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G. C. RANVIN, D. D., EDITOR.

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Number 8

The Boy Who Loves His Mother

THE other day we overheard some young fellows guying a companion, and one of them said to him: "Oh, you are tied to your mother's apron strings!" And there was a general laugh. But the young fellow was nothing daunted by the intentional gibe of his critic. We felt an interest in him and at once put him down as worthy of confidence. He did not seem to be embarrassed at all on account of the sneers of his companions.

As a rule, the boy who reverences the memory and thought of his mother and is unwilling to do anything that would cross her teachings or degrade her influence can usually be depended upon to do the right thing in the face of an emergency. Whenever he makes up his mind to give her interest in his welfare the benefit of all doubt, he is on the right side of most questions. The most unerring instinct found in the human heart is the one that leads the mother to look well after the interest of her boy. The ideal mother never advises wrongfully and she never connives at questionable conduct. She wants him to do the right thing, to go with the right sort of company and to become a noble and true man. She would rather die than have him disgrace or dishonor her. In fact, she has but little to live for but her boy, and when he lives a correct life and makes himself honorable she is happy. But when he goes astray, though she will stand by him through tears and heart-aches, nevertheless it breaks her heart and brings her gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave.

The boy who wantonly does violence to his mother's wish and training and plunges into the excesses of life is not worthy of her love and confidence. He is an ingrate—yes, he is well-nigh a domestic criminal. She is the best friend on earth that he can ever have. She stands by him when all others fail him. She loves him even when it is proven that he is rightfully in a prison's cell. Nothing can extinguish her love for her boy except her death. There is nothing she will not do for him, and she always has

some sort of plausible excuse for his shortcomings. Her heart never grows cold toward him and her hand never ceases to minister to him. No wonder that her pride enlarges her bosom when he does well and brings honor to her name. And no wonder that she sheds bitter tears when calamities overtake him and the world turns its back upon him.

The greatest compliment that can be paid to the rectitude of any boy is to have it said of him that he is tied to his mother's apron strings. As long as it can be said truthfully, his life and character are safe. He has around him a bulwark of fortifications against the attacks of all forms of evil, and he can hold up his head and smile at the taunts of his associates. There is nothing for him to fear. If he honors the life and teachings of his mother, he has within him a solid element of character and the temptations of life cannot sweep him away.

Therefore let every boy be true to his mother's confidence in him. It matters not what his companions may think about it, let him make her his guiding star and her wish his rule of conduct. When temptations come to him let him think of her and her love for him and he will always find strength to say and do the right thing. And when he goes into her saintly presence he can look her in the face and realize that he has done nothing to distress her heart or degrade her name. And there is no heritage comparable to this sort of an experience in the heart of a pure boy. And when he is far from home let him write to his mother, keep her in his confidence and open his innermost secrets to her. It will make her rejoice and it will make him a better boy.

And let mothers cultivate the confidence of their boys, make themselves the most agreeable of all companions to them, and never nag at them or worry them unnecessarily, but make home the happiest and most attractive place in the world to them. In this way you will keep a grip on your boys and the world will never be able to wrench them from your hand. Otherwise their career may not be creditable to you. There is nothing more beautiful than the mutual confidence between a mother and her manly son.

The Duty of Good Citizenship

To be a citizen of a civilized country brings grave responsibilities. The first in importance is the responsibility of obedience to the laws of the land. The example and precepts of Christ fix forever the standard of good citizenship. It is to obey the laws of the land. Laws are made not for the good, but for the bad people; yet good people must uphold all laws, made to control the bad people, by careful obedience and without compulsion. If a cattle law is enacted, the good citizen will

obey that law without having a policeman's club raised over him. It is law and the good citizen obeys law without being compelled to do so.

An element of good citizenship is thoughtfulness. Thoughtless people who are ranked with good citizens consider themselves licensed to violate law because they are law-abiding citizens. They do not have to obey law because they are not lawless people. The game law does not apply to them because they do not come

in the class who violate law. It is all right for them to kill deer or birds out of season, but a law-breaker who kills out of season must be punished severely.

This unauthorized distinction is not right. It is utterly wrong. There are said to be a few people who claim to be so holy that what would be sensuality in others not sanctified is entirely innocent in them because they are holy. The citizen who violates law and feels himself not a violator of law because he is a good citizen is one with the fanatic who feels that he can be a fornicator without being a sinner, because he is holy in his soul and body.

Another responsibility is to vote. No man is living up to the demands of good citizenship while he stays away from the ballot box. In a government like ours, where the legislators, State and National, are elected by the suffrage of the people, the man claiming to be a good citizen is

failing to make good his claim unless he goes to the polls and votes in all elections involving the choosing of officers, from school trustees to Congressman. It is a bounden duty which he cannot shake off or evade. He must meet it by either helping with his ballot to elect efficient and worthy rulers or by helping to elect the vicious man to office by the withholding of his vote.

A man may speak for good government and write for good government and may denounce the election of bad men to office. But that is sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal unless a ballot for good government and good men drops from his hand into the election box.

In conclusion, we urge that the man who claims for himself the right to violate the law is not a good citizen, and the man who stays at home on election day, unless forced to do so by necessity, has no right to call himself a good citizen.

Very Distressing News From Korea

For some time it has been known that many of our Christian missionaries were in great peril in Korea. It seems that some time ago several native Christians were arrested and charged with a conspiracy against the life of the chief official from Japan in charge of affairs in Korea, and under extreme torture a confession was forced from them that more than one hundred native missionaries were involved in the plot. They were at once arrested and put in prison, among them Prince Yun, our leading native missionary. He was educated at Vanderbilt University and spent some time in this country, and while here visited a number of our leading cities. He was present at the great laymen's meeting in this city a couple or more years ago. He is one of the finest Christian characters, according to the evidence of those who have known him intimately for years, that the Church has ever had in the foreign field. As a result our Church has been watching developments in Korea to see the outcome of the hearing in his case and that of others. Their trial came up some weeks ago, and it was the consensus of opinion that nothing would come of it and that

the prisoners would all be released. This was Dr. W. W. Pinson's opinion. He is now in that country.

But the whole Christian heart of this country was shocked when they read in the secular press last Sunday morning that the Korean court had finished the hearing, found 114 of the prisoners guilty as charged and sentenced them to various terms of imprisonment. Prince Yun was assessed ten years. And all on the ground that a few native Christians were forced by torture to implicate their brethren in a conspiracy that never existed, and they recanted the confession just as soon as they were given an opportunity before a proper tribunal. Thus this good man and his collaborators are suffering fearful punishment for Christ's sake, though innocent of all wrong. Just what step can be taken to relieve the situation we do not know, but the Church will leave no effort unexercised to deliver this good man from his unjust sentence. Let the Church in the meantime pray God's blessings on him and the others whose experience is reaching back to apostolic days when prison doors closed on the ministers of Christ.

The way of the transgressor is hard because it leads him to invade the sanctity of his own moral nature and to do violence to every instinct of his conscience. And in the end, if persisted in, it leads to death.

More than once Samuel thought that he heard the voice of Eli in the passing hours of that memorable night, but finally it dawned upon him that it was the voice of God calling to him. From that moment the draperies of the tabernacle and the somber shadows of his environment took on new meaning of which he had been ignorant. God was there and life became a new inspiration to him. So we, too, often

wake to find that life is full of new voices to us, telling us its meaning and what our real mission in the world means.

The two mites of the widow were not worth much within themselves, but they represented all that she possessed and the sacrifice is found in the real value of her gifts. Not many people make sacrifices in their giving.

It is pleasant pastime to expatiate on the beauties of science and religion, but it is far more profitable to love God and your fellowmen. This is the essence of religion, though it may not sound so learnedly as science and religion.

FINISHING UP THE WORLD

NORTHERN ITALY—THROUGH AND OVER THE ALPS

By Dr. W. B. Paimore—Article Sixty-Two

The Creator seems to have anticipated the ferocious spirit of the Northmen in building for Italy an Alpine fortification all along her northern border. This Alpine barrier for a long time baffled the herculean energy and strength of Napoleon himself. But the steel drill, with fourteen years of time, fifteen millions of dollars and a sacrifice of many lives, has penetrated the strong heart of the Alps and opened a gateway into Northern Italy, called the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

Late in the afternoon our train entered this tunnel at the chilling elevation of 9,699 feet above the level of the sea, with the snow but little above us. We were twenty-eight minutes going through eight miles of solid rock. Emerging suddenly, we found ourselves breathing Italian air, looking up on pied montese rocks, and chasing the leaping, laughing waters of the Dora as we rapidly descended its valley. Here and there along this valley were hemp fields interspersed with corn and potatoes. The peasants along the mountain sides looked as if they were cultivating mansard roofs, having terraced every arable and available spot. With the old reef hooks they were gathering their ripening wheat.

Descending so rapidly from the cold altitudes of the mountains to the warm twilight of the valley we became quite drowsy, and as we looked out of the car window up to the castle crowned mountain tops, where the light of the setting sun was gilding the falling tower and crumbling battlements, with thirty centuries looking down upon us, we drifted into dreamland to wander amid the scenes of the long ago; until suddenly awakened by the yell of the hotel runners and hack drives of

The City of Turin.

Here we were amid the novelties and gayeties of one of the most modern and wealthy of Italian cities, with a population of nearly two hundred thousand, with broad streets running at right angles, brilliantly lighted. Out door cafes and concerts with orchestras and duets and quartets of superior voices were making music in the air. While your ear and eye are so constantly arrested by melody and beauty, your olfactory encounter the most obnoxious of odors. However, you have the advantage of the law of compensation. Here and there you meet groups of fair patrician ladies who seem to have been baptized in the spray of the Otter of Roses, Night Blooming Cereus or White Pond Lilies. These ladies are richly and tastefully dressed, some wearing French hats, while many are bare headed, with a gossamer mantilla around their shoulders, with one corner pinned over the back of the head.

Some of their flashing black eyes show passion and peril sleeping in their depths, tempest and sunshine slumbering side by side; a strange mixture of animal fierceness and animal tenderness; a volcanic force which at a moment's warning may break forth into explosions of love, hatred, jealousy or revenge! Some of the streets, like the Rue Rivoli in Paris, have the second story of the buildings to extend out over the pavement, resting on arches or columns on the outer edge. The river Po, which

Lord Byron

has immortalized in song, flows through this city. In his poem he represents himself as standing near its source, the lady he loved as living near its mouth. He communicates his measured thoughts to its flowing waves, which were to mirror to her the secret of his heart:

"Thou tendest wildly onward to the main.

And I to loving one I should not love. Both tread thy banks, both wonder on thy shore,

I by thy source, she by the dark blue sea."

With all this poetic glamour in our minds we hastened out to see this river in the light of the early morning. Think of our disappointment! Imagine our chagrin! at finding that it was wash day in Turin! And hundreds of women were kneeling upon rocks at the water's edge, with an inclined rock for a washboard. Just think of Byron's sweetheart standing on the banks of the Po, where it empties into the Adriatic, with her emotions all on tip-toe of excitement and expectancy, watching the silvery surface, to catch the measured sentiment of such an enthusiastic admirer, then to have all her hope and dream to end in the bursting

soap bubbles from the washboards of Turin!

Our next halt was at the old city of Genoa, where we looked out on the great Mid-earth sea, as its name, Mediterranean, so well expresses, around which the great civilizations of antiquity were built, of which Moses wrote and

Homer Sang,

whose waters were plowed by the ships of Tarshish and the iron-beaked galleys of Rome. A few miles from Genoa Christopher Columbus was born whose splendid monument is the first object which greets the stranger as he alights from the train. Never were two cities much more unlike in appearance and plan than Genoa and Turin. Genoa like Naples is built in a mountain amphitheater with the sea in the foreground. Her narrow streets are a labyrinth of bewilderment. The houses are so high that many people live over the same spot of ground. And when they come down out of these tall buildings and crowd into the narrow streets they remind you of bees working through a vast honeycomb.

From Genoa to Pisa is a remarkable link in the chain of travel. The route is a long, mountainous and picturesque coast of the sea. In going one hundred miles we passed through eighty-five tunnels. We were constantly excited with the kaleidoscopic scenery. One moment we would be watching the movements of a child in an inland villa, the next flitting through the darkness out onto the sea shore. Now in a lemon grove, fig orchard and oleander blossoms, then into the darkness again. Some of the passengers thought it must be the "Holy Land." One thought it was a great "bore," and all concluded there was more of darkness than of light.

Pisa is one of the oldest cities in Europe, having a record of more than thirty centuries. For the first crusade she equipped 120 ships. Her university, in which Galileo was professor of mathematics, was once the center where the greatest scholars were wont to gather. The old brass lamp still hangs in the Cathedral, the vibrations of which suggested to Galileo the law of the pendulum.

The Leaning Tower,

which has been standing more than 700 years, is a marvel of brightness and beauty. In the atmosphere of London it would be dark and dingy in seven years, but in Italy seven centuries leaves much of its polished whiteness undisturbed. Near this bell tower of the Cathedral is the Baptistery, a vast dome like the Pantheon in Rome, whose clustered columns and arches are a medley of gothic and corinthian art. Its echo is as remarkable as that of the Echo river in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. The verger will sing or whistle a few notes, which seem to vanish into endless undulations. Thin and clear, thinner, clearer, further going, "our echoes roll from soul to soul and grow forever and forever."

Milan, like Turin, is remarkable for its broad streets, modern appearance and beautiful environments. The Cathedral here is the climax of all the world's gothic architecture. Henry Ward Beecher said that the first time he was ever tempted to worship the handiwork of man was when he saw the Milan Cathedral.

"Tis only in the land of fairy dreams, Such marble temples rise bright in the gleams

Of golden sunshine. Truth here now repeats

What fancy oft has pictured forth in sleep.

And gives substantial forms to airy flights.

How bright, how beautiful the turret's peep

In snowy clouds while statues crown their heights.

Oft does the night these towers in moonlight steep.

Stirring the soul to poetry's delights."

It is 355 feet high. From its summit is one of the finest views in all Europe, enabling you to see the entire plain of Lombardy, from the Appenines on the south to the Alps on the north, overlooking the battlefields of Lodi, Novara and Magenta. We left Italy over

The Simplon Pass

by that marvelous road which Napoleon built to take his artillery into Italy. We were traveling in an old French stage coach, drawn by six horses, carrying more than a dozen passengers. From a wild nook in the mountains a group of children appeared selling wild flowers. Among these little ragged, bronzed creatures was an Alpine girl about eight or ten years

old, with a face and figure as handsome as Titian's Venus or Raphael's Madonna. We had a pocket full of small Italian money, which would have been of little value to us north of the Alps, so we indulged a freak, which a friend pronounced extravagant. One by one we priced the little bouquets of this little walf, giving her just double the price she asked for each. Her excitement increased as her flowers decreased! She had followed us miles when her flowers and our Italian small change were both exhausted. By this time her excitement was almost unbounded!

The crimson of her dimpled cheeks was slightly showing through the

bronze. Her hair falling in unkept crimps and curls over her face, and with her sparkling eyes she was as wildly beautiful as her own mountain flowers! Standing in the middle of the road, with her arm lifted to shield her eyes from the sun, she gazed in wonder at us, while all the passengers were gazing in rapture back at her. Far above her in the background was snow and beyond her were rugged rocks, trees and a cascade or small waterfall. The stage slowly climbed a heavy grade and curve in the mountains until she was lost to view. We have framed that picture, and hung it in the picture gallery of memory. And we call it Gratitude.

➤ A Solving of the Unsolved Problems ➤

By Rev. F. G. Cox.

In the Advocate of September 12, I noticed an editorial on "The City Problem Yet to be Solved." It appealed to me, from the fact that a few years ago, while pastor in the North, the same problem confronted the thinking preachers of the Church. Yes, the same problem that the Southern Church is now contending with we, in like manner, asked for the solution. After reading and rereading the above article, having had six years in the city pastorate, I felt that I should like to say a few words on the subject.

To my mind, the trouble is, that at the present time, the Church has not really accepted the position which it is plain she must sooner or later take. We are in a transition state, not from one form of doctrine to another, but from one form of administration to another. The work to be done is beyond the capacity of the Church, under the present methods of service. To illustrate: The ministry is in the position of a manufacturer, who began with one shop, and a business of which he could be the sole and adequate overseer; but now his business has so expanded, branch after branch has been added, shop after shop builded, that he cannot adequately oversee it alone, and yet cannot find any one to whom he can intrust the management of the several departments. He does the best he can—works day and night, feeling all the while that no such returns are coming in as the business warrants. The establishment, in point of fact, has no thorough supervision; it is running itself, the main reliance being on the industry and knowledge of the workmen. Officially we are where we were before we had the lay-ement, no lay-activity, existed in the Church. Does it today? I know there are a few, a very few, laymen whom a pastor can call on to help him. Officially we ignore the fact, that the last seventy years have brought many changes either to our duty or our opportunities.

When the politicians wish to incite the people, their party to activity, they find means to do it. By personal visitation, by the distribution of documents, by processions and posters, and by the mingling utterances of ardent orators, they soon succeed in rousing the masses. And shall we, when all the omnipotent forces of heaven are standing ready to help us, pine in inactivity over dead Churches for, after all, that is the disease, have all the wisdom and all the tact been given to the children of the world, while we enlightened as we claim by the Holy Ghost, are left to set down in imbecility to wait for something to turn up? God has not left us in this pitiable plight. He has put his own almighty resources at our disposal. Then let us "organize victory" in the name of the Lord.

"Don't believe in extra meetings." "But I believe that the ordinary services should be so conducted that souls would be converted at every meeting." No doubt about it. The sermons and the efforts in the prayer-meeting should all be aimed at this, and if we seek and obtain the help of the Holy Ghost, these results will be achieved. In the Sunday morning service, and during the prayer-meeting souls might be saved. This is what the Church is for, the salvation of the world.

But what harm could there be in holding extra services? Would it not be well to make the Church the focal point of interest in the community rather than the theater and the saloon? Can the preacher and the laymen do better than to assemble nightly in an effort to save their fellowmen? In the apostles' day souls "were added to the Church daily" and hence we infer they held daily meetings. As we excel the ancients in the production of artificial light, we may conveniently hold ours nightly, and daily, too.

The man who supposes that two or three public efforts a week will suffice to bring this world to Christ evidently does not know what Satan and his as-

sistants are about; or what efforts must be made to move men in any cause. There stands a steadily Church edifice in that corner. It is open for the general public about three times a week. An eloquent orator preaches there twice on the Sabbath day. If the people hear him at these times, well; if not, it is their look out. No advertising can be resorted to to arrest the attention of the people that would cheapen the gospel, no nightly meetings must be held that would occasion excitement; and many of those brought in would backslide—a matter more to be deplored in the estimation of many than the continuance of a whole neighborhood in sin.

Now, let us look at the other side for a while. Around the above stately Church are a number of saloons, open all day and night. By the means of raffles, oyster suppers, free lunches, they all kept full all the time. There is a theater not far away, open every night, advertised on every corner and in all the newspapers. Negro minstrels, shows, socials, and various kinds of amusements do all they can, in every way they can, to make people forget God. The strange woman, too is out hunting victims, and Mammon works his slaves from early morn till midnight.

Can the Church at this rate save the people from the voracious hell-hounds hunting on their tracks? Can the Church with three services in the week, checkmate Satan working his appliances in a hundred different places every hour in the day? Save all you can in your "ordinary" way, and you will find that Satan will beat you with his "extraordinary" ways, will win more in one day than you can in a month. But some one will say, What is to be done? Multiply your services; strike often and hard; call in the strongest preachers to be had to help you; organize your own men and women into praying, singing, tract-distributing bands; send for other praying and singing bands to come, with their new tunes and modes, to arouse with novelty and freshness those who would sleep under ordinary means, and to excite the public mind on the subject of religion that the above-named temptations and pernicious amusements shall be forgotten?

Of course, all this must be done in dependence on the Lord for help.

Christians must more than match evil-doers in energy and activity, or the cause of Christ is lost.

Then, he who imagines that ordinary means will suffice is, it seems to me, altogether too slow for the times.

At it, all at it, and always at it, is the only program that will answer for the times. Let us throw aside our dress-parade attire, preach more on hell, and less on heaven. Brethren, half of our congregations are headed in the opposite direction. More work and less talk, more teaching, and less preaching, will help to solve the "City and her unsolved problems."

Don't forget, brethren, that the Church that is having souls converted by the ordinary means, is the very one to succeed in the extraordinary means?

Nugent, Texas.

NOEL GAINES ONCE MORE.

In Advocate of June 16, Bro. Gaines answers criticisms on former articles of his, in which he gives me special attention. He very kindly reminds me that I "tried to show those Scriptures didn't mean what they plainly say." He says also that, "He dodges Jesus' words again." I am unconscious of being guilty in either case, for I am as anxious to know the true meaning of God's Word as any one, and would be as far from misrepresenting it as Bro. Gaines. I must conclude from what I have read of his writing, that other writers are as fine expositors of God's Word as he is. He says of his interpretation of Scripture, the "The Lord, himself, is my sole interpreter." First I know who the Lord is because I have sought a God-revealed knowledge as to who Jesus is." Then he re-

fers us to the building of the church according to Matt. 16:17;18. We all know that on that occasion Peter said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," and that Jesus told him that "flesh and blood had not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in Heaven." Now Paul says "that no man can say that Jesus is the Lord—but by the Holy Ghost." 1 Cor. 12:3 Jesus tells Peter that the Father had revealed the fact to him that Jesus was the Christ, but He does not tell how, whether through the Holy Ghost or otherwise. But when we remember that "there are three that bear record in Heaven, the Father, the Word and the only Ghost; and these three are one," the solution is easy, and Paul's saying holds good even in that case. Now if Bro. Gaines gets his knowledge of Christ as Peter did, and if Peter got it without the Holy Ghost, then Bro. Gaines gets it without the Holy Ghost. But if the Father had revealed the Christ to Peter by the Holy Ghost, if Bro. Gaines' position is correct, he revealed the Christ to an unregenerate man. On the same principle, how may I know that Bro. Gaines is regenerated?

Christ tells Peter, "Upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Also "Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven." In all this there is not a word that indicates any other qualification than that which he already possesses. Let us hold to the plain words of Jesus, and neither add to nor take from. Bro. Gaines refers to the words of Jesus in closing His sermon on the mount. He that hears the words of Jesus and does them shall be like the house on a rock. There is not a word about baptism in the entire sermon. Brother Gaines contends that water baptism is necessary to salvation because Jesus commanded it. Then the same will hold good as to the Lord's Supper, for He commands us to do this often in remembrance of Him. Will Brother Gaines contend for the external act more than the spiritual act of the heart? Will the quakers all be lost? The Bible gives us to understand that true obedience is of the heart.

He insists that the Apostles were not regenerated until Pentecost, because the Spirit was not yet given, yet admitting "that the Spirit was given to chosen ones of God." Will he say that Christ was not in the world in any form of saving power until He came in the form of a man, and that there was no salvation through him prior to that time?

The Israelites ate and drank "of that Spiritual Rock that followed them, and that Rock was Christ." 1 Cor. 10:4. Did they in a spiritual manner partake of Christ before he came into the world to die for it? The Bible says so. Yet his coming was foretold for years; and finally He did come, but that certainly did not hinder His being spiritually present with the Jews in the wilderness hundreds of years before He was manifested in the flesh. Were not those Jews enabled to know the Christ in the same way that Peter did? If they partook of Christ in a spiritual way, were not they regenerated? If Christ could be in the world as a saving power before He was manifested in the flesh, could not the Holy Ghost be in the world in regenerative power before He was sent as the comforter and revealer of truth? Surely He could.

As to baptism being for the remission of sins, I think I have made it sufficiently clear in my former articles that it is not. As to what was said about it on the day of Pentecost, I reaffirm that it applied to that crowd. They had rejected the Christ and had been accessory to His death. They must undo their former action as far as possible. To do so it was necessary for them to take upon themselves the mark of discipleship to offset their rejection of Him and thus remit, or put away their sins. I repeat, the twelve did not require this of any others. Paul, for like reason was commanded to be baptized and wash away his sins, but it was by Ananias. I am also sure that I made it clear from the Bible that Jesus did not baptize His disciples. See John. 4:2. Hence the twelve were not baptized by Jesus or by His authority. If they were baptized by John, it did not come up to the requirement of the Apostles, for they rebaptized some of John's disciples. Acts, 19:14.

If, as Bro. Gaines contends, baptism must precede regeneration and is necessary thereto, then our Savior has made it impossible for Him to save a person without the help of human agency. An act to be performed by a third party must be done, or the person will be lost. But does the Bible say that a man must be baptized with water in order to be saved? It says, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." John. 3:36. If he has everlasting life, he must be regenerated. And it is by faith. When Peter preached to Cornelius and his

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friends, the Holy Ghost fell on them before they were baptized with water. Hear what Peter says about it in Acts 15:8, 9, "And God, which knoweth the hearts, bear them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as he did unto us, and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith."

Now will Bro. Gaines contend that these folks could receive the Holy Ghost as the Apostles did, and have their hearts purified by faith, and still not be regenerated until they were baptized with water? They received the Holy Ghost. Their hearts were purified by faith. They had not been baptized with water. We are plainly told that there was no difference between them and the Jews. Therefore water baptism is not a prerequisite to regeneration. So the Scriptures plainly show that Bro. Gaines is mistaken, when he contends that the Apostles had to be baptized in order to be regenerated.

