lives to the mission field if they were properly appealed to? Why not let the Student Volunteer Movement extend also to the medical students? There is not a work anywhere that could appeal more to the sympathy of the human heart, not mentioning for "love's sake" or for "Christ's sake" than the physical suffering of this part of the human race if it were but known. May the Spirit of God move the heart of some one as he reads these lines to give himself to the medical work for China.

EDWARD PILLEY.
Huchow, China, November 6.

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In usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as **Sarsatabs**. 100 doses \$1.

TO THE METHODIST MINISTRY OF TEXAS.

Bear Brethren:

I avail myself of the means of the Christian Advocate to say a few plain words to you on the subject of the great campaign going on in this State against the barroom and brewery. It will not be possible to reach by personal contact each of you in this State-wide contest, and I must reach you, as far as possible, through the columns of our great denominational organ.

The contest against the saloon from limit to limit of Texas must be unceasing. The chief allies of this work are the pastors and other officials of the Churches, together with the voters of the Churches, reinforced by our noble, Christian womanhood. In the contests had with the paid emissaries of the saloon over the State, three elements of our society come in for special attack—the ministry, the Churches and the women. The agents of liquor in their appeals, openly denounce these three classes. They are eminently correct in fixing the combined causes of the disturbances. Take these out of the social compact of Texas and what would be left? Combine these in a unit of aggression and what would be able to resist them?

The war on the saloon, waged with goodly success through a period of twenty years, has begun afresh in earnest, and it is not to cease till every saloon and brewery is wiped off the face of our State. The Anti-Saloon League asks no quarter—gives none. The black flag has been raised against the liquor traffic, and it will not be hauled down till we have not only expelled the gigantic curse, but made it impossible for it to exist. It is the set purpose of the Anti-Saloon League of the State to force the fight in every quarter. It is a war of extermination.

We resist a formidable foe. The saloon has entrenched itself in a sentiment of its own creation, and surrounded itself with a cordon of malicious defense, and it must be dislodged and overthrown at terrible cost of labor, time, means and struggle. It has intertwined itself into business and politics in such way as to command the allegiance of many who should be arrayed against it, but for sordid reasons are drawn into loyal support of this monster curse. It is backed by millions of money to be used for any purpose that diabolical ingenuity can devise. It is utterly without scruple, and halts not to do anything within the range of human effort to stay the inroads of prohibition. It is a wily, wary foe, and adroitly seeks any possible advantage to fasten its talons deep into the worst elements of every community possible. All the seductive arts known to demons are readily laid under tribute to the accomplishment of its fell designs.

By its attitude toward all that is true and holy and of good report it has forced the issue direct between virtue and vice, between criminality and Christianity. One or the other of these must prevail in Texas. Which shall it be? On the Christian ministry of this State, more than on any others, is imposed the obligation of

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settling this question. We can not be indifferent, inactive or inattentive to the issue without being recreant to our high calling. There is the trumpeting of public indignation throughout this broad land of States against the liquor traffic. God calls in no mistaken sound. The characters of millions, the protection of our homes and the preservation of society are all involved in the tremendous issue. In this matter I feel far more profoundly than I am able to express myself. The resistance of years against these wreckers of all that is sacred intensifies my opposition beyond the boundary of patience. The knowledge gained through the years makes me an inveterate and uncompromising foe of the saloon and all that it includes. In the very nature of the case we have to deal with this infamous traffic along legitimate channels, and with a stock of patience that rises above the natural, calmly awaiting the results. With a mind divested of all things else, and consecrated on the accumulated infamy of that which is known as the whisky traffic, it is difficult to avoid desperation.

There is only one thing left us: To pommel the thing by piecemeal into pulverization. This we must do. So far from being daunted by occasional reverses in local elections and other methods of contest, we should be rather nerved to intenser determination and new-born effort.

By the unanimous support of the ministry of the Methodist and Baptist denominations, especially in Texas, this magnificent State can be placed right side up. They have the power, the resources, the courage and the religion to accomplish this, and no one will dare to question the fact that they should do it.

The new year will open with renewed energy and effort against the saloon. It is a cause common to us all. The obligation to overcome the saloon admits of equal application to the highest and the humblest of us. It is no time for theory, but for action, thorough-going, straightforward, gritty action. It is in its very nature an essence of missionary work.

The doom of the saloon has sounded. Its destruction is as inevitable as the judgment. Let us unitedly hasten the day.

B. F. RILEY,
Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of Texas.

WE WONDER WHY.

My work last year was composed of Alpine and Sanderson. The charge assessed \$900 for the support of the preacher, to be divided as follows: Alpine, \$800; Sanderson, \$100. We paid out and then some.

The last Annual Conference divorced Sanderson from Alpine and made Alpine a full station without missionary support, all of which was in strict harmony with the views and wishes of the pastor and his Board of Stewards. With Sanderson and the missionary appropriation gone, Alpine is in precisely the same class with Carlsbad, Artesia, Portales and Pecos, all of which were assessed and paid practically \$800 for the support of a pastor.

By reference to the list of assessments for this year I note the following totals in that class of charges: Alpine, \$160; Carlsbad, \$120; Artesia, \$110; Pecos, \$80. In addition to that, Sanderson was cut off from Alpine and separately assessed \$20; thus making the assessment against this charge, as it originally stood, \$180.

Now, we want to know who made those figures and upon what he based them. Some say they are based upon the amount they paid the preachers. All right; then let it go at that. The minutes showed that the Alpine charge paid the pastor \$926—\$126 more than Carlsbad paid, \$126 more than Artesia paid, \$161 more than Pecos paid and \$146 more than Portales paid. The percentage makes a remarkable leap when Alpine is called upon to pay just twice as much on the conference assessments this year as Pecos, and that, too, in the face of the fact that Alpine has lost both Sanderson and her missionary appropriation.

I note another thing: Las Cruces paid her pastor \$1000 last year, yet

that charge is assessed \$140 this year—\$20 less than Alpine. Are these assessments based on the amounts paid the preachers? That's all bosh. They are based on nothing but somebody's arbitrary will. Either that, or we are greatly in need of a conference school with a special provision for mathematics.

Now, I want it clearly understood that I am not complaining about the amount I am assessed. I don't think it's too much for this charge. My people will pay it. But they want to know why. And if this thing continues, they are going to want to know more and more. I don't think it is right to assess one charge out of all proportion with another charge in the same class. The people won't stand that sort of thing long, and the sooner we correct it the better.