Now as to Rom. 6, just take the words as they stand: "How shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" verse 2. It says "we." Then the persons referred to in the pronoun "we" had certainly died to sin according to my former article. Then I can't be far wrong when I say that the person who is dead, died at some preceding time, and therefore ceased to live in sin. Being baptized into Christ brought about this death. Hence buried with him by baptism into death. Also a rising to newness of life. There is a uniting of the sinner and Christ in this death. So I still contend that there is a death to the sinner, by which he becomes dead to a life of sin, and enters upon a new life, or if you please, a new birth, is the result. Now there is not a drop of water mentioned in this baptism. Let us be sure not to add to God's Word. It is a baptism into death; not into the water. Take a parallel text Col. 2:11, 12. "In whom ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ. Buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with him, through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead." This work was done without hands, through the operation of God. Hence it was spiritual, just as it was in Rom. 6. Water baptism is done with hands, but this was not. Therefore, spiritual baptism puts into Christ and into the benefits of His death. But it may be asked, if the Apostles had been regenerated, and thus baptized into Christ, why another baptism on the day of Pentecost? Note the following: The Spirit is promised in Isa. 44:3; Joel 2:28; John, 14:16-18; 15:26; 16:13; Acts, 1:4, 5, 8. I am sure you will find in all these Scriptures that His mission was to help God's people by imparting power. Jesus calls it the "Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive." John, 14:17. He is the Comforter, and He is to guide into all truth, also impart power for witnessing to the Christ. To this end they were required to tarry at Jerusalem until they received power. Then they were filled with the Holy Ghost, so that they could speak with various tongues. A short time after, Peter was filled with the Holy Ghost, and spoke with boldness to the rulers of the people, Acts, 4:8. The same thing occurred again, as recorded, Acts, 4:31. John and Christ both speak of this filling as a baptism. Paul was filled with the Holy Ghost on several occasions. See Acts, 9:17; 13:9 and 13:15. It is evidenced from these scriptures, that the Apostles received a special filling or baptism of the Holy Ghost, when occasion demanded it. Now if these fillings or baptisms were given to God's people for special purposes on special occasions, enabling them to meet special emergencies, they certainly are destined from that baptism that puts us into the Christ, though it be done by the same Spirit. It is true that it takes the Holy Spirit to regenerate a sinner causing him to come out of the old life, to die to sin, and enter upon the new life in Christ. It takes the same Spirit to bestow the diversity of gifts necessary to accomplish God's will in the promulgation of the gospel. See 1 Cor. 12:4-11. When Christ was in the world to make an atonement for sinners, he was the dominant figure in carrying out the plan of salvation. Yet the Holy Ghost was with Him. Having accomplished His part by the sacrifice of Himself, He then sent the Holy Spirit to be the great power in the world, not only to reprove of sin, of righteousness and judgment, but also to endue His servants with power that they might be infallible witness that He is the Christ. Now I propose that we leave the doctrine of baptisms (Heb. 6:1, 2) and go on unto perfection in things that will make for godliness of a higher degree in the Churches.

J. H. CHAMBLISS.

WAS JOHN A BAPTIST?

Rev. J. F. Clark.

Our Baptist brethren teach that John was a Baptist. Many honest good Baptists believe that John was a Baptist, because of this teaching. Many Baptist preachers preach this openly, and seem to feel no prickings of conscience whatever, but rather express a denominational pride in doing so. They do this without even one passage of Scripture to confirm the statement. The truth is that the Bible nowhere says that John was a Baptist. It does call John the Baptist. But to any unprejudiced mind there is quite a deal of difference in the two expressions, "a Baptist" and "the Baptist." John was called the Baptist or "baptizer" because he baptized the people who went to him from time to time for baptism. And this is the only reason that he was called the Baptist. In this sense all ministers are Baptists, that is, that they are all "baptizers" as truly as was John the Baptist. John was called the Baptist merely to distinguish him from all other Bible men. There are several other Bible men who are distinguished in a similar manner. There was James the Lord's brother, (Gal. 1:19). There were Simon Peter, Simon the Canaanite, Simon the Tanner, Simon the Sorcerer, and Simon the Leper. There were Judas Iscariot, Saul of Tarsus, and Philip the Evangelist. Can we not as well say that the followers of Simon the Canaanite were called Canaanites, the followers of Simon the Tanner were called Tanners, the followers of Simon the Sorcerer were called Sorcerers, and the followers of Simon the Leper were called Lepers as to say that the followers of John the Baptist were called Baptists? How about calling the followers of Saul of Tarsus Tarsusites? Or the followers of Philip the Evangelist? Isn't there just about as much reason and common sense in doing this as to call the followers of John the Baptist baptists? The Bible tells us plainly what the followers of John the Baptist were called. From Matt. 11:2 and Luke 7:18, we learn that the followers of John were called "disciples" and not Baptists.

Our Baptist brethren, or at least many of them believe and teach that John the Baptist was the founder of a sect called Baptists. This arises from the fact that for the most part our Baptist brethren are ignorant of the plain facts of Church history regarding their denomination. Only the administrator was called the Baptist. Not even he was called a Baptist; but on the other hand, he was the only man in the history of the world who was called the Baptist. Nor did his "disciples" take the name Baptist from this eminent administrator of baptism, as is shown above. The plain truth is that our present day Baptists have no relation to John whatever. He was called the Baptist because he baptized those who came to him for baptism, and not that he immersed people any more than that he baptized them by pouring or sprinkling. Our present day Baptists are called such because they baptize by immersion only. Between our present day Baptists and John the Baptist there is a great gulf fixed which, try they ever so hard to bridge, they cannot pass over. Now our Campbellite brethren have as much right to the name Baptist as do the brethren so-called; that is, if baptizing by immersion only makes Baptists. If we can trust Church history for the facts in the case, we will find that so far as apostolic succession is concerned, our Campbellite brethren are as truly Baptists as those who style themselves Baptists. Their founder and leader, Mr. Alexander Campbell, was himself a Baptist. On page 555 of Fisher's History of the Christian Church it is said that "Alexander Campbell, now the leader of the movement, was excluded in 1827 from the fellowship of the Baptists on account of some difference of opinion.

Now, whether or not our Campbellite brethren claim the name or not, they are in direct line of succession as the Baptists call succession.

Now, how could John the Baptist be a Baptist when there were no Baptists in the history of the world until a comparatively recent date. As I stated above, that between our present day Baptists and John the Baptist there is a great gulf fixed, so that they cannot pass over it. Now let's see about this gulf. When did the name Baptist come into use as a denominational designation? We quote from Dr. William H. Whittitt, sometime President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary Louisville, Ky., as is found in his "Question in Baptist History." On page 92 of that book he says, "That the name Baptist first came into use shortly after 1641." Again, "The earliest instance in which this name occurs as a denominational designation, so far as my information

goes, befell in the year 1644, three years after immersion had been introduced." On page 93 he says, "The name Baptist was in 1644 first claimed by our people. They have claimed it ever since." On page 100, in speaking of the famous "year of jubilee," as Edward Barber phrased it, he says, "The name was not in use before that period; it has been constantly applied as a denominational designation to our people ever since that date."

Now what have we here? We have one of the greatest of Baptist historians of the world, who testifies that the name Baptist was not used as a "denominational designation" until about the year 1644 or a little earlier by possibly two years. To put it 1642, it is only 270 years since this name Baptist came into use to designate one body of Christians from another. Now as to the gulf; subtract the 270 from 1912 and we have 1642. This then is the number of years that make up the fixed gulf between the present day Baptists and John the Baptist. This is the gulf which the Baptists cannot pass over. Back of 1641 there is but little history regarding the Baptists of the present day. Back of that there is no definite history of the Baptists; it is all dark as our Baptist historians look back across this gulf of 1641 years. The darkness is so great that it is to them impenetrable. Hence we conclude that as there were no Baptists until about 1640, that surely John the Baptist was not a Baptist.

Stephenville, Texas.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON BAPTISM.

There are a number of people in the Methodist, and other Churches, and perhaps some among the converts who have not yet united with any Church, who are troubled in mind about baptism, how it should be performed, etc., and it is in the hopes of helping some of these to place a proper value on water baptism and to make up their minds that I ask space in your paper, for the writer himself was worried for several years over this question, and believes that until it is definitely settled to the individual's satisfaction there will not be much spiritual growth.

The Methodist Church, following its policy of allowing the greatest latitude possible for each individual to follow the dictate of his own conscience, in matters religious, recognizes any mode of baptism performed by any minister, provided the individual is satisfied with it.

We are some times found fault with for this liberality, but it seems to me that any reasonable man who will carefully study this subject in the light of the Scriptures, without prejudice, would conclude that it was the only reasonable thing to do.

To those who are troubled about the mode practiced by the Apostles, we can only say, that there is no man or set of men who can positively tell you, no matter how glibly they may talk about "Baptidzo" and the Hebrew and the Greek, for there are others equally as skillful in Hebrew and Greek who will deny it. It is a question you must settle for yourself, and right here I would suggest that perhaps you put more stress on it than it deserves any way.

Matthew tells us in 3:11, "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance, but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear. He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

Here we have two baptisms, one water, the other spiritual; the water baptism performed by man, the spiritual performed by the Holy Ghost. These two baptisms are spoken of throughout the New Testament and I believe that a failure to differentiate between them has been the cause of much confusion and has caused many people to place a higher value upon water baptism and how it should be performed than rightly belongs to it, for it frequently happens that passages which refer only to spiritual baptism are quoted as referring to water. If you will take your Bible and read those passages that refer to baptism, and carefully note whether it is one man can perform or one God alone can perform, it will be a great help in enabling you to understand just how much man's baptism is worth to you.

A passage often quoted by those who discuss baptism, and the hardest to my mind to explain satisfactorily is found in our Lord's conversation with Nicodemus, viz., "Except a man be born of the water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." The most reasonable explanation of this "Of the water" that I have found is that it refers to the natural birth, and not to baptism at all, though often so used, and this seems reasonable since Christ said immediately after "That which is born of the flesh is flesh" and again He said

The Best Way? Go To Your Doctor. No sense in running from one doctor to another! Select the best one, then stand by him. No sense in trying this thing, that thing, for your cough. Carefully, deliberately select the best cough medicine, then take it. Stick to it. Ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for throat and lung troubles.

later on "If I have told you earthly things and yet believed not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?"

Another passage much prized by those who place great stress on water is Acts 2:38. "Then Peter said unto them repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins."

Suppose the man does repent and is baptized, do you for one moment believe that without the interposition of the Holy Spirit his sins would have been cleansed?

No! Never in this world. He might have been immersed or sprinkled until he was drowned, but his sins would have remained.

"Oh, but," says one, "the blood of Spirit was applied in the act of baptism or obedience."

Well, if the man had saving faith such a thing could be, but as a matter of fact few are converted or cleansed in the act of being immersed or sprinkled, and in any case the water, no matter how applied, could have nothing to do with his cleansing. It required a spiritual baptism which God alone can bestow.

The sixth chapter of Romans, verses 3 to 5 inclusive, is a strong point with some who place great stress on immersion. They see in it a watery grave in which they are buried into Christ's death and from which they are raised to "walk in newness of life," and talk so eloquently about it that we are almost forced to wonder at the marvelous change said to be wrought in a man by a little water, and there are some who attach just as much importance to a little water sprinkled on, yet most of those who talk so lovingly about a "liquid grave" and its leading to newness of life would refuse to put a man under the water unless they believed that he was in a saved state beforehand. Why this refusal if it is a burial into our Lord's death and therefore into him? We can't tell; it seems to us that the unsaved would be the very ones to baptize.

But let us see if we can't get a little light on this sixth chapter of Romans and the chances are that we will find not one drop of water there, and that the watery grave exists only in the imagination, at least so far as this chapter is concerned.

We ask is it possible for one man to bury another into Christ by means of a hole of water, by sprinkling, by pouring, or by any other process, if not how do we get into Christ?

We let the Scriptures answer: In 1 Cor. 12:13 we read, "For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body," by which body we suppose all will agree is meant the Church of God, which we are told is Christ's body, so that we can truthfully say that if we have been baptized into the Church of God we have been baptized into Christ.

With this explanation as to how we are baptized into Christ's body we can very readily understand that St. Paul in the sixth chapter of Romans was speaking of a spiritual baptism into Christ's death and not of one in some lake or pond or a little water sprinkled or poured on, or applied in any other manner by man, for man can never by any means baptize man into Christ: that is the office of the Holy Ghost. It is only by a spiritual baptism that man can be cleansed from his sins and be raised to walk in newness of life wherein old things have passed away and all things have become new, and we are made to rejoice in the hope of the glory of God.

Circumcision to the Jews was esteemed among them something like baptism is among us. They thought it a mark which entitled them to special favor from God, but St. Paul in speaking of it said, 1 Cor. 7:19, "Circumcision is nothing (as regard man's salvation) and uncircumcision is nothing (as regards salvation) but the keeping of the commandments of God," and so we may as truly say immersion is nothing and sprinkling is nothing (as an aid to salvation) but the keeping of the commandments of God, for God has commanded us to baptize with water "In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

Since there is no saving virtue in the water there can not be any in the mode, so the only logical thing to do is to select that mode which more nearly answers the dictates of your conscience and have it performed and give the subject no further thought. You who believe in immersion by this act say to the world, "I believe my sins have been forgiven and that I have been spiritually immersed in the blood of the Lamb who died for the sins of the world."

And you who believe in sprinkling

say, "I believe I have been pardoned and have been spiritually sprinkled by the blood of the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world."

Eph. 4:5. There is one faith, one Lord, one baptism. On the two first of these statements there is no disagreement among Christians, but no, not so about the last, the immersionists say, "If there is only one baptism, then sprinkling is certainly wrong," and the advocates of sprinkling say the same thing about immersion. Each seems to forget that they may both be wrong in trying to apply this Scripture to water baptism at all. St. Paul is evidently speaking here of the essentials of salvation, "One Lord," Jesus Christ, "One faith" whereby we are reconciled to God or Christ and his righteousness is imputed unto us, "One baptism," for there is a baptism which is essential to salvation, and it is spiritual, as we have shown before, "For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body."

D. S. TROY

CONTENTMENT.

"But godliness with contentment is great gain." 1 Timothy VI.6.

In discontent, I ask to see The future and its store for me, That with a mind completely free I now could rest

From toils obscure and full of pain, From fear of crosses coming 'gain, From earth's broad snares and sin's deep stain, In realms more blest.

My prayer was granted—gift divine: My life before me stood in line, My good deeds did in splendor shine, But oh, the pain.

When I full saw that sin and woe Out of my path must press me so, Like gusts of wind that surge and blow, Aud surge again;

The vision of unguarded hours With ever-present evil powers, And folly scattering luring flowers, That seek to please;

The vision of my time mispent, Of opportunities well sent, Aud turned to naught for merriment, And love of ease.

At such a vision growing clear I shuddered, filled with mortal fear, The end of life must needs be near, So near did seem.

With heart fast beating I awoke, And upward rose, the spell was broke With soul of gladness then I spoke, "Lo! 'tis a dream."

Deep in my heart let this remain, Lest I should seek this gift again; Sunshine will come as well as rain, So let it be.

Be led by Him who wisely planned This universe sublime and grand, A single step without His hand— Too far for me.

REV. F. K. SUDDATH.

HARD TO SEE

Even When the Facts About Coffee are Plain.

It is curious how people will refuse to believe what one can clearly see. Tell the average man or woman that the slow but cumulative poisonous effect of caffeine—the alkaloid in tea and coffee—tends to weaken the heart, upset the nervous system and cause indigestion, and they may laugh at you if they don't know the facts.

Prove it by science or by practical demonstration in the recovery of coffee drinkers from the above conditions, and a large per cent of the human family will shrug their shoulders, take some drug and—keep on drinking coffee or tea.

"Coffee never agreed with me nor with several members of our household," writes a lady. "It enervates, depresses and creates a feeling of languor and heaviness. It was only by leaving off coffee and using Postum that we discovered the cause and way out of these ills.

"The only reason, I am sure, why Postum is not used altogether to the exclusion of ordinary coffee is, many persons do not know and do not seem willing to learn the facts and how to prepare this nutritious beverage. There's only one way—according to directions—boil it fully 15 minutes. Then it is delicious." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

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

Notes From the Field

Odonnell.

We have had four revivals held at the different Churches in this charge. Bro. T. H. Knight, our pastor, did all of the preaching; had but very little help but God was with him at every place. There have been forty-one conversions and forty-four accessions to the Church. We want Bro. Knight and his good family back with us another year. Bro. W. H. Terry, our presiding elder, will be with us at the Draw Church the last Saturday and Sunday for Quarterly Conference. We are always glad to have Bro. Terry with us. We have a Methodist Sunday School organized at this place. When you pray, ask God to bless the few Methodists here on these Plains and especially for the Odonnell charge and our good pastor and family.—L. T. Riley.

San Angelo.

I have just returned from the Plains country, near Petersburg, where I assisted Rev. W. H. Carr in a great revival. On the 15th inst., we opened up meetings at Almon schoolhouse where there had never been a meeting conducted by Methodists. Found, however, that the people were ready for the battle and for eight days we waged war and sin and evil doing. Almost from the start the revival began and souls were saved at almost every service. Bro. Carr organized a Church of thirty members, and two more joined later. The talk now is of a church building in the near future—the only thing to do. W. H. Carr is the faithful supply over Petersburg Mission and lives in the bounds of the work. He is doing well, enjoys the confidence and esteem of everybody in the country. His children are all settled near him and with his faithful wife to help him, of course he's happy, and is doing a great work for the Church. I very much enjoyed my stay with him and my relatives, D. Y. Scott and family, who live in the bounds of his charge. A great country is that. The brethren have kept me pretty busy since middle of May in meetings. The Lord and the brethren are good to me. Make use of me if you can, my brethren. I love you all.—Sam J. Franks.

Avery.

As the conference wheel will soon make her annual revolution, we will make our report to the "Field" department. We have had fifty-five conversions, and fifty-two accessions to the Church, baptized nine children; have built two new churches that are valued at \$10,000; and done other improvements to the amount of \$325.00. Our people as a whole are wide-awake to the opportunities that are being presented to them in the interest of Methodism, and they are availing themselves of them. We believe that Methodism is in her infancy; in this, the extreme, sensitive part of the conference. The majority of our people are "growing in grace," and we believe that they will bring things to pass for the Church in days to come. Our presiding elder is loved by all of our people as much as any we have ever had, and that is saying a great deal as they talk of Bro. Sweeten and others, and say, "Isn't Bro. Bryan a great elder?" Our District Conference met with us in April and it is putting it mildly to say, that our people enjoyed the great occasion, with our efficient presiding elder in the chair; in fact, the whole town and adjacent community considered it a great opportunity. We had some great sermons preached during the conference, in fact they were equal to any we have ever heard. Our slogan is, "Everything in full." Brethren pray for us, to the end, that our Heavenly Father may be glorified, in all things whatsoever we do!—Clinton L. Bowen.

San Marcos Station.

The opening of Coronal and the State Normal has put new interest and enthusiasm into all our work here. However, the interest in all departments of Church work was well maintained during the entire summer not excepting the month of August which the congregation most generously allowed the pastor to spend recuperating in Colorado and the Panhandle. Last Sunday we had present at a regular session of the Sunday School five hundred and twenty-four as against four hundred and fifty for the corresponding Sunday of last year and three

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hundred and twenty-one for the corresponding Sunday of 1910. We have an unusually earnest and efficient superintendent in the person of Mr. D. W. Peel. He and his officers and teachers are hoping to make Rally Day next Sunday the greatest day in the history of our school. The Adult Department of our school is unusually strong, there being about three hundred actually present in this department every Sunday. There are six strong adult classes for home people, six for Coronal and six for Normal students beside two Teacher Training Classes. Prof. Jno. E. Fritchett has a class of mature men with about fifty enrolled. Brother G. G. Johnson has a similar class for married women. We have recently organized a strong Baraca Class for town young men and a Philathea for town young women. We have five Baraca classes and four Philathea classes in the school. I have never seen anywhere a finer corps of Sunday School teachers. Eight members of the faculty of the Southwest Texas State Normal, including the president, are Methodists and every one of the eight are teachers in our Sunday School and practically every member of the Coronal faculty teaches in the Sunday School and also a number of teachers from the High School and Grade Schools. Since conference we have had two hundred and sixty-four additions to the Church of which number ninety-six have been on profession of faith. This makes a total of five hundred and sixteen added to the membership during the two years of the present pastorate. The membership now numbers nine hundred and eighty-four. During the year the balance of \$1500 has been paid on the \$2250 organ and nearly \$1000 has been expended in repairing and repainting the outside of the church and the parsonage. In addition to supporting a missionary in Cuba this Church is this year supporting a pastor for the great Mexican population in and around San Marcos at a cost of \$50 per month. The best of all is that we are having conversions in our regular services. Since the opening of our schools two Coronal boarding students and four Normal students have been converted in the regular services and have united with the Methodist Church. This Church together with the University Church, and the Churches at Denton, Huntsville and Canyon City are doing much toward the solution of the very discouraging problem of "The Foreigner in our midst." We have here in the Normal a great number of German and Bohemian students. Many of them are in our Sunday School and are regular attendants at our preaching services. During the past year a number of them were converted at our altar and are now devoted Methodists. This means much when you consider the fact that these young people are going out to be teachers and leaders among their own people. While the progress of Methodism in San Marcos is very gratifying to us all yet we are deeply humbled by the realization that we are not yet beginning to fully measure up to the marvelous opportunities God is giving to us a Church. Brethren, pray for us.—Cullom H. Booth, P. C.

Santo.

Well, we have had our meeting at Brazos on the Santo Charge, Brother J. J. Rape doing the preaching. From start to finish, by the assisting grace of God and the leading of the Divine Spirit, and in a manner that made us almost feel like we sat at the Master's feet and listened to His burning words as our souls feasted on heavenly things, and were made strong in the love of God, and the power of His night. I have talked to several of the members since the meeting. We all feel the same in regard to our pastor's faithful work. His presence is a blessing to our homes. We all are prepared to live better and do our duty to God and humanity closer than before. Our community is in a better condition; our Sunday School is growing fast, and we are thankful to the good Lord for sending us Brother Rape and his good family. They have labored hard this year. They feel discouraged at results. God will take care of this good work. We feel there has been bread cast upon the waters to be gathered many days hence.—M. E. Craig, Sept. 24.

Hansford.

We have a great and appreciative people to serve. They received us kindly two years ago, when the Bishop said, "Go;" and a year ago when he said, "Go back again," they said: "We are glad to have you return." "What are we doing?" Well, that is what I'm going to tell you. As we were very much in need of a comfortable place for the preacher and his family to live, the first thing I did when I came back from conference was to get out and tell the folks about it and ask them for some money with which to build a parsonage. They proved by a hearty response that they were glad of our return, not only our own people, but all the people generally. We have now in cash and subscriptions about \$750.00 to build a parsonage. Dr. Boaz came into our charge and told us that the Methodists were building a great university at Dallas, and needed some money. So we "planked" down about \$1,280.00. When the Board of Stewards met to fix the salary for the preacher and presiding elder, they took a close look at us and decided we looked rather lank, and raised the salary a few notches. Now I am glad they did that for Kiker sure does "look it." But Kiker is a "goer," a sure-enough race horse, when it comes to traveling a district. Dr. Boaz just had to say he was the best west he had met in a long time. Kiker does things. But this is just thrown in. I am telling you what the Hansford Charge is doing.

I come now to speak of the conference collections. But to give an idea of our progressiveness I shall go back a little. Three years ago this charge was assessed \$90.00, and they paid it. Two years ago it was assessed \$150.00, and paid \$176.25. This year it was assessed \$225.00, and I shall give you the results thus far, and the collections still being taken: Hansford \$50.00, Black \$56.00, making a total of \$293.05. Of course there is something "doing" over here. But the best of it all is, the people are progressing spiritually. I don't know what they would do if they could hear some sure-enough preaching. As it is, when this preacher preaches the best he can, the Holy Spirit sometimes comes upon us and the folks actually shout, and we go home feeling that the Lord is indeed very gracious to us. I am pleased to note an advance in Church life among our folks, and a more friendly feeling, on the part of those who make no pretension to religion, toward the interests of the Church. Yes, we have had our hardships. We have had many tussles with Satan this year in various forms. This country passed through one of the severest winters in its history last winter. Many lost very heavy. But the Lord has blessed us with an abundant harvest this year. Now, a word concerning the Advocate: Last year we raised the subscription from seven to twenty-nine. This year we determined, if possible, to put the Advocate into every home of our membership—in the first place to see if it could be done. So I am happy to tell you we have that distinction—the Advocate in every home of our people. This requires some effort, but it can be done, with great profit to the pastor and his people. Now a word to Dr. Rankin and Louis Blaylock: When you are spurring us fellows up, calling our attention to what might be done for the Advocate, remember the folks out here have "hear'n" of the Advocate, are reading it, and like it. We are sending in the names of Baptists, also, as regular subscribers. We all like the Advocate. We have had a very pleasant year. We shall be very busy now until conference.—B. J. Osborn, P. C.

Trinity Station.

The fourth Sunday night in this month there came to a close, according to the statement of our oldest citizens, the greatest revival that Trinity has ever had. Rev. D. L. Coale, one of the greatest evangelists in Texas, did the preaching; and Prof. Robert E. Huston, who is of the same class in his line of work, conducted the music. He is a pastmaster in conducting a choir, having had a chorus of about seventy-five voices, and together they made the welkin ring. Brother Coale's preaching is of the type that reaches men. He clothes his sentences with words sufficiently sharp to sever when an operation is needed, at the same time convincing the sinner that they are words coming from a heart full of love for the lost. Brother Coale also knows how to conserve his physical powers; believing that the secret of power with God over men lies not in perspiration but in inspiration. Now, as the great editor of the Advocate knows that this writer has not the "gift of continence" in writing a Field Note, yet I wish to state, in a few words, some of the results of this meeting. There were something over one hundred conversions, and forty-two united with our Church. Several went into the other Churches of the town. At least thirty per cent of those converted were already members of the Church. In fact, the entire membership was wonderfully revived. I now find that practically this whole town has been swept, leaving a very few that are not members of the Church—practical-

ly none that are available for our Church. But the best things are yet to be told. Two of our most talented young ladies, Miss Della Bright and Miss Iola May Waller, yielded to God's call to special work in the Church. Miss Bright will become a deaconess, and Miss Waller will be a missionary. Grady Waller, Ollie J. Ramey, and L. B. Bright surrendered to God's call to the ministry. The first two named are young men of great promise. Both of them in all probability will enter Southwestern at once to prepare for their life's work. The Church will hear from these two excellent young men in the future. Brother Bright, who is the father of Miss Della Bright, is a middle aged man, and is calculated to be a great power for God and the Church in this town and the surrounding country, as a local preacher. He has gone at it in earnest. We paid Brothers Coale and Huston \$413 for their services. This money did not have to be pumped out of the people. They gave willingly. As I have before stated, this has indeed been a pleasant year for this preacher, having received ninety-two persons into the Church, most of them being on profession of faith. To God be all the praise. My friend and presiding elder, J. B. Turentine, has been a great help to me this year. He visits his charges ad interim and counsels with his brethren regarding the best interest of the work. This I appreciate very much. He has also done some great preaching for us. Love to all the Advocate force, including the editor.—Mark N. Terrell, Sept. 30.

Alvarado.

We think we are making some advancement in our Church work here. On the first Sunday in August the Methodist and Presbyterians began a union meeting here with A. P. Lowry, of Fort Worth, to do the preaching. The conditions here were peculiar, and our faith in the meeting was not very great, but Lowry had faith and power with God. How he did preach and work! We had a great meeting in the Church and about one hundred professions. We are rounding up for conference and expect to make the landing in good shape. We have good people here who will see us out all right.—M. W. Rogers.