CHAS. L. BROOKS.

Alpine, Texas.

THE MINISTRY OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

By Bishop E. R. Hendrix.

The greatest event in the history of the world was the coming into it of two little children some six months apart. The chiefest of the archangels, Gabriel the mighty, was sent to announce their coming and to leave the names by which they should be called. The happy mothers, Elizabeth and Mary, poured out their hearts to each other and before God in songs of holy joy. When the two sons were born, they were welcome children and there were two Madonnas in place of one. The prenatal influence of such message as each received from the archangel touched each heart to the very core and prepared the way for devout and grateful motherhood. How much each child owed even before its birth to a brave and uncomplaining mother, who deemed that her body was a temple of the Holy Ghost, and reverently awaited the divine will with prayer of God's supreme gifts to men, the forerunner and the Christ. Neither John nor Jesus could have been without a human mother, and such mothers. Nor could the mothers have been without the ministry of such children both before and after birth. The ministry of a little child begins before it is born. It makes possible mother love.

The making of a mother is the crowning work of creation. It is not the giving birth to a child that makes the mother. It is the ministry of the child, the calling out of the deepest affections, the devoutest prayers, the holy vows, the high resolves, that makes the birth of a child the rebirth of the woman. As all the bloom of the flower is simply the blush of approaching maternity, telling of its continued life in its offspring, so woman's beauty of face and form tell of her robust life, not as maiden or wife, but as mother. Woman finds herself with her child in her arms. Every mother is a possible Madonna. It is the little hand of a child laid upon a mother's breast that finds her heart. It is the searching eyes of a child that can find a very heaven in a mother's eyes. Surely the ministry of a little child that gives the world a new mother with all her wealth of courage and tenderness and unselfishness is the holiest and most fruitful ministry in the world. The seed of the woman restores hope and peace and faith and love in the dark firmament. A little child is the world's greatest artist and sculptor, filling the earth with Madonnas.

Not only does the ministry of little children regenerate womanhood, it creates manhood. As men have listened to the mute appeal of beauty and of innocence they have heard a new gospel, the gospel of unselfishness and helpfulness. Self is no longer the supreme object. Though the man has never heard of Froebel, he, too, says, "Let us live for the children." A baby's hand touches chords that vibrate for none other. A mother's lullabies are sweeter than any lovely maiden's song. The home is more sacred now with its little, weak, helpless life appealing to strength and patience and self-sacrifice and promising love without limit. Our hard natures, grown harder in

dealing with men, are now sub-soiled by the simple faith of our children. We dare not betray that trust or leave to them a dishonored name. "I could not endure the thought that my children would come to despise me," was a strong man's breaking-point with strong drink, and the beginning of his Christian life. A little child's simple blessing at the table or his evening prayer at the father's knee, in the absence or sickness of the mother, has left a memory that no antagonisms of trade, no ambitions for professional success could destroy. It is preserved like a fossil fern under the superincumbent weight of countless ages. If the child makes the mother, the mother makes the father, rich in sympathy and tenderness as in strength and courage. Now, for the first time, fit for a seat in Arcopagus or Sanhedrim, his ripened nature responds to all that is best for the family and the State. The child does as much for the man as the man does for the child. Who can say which most influences the other, the father or the child? It is this unconscious influence of the child that suppresses passion, that checks vice, that stays waste and teaches provident economy for our children, that delights to see them get on their feet, and that lives one's life over again in their efforts for success. It is this that helps to make the family the unit of society and children the teachers of the race. If he was the greatest of teachers who said, "I have learned much from my teachers, more from my associates, but most from my pupils," then he is the noblest and wisest of parents who has been apt in learning the true mission of childhood with its messages of the simple life and its true-hearted sincerity. It is because the Bible has been given to us by a Father that it will ever be the sacred heirloom of the home where we record our children's births and translations. Our Lord's strongest, tenderest appeals to men as justifying his own ministry of infinite pity in a world of infinite pathos was, "Which of you is a father?" His strongest passion was the final one as he sought ever the glory of the Father, and dying cried, "Father, glorify thy name." God's greatest and final revelation was when he "spoke unto us in a Son."—Exchange.

DEATH.

Death is a subject very few of us love to talk about or to think about. There is something weird and mysterious about death. We know it is a separation of soul and body—is about all. We have all heard of the agonies of death, but a little thought teaches us that the body dies gradually, the nerves, the seat of sensation, as well, and when death occurs there is really but little feeling. But there are other reasons why we should dread death, or rather love to live in this world. We form many ties and happy associations that render our surroundings happy, and the thought of surrendering all these makes us sad. Again, our Heavenly Father has placed us in a beautiful world with all the surroundings necessary for our happiness. Material things are abundant to satisfy every need, also comfort and pleasures to satisfy every heart. Our Father has likewise clothed our world in beauty of every variety and order. Could we, with a cultivated manhood, look upon it for the first time, its beauty would be ravishing, indeed. Over and above all this, our blessed Savior has redeemed it and marked out a pathway lighted up by his love, and all who walk therein have happy anticipations of a brighter world in the great beyond. While our Father has given us this beautiful world, with its ample furnishings, and desires us to be happy while here, he has made it simply a place to prepare for a higher and better life than this, and death simply divides that beautiful world from the present.