Lufkin.

The close of another conference year is at hand. Our fourth quarterly meeting is a thing of the past and finances reported out. We have two months yet to collect, but reported in full, as we expect to pay out in full. We have just closed a two week's meeting. Bro. Vance, our pastor, conducted the meeting the first week; Bro. J. W. Mills, our presiding elder, the second week. The preaching of the two brethren was both intellectual and deeply spiritual. We feel that their great messages for good will abide. Our Church has been greatly benefited and strengthened. The people have been brought in closer relation with each other and to God. Bro. Vance is in high favor with his people, as well as other Churches. At our last quarterly meeting there was a resolution passed commending his good work, and with one voice asking his return to this charge. The unanimous opinion, generally, is for him to be returned another year. Bro. Vance is a consecrated Christian and there is a broad field of labor and usefulness in this place for him in the next three years to come. Bro. Mills is a great and good man, devoted to his work and is, indeed, a tower of strength to his people, whom he has under his supervision. We love Bro. Mills and pray that he may complete his fourth year on the San Augustine District. We must not forget to say that we had the hearty co-operation and splendid help from the Baptist and Christian ministers, Bros. Cole and Palsgrove. They work side by side with Bro. Vance as if they were brothers of the same denomination, which makes the people of the different Churches love each other as they never have before. With all these ministers in their respective places, working in such love and harmony, we are anticipating great results another year. As the result of our meeting, many were reclaimed and twenty-five joined the different Churches, of which seventeen joined the Methodist Church last Sunday. We have been taking the Advocate for thirty years, it seems a part of our household.—W. A. Abney.

Vernon.

I can scarcely realize that my fourth year is nearly up. These years have been so pleasant and busy that the time has gone by quickly. As I have made no report since last conference, let me say that Vernon station will report everything in full at Abilene in November. This is her usual record. We have had two revivals; one early in January during that extreme cold weather and Bro. Shuler, of Temple, did the preaching. It was done well.

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in the afternoons, for one week, at the city hall, he preached to men only and the splendid attendance showed how they enjoyed him. We closed this one before we intended to do so on account of the meningitis scare at Temple. Bro. Shuler felt like he ought to go home. The second meeting was begun September 1st, and Bro. J. W. Hunt, of Snyder, Texas, came Monday and did the preaching. He measured up to the expectations and was thoroughly enjoyed. In each meeting there were twenty-five or thirty conversions and reclamations and altogether about forty additions to the Church. In each meeting the Church was put on new ground religiously. There were many things in the way, such as cold, heat, sickness in the town, and other things

For Old and Young

THE MAN WHO WINS.

The man who wins is the man who works—
The man who toils while the next man shirks,
The man who stands in his deep distress
With his head held high in the deadly press—
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who knows—
The value of pain and the worth of woes—
Who a lesson learns from the man who fails
And a moral finds in his mournful wails—
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who stays
In the unsought paths and the rocky ways,
And, perhaps, who lingers now and then
To help some failure to rise again.
Ah, he is the man who wins.
—Christian Manhood.

ONLY A QUARTER.

"Please, sir, do you want some chestnuts?"
"Chestnuts? No!" returned Ralph Moore, looking carelessly down on the upturned face, whose large, brown eyes, shadowed by tangled curls of flaxen hair, were appealing pitifully to his own.
"Please, sir, do buy 'em. Nobody seems to care for them, and—"
She fairly burst into tears, and Moore, who had been on the point of brushing past her, stopped instinctively.

"Are you so very much in want of the money?"
"Indeed we are, sir," sobbed the child; "mother sent me out, and—"
"Don't cry," said Ralph. "I don't want your chestnuts, but here's a quarter for you, if it will do any good."

He did not stay to hear the delighted thanks the child poured out through a rainbow of smiles and tears, but strode on his way, muttering between his teeth: "That cuts off my cigars for the twenty-four hours. I don't care, though, for she really did cry as if she hadn't a friend in the world. Dear me! I wish I were rich enough to help every poor creature out of the slough of despond."

While Ralph Moore was indulging in these reflections, the dark orbed little damsel whom he had comforted was dashing down streets with rapid footsteps, utterly regardless of the basket of unsold nuts that still dangled upon her arm. Down an obscure alley she darted and up a wooden staircase to a room where a pale, neat-looking woman was sewing as busily as if the breath of life depended upon every stitch, and two little ones were playing in the sunshine that supplied the place of the absent fire.

"Mary! Back already? Surely you have not sold your chestnuts so soon?"
"Oh, mother, see!" ejaculated the breathless child. "A gentleman gave me a quarter! Only think, mother, a whole quarter!"

If Ralph Moore could only have seen the rapture which his small silver gift had brought into that poverty-stricken home he would have grudged still less his privation of cigars.

Years came and went. The little chestnut girl passed entirely out of Ralph Moore's memory, but Mary Lee never forgot the stranger who had given her the silver quarter.

The crimson window curtains were closely drawn to shut out the storm and blast of the bleak December night. A fire was glowing cheerily in the grate and the dinner table was aglitter with cut glass and silver.

"What can it be that detains papa?" said Mrs. Audley, a handsome matron of thirty, as she glanced at her watch.

"There's a man with him in the study, come on business," said Robert Audley, a boy of twelve years, who was reading by the fire.

"I'll call him again," said Mrs. Audley, stepping to the door. But as she opened it the gas light fell on the face of an humble-looking man in threadbare garments who was leaving the house, while her husband stood in

the doorway of his study, apparently relieved to be rid of his visitor.

"Charles," said Mrs. Audley, "who is that man, and what does he want?"
"His name is Moore, and he came to see if I would give him a position in the bank."

"And will you?" she eagerly asked.
"Don't know, Mary; I must think about it."

"Charles, give him the situation."
"Why, my dear?"

"Because I ask it of you as a favor and you have said a hundred times you would never deny me anything."
"And I will keep my promise. I will write a note this very evening."

An hour later, when the children were tucked snugly in bed, Mrs. Audley told her husband why she was interested in the fate of a man whose face she had not forgotten in twenty years. "That's right," said her husband, when the simple tale was finished. "Never forget one who was kind to you in the days you needed kindness."

Ralph Moore was sitting that same night in his lodgings, beside his wife's sick bed, when a servant brought a note from Charles Audley. "Good news, Bertha!" he exclaimed joyously, as he read the words: "Mr. Audley has promised me the position."

"You have dropped something," said Mrs. Moore, pointing to a slip of paper on the floor. It was a fifty-dollar bill, neatly folded in a piece of paper, on which was written:

"In grateful remembrance of the silver quarter that a kind stranger bestowed on a little chestnut girl twenty years ago."

Ralph Moore had thrown his morsel of bread upon the waters of life; after many days it had returned to him.—Times Herald.

HOW LINCOLN PAID FOR HIS FIRST BOOK.

The shadows were creeping heavily across the meadows and woodlands when a half-timid rap at the kitchen door of neighbor Crawford's farmhouse, and the good-natured "Come in," brought over the threshold a face homelier than the Creative Artist usually lets drop from his hand; but the manliness and soul-purpose already alight, went far to make up for any lack of grace.

The boy's face was down-cast and troubled, and his "Good evening" so short that Mr. Crawford replied,
"Why, good evening to you, Abe. What on earth ails you? Hain't lost your last friend have you, Abe?"

"No, the case is not so bad as that, Mr. Crawford."

And as Abe hesitated for a moment, silent and perplexed, there was nothing in the overgrown youth other than the unquenchable light of his great, groping soul, to suggest the future foremost man of his country. Tall for his years, grotesquely awkward, his big, unshod feet showing up far below his dangling overalls, he was a sorry picture, as he stood, holding a book, crumpled, discolored, well-nigh as unkempt as himself.

"I can't tell you, Mr. Crawford, how sorry I am; a mishap has befallen your book. By the light on the hearthstone I read it last night until the fire went out; then up in the loft until my candle went out."

"And did you drop off to sleep, readin', Abe?" asked Mr. Crawford, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "and then did the straw bed blaze up, and did you souse the book to put out the fire?"

For once there was no answering gleam of fun in Abe's clear eye, as he replied: There wasn't a wink of sleep, Mr. Crawford, long as my candle held out to burn, for it's the most interesting book I ever read. I just devoured every word. But when my light gave out there was nothing for me but just to lay the book on the bed close up against the logs, where I couldn't roll on to it. But a heavy rain set in after I got to sleep, and the cabin, you know is none too tight. The rain poured through on the book and the bed, and when I woke up at daylight both were soaked. Now I want you to tell me how much the book is worth."

"Worth! Well, I don't know; it might be worth seventy-five cents, Abe."

"I'm afraid that won't cover it, Mr. Crawford. Anyway it's ruined, and I want to pay you every cent it's worth, some way. But you know I don't have any money. I can work it out if you are so minded. Will you be satisfied if I work for you three days?"

"That's just like you, Abe, my boy. You was always that way, not willing to do a mean or unjust act, or a thing that you didn't think was right on the

square with others, no matter how you suffered over it."

The three long days' work was at last done, in Abe's thorough way, and he was about starting for home happy in the thought that he had fully repaid his neighbor for the injury to his book.

"You just hold on, Abe," Mr. Crawford called out. "That ain't fair! I'm lettin' you pay for that book and then keepin' it myself. You did as good a job as any hand on the farm, and that book belongs to you, not me."

The young backwoodsman was too much surprised and overjoyed at the thought of actually owning a book, and especially this book, for any wordy expression of thanks, but he managed to let neighbor Crawford understand how greatly he appreciated this new treasure that made him owner of such a treasure. He, however, soon saw the justice of the transaction and felt that it was fairly his.

The boy's big bare feet seemed light as he strode swiftly home through the shadows along the Indiana prairie, holding fast the precious volume.

The book told of the life of the great and good George Washington, and the story of the sacrifices, the unselfish patriotism and tireless devotion of the Father of his Country, found its way into the very depths of Abe's soul, never to be lost until he, too, was called to greater sacrifices and service for his country.

When years had gone by and Abraham Lincoln had through the guiding hand of Providence become the Savior of his country, the incident remained distinct in his memory. His friends often heard him say that the possession of that book—the first he could call his own—gave him more pride and joy than any other one thing in his life.—James H. Earle, in *The American Boy*.

BELLS OF A MYRIAD TONES.

We have read of a beautiful legend of a great bell that was cast from the offerings of the people who had been delivered out of bondage into freedom. Into a great furnace were cast the precious possessions of the people. Those who had gold and iron contributed them; others contributed precious jewels and perishable things. Some brought household treasures which they loved.

The bell was to ring out the message of their gratitude and joy for having been delivered. When the bell was finally cast and hung aloft and the people gathered to hear from its depths of harmony the story of their sacrifice and victory, each one heard in the tones of the bell the peculiar music of the gift which he had put into it. Voices from the tone of the bell seemed to whisper to each heart an individual note of benediction and blessing for the sacrifice that heart had made; even those who bestowed only flowers and perishable things, received from the tones of the bell the full measure of their offering. Some subtle alchemy of an unseen power had transmuted all of those consecrated treasures into the pure gold of joy and peace.

What we put into life we get out of life, and what we make in sacrifice for the common welfare of the people we will receive a just recompense for the same. We will hear from the great bell of eternity the tones which we will recognize as having been produced by the sacrifice which we have made for the blessing of humanity. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days," and be assured that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—J. O. Cresap.

THE DEPENDABLE BOY.

"I trusted you," repeated the deep voice of Mr. Richards, the school teacher, not sternly, but sadly.

Charles stood, hands in pocket and head down as if studying his stout shoes, one heel of which was digging into the soft dirt. Near-by stood his teacher.

"Yes, sir," replied Charles in a low voice. Then he swallowed and looked away. He so liked and admired this teacher of his, and it was all that he could do to keep his grimy fist from his eyes. But if this meant that he was not to be trusted again nor to be this man's comrade! A big, hot drop slid down his freckled nose in spite of himself, but perhaps no one else noticed it. "I didn't mean to break my word," he began falteringly. "I meant to come right back in time for all my classes. It was good of you to let me take little sister home. When I started back, my puppy followed me. I kept taking him home, but he wouldn't stay and wanted to play awful bad. I let him come on; then a rabbit jumped up from a brush pile, and Fly just tore off after it. I followed, as I could not bear to lose Fly. Did you ever own a puppy, Mr. Richards?"

Mr. Richards nodded, but his eyes sparkled understandingly.

We lost track of the rabbit, but we

were so far away I knew I could never get to school in time for my lessons. That's all, sir, but I'm sorry I broke my promise, and if you'll only trust me again, I'll try to do right—try my level best, sir."

"Trust you again? Why, of course I will!" and a friendly hand was laid on the little bowed head. "Brace up! Take those hands out of their hiding places. They're going to do many things from now on. That's something like it!" Then the two walked out of the school yard together. "Let me tell you a little story," said the teacher, "just a short one, but it has a good point. A civil engineer late one afternoon saw his little nephew playing in the street. 'Here, sonny,' he called out; 'just take this little red flag in your hand and hold it until I come back and tell you to drop it.' So he left the boy standing in the street holding up the flag and went about his work. But when the work was finished, he forgot to go back, and passed that way no more until nine o'clock that night. Then, to his horror, he saw the boy still standing at his post, holding the little flag and shaking with cold. 'Why didn't you run home when the time came?' he cried. 'But you told me to wait till you came back,' answered the boy.

"The man took the boy home and did all he could to show how sorry he was. But this little boy proved that he could be relied upon, and we are not surprised to hear that, years later, he held a very responsible position in a great bank. He was not brilliant, the story goes; only reliable, dependable. The dependable boy makes the dependable man."

And little Charles spoke from his brave young heart: "That's what I'm going to be from now on—a dependable boy!"—Selected.

ABILENE DISTRICT.

Inasmuch as other presiding elders are using the columns of the Advocate freely of late, and as I have preached, prayed, and talked Advoca in almost every Quarterly Conference for those four years, I feel like I have a little say coming, inasmuch as the time of my departure is near at hand. A few more days and I will turn over the best district, best district parsonage, the best preachers, and the most faithful laymen in all the Northwest Texas Conference to some good man (whom I will allow Bishop Atkins to name when he returns to Texas). But he will have to be a good one, as these folks are in dire need of an elder after four years of—

Four years ago, at Waco, when Bishop Key read me out for the Abilene District, I almost fainted. Some wise "guy" said, "Well, what do you think?" My reply was, "I think the presiding eldership has been brought in to disrepute, and a number of the older brethren, I am sure, said 'Amen.'"

Well, I came, and with me came the most abiding drought that I have ever known. It has been my traveling companion by day and by night, and a constant reminder of hard times for four long years; never anything like it in the history of this great country, and we are devoutly praying that history will never repeat itself. Many of our people have migrated, and with them some three of four of our preachers, but we have stayed by the guns the best we could, and with us some of the noblest men whom God ever called into this ministry, and some of the most loyal and consecrated laymen that I have ever known. Whatever may have been accomplished during my administration here, is largely due to these faithful, self-sacrificing men. During the quadrennium peace and harmony have prevailed throughout the district. Such harmony and good will has indeed been the delight of my soul. Despite the droughts, storms, hail, and fire, we have made some progress. We have built twelve churches, rebuilt three, moved five (we are a moving people out this way), built six parsonages, rebuilt, fixed and furnished most all of the rest in the district, have raised for all purposes about \$200,000. The salaries of the preachers have been increased about \$7,000. We have given to other districts four charges, eight church-houses, two parsonages, and eight Sunday Schools; organized eleven Churches. We have had 4,000 conversions and we will have received by conference 5,000 members. We lead the conference in Sunday Schools and Sunday School work; fifteen young men have been licensed to preach, ten have entered the itineracy, sixteen missionary societies have been organized. We are gaining in this territory, and we are here to stay. I retire from the district with profound love and appreciation for all the preachers with whom I have labored and their families, and all of the good, loyal and faithful laymen who have stood so faithfully by the Church during these

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A SPLENDID TONIC

years of drought and misfortune. May God bless and reward each of them.

The Annual Conference will meet in Abilene November 6. More than twenty years ago the conference met here. Abilene was then a small village, with one small Church; now the brethren will be greeted by a young city of 12,000 souls, three Methodist Churches, and property valued at \$75,000; a wide-awake people, with plenty to eat and wear. We have the purest air and the most of it of any people in all the world. Not a saloon in the Northwest Texas Conference. Come to see us; our hospitality is as boundless as our plains. In the language of my old friend and co-worker, the Rev. Joseph W. Fort, D. D., the popular pastor of Mart, Texas, "I still have faith in God and in the Church," and I will add—in this country.

GUS BARNES.

Abilene, Texas.

RESOLUTIONS.

At the fourth Quarterly Conference of Pleasant Mound Circuit, held at Pleasant Mound, September 14, 1912, resolutions were passed as follows:

Whereas, Brother M. L. Hamilton, the presiding elder of Terrell District, is closing out his quadrennium; and whereas his service has been such as to merit our confidence, respect and love, we offer him our sincere thanks, and pray God's richest blessings upon him and his work wheresoever he may be sent; and

Whereas, The pastor, Bro. J. W. O'Bryant has by his loving, faithful and devoted service won our confidence and love.

Resolved, That we heartily recommend to the Annual Conference his return to the work for another year.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Quarterly Conference, and a copy be sent to the Texas Christian Advocate for publication.

S. S. CONNOR,
FAUN STOUT,
J. P. GRUBBS.

RESOLUTIONS.

It having happened, in the providence of an all-wise God, that our teacher, brother, and co-worker, Dr. J. B. Neill, was, on the eighth day of August, called from his labors here to the better life beyond, it now behooves the Sunday School of the Methodist Church of Pecos to express its regret at his passing, and to pay honor to his memory.

Dr. Neill, since his first coming to Pecos, had always been a faithful, conscientious and consistent worker for the upbuilding of the Sunday School, and for the general advancement of the work of the Church. His life was a splendid example to his fellows for its even temper and steadfast inspiration for better living. Be it therefore

Resolved, That in the death of Dr. J. B. Neill the Sunday School of the Methodist Church of Pecos has sustained a loss that will be keenly felt; that the town of Pecos has witnessed the passing of one of its best citizens, and that the Southwest has lost one of its most active workers for its best advancement; and, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved relatives, a copy be spread upon the permanent record of this Sunday School, and a copy be given to the press for publication.

Respectfully submitted,

J. A. BRADY, JR.,
A. J. CURTIS,
HAROLD C. BARSTOW,
Committee.

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package
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Devotional Spiritual

ASPIRATION.

The acorn wakes and says: "I can not stay
In this still gloom; I must have weightier cares;
Aloft I hear the thunder of affairs!"
Then strives she up and joins the strenuous day.

Cries deep the lily bulb: "O'er long I've stayed;
My soul expands beyond these clammy bars;
'Tis broader, sweeter, brighter toward the stars!"
And soon on earth no king is so arrayed.

Low laughs the mustard seed: "My tiny vest
Hugs grander things than this black depths can hold!"
And cleaving up with faith sublime as bold
She spreads into a tree where birds may nest.

Art thou shut in by walls of chill and gloom?
Then, soul, ascend! Aloft is light and air!
God plants thee deep but that thou be more fair
When mortal breaks into immortal bloom!

—L. M. Waterman.

THE MIDNIGHT PRESSURE.

There is something very weird and haunting about the midnight. It is one thing to be called out to visit the sick at noontide, but there is something awful when the call comes at the midnight. A telegram at the noon may be something or nothing, but a telegram in the stillness of the midnight is startling. And so we use the midnight as the symbol of our deepest and most desolate need. The majority of us have had experience of the season. The lights have gone out, and the soft, genial breeze has changed into a nipping night wind, and there is no companionable sound in the streets. We feel lonely and desolate and cold. And yet God's saints have had some wonderful happenings in the midnight. "Which of you shall have a friend and shall go unto him at midnight?" And countless numbers have turned to the Heavenly Friend, and they have found wonderful light and provision in His presence. The word of the Lord is full of song rising from the hearts of those whose nighttime has been changed into morning through their communion with the Heavenly Friend. Here is a little chorus of praise: "Thou hast visited me in the night;" "In the night his song shall be with him;" "At midnight I will arise and give thanks;" "At midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises." All these pilgrims of the night felt the pressure of the cold loneliness, and they were driven to the Heavenly Refuge and found the grace of God.

But the very parable from which I have taken this sentence about the visit of the friend in the midnight seems to suggest that God may delay His bounty, and that importunity is needed if we are to obtain His aid. Looked at superficially it would seem that the all-comfortable and self-engrossed friend was unwilling to arise from bed and give the loaves that were asked by the shameless knocker at the door. But the teaching is rather this: If continued knocking can overcome the surliness of a well-bedded friend, what will it accomplish when the Friend is the ever-ready, all-compassionate and sleepless Lord? If continued prayer can overcome reluctance, how will it fare when it deals with goodwill? It is one of the "how much more" arguments of Jesus Christ. If your friend, snugly ensconced in his bed, and unwilling to go out in the cold night, and angry at being disturbed, will at length respond to your importunate knocking, "how much more shall your Father which is in heaven!" And, therefore, we are bidden to ask and to go on asking, to knock and to go on knocking, and the desires of our heart shall be satisfied.

Why should there be any delay at all? Why does not God answer the first knock? First of all, let us again repeat the good news that our God is never imprisoned in sleepy indifference. He is awake and willing before we knock at all. Why, then, should we have to knock again? What is He doing? He is preparing the answer. There are some things we ask for that have to be grown. They cannot be

given to us like coins or manufactured goods! They could only be given as fruits, and they have to be grown in our souls. We ask for a fruit, and the Lord immediately answers our prayer by planting a seed. We may think the prayer is unanswered, while all the time the answer is already working in our life towards consummation. We ask for certain blooms of finished character. The Lord does not attach them to our lives as we might tie fruit to a sickly tree. He begins at once to enrich the character that creates the blooms. For instance, I ask for joy. I expect to receive an immediate ecstasy. I ask the second time, but it does not come. My heart is sad in the midnight and there is no speedy transformation. But that does not mean that my Friend is indifferent or indolent. I ask for joy, and He begins to make me a little purer and more refined. He works upon the strings of my soul and endows them with more sensitiveness, and by the preparation of the instrument He will prepare me for the final music and song. I ask for perfect peace. It does not come with the first asking, but the answer begins as soon as I knock at the door. There are broken cogs in the life that have to be repaired. There is much gravel of sin that has to be removed. And if the Lord is repairing some cog or cleaning some wheel, is not this the answer which will bring the peace for which I pray? It may be said that in order to give peace He may have to give pain. The resetting of a joint may mean the temporary increase of my suffering, but God is directing the process which will issue in blessing. But why keep on knocking, knocking; why keep on praying, praying? Why be importunate? Because importunity provides the atmosphere in which implanted seeds become matured. In prayer I receive the seed. By prayer I shall receive the fruit. Men ought always to pray, and the seeds will not faint.

One thing must be added. Sometimes the Lord's answer has really come, but we have not prayed for eyes to see it. It has not come quite in the dress we expected, and therefore we did not know it. A friend was appointed to meet me at a railway station. He looked for a man in clerical attire, and we wandered about little knowing that we were brushing shoulders with each other all the time. He thought I had not arrived but I was there in another dress. And, therefore, it is well to look at our ordinary circumstances when they do not come to us in familiar and expected guise. "He was in the world and the world knew Him not." So sometimes appears in these unexpected ways, but they are the very answers to our prayers. The apostle Paul was cast down in Macedonia. "Without were fightings, within were fears." And the comfort came in a strange way. It was not given in some immediate lighting of the fires of joy, by some mysterious gift in his secret soul. "The Lord comforted me by the coming of Titus." That is where Paul found the answer to his prayers. A fellow-man came to share his burden and to enhance his joys.—Dr. Jowett.

NAPOLEON'S TRIBUTE TO JESUS.

On the kingdom and reign of Christ. I copy the following from the Emperor Napoleon, which for loftiness of thought and grandeur of expression, has seldom been equaled.

Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne and myself founded empires. But upon what did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded His empire upon love! and at this hour millions of men would die for him. * * * Christ speaks, and at once generations become His by strieter, closer ties than those of blood: by the most sacred, the most indissoluble of all unions. He lights up the flame of love which consumes self-love, which prevails over every other love. The founders of other religions never conceived of this mystical love, which is the essence of Christianity, and is beautifully called "charity." In every attempt to effect this thing, namely, to make himself beloved, man deeply feels his own impotence. So that Christ's greatest miracle undoubtedly is the reign of charity.

I have so inspired multitudes that they would die for me. God forbid that I should form any comparison between the enthusiasm of the soldier and Christian charity, which are as unlike as their cause. But, after all, my presence was necessary: the lightning of my eye, my voice, a word from me: then the sacred fire was kindled in their hearts. I do indeed possess the secret of this magical power which lifts the soul, but I could never impart it to any one. None of my generals ever learn-

of it from me. Nor have I the means of perpetuating my name and love for me in the hearts of men, and to effect these things without physical means.

Now that I am at St. Helena; now that I am alone, chained upon this rock, who fight and win empires for me? Who makes efforts for me in Europe? Where are my friends? * * * Such is the fate of great men! So it was with Caesar, and Alexander. And, I, too, am forgotten! And the name of a conqueror and an emperor is a college theme! Our exploits are tasks given to pupils by their tutors, who sit in judgment upon us, awarding us censure or praise! And mark what is soon to become of me—assassinated by the English oligarchy, I die before my time; and my dead body, too, must return to the earth, to become food for worms. Behold the destiny, near at hand, of him who has been called the great Napoleon! What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal reign of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and which is extending over all the earth. Is this to die? Is it not rather to live? The death of Christ! It is the death of God.—Christian Leader and the Way.

IT MEANS SOMETHING.

Holiness possesses an identity of moral character throughout all the vast and numberless ranges of intelligent life in earth and heaven. All are one. All bathe in ineffable love, Angels only wade out a little deeper than man into the sea of glory.

A holy man means something. He is the sublimest work of Christ. He is the wonder of all worlds, and the most incomprehensible creature in the universe. He is next the throne. Before the majesty and glory of possessing a moral character in harmony with the Son at the right hand of the Father, well may a sinful creature take off his sandals, standing on this holy hope, near the very border land of glory, and prostrating his inmost self, await with joy the touch of the right hand of Jesus, which alone can order him with strength to behold with uncovered vision the apocalypse of God, and see the daybreak of heaven as upon the holy summit of Patmos.—J. T. Wightman.

THE WEAK SPOT IN THE CHURCH.

"May I tell you something?" asks Gipsy Smith. "The weakest spot of every Church is its prayer-meeting. I am not a pessimist on preaching, and in my travels I have a fair chance of judging. There never was a day in the history of the world when the ministry was so loyal to Jesus Christ as today. There are exceptions; but I am speaking of the great mass. There was never a day when the ministers of the different denomina-

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tions stood by the cross as they are doing today. We are not weak in preaching; and it is cultured preaching. We are not weak there. We are not weak in church buildings. You never had such church buildings as you have today. You never were so rich in organization of the Church as you are today. There never was a day when you have had such magnificent singing as you have today. There was never a day when the Church was giving so much to missions as today.

"It is true that in all these things we are improving, but we are not having prayer-meetings such as we had twenty years ago. You can get your communicants and Church members to a social, even if it is a wet night; but where are they when it is a prayer-meeting night? Let me see your week-night prayer-meeting and I will gauge the spiritual life of your Church. * * * The prayer-meeting is the generating force of the Church of God."—Christian Intelligencer.

FROM KNEE TO HAND.

There are times when working is more appropriate than praying.

In a train wreck, for instance, when suffering victims are held fast in the debris, it is more urgent that they be helped out than to be prayed for, though in such a distressing case both work and prayer are possible.

Prayer is an excellent preparation for Christian work. A caloused knee makes a ready hand. A baptism of the divine Spirit sets the human spirit aglow with zeal to be useful.

An efficient Christian is made not so much by doctrine or belief as by personal union with God in helpful service. "Follow me." "He that loveth me keepeth my commandments." "This do." "Go work."

Some Christians need a glowing enthusiasm to go about something, an honest, earnest communion with God is more likely to stir them up than anything else.

It is said of Jacob that he prayed all night and wrestled while he prayed, and thus he gained the victory.

Very few Christians have ever prayed all night, or worked for God all day.

Men carouse all night sometimes, but they don't pray long; they would count such praying dissipation.

Yet Christ prayed all night, so did John Wesley with twenty of his preachers, and the result was that:

they went home at daybreak full to overflowing with the glory of God.

If men and women who doubt and waver and find fault and shun duty and backslide would go to God with it all talking with him all night if need be, they would by daybreak not only know him and believe in him and love him, but they would go out like flaming seraphs to tell to others round what a dear Savior they have found.

Jesus was much in prayer, and no other person ever exerted such a powerful influence as he did.

Those who received him came into a nobler and wider life. Plain fishermen left their nets with an inspiration to net the world. Gentlewomen, under the impulse of his Spirit, went out to pour forth the wealth of their hearts like the costly ointment of Mary's alabaster box upon the weary world.

"The greatest logician of all time consecrated his splendid powers to carrying the gospel to all nations and never faltered in the face of multiplied sufferings until he received the martyr's crown. He gives us the key of his career in "The love of Christ constraineth us."

"And there lies the secret of the gospel triumphs; not its sublime truths, nor its perfect morality, but the Divine Person who himself is "The way, the truth, the life."

Get into harmonious touch with this Person and you are prepared for service. Commune with him, sup with him, and he will send you out endowed with power for such efficiency as you have never yet dreamed of.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

There must be a way of taking worry rightly, so that it shall do us good and not harm. Worry, rightly taken, should train to quietness, humility, patience, gentleness, sympathy. It ought not to eventuate (though it naturally does) in making others suffer because we are uncomfortable, in making as a source of painful worry to others because we are worried ourselves.—A. H. K. Boyd.

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OUR CONFERENCES.

New Mexico, Bishop Atkins, Las Cruces, Oct. 9
West Texas, Bishop Atkins, Beeville, Oct. 23
German Mission, Bishop Mouzon, Houston, Oct. 24
Northwest Texas, Bishop Atkins, Abilene, Nov. 6
Central Texas, Bishop Atkins, Cleburne, Nov. 13
Texas, Bishop Mouzon, Marshall, Nov. 20
North Texas, Bishop Mouzon, Dallas, Nov. 27

NOTICE.

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

JOINT BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

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

Rev. J. T. Howell, on the Dumas charge, and his people are doing well. They are a plucky set and do things in the old big-hearted western way. They not only did large things for Southern Methodist University on the recent visit of Dr. Boaz, but they have already paid out all their assessments in full and will perhaps have a good surplus. But we can expect most anything from such a charge and such a preacher.

At Houston Heights, Houston, they have a suburb of ten thousand population. For some time they have been trying to get rid of about a dozen saloons that curse the community, but they have failed from time to time, until last week; they had an election and cleaned them up horse, foot and dragoon. The night before the election a man was shot and killed at the door of one of the places, and this made many votes for the cause. On with the battle!

A LIFE-LONG SUBSCRIBER. The first issue of the Texas Christian Advocate was sent to Mrs. C. Taylor, Bastrop, Texas. She continued to take it and read it until December 29, last, at which time she passed on to her reward on high, having lived over 90 years. The paper now goes to her daughter, Mrs. Lizzie Wilks, of Bastrop, who still lives in the old home. Sister Taylor was a most remarkable woman. A short obituary appeared in the Advocate some time ago. I. T. MORRIS.

A PERSONAL NOTE FROM BISHOP HOSS.

We are in receipt of a private letter from Bishop Hoss, dated at Tate Springs, East Tennessee. It is in reply to one written to him just before he left Muskogee, making inquiry about his health and expressing good wishes for him. After reciprocating his kindly feelings, the Bishop says of his condition:

"My condition, I think, is steadily improving, though I am still far from well. I suffer little pain, and converse without difficulty, but my throat is pretty sore, and my speaking and preaching voice seems to have gone. It is now simply a question of time and patience with me. To do nothing, to be utterly useless, is the hardest task I have ever tried to face. It may be that I needed just this test of my faith. Anyhow, I make no complaint of providence that has brought me to a standstill. For all my years of health and strength, and for the unnumbered blessings that God has showered upon me, I am devoutly thankful. Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life."

CHURCH DEDICATION AT IRENE.

For four years we have been making effort off and on to visit Irene and take part in the dedication of their new church building. While Rev. George Kincheloe was pastor the church was built, but not all paid for. He appointed a date for us to be present, help him "lift" the debt and dedicate it, but on Saturday afternoon, just before we were ready to enter the train, we had a long distance message from him that the rain was pouring down and it would be impossible to have the dedication next day. It would be too muddy for people to get out. So we dropped the appointment for the time being. Then Rev. J. H. Walker succeeded to the pastorate and he appointed a day for the same service, but on Saturday afternoon, before taking the train for the appointment, a long distance message from him informed us that the rain was again pouring down, and the visit was once more postponed. Three months ago he notified us that the fifth Sunday in September was set apart for the dedicatory service and we agreed to make another effort. So last Saturday afternoon we took the Katy to Italy and then the International and reached Irene in dry weather at 9:30 o'clock that night. Brother Walker and Brother R. E. Sparkman received us and we were delightfully installed in the good home of the latter where we received royal entertainment. It was good to be with that excellent family and enjoy their whole-souled hospitality. They are good working members of the Church and a devout household.

The next morning the beautiful church was filled with an intelligent audience, ready for the dedication. Everything was in readiness, the last dollar of the indebtedness having been paid off through the diligent effort of the pastor and his co-workers. The preliminary service was interesting. Brother Landrum of the Dawson charge being present and taking part in the exercises. The sermon was given earnest and responsive heed. We have never stood before a more appreciative congregation. Then followed the dedicatory service according to the ritual of the Church, and the house was formally set apart to the service of God. It was an inspiring occasion and one those good people will long remember. The house and lot cost \$4000, and it is a neat and modern structure. It is beautifully furnished and a credit to the community. At the close we met and shook hands with scores of the people. On that charge Brother Walker has thirty odd copies of the Advocate taken and read, and hence we were not among strangers, but friends. They received us as though we were making a visit back home after a long absence. It is encouraging to meet such people and realize their appreciation

of the work we are doing. The Advocate is popular down that way.

Brother Walker has three other organizations in his charge, but Irene is the leading one. It is a town of several hundred people in the midst of one of the fertile sections of Hill County. Our membership at this one point is about one hundred and they are a heroic band. Irene Circuit is the second best in the conference. Red Oak holds the banner, but it is but little ahead of Irene. It furnishes its preacher a substantial parsonage and pays him a salary of \$1100. This is fine. We doubt if there are two other circuits in Southern Methodism that surpass Red Oak and Irene. This is Brother Walker's fourth year on the charge and both he and his people are sorry that he will close out his quadrennium in a few weeks and leave them. They are devoted to him. He has done a splendid work. When he took charge of the work it was paying a salary of \$600 and it has about doubled in all its assessments, and it pays them in full. After a good dinner at the parsonage with the preacher's most excellent family, Brother Hawkins and his good wife invited us to a seat, along with Brothers Walker and Sparkman, in a splendid auto and we drove from there to Milford, a distance of twenty miles in a little or no time, and from there twenty miles further to Waxahachie. What improvements in travel we now enjoy. Forty miles in less than two hours and then the machine rushed its other occupants back to Irene in time for the evening service. Eighty miles! If that is not going some, we are not acquainted with the laws of speed. G. C. R.

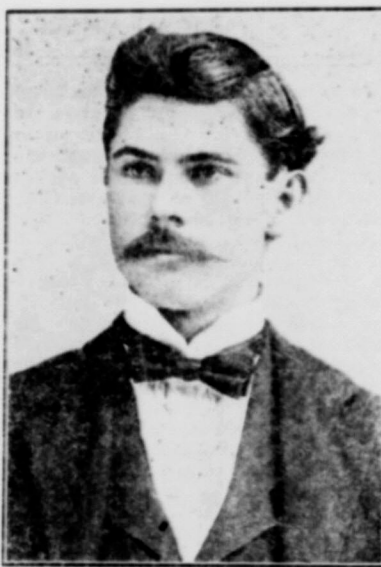
DEATH OF REV. M. J. COFER, D. D.

The Associated Press reported last Sunday the death of Rev. Merritt J. Cofer, D. D., one of the editors and the business manager of the Wesleyan Christian Advocate, Atlanta, Georgia. He was one of the most prominent men in the North Georgia Conference, and for years had been one of their militant leaders. His father's name was Merritt W. Cofer and his mother's name was Synthia Bennett. They lived in Madison, Georgia, and it was there that Dr. Cofer was born. He was converted under the ministry of Rev. Habersham J. Adams and joined the Church in Covington, Georgia, in 1858. He was licensed to preach by Rev. Josiah Lewis, in 1893; was admitted on trial at Sparta, in the North Georgia Conference soon after, Bishop Pierce presiding; was ordained a deacon at Rome, Georgia, by Bishop McTyeire and an elder in due time by Bishop McTyeire at Augusta. For a great many years he was active in his conference, serving missions, circuits, stations and districts, and for twenty of these years he was President of the Board of Trust for L. G. Harris College. Some twelve or fifteen years ago he was elected one of the editors of the Wesleyan Christian Advocate, and appointed its business manager. He held this position with distinguished ability until last Saturday, the 28th, when he, in a moment and with no warning, was translated to his better home. His going will be greatly mourned throughout Georgia where he was born and spent the whole of his useful and active life. We extend to our beloved confrere, the Wesleyan Christian Advocate, our sincerest sympathies in its great loss and pathetic grief.

A saloon man in Dallas last week went home and found out that his wife had taken a few of her lady friends out in the auto for a drive and he worked himself into a rage, grabbed his pistol and as she fled from the house he fired and severely wounded her in the head. Her brother heard of it, secured a gun, went to his saloon and killed him.

Grief, like the rolling river, is dumbest where it is deepest, and noisiest in the shallows.

HE HEADS THE LIST SO FAR.



Rev. B. J. Osborn.

Hansford charge, far out in the Northwest Texas Conference is a mission, and Rev. B. J. Osborn is the pastor, and he has been living in a dug-out with a small shack above ground. But notwithstanding this, he is making a splendid record as a preacher and pastor. In fact, we doubt when all things are considered if there is a preacher in Texas who is excelling him in his fidelity and success. Heretofore, the charge has paid but little to conference collections, but this year it has already paid in \$293.65 and there is more to follow. He has held good meetings at all his appointments with fine results. And he has actually put the Advocate into every Methodist home in his work, not trial copies, but real subscribers, and for good measure he has put it in two Baptist homes. No other preacher in Texas has that distinction. Brother Osborn is a stem-winder, to use one of Sam Jones' expressive terms.

OPENING AT SOUTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

Last Thursday the formal opening exercises of the new school year at Southwestern University were held. The students had been gathering for some days and the hill was literally alive with young men and young women. When this student body and the friends of the institution from Georgetown gathered in the great chapel at 10 a. m., they soon filled every seat on the main floor and a number had to find room in the gallery.

Dr. C. M. Bishop, the president, conducted the devotional service and then introduced the speaker of the morning, Rev. George M. Gibson, pastor of First Church, Dallas. The topic of the address was "Life Abundant," and the evident aim of the speaker was to inspire that vast company of young people with a realization of life's limitless possibilities.

This year's enrollment promises to be the largest in the history of the institution. With a number of the old students yet to come in, they had twenty-five more matriculates in the college department last Friday than were enrolled in that department during the whole of last year. The Young Ladies' Annex is now full to overflowing. Dr. Bishop has the work of the college well in hand and is showing himself a most capable organizer and leader of a great institution of learning.

MEDICAL COLLEGE OPENING.

Our University Medical College has had its fall opening and the attendance is most gratifying. It is beyond anything that the institution has yet experienced and students are still coming in. It will reach the high water mark by the time all have matriculated. During the vacation the equipment has been added to and improved and the facilities are better now than ever before for good work. The outlook is most favorable. And the faculty has been reconstructed and enlarged until now it is the best and most accomplished set of teachers that North Texas affords. The profession has been searched for them and they

are men approved by their State profession and well known as among the best physicians and surgeons in the State. On last Monday night the Epworth League of Grace Church gave the faculty and student body a reception at the college auditorium. A musical program was rendered and refreshments served. Dr. Hyer delivered an address and so did Dr. McReynolds, the Dean, and others. It was a happy occasion and the students were made to feel that they are among their friends.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, ABILENE.

From the Abilene Daily Reporter we reproduce the following description of our St. Paul's Church in that city:

A visit to the St. Paul's Methodist Church will delight the eye of any one who loves the beautiful. For the past two months a large force of workmen have been engaged in finishing the building and the work has progressed until it is easy to see that at no very distant date the members of the plucky congregation will have one of the handsomest auditoriums for preaching and Sunday School service that there is in this part of Texas.

The basement of the great building cannot be surpassed in any city. It contains five rooms, including in the number a magnificent dining room and large kitchen, a class room which will seat at least two hundred and fifty people, ladies' parlor and cloak room. Besides ample provision has been made for the heating plant.

The auditorium and Sunday School department of the first floor, which can be thrown together by means of roller partitions, are modern in every way. The seating capacity without the Sunday School department will be about six hundred; with the Sunday School department a congregation of eleven hundred can easily be accommodated and all have comfortable seats near the minister. On this floor are fourteen separate class rooms, besides the two auditoriums, which will give ample means for this part of the Church work to be conducted along up-to-date methods. The pastor's study, choir room and organ are also on the first floor and are neat and attractive. To sum up the whole thing, it is as pretty as a picture, and a workshop that any congregation may well feel proud of.

The pastor, Rev. Comer M. Woodward, and his noble wife have put their very life into carrying forward the work in order that the Church may have the benefit of its investment in the way of modern appliances. The Church has only about three hundred members and the work of erecting this magnificent building stamps them as being made of the stuff that real folks come from. The struggle to have the building completed and furnished by November 6, when Annual Conference meets at this place, must succeed. It would simply be a tragedy to fail, but a crowd that has gone this far, and has sacrificed as this congregation has done, will not stop; the church will be finished and it will be one of the finest pieces of noble work that any people ever accomplished. As the years come and go there will ever be those to rise up and call the men and women blessed who gave so unselfishly of their time and their means to the building of this edifice.

The inside trim is in dead finish mission, and the pews and furniture will be in dead finish golden oak. The whole thing is superbly beautiful, and the brave band that has stood loyally behind the work will see to it that it does not stop, but that it is ready in due time for our distinguished visitors who will be the guests of Abilene for one week in November. It is a great thing that is being done by a great people.

OTHER RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. W. E. MUNSEY.

Our reference to Dr. W. E. Munsey in last week's issue of the Advocate struck a responsive chord, for many of our readers have knowledge of him. And we here give the substance of a letter received from a good brother in Cleburne who knew him personally:

I was reading last night in the Advocate your recollection and description of Rev. W. E. Munsey, and it is correct, as I recollect him. He was stationed at Abingdon during part of the war. I recollect that after the Seven Days' Fight around Richmond in 1862 I went home on a furlough and there found Mr. Munsey and wife, boarding with my mother. I never can forget the prayer he offered for me to our Heavenly Father the night I returned to the army. I next met him in 1872, when I was passing through Baltimore from Wyoming to my home in Virginia. I met Mrs.

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Munsey on the street and she asked me if I was not one of Mr. Mitchell's sons and if I recollected Mr. Munsey. She would have me go to see him. I found him the same Mr. Munsey that I knew in 1862 in dress, manner, etc.

When in Abingdon a few years ago I visited the grave of my sainted mother, and found sleeping by her side three daughters of Methodist preachers—Munsey, Rankin and Neal. JNO. D. MITCHELL.

We notice as we go to press, in the Associated Press dispatches, of a railway accident in Alabama in which Bishop James H. McCoy was injured, having his shoulder sprained. We rejoice that the mishap is no worse, but at the same time sympathize with the good Bishop in his painful injury. May he speedily recover is our prayer and our hope.

Mr. J. W. Samples, Elmo, Texas, father of the wife of Rev. J. M. Peterson, presiding elder Dallas District, died Tuesday, October 1. He was seventy years old. Was converted and joined the M. E. Church, South, in September, 1884. Was elected steward in November same year and has served the Church in said relation up to the time of his death.

San Jacinto County recently voted dry for the first time in its life, and the saloons will pack their duds and move out. This makes one hundred and seventy-three counties in the dry column in Texas. Thus the reform wave rolls on slowly, but surely. If we cannot drive the saloons out at one stroke, we are gradually thinning them out.

A shooting gallery in Dallas has the champion simpleton in charge of its shooting business; and last week while his wife was holding a thin piece of paper in her mouth for him to shoot at it edgewise, some fifteen paces, the bullet went into her temple and severed the optic nerves of both organs of vision. Of course she will be blind for life.

The Kentucky Conference of the Northern Methodist Church recently refused to renew the license of a local preacher unless he agreed to take the Western Christian Advocate, the organ of the conference. That was an extreme measure, but we seriously doubt if any local preacher is qualified to preach the gospel intelligently without reading his Church paper and knowing something of its needs and enterprises.

Rev. Neal W. Turner, of Eleventh Street, Corsicana, recently preached a strong and pointed sermon on The Home and it was published in full in the Corsicana Sun. It made good matter, both for the pulpit and for the press, for it was timely, wise and appropriate. We need some direct preaching on this subject in these times of dissipation and diversion.

PERSONALS

Brother J. M. Bland, of Carlsbad, N. M., was a welcomed visitor to this office last week. He reads the Advocate away out there with interest.

That old mellow saint and scarred veteran of many battles, Rev. J. P. Mussett, of Polytechnic Heights, was a more than welcomed visitor to this sanctum a few days ago. For years he was one of the most active and thorough-going members of the Central Conference, but for sometime he

has been on the retired list. But he is happy and contented in any lot the Church places him.

We had a pleasant visit this week from Doctor E. H. Inman of Tahoka, Okla. He moved up there from Texas and he keeps the Advocate as a favorite all the time.

Rev. J. T. Pinnell, of Alamo Church, San Antonio, has transferred to Southwest Missouri Conference and is stationed at First Church, Joplin. He will leave San Antonio October 13th.

Rev. S. W. Thomas, at Brenham, is doing splendidly with his Church work. The salary and collections will all be paid in full, and seventy-four have been received into the Church since last conference.

Rev. Emmett Hightower, of Georgetown, and our Sunday School worker, was to see us the other day. He is quite a busy man and keeps his hands full of work. He will make a good showing at the Central Conference.

Bro. Wm. H. Cherwood, of Newcastle, writes that he has been reading the Advocate since it was first published. He is now in his seventy-fifth year. May he live long to bless the world and the Church.

Rev. R. L. McIntyre, of Goldthwaite, his good wife, and two children, Miss Gracy and Master Cecil, made the Advocate a pleasant visit last week. They had been in Kaufman county visiting friends.

The good wife of our dear brother, Rev. J. E. Vinson, of Itasca, is still in very poor health and she seems to make no improvement. Any communication addressed to Brother Vinson at Itasca will reach him.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Howell, members of First Methodist Church, this city, have returned from their summer vacation at Fayetteville, Ark., where they had a delightful time. Mrs. Howell's health is greatly improved.

Rev. R. B. Young is helping Rev. Leonard Rea, at Tyler Street, this city, in a revival service, and the meeting is starting off well. Large results are confidently expected. He and Brother Rea made the Advocate a pleasant visit this week.

The venerable mother of Rev. B. F. Alsop, of Comanche, died recently at Gustine. She was converted at thirteen years of age and lived a consistent member of the Church until death—at the age of sixty-nine. She was a noble specimen of Christian womanhood.

We have before us a note telling of the death of the excellent daughter of Rev. and Mrs. D. C. Stark, of the Texas Conference. It is a great blow to this father and mother and we pray the comforting influence upon them of God's special grace. We know what it is to suffer in this way.

Rev. J. T. Griswold, of Stamford, has two children off at school, and he sends the Advocate to their address every week. He is a wise father and the Advocate will not only help them religiously, but it will be like a weekly letter from home. It will also keep them in touch with Methodist work.

Brother J. M. Bennett, of Bonham, was to see us last week. He had been to Houston to visit relatives and called on his return. He has been a constant reader of the Advocate since early in the days of Dr. John, and he is now too old to think of doing without it. He has been an active layman all his life.

It is with sorrow that we chronicle the death of the beautiful daughter of Rev. and Mrs. G. J. Irvin, of Crowell, Northwest Texas Conference. We extend to these bereaved parents our profoundest sympathy. May the good Father above comfort them in this great sorrow.

Rev. H. D. Knickerbocker, of Austin Avenue Church, Waco, was much surprised when he returned from his vacation recently to learn that the report was current that his health was in a precarious condition. The fact is, he is in fine trim every way and ready for the round-up for Conference. His health is good and his hopes high.

Dr. G. M. Gibson, pastor of First Methodist Church, this city, was present and delivered the opening address at the Southwestern University opening last week, and it is said to have been most appropriate and refreshing. He and Dr. Bishop, the Regent, are old

college chums and they had a delightful time, even outside of Dr. Gibson's University mission. Dr. Gibson is popular among his brother pastors generally in this city also, and last Monday they elected him president of the general Pastors' Association for the ensuing year.

HARD TO BELIEVE AND ELSE.

Sometime ago, in the superannuate corner of the Nashville Advocate, I read something about a poor old preacher being put on this list and the Conference paying him \$10.00 for his support. Conferences don't do those things. I have no faith in the truth of the yarn. In a late issue of the Texas Advocate comes a story about an old superannuate being so hard run for bread and some way to make a living that he committed suicide. That is a very doubtful yarn.

If I mistake not, in same issue of Advocate, was a story of an old retired minister passing the streets of a town in which he had built Churches, and from door to door asking for work that he might not starve. That also, is another very doubtful yarn.

I hereby publicly bring in question the publication of such stories. I will not say the writers of them are liars. They must have believed them to be true. But, Mr. Editor, I assert that the Church does not treat her ministers in any such manner. The publication of such stories brings in question the honesty of the Church and the character of Christianity. There is no class of ministers in the Church more justly dealt with than superannuates, according to the funds in hand.

Mr. Editor, deliver us from that wild-goose scheme of Dr. Simmons to locate the superannuates down in Live Oak County on little ten-acre plots of ground. The good Doctor (heaven rest his departed soul) did not know what a superannuated preacher was—and other people need a little light.

Dr. Simmons (good man) thought no doubt they were tramps, floating population, waifs of the Churches, the Coxey Army of Methodism, and he would locate them on little farms way down in Live Oak County and put them to work. What a pity some old Methodist had not been sitting at his elbow when he was writing his will and dropped the thought into his head that the land should have been donated to superannuated preachers' funds. Wouldn't two hundred superannuates in Live Oak County at once, on little farms, cut a figure! No use to tell me I do not understand the matter. We are willing to take the Doctor's liver pills, but not his lots.

ITINERARY.

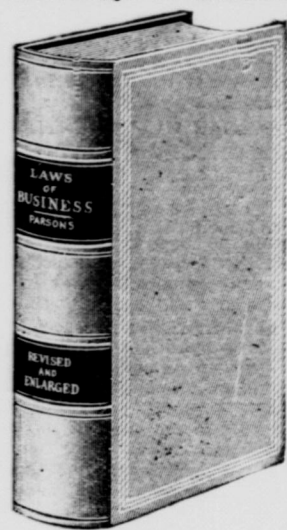
The principal part of the month of August was spent by this scribe at Corpus Christi enjoying the sea breeze, bathing in the surf, resting and reading. That section of the country is rapidly coming to the front. The town is improving, the country is settling up and land values enhancing.

The first Sunday in September found me at Wortham. The Baptists had reached the closing day of a protracted meeting, so that the program usually observed where I go could not be carried out, but a mass-meeting was arranged at the Baptist tent for the afternoon, and it was my privilege to address a good sized congregation on the Sabbath question. The congregation was materially diminished by a threatening cloud which arose just prior to the time for the meeting. Yet we had an enthusiastic meeting, which resulted in the circulation of a petition to vendors of ice, meat, ice cream and drugs, except in cases of necessity to close their business on Sunday. The Sabbath closing was the theme of discussion the following day. Dr. Macune, the pastor, was at Thornton filling his appointment there, so that to my regret I was deprived of his association. He has his work well in hand and is in favor with his people. I was delightfully entertained in the home of Henry Bounds.

It was a great pleasure to me to spend the second Sunday in Waxahachie and meet many friends whom I had once served, both as pastor and presiding elder. Both services were held at the Methodist Church. At the morning hour the Divine Phase of the Sabbath was the theme of the writer; at the evening hour the Civic Phase. Four Churches united in the evening service—the Disciples of Christ and the two Presbyterian congregations united with the Methodist. The congregation was large and attentive, and there were many indications that much good was accomplished. Brother Whitehurst, our pastor there, is succeeding splendidly with his work, and the people are delighted with him. He is a typical ministerial brother, a good pastor, and a splendid preacher, and makes a host of friends wherever he goes. T. S. Armstrong has regained his health and resumed his

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Please send me as per The Texas Christian Advocate of October 3, without expense or obligation on my part, Parsons' Laws of Business in sheep binding, for free examination. In ten days I will remit \$4.50 or notify you to send stamps for its return if not what you say it is.