A great poet has said: "Death is the subterranean road to bliss," and yet the breaking up of kindred ties and sweet associations makes it sad. The Christian, however, has a sweet hope that he will soon be renewed in a land where there is no death. Besides, there are few that die but what meet loved ones on the other shore. These things rob death of much of its sting in the minds of Christians. Let us suppose for a moment there was no death, and we had a world full of old, dried-up, cross, decrepitudes that were miserable themselves and made everybody else so. We would certainly have a poor world, and are impressed with the fact that our Father hath done all things well. But we can but pity those that lay up no treasure in

BLACK, ITCHING SPOTS ON FACE

Physicians Called It Eczema in Worst Form—Treated Disease for a Year but Could Not Cure It—Patient Became Despondent—Suffering Promptly Allayed and DREADFUL DISEASE CURED BY CUTICURA

About four years ago I was afflicted with black blotches all over my face and a few covering my body, which produced a severe itching irritation, and which caused me a great deal of annoyance and suffering, to such an extent that I was forced to call in two of the leading physicians of ——. After a thorough examination of the dreaded complaint they announced it to be skin eczema in its worst form. They treated me for the same for the length of one year, but the treatment did me no good. Finally I became despondent and decided to discontinue their services. Shortly afterwards, my husband in reading a copy of a weekly New York paper saw an advertisement of the Cuticura Remedies. He purchased the entire outfit, and after using the contents of the first bottle of Cuticura Resolvent in connection with the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, the breaking out entirely stopped. I continued the use of the Cuticura Remedies for six months, and after that every spotch was entirely gone and the affected parts were left as clear as ever. I have not felt a symptom of the eczema since, which was three years ago. The Cuticura Remedies not only cured me of that dreadful disease, eczema, but of other complicated troubles as well, and I have been the means of others being cured of the same disease by the Cuticura Remedies, and I don't hesitate in saying that Cuticura Resolvent is the best blood medicine that the world has ever known. Mrs. Lizzie E. Sledge, 540 Jones Ave., Selma, Ala., Oct. 28, 1905.

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Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass. 27-Mailed Free 28 page Cuticura Booklet on Skin Diseases.



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heaven, that have no hope, but launch out into darkness. If the thought is horrible, what must be the reality? Oh, let us all be ready. Keep our lamps trimmed and burning, for we know not when the Bridegroom will come. Our blessed Savior has conquered the enemy so that every child of his at last may exclaim: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" J. R. TAYLOR, M. D.

Destiny has two ways of crushing us—by refusing our wishes and by fulfilling them. But he who only wills what God wills escapes both catastrophes.

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Our Departed Dead

The space allowed obituaries is twenty to twenty-five lines, or about 170 or 180 words. The privilege is reserved of condensing all obituary notices. Parties desiring such notices to appear in full as written should remit money to cover excess of space, to-wit: At the rate of **One Cent Per Word**. Money should accompany all orders. Resolutions of respect will not be inserted in the Obituary Department under any circumstances, but if paid for will be inserted in another column.

Poetry Can in No Case be Inserted.

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

RUNYON.—W. A. Runyon, son of W. A. and Sybil Runyon, was born August 4, 1892, and died at the home of his parents, in North Fort Worth, Texas, September 23, 1907. Appie was always a good, trusty boy. He was the eldest child in the family and had from his babyhood been afflicted with partial paralysis. This gave his parents much concern about him, and he was made the object of their tenderest care. He outgrew his affliction to a great extent and was rapidly becoming a robust and well-developed young man. He was industrious, honest and attentive to business, never staying longer at any place than was strictly necessary. He was devoted to his parents and loved his home. His mother knew that at the close of his day's work to look out for his "home-coming." Appie's friends were many. A great concourse of weeping relatives and friends followed his remains to the grave. It was my privilege to visit him often in his last illness. He was a model of patience in his great suffering, which amounted sometimes to agony. He made a heroic fight for life, but at last he called his mother and told her that he would be forced to surrender. His mother took this opportunity to speak to him about the future. He talked beautifully about heaven and the future life. In the forenoon of the last day that he lived he had a "sinking spell," and realizing that the end was near, he called the whole family, with many friends, about him, and bade them good-bye, requesting them to meet him in heaven. He spoke as one full of hope and talked back, as it were, from "across the river." His mother asked him, "How about it over there?" and he answered, "All is bright," but he soon rallied from his comatose state as one awaking from his sleep and said, "Mamma, I'm coming back to life again." After this he spoke freely about his past life, saying that it had not always been exemplary, but for the past few months he had been living right. He was happily converted and joined the Church last May. Devoted parents, brothers, physician and friends did all they could for him, but to no avail. God called him home. Loving hands literally covered his grave with flowers. Appie is immortal in his influence, his dust is sacred to us, and his glorified spirit awaits the "homeward march" of father, mother, brothers and all loved ones.

W. M. LANE.
North Fort Worth, Texas.

DAVIS.—G. S. Davis was born in Mississippi June 4, 1854; professed religion and joined the M. E. Church, South, in 1878, under the ministry of Rev. J. W. Johnson. He afterwards moved to Arkansas, where he lived several years out of the Church. He came later to Texas and again joined the Church and lived in it a Christian till November 15, 1907, when he went to his final reward. Bro. Davis was, on June 23, 1889, married to Miss Mollie Mitchell. To them were born five children, three of whom preceded him to the better land. He was a very great sufferer many weeks before his death, but bore his suffering patiently. May the Lord of heaven bless and keep his wife and two children till we all meet at home over there.

D. S. BURKE, P. C.

DICKERSON.—Mrs. Lucy Lee Dickerson passed to her reward in heaven, December 16, 1907. Her life was beautiful; her sweet song set to the music of the heart; her death was a triumph such as is rarely witnessed. Mrs. Dickerson was the daughter of Rev. A. E. Hawkes; born in Richmond, Va., February 18, 1858; born again of the Spirit at about ten years of age, and to the close of life she walked worthy of her high calling. In 1880 she was united in marriage with J. D. Dickerson in Nodaway County, Va., and they came to Dallas, Texas, December, 1885, where her life has been an open book, known and read of all, as a sincere, pure-hearted child of God. She was the mother of four children, all of whom, with her father and husband, survive her. Her surrendered life was given for the good of others. A dutiful daughter, a gentle, confiding

wife, a devoted mother, a devout member of the First Methodist Church, she adorned every relation she sustained to others. For two years a malignant disease preyed upon her, which necessitated a surgical operation. She cheerfully submitted, with a full knowledge of what the results might be. The worst fears were realized. The shock was too great for the frail body. Within two days she died. It was my privilege to witness her triumphant death. Never have I witnessed such tranquility and absolute assurance of faith. She said, "I know whom I have believed and that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day," and her last words were, "Jesus, blessed Jesus!" There was not a cloud between her and heaven. With a smile she welcomed death and the smile lingered like the afterglow of the serenely setting sun which set to rise upon fairer skies. Her influence lingers with us. In her own sweet farewell words let us realize: "Whether we live we live unto the Lord, or whether we die we die unto the Lord; whether living or dying, we are the Lord's."