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work. My sojourn at the district parsonage was most delightful.

At the solicitation of Brother Revis I spent the third Sunday on the Grandview Circuit. I preached on the Sabbath at the morning hour at Watts' Chapel, and at evening hour at Price's Chapel. These two good country appointments are about four miles apart. The congregations were good at both places, and the people exhibited quite an interest in the cause I represent. The last named place stands as a testimonial to the devotion and achievements of that valiant Christian soldier, Rev. William Price. Brother Revis is an enterprising and successful pastor who always succeeds.

The fourth Sunday was spent with the pastor and people of Tyler Street, West Oak Cliff, Dallas. This congregation is but two months old, and yet they have a membership of over two hundred, which is constantly increasing, and a large and interesting Sunday School, which is well organized. This marvelous organization was made possible by the munificent gift of \$5,000 by my old friend, Brother G. W. Owens. It is a nice building, well located in a beautiful section of the city which is rapidly developing. It is destined to be, in the near future, one of the best appointments in the city. I preached morning and evening to two good congregations, who gave every token of due and proper appreciation of the work I have in hand. Brother J. Leonard Rea, the pastor, is devoting his time to the building up of this new plant, and he is succeeding, for he knows how to do things and is full of energy and devotion to his work. I found most delightful entertainment in the rented quarters of the pastor and his devoted wife.

There never was a time in our history when our Christian Sabbath was so imperiled as now, and our only hope of preserving the sanctity of this day is by agitation. There are influences at work, which if left unchecked will ultimately in the most deplorable disaster.

R. C. ARMSTRONG.

Fort Worth, Texas.

Some folks are more interested in how to spend the day, than in where they will spend eternity.

REV. B. H. PASSMORE.

It is my desire to write a few words in appreciation of the life and worth of this faithful man of God. We had the usual conference acquaintance for some sixteen years, but about ten years ago he came to help me in a meeting at Rockport, and while there he proved himself to be an excellent preacher and a most earnest Christian worker. He spent four years at Goliad, during which time he built their splendid church and parsonage in the place of the buildings destroyed by the awful cyclone which swept that little city. He suffered with them and they loved him much. I followed him on that charge and found this to be true; for I do not now remember to have heard anyone speak of him either than in highest terms. Notwithstanding their great calamity, he left the work in fine condition; this he was accustomed to do, as he never did the work of the Lord negligently. He was a man of rare beauty of character, and I loved him greatly. To his loved ones I would say, Let us follow him as he followed his Lord and we shall see him again, some sweet day, bye-and-bye.

JOHN M. LYNN.

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5115 Victor Street, Manger Place,
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Address all communications intended for this department to the League Editor.

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The following is a list of the Corresponding Secretaries of the League Boards of Conferences in Texas:
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Texas: Rev. T. R. Morehead, Houston.
West Texas: Rev. C. B. Cross, San Antonio.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES MAKES APPEAL.

The Board of Trustees, through Dr. J. E. Harrison, President, has issued an appeal to holders of bonds of the Assembly, asking that a united effort be made to liquidate all indebtedness against Epworth-by-the-Sea. We are publishing this appeal, copy of which has been mailed to every known bondholder, but as many bonds have been transferred there are a number the holders of which the records do not disclose and this publication is intended to reach same and at the same time urge upon all the importance of prompt action. Dr. Harrison has arranged to finance the bank loan and other matters when once the bonds are out of the way. Here is his letter:

For a Greater Epworth.

The Epworth Board of Trustees met at Epworth September 11th, inst., and carefully studied the needs of Epworth Encampment.

We found the greatest obstacle in our way just now to be that which was, in the past, the greatest help to the Encampment managers, namely, the Epworth Bonds.

The Epworth plant was begun without any funds with which to build, so the sale of bonds at a critical time brought in the very much-needed money.

The people who bought these bonds were true friends of Epworth when it needed friends.

We have now advanced to a stage where it becomes necessary for us to take in these bonds in order that we may be prepared for future developments.

Nearly every one of the members of the Board of Trustees owns bonds or did own them but has canceled them. Each trustee is ready to donate his bonds to the cause of Epworth.

We wish to put the Encampment on such a substantial basis that people can go down to spend the season there with the assurance they will not be begged for money, and we feel that if the bonds are donated to Epworth, we can inaugurate a financial plan that will make Epworth a first-class business enterprise free from debt.

The property belongs to you, and we, your stewards, are trying to make your property and your business entirely successful.

No salaries are to be paid and the strictest economy is to be practiced. The members of the board have always served without remuneration and we propose for 1913 to give more time than usual to the interests of Epworth without cost to you.

The present condition is such that the donation of your bonds means success for Epworth, and the holding of your bonds may mean failure, because the plan we have can be worked successfully only when the bonds have been canceled.

The Encampment has been financially maintained the last two years by members of the board having personally endorsed notes at bank. This cannot be kept up longer so we must make other arrangements.

If you have some bonds and it were made plain to you that by giving those bonds you would guarantee the financial success of Epworth, wouldn't you gladly donate them? That is exactly the condition we are

in. Will you not send your bonds to be canceled if the whole series is retired?

The board will give you a ten-year ticket to the grounds for each bond you send in to be canceled. Send bonds to J. E. Harrison, Station A, San Antonio, Texas; or, to Gus W. Thomasson, care of Harris-Lipsitz Co., Dallas, Texas.

EPWORTH BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

By J. E. Harrison, President.

TWELVE LEAGUERS.

"There may be those among us who, because all the young people do not join the League or because they have only a few young people, think therefore, they need not try the League work. This thought just here: The Master never gave himself much concern about large numbers, but in his wisdom and foresight gave himself principally to the training of twelve men—three years of it. But when the time of his departure came there were ten or a dozen well-trained men to whom he could say with confidence: Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel. He had trained them for it. If a pastor can do no more than train ten or a dozen young people in sensible service for the Church and leave them behind him when he goes to another field, does he not prove himself a wise master builder, and has he not built upon a solid foundation and for the ages, yea for eternity, and has he not followed the plan of his Lord?"—Rev. J. H. Frizzelle, in Raleigh Christian Advocate.

THE EPWORTH ERA.

The September issue of the Epworth Era begins the new series and the XIX volume of that periodical. The new form is both pleasing and convenient. The cover design consists of violets, the Epworth League flowers, and the contributed articles are printed in clear, old style ten point type, the correspondence and working material for the League in smaller type. The chief contributors are Bishop E. R. Hendrix, who writes on the Prayer Life of Jesus, the first of a series of articles on the Prayer Life; Dean W. F. Tillett, of Vanderbilt University, who gives in connection with the study of a hymn a sketch of the life of Frances Ridley Havergal, the author; Professor Thomas Carter, whose first article on "The Story of the New Testament" is vigorous and brilliant in style and full of promise of a most interesting series; Rev. S. T. Bartlett, General Secretary of Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies of the Methodist Church of Canada, writes convincingly of the "Value of Junior Work;" Miss Mary H. Ferguson tells a wonderful story of the achievements of the North Texas Conference Epworth League during the twenty-one years of its history, the crowning glory of which is the Ruby Kendrick Memorial Fund, which is now supporting two missionaries in Korea. The editor writes confidently of the "Advancing Column," and the department columns are full of material for the practical work of the Leagues.

MEXICO NOTES.

(The Mexico Methodist.)

The Misses Martha, Rowena and Ruth Onderdonk will leave on the 18th to enter school in the States.

God's hand is on the helm of things and all will work out for the best, especially to those who love him. A men and amen!

Miss Wynn has been elected Superintendent of the Sunday School at Phoenix, Ariz. She is a power in this capacity, and the folks up there will see it.

Bro. J. F. Corbin has moved from El Paso, Texas, to Tucson, Arizona, where he may be addressed at 893 N. Euclid Ave. He is certainly in the midst of the battle up there.

Mrs. A. I. Hinman, with the children, has gone to San Antonio, Texas, where they will occupy their new home and send the children to school. They will be greatly missed here. Miss Duran accompanies them.

One of Orozco's generals in the northwest has issued a strong anti-American proclamation, in which he states that in as much as the United States has been so unfair with their cause, they propose to make the citizens of that country residing in the region of their operations, suffer. We have thought that one object of their attitude is to try to bring on complications between the United States and Mexico. While at present there are more depredations being

committed against American property than ever before, there seems to be no excitement whatever over any possibility of intervention. Mr. Taft's big walking cane flourish, in which he was to hold the Mexican government responsible for the lives and property of American citizens, has had about as much effect on the situation as a little spray of toilet water. Personally, we are thankful that he did not carry out his threat, but at the same time one must see that the dignity of the Nation is sacrificed.

Zapata is still alive, and very much so. The last few weeks have registered none of the barbarous acts mentioned in our last issue, but the robbing of towns and carrying off of young women in isolated districts, have kept up. We are at a loss to understand how these men can come into towns in sight of Cuernavaca, the capital of the State of Morelos, commit their depredations and escape unharméd. They are playing a game of "hide-and-seek" with the army that is exasperating.

All this lack of communication, the spirit of unrest and uncertainty, makes it hard on the business of the country. Scores of evangelists have returned to this office, of persons in the affected districts who cannot be found. May our God help us now!

MRS. MAUD B. LITTLE.

This well-known contributor to the columns of our League periodicals, particularly the Epworth Era, has been chosen by the Florida Leaguers to the editorship of the Florida Christian Advocate. The following announcement is made by President C. F. Blackburn, viz.:

"The Epworth League editor elected at the Annual Conference in June was unable to accept the office and tendered her resignation. We have been very fortunate in securing the services of Mrs. Maud B. Little, who is too well known by our Leaguers to need an introduction. So we, with great pleasure, announce her appointment to the office and will look for some one as Third Vice-President, which office Sister Little was filling.

"We are sure the Florida Leaguers are to be congratulated on this appointment, for Sister Little is a writer of experience and a great lover of the League work. Let us rally to her and send in from time to time live news from all over the field."

Texas Leaguers extend heartiest congratulations to Florida Leaguers upon this noteworthy event. A rich treat is in store for them. The first editorial of this experienced and gifted worker is a rapid fire of questions and indicates the line of action to be taken. We quote same, viz.:

"To each and all of our Epworth Leaguers—Greetings!

"Our League column to be successful, depends largely upon every chapter throughout our State.

Let all "Help Just a Little;" that is, be brief and condensed. What has been most advantageous to your League? What have you done and what do you contemplate doing? How many Eras are taken and how many are read regularly? Are you striving for the best report at the next State Conference at St. Augustine? Look around you and send us some inspiration."

We are glad to see Mrs. Little come into the League editors' circle and extend to her a sincere welcome.

THE POWER OF SILENCE.

There was a time when there was nothing but Silence and Space and God. Supreme Silence was an uncreated rival for the throne of universal dominion. From the abyssal void of unexplored deeps there came no sound. At last God spoke, and the dreadful silence of the ages was broken. There came the stir of motion and sound and life. 'Till then its reign had been universal in all time and space.

Few things in nature are as impressive as silence. No sound can stir like the absence of sound. Who has not stood upon the cold earth on a clear and frosty night and listened as if to catch some message from the silent stars? The night seems peopled with spirit forms, and the darkness is oppressive with silence. The world is filled with clanging and discordant notes, yet there are moments when every sound is hushed; when the ticking of the clock, or the throbbing of one's own heart would be a veritable relief from the overpowering silence.

The mightiest forces in the universe are the most silent. We hear no sound when the fires are being kindled upon morning's altar, yet an hour of silent sunshine may dislodge the mountain snows and send the thundering avalanche in its destructive course to the valley far beneath. Not the loud thunder is deadly in its effects, but the silent lightning with its electrical energy. We cannot hear the clanking of the chains of gravity, yet they bind

into one harmonious whole an universe of worlds!

Sometimes there is more music in a "rest" than in the notes that precede and follow it. There are times when the rhetorical pause is more eloquent than the orator's impassioned tones. Thus silence is often more impressive than sound. Carlyle truly said: "Speech is silver, silence is golden."

As we approach the realms of silence we are more impressed with the stern realities of a spiritual universe. Who ever thought of seeing a spirit—an apparition—upon a crowded street amidst the din of daily life? It is in the moments of silence and darkness that we feel strangely near the borderland of the spirit world. It was in the gloom of night and in the lonely stillness that Jacob saw the vision of angels upon a ladder whose top reached to heaven.

The moments of silent meditation have been the birth hours of wonderful inventions, of profound philosophies, of immortal hopes. "The secret place of the Most High" is a place of silence. "Be still," says He, "and know that I am God." We are too restless, too anxious for the strong wind, the earthquake, the fire! But God is in none of these. When He speaks to us it will be in "a still small voice." O, that we might learn to be silent while God speaks! The greatest moments in the life of a soul are not those of exultation and demonstration, but those when the holy hush steals upon the soul, and God whispers to the heart. The rapture of such divine experiences we cannot tell. The deepest joys of our hearts must forever remain unexpressed because forever inexpressible. It is "joy unspeakable, and full of glory." O, for a still and quiet heart.

"Where only Christ is heard to speak. Where Jesus reigns alone!"

S. STEPHEN MCKENNEY,
Nacogdoches, Texas.

CONFERENCE OF 1870.

Trip to Dogtown.

PART II.

Early next morning we were in our saddles. Dogtown was our destination. This was the extreme settlement toward Mexico. There was only one frame building. This was of recent construction. The others were made of pickets in the most premature fashion. Generally had dirt floors and thatched roofs.

Such was the schoolhouse also used as a preaching place. Here we were to hold a protracted meeting. It was extremely hot—June weather.

Brother B. was just from Mississippi—not used to such trips. I cheered him up telling him we would soon reach Captain H. There we would get dinner and rest. To his frequent questions how far is it to the Captain's I answered not far; we will be all right when we get there. I was on my circuit, knew the people and places. Was having a good deal of fun at Brother B's expense. In due time we crossed the Rio River. I got down off my horse. Bro. B. said what are you going to do? I thought you were going to the Captain's. I replied this is where the Captain lives. Get down. Thinking I was joking he very reluctantly dismounted. The place of living was a typical picket construction with dirt floor. The only bed in sight was on a scaffold supported by forks driven in the ground. Under this were no more than a half dozen or more six-months old shoots. A half grown girl undertook to run them out. This she succeeded in doing, but not until she had run them through the house several times. This was no little annoyance to the preacher. Indeed it was not in the least comfortable to see the whole drove with anon mouths closely pressed by the girl with a dangerous looking saw machine right in the house knocking our chairs about, giving us notice that we were intruders and that our room would be far hotter than our company. But finally intellect prevailed. Instinct had to succumb and he contented with the shade of the native trees. But to make matters worse the Captain had gone fishing. But the old lady entertained us by telling us how the Indians came in every full moon, stole horses, killed people and some times captured and carried off children. But the tired and hungry preachers had rather have heard something of dinner. But it never came. The nearest to it was an offer to make us some coffee. This was declined by Brother B., who remarked, "We never drink coffee, Sister." So after the usual pastoral prayer we proceeded on our journey. About 4 p. m. we passed a place where they were eating. We dismounted to get a drink. But when invited to eat we did not refuse. And oh, such a dinner, or supper, which ever it was. French steak, butter, hot milk, eggs and cornbread. I told the lady—for she and her children were all that were at home—that we were preachers and that we were going to

Dogtown to hold a meeting. I asked her if any preachers had been in that country. She said yes, during the war. I asked of what denomination he was. She replied, he was of no denomination. By way of explanation she added he read some out of the Bible, sang a hymn, got down and prayed, then they all went up and shook hands with him and cried a little and then they all went home. We were allowed to preach in one of the rooms of the lately constructed residence. That night Brother B. preached with great satisfaction. The audience was large for the time, people coming more than twenty miles to preaching. The people were attentive and respectful. The only disturbance was a young man sitting close to the preacher with a bottle of brandy cherries. Taking his chance when the preacher was looking in another direction he would pour the spirits down to keep the spirits up and occasionally would shoot a cherry across at one of the girls. But take it all in all, this was the first meeting this far out in this direction—was one long to be remembered. Some old members were greatly revived and many young people made promises to live better lives.

CHAS. R. SHAPARD.

Austin, Texas.

A PRAYER.

Almighty God, our loving Heavenly Father,
Bend ear to this, the earnest prayer we pray;
O, hear our thanks for all our common blessings,
List to the plea for love we make today.

We thank Thee for the sunshine and the shower,
The bounties of a love that will not fail;

We thank Thee for the noonday's glaring splendor,
We thank Thee for the evening star-light pale.

We thank Thee for Thy fruits and for Thy flowers,
For waving plumage of the forest tree;

We thank Thee for the yellow glow of sunset,
For cloudland's golden gate to Heaven and Thee.

We thank Thee for the smiles of little children,
For friendly voice and friendship's loving cheer;

For work to do and strength the task to finish;
For privilege of prayer that brings Thee near.

We thank Thee for the daily bread Thou givest,
For love's communion 'round the homely board;

For ties of heart and home Thou leav'st unbroken,
We thank Thee ever in our hearts,
O Lord.

Give us content with all life has to offer,
Make us to know that what Thou send'st is best;

Fill Thou our hearts with love for friend and neighbor,
Grant us Thy hope for entrance into rest.

Keep watch and ward o'er all who walk beside us,
And guard the loved ones who have gone before,

And ease our hearts with loneliness long aching
For those who rest with Thee forevermore.

Keep Thou our tongues from words of hasty anger,
Keep Thou our lips from curve of fretful scorn;

Keep Thou our hands with tasks of love all busy,
Our feet on errands swift for those forlorn.

Make of our lives a daily benediction,
Turn Thou our murmur'ing into song, and then

O, bring us to our journey's end in safety
To be with Thee forevermore. Amen.

—LUCY FALLS.

I use the Scriptures, not as an arsenal to be resorted to only for arms and weapons, but as a matchless temple, where I delight to contemplate the beauty, the symmetry, and the magnificence of the structure, and to increase my awe and excite my devotion to the Deity there preached and adorned.—Boyle.

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.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

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

RESPECT FOR YOUR WORK.

In that very interesting and instructive book, "Ads and Sales," Herbert L. Casson says, "In handling a salesman the first thing to do is to give him respect for his job. Tell him the big facts about the company. Give him every fact that makes his company unique and indispensable. Point out the officials who climbed up from small positions. Give him at least one book to read which will tell him the story of his trade. Then outline his own special work and tell him to go to it as though it were the one best job in the world." If this is a good way to make a successful salesman why might it not be efficient in the development of a Sunday School worker. Let the pastor talk Sunday Schools to the superintendent until he catches the inspiration of the work; then give him the book that contains the needed information. And let the superintendent pursue the same course with the teachers.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORTS.

We find that our pastors have diverse ways of figuring out their statistical reports on Sunday Schools. Some do not figure at all. They merely guess. And not infrequently their successors think that, in the language of Uncle Remus, "they stretched their guessers. Some merely report the number on the roll at the close of the year. Others report the gross enrollment for the year and add the probable enrollment of all the nondescript Sunday Schools in the bounds of their charges. In the parlance of the cowboy ranch they "Maverick" the union Sunday Schools and add them to their own herd. Some painstaking pastors are unable to obtain statistics because of the carelessness and incompetence of secretaries. All these methods are faulty. What the law contemplates is not more and not less than the gross enrollment in our own schools for the year. If a school has been conducted as a Methodist school, but has been run for only a part of the year, it should be reported. If a scholar was enrolled the Sunday after conference and left the school within a month, he should be reported. Also the Cradle Roll and the Home Department should be embraced in the report. Of course, such a system gives the Church credit for a total enrollment in her Sunday Schools that is far in excess of the facts. For in the course of a year it may, and sometimes does happen, that one person is enrolled in half a dozen schools, and under this system he would be counted six times. But so long as the law is construed as at present that is not the fault of the pastor. It is his business, "not to make our rules, but to keep them." Until some system of transferring our scholars from one school to another is devised similar to our present plan of giving Church certificates it will be impossible to obtain accurate statistics of Sunday Schools. The only proper course for the pastor is to track the law as it is authoritatively interpreted.

THE "ESTABLISHED" SUPERINTENDENT.

A pastor asks: "What would you do if you had a superintendent who sat down on every forward movement you proposed for the Sunday School?" We could not give a definite answer unless we were on the ground and knew all the circumstances, but we think we should gently but firmly sit down on such a superintendent. The Sunday School superintendent comes into more intimate touch with the youth of the Church than even the pastor.

Think of All You Eat

No wonder you sometimes have a bilious headache, feel dizzy, are troubled with indigestion and can't sleep.

Tutt's Pills

will help your liver do its work regularly, as it should. Take no substitute—sugar coated or plain.

He is doing more to determine the type of the future Church than any other person in the community. If he be stingy, non-progressive and stubborn, so will be the future Church. It looks like a pity to remove a good man from office after he has been there for years, but the law of the kingdom of God is fruitfulness, and when a man becomes a barren fig tree in the vineyard of the Lord and fails to respond to culture he should be dug up. We could name instances where superintendents are being retained year after year solely on account of a long term of service. It is a glorious record to have served continuously as Sunday School superintendent for twenty, thirty or forty years, but such a superintendent should constantly prove himself worthy of his record by keeping abreast of modern Sunday School movements and methods. Not to do so is to discredit his position and shame his record. It is not fair to the young life of the Church nor just to the cause of Christ to keep such a man in office after his usefulness has come to an end. In almost every Church there is hidden among the staff some modest but enterprising young man, who could be made into a first-class superintendent. It may require courage and tact to make the necessary change; to do so may even result in the removal of the pastor who bells the cat, but the pastor and Quarterly Conference who lack the courage to do what they know the welfare of the Church demands are not worthy of their positions.

HOW TO SECURE INTEREST IN THE LESSON.

Interests begets interest. There is nothing so contagious as feeling. Given a teacher, himself brimming with interest in the subject taught for its own sake and for the pupil's sake, and that is a rare and frigid class indeed that will not thaw under his genial influence.—Prof. H. H. Horne.

SECURING THE PUPIL'S INTEREST.

The securing of interest in the subject taught is the immediate aim of the work of the instructor; it may be for the acquisition of knowledge for its own sake or for the sake of practical utility; it may be the formation of character; it may be the cultivation of the esthetic sense; it may be social efficiency, or the comprehensive aim of complete living. But in any case it is the immediate business of the instructor, in justice to the opportunity, to develop an interest in the subject taught as the most efficient means to its remote end. The teacher who has solved the present problem of interesting his class in the subject matter has solved the larger problem of instruction. The possession of truth is preconditioned by the warm pursuit.—H. H. Horne.

VALUE OF ENTHUSIASM.

The teacher may possess the most approved pedagogical devices and be a thorough master of the subject to be taught, but if at the bottom he be bored by his work, nothing will quite prevent the child from being affected in the same way. And, on the other hand, it is due to the direct contagion of states of mind that the enthusiast, ill equipped and clumsy though he be, is often so successful in dealing with the young.—Stratton.

THE PASTOR WHO IS NEEDED.

We need another kind of Sunday School pastor, one who cannot only show us the duty of service, but one who can show us the duty of preparation for service, so that we may not rush in where angels fear to tread. A soldier may enlist at the very first call to duty, but he is not expected to fight, except in emergency, till he has been trained in discipline.—E. A. Fox.

THE EDITOR'S BOOK SHELF.

"Other Sheep," by Harold Begbie. On the title page this book is designated as "a missionary companion to 'Twice Born Men.'" The designation is apt. In his two earlier volumes, "Twice Born Men" and "Souls in Action," Mr. Begbie describes some wonderful results of the work of the Salvation Army in the city of London. In "Other Sheep" he tells in language equally graphic of the no less remarkable accomplishments of the Army in the various provinces of India. According to Mr. Begbie, the Salvation Army is not only winning to Christ an

individual here and there, and often men and women of the most debased type at that, but it is one of the most wonderful factors at work in the world for the civilization of heathen people. In its social settlement work it is succeeding where every other agency tried by the British Government has utterly failed. So patent is this fact that the British Government, always on the lookout for any means to keep its wards quiet and docile, recognizes the Army as one of its powerful allies, and furnishes it with land and the means to carry on its settlement work. In the language of Mr. Begbie, "Sir John Hewitt came to terms with General Booth. The government agreed to provide territory and the Salvation Army undertook to provide men; the Criminal Tribes were to be brought into this territory, the Salvation Army was to be responsible for their regeneration." Of the Army he says, "They live among the people and enter into their lives in a manner in which no official can be expected to do. Their influence is personal and humanizing. They study and learn to know every inmate of the settlement and enter into the lives of their charges with a zeal and tact that are already producing admirable results. Their officers are usually married and both husband and wife work together. These are briefly the a priori reasons why the help of the Salvation Army has been gladly enlisted by the Government." We quote these words because they contain a lesson for every Sunday School worker. Human nature everywhere is essentially the same and those who would have the highest possible degree of success in pagan India or Christian

America must "study and learn to know those whom they would help, and enter into their lives with tact and zeal."

Of course, we do not endorse all that is in the book under discussion. For instance, we do not know how far Mr. Begbie's implied, and sometimes expressed, criticism of the methods of some missionaries and mission boards are justified by the facts. He could certainly give the Salvation Army all the praise they so fully merit without disparaging any other Christian body or agency. But notwithstanding any minor defects it may contain, "Other Sheep," like everything we have seen from the pen of Mr. Begbie, is well worth reading. We especially commend the book to that silly class of our countrymen, and especially countrywomen, who are disposed in this enlightened and progressive age to go after heathen gods. That there are educated people in America who are foolish enough to take up with such things as "Theosophy," "Esoteric Buddhism," "Vedantism," "Hinduism," and other absurdities, to say nothing of Christian Science, is a sad comment on our twentieth century enlightenment and civilization. Such books as "Other Sheep," describing as it does the actual moral, intellectual and economic condition of peoples where these false religions have dominated the whole life of the people for thousands of years, must serve as an effective antidote, in the minds of all rational people, for all such vagaries as those above named. As a first-hand study of actual conditions in some important mission fields we have not seen this book surpassed.

Funeral Sermon--Bro. W. H. Moss

(Preached at the funeral of Rev. W. H. Moss, in the Methodist Church, Hubbard City, Texas, September 10, 1912, by Rev. A. D. Porter, of Morrow Street, Waco, Texas.)