H. A. BOURLAND.

RAGSDALE.—Peter C. Ragsdale was born November 24, 1847, in Cherokee County, Texas; joined the M. E. Church, South, in 1877 under the ministry of Rev. Albert Little. Bro. Ragsdale was a true, faithful Christian and a good steward to the last. He suffered many years with asthma and finally took dropsy, and died sitting in a chair December 14, 1907, while the family were at breakfast. But he was ready when the summons came. On Sunday, December 15, 1907, we laid his body in the city of the dead, where it will wait the morning of the resurrection. Bro. Ragsdale lived and died near his birthplace and was known and loved by many people. He was a close reader of the Texas Advocate and loved it very dearly. He leaves a wife and eight children, a large number of relatives, who mourn his departure. We will miss him so much at Earl's Chapel. They will miss him at home. But, thanks be to God, we can live true to God and meet in the sweet by and by.

D. S. BURKE, P. C.

O'DANIEL.—Mrs. Mary R. O'Daniel was born in Alabama March 19, 1825, and died in San Angelo, Texas, December 9, 1907, having lived more than eighty-one years. When thirteen years of age she moved to Missouri, where she married Thomas S. Cross in 1843. She moved to Texas in 1853; left a widow in 1857. She married J. D. O'Daniel, Sr., July 4, 1861. Beside her aged husband, five children, thirty-four grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren survive her. She professed religion when about thirty-six years old and remained a consistent member of the Baptist Church. As wife, mother and Church member she adorned the doctrines of Christ, her Savior. She died in peace and has inherited the promise.

J. W. HOWELL.

BARTLEY.—Miss Eugenia Bartley was born in Fannin County, Texas, December 9, 1854. She was converted and joined the Methodist Church in 1885, in which she lived a true and devoted member until she fell on sleep in Comanche, Okla., November 20, 1907. For a number of years she and one sister had the care of their brother's two motherless children, until one of them preceded her to the better world some two years ago. Miss Eugenia had been sick for nearly a year; had suffered very much, especially the last week. She was conscious until the very last. Two sisters and brothers were with her when the end came, and accompanied her remains back to Ladonia, Texas, where, in the presence of a large number of friends and relatives, the writer, assisted by Bro. Clinchbeard, conducted her funeral. Then in Providence Cemetery we quietly laid her body to await the resurrection morn. We would say to her sorrowing relatives that if they will live faithful to God, some glad day they will meet her, never more to part.

R. L. ELY.

PAYNE.—Died, at her home in Ector, Texas, December 9, 1907, of organic heart trouble, Lucie Payne, eldest daughter of J. J. and Bertha A. Pritchett, aged 10 years and 6 months. Lucie was a very bright, precocious child, thinking thoughts and reading books far beyond her years. No doubt her parents often looked forward to the bright and useful future awaiting their child; and when her health failed and at last after years of suffering she so sweetly fell into that sleep that knows no waking in this world, they turned away sadly, thinking possibly

"our hopes are blasted." "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day." But who that was associated with her during her last sickness will ever forget the sweet, patient submission manifested by this child, under the most excruciating suffering? At home, and at the Sanitarium where she spent nearly seven weeks, the general verdict was, "We never saw such fortitude in one so young." Who will say that the parents, friends, physicians and nurses will not be made better by her influence? Verily, "a little child shall lead them." Fond parents and friends, we do not know why death is permitted to come to our homes and take from us our rarest, richest treasures, leaving our lives so dark, but if we will listen we will hear the blessed Master say, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter;" then shall we realize that "darkness shows us worlds of light we never saw by day."

A FRIEND.

RAPE.—Mrs. Emma L. Rape, daughter of Hon. W. H. Swift and wife, was born April 10, 1861, in Nacogdoches County, Texas. In her nineteenth year, on February 11, 1880, she was married to Dr. T. A. Rape. She professed religion the following spring and joined the M. E. Church, South, with her husband, who was then a steward of the Church at that place. In 1884 she moved with her husband to Runnels County, and then in 1886 to Ballinger, where she lived a consistent Christian life and a true and affectionate wife until her death, which occurred November 20, 1907. The last Scripture she repeated was one of her favorite passages, the twenty-third Psalm. She was a mother to three orphans until they were grown. She leaves a husband, four brothers and five sisters and a large number of relatives and friends to mourn their loss. Sister Rape loved the Church with great devotion. She was always ready to sacrifice her own interests for the good of others. May the Heavenly Father guide the sorrowing husband and relatives so that at last they may make an unbroken family in heaven, where there will be no suffering or separation.

E. P. WILLIAMS.

ALEXANDER.—Thomas William Alexander was born in Tennessee, February 9, 1834; came to Texas in 1859 with his mother, brother and four sisters. His father being dead, the responsibility of the care of the family fell upon "Uncle Tom." He was in the war from 1861 to 1865 and a prisoner eighteen months of this time. He then went back to his mother and family and took up his work with them. In 1876 he came from Tennessee to Texas, and in 1890 came to Cherokee, Texas, where he remained till December 9, 1907, when the summons came for him to "cross over the river and rest under the shade of the tree of life." Uncle Tom rode many miles on horseback; joined the M. E. Church, South, in 1877, and remained a faithful member to the end. He was, on August 25, 1870, married to Miss Mary D. Boggs, who still survives him. These old people were at Church if possible for them to be there. They had no children, but were very devoted to each other. May God sustain this aged woman, "Aunt Mary," till she is called to her reward. Uncle Tom often asked for the song, "Will you miss me when I'm gone?" Yes, but we will meet you over there.

D. S. BURKE, P. C.

WORRELL.—Saturday evening, November 14, 1907, a beautiful life was finished and a happy eternity begun. Margaret Worrell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rachel Worrell, was born November 27, 1837. She was converted at an early age and became a member of the Methodist Church, South, of which she has been a consistent member until her death. She was married April 6, 1904, to Mr. E. G. Worrell. She made a true companion. Her life has been a model one. She was loved by all who knew her. She was just in the bloom of usefulness, and she will be greatly missed. During all her illness she was hopeful, but said if it



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was her time to go that she was willing and ready to meet her heavenly Father. Sister Worrell leaves a sorrowing husband, a heart-broken mother and many dear relatives and friends to mourn their loss, but their loss is heaven's gain. Her influence will ever be felt at Bonita on account of her goodness and kindness, which came from a heart of Christian love. By the fireside there is a vacant chair; go to the parlor and there is a vacant place. May God's blessings comfort the bereaved ones in the hour of sorrow and grief. Her pastor, J. C. GIBBONS, Bonita, Texas.

McKAMY.—William Thomas McKamy, the subject of this sketch, was born in McDonough County, Ill., January 7, 1851. His parents came to Texas, arriving in Dallas County the day he was four years old. He was married to Mamie Myers October 15, 1879; was converted at White Rock Camp-ground and joined the Methodist Church in the summer of 1894, and remained a useful and active member until his death, which occurred at his home in Richardson, Texas, October 25, 1907. He leaves an aged mother, a wife and five children and a host of friends to mourn his departure. Bro. McKamy had been steward in the Church a number of years. He loved his Church, and it could be truthfully said of him that he attended upon its ordinances and supported its institutions. He was a man of strong convictions, and on all moral questions he was always on the right side. He had been in the mercantile business for a number of years, but he never sacrificed principle to gain trade. He knew no policy, but with him it was honor, principle, always. He was reasonably successful in business and left his family well provided for, but better than houses, lands and money, he leaves them the heritage of a good name. He was a true friend, one that never disappointed you. He was devoted to his mother, wife and children. May the tender hand of the God he loved guide their steps till the whole family shall gain a home in heaven. Oh, my friend, how we miss you at Church, at Sunday-school, at home—everywhere! But it was God's will, and what he wills is best.

W. C. WALLIS.

CURBO.—Lillie Bell Curbo, wife of Andrew Curbo and daughter of Mr. S. L. Carlton and wife, Mrs. Bettie Carlton, was born May 9, 1882; died October 12, 1907, at the home of her father and was buried in Carlton Cemetery. Her funeral was conducted by Bro. Gallagher in the Methodist Church. It was one of the largest ever attended at Carlton. She was born and reared here; was married to Mr. Andrew Curbo December 24, 1905. She was converted in July, 1903, and joined the Methodist Church; was a bright, earnest Christian from the time of her conversion. Her most earnest desire and daily prayer was to lead her loved ones to Jesus. In speaking to an intimate friend of her father and brothers, she said, "I am willing and would gladly die that they might be saved." Her whole being she consecrated to God

and his service. As a neighbor she was congenial, warm and true; as a daughter she was tender, obedient and unselfish; a kind and loving sister; as a wife she was not only a helper, but a benediction, a light in her home. They had just moved in their home and were so happy in their plans for the future when she took sick. But God had greater things in store for dear Lillie. She is now in "A house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." It is hard to realize dear Lillie's life on earth is over. Her loving hands lie cold and pulseless on her breast, her bright, sparkling eyes are closed to the scenes of this earth, her sweet, sunny face forever hid from those who loved her so fondly here; yet her loving Savior loved her more, and we grieve not as those who have no hope. And how sweet to know she is in a world free from all life's struggles! Her eyes are opened to heaven's beauties, her sweet-toned voice is now singing praises around the shining throne of God. Weep not for her, loved ones, "She is not dead but sleeping," and we will meet her again where there will be no sad parting, no pain, no sorrow; where "God shall wipe all tears from our eyes." She leaves a husband, father, mother, four brothers and one sister, besides a host of other near relatives and friends to mourn for her.

ORELIA MCKENZIE.

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with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Cataract is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Cataract Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Cataract. Send for testimonials free.

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Sold by Druggists, price 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

If a man is to be a pillar in the temple of his God by and by, he must be some kind of a prop in God's house today.—M. D. Babcock.

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

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The merits of the Texas Wonder, you would never suffer from kidney, bladder or rheumatic trouble. \$1 bottle two months' treatment. Sold by Druggist or by mail. Send for testimonials. Dr. E. W. HALL, 222 Olive Street, St. Louis.

I would that all party names and party creeds were forgotten and that all would sit at the feet of Jesus.—John Wesley.

Texas Gormicide and Disinfecting Co., Dallas, Tex., offers a cheap but reliable plan that will enable Churches and schools to comply with the Texas law. After Oct. 1st, the law of Texas will require "all places for public gatherings" to be disinfected regularly. We do all the work for you, and OUR CARD tacked on the wall will be accepted by the authorities as PROOF that the law is being complied with. Write to-day for disinfecting plan.

A Great Physiologist

Once Said the Way to Keep the Stomach Healthy is To Exercise It.

But He Did Not Tell How to Make It Healthy.

The muscles of the body can be developed by exercise until their strength has increased manifold, and a proper amount of training each day will accomplish this result, but it is somewhat doubtful whether you can increase the digestive powers of the stomach by eating indigestible food in order to force it to work.

Nature has furnished us all with a perfect set of organs, and if they are not abused they will attend to the business required of them. They need no abnormal strength.

There is a limit to the weight a man can lift, and there is also a limit to what the stomach can do.

The cause of dyspepsia, indigestion and many affilial diseases is that the stomach has been exercised too much and it is tired or worn out. Not exercise but rest is what it needs.

To take something into the stomach that will relieve it from its work for a short time—something to digest the food—will give it a rest and allow it time to regain its strength.

The proper aid to the digestive organs is Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which cure dyspepsia, indigestion, gas on the stomach and bowels, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, and all stomach diseases.

Rest and involution is what the stomach gets when you use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, for one grain of the active principle in them is sufficient to digest 3,000 grains of food.

The Tablets increase the flow of gastric juice, and prevent fermentation, acidity and sour eructations.

Do not attempt to starve out dyspepsia. You need all your strength.

The common sense method is to digest the food for the stomach and give it a rest.

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Mrs. Florence E. Howell, Editor, 170 Masten St., Dallas, Texas.
All communications in the interest of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and the Woman's Home Mission Society should be sent to the address of the Editor of the Woman's Department.

GOD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Jesus Christ was God's Christmas gift to man, and with him he gave to man salvation and peace and joy and life evermore. God gave to man his best—his all. Ought man, in his relation to God, to do less? Ought he not also to give his best—his all? What greater thing than this, unless it be at the same time to lead as many others as possible to the same glorious relation?

"For God so loved the world"—the term is all-inclusive, and, therefore, his love is all-inclusive, for God never overstates anything—"that he gave his only begotten son"—gave him freely, for all God's gifts to man, unlike many of many's gifts to God, are given not grudgingly or of necessity, but freely—"that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life"—not will have in the future, but have now everlasting life.