My friends, it becomes our sad duty today to bury one of the best men that it has ever been my joy to know—Rev. William Henry Moss. He was born in Wilkes County, Georgia, August 1, 1836; was converted at the Bold Springs campground, in Franklin County, Georgia, August, 1855; was licensed to preach by Dan D. Cox, presiding elder, in the fall of 1856; admitted into the traveling connection the following winter at Americus, Georgia. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Pierce, December, 1858; ordained elder by Bishop Andrew at Mansfield, Louisiana, 1865. He transferred to Louisiana just at the outbreak of the Civil War without contact with a Bishop for several years. This was the cause of the delay in his ordination as elder.

He was transferred to the East Texas Conference by Bishop Marvin, and stationed at Marshall in 1871; to the North Texas Conference by Bishop Kavanaugh in 1873; to the Northwest Texas Conference in 1887, remaining with the Central Texas at the time of the division some two or three years ago.

Physically, Brother Moss was not a strong man; and yet he engaged in a great deal of work, enduring many hardships. He went on the principle of "the more hurry the less speed." It was by conserving his strength that he was enabled to live to a ripe old age and to perform much.

He was rather tall and spare; cleanly shaven. His was not what one might call a handsome face and yet it was a good face. There were no marks of sin and dissipation ever upon that smooth and calmly outlined countenance. His was a face that pleased, that made one think of goodness, mercy, virtue, meekness, patience, kindness and brotherly love.

Intellect—He did not have a large head. His was not a ponderous brain, but it was strong, active and retentive. He had a keen, penetrating, analytical mind. He reasoned out his propositions carefully, deliberately, thoroughly, honestly and when the conclusion was reached (while he was not boisterous nor contentious), yet he was unshaken and unshakable. Considerate of other people's views, and granting them their opinions without prejudice, yet a man who ever held to his conception of truth without swerving.

He had a thirsty mind. Like the ocean that drinks in the rivers, so was he ever imbibing the contents of good books. He was a close observer, constant reader and diligent student, even to his last days. An ardent admirer of that great Englishman, who has been called "an intellectual ocean, whose waves touch all the shores of human thought." I have heard him quote Shakespeare page after page.

His mind glided in the deep and profound, the grand and the sublime. Yet he enjoyed wit and humor. He had a fund of good stories, clean and chaste, that would not be amiss in any lady's parlor.

He was a charming conversational-

ist; posted as to the current events, keeping up with the happenings of the day. He seemed to know more about a greater variety of subjects than almost any man I ever knew. He knew more in one hour than I knew all the rest of the time, and yet I did not mind to preach in his presence, for he possessed that degree of true culture which made him meek, unpretentious and sympathetic—an encouragement to a young man, an intellectual inspiration rather than an embarrassment.

But I want to speak of Brother Moss as a preacher. For fifty-six years he was a member of the conference, forty-six of which he answered roll call, going unhesitatingly to every appointment, serving from the humble mission to the presiding eldership of large and important districts. He knew and loved the doctrines of the Methodist Church, preaching them with force and clearness. He fairly reveled in such themes as "The New Birth," "Justification by Faith," "Witness of the Spirit" and other kindred cardinal doctrines.

He never resorted to any sensational schemes or methods, nor to any petty or cheap manner of stating things. He always aimed at the truth strongly comprehended and spoken in dignified terms.

He was not what might be called a "popular preacher" in the modern sense, but he was a preacher that appealed to the intellectual and spiritually minded. He began slowly, laying deep and broad his premises, then building upon them a superstructure that was, when finished, a splendid product of mental and spiritual effort.

To him Christ was a real person, a divine Savior and thus he was enabled to speak out of a conscious knowledge of the once crucified but now risen and exalted Redeemer.

He preached a full gospel, embracing the sternness of God's judgment and justice as well as the unspeakable love of the Father. He had no patience with those new-fangled interpretations of the Bible that made it less than the inspired and revealed Word of God. The main thing with him was not the clothing of an idea, but having ideas to clothe, which he always had.

Brother Moss loved the Church. Truly he could say, and often loved to sing:

"I love thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of thine abode,
 The Church our blest Redeemer saved,
 With His own precious blood.

"For her my tears shall fall,
 For her my prayers ascend,
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end."

He was a man of prayer. His communion in secret was rewarded openly, for he was one of the few men who are powerful in public prayer.

He was a lover of music. He was fond of those grand old songs that the fathers used to sing in the long ago; such as "How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord," etc.

Brother Moss possessed the fine art of loving folks. He was able to capture childhood's affection and to hold

it throughout the years. His was a culture so true as to speak ill of no one. Never in the years I knew him did I ever hear him speak an unkind word of any one, but I have heard him often rebuke others for so doing.

His home life was beautiful in the true and unpretentious devotion of loving and faithful hearts. How lovely was the blending of their two lives! Sister Moss can have no regret along that line as she was as good and faithful to him as even he to her. "Don't be lonesome," he said to his weeping wife just a few hours before he went, "Trust in Jesus and live in heaven."

He was a pure man. I have known none to surpass him in purity. The promise, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," is now fulfilled to him.

Such a man as W. H. Moss will never become cheap. Such a character will always be at a premium. He left the world better than he found it, richer than when he entered it. His was a real and valuable contribution to the world's good.

He was ever subservient, but never puerile. His speech at the time of his superannuation proved that. After briefly reviewing his ministerial career, he concluded with these words: "And now, Bishop, if you can make the appointments better without me than you can with me, don't hesitate to do so. I expect to remain religious, to love my brethren and to meet you all in heaven."

During the seventy-six years he lived he saw the separation of his beloved Methodism into the two great bodies. He beheld the ragged armies in gray grapple with the overwhelming forces in blue. He passed through the dark days of "reconstruction." He beheld, and assisted in, the rebuilding of the dear old South, and especially the Southern Church. His life spanned an eventful period, from the slow plodding of the stage coach to the speed of the airship, a period of stress and storm, yet one of progress and advance.

But now he is gone. I shall never forget the last conversation I ever had with him. He pictured an old, tumbled down house, which as the chinks fell out allowed the sunlight to enter more and more; this was the beautiful and modest description of his condition. His tenement of clay was fast giving way, but the sunshine of heaven was ever more gloriously flooding his soul.

And now the dissolution is complete, and the pure and noble inhabitant has gone marching out toward the Father's house to the tune of the heavenly harps. And our love follows close after.

RESOLUTIONS.

Four years have sped by since, in the providence of the all-wise Head of the Church, Bro. Simeon Shaw came to us in the relation of presiding elder. These have indeed been eventful years. They have been years of almost total crop failures. The Sweetwater District has been the chief sufferer. The planning, manning and caring for the district under these trying ordeals have demanded wisdom and tact. With a marvelous optimism Bro. Shaw has borne the burden of this care, yet maintained unflinchingly his faith in the future of the district. His quarterly visits have been to encourage and to help. His cheerful visits have lightened our cares, and made our burdens easier to be borne. His pulpit ministrations have been on a high plane. We shall miss his genial companionship. We, therefore, the official board of the Dunn Charge, present to the fourth Quarterly Conference the following resolutions:

1. That in this meager way we express our love for Bro. Shaw, and esteem him very highly in love for his work's sake.

2. That wherever the lines may fall to him in the future we shall ever hold him in the highest regard as a faithful steward of the manifold grace of God.

3. That we commend him and his family to the loving care of our heavenly Father, and to the leadership of the Spirit, and the people among whom his labors in the future may be expended.

4. That these resolutions be recorded in the Journal of the Dunn Quarterly Conference, and sent to the Texas Christian Advocate with request for their publication.

Signed: W. H. Richardson, H. T. Coles, A. D. Powell, A. Rhoades, C. R. Brown, D. C. Brown, N. A. Fowler, J. J. Pope, Ella Powell, Jas. Humphrey, W. E. Dever, W. H. Durham, J. H. Day, J. A. Seal, W. B. Webb, W. H. Crowder, L. E. Carlile, W. E. Caperton.

I never heard man or woman much abused, that I was not inclined to think the better of them; and to transfer any suspicion or dislike to the person who appeared to take a delight in pointing out the defects of a fellow-creature.—Jane Porter.

Woman's Department

All communications in the interest of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and the Woman's Home Mission Society should be sent to Mrs. Milton Ragsdale, care Texas Christian Advocate, Dallas, Texas.

ABILENE DISTRICT MEETING.

"This is the best district meeting I have ever attended." "Its most like an annual meeting." Had I known it was like this I would have been attending all of them in our district, but I won't miss another." These were some of the expressions we heard in Anson September 11th and 12th, the occasion being the meeting of the Abilene District Conference.

We feel too much praise cannot be given to the new but very efficient District Secretary, Mrs. Harris, for the success of this meeting. Though only in office since the annual meeting, she has entered enthusiastically upon her duties and already her untiring efforts are bearing much fruit.

Being the Press Reporter of her local auxiliary she realizes the value of this department, and is pushing the work throughout her district. We earnestly believe, friends, that only through this department will we attain our goal—a doubled membership and a doubled offering. We bespeak a great growth of our woman's work in the Abilene District.

Anson entertained her guests most royally and from the cordial welcome on our arrival until the hour to depart she did not cease her efforts to make our visit a most pleasant occasion. Mrs. Stephens, the President of our Conference, delivered the welcome address in her characteristic impressive manner, making us feel we were truly at home among these of our great Methodist family. This was responded to in a most pleasing manner by Mrs. Pain, of Abilene. It was the writer's good fortune to be one of the guests entertained in the home of Mrs. Stephens, and that in the years to come will be one of the pleasures cherished in a sacred corner of memory's storehouse.

We wish time and space did not forbid our dwelling on the many good and helpful papers and talks we heard at this meeting. We cannot refrain from mentioning a few: The work of the four Vice-Presidents were ably discussed by Miss Irvin, Mesdames Bradley, Whittenburg and Jennings, respectively. "Importance of Mission Study," was a talk by Mrs. McGhane, which was most interesting and showed much careful thought had been given the subject and much useful information was gathered by all present. We indeed wish all our women could have heard the excellent and exhaustive discussion, "Financial Methods," given by Mrs. A. W. Hall; so complete and conclusive was her argument we feel that could our women adopt this, God's plan, our money problems would all be solved. Mrs. Rollins could clinch these arguments by giving us the practical working plan of financing the Asperment Auxiliary and this society, though small in numbers, is one of the best in our Conference.

This being the home district of Mesdames Stephens, Woodward and former District Secretary, Mrs. Barnes, they were all present and lent most valuable assistance in making the meeting such a success; the Bible Lessons by Mrs. Rollins and Mrs. Woodward are always a source of much comfort and inspiration; Mrs. Barnes' presentation of the Forward Movement, pointing out our needs and the ways to meet them, was a challenge to every woman to be up and at work "e'er the night cometh when all work is o'er."

The Missionary School, conducted by Mrs. Stephens and her assistant teachers, made a most interesting and instructive number on the program. We would not conclude without mention of the real Methodist experience meeting, conducted by Mrs. Munroe, of Anson, at which time even the new and more timid members were induced to give some helpful and encouraging talks. "How to Make Our Meetings Interesting," was a splendid talk by Mrs. Gage, that we hope to reproduce through the columns of the Advocate at another time.

We were glad to have the Young People's Society, of Abilene, represented; glad indeed to know of the excellent work being done in the several societies of that town.

Rev. Hyder and wife, the parents of our two Conference officers, Mesdames Rollins and Stephens, were honored guests of this meeting, encouraging us to greater efforts and, by their very presence, adding an holy influence, inspiration and enthusiasm that never before have we experienced at these meetings.

The Secretary had made a generous donation of time to Press Work and we tried most earnestly to give the Hows, Whys and Musts of our Department.

About 35 delegates and visitors were present, several places contemplating

organization sent representatives, so we anticipate far-reaching effects of this meeting.

MRS. LEE PERMINTER,
Press Supt. N. W. Texas Con.

SCARRITT BIBLE AND TRAINING SCHOOL.

Have you paid your assessment to this school? The Council has asked every auxiliary for only \$2.00 per annum for the endowment fund. Surely no auxiliary will fail to contribute the amount. Let each President of an auxiliary see to it that her auxiliary is ideal with every thing paid in full. Scarritt is our own school; let us stand by it.

Home Mission Week.

Home Mission week, November 17 to 24 next, stands to the Home Department this year like the jubilee did to the foreign last year. We hope it will be a great time for our people. We hope to have literature explaining all about it soon. Mrs. McDonell writes me she has received nothing as yet. But we feel assured any plan calling the people from the hurry and bustle to prayer and thought is all right and should be observed by every one.

A Good Pledge.

1. I will attend every meeting of my auxiliary unless providentially hindered.
2. I will be an active member of the Mission Study Class.
3. I will speak to uninterested women, telling them of the good and helpful things that come to me through these meetings.
4. I will invite some one who is not a member to go with me to every meeting.
5. I will pray daily for the work at large and for my own auxiliary President, and will co-operate with her in her efforts to advance the work and arouse the uninterested.

ARE YOU PRESSING THE PRESS BUTTON?

The five Press Superintendents for the five Texas Conferences of the Woman's Missionary Society are trying their very best to get a woman in each auxiliary to get a short permanent space each week from your city, town or county paper to report our work. The press reporter who has not tried to do this has failed to do her whole duty. We have heretofore had the excuse that we had no outlined duties for press reporters. But e'er you read this, you will have, fresh from the pen of Mrs. Luke Johnson, our duties fully explained. Keep them, study them, and then DO them.

My! How grand old Texas will come alive when we all do that for the pen is mightier than the sword.

If you want to press the press man of your town, impress him with the fact that you can express and compress at the same time.

Give him something worth while and he will gladly welcome you. Try him and see.

You working together with him—the active, progressive mouthpiece of your community—will bring results that could not be achieved except by his co-operation.

There is nothing so interesting as the facts of missions.

If we get the Bulletin, the chief organ of the Press Bureau, then know every word of it and you can give it to your women in an attractive way through your town paper.

Remember, the Missionary Voice, Texas Christian Advocate, King's Messenger and Young Christian Worker are papers we must have to make first-class reporters.

But I started out to tell you about a great feature of Texas Methodism: The Bible and Mission School. The five Press Superintendents of Texas, for the woman's work, constitute a Publicity Committee. We are to keep this school constantly before the public. Now, how easy it will be if every reporter in Texas will help by informing their women that such a school exists.

But, each auxiliary reporter will have to read the Woman's Department of the Texas Christian Advocate and the King's Messenger, to know all about this school so that she may be able to inform others.

The Bible and Mission School is held ten days each. June in the Methodist Dormitory, Denton, Texas. If you want to know about the Methodist Dormitory, write Mrs. F. B. Carroll, Denton, Texas. If you want to know about the Bible and Mission School write your Conference President or Press Superintendent, or better still, take King's Messenger and Texas

Christian Advocate. They are always Press Full. Let us hear through these papers what the five Texas Press Superintendents are doing as members of this Publicity Committee. Now is the appointed time.

MRS. J. H. STEWART,
Chairman Committee.

ATTENTION!

To the Presidents and Fourth Vice-Presidents of Auxiliaries of North Texas Conference:

I am sending out "Social Service Studies" for fourth quarter. If you do not get any it is because I have not your name and address. I send direct to Presidents where I know their names and addresses.

The Fourth Vice-Presidents say they don't know what kind of program to present to the auxiliary. The Council provides a "Study" once a quarter. It will pay you to think on these studies. This quarter it is "The Child at Play," with questions for you to answer; also a splendid leaflet by Miss Haskins, "The Child at Play." Last quarter the subject was "Delinquent and Dependent Children," a subject that gives us a great deal of trouble in our City Mission Work.

Fourth Vice-Presidents, ask your President to give you one afternoon a month to present some phase of Social Service. Look into the "housing condition" in your town or city, report on that for one meeting and discuss remedies. Look into the conditions of your public schools. Suggest improvements or better equipment. You know women have to create a sentiment for every reform movement.

Don't forget your negro population. The Wolfe City Auxiliary reports that they met with the negro women in their missionary society and had a regular camp meeting time. They explained to them the work the white women were trying to do and asked their co-operation at this time of the year. Don't forget to send a box to the Wesley Houses. If you only knew the good you did when you sent a box of cast-off clothing there, you would hurry to do it to-morrow. Most of the auxiliaries in North Texas Conference have heard of the story of "Ada"—how she was rescued, saved from the drug habit and gloriously converted—how much good she was doing. She lived long enough to show to the world that God can save to the uttermost. Now, we are trying to save "Maud Trice." We want you to help us pray for Maud. She is in a very weakened condition, but we believe she will be saved to a useful life.

MRS. PAUL JONES,
Conference Fourth Vice-President.

JUST ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER.

By Gulliver.

It is said that the Spartans, the bravest of all the Greeks, were loth to wage an unnecessary warfare lest they should teach their enemies to fight. It would be interesting and profitable as well if we only knew how much we owe to those who criticize and oppose us. Our friends are slow to note, much less to air our faults; and if we listened only to them, much that needs correction in our walk and conversation, would be unobserved and unimproved. Enemies have done much to help us in their efforts to hurt us. Of course it is very humiliating to "see ourselves as others see us," but it often happens that the bitterest medicine is the most necessary to health. And what is true of the individual is true of men in the mass. History is replete with illustrations. Take for instance, the Reformation and the so-called "Catholic Reaction." Much has been said and written in an effort to explain why the Reformation came to such a sudden stop in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The minutes of the Council of Trent will throw much light on the subject. The Roman hierarchy had learned from the Reformers; and they shifted their sails to catch the trade winds of the time. It is true that that council did some things astonishingly radical; but in the main it "cut out" a lot of stuff that the Reformers had pointed to in their discussions before the people, and the work of the Jesuits became possible. And we have learned something from the Roman Catholics. And we need to learn more. It will not do to say that their success is due altogether to the ignorance of the people among whom they labor. That such is the case in a large measure no one will doubt who knows the facts. But Romanists are not all "ignorant and unlearned men." Many of them are cultured and intelligent; and we are astonished that such people could be made to swallow the superstitious dogmas of that old semi-pagan system. A lady of my acquaintance told me that in the city of New York, she saw college professors and university presidents passing along by the altar-rail of a Romanist church, kissing an old bone, said to be the wrist-bone of

the Virgin Mary's mother—St. Ann. Now nobody knows anything about St. Ann, even if there ever was such a person; and if they did, what process of preservation could have kept her wrist-bone from decay all these years? And what virtue could there be in the old relic even though it were genuine? These questions suggest themselves to every mind which is in the least thoughtful. And yet, here are scholars and cultivated people taking it all in without question. It is marvelous, and calls for explanation. I verily believe it is the result of education begun at the earliest possible moment, and continued throughout life by every possible means.

To illustrate: Some years ago I was assisting Dr. E. B. Chappell in a meeting in Cook Avenue Church, St. Louis. Between services the good Doctor kindly showed me about the city. One day in the course of a stroll we were passing by a large Roman Catholic church, and one of us suggested that we go in for a few moments and look around. We did so. It was in the afternoon—just at the time that the schools turned out. While we stood looking about us in that magnificent building, the children came trooping in with their dinner buckets, and placing them on the floor, each knelt before an image and said his prayer. Then, snatching up his books and bucket, he ran out and went on romping along down the street. None of them seemed very devout. There was nothing of the pose of the saint in any of those boys and girls; and their game of "tag" when out on the street again, would seem to argue that the visit to the church and the prayer and all that was a pious farce. Not a bit of it. Of course those children knew little or nothing of the real meaning of what they so mechanically did; but they were forming habits of reverence for the holy place and of worship, which, in after years, became convictions which the foolishness of kissing an old bone for the good of their souls, could not shake. Rome knows what she is doing. Her hope, she knows full well, is with the children and with the sick and distressed. Hence her hospitals and parochial schools.

Now, in contrast to this, note how far we have swung in the opposite direction. When and where are our children taught reverence and the duty of prayer? Not in our free school—the law bars that. And we have no parochial schools; and—the Lord forgive us—we have little or no such teaching in the average Protestant home. Now, who wonders at the indifference of the average man and woman concerning sacred things? The whole question of Church and religion is left to their intellect, and that is employed in making money and in seeking pleasure and recreation. It will hold good all the world over, that the religious man or woman was "brought up that way." Take even the hardest cases reported by our slumworkers, and it will be found that sometime, somewhere in childhood, they were impressed with the truth of the gospel and the need of a Savior, and that Jesus had been apprehended in some dim, shadowy way, as that Savior. There may be a few exceptions, but they only prove the rule. So much for early training. But the Roman Catholic does not turn the individual loose when maturity is reached. The church building and all the appointments of service are constructed and arranged with a view of impressing the senses and through them the soul. Say what we may about "unpreaching prelates," and the hum-drum of service in an unknown tongue and all that; it still remains that "once a Catholic, always a Catholic," could be a fact only by early training and a continuous round of showy and elaborate observances that tend to keep before the mind the facts first taught in childhood's impressive period.

One of the many things—and not the least important, by the way—which the Romanists use to keep themselves and their message before the minds of men, is the church bell. The reader may, at first blush, think this a small matter, and suppose that the writer has about run out of material, but not so. Just think of it. Every morning at a given—and an early hour—the bell of the Roman church is heard by all the people of the town or village—calling to prayer. It may be that a half-drunken priest is ringing it. In many instances, no doubt, such is the case. But the effect and impression are the same. The minds of people are attracted to the Roman Catholic church. That bell is a daily reminder that the Roman church is doing business in that place; and to its votaries it is a perpetual reminder of what they were taught in childhood; and it often happens, no doubt, that the sound of that bell has cut short some act of thinking—some process of reasoning—the end of which might have been led to the rejection of Old St. Ann's bone as a means of grace—to the rejection of many and, perhaps, all the superstition and idolatry of the Roman system. But that

A GRANITE ART RUG
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Woven in one piece—both sides may be used, exclusive patterns, made expressly for us. In Red and Green, Green and Tan, and Oak Colored. Money Refunded if Not Satisfied.
HOLLINGSWORTH CARPET CO.
Sherman, Texas.

bell! In that is the recollection of mother and the loved ones of other days; of the scenes and circumstances of those halcyon times when life was young and the heart was clear; the days before the poor Irish laborer or the Italian peanut roaster left the place of his birth beyond the great ocean; and who can say but that on the next day—yea, on many next days—the call of that bell called not in vain, but to the place of prayer comes a stranger to "say his beads" and to "confess," who, but for the sound of that bell, would have gone on about his business, thinking more and more of other things and less and less about the "Land of the Lord." But what of us? What about our schemes to attract and keep before the minds of men the great truths of Bible Christianity? Alas! To answer this question puts us to shame. We have discarded the church bell; it no more rings out, saying, "Come-to-Church; come-to-church; come-to-church," as it did in the long ago. It is too noisy, they say. The sick people and "nervous folks" can not bear to hear it, so they tell us. Some report that "the doctor said the church bell should go, in the interest of health, etc." Well, maybe so; but the Roman church keeps on ringing it; and so far as I am informed, the nerves of Pat and Biddy and Antonio and Blanca and Fritz and Gretchen are none the worse for the wear.

But I did not intend to say all this when I opened my typewriter. I only intended to write about the church bell; but some of my friends say that I am getting to be garrulous, and it may be that I am.

THE ROYAL MOUTH AND THE ROYAL DISEASE.

Sudden changes of weather are especially trying, and probably do more harm to the system than a normal October is commonly great. We never think of scrofula—the humors, poisonous eruptions, and wasting of the body substance—without thinking of the great good many sufferers from it have derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla, whose radical and permanent cures of this sort disease are enough to make it the most famous medicine in the world. There is probably not a city or town where Hood's Sarsaparilla has not proved its merit in more homes than one. In arresting and completely eradicating scrofula, which is almost as serious and as much to be feared as its near relative—consumption.

One great value of initiative is the conquering of fear. Through all history we find that those that have accomplished things lived above fear. Fear of adverse criticism, fear of hardships, fear of failure, all were lost in a supreme effort to share with their fellow men the gifts of God had entrusted to them.—Blanche Blessing.

Little faithfulnesses are not only the preparation for great ones. The essential fidelity of the heart is the same whether it be exercised in the mines or in a royal treasury; the genuine faithfulness of the life is equal beautiful, whether it be displayed in governing an empire or in writing an exercise.—F. W. Farrar.

Cornish Sent On 1 Year's Trial

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Don't buy hastily—insist that the maker prove his instrument and you will know whether it will please you and all the seller claimed.



Chase money, and assuming all freight charges.

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By the Cornish "Year's Approval Plan" you buy intelligently, save one-third or more of regular retail price, and get an instrument of renowned quality and superior tone.

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Southwestern University's Great Opening

On Tuesday morning, September 24, the fortieth session of Southwestern University at Georgetown, Texas, opened with truly the most optimistic, enthusiastic and prosperous prospects in the history of the old college's many openings.

Figures will better tell it: At the end of the first week last year there was a total registration of 508. Saturday night this year there was a total registration of 558.

The University is strictly holding to its rules that no entrance into the college be allowed except by students from approved, correlated or affiliated schools, or who have passed the entrance examinations.

Early the week before—earlier than they had ever come so before—students began pouring in, and they are still coming. Every available room has been utilized at the woman's building.

A long felt want in Southwestern University is supplied by the addition of a chair of Public Speaking. Expression and Freshman Oratory have long been taught and will continue to be taught, but courses with particular reference to debating and public speaking are now offered.

The School of Fine Arts has been completely reorganized under the direction of Prof. J. Emory Shaw. Of the old teachers to whom the department owes much, Miss Florence Boyer is studying, on leave of absence, in Paris, and Miss Bernice Long in Brussels.

The new Director of the Department has already won for himself a place in the esteem of the students and much of the increased popularity of the School of Music is attributed to him. He has had much experience and is the recipient of many honors.

Class work started Friday on schedule time. Sunday morning the opening sermon, a masterpiece in eloquence, imagination, and logical composition of truths, was delivered from the pulpit of the First Methodist Church of Georgetown, by President Bishop.

Several important changes have been made in the faculty and curriculum. Chief of these is the addition of the Chair of Biblical Literature, which will be held by Dr. Bishop.

Owing to Dr. Allen's withdrawal from the active work of teaching, Prof. Frank Seay has been transferred from the Theological Department to the Chair of Philosophy.

nounced, however, is in the School of Education, where a new degree is offered, viz., Bachelor of Science in Education. Co-operating with Dr. Nichols are the heads of the other departments, who offer teacher-training courses in their respective branches.

Mr. James C. Sulpes, A. B., '11, has been elected to the position left vacant by the resignation of Coach P. H. Arbuckle, as Athletic Coach. He is being assisted during the football season by Prof. J. H. McGinnis.

THE FITTING SCHOOL.

This important branch of Southwestern has been completely reorganized and is now under the efficient supervision of Prof. W. B. McMillan. Mr. McMillan has had much experience as a teacher and comes here from the Waco High School.

The Fitting School has been strengthened by an addition of the science courses, which will have the benefit of the college laboratories, and by additional courses in English and American History.

NEW CHAIR IN S. U.

A long felt want in Southwestern University is supplied by the addition of a chair of Public Speaking. Expression and Freshman Oratory have long been taught and will continue to be taught, but courses with particular reference to debating and public speaking are now offered.

The head of the new department is Prof. John E. Pelsma. He is a graduate of Valparaiso University with the degree of B. S. He is an A. B. of DePauw and Ph. M. of Chicago.

SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS.

The School of Fine Arts has been completely reorganized under the direction of Prof. J. Emory Shaw. Of the old teachers to whom the department owes much, Miss Florence Boyer is studying, on leave of absence, in Paris, and Miss Bernice Long in Brussels.

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Perhaps the most far reaching of all the changes that have been an-

charge of the Women's Physical Culture and Gymnasium. It is the purpose to have all of the young women take abundant physical exercise. Tennis and basket ball teams are being organized among them, and plans to increase the efficiency of their gymnasium are being perfected.

IMPROVEMENTS.

During the summer the main building of the University was overhauled, the entire third floor, including the auditorium, and library being re-ceiled, and the rest of the building re-plastered on the inside, where plastering was needed.

Truly, Southwestern is progressing in all lines. Cum Lande, with true praise, let us honor her new President, Doctor Charles McTyeire Bishop, whose energy, initiative, and wise but conservative policy of progress, have been unceasingly directed towards the upbuilding of Southwestern since the day of his inauguration.

J. FRANK DOBIE, Georgetown, Texas, Oct. 1.

WANTED.

Methodist doctor for a nice country village in rich farming country. No competition. Practice will net \$2000 or more per year. Address Box F. M., Texas Christian Advocate, Dallas, Texas.

REPORT OF L. L. JESTER, TREASURER OF TEXAS CONFERENCE, FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER, 1912

Beaumont District. Sour Lake and China, J. W. Bridges; Conf. Cla. \$40, Super. End. \$10, Woodville, W. C. Hughes; D. M. \$13.20.

Brenham District. Bellville, G. C. Cravy; D. M. \$7. Brook-shar and Patterson, C. M. Meyers; D. M. \$41, Amer. Bible \$4, Orph. \$12, S. Secy. \$1, Lexington, O. F. Zimmerman; B. F. \$14, Amer. Bible \$4, Orph. \$14, S. Secy. \$1, Super. End. \$5, Lyon Cir., T. S. Ogles; B. F. \$5, F. M. \$15.10, D. M. \$5.85, Chr. Ext. \$5, Edu. \$5, Sealy Cir., F. O. Favre; Conf. Cla. \$14, Thorndale, D. S. Burke; Conf. Cla. \$32, Orph. \$15.

Houston District. Houston, McKee Street, H. M. Whaling, Jr.; B. F. \$15, Humble, E. L. Whiddon; Conf. \$10, League City, Frank Platt; F. M. \$10, D. M. \$10.

Jacksonville District. Alto Cir., Ross Williams; F. M. \$30, D. M. \$20, Orph. \$6, Brushy Creek, J. M. Mills; Chr. Ext. \$15, Cushing, J. S. Huddleston; D. M. \$20, Orph. \$3, Eustace, H. T. Swartz; D. M. \$6, Orph. \$6, Super. End. \$2, Jacksonville, Sra. C. T. Talley; Conf. Cla. \$41, W. Gardner; Conf. Cla. \$116, Super. End. \$18, Keltys, A. A. Rider; B. F. \$5, Conf. Cla. \$28, F. M. \$10, D. M. \$8, Amer. Bible \$3, LaRue, A. H. Calloway; F. M. \$13, D. M. \$12, Malakoff, J. R. Ritchie; Conf. Cla. \$20, F. M. \$15, D. M. \$25, Orph. \$10, Neches, M. F. Wells; Conf. Cla. \$15, D. M. \$10, Chr. Ext. \$10, Palestine, Grace Church, W. F. Smith; F. M. \$23.

Marlin District. Buckholts, A. J. Anderson; F. M. \$17, Calvert, J. M. Adams; Orph. \$19.75, Centerville, T. C. Sharp; Chr. Ext. \$40, Chil. Day \$15, Durango, C. B. Garrett; Exp. Gen. Conf. Del. \$10, B. F. \$12, Conf. Cla. \$36, F. M. \$40, D. M. \$6.80, Amer. Bible \$4, Lott and Chilton, J. W. Gardner; Conf. Cla. \$33, F. M. \$36, Reagan and Stranger, Wiggins, Wootton; Conf. Cla. \$13, Orph. \$2, Rosebud, J. F. Carter; Conf. Cla. \$59, Travis, J. W. Coie; B. F. \$14, Edu. \$14.50, Amer. Bible \$4, Orph. \$15, S. Secy. \$1.

Marshall District. Kellyville, L. H. Mathews; D. M. \$27, Rosewood, C. M. Davis; F. M. \$2, D. M. \$2, Orph. \$3.

Navasota District. Anderson, W. H. Long; B. F. \$13, F. M. \$49, Amer. Bible \$4, S. Secy. \$1, Cleveland and Shepherd; E. Binford; D. M. \$21.50, Keiser, A. J. Frick; B. F. \$10, Conf. Cla. \$15, F. M. \$15, D. M. \$15, Chr. Ext. \$5, Orph. \$15, Willis, W. L. Pate; F. M. \$15.

Pittsburg District. Cornett, L. E. Green; F. M. \$25, D. M. \$13, Pittsburg Cir., S. M. Allen; Conf. Cla. \$42.65, F. M. \$13, Orph. \$14, Chil. Day \$34.45, Owen City, B. C. Ansley; F. M. \$10, F. M. \$10, D. M. \$20, Wimsboro, A. M. Pinkham; Conf. Cla. \$10.45.

San Augustine District. Center Cir., W. A. Towns; B. F. \$12.50, Amer. Bible \$5, Orph. \$11, S. Secy. \$1, Hemphill and Bruckin, P. S. Wilson; Conf. Cla. \$21.50, F. M. \$25. Tyler District. Big Sanly, W. L. Russell; F. M. \$10, D. M. \$10, Edu. \$4, Orph. \$2, Edgewood, P. R. White; F. M. \$50, D. M. \$21, Edom, J. B. Luker; B. F. \$5, Conf. Cla. \$25, F. M. \$10, D. M. \$10, Chr. Ext. \$20, Edu. \$20, Orph. \$5, Emory, W. H. Edwards; D. M. \$23, Orph. \$10, Meredith, G. M. Fletcher; B. F. \$11, Orph. \$10, Tyler, Cedar Street Church, J. L. Red; F. M. \$10, D. M. \$15, Whitehouse, J. R. Ross; D. M. \$14.90.

Total of all funds received for the month of September, \$2019.15.

L. L. JESTER, Conf. Treasurer, Texas Conference.

THIS WILL INTEREST MANY

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if anyone afflicted with rheumatism in any form, neuralgia or kidney trouble, will send their address to him at 7041 Carney Bldg., Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give; only tells you how he was cured after years of search for relief. Hundreds have tested it with success.

So long as love itself—the mystery of all mysteries—shall remain unsolved, there is an immeasurable music beyond the octavo-stretch forlorn of our fingers, an unfathomable ocean beyond our little world of pebbles in the shore.—William De Morgan.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

In this department may be advertised anything you want to buy, sell or exchange. The rate is TWO CENTS A WORD. No advertisement is taken for less than 50 cents. Cash must accompany all orders.

AGENTS WANTED.

One thousand agents wanted at once to sell a self-heating and iron. Fast and labor saving. Pay salary or commission. Agents make \$15.00 to \$20.00 per day. Write B. F. GILBERT, First National Bank Building, Ft. Worth, Texas.

WANTED—A man or woman to act as our information reporter. All or spare time. No experience necessary. \$25 to \$50.00 per month. Nothing to sell. Send stamp for particulars. SALES ASSOCIATION, 700 Association Building, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Exclusive territory. Good chance to build up permanent business. Mail us \$10 for 36-pound Feather Bed and receive, without cost, 6-pound pair pillows. Freight on all parcels. New feathers. Best ticking. Satisfaction guaranteed. TURNER & CORNWELL, 208 S. Charlotte, N. C. Our reference: Commercial National Bank.

MARRIED

Hurman-Bates—At the Methodist parsonage, in Bremond, Texas, September 23, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m., Mr. R. L. Hurman and Miss Lizzie Bates, of Nesbit, Texas, Rev. Jno. W. Wardlow officiating.

Brinson-Gallihar—At the home of the bride's father, Mr. W. H. See, Mr. Walter Brinson and Mrs. Mimmie Gallihar, both of near Mason, Texas, September 22, 1912, Rev. H. Bascom Owens officiating.

Holloway-Durst—At the Methodist parsonage, in Mason, Texas, Mr. Bert Holloway and Miss Katie Durst, both of Poototic, Texas, September 25, 1912, Rev. H. Bascom Owens officiating.

Gamble-Hampton—At the home of the bride's father, near Goree, Texas, September 22, 1912, Mr. McDuff Gamble and Miss Lula Hampton, Rev. J. H. Chambliss officiating.

Caston-Shan—At the courthouse, September 26, 1912, Mr. H. C. Caston and Miss Stella Shan, Rev. Thos. Reece officiating.

Taylor-Weatherston—In the County Clerk's office, Fort Worth, Texas, September 21, 1912, Mr. C. C. Taylor and Mrs. Jean Weatherston, Rev. Thos. Reece officiating.

Cayce-Walker—At Mrs. Ida Hearn's residence, Bremond, Texas, August 25, 1912, at 7:20 p. m., Mr. Karl Cayce and Miss Ella Walker, Rev. Jno. W. Wardlow officiating.

Andrews-Van Ness—In Brenham, Texas, September 22, 1912, Mr. W. K. Andrews, of Austin, Texas, and Miss Nellie Van Ness, of Brenham, Rev. S. W. Thomas officiating.

Williamson-Hunt—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. W. Hunt, Pleasanton, Texas, Jno. T. Williamson and Miss Bessie Hunt, September 23, 1912, at 8 o'clock, Rev. W. D. Williamson officiating.

Penn-Fisher—In the County Clerk's office, Fort Worth, Texas, September 11, 1912, Mr. James Penn and Miss Mary F. Fisher, of Dallas, Texas, Rev. Thos. Reece officiating.

McEarchearn-Marrille—At the home of the bride, near Martin's Mill, Van Zandt County, Texas, September 26, 1912, 4:30 p. m., Prof. Malcolm McEarchearn and Miss Rosa Marrille, both of the Martin's Mill community, Rev. Frank Everett officiating.

YOU NEEDN'T.

You needn't keep on feeling distressed after eating, nor belching, nor experiencing nausea between meals. In other words, you needn't keep on being dyspeptic, and you certainly shouldn't. Hood's Sassafras cures dyspepsia—it strengthens and tones the stomach, perfects digestion, creates a normal appetite, and builds up the whole system.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

Brazos Avenue Methodist church will be dedicated by Rev. W. H. Andrews, of Waco District, on Sunday, October 14. All former pastors and members are cordially invited to be present at the dedicatory services. Fraternally your brother, L. L. FELDER, P. C.

TRACT SOCIETY.

The Texas Tract Society will meet at the Publishing House in Dallas Wednesday, October 16, at 10 a. m. Let all the members try to be present. C. A. SPRAGINS, President, W. F. BRYAN, Secretary.

One disadvantage which the music-lover of today often feels is the high price of instruments, especially of pianos and organs. The music-lover who longs for a piano or organ, and hesitates to pay the exorbitant prices of the average dealer, has a distinct friend in the famous Cornish Company of Washington, N. J. In fact, it is doubtful if a more liberal offer has ever been made by a national advertiser than by the Cornish Company. They make the most liberal terms, allow the longest free trial, and give a legal bond which compels them to return the purchaser's money in case of dissatisfaction.

Suppose you write a letter to the Cornish Company, Washington, N. J., saying that you read this little story in Texas Christian Advocate, and asking for their new Cornish Book of pianos and organs. They will send it free to you, showing you many beautiful and artistic styles from which to choose. Then order a piano on your own terms—one year's credit, or two if needed—and very shortly the Cornish Company will ship you the piano you select, together with a solid wood, circular-seated adjustable piano stool with brass claws and a crystal foundation, a handsome silk scarf, and a piano instruction book and course of music lessons.

If within a year you decide to return it, the instrument, the Cornish Company will refund to you any money that you have paid them, together with 6 per cent. interest. Furthermore, every instrument sent out by this company is guaranteed for twenty-five years and the price asked is actually a third less than other makers ask for pianos and organs of similar quality.

Whether you buy an instrument or not, you should have the Cornish book, because it tells many things that you ought to know about music and musical goods. It also explains the Cornish way of doing business, and a reference book, which is also sent, gives the names and addresses of many satisfied customers. Be sure to mention Texas Christian Advocate when you write your letter to The Cornish Company, Washington, N. J. We urge every music-lover to write for the free book today.

HIGH SCHOOL POSITION WANTED.

Wanted—By a 1912 graduate of Newcomb College a High School position. Subjects preferred are Latin, English, History, or Physical Education. MISS CORA PERKINS, 1111 Milan St., New Orleans, La.

HONEY FOR SALE.

Honey—Absolutely pure strained honey. 48 pound can delivered your station, \$7.00; 100 lbs. \$12.00. New crop now ready. W. H. LAWS, Beville, Texas.

LAND FOR SALE.

If you want land in South Texas run out you with men who want to sell near Rains, Skidmore, Sinton, Woodborow, and other points nearby. G. F. BOYD, Skidmore, Texas.

LOST.

LOST—District Conference record for the Colony District at Plover, at the last session of the Northwest Texas Conference. Any information in regard to same will be greatly appreciated by A. W. HALL, Abilene, Texas.

WANTED.

For Mr. Rocher: Position with religious firm, affording opportunity for promotion. He is twenty years old, has high school education, a graduate of DePaul's Business College, has good habits, willing worker, some mechanical experience. Non-attached. E. A. HUNTER, (Pastor Methodist Church), Kyle, Texas.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE NOTICES.

Class of Fourth Year Sit Up and Take Notice. Let every member of the Class of the Fourth Year notify me at once whether he has taken his course in the Summer School of Theology at Georgetown or in the Correspondence School at Nashville. The committee on examinations by correspondence, and we desire to know who are to be examined. We desire to get our examination papers returned to us by the 6th of November, at the very latest. JAS. CAMPBELL, Chairman, 212 Coats Street, Weatherford, Texas.

TEXAS CONFERENCE.

By authority from Bishop Adams, the presiding elders of West Texas Conference will please meet the Bishop in Beville on Tuesday, October 22, at 2:30 p. m. A. L. SCARBOROUGH.

West Texas Brotherhood.

The West Texas Brotherhood will meet in annual session in Beville, Texas, on Tuesday, October 22, at 8:30 p. m. Dr. Curry, of San Antonio, will deliver the address. I hope every member of the brotherhood will bring at least one layman's name for membership. J. T. H. MILLER, President.

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Telephone M-5729. Hours: 9 to 1, 3 to 5

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Obituaries

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.

KIDD.—Mrs. Emma C. Kidd was born in Harpersville, Shelby County, Alabama, February 1, 1844; departed this life July 23, 1912. She moved with her parents to Hopkins County, this State, 1860; was converted to the Christian faith and joined the Missionary Baptist Church 1861; was married to Rev. James A. Kidd, a Methodist preacher, November 19, 1873. To this union were born six children, five boys and one girl. Five of the children preceded her to the better land. Her husband only preceded her one year, six months and three days. She leaves one child to mourn her loss. Brother Walter, as we call him, is a faithful Christian and was true to his parents, and no doubt is confident as to where to find them. Sister Kidd was well spoken of by her neighbors; and her life spoke for her as one commendable to the Church and to God. May the Lord bless the bereaved ones. R. O. BAILEY.

PARISH.—Daniel Columbus Parish was born December 29, 1831, in Edmonson County, Kentucky; he died in Bowie County, Texas, July 12, 1912; aged 80 years, 6 months and 13 days. He leaves six children to mourn his death, four daughters and two sons. His wife died several years ago. He served in the Union Army during the Civil War as a Lieutenant. He moved to Texas about thirty years ago. He professed religion and joined the Church many years ago. He had filled the office of class leader and steward in the Methodist Church, and did his work well. He was a kind father, a good neighbor and a first-class citizen, and was loved and appreciated as such by all who knew him. He loved the Church, was a warm friend to the preacher and was a strong supporter, with his prayers and with his sympathy and with his means. When he came to the end he died triumphantly, saying that all was well. Thus to his children, neighbors and friends I would say, "Go and do likewise," and meet him in a better world. I. H. WESTMORELAND, Pastor.

BERRY.—George A. Berry was born in Louisiana in 1868, and died in Palestine, Texas, September 19, 1912. He came to Texas when he was nine years of age with his father's family and settled in Houston County. Here he grew to manhood in the Wesley Chapel neighborhood. In this same neighborhood he met and married Miss Ida Waller. To them three children were born, all of whom are still living. He was converted and joined the Methodist Church when only a child, and lived a consistent life from that time till the day of his death. He was for two years a steward in the Methodist Church in Crockett. Removing to Palestine, Texas, about one year ago he was placed on the Official Board of our Grace Church in that city. Rev. W. Frazier Smith, pastor. As an official in the Church he never shirked a duty or responsibility, and was liberal beyond most men of his means. The pastor never had a truer friend than George Berry. May the memory of his fidelity help us all to be more faithful. He leaves a wife, three children, seven brothers and three sisters to mourn their loss. GEO. W. DAVIS.

MAYS.—Anna Elizabeth Mays (nee Jones) was born near Macon, Tennessee, April 21, 1844; died July 24, 1912, at Anarene, Texas. She moved with her parents to North Mississippi while yet a child, her conversion taking place soon after. Joining the M. E. Church, South, she lived a consistent Christian until her death. She was married to A. C. Mays October 31, 1883, to which union nine children were born, one having preceded her to the home above. Sister Mays had great power as a personal worker. The last week before her sickness was spent in our meeting at Anarene in which she shouted the praises of God and brought lost souls to the altar. She was always ready to welcome her pastor and aid in the work of the Church. She was faithful to every duty of home and Church, and scattered blessings wherever she went. Hence we know where to find her, and some glad day may we all meet her in that heavenly home. Her pastor, I. N. CRUTCHFIELD.

ASTON.—Mrs. D. H. Aston, whose maiden name was Martha Eudora Maxwell, was born in Panola County, Mississippi, March 14, 1871. Her mother died when she was only five years old and her father when she was about thirteen. She was converted when seven years of age, but did not unite with the Church until she was about fifteen, at which time she was baptized and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. She was educated in the public and in private schools during her girlhood and graduated from the Mississippi Normal College with the degree of Bachelor of Science and later from the Greensboro Female College, Greensboro, Alabama, from which she received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1896. While in the Mississippi Normal College she formed the acquaintance of her future husband, who was attending the same institution. Soon after her graduation from Greensboro Female College she was married to D. H. Aston on May 26, 1896. They came immediately to Texas and lived one year at Chico, where her husband taught school until the fall of 1897, at which time he joined the North Texas Conference. To this father and mother were born six children, three of whom died in infancy and three of whom survive her—Gladstone who is sixteen, Edith, who is about six, and a babe, who is about one year old. After some months of suffering, during which time her health steadily declined, she consented to an operation in the hope that her health might be restored. But a wise Providence decreed otherwise, and though all was done that skill and tender care could do, she fell on sleep at Greenville, Texas, August 19, 1912 at about 3:30 in the afternoon. The writer formed the acquaintance of this good woman some ten or twelve years ago and has known her for these years. She was in every sense of the word a thoroughly consecrated, true and womanly woman. Rather retiring and modest in her nature she was not always appreciated for her true worth. Of her childhood conversion she spoke frequently as being one of the clearest and most satisfactory experiences of her life. Her conversion was to her a matter that was never called in question, nor about which she had the least doubt. From that time to the day of her death she lived the beautiful life of one whose life was hid with Christ in God, adorning her profession and honoring the Lord whom she followed and the religion which she professed. Having thus given her whole life to God it is in no way remarkable that when she came face to face with death there should have been no uneasiness or trouble or fear as to the future. She talked frequently during her last illness, seeming to realize almost intuitively that her case was hopeless, of her approaching departure and that without the least agitation or sense of alarm. It was characteristic of her that the one thing uppermost in her mind at the time was the loved ones whom she was leaving, and especially the children to whom she had given herself in unselfish and holy devotion without stint. While her unselfishness was known to all who knew her, none know so well the depths of that unselfishness as her husband and the children whom she has left. God's best earthly gifts are good men and women and a life like that of this splendid Christian woman, lived so worthily helps to redeem humanity in our estimation when we see it in its more sordid and sinful manifestations and gives us fresh confidence in the power of God to lift a life out of the more earthly and sensual things of life into a realm that is holy and Christlike. Such a life was Sister Aston's. None could know her without being made better by that acquaintance and without having their ideals lifted and their desires for goodness strengthened. In the difficult and delicate position which she occupied as the wife of a minister, she was tactful, discreet and a true helpmeet. She entered with perfect sympathy into the lifework of her husband, encouraging him in the days of his doubt and perplexity, helping and sympathizing with all of his plans, and during the last months of her life frequently expressed the wish that matters would so adjust themselves that she might be able to find the time to do more Church work than she had been able to do because of the demands on her time by her home duties. Because of her womanly modesty, her quiet and yet consistent life, her ready sympathy with all the work of the Redeemer's kingdom, she won the love and confidence and esteem of the people wherever her husband was sent and her going away will leave a large gap in the hearts and lives of many who knew and loved her. As a Christian, consistent and devoted; as a wife, sympathetic and loving; as a mother, tender and unselfish; as a member of the Church and of its organizations, faithful and loyal. We can but feel that in the closing of such a life she has merited

and received from the lips of her Lord himself the plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." After a short service at the family residence at Greenville, her body was taken to Bowie for interment near kindred dust, quite a number of the officials of Kavanaugh Church and other friends going as far as Dallas with the stricken family and in the cemetery at Bowie we laid her to rest, knowing that her spirit had gone "where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, while the years of eternity roll." Brother Aston and his children have the genuine love monthly of all of his brethren of the ministry and their prayers that in God's own good time they may make an unbroken family in that abiding home of the Father, which Christ has gone to prepare for us. R. G. MOOD.

CARTER.—Opal Carter came into the world September 6, 1905, and went out September 11, 1912. These dates mark the beginning and ending of a brief life of activity and promise. The pet name of this little girl was "Teddy," a name which was often uttered because she was so much in the thoughts of papa and mamma, and other loved ones. The footfalls, prattling tongue and smiling face of little "Teddy" will be sorely missed, but will be fondly cherished by the dear ones far into the future, and doubtless will be a benediction to them. Perhaps no life is too short to accomplish some good mission. Maybe this little one was loaned to these young parents for this short time and then transported to the skies that they might think of her eternally. Brother Will and Sister May Carter, the fond parents of this child, are prominent members of Lagrone's Chapel Church, and we deeply sympathize with them in the loss of their first-born, but it is our prayer that out of this bereavement may come to them a great spiritual uplift. Their pastor, M. I. BROWN.

HALLVILLE, TEXAS.
OWEN.—Sister Caroline Owen (nee Lucey) was born in the State of Alabama August 15, 1827. Her parents moved to Mississippi when she was but a child. She was converted and joined the Methodist Church when fourteen years of age. She was married to John H. Owen November 16, 1843, in Mississippi. They moved to Anderson County, Texas, in 1851, and from there to Erath County, Texas, in 1857, where she lived until July 19, 1912, when she went home to heaven. Sister Owen was the mother of six children, three boys and three girls. Her husband and all her children, except one daughter, preceded her to the better world. She had eight grandchildren and thirty-five great-grandchildren. Sister Owen lived to be nearly eighty-five years old, and for seventy years was a Christian. It was a pleasure to know her and hear talk and shout the praise of God. The writer has known her for nearly forty years, and I do not think I have ever known a truer Christian. She had one son that was a Methodist preacher for thirty years in this country, and I don't think I have ever known a man that did more good than did Brother J. T. Owen. She had three grandsons who are preachers: Rev. J. E. Stephens, of Hamlin, Northwest Texas Conference; A. J. Owen, L. D. Dublin, Texas, and J. M. Owen, Lingleville, Texas. She has only one living daughter, Sister Mary Stephens, who is a widow. She faithfully cared for her mother for many years before the end came. May the good Lord bless her. Truly a good woman has fallen, and her place will be hard to fill. We cannot estimate the worth of her good life to this world, for she led many to Christ while she lived. But her work is done, and our loss is heaven's gain; we will meet her again some sweet day. So, I would say to Aunt Mary and all the relatives, look up and be faithful; she will be waiting and watching at the beautiful gate for you. The writer, with the pastor, H. B. Clark, held the funeral on July 11, 1912, and we laid her body to rest. J. E. MORTON.

HUCKABAY, TEXAS.
JAMES.—Halton, son of G. H. and Della James, was born in Hunt County June 23, 1904; died September 14, 1912, in Fort Worth, Texas. He was the only child and it was hard to give him up. He suffered a great deal for fifteen days with diphtheria, "and was not afraid, for God took him." He was bright and loved by all who knew him. He always had a smile and a word for those who met him. It is hard to understand God's providence, but he says that "all things work together for good to them that love the Lord." He was a faithful member of the Weatherford Street Methodist Sunday School. The night before he died he called for his Sunday

Friendship.

The need of friendship is the deepest need of life. Every heart cries out for it. Perhaps no shortcoming in good lives is so common as the failure to be a friend to those about us. Jesus Christ gave us the pattern for all beautiful life, but in nothing did he show us more plainly or more urgently the way to live than in his wonderful friendliness to man. We begin to be like Christ only when we begin to be a friend to everyone.—J. R. Miller.

School teacher to sing for him. He called for his father and told him that he saw Jesus, and that he was going to die. All was done that human hands and skill could do, but of no avail. Father and mother, mourn not as those who have no hope. He was buried at Farmersville, Collin County, Texas, to await the resurrection morn, when we shall meet to part, no never." D. A. McGUIRE.