God's greatest gift to man was a Christmas gift—himself. Would that the greatest gift to God of some who read these lines might be a Christmas gift—themselves!—Home Herald.

The following beautiful poem from the pen of Edwin Markham, the author of "The Man With the Hoe," is given our readers as being especially appropriate at this season of the year. The poem, "The Man With the Hoe," appeared some years since in various publications, attracting wide attention and making for the author a national reputation as a writer. But it has been criticized as well, because of the sentiment expressed classing the "man with the hoe" as "brother to the ox," etc. In the exquisite poem which we give here, however, the author ascribes to the "hoe-man" those finer sensibilities which enable him to recognize and appreciate the attractions found in nature's realm—a rustic picture which the author has drawn well and true. The last two verses of this poem are full of a touching pathos, which moves our hearts in a sympathetic throbbing where he refers to the "tender sorrow which came to leave one never more the same," and also expressive of the hope of immortality "that awaits the soul beyond the

Darkened Gates."—Ed. Woman's Department.

A SONG OF THE OLD YEAR.

The Hoe-Man's Thanksgiving.

By Edwin Markham.

I count up in this song of cheer
The blessings of a busy year:
A roof so low I lose no strain,
No ripple of the friendly rain;
A chimney where all winter long
The logs give back the wild bird's song.

A field, a neighborly old ground,
Which year by year, without a sound,
Lifts bread to me and roses sweet
From out the dark below my feet.

The tree-toad that is first to cheer
With crinkling flute the green o' the year;
The cricket on the garden mound,
Stitching the dark with threads of sound.

The wind that cools my hidden spring
And sets my corn-field whispering;
And shades across, to lightly blow
Green ripples down the apple row.

The shy paths darting through the wheat,
Marked by the prints of little feet—
Gray squirrels on their thrifty round,
Crows condescending to the ground.

That leafy hollow that was stirred
A hundred mornings by a bird
That sang at daybreak on a brier,
Setting the gray of dawn afire!

The lone star and the shadowed hush
That come at evening, when the thrush
Ravels the day, so worn and long,
Into the silver of a song.

The tender sorrow, too, that came
To leave me nevermore the same;
The love and memories, and the wild
Light laughter of a little child.

Thoughts of the Wonder that awaits
The soul beyond the Darkened Gates,
That old, old Mystery that springs
Deathless, behind the veil of things.

This is my rosary of hours, inwoven
Of the snows and flowers—
The year that runs from young to old,
A glint of green, a glow of gold.

—From The Circle, New York.

PERSONAL.

I desire to say a word in behalf of a worthy and consecrated member of the North Texas Conference. The person to whom I refer is the Rev. John R. Hardin, formerly pastor of this charge, and recently transferred by the Bishop to Edgewood.

There are non-Christians and other denominations as well as Methodists in this city who sincerely regretted his transfer from this charge, as they knew his pious and religious life, his splendid ability as a preacher and his admirable character as a man, and they wish him that success that is commensurate with a man of his merit. The object of this communication is simply to say a kind word for a deserving man, and it is for this reason that I venture to provoke your courtesy by asking you to insert this article in the columns of the Advocate.

MEMBER.

NOTICE.

To the Preachers and Laymen of the North Texas Conference:

Dear Brethren: Bro. W. S. May has been sick for about six weeks and is in bad condition, but is some better now. Bro. May has been on the superannuate list for a very few weeks. He has been in the itinerancy for more than fifty years; has served the Church long, and has served it well. I think Bro. May has been one of our most efficient ministers. God will reveal his wonderful success in that day when we all shall appear at his bar and give an account. The Joint Board of Finance could not help Bro. May

much because of their limited means. So it goes without saying that things are close financially with him. Bro May and his wife are both old and can't do for themselves as they once could, so it is a matter of necessity for them to have some one to help them about their household affairs. I wish all the brethren and those whom he has served so long and so faithfully would remember Bro. and Sister May in their prayers and try to sympathize with them.

Now, brethren of the conference, Bro. May has a little book, the title of which is "Constance Wright, or the Heroine of Truth." This is a reply to "Grace Truman." This book is twenty-five cents a copy. I wish all the preachers who are friends to an old soldier of the cross would send and get two dozen of these books and sell them for Bro. May and help him in his declining years of affliction. Address Rev. W. May, Aubrey, Texas.

W. B. BAYLESS.

His Pastor for the Second Year.

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Rev. W. H. Keener, Route 8, Hillsboro, Texas.

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Does this not mean something to you if you are a sufferer?

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It means that you absolutely know that you are not taking "booze" when using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, but a good, honest, square-deal medicine adapted to woman's delicate organization by an educated, trained and experienced specialist in woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments.

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It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

It has done this for many hundreds of thousands. What it has done for others it will no doubt do for you if you but give it a fair trial.

Don't be put off with some inferior substitute with no record of cures to recommend it. You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum in place of this tried and proven medicine of known composition.

THOUGHTFUL, INTELLIGENT WOMEN use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for many good reasons. It enables them to avoid the disagreeable questionings and abhorrent examinations generally deemed necessary by the family physician. It cures in the privacy of the home. If, however, you want the advice of a skilled specialist in woman's peculiar maladies, write or call upon Dr. R. V. Pierce at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's advice is given gratis. It costs you nothing, but may be worth much to you.

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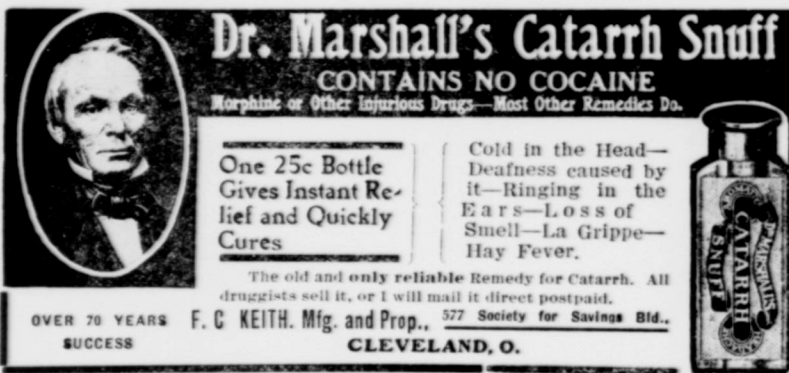
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EPWORTH LEAGUE DEPT.
GUS. W. THOMASSON...EDITOR
Van Alstyne, Texas.

All communications intended for publication in this department and all papers with articles to be commented upon should be addressed to the League Editor.

The following rules should be observed in remitting money on account of the State Organization: Local Chapter dues should be sent to Frank L. McNeny, Dallas. Assembly funds should be sent to Theo. Bering, Jr., Houston.

State League Cabinet.

- President, Allan K. Ragsdale, Dallas.
- First Vice-President, J. E. Blair, San Marcos.
- Second Vice-President, Miss Mattie Harris, Dallas.
- Third Vice-President, P. W. Horn, Houston.
- Fourth Vice-President, Miss Sallie Hartigan, Waco.
- Secretary-Treasurer, Frank L. McNeny, Dallas.
- Junior Superintendent, Mrs. W. F. Robertson, Gonzales.
- Chairman Board of Trustees, T. S. Armstrong, Waco.
- Secretary Board of Trustees, A. J. Weeks, San Antonio.

Fourth Annual Encampment, Epworth-by-the-Sea, August 5-15, 1908.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM THE LEAGUE EDITOR.

We approach another Christmastide. The year has been an eventful one in the history of the Epworth League in this State. Substantial progress has been made along all lines. The organization is more strongly entrenched than it has ever been. The aggregate membership is greater. The spiritual ideal has been more nearly attained. The future holds out a brighter bow of promise. We trace the impetus for all these things back to one source, namely, the great Assembly movement which is now the dominant factor in all our plans and purposes. At our home, Epworth-by-the-Sea, the inspiration which has been caught up by the thousands of Methodism's young people and carried into all sections of our great State has wrought marvelous things in our work. We can look back upon the achievements of the year and thank God that through his grace these victories have been made possible. And it is thus we approach the return season of fellowship and good cheer. We hope that around the hearthstone of every Leaguer in our great State there may come at this time a double portion of joy and happiness, sunshine and contentment, and that the new year which will soon be ushered in may hold for each one a full measure of prosperity and progress. Truly we wish for each a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

G. W. T.

NOTICE FROM TREASURER.

Since our Annual Conference I have received several letters from superannuates, et al., asking about the apportionment, etc. My answer is that I am not acquainted with that part of our work, except in a general way. I paid out all the conference money at Houston to the different Treasurers, as I always do, and to Bro. T. S. Garrison, Timpon, should be addressed communications from conference claimants.

L. L. JESTER,
Treasurer Texas Conference,
Tyler, Texas, Dec. 18.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

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

A COMPLAINT, A CAUSE AND A PRESCRIPTION.

In our first article we tried to give what we conceived to be the cause for the complaint. In this article we will try to give what we conceive to be a remedy which will materially affect the whole disorder.

"For God so loved the world that he sent his only begotten Son into the world that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life." Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." He also said, "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth more laborers into his harvest." Paul said, "How can they believe in him of whom they have not heard? How can they hear without a preacher? And how can they preach except they be sent?" "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!"

In approaching this momentous subject we feel that we are treading upon holy ground. In calling a man from the busy walks of life and placing in his mouth a special message to fallen man, God certainly confers upon a man an honor not to be lightly esteemed; an honor which no man can take upon himself. The call is too sacred and the work of too much value to mankind for the call to be disregarded or the work slighted. Quite a number of reasons for the dearth of young preachers have been given, and we are willing to admit that all of them may have their weight and are worthy of prayerful consideration, but to my mind the main cause, the all-important cause, lies in a lack of consecrated homes.

Oh, for a deeper work of grace, more vital godliness and more consecration in the home life of the Church! If professed Christians would live, work and pray as God expected them to when he made the great sacrifice for the redemption of mankind, how different this old world would be today!

Methodism is playing an important part in this redemptive work, but we are brought face to face with the fact that the supply of preachers in our Church does not meet the demand.

Wherever the waves of Methodism have touched the shores of heathenism the demand has increased for more preachers. Then let Methodism send up a united and continual petition to the Lord of the harvest to send more laborers into his harvest; to call more of the young men of the present generation to the work of the ministry. Let Christian people dedicate their children to God in infancy and then teach them by precept and example that their life-work is to do the will of God. Then, when the Spirit calls from the mighty depths of infinity, the heart will be ready to answer, "Here am I, send me!"

Human nature is such that it requires a constant battle against sin for us to keep in harmony with God. We are prone to drift away from duty into a state of laxity and neglect. In our travels through life we find too many homes without a family altar, where the bread of the spiritual life is almost lost sight of in an effort to lay up bread for the physical man. Children are too often suffered to drift with the great current of commercialism, physical men, but spiritual dwarfs. There are too many homes in the Church where scriptural holiness is not taught and lived as it should be. We know there are extreme cases of consecration on the one hand and neg-

lect of duty on the other, but we are forced to believe that the general life of the Church is not on as high a plane of godliness as it is our duty to be. There are too many homes where our religious literature is not circulated and read, but the secular literature is.

I suppose a large majority of those who are living the farthest from duty do not read the Advocate, so it rests upon our preachers and leaders in the Church to make special efforts to "rouse" the sleeping members to a sense of duty in working and praying to the "Lord of the harvest to send more laborers into his harvest." Consecrated lives mean consecrated money. Where the heart is, there is the treasure also. If we love God "supremely" our purses will be open to the support of his work.

These few hints have been written with a desire to see our Church grow in grace and continue its work as a mighty factor in preaching the gospel to "every creature."

We will throw out one more hint and close: If we expect good service from a person in any of the walks of life we must not overload him. There is a limit to a man's capacity, and if he tries to go beyond that capacity he is obliged to slight his work. A small amount of work well done is of more value than a large amount poorly done.

T. F. MYERS,
Burleson, Texas.

THE SIN OF EATING.