PUCKETT.—Herman Capers Puckett, son of Capers A. and Bertha Roneh Puckett, was born in Nevada, Texas, March 24, 1899, and died in Fort Worth August 18, 1912. Only thirteen years old, yet when Herman died God added his name to the list of the world's heroes. On the afternoon of August 18th, a party of five boys, all bosom friends, were walking along the street car track near Forest Park, when one of them, John Bridges, in a spirit of bravado, tried to swim across a small pool formed by the track embankment. When in the middle of the pool John began to call for help and Herman plunged in to save him, only to lose his life in the attempt. An hour later they found the little friends locked in each other's arms beneath the muddy waters. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Herman was converted and joined Central Church in the summer of 1909. He was a regular attendant at Sunday School and on the Sunday morning of his death, when the Superintendent called for a song selection, he asked them and they sang at his request, "Help Somebody Today." This was the keynote of his life and the inspiration of his death. Herman was a quiet, manly, generous boy, and won the love and respect of all who knew him. His life and heroic death are part of the richest legacy the world has received, and will be a power in the uplift of generations yet unborn. We will be sure to meet him one day, if we are true to Christ. H. W. KNICKERBOCKER.

SMITH.—Little Roosie Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Smith, was born near Deport, Lamar County, September 30, 1904; was called to his heavenly home January 14, 1912. His home was with his grandmother, near Clarksville, Texas, whom he loved dearly. His mother preceded him to that better world six years. Although we miss him so much, we would not, if we could, call him back, for heaven seems nearer and more real by his being there. He was such a bright, promising child and a sweet, Christian-spirited child. He loved to read the Bible and never forgot to say his prayers. The morning he was taken sick with meningitis he got up, sang a song and read some. He leaves two sweet little sisters, aged 10 and 6 years, a father, four aunts, three uncles and a dear grandmother. May we all be submissive to His will and live so that we will meet sweet little Roosie in heaven where sad partings come no more. UNCLE WALTER AND AUNT ADA.

BRANCH.—John Wesley Branch was born in Shelby County, Texas, in 1841; located in Irion County, Texas, December 7, 1889, his wife having died several years prior to his removal from Shelby County. Brother Branch has the record of a good citizen and a brave Confederate soldier. Truly, he went about doing good, and the large funeral procession that followed his body to the grave—the largest ever seen in this county—attested the love of his neighbors. For forty years he had been a consistent member of the Methodist Church. One son, W. T. Branch, is the only member of the immediate family who survives him, though he leaves three brothers and a sister. The brothers are James Branch, of San Angelo; Joe Branch, of Leander, Texas; Nick Branch, of Sherwood, Texas; the sister is Mrs.

Crockett Collier, of Leander. All except the latter, who is an invalid, were present at the funeral, which took place at the residence of W. T. Branch, services being conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev. J. H. McFall. The burial was at the Mertzon Cemetery. Brother Branch had been in poor health for several months, but his condition had been alarming for only two weeks prior to his death. Death was due to heart trouble. He was conscious almost to the last and death seemed not to have any terrors for him. His life was such that its influence will live long and many will be benefited thereby. W. L. WELLS.

Let dissolution come when it will, it can do the Christian no harm, for it will be but a passage out of a prison into a palace; out of a sea of trouble into a haven of rest; out of a crowd of enemies to an innumerable company of true, loving and faithful friends; out of shame, reproach, and contempt, into exceeding great and eternal glory.—Bunyan.

The prevailing manners of an age depend, more than we are aware of, or are willing to allow on the conduct of the woman; this is one of the principal things on which the great machine of human society turns. Those who allow the influence which female graces have is contributing to polish the manners of men would do well to reflect how great an influence female morals must also have on their conduct.—Blair.

He is good that does good to others. If he suffers for the good he does, he is better still; and if he suffers from them to whom he did good, he is arrived to that height of goodness that nothing but an increase of his sufferings can add to it; if it proves his death, his virtue is at its summit—it is heroism complete.—Bruyere.

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OPPORTUNITY.

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, to rise and fight and win.

Wait not, for precious chances pass away,
Weep not for golden ages, on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Thou deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say, "I can!"
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future's pages white as snow.

He who is most unselfish is most nearly sinless.

"If the home-makers are true to their tasks, then need there be no fear of the modern city's vitiating influences; if the home-makers are conscientious of their responsibilities, then will they blend with the home life the fine advantages of the modern city, the finest that have yet been known of religious education, industry, art, music, and all kindred uplifting influences." - Rabbi David Philipson.

We have discovered in these latter days that the body and the spirit are not pitted against each other in mortal combat but are fitted to be mutually stimulating. This means that biology and religion may have a common mission in the regeneration of man; that they may be mutually helpful, and that both are needed to achieve the highest possible expression of human power. - Prof. J. M. Coulter.

A life of passionate gratification is not to be compared with a life of active benevolence. God has so constituted our nature that a man cannot be happy unless he is, or thinks he is, a means of good. Judging from our own experience, we cannot conceive of a picture of more unutterable wretchedness than is furnished by one who knows that he is wholly useless, in the world. - Rev. Erskine Mason.

NORTH TEXAS CONFERENCE

Bonham District—Fourth Round.
Hudd Cir., at D., Oct. 5, 6.
Haley Cir., at E. V., Oct. 12, 13.
Trouton Cir., at T., Oct. 19, 20.
Leonard Sta., Oct. 20, 21.

Terrell District—Fourth Round.
Chisholm, Oct. 5, 6.
Rockwall, Oct. 12, 13.
Garland, Oct. 13, 14.
Fate, Oct. 19, 20.
Royce, Oct. 20, 21.

Gainesville District—Fourth Round.
Pilot Point Cir., at Mustang, Oct. 5, 6.
Bonita Cir., at Liberty church, Oct. 12, 13.
St. Jo., Oct. 13, 14.

Paris District—Fourth Round.
Patterson Cir., at Shady G., Oct. 5, 6.
Depot, Oct. 6, 7.
Bagwell, at Blakeney, Oct. 12, 13.

Decatur District—Fourth Round.
Decatur Cir., at Sweetwater, Oct. 5, 6.
Aford Cir., at Alvord, Oct. 12, 13.

Sherman District—Fourth Round.
Pilot Grove Cir., at Blackman's, Oct. 5, 6.
Van Alstyne, Oct. 6, 7.

McKinney District—Fourth Round.
Newada, Oct. 5, 6.
Plano, Oct. 6, 8 p. m.

Bowie District—Fourth Round.
Blue Grove, Deer Creek, Oct. 5, 6.
Barkburnett, Oct. 12, 13.

Sulphur Springs District—Fourth Round.
Rely Springs Cir., at Arbola, Oct. 5, 6.
Shoulder Cir., at Good's Chapel, Oct. 12, 13.

Greenville District—Fourth Round.
Jones Bethel and Wesley Chapel, at Wesley Chapel, Oct. 5, 6.

Dallas District—Fourth Round.
Lewisville, Oct. 5, 6.
St. John, 8 p. m., Oct. 6.

NORTHWEST TEX. CONFERENCE

Cisco District—Fourth Round.
Pioneer, at P., Oct. 5, 6.
Rising Star, Oct. 6, 7.

Big Spring District—Fourth Round.
Coahoma, at Vincent, Oct. 2, 3.
Gail, at Gail, Oct. 5, 6.

Stamford District—Fourth Round.
Spring Creek, Oct. 1, at 11 a. m.
Haskell Sta., Oct. 6.

Hamlin District—Fourth Round.
Vera, at V., 9 a. m., Oct. 3.
Knox City, 6 a. m., Oct. 5.

Clarendon District—Fourth Round.
Plymouth Cir., at Dofler, Oct. 5, 6.
Shamrock Sta., Oct. 7.

Amarillo District—Fourth Round.
Panhandle, Sept. 29, 30.
Houston and Buchanan Sts., Amarillo, Sept. 2.

Plainview District—Fourth Round.
Lockney Mis., at Roseland, Oct. 5, 6.
Dimmitt, Oct. 9, 11 a. m.

Sweetwater District—Fourth Round.
Hylton, at Slaters, Oct. 5.
Blackwell, at B., Oct. 7.

Abilene District—Fourth Round.
Anson, Oct. 5, 6.
Cross Plains, at C. P., Oct. 12, 13.

Sweetwater District—Fourth Round.
Conferences only:
Hylton, Oct. 5.

Vernon District—Fourth Round.
Childress Mis., Sept. 28, 29.
Kirkland Cir., Oct. 5, 6.

CENTRAL TEXAS CONFERENCE

Gatesville District—Fourth Round.
Fair and Lanham, at L., Oct. 5, 6.
Copperas Cove at Topsey, 11 a. m., Oct. 11.

Fort Worth District—Fourth Round.
Mulkey, Sept. 15, p. m., Oct. 23, 8 p. m.

Dublin District—Fourth Round.
Gorman, Oct. 2.
Hase, Oct. 5.

Weatherford District—Fourth Round.
Loving, at Hawkins Chapel, Oct. 5, 6.
Olney, at Olney, Oct. 6, 7.

Cleburne District—Fourth Round.
Lillian, at Prairie Grove, Oct. 5, 6.
Godley, at Concord, Oct. 8.

Glen Rose, Oct. 29.
George Creek, at Buck Cir., Oct. 30.
Brazos Ave., 8 p. m., Nov. 1.

Corsicana District—Fourth Round.
West Corsicana Church, at Pleasant Grove, Oct. 5, 6.

Waxahachie District—Fourth Round.
Trumbull, at Trumbull, Oct. 5, 6.
Palmer, Oct. 6, 7.

Hillsboro District—Fourth Round.
Delia Cir., at Delia, Oct. 5, 6, 11 a. m.

Brownwood District—Fourth Round.
Bangs, at Bangs, Oct. 5, 6.
Brownwood Mis., at Chapel Hill, Oct. 9.

Georgetown District—Fourth Round.
Belton Cir., Cedar Creek, Oct. 5, 6.
Rogers Sta., Rogers, Sept. 12, 13.

Waco District—Fourth Round.
China, at Caon Creek, Oct. 5, 6.
Whitney, Oct. 6, 7.

Navasota District—Fourth Round.
Crockett Cir., at Porter Springs, Oct. 5, 6.

Beaumont District—Fourth Round.
Burkeville, Oct. 5, 6.
Brookline, Oct. 9.

Tyler District—Fourth Round.
Burkeville, Oct. 5, 6.
Cofax, at Holly Springs, Oct. 5, 6.

San Augustine District—Fourth Round.
Hemphill, at H., Oct. 27.
Corrigan, at Corrigan, Oct. 31.

San Antonio District—Fourth Round.
Laurel Heights, Oct. 6.
Alamo Heights, Oct. 6.

Brenham District—Fourth Round.
Giddings, at Giddings, Oct. 5, 6.
Lexington, at Lexington, Oct. 6, 7.

Sealy, at Sealy, Oct. 19, 20.
Wallis, at Wallis, Oct. 20, 21.

Pittsburg District—Fourth Round.
Cason Cir., at Harris Chapel, Oct. 5, 6.

Marlin District—Fourth Round.
Fairfield, at Dew, Oct. 5, 6.

Jacksonville District—Fourth Round.
Frankston Cir., at Frankston, Oct. 5, 6.

Marshall District—Fourth Round.
Betties Cir., at Betties, Oct. 5, 6.

Houston District—Fourth Round.
Texas City, Sept. 29.

Austin District—Fourth Round.
Pflugerville Mis., at Pflugerville, Oct. 5, 6.

Beville District—Fourth Round.
Kingsville, Oct. 5.

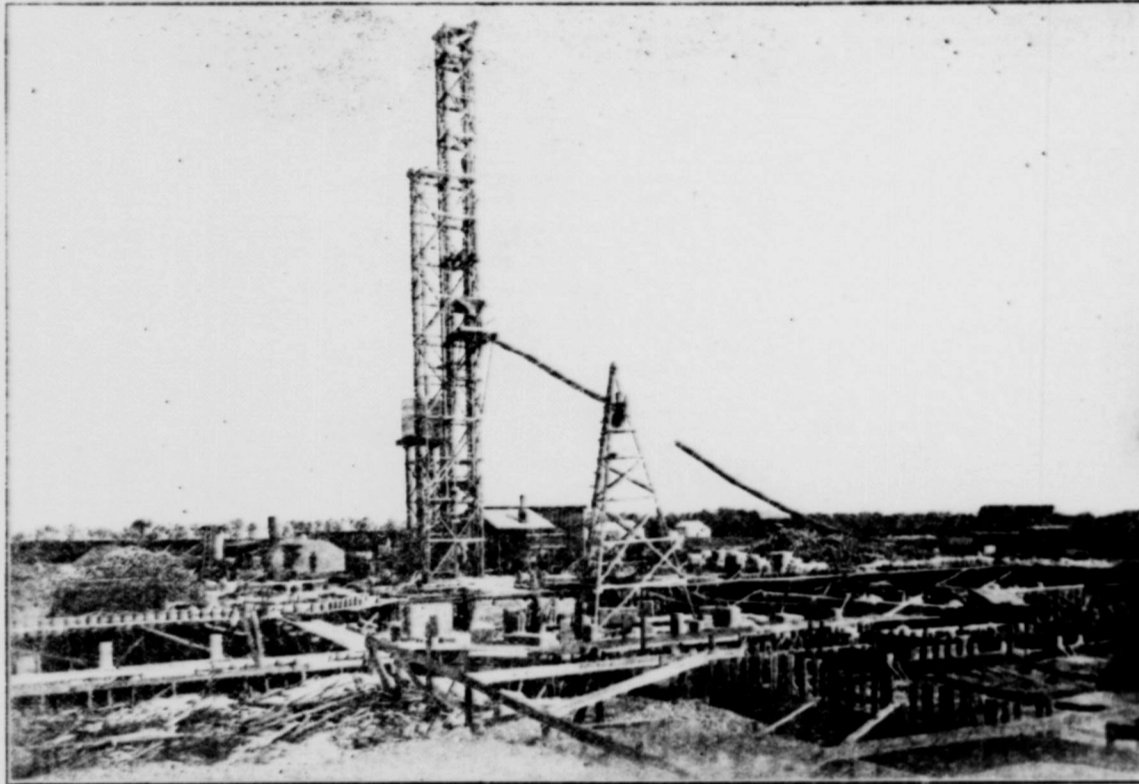
Cuero District—Fourth Round.
Leesville, at Leesville, Sept. 28, 29.

Llano District—Fourth Round.
Bertram, Oct. 5, 6.

San Angelo District—Fourth Round.
Paint Rock, Oct. 5, 6.

Uvalde District—Fourth Round.
Eagle Pass, Oct. 2.

Pecos Valley District—Fourth Round.
Toyah, Oct. 5, 6.



DALLAS HALL—CORNERSTONE TO BE LAID OCTOBER 16th

Southern Methodist University
 REV. H. A. BOAZ, D. D., Vice-President. FRANK REEDY, Bursar
 EDITORS
One Million Dollar Endowment Campaign Is Now On

RECEPTION TO STUDENTS.

On Monday evening, Sept. 30th, the Epworth Leaguers of Grace Church tendered to the students of the Medical and Pharmaceutical Departments of the University a reception in the auditorium of the Medical College building. The professors and their wives were on hand as also were the officials of the University.

Short talks were made by President R. S. Hyer, Dr. J. O. McReynolds, Dean, Dr. J. S. Turner, Professor of Neurology, and Mr. Frank Reedy, Bursar.

The following program was greatly enjoyed: Piano solo, "Valse in E Flat" (Aug. Durand), Miss Nell Cavers; solo, "The Silver Ring" (Chantade), Mrs. E. B. Brannin; solo, "Le Portrait" (Parkyns), A. A. Heartsill; reading (Selected), Miss Pearl Wallace; solo, "Where My Caravan Has Rested" (Herman Lehr), Miss Lucille Dunn; quartette (Selected), Messrs. Lamar, Jackson, Culp, Sandel.

MEDICAL COLLEGE ATTENDANCE.

As this goes to press the matriculation of students out at the Medical College is under full headway. The number of new students thus far greatly exceeds that of any previous year, and nearly all of the old men are back. A record breaking attendance is already assured.

LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF DALLAS HALL.

The laying of the corner-stone of the great administration building of Southern Methodist University on the 16th of this month is an event of great interest to all Methodism.

It will mark an epoch in the history of Christian education, and the beginning of greater things for education in the South. Just as it is no longer essential that American students go to Europe to take the special work that for so long a time could be obtained there alone, so it is that with the advent of Southern Methodist University and other institutions in the South that bid fair to rival in a few years the older universities of the North and East, it will no longer be necessary to send our sons and daughters away from home to complete their educations. The South had her industrial awakening years since; she is just now coming into her own in the field of education, and henceforth she will receive due credit for the training of the many brilliant

men which history has proven she is capable of producing. This event, therefore, is one of more than ordinary significance.

Great Interest Manifested.

Ever since the Commission of Education definitely decided to build a great University in Dallas, and the citizens of Dallas made their splendid gift, the enterprise has attracted the attention of the whole South and Southwest and elicited the sympathy and co-operation of thousands of Church people and friends of education. And to this event, the corner-stone laying, they have looked forward with great eagerness and pride. With the announcement a week or two since of a definite date for this ceremony have come congratulatory letters from all sections of the country, and notices to the effect that large numbers are making their plans to attend.

What Dallas Expects.

The people of Dallas first gave evidence of their faith in Methodism when they gave unconditionally \$300,000 in cash and one million dollars in land. With the cash they are building this magnificent administration building; with the land they are assisting materially to endow the University. That their faith was not misplaced has already been amply proven by the way the Methodists of Texas have responded to the call to contribute to our great school. But now they again throw down the challenge to our people by saying, "We are building your first great building—come and help us lay the corner-stone." They confidently expect that the friends of S. M. U. from all sections will turn out in full force to participate in this event which means much to the city and to the State.

The Time Propitious.

So let every subscriber to the University funds, every pastor and every friend, come to Dallas on the 16th of this month. The Dallas Fair will be in full sway by that time, the rates on the railroads will be the cheapest that can be obtained, and a fine opportunity will be offered not only to witness the ceremony, but to view the grounds of the University and see what a splendid opportunity is here afforded to build a great school. The H. & T. C. Railroad will run a special train, leaving the Union Station at 10:00 a. m. and returning in time to spend the afternoon and evening at the Fair Grounds.

Letter from H. & T. C. Official.

Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas:

Gentlemen—I beg to advise that we will arrange for a train of not less than eight cars to leave the Union Depot at 10:00 a. m. October 16th, to Soumethun, leaving there on return at 12:30 noon, same date, and will make a rate of twenty-five cents (25c) for the round trip, tickets to be on sale at the city ticket office, 1207 Main Street, and also at the depot ticket office. You can secure a supply of

these tickets in advance, if desired, from our city ticket agent.

S. G. REED,
Asst. Gen. Frt. & Pass. Agent.

Program.

The ceremony will be under the joint auspices of the Chamber of Commerce, the City Officials of Dallas and the Advisory Council. Addresses will be given by Bishops Atkins and Moulton and speeches will be made by representatives of the Chamber of Commerce and the city. The leading male quartette of Dallas will sing several numbers and a good band will lend its music to the occasion. An interesting program is being arranged and one befitting a ceremony of this kind.

A Cordial Invitation.

In behalf of the officials of the University and the citizens of Dallas, a cordial invitation is hereby extended to the Methodists of Texas to come to the corner-stone laying of Dallas Hall. If you are coming to the Dallas Fair, come on the 16th; if not, come anyway.

THAT ENDOWMENT FUND.

The proposed assessment, voted on the Church by Conference resolution, in some of our Conferences, for "Superannuated Endowment Fund," imposes an obligation that is neither righteous nor scriptural. I raise no objection here to endowment, as an object of voluntary contribution.

If one wants to invest his own money in this way, just as he may choose to invest it in legitimate business, that is a matter he may decide for himself. He may do what he will with his own, and no one has a right to object so long as he does not interfere with the rights of others; but when it comes to laying an assessment upon the Church to provide an easy thing for future generations, while we do not meet our obligations to the present generation, "I draw the line."

Never before was the need for laborers in the great world-field greater than now, and never was there a greater crisis than now in the evangelization of the world. Opportunities are open to us now that will not remain open, and if we obey the command of Christ, we must go forward, and not stop to provide soft places for future claimants on the conference fund, by dividing up our available funds for this enterprise. In every instance where there is a deficit in our regular collections the amount raised for this cause must be taken from all our regular collections, unless we discriminate in favor of, or against, this fund (by taking it by itself), and this would rob, to that extent, our present conference claimants, as well as every other claim in the regular assessment.

On what ground can we be held responsible for providing for future conference claimants and that, too, by taking something from the present needy ones?

Will the Church be poorer, and will she be less able to care for her own, in the future than now? If not, why must we be "burdened that others may be eased?"

Can we not trust the Lord to provide for these faithful superannuates, in the future, as He does now, and in the same way?

The proposed assessment is wrong in principle, because it taxes us to provide for other generations which may be richer and more able to do this than we are to do it for them;

and because it will take from all the regular collections, as stated above, and discourage our people who do not believe it is right to impose this (as I regard it) unrighteous burden by an assessment.

Now, as to its relation to the teaching of Christ and His apostles, this much is plain; this endowment proposes a permanent fund that is to be perpetual, the interest of which only can be used. It looks to a ceaseless benefaction that must always continue, because the principle only can be used. Now, this is contrary to the attitude that Christ enjoined upon His Church, which was one of readiness and expectation of His coming again. There is nothing more urgently insisted upon than this by our Savior. By express commandments and many of the lengthy parables of Christ, He admonishes and urges the Church to be always in a state of readiness and expectation; but the proposed endowment is a practical denial of any such expectation, and proof that we are not trying to get ready for His coming again, but that instead, we are preparing to remain always here; and the language of the unfaithful, or evil servant, who said, "My Lord delayeth His coming" (Matt. 24:48-51), will more nearly express the attitude of this endowment proposition and we shall find no comfort in the fact that our Lord may come to receive His saints at any time (1 Thess. 4:13-18; John 14:1-3), but on the other hand, our hope and expectation will be in the arrangements we may make for the everlasting continuance of the Church on earth.

R. F. DUNN,
Maypearl, Texas.

Keep the soil of life soft, its sympathy tender, its imagination free, or else you loose the elementary quality of receptiveness, and all the influences of God may be scattered over you in vain.—F. G. Peabody.

WESLEY COLLEGE OPENING.

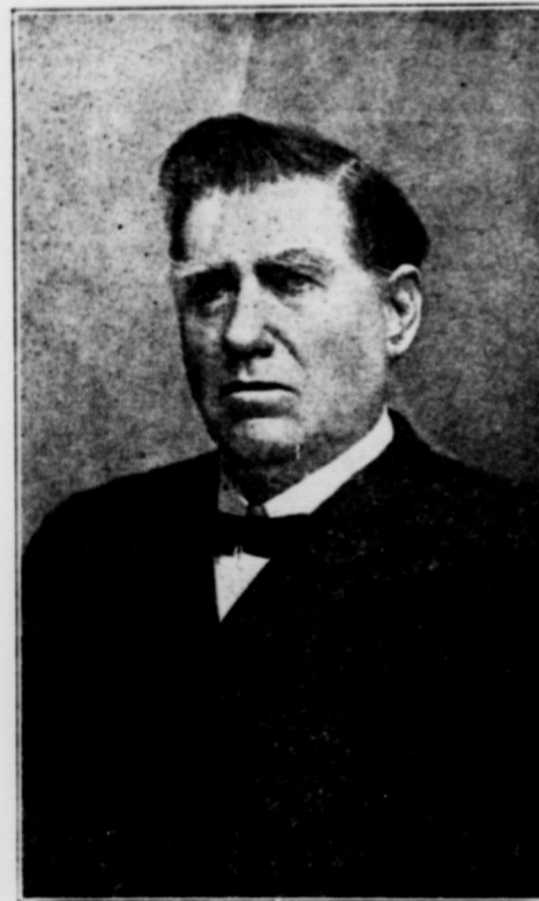
Wesley College opened for its first year's work in Greenville, Texas, September 17, 1912. The number enrolled far surpassed every expectation. Owing to the unfinished condition of the dormitories much fear was entertained lest the student body should fail to materialize. But they came, and are still coming. Greenville is enthused over the splendid beginning and our citizens are rallying to the support of the school. One noticeable feature is the high type of young men and women composing the student body. A choicer gathering can not be found in Texas. The opening exercises consisted of devotional services conducted by Rev. J. Sam Barcus and talks by the following: Rev. C. B. Golsen, Rev. C. L. Bounds, Rev. E. W. Alderson, Rev. O. S. Thomas, R. C. Dial, and President Aston. Wednesday afternoon following the Woman's Missionary Societies of Greenville gave a reception at the college. Punch was served to the five or six hundred present, and the guests were shown through the elegant and spacious dormitories. Two floors in each building have been finished. The college has its own light plant and water works. The steam heating equipment is being installed. With two of the best dormitories in the State, having accommodations for two hundred and sixty-five students, located in a railroad center, and where the moral atmosphere is unsurpassed, backed by a local constituency of fifteen hundred enthusiastic Methodists, eleven hundred of whom were in Sunday School last Sunday, and who will dare to set limits to the future possibilities of Wesley College.

C. L. BOUNDS,
Greenville, Texas.

Great lovers are great laborers, and Great lovers are great laborers, and the extent to which he is willing to sacrifice.

The Story of My Life

BY G. C. RANKIN, D. D.



Concerning this book, Mr. J. E. McAshan, of Houston, one of the most intelligent and up-to-date laymen in Texas, writes us as follows:

"I have just read your book, 'The Story of My Life,' and I have enjoyed it more than I have any other recent book. The spirit in which it is written is beautiful. It is entertaining, informing and uplifting. It is not only an autobiography of yourself, but it is also a just and loving analysis of the characters and abilities of the great lights of Southern Methodism; and it also contains an appreciative tribute to the lesser lights who have been your co-workers. I knew most of the old Bishops mentioned and so beautifully delineated and I appreciate the fair and correct estimate that you have placed upon their eloquence and administrative ability. I seldom meet men now who knew them. The spirituality of the book is a revelation. Its mission must be useful and beneficial. I do not see how any one can read it without at least aspiring to be a better man and a better citizen. I also believe it will be an inspiration to thousands who will come after you, and who will have to make a manly struggle against hard conditions."

PROFESSOR HORN, of the Houston Public Schools, says:

"I sat up nearly all night reading it through and found it interesting from beginning to end."

Price, single copy, prepaid.....\$1.37
Five or more copies (not including express)... 1.00

Direct all orders to
G. C. RANKIN, D. D.
Texas Christian Advocate, Dallas, Texas.