All the sorrow and pain of this world were caused by the overt act of eating. There would be no almshouses, jails, penitentiaries or asylums in this world to-day had not Mother Eve eaten the forbidden fruit. Tears of sorrow would not fall on the land like rain had not the tempting appetite of one fair woman perched itself upon the throne of evil ambition and plucked from the divine throne the infinite fruit of knowledge. Dark clouds of despondency and gloom would not hover about a human life had not the appetite of the woman taken a diabolical turn. Pain would never have shot its contagious blast through the heart had not the serpent appealed to the weakness of a human stomach. Envy, hatred, malice, wrath, would never have made their home in the minds of men had not appetite dictated to the reason of the mother of our race. Insanity would never have played its weird march in the convolutions of the brain had not appetite outwitted the heart and head. Debauchery and crime would not traverse this fair land of ours seeking whom it may devour had not a lustful appetite depredated the mind and soul and placed purity and virtue among the commodities of life. Storms of evil would not sweep over this great country of ours had not the progenitors of our race fallen a victim to voracious appetite. Cyclones of dissipation would not destroy nation after nation had not appetite engulfed our ancestors into a vortex of ruin. The Creator would not have lamented the downfall of man had not lustfulness usurped the throne of justice. Christ would never have spent a night in prayerful agony had not the dove of peace become a victim of man's appetite, and he would not have died on the cross had not Adam yielded and eaten also of the forbidden fruit. All


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crime and sin from time immemorial to the present day are but attributes of the primeval sin of eating. Famine and war would never have cursed our land and robbed thousands of homes of precious loved ones had the injunction "thou shalt not eat" been obeyed. Disease and death would never have preyed upon the innocent of the land had not the divine law been violated. Joy and sorrow would never have mingled like sunshine and rain had not the stomach of man and the curiosity of woman overcome the divine precepts and "did eat."

This world would have been one continuous round of perpetual joy, the heart would know no aches and the soul no disappointment had not the first law regulating diet been violated. The great demon of drink would not gloat over the unfortunate victims of the unnatural appetite. When men learn to control their appetite and their stomach the heart and head will take care of themselves. The mental and spiritual is largely subservient to the physical. You can measure the brain power and physical endurance of any nation by the kind and quantity of food consumed by the people of that nation. The medical profession long ago appreciated the digestive track in disease and health, but it remained for recent years to furnish the brain power to discover that what we ate not only determined our physical strength, but moral courage as well. It is now a scientific fact that a man is just what he eats, sees and hears. Out'tne a man's diet and science will tell you accurately the habits, propensities and social inclinations of that man. Food makes blood, blood makes temperament, temperament makes works and works takes the soul to heaven or hell. Food makes the physical, the physical develops the mental and the mental or intellectual faculties develop, foster and maintain the spiritual.

How can a man reform until he has changed his eating and drinking when these things were the primary transgression? Be careful what you eat and drink, what you see and what you hear, for all these silent forces become a part of your very being, and determine your course in life and your destiny in the life beyond.

RADFORD CROCKET.

- Fort Worth District—First Round.**
- Grapevine, at Grapevine, Dec. 22, 23.
 - Arlington, Dec. 28, 29.
 - Diamond Hill and Handley, Dec. 29, 30
 - Britton, at Britton, Jan. 4, 5.
 - Mansfield, Jan. 5, 6.
 - Kennedale, at Kennedale, Jan. 11, 12.
 - Polytechnic Sta., Jan. 12, 13.
 - Grandview, at Chappell Hill, Jan. 24.
 - Covington, at Covington, Jan. 25, 26
 - Main St., Cleburne, Jan. 27.
 - Anglin St., Cleburne, Jan. 26, 28.
 - Mulkey Memorial, Jan. 29.
 - First Church, Jan. 30.
 - Central, Feb. 1, 2.
 - Glenwood, Feb. 2, 3.
 - Missouri Ave., Feb. 5.
 - Riverside, Feb. 8, 9.
 - North Fort Worth, Feb. 9, 10.
 - Weatherford St., Feb. 15, 16.
- O. F. SENSABAUGH, P. F.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, Brother W. W. Gollighugh has been our pastor for four years, and by the laws of our Church he must now move; and whereas, our Church has prospered under his faithful ministry, we hereby express our gratitude for having had the benefit of his service.

Resolved, 1. That we earnestly recommend him to the people of his new charge as a faithful and true minister of Jesus Christ.

2. That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the Quarterly Conference Record of North Marshall Church, a copy sent to the Texas Christian Advocate and a copy sent to Brother Gollighugh. (Signed)

W. O. HILL,
J. L. ALEXANDER,
C. E. FISHER,
E. W. TERRY,
Board of Stewards.

- Dublin District—First Round.**
- Dublin Sta., Dec. 29.
 - Huffdale Cir., at 11 a. m., Jan. 8.
 - Carlton Cir., Jan. 11, 12.
 - Iredell Miss., at 10 a. m., Jan. 16.
 - Duffau Miss., Jan. 18, 19.
 - Bunyan Cir., at 11 a. m., Jan. 22.
 - Gorman Sta., Jan. 25, 26.
 - Desdemona Miss., Jan. 26, 27.
 - Stephenville Sta., at 8 p. m., Jan. 29.
 - Proctor Cir., Feb. 1, 2.
 - DeLeon Miss., Feb. 8, 9.
 - DeLeon Sta., Feb. 9, 10.
 - Carbon Cir., Feb. 15, 16.
 - Glen Rose Mis., Feb. 22, 23.
- J. G. PUTMAN, P. E.

- Brenham District—Second Round.**
- Buckholts, at Buckholts, Dec. 28, 29.
 - Cameron, Dec. 29, 30.
 - Thorndale and D., at Friendship, Jan. 4, 5.
 - Milano, Jan. 11, 12.
 - Rockdale, Jan. 12, 13.
 - Giddings, Jan. 17, 18.
 - Caldwell Miss., Jan. 25, 26.
 - Caldwell Sta., Jan. 26, 27.
 - Bellville, Feb. 1, 2.
 - Sealy, Feb. 2, 3.
 - Somerville, Feb. 7, 8.
 - Davilla Cir., at Friendship, Feb. 14, 15.
 - Maysfield, Feb. 22, 23.
 - Fulshear & Brookshire, Feb. 29, Mar. 1.
 - Bay City and Matagorda, March 7, 8.
 - Glen Flora and Lane City, Mar. 14, 15.
 - Wharton, March 15, 16.
- The District Stewards of the Brenham District will meet at the Methodist Church in Brenham, Texas, January 7, 1908, at 7:30 p. m. A full attendance is very much desired.
- A. A. WAGNON, P. E.

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